When your sweet tooth says
CANDY
Your wisdom tooth says
BARNARD'S

The Canadian Champion

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Your wisdom tooth says
BARNARD'S

VOLUME 72 — MILTON, THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1932. — No. 42

CANADIAN CHAMPION

PUBLISHED
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
At the Office of Publication,
MAIN ST., MILTON ONT

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—$2.50 a year. $2.00 paid in advance.

TO SUBSCRIBERS—No paper will be stopped until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the proprietor. A post-office notice to discontinue is not sufficient.

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Physicians and Surgeons
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Office of the late Dr. Gowland, Main and Charles Streets.
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Phone me for
TRUCKING of All Kinds
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Second hand Railroad Steel. I-Beams, Channel Iron, Angle Iron, Steel Plate, Pipe, Shafting, Pulleys, Hangers, and steel of all kinds.
M. MICHNICK
Phone 171 or 80w MILTON, ONT.

Travellers' Guide.

(Standard Time)

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

GOING WEST.	GOING EAST
12.43 a.m.	
8.46 a.m.	3.57 a.m.
2.40 p.m. (Sat. only)	10.52 a.m.
5.35 p.m.	2.11 p.m.
7.00 p.m. (ex. Sat. & Sun.)	7.47 p.m.
—SUNDAY—	
Going West—12.43 a.m. 5.30 p.m.	
Going East—7.21 a.m., 2.11 pm., 9.44 pm.	

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAY

GOING NORTH.	GOING SOUTH.
8.28 a.m.	6.57 p.m.

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS
The Double Track Route
between
MONTREAL
TORONTO
DETROIT
and
CHICAGO
Unexcelled Dining Car Services.
Sleeping cars on night trains and Parlor Car on principal Day Trains.
Full information from all Canadian National Ticket Agents or H. V. Tilly, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.
J. E. BELL, Agent, Milton.
TELEPHONE 17.

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—FOR—
Fresh, Cooked and Cured MEATS
Fish and Poultry in Season
OUR MOTTO:
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All candidates for Toronto Conservatory of Music examinations in piano, voice and theory successful in 1930.
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Toronto Address—218 Westmorland Ave.

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Valuations promptly attended to. Sales conducted and satisfaction guaranteed.
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THE
J. F. Crowley Co.
MAIN STREET, MILTON
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Tuning Alone Preserves the Tone
H. WHEELER
MILTON, ONT.
Piano Tuning, Voicing Action Regulating and Repairing.
Remember that your piano is only as good as the care you give it and should be tuned at least once a year.
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Almost daily we receive letters of appreciation from clients for whom we've accomplished the "impossible" and "got results."
Let us do so for you.
KELLY & AIKEN
THE PERSISTENT COLLECTORS
NO COLLECTION NO CHARGE
ORANGEVILLE

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Granite and Marble Works
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All Kinds of Monuments and Inscriptions at Moderate Prices.
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WE SELL
Exclusive Canadian and Imported
WALL PAPERS
Give us a call to see our samples at popular prices.
ESTIMATES GIVEN.
SIGN WRITING A SPECIALTY.
FRANK PEAREN
PHONE 132 : : MILTON

Few Without Desire to Peer Into the Future

The good round sum of $125,000,000 annually is reported to be paid by our people to various prophets of the future who by reading horoscopes, gazing into glass globes and by other means agree to give information as to the future. It is customary to set down this investment as a tribute made by human folly to desire for foreknowledge. But it is reasonable to believe that a goodly part of this expenditure is made much like investment in other amusements.

Every normal person is interested in the future, so that the urge to learn something about it, if that were possible, is well nigh universal. But it is not reasonable to suppose that $125,000,000 annually is spent by people who really believe that they can learn something. For the curiosity about the future is accompanied by curiosity almost as urgent about anything mysterious—anything that is seemingly outside the zone of personal experience and capacities.

Fortune tellers have attracted and continue to attract a host of patrons who would strenuously deny belief that the future can be foretold, but yet are interested in the occasional evidences, coming from unknown means and causes, that those who practice prophecy do "hit it right" many times.

There is much in humanity distrust of absolute rationality. We are all conscious of the vast nescience that underlies our knowledge and present means of acquiring it. We are greatly curious about possible sources of knowledge yet undeveloped. And we pay a high price merely to gratify curiosity.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE JOHN MILTON CHAPTER, I.O.D.E., 1931–1932.

What does the future hold for our John Milton Chapter, I.O.D.E.?

