

**WHEN**  
relatives arrive . . . and your  
husband is away . . . and you  
can't stand the strain by yourself

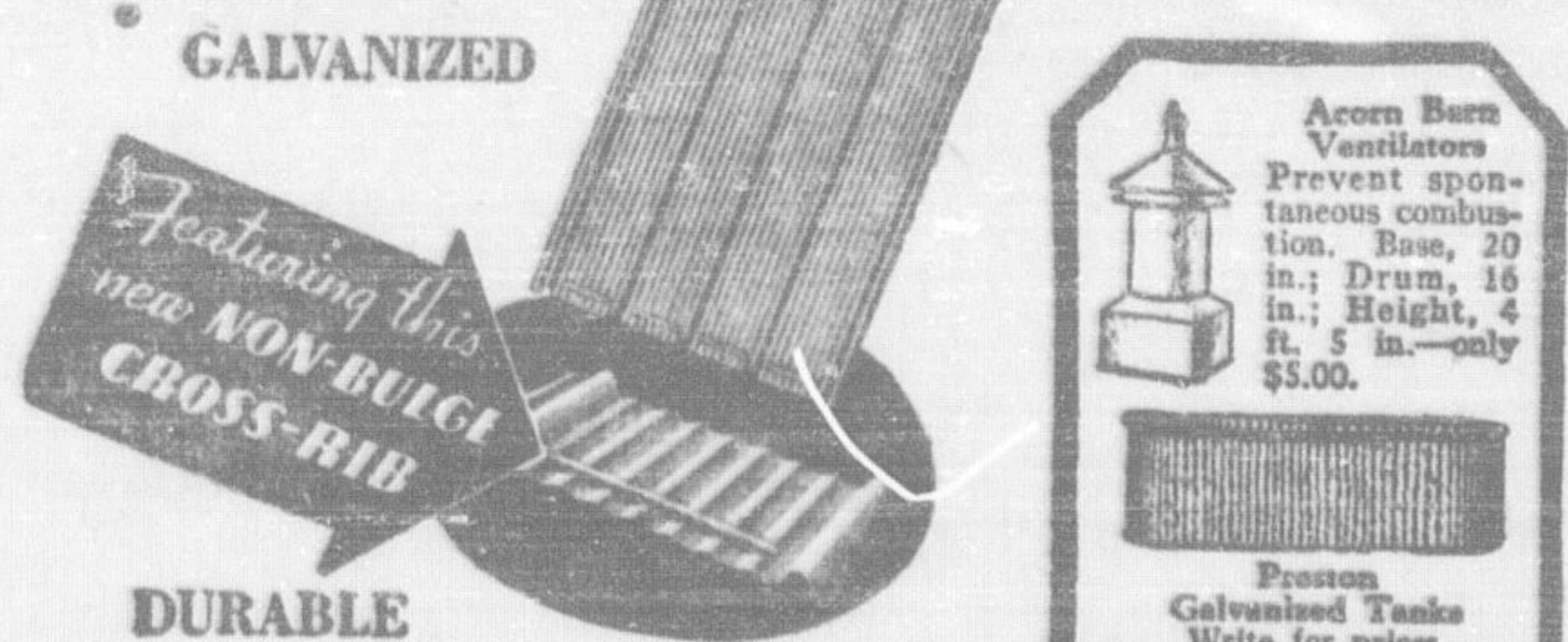


**Get him on Long Distance**  
... it's the quickest help in  
any emergency

● If you're in a fix; or you're lonely; or any  
kind of emergency arises; Long Distance  
is there to help you, a quick, depend-  
able, personal messenger; clear and  
easy to use regardless of distance. You  
can talk 100 miles for as little as 30c—see  
list of rates in the front of your directory.



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



Prevent rain and decay from eating into the  
heart of beams, joists and rafters. Protect  
against rot, against fires. 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 shingle 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 measure-  
ments and we will send free estimate.

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

**Eastern Steel Products Limited**  
Creston, Ont. Factories also at  
P. erson, Ont. Montreal & Toronto

**More Heat  
per Dollar**

The amount of heat delivered by any coal is  
against cost is the test of heating economy.  
Official analyses prove that Genuine Scotch  
Anthracite delivers maximum heat per ton—  
long, steady burning, even heating, quick  
lighting. No clinkers, little ash. Requires  
less furnace attention. Order NOW.

