



AT EVERY INTERSECTION BE CAREFUL!

THERE were over 800 bicycle riders killed or injured in Ontario last year. Bicyclists, especially children, are often careless. This simply means that drivers of motor vehicles must be twice as careful. Remember that you are in the heavier vehicle. At stop streets . . . stop! Discipline yourself when you drive. Cut down on speed, especially at night. Make sure that your brakes, tires and lights are effective . . . otherwise, some day, you may find yourself in serious trouble.

IT IS BETTER TO BE SAFE . . . THAN SORRY!

MOTOR VEHICLES BRANCH ONTARIO DEPARTMENT OF HIGHWAYS



Ontario must start THINKING safety!

In Ontario, during 1934, there were nearly 10,000 automobile accidents.

512 people were killed
8,990 people were injured

... a considerable increase over 1933. It must be evident to all thinking people that this must stop.

Hon. T. B. McQuesten, Minister of Highways.

The SNAPSHOT GUILD Make the Camera Your Traveling Companion



Let your camera be your favorite traveling companion. Your vacation and travel snapshots will serve admirably in illustrating letters you write later to relatives and friends.

MEMBER of the Snapshot Guild returned recently from a rather long journey after visiting relatives in many cities. "I had a lovely time visiting and enjoying the traveling," she wrote, "but one thing took a lot of joy out of my trip. I did not take along my camera. No, I didn't forget it. I simply didn't take it and thought no more about it until I reached my sister's home. Then I discovered something. I have been reading the Snapshot Guild, have taken quite a number of good pictures by following instructions, but didn't realize that I had unconsciously developed an eye for pictures," she continued. "When I arrived at my sister's home—my first stop—I saw unlimited possibilities for interesting, story-telling pictures. I hadn't seen my little niece Jean since she was a month old and here she was toddling around and getting into all kinds of mischief. I could easily have taken six or eight snapshots of this cute youngster doing all kinds of interesting things. With the coming of warmer weather and more sunshine we are reaching that time of year when nature is discarding her drab, winter clothes for the bright colors of spring and summer. It is a glorious time of the year. At home and traveling have your camera ready for instant use.

more and better light will be entering the lens of your camera and reaching your film. Your exposures should be somewhat shorter than in the winter. Suppose, for instance, that on a day in February you took several pictures of your child as she played in the front yard. If you had a folding camera and the day was of average brightness (with sunlight) for that date, you probably set the lens opening at *f/8* and the shutter speed at 1/25 of a second, and got a properly exposed negative. Again, suppose you are taking such a picture today. Then what? If the sun is shining brightly and the sky is clear, instead of having the diaphragm set at *f/8* and the shutter speed at 1/25 of a second, you should use *f/11* and probably get the proper exposure under average sunlight conditions, with the shutter speed of 1/25 of a second. Personally I recommend the smaller aperture, or lens opening, and the slower shutter speed for the smaller depth of focus. Take advantage of the brighter days. At home and traveling have your camera ready for instant use.

Thirty Years

By JEWELL H. MOGFORD

PLACING his watch on his desk in front of him, Kenneth Rowell picked up the gun. With his free hand he pulled his evening coat back and with a calm, calculating movement, placed the muzzle over his heart.

His handsome young face was set and colorless, his fine body tense. He looked at the watch. In the soft light of the shaded wall the minutes had marked five minutes to eleven.

Five minutes to go. He relaxed slightly. He must pull the trigger at exactly eleven. That had been Kathleen's last caution an hour ago as they stood on the little balcony of the country club.

"We must go together, darling—at the same instant." He could hear again the half-sob with her whispered words as her small hand nestled against his shoulder.

He rested the hand with the gun on the table. Four minutes yet. He had held her close—the first time he had ever taken her in his arms, for, young as she was, she was another man's wife.

"I shall not see him again," Kathleen had said, after a moment. "I'll leave a note on his desk." He did not like to think of Chauncey Grimes. Yet, they were taking the only way out, he and Kathleen.