On this occasion of the annual meeting of our twentieth anniversary year, we ask this question of each member of the chapter. The record of the work of the last twenty years is the truest inspiration we could have and the finest incentive for the work of the coming years. Let us unitedly bend our thoughts and efforts to plan for the success of our chapter!

It seems so easy to feel that what little we do is not of much importance; so easy to leave the responsibility for some person else, and yet how all important is the work of every human, from the humblest to the greatest.

"Isn't it strange that princes and kings
And clowns that caper in sawdust rings
And common people like you and me
Are builders of Eternity?
To each is given a set of tools,
A shapeless mass and a book of rules,
And each must make, ere life has flown,
A stumbling block or a stepping stone."

This year has been characterized, not only in Canada but throughout the world, by financial depression and serious unemployment conditions; conditions which have lasted longer than at any previous time. Everywhere the members have risen at the call for help for those in need and distress. The problems which confront the Empire in regard to trade are engrossing the attention of all thinking citizens. Now, when our Empire is threatened economically and politically it is our duty to fight as only women can. Let us forge links of friendship and interest in all that pertains to loyalty to our King and to the welfare of the British Empire—let us be true to our name and badge, working together in a unity of love and service. One of the aims of our Order is the banding together with one bond, all the women of the British Empire, surely never before has there been greater need of this bond than there is today, when so many different forces are seeking to destroy the unity of the Empire.

Through the year Mrs. Lamb has given five minute talks on the League of Nations, and just now when all eyes are turned to the East, let each member breathe a prayer of hope—a prayer that all difficulties may be satisfactorily settled, that all differences of thought and opinion be overcome and that God's greatest blessing of peace may be the result.

The passing of four of our members has brought deep sorrow to us all. Early in the year Mrs. Reed, and then in the fall, within a few short weeks of each other—Mrs. Horning, our dearly loved Honorary Regent; Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Jackson Agnew. Their removal has caused us much heartache and though their familiar faces have gone from among us, there will always linger happy memories of kindly deeds and unselfish loyalty. Our sympathy also goes to the several members from whose family circle a loved one has been taken. Mrs. Bell has been most faithful in remembering the sick and sorrowful, very often giving flowers from her own garden.

It has been difficult to make money this year. However, we did have a very successful and delightful party at the Milton Inn and so have been able to make the following donations:

Canadian National Institute for the Blind	$25.00
Work in India	25.00
Upper Canada Tract Society	10.00
Navy League	10.00
War Memorial Scholarships, special appeal	10.00

In addition to these we subscribed for magazines for three families in isolated districts of the West and remembered our War-widows at Christmas time. This year we gave a shield to be competed for in the Halton County Musical Festival in May. An I.O.D.E. calendar was placed in the Public Library and in each room of the Public and High School.

Our Educational Secretary also arranged for the presentation of our annual scholarship of $20.00 to the three pupils with the highest standing at the entrance examinations.

On Remembrance Day we attended the public service and placed flowers at the monument in ever loving memory of the "fallen".

The work of clearing the old cemetery is nearing completion, and we feel very proud of the new fence and much improved appearance of the stones and grounds.

Our programme this year has been one of interest and enjoyment. We have entertained four guest speakers as well as having several very splendidly prepared papers.

In April Mr. Reeves gave us a real worth-while address, closing his remarks with a challenge not only to the young people, but to all: "Every adult should be the leader, the inspirer and friend of youth."

In June we had a birthday party at Mrs. Clement's summer home, and such a delightful afternoon it was, to be sure! It was a very important day, that 26th day of June, because away back in June, 1911, our John Milton Chapter was formed in Mrs. Horning's drawing room. We were indeed grateful to Mrs. Willmott, our first Regent, for her interesting outline of the formation and early work of our chapter.

We shall not soon forget the name of the late Edith Groves. To meet her was a delight, to hear her speak was a pleasure, and to talk with her was an inspiration. Not many of us knew that we had invited a real poetess to our gathering but scattered through her address Mrs. Groves gave portions of her own poems—such bright cheery little verses, and in this way carried us with her in her work with crippled children in Toronto. When our thoughts turn to educational work in that city, we cannot help but think of the gentle guiding hand which is now stilled in death.

In September Mrs. Norman Beal chose as her subject "Social Hygiene" and made a special appeal for tolerance—"Do let us be more tolerant with each other! Without health a nation can do nothing, a healthy body is the foundation of a healthy mind."

