

## ARROW BUS SERVICE

—TO—

### TORONTO

EFFECTIVE SEPTEMBER 20th, 1933

Daily Except Sunday

Leave Milton ..... 9.30 a.m. .... 6.50 p.m.  
 Leave Boyle ..... 9.40 a.m. .... 7.00 p.m.  
 Leave Omagh ..... 9.45 a.m. .... 7.05 p.m.

#### Return Service

Leave Ford Hotel ..... 7.50 a.m. .... 5.20 p.m.  
 Leave Main Terminal  
 (Bay & Bloor) ..... 8.00 a.m. .... 5.30 p.m.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

#### RATES:

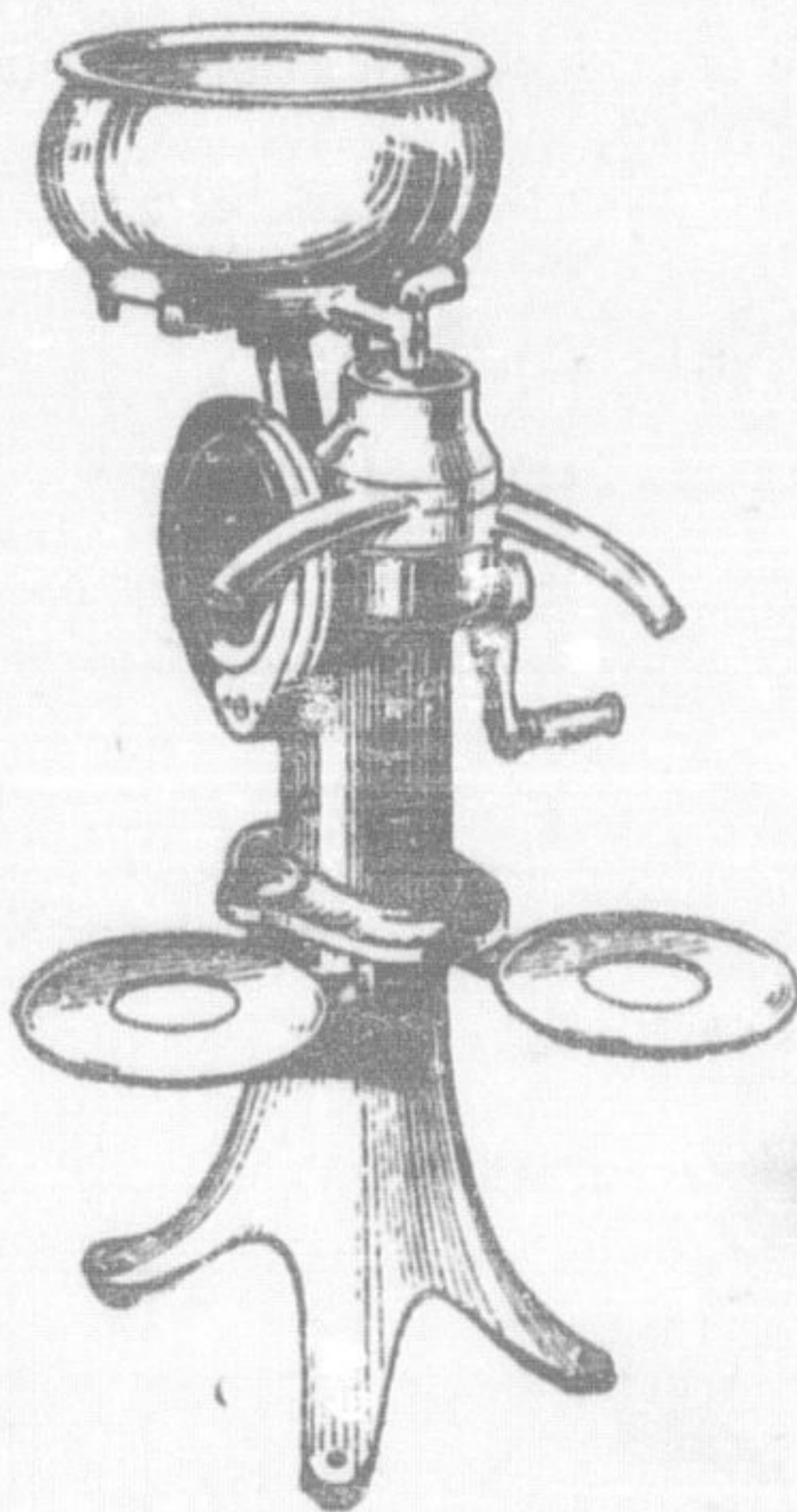
Milton to Toronto (return) ..... \$1.35  
 (single) ..... .75  
 Boyle to Toronto (return) ..... 1.20  
 (single) ..... .65  
 Omagh to Toronto (return) ..... 1.00  
 (single) ..... .55

