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CANDY
Your wisdom tooth says
BARNARD'S

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VOLUME 75

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COUNTY OF HALTON LOCAL COURTS CALENDAR FOR 1934

Place of Sitting	Day of Sitting	Hours of Opening	Jan.	Mar.	May	June	Sept.	Nov.	Jan. 1935
Milton	Friday	10.00 a.m.	5	5	11	22	7	9	11
Oakville	Tuesday	10.00 a.m.	5	5	13	25	11	6	11
Georgetown	Wednesday	10.00 a.m.	3	7	19	27	5	7	9
Aston	Thursday	10.00 a.m.	4	8	10	28	6	8	10
Brookville	Saturday	10.00 a.m.	6	10	12	28	8	10	13
Sturton	Monday	10.00 a.m.	10	5	7	25	10	5	12
1 Wednesday	10.00 a.m.								

NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF CLERKS—J. P. Boper, Milton; J. H. Chambers, Oakville; R. C. Thompson, Georgetown; G. Geo. K. Agnew, Aston; A. C. Moore, Campbellville; W. J. Stuart, Burlington.
General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings with or without Jury, 1st, 3rd and 11th December, on opening days at 1 p.m.
County Court Sittings, without Jury, 3rd April and 2nd October, 10 a.m., and so often at other times as may be required for the despatch of business.
Audit of Original Justice Accounts, 5th January, 5th April, 5th July, 5th October, 10 a.m.
By order W. I. DICK, Milton,
Clerk of the Peace.

Two Girls for Bill

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

WILLIAM BRONSON, ordinarily known as Bill, had been brought up by two loving but slightly over-zealous aunts.

But now William had outgrown schooling. Not that he was particularly well educated, although he could hold his own with the average young man when it came to intellectual discussions and that sort of thing. What I mean is that the problems which now kept his devoted Aunt Elizabeth and devoted Aunt Louise awake at nights were somewhat more complex.

And the most difficult of all to settle was just where there was to be found in the whole of Holland county, or for that matter in the entire state itself, a girl suitable for their nephew to marry.

Now, ordinarily, these two good women got together on anything which concerned the boy of whom they were both equally fond, but at the time this story starts, Aunt Elizabeth was engaged on a little scheme of her own.

After all, there was nothing very dreadful about Aunt Elizabeth's little conspiracy. It had come to her attention that the daughter of an old friend, a Marjorie Marden, was running a tea-room in the next town; that she was considered a very capable young woman and that she was anxious to get in touch with her mother's old friend.

Therefore, without saying anything to anybody, she drove over to the tea-room and made herself known to the brisk young lady whom she met there and who proved a second edition of her charming friend.

"And will you expect you to supper next Tuesday, dear child," were her last words, as she resolved that Bill should be home that night to receive the girl.

Now it is impossible to live all your life with a person and not get wise when there is something in the air. Tuesday morning Aunt Louise knew at the very instant that her sister rose half an hour earlier than was her custom that something was afoot.

And when she saw that preparations for certain special dishes were under way she put two and two together and got a wrong answer. She figured that her sister was going to ask a favor of Bill and was planning to approach him, as from time immemorial it has been customary to approach a man, through his appetite.

It gave Louise an idea, however. Why not kill two birds with one stone? There was that nice little librarian she had been planning to have Bill bring to supper some night and what better night than one on which her sister was getting up a specially attractive menu? She could return a book to the library and make the invitation appear casual enough.

Bill was, as it happened, reclining in the couch hammock on the porch with half a dozen apples and a book on exploration, when his Aunt Louise came up the path and went into the house by a side door. Nor is it reasonable to expect him to get up and overhear a conversation between the two women who have been second mothers to him. In the first place, so seldom was there anything said between them that he was not quite welcome to overhear, that such an idea would not have occurred to him. Only when he heard the strained tones of his Aunt Elizabeth did he become aware that something was going on.

"But, Louise, I have already invited my old friend Marjorie's daughter to tea. I intended to tell you, of course, but you hurried away right after lunch. She would make a nice wife for—"

"So that is the idea!" said Aunt Louise coldly. "Well, it was with some such idea in mind that I asked the little librarian. I am sure she would be much more desirable for Bill than any thirty-eight tea-room manager. I guess our nephew can make his own way without marrying a woman that would probably want to keep on working and leave her children to manage anyhow and not half run her house!"