He felt again the ecstasy of her beauty and the rounded curves of her small body against his as his arms had crushed the silken puffs of her sleeves and folded easily around her amazingly slender waist.

He held the gun against his heart again. Three minutes now.

"We must both be sure of the time," she had cautioned again, "and very careful." He had known in the stillness that followed that she was trying to banish the fear of a possible slip in their plans. "For I could never bear being without you, darling, no matter where."

He forced his mind to register the time. One more minute. Involuntarily he turned the gun and looked into the muzzle. The cold ugliness of it startled him. Kathleen, at this moment, too, must be frightened. But in a few seconds now a bullet—valiantly tried to force back this thought—a bullet would go tearing through her soft flesh—and his own. His hand, his whole body shook, went prickly with a damp fever, then was drained of any feeling at all.

The minute hand again. It plainly marked eleven—three!

He frantically he reached the wall telephone and turned the crank. Then, at last, the Grimes' butler, excitedly: "Mrs. Grimes? She's gone! Came back from the club, must have gone out again by the side door . . . husband frantic, just found a note on his desk . . . suicide, yes, at exactly eleven, the note said, but didn't say where . . . gun gone, too . . ."

The scattered words, each a definite flame, burnt into his brain. Too late! She had gone alone!

On the boat bound for the Orient Kenneth Rowell knew little peace. The waves swishing against the sides of the vessel, shrieked Kathleen's last words to him, "I couldn't bear being without you, darling, no matter where."

The throb of the engine groaned them, the wind hissed them. He had fallen, had let her go alone into that vast unknown.

It was the same everywhere he went. Running from his conscience, he traveled for five miserable years, from country to country, but never back to America. Finally, in Honduras, his money gone, he worked on a coffee plantation, a common laborer. Always that insistent cry; never away from it. Thirty years passed.

He returned, a stowaway, to America. Stopped, a ragged man, old beyond his years, he moved like a forlorn spirit across the soft sward in front of the country club—the old building, enlarged. He stood beside a shrub under the same little balcony, the same moon, the same soft breeze. The orchestra was playing a sweet, gliding waltz. They had danced to that same tune thirty years ago, he and Kathleen.

He took a step into deeper shadow as a woman, followed by a boy, came out. He saw her distinctly as she stepped through the lighted French doors, the large puffs of her silken sleeves, her blond curls. Holding tight to his senses, he told himself that this was no ghostly apparition. He reminded himself that American papers had said much of late about woman's return to the fashions of the 90s.

She was heavier, with curves more ample, older, of course. Then he saw that she was smoking a cigarette. "But Kay," the boy was saying, "I'll die if you don't leave old Grimesy and marry me! I'll—I'll kill myself!"

"Don't try it, sweetums," she answered in a heavy contralto voice, but with something of the old sweetness. "I tried it once. Thought I couldn't live without a certain man. Left the usual note on Grimesy's desk, had the gun ready and everything. But, well—I caught a last minute boat to Calais instead."

"But Grimesy, how did he know?" the boy asked breathlessly.

"Oh, I sent a messenger with another note from the boat." She lighted one cigarette with the stub of another. Then, inhaling a long draft, she said languidly:

"No, I need you too much, I really couldn't bear being without you, darling!"

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Origin of Coats of Arms

Traced to Israel Tribes. The origin of coats of arms is lost in the mists of antiquity. The twelve tribes of Israel each had its distinguishing mark, and the classical heroes of Homer and Ovid had simple figures on their shields. The eagle on the ensign of the Roman legions was an apt token of their strength and soaring ambition. In like fashion, notes a writer in the New York Herald Tribune, the early nations adopted various animals as fitting symbols of some prevailing trait of national character. The Athenians used the owl, a symbol of wisdom. A bear, signifying strength, was the Goth's insignia. The Saxons chose the horse, for strength and speed, an emblem which has come down and is even now included in the arms of the King of England.

