



## Ontario's Highways are NOT Speedways!

**SENSELESS SPEED** which leaves terrible injuries and death in its wake is hardening the hearts of people, police and courts against all reckless drivers. They will be dealt with ruthlessly... to make Ontario's highways safe for everyone.

In self-defence you are wise to fight the temptation to speed... especially at night. Make sure that your brakes, lights and tires are efficient. Cultivate a definite sense of responsibility towards pedestrians and other drivers. It is the only wise course.

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

**MOTOR VEHICLES BRANCH**  
ONTARIO DEPARTMENT OF HIGHWAYS



### THIS MUST STOP!

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. McQueen,  
Minister of Highways.

## The SNAPSHOT GUILD

You Don't Necessarily Need An Expensive Camera



You don't need an expensive camera to get fine pictures. The one above taken with an inexpensive camera, won the grand prize in an international contest.

awarded the picture taken with an inexpensive camera, which goes to prove that intelligent use of a camera is the first requisite for good pictures.

The same rule applies to movie cameras—and here is the proof. Each year the American Cinematographer, a magazine published primarily for professional movie photographers, conducts an amateur movie contest and receives entries from practically every civilized country in the world.

Under the critical eyes of Hollywood's ace cinematographers, who acted as judges, small, inexpensive 8 mm. movie cameras won a brilliant first and second awards in the 1934 competition. The final decision of these critical judges should convince the world's worst pessimist that he need not wait until he thinks he can afford an expensive movie camera before enjoying the thrills of amateur movie making.

There are thousands of people who are denying themselves one of the great pleasures of life in not owning a camera of some kind—"still" or movie—for there are models priced to meet the limitations or capacity of every pocketbook and all of them take good pictures—pictures you will enjoy now and in years to come.

### Dolls Misconduct

By HARRY G. BLAKE

ARTHUR DORRAN was striding up and down his hotel room with both hands in his hair when his wife's lawyer came in. With Mr. Fishotz came a pretty blond young woman with a cynical expression.

The lawyer nodded in approval at sight of Arthur's pajama-clad figure. "All set, eh?" he inquired. "Fine! This is the young lady who is to be the correspondent." He introduced them.

"Miss Roper, Mr. Dorran.

"How are you?" Miss Roper asked, nodding with professional geniality.

"Sotter," Arthur said.

"Now look here, Mr. Fishotz said in alarm. "You can't back out now. You got to go through with it." He added threateningly: "Maybe you'd like to have your wife go out to Reno and spend lots of money establishing a legal residence?"

Arthur stopped his striding to turn beligerently on the lawyer, then thought better of it. "O. K." he said wearily. "But get it over with!"

"Sure, sure," the lawyer said soothingly. "I know this is tough on you, Dorran. But in this state it's the law that misconduct has to be proved to get a divorce. Now you two get everything ready up here. Mrs. Dorran and the two witnesses are waiting in the lobby. We'll give you fifteen minutes to get ready, then we'll come up." Elizabeth went out.

Miss Roper took her overnight bag and went into the bathroom. When she came out she was wearing a pair of pale blue sleeping pajamas. As Arthur watched, she walked about the room spreading her street clothes about in conspicuous places.

"Is that necessary?" he asked in a quivering voice. He hated untidiness in anyone and especially in women.

"Sure," Miss Roper said. "It's evidence. Better give me some of yours so I can throw them around, too."

"Nothing doing," he said briskly. He began pacing again.

Miss Roper took off her dancing slippers and got into bed. She lay on her back with her hands under her head and looked at him good naturedly.

"Say," she asked. "Which one of you is getting this divorce? When I saw your wife in the lobby, I thought it was you, because she looked as if she was going to have a fit of the weeps. But you don't look so gay yourself."

"I don't know," Arthur said. He went over to the window and stood there. What had started this whole idiotic thing? All that he knew was that he felt as if the whole world had been stood on its head by an earthquake.