TICKETS AND INFORMATION AT

MILTON INN

Telephone 15

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Enclosed, protected ball bearings—a friction-free spindle—and the closest skimming bowl on the market make the

NEW MASSEY-HARRIS No. 7 BALL BEARING CREAM SEPARATOR The Best Value For Your Money

It is easy to fill, easy to turn, easy to clean, and every MASSEY-HARRIS CREAM SEPARATOR is a proved close skimmer.

Replace that worn-out, money-losing Separator with a New Massey-Harris—the Separator that gets all the cream.

—SOLD BY—

R. W. Fox, Milton.

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Test the economy, comfort and convenience of Genuine Scotch Anthracite in your cook stove as well as in your furnace. Carefully sized to enable you to get the right size for your stove, forming no clinkers and leaving little ash, this popular British fuel is economical because of its high heating value and, long burning, assures you of the even heat essential to good cooking results. Order NOW!

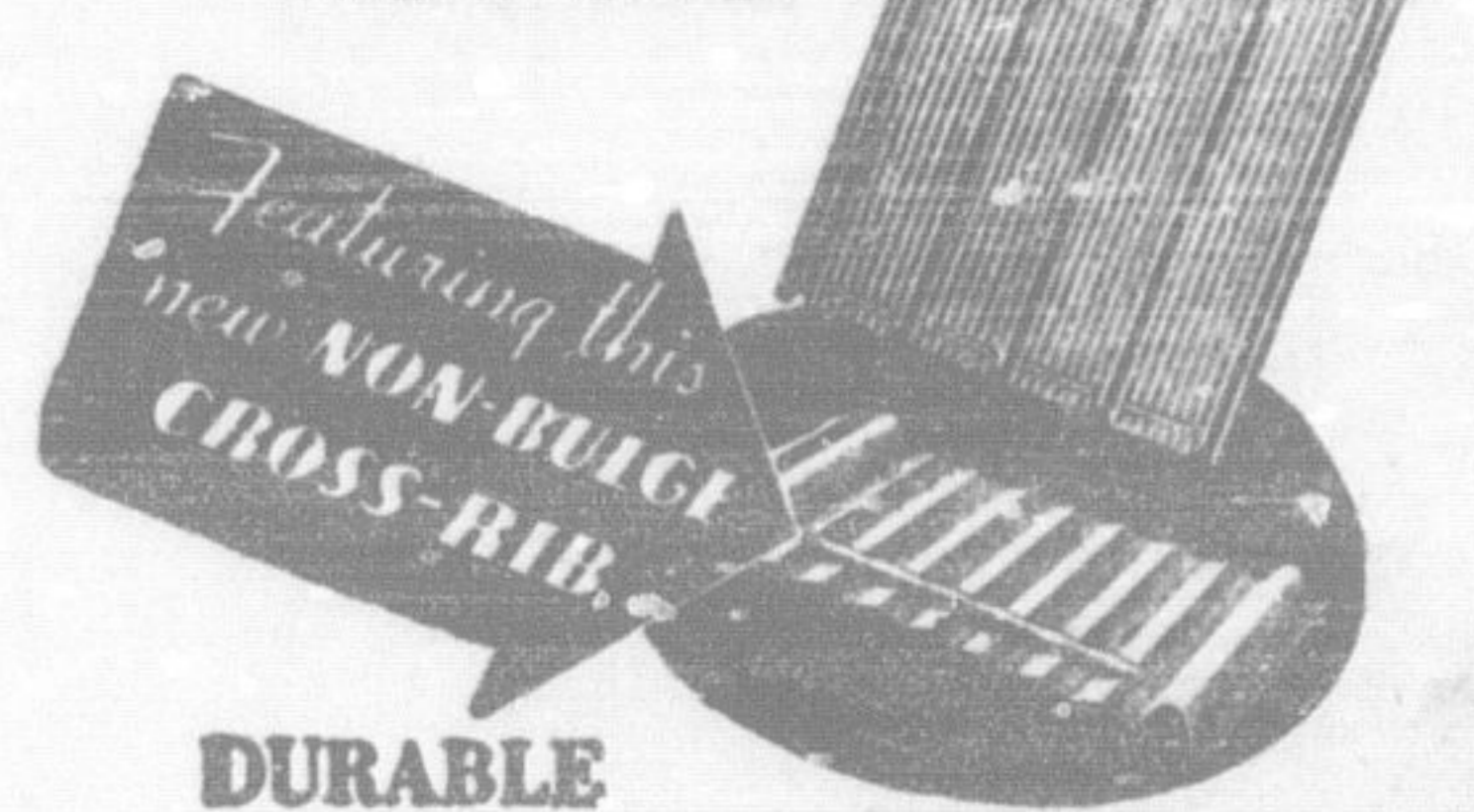
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## NOW is the time to roof TITE-LAP is the roof to use!