It was not until the time of the Crusades that individuals began wearing distinguishing marks. The earlier Crusaders painted crosses on their shields to denote their mission. But later the various leaders found it advantageous to have in addition a distinguishing mark for their followers so that friend would know friend in the mixed hordes that left Europe for the Holy Land. Richard, the Lion-Hearted, adopted two lions as his personal badge. The number he later changed to the three that have remained on the royal arms of England to this day. The King of France chose the fleur-de-lys, a symbol which likewise can be traced not only in France but in other countries where members of the same family have ruled until recent times.

Painted Desert an Area of Plateaus and Mesas

The painted desert is an area of plateaus and low mesas in north central Arizona. It extends from the top of the Marble canyon of the Colorado river southeastward along the east side of the valley of the Little Colorado for about 100 miles, varying in width from 15 to 20 miles. At the south, it ends near the Santa Fe railway, which crosses it between Holbrook and Winslow. The desert lies at an altitude of about 5,000 feet and has an exceedingly arid climate. In consequence, vegetation is so scant that areas of rocks are bare or very nearly so. These rocks, mostly Triassic shales and sandstones, exhibit a great variety of colors, including red, pink, purple, chocolate, lavender, pale green and gray, whence the name "painted."

Situated on the margin of this desert, about 60 miles north of Winslow, are the seven villages of the Hopi Indians, the best known of which are Walpi and Oraibi. The pueblos are picturesquely built on cliffs which project from a high plateau of sandstone.

Gave New Zealand Name

Just about the time when Vikings may have been exploring Labrador, Nova Scotia and the coast of Maine, there lived in Ra'atea, an island of what is now the Friendly Group, a Polynesian navigator called Kupe. He was known for his intrepidity in a community where the virtue was common. Kupe paid a visit to Rarotonga, 500 miles from his home, and there decided to see what lay to the south. There are no details of that voyage of discovery. All that is known is that on a November morning Kupe's wife saw the clouds over the land to the north of Aotearoa, and from that came the Maori name for New Zealand—Aotearoa (the long, white cloud).

Air Cells Make Soap Float

Any soap can be made to float by manufacturing it by a process that presses air ducts into the bar. These ducts also speed up curing, permitting the soap to dry out from the outside. So small are the ducts that they retain air, preventing water from entering. This results in floating. The old method was to beat air into the soap before it was shaped into bars. This made the soap porous, since it was filled with minute air cells.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

150 Islands in Chain

The Aleutian Islands, which are likely to figure in the establishment of any air routes between the United States and the countries of Asia, number altogether about 15 small islands, mostly of volcanic origin, although some are rocks in nature. The inhabitants of the islands are largely Eskimos, who live on fish and seal. The soil is so thin that the opportunities for agriculture are slim.

Pompeii's Tragedy

A tragedy of 1,900 years ago has been revealed by excavation of the house of Menander in the ruins of the ancient city of Pompeii. In a bedroom lay two skeletons. Beside one was a leather purse containing a hundred pieces of gold. Evidently the master of the house, seeing impending destruction by the tide of lava, leaped from his bed, called to his wife to follow and snatched his purse. But both were overwhelmed.

THE VALUE OF OUR TOURIST TRADE

Ottawa estimates the expenditures of tourists in Canada in 1934 at \$131,000,000, compared with \$117,000,000 in 1933. Of the 1934 total, about \$121,000,000 is accounted for by tourists from the States who enter Canada by motor car, train or steamer. Canada, in that year, sent her goods into the United States to the value of \$223,500,000. But people from the United States came to Canada and bought goods and services here to the extent of \$121,000,000 more. So far, then, as sales to our neighbor are concerned, our tourist industry is equal in importance to practically 55 per cent. of all our other industries combined.

The importance of providing for Canada's visitors, the good roads, hotel accommodation, fishing and hunting which will encourage them to come again and urge their friends to come, cannot easily be exaggerated.