FOR SALE IN MILTON BY

**R. S. ADAMS**  
**GENUINE  
SCOTCH  
ANTHRACITE**

**YOUR GREY HAIR**

can be restored to its NATURAL COLOUR without the use of a  
dye or tint.

**ANGELIQUE Grey Hair Restorer**

is made from roots and bark and restores the ORIGINAL COLOUR  
in the NATURAL way, at the same time giving the hair its natural,  
healthy lustre.

Price \$1.00 per bottle

SOLD UNDER A MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

To keep the hair and scalp clean use

**ANGELIQUE SPECIAL SHAMPOO**

Price 25c. bottle

—FOR SALE AT BROWN'S DRUG STORE—

**Dean, Dean and  
Son**

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

THERE were many among their  
mutual friends who thought that  
John Dean was being somewhat dog-  
matic in so arbitrarily trying to force  
his son Basil into the trade that he  
himself was in.

John Dean was a butcher, his fa-  
ther before him had been a butcher  
and also his grandfather and each gen-  
eration of butcher Deans had put the  
increasing chain of butcher shops on a  
sounder financial foundation.

The firm name was now Dean, Dean  
& Son—being the three successive  
Deans. And now because young Basil  
Dean had inherited from the mother  
whom he had scarcely known what he  
called artistic ability and his father  
called tommyrot, Basil had determined  
to establish himself in the millinery  
and costume trade.

"Imagine a son of mine, and a  
mouthful of pins, draping laces and  
tulle on female forms!" stormed  
Dean Senior wrathfully.

He stormed, however, to no avail for  
young Basil was both sane and sound  
of faculty and knew what he was best  
equipped for in life's battle with  
finance.

And deep as was the regard be-  
tween father and son, the inability  
of each to see the other's viewpoint  
estranged the two so that Basil moved  
from the old homestead of his fore-  
bears and took a small flat above the  
shop which he established.

And every time Dean Senior passed  
the small, exclusive shop that bore the  
name Dean, Incorporated, and had as  
its window display a frothy bit of  
chiffon and a dainty hat or two, he  
trembled with rage.

John Dean missed his son's presence  
about the house more than he cared  
to admit. He had been a widower for  
nearly twenty years and the house  
was lonesome with only the servants  
for company.

Perhaps that was why Dean hap-  
pened to fall a victim to the undoubt-  
ed charms of Constance Fry, the wid-  
ow of a somewhat impoverished army  
officer. Constance had been forced to  
earn her own living and also to pro-  
vide for the son who was even then  
ready to select a career for himself.

She herself had gone into the mil-  
linery business and had succeeded re-  
markably only to realize that her son  
could find no joy in the thought of  
following in his mother's footsteps.

Peter Fry loved the butchering busi-  
ness and his only ambition was to be-  
long to the chain of shops that Dean  
Senior was the head of. It had been  
through this idea of his that Mrs. Fry  
and Mr. Dean had met.

"His only inspiration is among bits  
of lamb and cow," she had lamented  
into Dean's sympathetic ear and there  
discussion as to Peter's future was the  
link that simply chained Dean  
Senior to her side until he could think  
of nothing but Constance and his long-  
ing to make her his wife and com-  
panion in the big empty house.

And having established son Peter  
comfortably among the choice cuts of  
lamb, ox tails and tripe, John Dean  
proceeded to lay siege to the heart of  
Constance.

But Constance was not so easily  
won, though she felt tremendously at-  
tracted to John Dean.

"I love my millinery business too  
much just to let it all go. I have en-  
joyed building it up and feel much  
pride in it. I wouldn't mind so much  
if I could find just the exact man to  
take over the actual working, part of  
it and let me just continue designing  
costumes—but I can't marry you, John,  
until I find a man who exactly fits in  
with my scheme of keeping my busi-  
ness well on its feet." And with those  
words she had looked wistfully up into  
John's fine blue eyes.