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DURABLE

Prevent rain and decay from eating into the heart of beams, joists and rafters. Protect against rot, against fire. Re-roof with Tite-Lap. Prices may never be so low again.

Tite-Lap is permanent, leak-proof, fire-proof. Easily and quickly erected—comes in sheets 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 feet long. Saves sheathing lumber on new buildings. Lay it right over old single roofs. Made in Council Standard and Acorn Quality Brands.

Tite-Lap is Canada's greatest roofing value. Let us prove it. Send us ridge and rafter measurements and we will send free estimate.

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Beautiful, inexpensive, easy to lay. Another unequalled roofing value. Cannot warp, shrink, crack, curl or bulge. Fireproof. In attractive colors.

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Acorn Barn Ventilators Prevent spontaneous combustion. Size, 20 in.; Drum, 16 in. Price, \$5.00.

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PRESTON Barn Door Hardware We can save you money on your barn door hardware. Write for prices.

Preston Steel Clad Barns Built with rugged steel trusses, roofed and sided with fireproof steel. Write for "Book About Barns".

## The Flying Wrecker

By JOHN HARMON

See the Human Comet—Zooming in Thrilling, Death-defying Stunts TODAY at the MIDDLETOWN Fair!

BILL RANDALL brought his low-built, snappy yellow roadster to a stop in front of the Middleton General store to read the flaming red poster in the window.

"I'll take a spin out to the big shindig and see what's up," Bill said to himself. The big roadster shot down the highway toward the fair grounds, leaving a trail of dust and of gasping natives in its wake. As he neared the air field, Bill could hear the throb of the motor in the air.

Fascinated, he saw it come nearer and nearer to him. It lifted a little—lost altitude again—and then shot right at his car. Instinctively Bill ducked. There seemed to be the roar of a thousand railroad engines in his ear, a rending of the canvas top of his car and the plane shot upward. As the plane sped upward and onward, Bill drew a long breath as he looked at the torn remnants of canvas hanging on the body of his car. "Human comet—my eye!" he whistled softly. "That guy must be a meteor!" He watched the plane circle over the field and sweep down to land at the far end of the field. The pilot jumped from the cockpit and came dashing across the field toward Bill.

"I'm awfully sorry I scalped your car!" With a single gesture the Flying Ace snatched off helmet and goggles and tossed back an unruly mop of wavy, curly, chestnut colored hair. "I really only meant to give you a scare."

Bill's eyes did not cover up his amazement. This flying ace was a girl! And Aubrey Garrett at that! Wonders will never cease. Finally Bill regained some of his lost poise and grinned at the attractive girl in front of him. "What do you do with the scalps you collect? Hang 'em on the wall of your plane for souvenirs?"

"Well, that's not a bad idea. Seeing that your's is the first I've taken, I think you ought to be honored." "Honored, but slightly shaky in the plus, but—" That was as far as Bill got. Mr. Wilson, the chairman of the fair, came running toward them. "I'm sorry, Miss Garrett, but I'll have to cancel that agreement I made with you. These people have all seen loops before. They want to see something novel."

Bill hated Mr. Wilson for causing that hurt look in Aubrey's eye. But it didn't matter. A smile covered her face as she turned to Bill and said, "Want to go up? We can show 'em some tricks." The game little kid! She would never admit being beaten. Well, he'd take a chance with her. "Okay, let's go!"