—A New York newspaper reporter, fined and jailed for refusing to reveal to a grand jury sources of information for a story of civic corruption, did tell this body something: "There is no court in the land which can hold me in the contempt in which I hold the grand jury in these proceedings." This reporter is to be admired for his stand for refusing to break faith and will prove to the world that there is honor and integrity in newspaper work.

THE PLAIN WOMAN

THE WAY TO Beauty

by Helena Rubinstein

THE only time a plain woman needs pity is when she is resigned to her fate. Resignation is no longer a virtue, it is a sign of laziness.

This is a day of accomplishment in every sphere. And the modern woman who considers herself plain has only one sensible course open to her: she must analyze herself and then proceed to eliminate her defects and play up her natural assets.

Those who have lost their courage and are apt to think their case hopeless one should take a lesson from a gallant woman of the thirteenth century. Her name was the Duchess of Wurtemberg and she was known as "the ugliest woman in Europe." But not for one moment did she resign herself to her fate. Instead, she worked to develop a clear, soft skin to offset her homely features, using oils and herbs available at the time. Also, she developed a reputation for charm by being sympathetically interested in other people. Thus at middle age she was rewarded by having the handsomest youth in her kingdom fall madly in love with her.

What we call beauty so easily is a mere matter of a good complexion and a graceful carriage. The latter can be developed by taking long daily walks, swinging the legs from the hips, and breathing in deeply. This will help to tone your weight and develop an attractive, rhythmic walk.

And now for the plain woman's dearest ally—makeup. Every woman should thrill at the artistic opportunity offered by these modern aids to beauty. What miracles can come with a touch of lipstick, a whisper of rouge and a little eye-black to give added length to short, sparse eye lashes. Makeup that gives you an artificial appearance is vulgar and has nothing to do with beauty. Did you know, for instance, that the long face can be made charmingly oval by applying rouge low on the cheeks and covering a rather large surface. And the round face can be made longer by placing the rouge high up on the cheek bones just beneath the eyes and close to the nose.

NEXT Young and old. For expert advice on your beauty problems, write Woman's Interest Syndicate, 126 Bloor St. W., Toronto, Ontario.

Diver Hard to Shoot

The loon, commonly called the loon, is one of the most difficult birds to shoot. It is an uncommonly fine diver, as its name indicates, and is an excellent flyer as well. There is the one bit of sport to be had in hunting a loon on a lake and that is the uncertainty of just what the bird will do. It may rise out of the water and seek less dangerous waters, or it may dive beneath the surface and come up about several hundred yards away. The direction, too, is an uncertainty, for a bird gives no indication as he goes under the water which way he will swim. The loon is a solitary bird, usually never more than one pair inhabiting a small body of water. The female usually lays two or three eggs during the breeding season, and for that reason the divers are not very numerous.

Beer in History

The scanty records of ancient Babylon, going back to 5000-6000 B. C., show that beer made from barley and from barley and spelt, was extensively drunk there, even by laborers and by women in the harem. It was used in medicine in Babylon and Egypt, and had spices and bittering substances added to it. In Abyssinia and Nubia, Herodotus and Strabo both wrote that the people lived on millet and barley, "whereof they also made a beverage." Tacitus said that beer was the usual drink of the Germans and Pliny mentions the use of it in Gaul and Spain. He also writes, "They employ the foam which thickens upon the surface as a leaven"—probably the first reference to beer yeast for baking purposes.