Dean thought swiftly and to good  
purpose. He could win Constance for  
his wife and bring back his son to the  
fold—all in one big gesture of mental  
weakness—for John considered it a  
form of weakness once and for all to  
agree that his son should continue in  
any but the butchering business. How-  
ever, since Constance was so desir-  
able and son Peter ready to step into  
the line of Dean, Dean & Son—well—so  
be it.

That afternoon Dean, Senior, crossed  
the threshold of Dean, Incorporated,  
for the first but not the last time,  
and Basil looked up from some wonder-  
ful designs he was sketching. A great  
far more wonderful than the colors  
of the drawings was the smile in his  
eyes.

"Dad—by Jove! It's actually dad!"  
and he jumped up to grasp his dad's  
hand in a grip that hurt. There was  
nothing feminine about young Basil.

An hour later the two went out  
arm in arm. All was harmoniously  
settled.

"It's great of you, dad, simply  
great," said Basil. "And I say, dad,  
do you think the new mater will like  
me?"

"Couldn't help it, my lad, you're  
made of the right stuff," said Dean  
Senior.

**Genuine Advice**

A man lent a friend a book, "How  
to Live to Be a Hundred."  
Meeting a little later, the friend  
told the lender that his wife was read-  
ing the book in all the spare time she  
had. The lender was delighted.

A month later they met again and  
the lender again inquired about his  
friend's wife.

"She's doing wonderful," replied the  
friend. "She looks over one hundred  
now and she isn't fifty yet."

**Ancient British Village**

The village of Cuddington, Surrey,  
England, is more than 1,250 years old  
and history records the existence of  
the place in the year 675, with the  
pauling of Athelstan and Edward the  
Confessor. The neighborhood was  
famous from the reign of Henry VIII  
to that of Charles II as a center of  
royal festivities. In the sixteenth cen-  
tury Henry VIII fenced in some 1,600  
acres of park and built Nonsuch pal-  
ace, where for nearly two centuries  
the revels of the court was held. Later  
Queen Mary sold Nonsuch to the earl  
of Arundel. Afterwards it was  
possessed by Queen Elizabeth, and it  
was here that the ill-fated earl of  
Essex was arrested prior to his re-  
turning to the Tower of London. In  
1670 King Charles gave the palace to  
Barbara Villiers, who dismantled the  
castle and sold the contents.

**Thought All City  
Girls Alike**

By ADELAIDE D. HUFF

"GEEK, golly, this is the deadiest  
place that ever was!" Margaret  
Adair exclaimed to herself as she sat  
on the porch of the old farmhouse  
and listened to the tiny songs of myr-  
iad insects in the dewy grass.

Back home they called her Mar-  
garet the Heartless, Margaret the  
Flapper. All men were glib to her  
mill, this she openly admitted; but if  
she had ever once become the least  
bit interested herself no one ever  
found out. She knew exactly the route  
her affairs would take—frank admira-  
tion, ardent love-making and subse-  
quent proposal followed by flat re-  
fusal.

It was natural that Elmwood farm  
should prove a trifle monotonous to  
Margaret, but the doctor had said that  
a complete rest was essential after her  
breakdown and had insisted that she  
be sent where late hours would be  
impossible and jazz music a thing un-  
known.

At the sound of footsteps on the  
gravelled walk, Margaret looked  
through the doorway to where she  
saw Claire Elmwood and Bill Dick-  
son come slowly up the path. Such a  
plain little thing, Margaret reflected.  
How did she manage to get even a  
country man interested? At the steps  
they stopped and Bill kissed the girl  
good night.

"You're the sweetest little thing," he  
whispered, holding her close, "God  
love me!"

"Oh, Bill," the girl answered, "how  
can you love me after seeing that  
pretty Miss Adair? I was so afraid—  
I believe I'd die if—"

"Shucks," Bill said. "She couldn't  
make any fellow love her. She's  
too stuck on herself. I wouldn't give  
a snap for a dozen like her."

"So-o-o," thought Margaret, her eyes  
narrowing in the dark. "I'll have to  
start a little campaign. Here's some-  
thing to do at last."