A few minutes later they were starting. Aubrey was flying a bit wild. They were directly over the field when something happened. Aubrey was flying high. Perhaps they hit an unexpected air pocket. Bill didn't have time to think what had happened as they were headed for old terra firma with a sickening speed. There was Aubrey standing in her cockpit frantically waving to Bill to jump. There was Bill waving back to her and shaking his head. Then suddenly there was a jerk, a shudder of the whole plane, a rocking in the air, and the machine straightened out and slid along level with the ground, just above the hill!

As they taxied across the field, Bill could hear the thunderous applause of the spectators above the roar of the motor. And as they made a safe landing, people swarmed around the plane. Mr. Wilson came pushing his way through the crowd to Aubrey. "That was marvelous!" he said. Heavens, thought Bill, does the man think she did that swoop on purpose? "That was wonderful, Miss Garrett. A remarkable exhibition of control. I'll take back what I said about the contract and I'll give you another hundred to do it again!"

Bill got out of the plane and joined Aubrey. "She won't do it again to-day, Mr. Wilson," he said. "That was the grand climax. The show is over." To Aubrey he whispered "Come on over to the car. We'll take a little spin and I'll do the plotting."

Aubrey looked very small and white to Bill as he stopped the car. "Now, if you don't mind telling me, I'd like to know just what happened to us up in the heavens a little while ago." Bill's voice was gentle. "It slipped," said Aubrey. "And I thought I had lost control. I thought that if you jumped it would be all right—at least you'd be safe. But, good heavens, when you wouldn't jump, there was nothing left for me to do but to grab that stick and hold it. I didn't want to wreck you and your car both on the same day."

"So that was it, young lady. But you're wrong. You've wrecked my life as well as the top of my car because I've taken an awful flop. Aubrey, I love you! And it's high time I realized it. But now that I have let's make up for lost time by getting married. Are you with me?" Aubrey's smile conveyed her answer. They kissed to seal the pact and then Bill started his car once more, speeding for the nearest marriage license bureau.

#### Old-Time Expressions

When we speak of being "unstrung" or of "unbending" we unconsciously recall the days when the archer, having no use for his bow, kept it unstrung and unbent. And the bonfire which we light today was in its origin the "bonfire" of Tudor times in which Henry VIII's agents destroyed the bones of saints found in the pillaged monasteries and convents.

Dragon's Blood Dragon's blood is a red-colored resin derived from the fruit of a rattan palm. It is used to color varnishes and lacquers. The bright red facing on Chinese writing paper is generally made from this so-called dragon's blood, which enters commerce as dark red, flaky crystals. It is one of the leading exports of Java.

## Three Canadian Plants of Flash-Eating Type

There are three carnivorous, or flesh-eating wild plants in Canada. While the great majority of plants obtain the nitrogen necessary for their growth and development from the nitrates in the soil, the three Canadian species of which the Pitcher plant, the Sundew, and Bladderwort are representatives, resemble animals from the fact that they use the bodies of insects and small animals for this purpose. Although these plants possess chlorophyll, the green coloring substance of plants, which is essential to growth, and can live for a time, at least, without organic food, it has been shown by experiment that some of them thrive better and increase more rapidly in weight when supplied with small pieces of animal flesh. The leaves of the Sundew are covered with tentacles which secrete a sticky fluid in which insects are firmly held and die. The tentacles also secrete a substance like pepsin which digests the body of the insect, the digested products being gradually absorbed by the leaf. The process of digestion of the Bladderwort is similar. The Pitcher plant collects rain in which insects are eventually drawn in, being prevented from crawling out by the smooth surface of the pitcher's lid and the downward pointing ball-and-socket bristles which bars exit. The bladders on the leaves of the Bladderwort, which are mostly water plants, are provided with a valve opening inwards and forming a sort of trap-door, fringed with bristles. So sensitive are these bristles that a sudden touch causes the bladder to expand violently, thereby sucking in small aquatic animals, such as crustaceans, which are unable to escape. They eventually die and are completely absorbed by the plant.

## Zoology Class Is Held

Among the Coral Reefs Somewhere in this collegiate world of ours, says College Humor, a strange zoology class is held on the floor of the ocean. The students, men and girls, in swim suits, come to class in boats. Thirty miles from the Gulf Stream, the instructor, also in a swim suit, calls the class together.

Diving helmets are put on by members of the class, and down they go, down to the bottom. Fellow students on the deck above pump air into the air tubes while the divers, 25 feet below make observations in a unique laboratory. These men and girls, in addition to being students of marine zoology, are students of deep-sea diving. They know the coral reefs in the Gulf Stream, the instructor, also in a swim suit, calls the class together.