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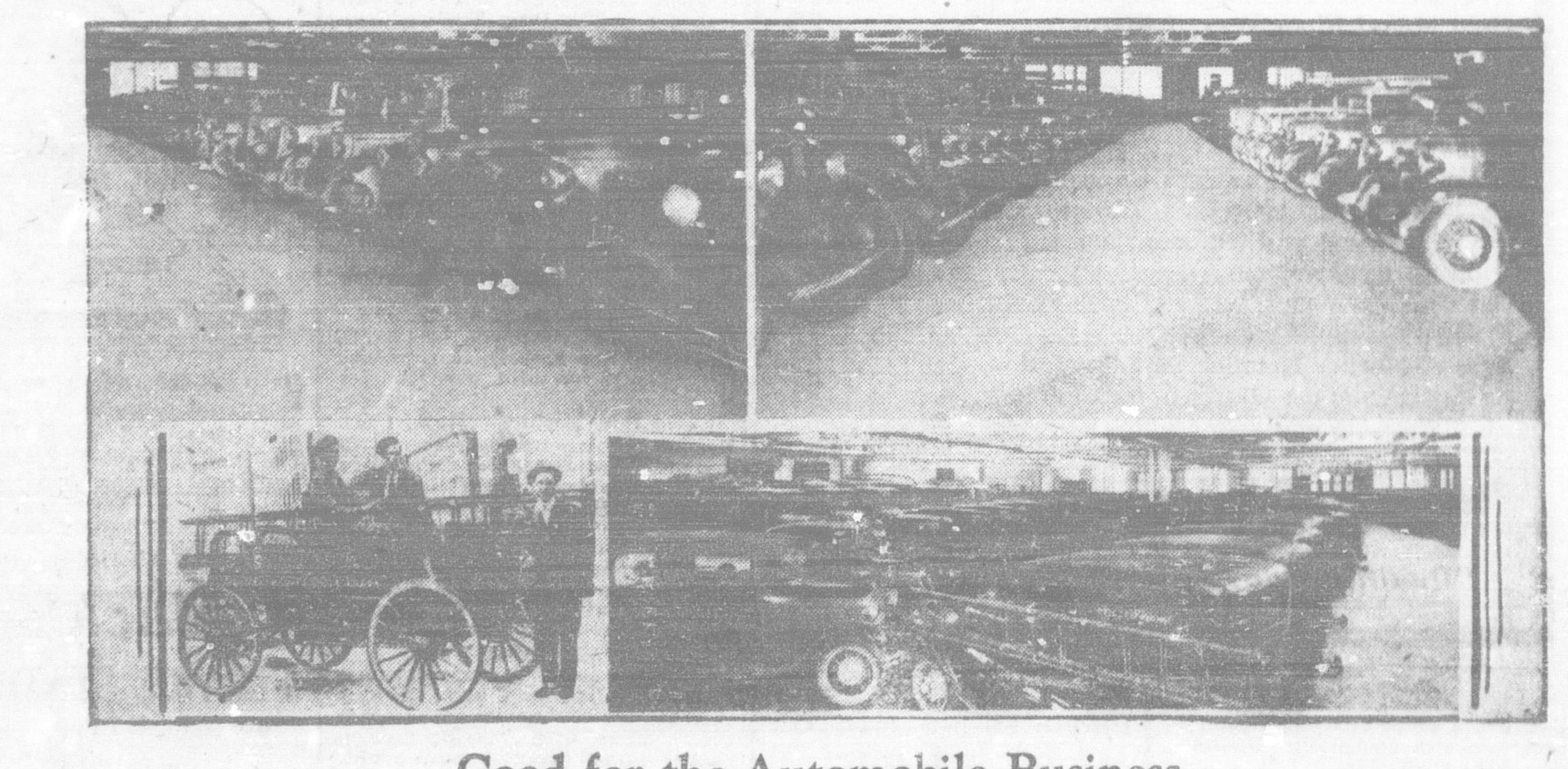
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Good for the Automobile Business

THE Bell Telephone Company has a fleet of over 800 motor vehicles. This spring it is replacing 132 cars by new ones—a nice little order for Canadian motor vehicle manufacturers. The picture above shows how Bell garages in Montreal and Toronto look when the cars come in after the day's work. At the left, below, is shown the Company's first motor vehicle, supplied by the Tudhope Carriage Company of Orillia in 1909, for telephone work at London.