He had tried to fix things up with Beryl, but she wouldn't listen. Her heart seemed to have become a lump of ice so far as he was concerned.

A knock on the door. Mrs. Beryl Dorran, Mr. Max Fishotz, and two clerks from the lawyer's office who were to act as witnesses, entered the room. They stood there smiling at the little comedy they were staging to get around the law. All except Beryl and Arthur. Beryl looked so haughty and impatient that he knew she was stung with shame at the sordidness of the thing.

"Well, I guess that's all," Mr. Fishotz said after a moment. He stood aside to let Beryl pass out first. Before she turned to the door she lifted her eyes. She and Arthur looked at one another. She flushed vividly and went.

"Well, that's that!" he thought hopelessly. He went back to the window.

"Get a cigarette, big boy?" Miss Roper asked.

He had forgotten her, and somehow it infuriated him to see her lying there tranquilly in his bed. "What you kindly get out!" he asked through his teeth.

When she had gone he sat down on the end of the bed. He found that she had imparted some high-powered perfume to the pillow and tried to throw it through the wall. Then he got up and resumed his tramping to and fro.

Sometime later there was a knock on the door. He went to it prepared to slay the hellboy he expected to find. Instead he found Beryl.

He looked at her, his mind started to a complete stop. "Oh, it's you," he said.

Her face had an expression he had never seen before. It was the sort of expression that goes well with a knife or a revolver. He involuntarily drew back, but at the same time he felt a pang at the thought that her loveliness wasn't his any longer. She pushed past him and her eyes fastened to the bed. Like a small destroyer heading at full speed for the scene of battle, she disappeared into the adjoining bathroom. When he caught up with her she was peering behind the shower curtain. Her expression of fury glowed into one of thought, she wandered back into the bedroom. He followed open-mouthed.

She bent swiftly and looked under the bed. Then she turned and said: "Where is that woman?"

It didn't make sense to him for several seconds. Then he took her by the shoulders and shook her. "Why—your're jealous?" he cried joyfully. "You're jealous, Beryl?"

She said, "Oh, Arthur!" and burst into tears.

"So you love me after all!" he said triumphantly.

"Oh, no!" she said against his chest. "I only wanted to save you from that cheap looking blond. I saw at a glance that she was no good."

He remembered that you can't argue with a woman and kissed her instead.

### Inconsistent Laws

In courts of law, an expert is defined as one whose knowledge is based on "experience and practice." Yet in a number of states today, says Harry Greenspan, New York City, in Collier's Weekly, a physician who has practiced only one year and who has never performed an operation is allowed to testify in cases of surgical malpractice and to criticize or commend the methods used by a defendant physician.

### Once Richest Spot

Port Royal, the small town at the entrance to Kingston, Jamaica, harbor, was once a city of considerable size. It was the headquarters of the buccaneers and at that time "the richest spot in the universe," as well as the wickedest. It is now a military station with highly interesting historical associations. Nelson was in command there in 1779.

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### Here and There

The lawn mowers are again being put into commission.

Sally Fuller won the King's Plate, being, apparently, fuller of speed than the rest of them.

The only thing that is holding off the next war is the realization that nobody would be safe.

Warmer and more springlike weather has been marked with considerable activity of our citizens about their estates.

Marriage is usually a delusion and divorce is usually a collusion—a "fusion" game whichever way you take it.

For the great part we do not do things because we have reasons for them, but we find reasons for them because we want to do them.

This relief business is costly. It is estimated that out of every dollar turned in as taxes 17 cents go for relief purposes—Guelph Mercury.

Poll at a girls' school by scientists showed that "men" was the subject most in the students' minds. These scientists sure do find things out.

Daily dish of porridge is the reason for his reaching the age of 102 years says Watson, of Sarnia. A fellow has to make some excuse for living that long.

Blood poisoning which developed from a pimple on his face, brought about the death of Raymond Ives, five-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Ives, Meadowdale.