A good bob to the surface, clinging to the lower deck of the boat. Two students remove her helmet. "Ooooo," she chokes, "I'm petrified."

## Modern Orchestra Goes

Back to Bow and Arrow Music as an art—at least as we understand it—is a purely accidental development scarcely 400 years old, says a writer in the Kansas City Star. Within that short span of time the human imagination has found many widely differing modes of expression through music; the conception of song melody and instrumental melody has changed radically; the various musical instruments have undergone vast improvement and some have definitely been relegated to the museum. But throughout this entire period the orchestra has been undergoing a fascinating evolution.

The modern orchestra may be said to go back to the bow and arrow as its starting point. For the orchestra as we know it, was built around the string quartet; and the string quartet was composed of the violin family. Musicologists assume that the origin of the violin may be traced to the time when primitive man in letting fly the bow from the arrow heard the sound made by the bow string. Slowly and painfully this primitive idea was developed until it found its perfect florescence in the Cremona and Guernaroli violins. A nomenclature examination of the violin will convince the observer that the instrument is in principle the same as the bow which the hunter used.

Similarly, in the case of the flute, the assumption is that a primitive shepherd in sending his sheep heard the wind blowing across the end of the reed. Thus we see that in the case of the orchestra it is the unpredictable leaps of the human imagination that have produced its instruments, and that its origins go back to the roots of human nature.

## Libyan Desert Once Fertile

Carvings of animals found on rocks give rise to the belief that the Libyan desert in Africa was once a fertile region. The figures are supposed to be thousands of years old and among the representations is one thought by a professor of the University of Florence to be that of the Mauretanian bull, mentioned in the most ancient human records as even then being extinct. The thought is advanced that the figures carved on the rocks were part of their religious rites.

## When Birds Awake

A bird-lover in France after studying the time birds rise in the morning, has come to the conclusion that if we were able to identify the singing of the innumerable birds in the countryside it would be almost possible to do without clocks. All birds, say ornithologists, begin to sing at a fixed hour, which varies according to their kind. The reputation for early rising attributed to the lark is apparently not correct, for the greenfinch gets up exactly at half-past one in the morning. These come the blackcap, starting the day with its warbling at half-past two; the quail at three; the blackbird at four; and then, a few minutes later, the thrush, robin red-breast, and the wren. Lastly, when the sun is high above the horizon, the sparrow and the lark come.

## Love Is Blind

By HOPE WILDER

"IT DOES seem like the irony of fate that there should have been a fire in your house that night of all nights," laughed Jane Burke. "It's not a laughing matter," replied Alice pertly.

"Why not? You must have looked like the first lady of Mars or something ten times worse."

"You're about right. Honestly, when mother and father were calling to me frantically to get out, I could think of nothing but what a sight I looked. And to appear that way before half the town and all the firemen!"

"What was this marvelous new beauty treatment you were trying out? A new mud pack, or what?" asked Jane, still highly amused. "Oh—I'd rather you wouldn't ask. There I stood on the balcony in front of my room—the very spot I had so often pictured myself in! And in what a predicament! But far from looking lovely and romantic like Juliet addressing Romeo, I was something out of the comic page. My hair was done up in those metal wavers and they stuck out all over my head. I had a heavy cream plastered on my face about an inch thick. And I had a couple of pieces of adhesive pasted in various attractive spots just to complete the picture. There was nothing worth anything omitted."

"I can imagine. But why all the beauty preparations?" "Well, I want to look as youthful and beautiful as possible at the dance at the country club tomorrow night, and was following advice from a beauty expert for several nights so that I'd surely be a knockout. You see, Brad Conklin is in town visiting his cousin and I haven't seen him to speak of for three years. And you know how I feel about Brad—"

"Well, did Brad turn out to see you in your choice make-up?" "I'll say he did. His cousin, Jack Langstaff, is volunteer fireman and dragged Brad along to help the boys out. There the two of them stood with the ladder leaning against my bedroom balcony. Both of them waiting to make sure that I got out safely. It makes me shudder to think about it."

"I had to climb down the ladder, and there the family and the firemen gathered to grab me when I was in reaching distance. Years ago I had determined never to be caught in such a predicament. And just when I re-located once, there had to be a fire. You're right, it must have been fate."