"The Deepening of the St. Lawrence" was well explained and illustrated at an open meeting, by Prof. Brown, of the Extension Bureau of Toronto University.

One of the pleasant social affairs of our chapter was held in October, when the Regent graciously welcomed officers and members of the Burlington Chapter. We had previously entertained Brampton and Acton Chapters, and this exchange of ideas and pleasant social intercourse should be beneficial to us all.

Why did you become a member of John Milton Chapter, I.O.D.E.? Did you ever stop to think and really wonder just why. Let us answer this question fairly—either you felt it a duty and a pleasure or else you were interested in the work of the Order and wanted to help. We are only as strong as the weakest link in this great chain of membership. The strength of our Order is the strength of each member, her loyalty and unselfish devotion to that for which the Order stands and what we really need is willingness to take a share of the labor, a little thought and a large share of unselfishness.

In closing, I shall use Sir Wilfrid Grenfell's words—"Another year has gone; God grant we are all grateful for its glorious opportunities of doing our bit and giving our best to its eternal records."

(Signed) Anne M. Bain,
Secretary,
John Milton Chapter.

Opportunity in Plenty for Week-End Fathers

America needs more week-end fathers who when the week's work is over, become companions with their children and in this way strengthen the bond of sympathy between parent and children, writes Henry B. Lent, in the Parents' Magazine. "I am a week-end father," says he. "From Monday to Friday I drive feverishly three miles to catch the 8:10 train and feel grateful if I am lucky enough to get the 5:35 or the 6:10 train back again in the evening. And that leaves me just week-ends to do the most important job I have—being a father to my boy."

"Without carrying it to the point of absurdity I try to be a real pal to my boy," continues Mr. Lent, in the Parents' Magazine. "I never force his relationship, yet as far as I think it wise, I gear my own interests to his level. One of the keenest joys of being a father is the privilege of sharing with your youngster the contagious amazement that accompanies his first insight into interesting, perhaps commonplace, activities of your world. Some of the things for which I go considerably out of my way to do with my son on week-ends would be unbearably tiresome to many people. For me it is fun."

Heads Red and White in Matrimonial Mixup

It seems that a Mrs. Paul Whitehead, after twelve years of wedded bliss, decided, in the course of events, that her wedded life was not so blissful, and sued for divorce. The decree was granted, and she was given custody of her eleven-year-old son, Paul, Jr.

After the passing of a few years Mrs. Whitehead remarried. And with all the men in the wide, wide world to choose from, whom should it be but a Mr. William Redhed. (At that, Mrs. Whitehead-Redhed may have been giving in to a delicately Quixotic sense of humor.) No more than her former husband was white-haired, was her present one red-haired, but his name was William Redhed, nevertheless. As far as little Paul's name was concerned he was still called Paul Whitehead.

Some time later, Bill, Jr., was born, which, to give him his full due, made him William Redhed, Jr. In the entire galaxy of exactly four persons, their names were Mr. and Mrs. Redhed (Mrs. being formerly Whitehead), Paul Whitehead, Jr., and Bill Redhed, Jr., brand-new.

To those with a pedagogical turn of mind, can be easily imagined the ancient school-marm calling the roll. At Bill Redhed's name she will stop and say, "Bill Redhed, now isn't that funny? Years ago I had a pupil whose name was John Whitehead. Odd if there were some kind of relationship!"—New York Sun.

Some Trees Young at 80

Leaves of some trees turn red in autumn, as those of many maples and sumachs; the leaves of other trees, as the ash and tulip tree, turn yellow. Some trees have leaves so large that you could wrap one about you like a robe, says "Forest Facts for Schools." Others have leaves hardly larger than your little finger nail. Some trees have wood so soft you can tear it apart in your hands and so light that it floats like cork; others have wood so hard no nail can pierce it and so heavy it sinks in water like a stone. In age, too, trees differ tremendously. Some, like the aspens, are old trees when they have reached forty or fifty years, while others at that age are youngsters just getting a start.

Child's Play Gives Rhythm

Play is of as much or more value in teaching a child co-ordination than work, according to the children's bureau of the Department of Labor.

One of the most important results of play, the bureau points out, is the training of the child's senses and muscles. For instance, when a little girl is jumping rope to the sound of her own singing, or that of her playmates, she is learning to co-ordinate eyes, ears, and muscles. The perfect rhythm involved is itself the result of earlier muscle and sense training and the child who has played with vigor and freedom attains it without conscious effort.