Lambs on Vancouver Island, B.C., owing to the mild climate, are allowed to run out every day during the winter. This year they were gambling on green grass throughout the month of February.

INTERIOR DECORATOR.—First-class painting and paperhanging. Prices reasonable.—Edna Lee, New 1935 Sunworthy Wallpapers at new low prices. I will call personally with samples.—BOYNE CLEMENT, Main St., Milton, 2m.

Children throwing fire crackers were the cause of an outbreak of fire on the roof of Eimer MacLeary's house in Trafalgar last week. Fortunately the blaze was noticed immediately and the outbreak checked before any serious damage was done.

It does not seem quite right that a man who is let out of prison on the jubilee anniversary should have been already arrested at Nanawee for a hold up. Either he or the Department of Justice must have misunderstood the amnesty arrangement.

The Halton County Home and School Council is holding a Concert and Exhibition of children's work in the Bronte Public School, on Friday, June 21st, at 8 p.m., D.S.T. Silver refreshments. A cordial invitation is extended to anyone interested in Home and School work.

DOG AND CAT BILLS

IN CIRCULATION

Warnings to watch carefully all United States Federal banknotes of \$10 and \$20 denominations has been issued by the authorities. An organized band of counterfeiters has placed in circulation a large number of \$10 and \$20 bills of the United States Federal Reserve Bank. The \$10 bills bear serial numbers B-2569263A and B-285325A. The \$20 bills bear serial number B-8012365A. Other serial numbers may appear on some of the bills. The bills are printed on high-quality paper and can be distinguished by their light color. The counterfeit bills can only be detected by very careful examination. Merchants and others are warned to be particularly careful in accepting United States bills. All bills should be carefully scrutinized.

IN MEMORIAM

Shepherd—In loving memory of our dear grandmother, Mrs. James Shepherd, who passed June 17th, 1934. God knew that you were suffering. He knew that you were in pain. He knew that you could never get better in this world again; He saw the road was getting rough, And the hills were hard to climb, So He closed your weary eyelids, And whispered "Peace be thine."

—Ethel, Lillian, Frank, Ruth and Edith.

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**THOU SHALT NOT KILL!**

Drive Carefully!

Manchuria's Currency Confusion

Manchuria has suffered more from currency confusion than almost any other country. Up to a few years ago, the paper money and coins that circulated there were issued not only by mints, banks and foreign governments, but also by generals, money changers, chambers of commerce, grain mills, distillers, produce exchanges, retail stores and even private individuals.—Collier's Weekly.

Where Columbus Met Isabella

It was in the hall of ambassadors, in the Alhambra, in Granada, Spain, that Columbus held his last audience with Queen Isabella before he set sail for the New World. Today, high up on the side of the Alpujarras mountains, the famous Alhambra of the Thirteenth century looks down upon a peaceful countryside.

### Chivalry

By MADELINE KOHLER

DETECTIVE GEORGE MARTIN, off duty, had been sitting in at a quiet little cafe in the neighborhood. The evening had been most profitable and his pockets bulged pleasantly as he strode homeward through the silent streets.

The detective was a personable young man in the early thirties.

Martin lived alone in a small and rather shabby apartment house in the West Sixties. The building boasted a central court with a tiny fountain, and as he entered the paved square he glanced up at his own windows on the fourth floor.

He stopped suddenly then, with a stifled exclamation, and remained rooted, his eyes straining incredulously upward. Between his windows and those of the next apartment ran a narrow ornamental ledge or coping, and moving slowly and carefully along this shelf, in the direction of his windows, was the figure of a woman!

He watched, fascinated, as the woman moved, step by step, across the twelve-foot space. It was apparent that she had emerged from the window of his neighbor, Harry Crashaw.

Martin scowled. From their first encounter he had disliked and distrusted the sleek and dapper Crashaw—gambler, Broadway licker-on and thrower of late and noisy parties.