In a moment Claire ran into the  
house, Bill turned and went home and  
Margaret, still undiscovered, sat on  
in the deep shadows and thought. Bill  
owned half interest in the adjoining  
farm, she knew, and she had often  
watched him as he followed the plow,  
his sunburned, muscular arms bare  
almost to the shoulder.

The next morning Margaret ap-  
peared in her smart knicker suit. She  
knew how absurdly disquieting she  
looked in this outfit, and that it was  
always a sure-fire hit. As soon as  
breakfast was over, she climbed the  
fence that divided the two farms and  
picked her way over the rough, shoddy  
ground.

"Good morning," she called as she  
approached Bill and the team, stand-  
ing at the end of a row. "I wanted to  
put your horses."

She put out a daintily manicured  
hand and stroked the sleek neck of  
the nearest horse. The animal shied  
slightly and Margaret jumped back to  
safety.

"Oh, he frightened me," she said  
in a scared little voice.

"He won't hurt you," said Bill pro-  
tectively. "I'll hold his bridle. Now,  
you can pat him all you want."

"I'm awfully homesick up here," the  
girl said positively after a moment.  
"I'm just dying to take some hikes  
around here, but I haven't anyone to  
go with me and I'd be afraid to go  
alone. I'm crazy to go up on Sunset  
hill, but—"

"Would you—go with me?" Bill  
asked after a moment.

"Oh, would you take me?" exclaimed  
Margaret clapping her hands. "When  
could we go? Why not after supper  
tonight?"

"Yes, I reckon that'd be all right.  
You could meet me over at that oak  
at the far side of the field. I—  
Claire—"

"Yes, I know," Margaret answered  
quickly.

"You're engaged to Claire and she  
mightn't like it. We won't tell her."

"That evening Margaret ran along  
the edge of the field toward the big  
oak tree. She found Bill waiting for  
her.

"You have the most adorable way of  
smoking a pipe," she greeted him.  
"It's so—he-mannish or something."

Bill laughed and took her arm as  
they started toward Sunset Hill.  
They climbed for an hour or more be-  
fore reaching the top then finally  
dropped on a huge rock to rest.

"It's gorgeous here," she said after  
a moment, slipping her hand into his.  
And she was amazed by the thrill his  
touch gave her.

"You reckon it's wrong when you're  
engaged to one girl to kiss another?"  
he asked after a moment.

"Of course not, why?" she laughed.  
She felt his arm tighten around her  
and a second later kisses were rain-  
ing on her face.

"Bill, you darling," she whispered  
at last. "Why, why—what's the mat-  
ter?" she stammered.

"Nothing," he answered. "It's just  
like I thought. All these city girls  
are alike. I've been to town once or  
twice myself. I like to see Claire  
kissed a fellow she'd never seen more  
than once or twice in her life and him  
engaged to another girl at that!"

**Consistency of Fog**

Fog is a heavy mist consisting of  
tiny globules of water floating in the  
air. Fogs on or near the sea are  
clouds come down to earth that spread  
out more than in the sky. The fog  
that forms over cities is the damp mist  
combined with smoke, dust and other  
impurities in the air. Fogs come when  
the upper air acts as a blanket and  
keeps the misty air down until the  
wind blows it away.

**Ivory Nut Beetle**

In the Panama Canal zone there is  
a small beetle which bores into the  
ivory nut, one of Panama's largest  
exports. These nuts are used to make  
buttons. This beetle is so large that  
a grain of wheat, but it can penetrate  
the tough fibers of the ivory nut which  
is so hard as to turn the edge of a  
sharp knife.

**Emily and the  
West**

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

EMILY sat with her eyes glued  
to the flying landscape as the  
great transcontinental train bore her  
across the plains.

For a girl whose previous wan-  
derings had been limited to an occa-  
sional trolley ride between her own  
home town and the city some fifteen  
miles away, this sudden journey car-  
ried elements of drama.

Her entire equipment for the affair  
consisted of a wardrobe done in the  
best manner of the local dressmaker,  
a chambray bag about her neck con-  
taining what was left after paying for  
her ticket of the money sent by  
Uncle Will, and a mind stored with  
much reading of so-called "Western  
fiction."