A man lit a cigarette while using gasoline the other day and had a hang-up time.

Photo Enlargement Told of Love

By LEETE STONE

THERE is a photograph enlargement, eight by ten inches, of a rather ordinary snow scene hanging prominently over the mantel of the cosy fireplace in the home of the Harmsworths. They are very happy. They have been married five years and their love manifests itself in the quiet, abiding terms that rise from something much deeper than the sparkle of mere sentimentality.

But this photograph enlargement! It tells the story of a deep affection, something none too common. The background is a sweep of billowing snow, dotted by great, graceful white birches and pines. In the central foreground is an enormous old barberry bush, tufted with snow, and standing in the middle of a semi-circular driveway, deeply tramped and shoveled out. Most remarkable of all, however, on the deep, smooth expanse of snow, lying presumably between the front door of a dwelling house and the mammoth, snow-clad barberry, there are little circles scrawled in ink on the print around a series of tiny dots on the snow that, if not explained, would remain a mystery to the casual eye. Studying them, one realizes they are footprints in the snow—hasty, joyous footsteps.

Why should this particular picture be so dedicated with ugly ink? And why should the young Harmsworth couple stand before it, with the smoldering embers of a fire below, so very often; stand silently with arms about each other's shoulders, and smile mysteriously into each other's eyes. Why?

Simply because it stands for reconciliation, in capital letters—that picture. It typifies the depth and forgiveness of a woman's love and the fight that any decent man makes to be at least a little worthy of it.

It happened like this: Marjorie Gallson and Jerry Harmsworth were true Greenwich Villagers—the type that works hard and has little to do with the over-drinking, over-petting contingent. Jerry had a job as rewrite man on a Newark paper; commuted every day on the Hudson tubes, and almost every night took Marjorie to dinner, and sometimes to a little party among friends of their set afterwards. Marjorie was a stenographer, and a good one, in a publishing house. Both workers; both decent people; waiting until they could save enough to marry and swing a little home-bungalow in the adjacent suburbs of Westchester or New Jersey.

So—the break came suddenly. Trouble between them—started by both attending different parties one Saturday night. This was nothing new. Often they had done so before; Ann with some other man; Jerry with another girl.

Village gossip is as deadly as that of any small hamlet. The next day Jerry was told by a boy who had attended Marjorie's party that she was petting all over the place with an erstwhile beau. Some people are made that way—trouble-makers. Anyway, it started Jerry off to a bad finish when he called for Marjorie the next evening as arranged by telephone.

They parted in the white heat of anger, which flared up suddenly to the accompaniment of bitter words blown between them—anger not fanned so much from the original point of query as from the deadly cumulative power of wrath to pile accusation upon accusation until mutual forgiveness fades beyond ordinary sight.

Marjorie told Jerry she never wanted to see him again. Jerry told Marjorie she was an idiot to think he would ever try.

Two days after this occurred, Jerry's father, who was living out the scant years of a well-earned retirement in a snow-bound cottage in the north of Maine, wired that he was sick—that he needed his son. Jerry went on the State of Maine Express that night. Worn and sore at heart after his quarrel with Marjorie—wanting to phone her and try to make amends—yet he went without a word to her.

Then, to the tune of a bitter, moaning wind one night a month after his arrival in Maine, with deep snow beating a faint wail on the roof of the northern cottage, there came to him in his attic room a soft cry from the driveway:

"Jerry! Oh, Jerry! Jerry Harmsworth, is this where you live?"

Through snow-bound windows this cry of love drifted up to him. Is it any wonder they enlarged the photograph, taken next day, of the barberry bush where she stood, and that they marked his galloping footsteps as he raced out to fold her in his arms? This is the story of how a woman came after the man she loved—despite difficulties. And the story of a photograph enlargement with hasty, joyous footsteps inked in, and cared for.

Found After Forty Years

A gold watch, lost forty years ago by William Lyons, at Howell, Mich., now seventy-five years old, was plowed up near Brighton recently. Lyons lost the timepiece when he was planting corn and although a careful search for it was made at that time, it could not be found. It was in perfect condition, when found, with the exception of a little rust on the works, which a jeweler soon removed.—Indianapolis News.

Cook's Regulating Compound
A safe, reliable regulating medicine. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, $1; No. 2, $2; No. 3, $5 per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: THE COOK MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor)

DENTAL ANNOUNCEMENT!
DR. B. L. WASHBURN
DENTAL SURGEON
Announces the Opening of his Dental Office in the Office formerly occupied by Dr. Braund, near corner Main and Charles Streets, Milton.
Special Attention Given to Extraction and Plate Work.
OFFICE HOURS: 9 a.m. to 12; 1.30 to 5.30 p.m.
Evenings, 7 to 8.
Residence—Court Street. Phone 357.