It was at this point that Bill woke up to the fact that his future wife was the cause of the whole trouble. He grinned all by himself out there on the porch. Then he rose slowly. "I guess," he said, "this will be as good a time as any to break the news." But first he stole upstairs to the telephone in his little study.

Ten minutes later he came downstairs to find two dignified women sitting at the table for five places and not speaking to each other.

"I say, Aunt Lou and Aunt Bea," he said gently. "Get another place there, will you? I've invited somebody to supper tonight—a friend of mine. Wait you to give her the once-over, and if she meets your approval, she's going to be Mrs. Bill."

"William!" the outcry came from them both.

"Yes, sir," said Bill. "She's Janet Jones Johnson."

"The girl next door," said Aunt Elizabeth.

"The girl next door," said Aunt Louise.

"The girl next door," said Bill. "The darling!"

Might Have Been Worse
"The verdict was most unexpected. It took my breath away."
"You recovered nothing?"
"Well, yes, my breath."

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Big Guns Soon Followed Discovery of Gunpowder

The use of artillery in warfare began with the discovery of gunpowder. Since that time the missiles and later the projectiles fired from big guns and field pieces have been the most destructive forces known to military science, asserts a writer in the Chicago Tribune. Crude artillery, which replaced the ancient catapult and ballista, was employed in battle as early as the Thirteenth century. In every succeeding war to date the vital importance of artillery has been demonstrated. Not until the World War, however, was it so conclusively proved that an army cannot advance without revolutionary warfare. The first missiles were round stones, some of them weighing as much as a quarter of a ton. The devices from which the stones were hurled were built of wood or iron staves, held together by iron hoops, shrunk on. Next came the development of smooth-bore cannon, made of iron or brass, from which spherical round shot was fired. This was followed by the development of rifled guns, in which the rifling of the barrel was effected by applying fire to a small opening at the base of the cannon called the "touch-hole." Often, because of an overload of powder or defective metal in the cannon, the resulting explosion shattered the gun, killing the gunners. Then came the development of the science of ballistics which developed the rifling of gun barrels, elongated explosive projectiles, breech-loading mechanisms, and the scientific application to artillery fire of that factor which makes it the deadliest, most destructive weapon known to man. That factor is control.

Maltese Prefer to Use Tongues of Phoenicians

Handsome, good-humored and sturdy, the Maltese have retained their racial identity. They are believed to be remnants of the great Mediterranean race which peopled the shores of this storied sea long before the rise of Greece and Rome.

Their present speech is derived from the language of the Phoenicians whose ships more than 3,000 years ago floated in Malta's harbors as do the British men-of-war today. Among the upper classes and the younger generation it is being supplemented by English and Italian.

Weaving a pattern of mystery over the island are deep parallel lines—the solid rock, believed to be the tracks of ancient cart wheels. Some plunge beneath an arm of the sea and reappear on the other side, apparent testimony to the comings and goings of a people who dwelt there before the land assumed its present shape. Neolithic temples have been found.

Malta has been called the stepchild of the Mediterranean. Since the dawn of its recorded history, many nationalities have held sway over it, beginning with the Phoenicians and running a range which included Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Arabs, Normans, French, and British.

Early School House Equipment

The general equipment of the early school house consisted of a raised platform for the teacher, on which was a desk, chair, and usually an additional chair for visitors; a large closet to hold books and supplies; benches, with either large double or individual desks; blackboards, usually permanently fastened to the wall; an abacus or computing board; maps, usually hung on the wall; in advanced schools, a globe; a stove, opening from the school room for boys, to the left for girls. These were separated by a central hall, in which was kept a table with water, and either coconut or tin dippers, with a small supply of wood immediately available, more being kept either in the basement or outhouse. Pupils were usually required to furnish their own books, slates and pencils.

No Beautiful Sunsets!

If we are to accept at face value the statement of a noted chemist and biologist, then there is no such thing as a glorious sunset; the poets have just been fooling us, says Pathfinder Magazine. He says the apparent brilliant hues we see are merely illusions created by the eye. When the sky is viewed through a narrow black tube its blue becomes white, clouds of yellow and purple turn pink. Experiments proved that light which should be yellow according to laws of physics could be changed to other colors by changing its background. Blue of a clear sky is imposed by the eye to balance the bright rays of the sun.