The wardrobe was the least im-  
portant item. Emily's great gray eyes,  
her delicate nose, her comely little  
mouth would have surmounted any  
inadequacies of raiment.

The money—well, of course, that  
was an essential without which, along  
with Uncle Will's invitation to spend  
a summer on his Wyoming ranch,  
Emily would still be back home, play-  
ing the piano for Jane Stiles, the  
kindergarten, and trying to make  
up her mind whether or not to marry  
Brenton Appleton, embryo druggist.

But it was the hours that Emily had  
spent pouring over tales of the  
Great West that were now color-  
ing the whole trip for her. Not a horse-  
man on the horizon but became for  
Emily a rope-throwing, broncho-  
busting cowboy.

Her fellow passengers, especially a  
pleasant looking young man in the  
seat opposite, could not help but be  
amused at Emily's enthusiasm. The  
young man, Philip Granger, found  
himself watching her even as she  
watched the scenery.

Suddenly, just after the train had  
left behind a tiny station consisting of  
a station, six or seven other build-  
ings and a grain elevator, and was  
pulling up a slight grade that sig-  
nalled an approach to more rugged  
country, the cars stopped with a jerk  
and a grinding of brakes that all but  
threw down one or two passengers  
standing in the aisle.

Philip got up and, hands in his  
pocket, sauntered toward the front  
of the car. He was halted by the  
sound of a clear, sweet voice mak-  
ing itself heard above the general  
hubbub. "It's probably a holdup. Bet-  
ter hide your money and your jewels!"

The laugh which followed relieved  
the tension, but Philip noticed that,  
although Emily flushed at the deri-  
sion with which her warning was  
re-acted, she did not appear convinced  
of her mistake. "It's a holdup," she  
insisted. "You'll see—"

At that instant, the door in the  
rear of the car was flung open. Two  
masked men, holding sliced revolv-  
ers, entered.

"Hands up!"

Grins at Emily's remark had long  
ago faded from all faces. White-faced  
women and impotent, raging men  
were swiftly relieved of purses, watches,  
rings.

Then they were gone. The pas-  
sengers saw them join half a dozen  
similarly masked companions and  
gallop off into the hills.

Emily became the center of atten-  
tion. It was Philip, however, who  
asked the question that trembled on  
all lips. "How did you know it was  
a holdup, Miss—"

"Tremont!" supplied Emily prompt-  
ly. (What a handsome person this  
young man was—a truly western  
type!) "What else could it possibly  
be?" she continued. "A stop on a  
grade in the hills! Not another town  
for miles!"

Philip shook his head. "My dear  
young lady," he said firmly, "I have  
made this trip twice a year for  
twelve summers and this is the first  
episode of this kind I ever witness-  
ed!"

Emily considered his words meek-  
ly for a moment. Then she re-  
sponded. "I expected to be held up  
from the minute we reached Chil-  
cago," she declared, "and was pre-  
pared. I carried my money around  
my neck and the instant the train  
stopped I took off my rings and sat  
on them!"

The following day they reached  
Cheyenne where Emily's uncle was  
to meet her. Presently, she was help-  
ed to meet her uncle.

Philip, who was going to the coast,  
got off to carry her bag for her.

"I'll run down and see you, if I  
may, next winter," he said, holding  
her slim hand a minute longer than  
the law allowed. "My home is in  
Cambridge. This is merely the way  
I spend my vacations!" True west-  
ern type indeed!

Presently, she was being helped  
into a great monster of a car by  
genial Uncle Will. She had hoped  
to be met with a buckboard and team.  
Philip she never saw again. Brent  
married Jane Stiles, the kindergar-  
ner. As for Emily—

Emily took to writing western fic-  
tion for The West as She Is Mag-  
azine and, in due time, married its  
editor.

**To Insure Prompt Service**  
Mr. Pester—Why are you trying to  
phone my office at this time in the  
morn'g? There's nobody there.

His Wife—I know what I'm doing.  
I'll want to tell you when dinner will  
be ready this evening, and if I com-  
mence now I'll get the connection just  
in time.