"Well, cheer up, if you're sure Brad is in love with you, he won't even refer to the subject. If he doesn't turn up within six months, you can be sure he saw it and decided the best way out was a prolonged and eternal silence."

"Maybe you're right. But after all, I still feel a little mortified. But at least, he might have sensed humor in the occasion, don't you think?" asked Alice.

But, before Alice could reply the sound of an automobile turning in the driveway attracted Alice's and Jane's attention. It was Brad Conklin. "Well, cheerio," he said, smiling. "I hope the excitement last night didn't have any bad effects on anybody. It was a big night for all concerned, and the first fire I've participated in for a good many moons."

Jane regarded her friend Alice and then looked at Brad. She realized that if he had noticed the extraordinary beauty preparations the night before, he wouldn't divulge the fact. As Alice didn't attempt any reply, Jane said, "It must have been a corker. I'm certainly pleased that I missed it."

"Then Alice has been telling you all about it?" ventured Brad. "I hope she told you all the lives that were at stake and the thrilling bravery of the volunteer fire department."

Jane laughed. "Well, she told me all about it from her side, as one of those who had to be rescued."

"And I've been telling her all about my extraordinary appearance on the balcony—as I emerged from a beauty treatment which I thought was going to have wonderful results instead of creating a riot among the natives."

"What's this? I may be dumb, but I'm afraid I can't quite follow your trend of conversation. Enlighten me, young lady," Brad demanded. "Then the whole story was told once more with added enthusiasm by Alice and side remarks by Jane. But as she prattled on about the trials of the previous night, Alice could not help feeling relieved, that at least Brad pretended not to have noticed her strange appearance."

After the story was fully told, all three had a good time laughing. The damage the fire had done was little and the insurance inspector had already promised to make proper amends.

"Well, may I ask what was the reason for this extensive beauty treatment?" asked Brad. Alice once again seemed tongue-tied. To save the situation Jane once again took it upon herself to carry on the conversation. "Brad, you're an intelligent young man. Well, I guess the old adage is true. What would you say? Don't you think 'love is blind'?"

Brad was unable to hide his face in a barrel. But he was relieved to see Jane retreating after that remark. It made it much easier to take Alice in his arms and to hold her there until she gasped for breath.

## Love Is Blind

Brad and Alice were sitting on the lawn, watching the sunset. "I'm glad you're here," said Alice. "I was so worried about you after that night." "I was just a little embarrassed," said Brad. "But you know, I'm glad you're here." "I'm glad you're here," said Alice. "I was so worried about you after that night." "I was just a little embarrassed," said Brad. "But you know, I'm glad you're here."



Experienced drivers of motor cars have learned that there is one rule of the road which cannot be violated without danger to life and limb . . . these seasoned drivers always keep in line when the road ahead is obscured.

Hill tops and curves are blind spots on the highway. You can't see what is coming toward you . . . and there's almost always sure to be another car coming around the curve or over the hill. The one, safe rule is to stay on your side of the road . . . the right side.

Every time you take a chance that the road ahead may be clear, you jeopardize your own safety and the approaching motorist may be made an innocent victim of your carelessness . . . surely a heavy price to pay in conscience and cash.

After all you can observe the "Hill and Curve rule" for a whole season without losing as much as sixty minutes' time all told . . . Why not?

ONTARIO DEPARTMENT of HIGHWAYS

## Here and There

The first even' in the celebration of the Centennial of the City of Toronto, to be held this year, took place at the Royal York Hotel in the closing week of 1933 when Mayor Stewart handed out loaves of "Centennial" bread to a large crowd of interested recipients.

Emile St. Godard and Leonard Spalla, heroes of many hotly fought Dog Derbies, will fight it out again in the Quebec Dog Derby of February 23-25 next to be held in Quebec City. Many other teams have already registered and special training events for the big show are being held.

A tip for the encouragement of the younger ski generation is given by the Canadian Pacific Railway in the company's inauguration of a special school age ski excursion at low rates to the Laurentians just outside Montreal. The special was heavily patronized by the youngsters.

Statistics recently issued by the Bureau of Railway News and Statistics show that the safest way to travel is by railroad. In a year's operation of Canadian and United States railroads only one passenger was killed out of a total of 469,048,829 persons carried a total of 16,541,246,109 miles.

The old belief that women cannot wear high heels without injury to posture and health was described as "bunk" by J. S. Brower, shoe expert of Milwaukee, delegate to the National Shoe Retailers Association convention recently held at the Royal York Hotel, Toronto.