USED CARS FOR SALE
1—1929 Plymouth Sedan. 1—1929 Ford Coach.
1—1929 Chev. Roadster. 2—1931 Ford Sedans.
We are distributors of Philco and Victor Radios.
We carry a full line of Firestone Fires and Tubes and all automobile accessories.
Have your car put in shape now for winter driving.
Ford Sales and Service : : Milton.

It Pays to Deal at Days'.
IT PAYS TO PAINT. The better the Paint the better it pays. Martin Senour 100% Pure Paint is composed only of Pure White Lead and Pure Oxide Zinc ground in and thinned with Pure Linseed Oil.
That's why Martin Senour 100% Pure Paint is the most economical paint to use. It takes less for the job and means longest on the job.
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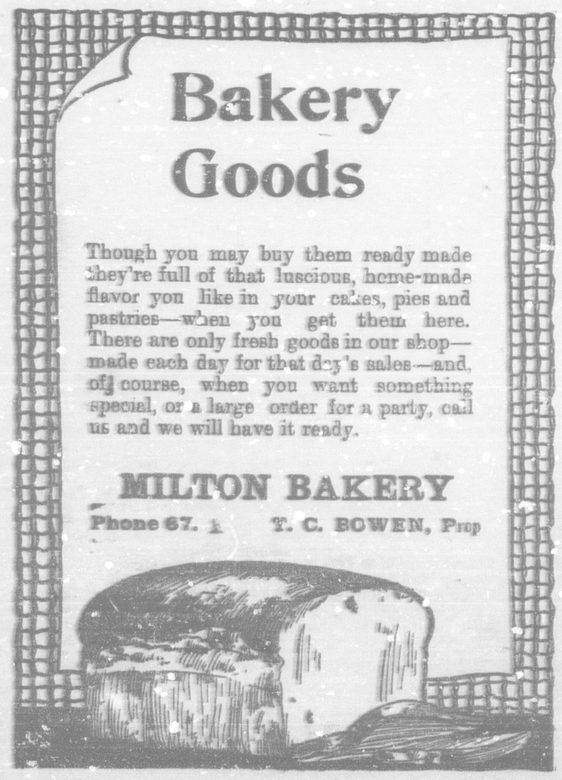
Protect Your Children's Health
—USE ONLY—
Pasteurized Milk
Why run risks when it costs no more to be safe?
Phone 212w MILTON DAIRY

Bakery Goods
Though you may buy them ready made they're full of that luscious, home-made flavor you like in your cakes, pies and pastries—when you get them here. There are only fresh goods in our shop—made each day for that day's sales—and, of course, when you want something special, or a large order for a party, call us and we will have it ready.
MILTON BAKERY
Phone 67. T. C. BOWEN, Prop



COUNTY OF HALTON

LOCAL COURTS CALENDAR

—FOR 1932—

Place of Sitting	Day of Sitting	Hours of Opening	Jan.	Mar.	May	June	Sept.	Nov	Jan. 1933
1 Milton	Friday	10.00 a.m.	8	4	6	24	9	4	6
2 Oakville	Tuesday	10.00 a.m.	5	1	3	21	13	1	11
3 Georgetown	Wednesday	10.00 a.m.	6	2	4	22	7	2	4
4 Acton	Thursday	10.00 a.m.	7	3	5	23	8	3	5
5 Campbellville	Saturday	10.00 a.m.	9	5	7	25	10	5	7
6 Burlington	Monday	10.00 a.m.	12	7	2	20	12	7	10

NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF CLERKS—1. J. P. Roper, Milton; 2. J. H. Chambers, Oakville; 3. E. C. Thompson, Georgetown; 4. Geo. F. Agnew, Acton; 5. A. T. Moore, Campbellville; 6. W. J. Stuart, Burlington.

General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings with or without Jury, 14th June and 13th December, on opening days at 1 p.m.

County Court Sittings, without Jury, 5th April and 4th October, 10 a.m., and as often as other times as may be required for the despatch of business.

Audit of Criminal Justice Accounts, 8th February, 4th April, 5th July, 3rd October, 10 a.m.

By order W. I. DICK, Milton,
Clerk of the Peace.