**National Bison Range**  
The National Bison Range is main-  
tained by the bureau of biological  
survey, United States Department of  
Agriculture, near Moiese, Mont. This  
is a small town in the southwest-  
ern part of Lake county, Montana, in the  
northwestern part of the state. It is  
just west of the Mission range and  
south of Flathead lake. The range has  
an area of 18,535 acres.

**Airplane Idea in 1640**  
The airplane and submarine were  
thought of in the middle of the Sev-  
enteenth century. This was declared  
by an official of the University of  
South Wales. He referred to a book  
written about 1640 by Lord Herbert  
Raglan. The title is "A Century of  
Invention," and the volume contains  
100 suggestions, among them being  
ideas for airplanes and submarines.

**WARNING TO  
TRUCK OWNERS  
HALF-LOAD REGULATIONS  
NOW IN EFFECT**

Permit card must be carried in vehicle  
or by operator at all times

THE HIGHWAY TRAFFIC ACT PROVIDES that the loads  
which may be carried by various types of vehicles during the months  
of March and April shall be limited as follows:

**SOLID TIRED VEHICLES** Solid tired trucks and trailers shall not carry a load of more than  
half their registered carrying capacities.

**PNEUMATIC TIRED VEHICLES** Pneumatic tired trucks and trailers with a registered carrying  
capacity of 3 tons and not more than 6 tons, shall be limited to  
a 3-ton load.

Pneumatic tired trucks and trailers with a registered carrying  
capacity of more than six tons shall be restricted to a load of  
not more than half their registered carrying capacities.

**HORSE DRAWN VEHICLES** Horse drawn vehicles with a carrying capacity of more than one  
ton shall be limited to 250 lbs. per inch in width of tire.

THESE LIMITATIONS APPLY ONLY ON THE FOLLOWING ROADS,  
whether paved or unpaved, outside the limits of cities, towns or villages:

ALL COUNTY ROADS  
ALL TOWNSHIP ROADS

THE FOLLOWING KING'S HIGHWAYS:

- |                               |                              |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------|
| No. 2 Belle River to Tecumseh | No. 17 Arnprior to Pembroke  |
| 4 Clinton to Durham           | 18 Amherstburg to Kingsville |
| 6 Williamsford to Chatsworth  | 19 Tilsonburg to Pt. Burwell |
| 7 Lucan to Arkona             | 21 Petrolia to Oil Springs   |
| 7 Perth to Peterboro          | 21 Morpeth to Thamesville    |
| 9 Cookstown to Primrose       | 24 Galt to St. George        |
| 9 Orangeville to Grand Valley | 29 Arnprior to Almonte       |
| 10 Dundalk to Chatsworth      | 30 Brighton to Campbellford  |
| 12 Beaverton to Atherley      | 33 Trenton to Marmora        |
| 12 Orillia to Midland         | 34 Lancaster to Hawkesbury   |
| 14 Foxboro to Sterling        | 37 Corbyville to Actonville  |
| 15 Gananoque to Elgin         |                              |

REGULATIONS NOW REQUIRE THAT THE PERMIT CARD ISSUED  
FOR A COMMERCIAL VEHICLE must accompany the vehicle at all times.  
It may be carried by the operator or in some readily accessible part of the body  
or cab of the vehicle.

PENALTIES—Highway Traffic Officers have been instructed to be especially  
vigilant in apprehending those who disobey these regulations and the Highway  
Traffic Act prescribes severe penalties for infractions of the weight regulations  
or for failure to carry permit cards.

Ontario's good roads represent an investment of millions of dollars which must be  
protected, especially against preventable damage. Every owner and driver of a  
commercial vehicle must assume his full share of responsibility.

**Ontario Department of Highways**

The Honourable Leopold Macaulay,  
Minister.

**A Fair Question**

Do you visit the stores in MILTON  
and make enquiries before you pur-  
chase out of town?

**Remember**

The Dollar spent in town may work  
for you again but a dollar spent  
elsewhere never does.

**A Suggestion**

Just give the local merchants a  
chance to supply your daily needs  
and special purchases.

**Buy at Home. Bring Prosperity**

SEND YOUR NEXT  
**PRINTING ORDER**  
-TO-  
**The CHAMPION OFFICE**