Crab Apples

Although there are two wild crab apple trees native to the United States, neither of these is of any value for its fruit. The kinds so much in favor for the making of the jelly come from trees that had their origin in southwestern Asia and neighboring parts of Europe. Other varieties of apples, the commonly cultivated in this country were likewise developed from wild apple species found in the same Old World regions that harbored the ancestors of the domesticated crab apple.

Lions Transmit Warning by Long Distance Method

Wild animals of many kinds are undoubtedly able to transmit warnings to others of the same species at a distance. A big game hunter, says a writer in Tit-Bits Magazine, during his long wanderings in the wilds with a cinema camera, noticed this fact over and over again. Even lions, he explained, are susceptible to the "danger" messages, and when a few years ago they were plentiful they are now rarely seen, simply because the hunter has raked that part of the country with his motor-car rifles, and an army of "boys."

On the other hand, whenever a saprophyte is made, animals and birds journey to it from great distances. In some mysterious way they get the news that a certain spot means safety, and there they will gather and breed and rapidly become almost tame.

If conditions in any particular place become suitable for any special bird, animal, or insect, in some inexplicable way that creature appears there.

A form of wireless occurs also among insects. There is a variety of moth which frequents only a certain kind of tree. A naturalist took one of the females of this species and placed her in a cage three miles from the nearest wood in which others of the kind were to be found. The next night two males of the species were discovered, clinging to the outside of the cage; but how they had become aware of the presence of their mate is a problem which defies any ordinary explanation.

Every Motorist Should Know Needs of His Car

If you would reduce automobile accidents, give heed to the four commonest causes of mechanical failure. These four causes are listed as follows by Wilson S. Isherwood, prominent automotive official and a leader in safety campaigns:

1. Bad brakes.
 2. Worn tires.
 3. Worn steering gear.
 4. Poor acceleration.
- Every motorist should know when his brakes are not properly functioning and when tires have reached the danger point. Mr. Isherwood declared. But there are many who are unaware of the necessity for steering gear inspection, and for tuning up a motor for better acceleration. A motor that is well tuned up, he stated, seldom stalls on a railroad crossing or goes "shywire" in traffic.

London's Tiniest House

Just Six by Twenty Feet
A house which, it is said, Sir James Barrie had in mind when he described the home of Mr. and Mrs. Darling in "The Little White Bird," is wedged between two tall mansions in Hyde Park place, says London Tit-Bits.

It has a tiny front door and its number is 10, like the prime minister's in Downing street! It is 6 feet wide and about 20 feet long, and inside it contains a tiny entrance hall, one room on the ground floor, and two more above. To get upstairs you have to climb a narrow iron ladder. The front door not only has a number, but also a letter box, yet neither knocker nor bell. No one has lived there, for some time, but when a well-known doctor lived next door he always kept the house fresh-looking with green painted curtains to its one window, and gay flower boxes on the sill.

Early Football Games

So far as can be established, football was played in the United States very late in the Eighteenth century. The boys had no rules and no actual contests. They merely kicked around an inflated bladder for fun or exercise, each perhaps trying to kick farther than the other, the longest kicker being champion for the day. In 1835 both Rutgers and Princeton decided that a game could be made out of football kicking. Perhaps some one obtained a copy of the English rules governing football. Anyway, in 1838, both colleges had drafted a set of rules which provided 25 men on a side, goal posts that were 25 feet apart and a playing field not much larger than the one of today. Six goals constituted a game. The ball was to be kicked, thrown or carried; it was barred.

Her Splendid Knight

By CLARISSA MACKIE

PATRICIA LAWRENCE stood in the Paris hotel window and watched the crowds passing to and fro on the splendid avenue. They were gathered for the Legion convention and that explained Patricia's own coming. Had she not driven an ambulance when she was seventeen? Had she not run away from home to do it?

School-day memories came and went in her mind—boarding school days—college. It was at college that she had decided to help win the war. So she had gone to Paris. It was there that she had met Peter Cook—not badly wounded, merely bruised and stunned and dismissed after a week or two in hospital. And it was during this period that love and romance came and thrilled her to the core. Out of the wreck of battlefields came love and for a week or two Peter Cook and Patricia Lawrence lived with it, promising faithfully to wait until the war was over.