A Canadian inter-collegiate ski meet, unique development in Eastern Canada as far as skiing is concerned, will be held at the Selwyn Club, Montebello, end of January. Toronto University, Ottawa University, McGill and St. Patrick's College in Ottawa are among the collegiate teams to be represented.

Snow shovels and twenty below in many places in Canada are replaced by mashes and 65 above at Victoria B.C., these days where the sixth annual midwinter golf tournament swings into action at the Royal Colwood Course February 19-24. Equities and early entries from ardent golfers indicate that again this year the tournament will be a big success.

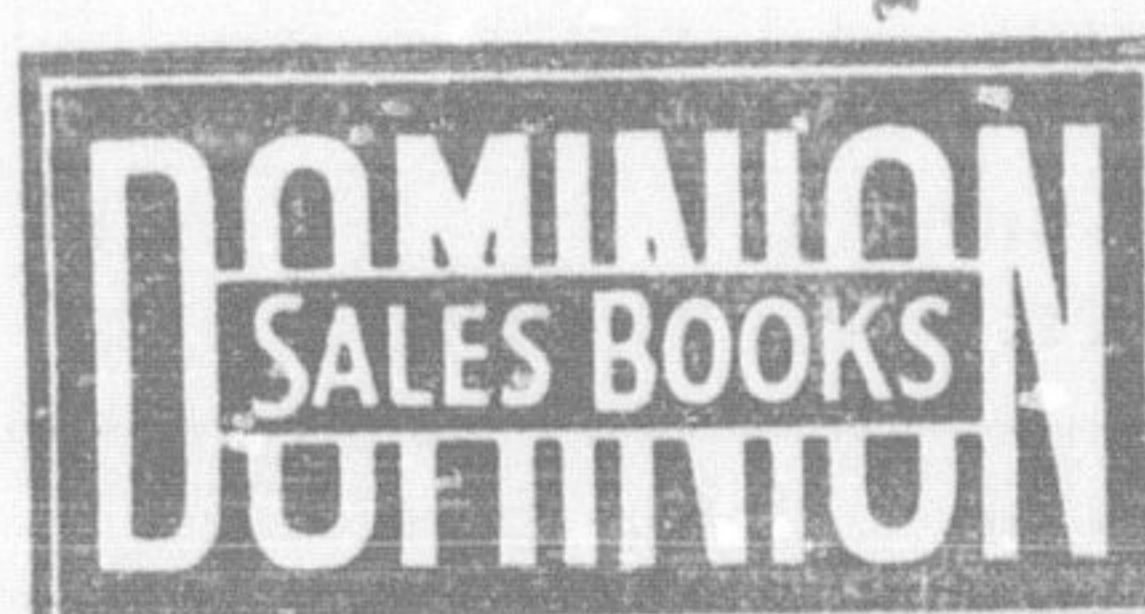
Silver Fox Breeders' Association convention was the first of three big gatherings held at the Chateau Frontenac Quebec City this year. It was simultaneous with that of the Canadian Fruit and Vegetable Jobbers' Association and was followed shortly after by the convention of the Canadian Association of Tourists and Publicity Bureaus.

Gratification at the way in which the public is using the new rail "shuttle service" between Moose Jaw and Regina was expressed by H. R. Mathewson, general passenger agent, Canadian Pacific Railway, Winnipeg when interviewed recently at Regina. He had had ample opportunity to view the running of the new "seven-a-day" train service between the two cities and was very pleased with the results being obtained.

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## CANADIAN CHAMPION.

Asphalt Widely Scattered Asphalt, which has played such an important part in the development of the motor roads of the nation, derives its name from the Latin name of the Dead sea, *Lucus Asphaltites*. Asphalt once was plentiful in the Dead sea. Now it is found in France, Peru, Cuba, southern California, Switzerland, Trinidad and Venezuela. Small deposits are found in other parts of the United States than California, but the principal source of supply is the California deposit in the domestic field and Trinidad in the import field. The Venezuelan field is believed to contain as much as 6,000,000 tons of the asphalt which is being removed by American concerns at the rate of 100,000 tons a year. Considerable of the amount taken out each year is replaced by fresh supplies which are constantly oozing into the lake.

Equally low fares from adjacent points. Going February 23rd Returning from Detroit up to 2.15 a.m., Feb. 26th. Full particulars from any CANADIAN PACIFIC AGENT

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