And then came annihilation for Patricia. A stray shell had burst and looked at the gathering of the Legion. While she was in hospital the war ended, and by the time Patricia was convalescent her father had arrived and carried her off. From that day to this she had never seen her Peter Cook, and she believed that he must be among the unknown dead.

Now, she stood in the hotel window and looked at the gathering of the Legion. She wanted to be down there among them. Perhaps she might see Peter Cook!

"Oh, Peter—Peter—" she whispered softly, and sadly wondered if he could be alive and had forgotten her!

After that, wearing her uniform, she went down into the crowd and looked twice met some one that she remembered her. They talked together of the war and of the great gathering. Patricia was walking alone when she suddenly saw him—Peter—her knight errant. He was as tall and straight as ever, but he walked with a decided limp and one arm was stiff. Somehow, it was as if the stage was set for a play. She and Peter seemed to be alone in the avenue—and Peter Cook was looking white and anxious. The way his face reddened and seemed so glad, told her that he had been looking for her—and now he had found her—they had found each other.

Their hands clasped and they called each other "Miss Lawrence" and "Captain Cook." After awhile they went into a small shop for a cup of coffee and now, for the first time, they asked questions.

"I could not get in touch with you at first," he said gravely.

She told him of her stay in the hospital. "I tried to find you, too," she said softly, "and I have always thought that you must have been killed. I am so glad to see you."

"Thank you," he said simply. "I would have found you somewhere if I had been free—I always meant to make a search of the whole world until I found you—and then, when I reached home, in the States, I found that my father was on his deathbed, and that he had lost every penny through some speculation or other. I had a mother, and a young sister just entering high school. What could I do excepting to care for them? I had to find a place to work—my father's friends helped me to that—and I found the home in Connecticut—go to a new place—and begin over again. My sister is a senior in college now. Will be married as soon as she graduates. Mother is well and happy—and I—ah, Patricia, how can I ever forget you?"

"Must you?" asked Patricia softly.

"You are the daughter of a rich man—I could not ask you to come down to our simple place of living."

"I'd even to make me happy?" she faltered.

"Not just yet, dear. A little while and I will come to New York and see your father. And now, tell me more about yourself."

They met once more after that and then there were friends that Patricia must visit in England, a trip to Scotland, and then home again, fearful that Peter Cook might come to see her during her absence.

"My dear Patsy," smiled her mother. "I cannot think of any such young man—Peter Cook? How will you give you the cards and perhaps you may find him. Who was he, Patsy?"

"My night arant, mother, gone astray with my happiness in his hands!"

"You are sure of his love, Patsy?" Patricia laughed proudly.

"So sure, mother, that I will wait for him—always."

After that, Patricia Lawrence waited until the year waned and a new year came, white with snow. Perhaps her eyes were a little sadder, her lips more tremulous, when something happened.

Bowes brought a card on his silver salver.

"Peter!" she whispered, and she nodded to Bowes. In an instant he was there, coming with the rush of a happy lover.

"Oh, Patsy," he said tremulously. "My great uncle in Australia sent for me and I went—he was dying—and he has left us everything—he was a very rich man. Now, I can take care of you and mother, too!"

So Patsy Lawrence's knight errant came home at last—and we rather suspect that they will live happily ever after.

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*RALPH PERKINS grows potatoes, celery, onions, carrots and other truck crops. He uses his telephone to keep in daily touch with stores and nearby markets and also to obtain prices at more distant points. He says he gets better prices for his produce by thus shopping around.

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Notice.

A large number of subscriptions to THE CHAMPION expire at this time. Many have already been renewed, and we trust the rest of our subscribers will attend to this matter without delay. We wish to thank all subscribers for their patronage in the past, and hope you will continue for many years to come. We are continually adding new subscribers to our list, for which we are thankful—Who'll be next?

BLIGHT & WHITE, Publishers.

NOTICE!—ALL COPY for advertisements and news for THE CHAMPION MUST be in this office not later than WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON—before, if possible, as we are supposed to go to press every Thursday morning.

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