He muttered against Crashaw now. Some poor girl risking her life to get away from that bird! He'd have it out with Crashaw and ask him what the devil he meant. . . . The girl had almost reached his window, and she faltered uncertainly at the sill.

Like a flash Martin bounded across the court. This was a walk-up and there was no elevator. He took the dimly lit stairs two at a time.

In his apartment he found the girl in a crumpled heap under the open window. She did not move when he snatched up the lights.

Stripping himself of coat and hat, the detective stooped to pick her up. Laying her gently on the couch, he went swiftly into the adjoining room and returned with a bottle of brandy. But even as he shook it, he remembered the days from across the hall had killed it last night. Swearing softly, he sped out into the hall, closing the door behind him.

Better go into Crashaw's room. It was nearest, and he would be sure to have some spirits. He'd tell the smooth crook a thing or two while he was about it.

He was surprised to find Crashaw's apartment brilliantly lighted and apparently half full of people. Crashaw, himself, lay in a large armchair, his sleek hair ruffled and a new white bandage on his shoulder.

Jackson, the superintendent of the building, came forward excitedly. "Just the man we want, Mr. Martin," he said. "Mr. Crashaw here was robbed and half murdered this evening.

Martin's jaw dropped. He came in quickly and shut the door.

"Yeah," snarled Crashaw, "and you do-better get busy on this. It was a girl, see? One of these apartment house thieves. I came in and found her at the wall safe, and she cleaned it out while she held a gun on me. I was mad and I tried to rush her. I did get the gun away, but in the rum-pus it went off. He glanced ruefully at his shoulder. "It cost me a good many; anyway I crumpled up, and the girl made her getaway."

"What I can't understand," he added irritably, "is how she got out, with you fellows out there pounding on the door."

Martin, his head in a whirl, had a momentary flash-back of a terrified small figure clinging to a wall. But his eyes stayed nothing as he fixed them on Crashaw. "Just what did she take?" he asked levelly.

"Six hundred dollars in cash," snapped Crashaw. "It seems to me you're damned cool about it, Martin."

"What do you expect me to do, burst out crying? I'll go and report it," Martin turned on his heel.

He knew very well what he had to do. Duty was duty. But she was a game kid all right—Oh, well, what the h—!

He went swiftly down the hall and entered his own apartment. The girl was standing in the center of the room, her hands thrust deep in the pockets of her worn leather coat. Her wide eyes met his challengingly, but he sensed the mute appeal behind them. She did not speak.

"Scram, kid," he said quietly. "Out the window. You can make it to the fire-escape, and down into the court. Step on it, because they're out for your blood." He gestured toward the other room.

"Put the Crashaw loot on the table as you go by," he ordered, without looking at her. "It's all right, I'll give it back."

He waited till he heard her cautiously descending, he fire-escape, then, relaxing, reached out for his coat which still hung on the chair near the bathroom. He needed a cigarette badly.

Regarding the coat, his mind went back to the forgotten poker game. Three hundred dollars he had won in that game and had come home with his pockets bulging. He realized with a shock that they were not bulging now! With a sharp indrawn breath, he examined the pockets.

Sheepishly, Detective Martin lit his cigarette.

England's Oldest

The Guildhall, Exeter, with its overhanging facade, is said to be the oldest municipal building in Great Britain. Here the wealthy merchants of the city transacted their business in the time of Queen Elizabeth, when Exeter was noted for the manufacture of woollens.

It was also during Elizabeth's reign that the Exeter ship canal was built, the first canal in England to permit sea-going vessels to reach an inland port.

Water Falls, Uphill

Owing to marked variations in atmospheric pressure, the surface of Lake Geneva, Switzerland, is not infrequently 5 or 6 feet higher on one side of the lake than on the other. The phenomenon is known as "the selche," and it causes the lake to swing back and forth for periods upwards of an hour.

Big Waterfall Found

Boundary commissioners who discovered the great waterfall on the borders of British Guiana and Brazil described it as resembling the Horseshoe fall at Niagara.

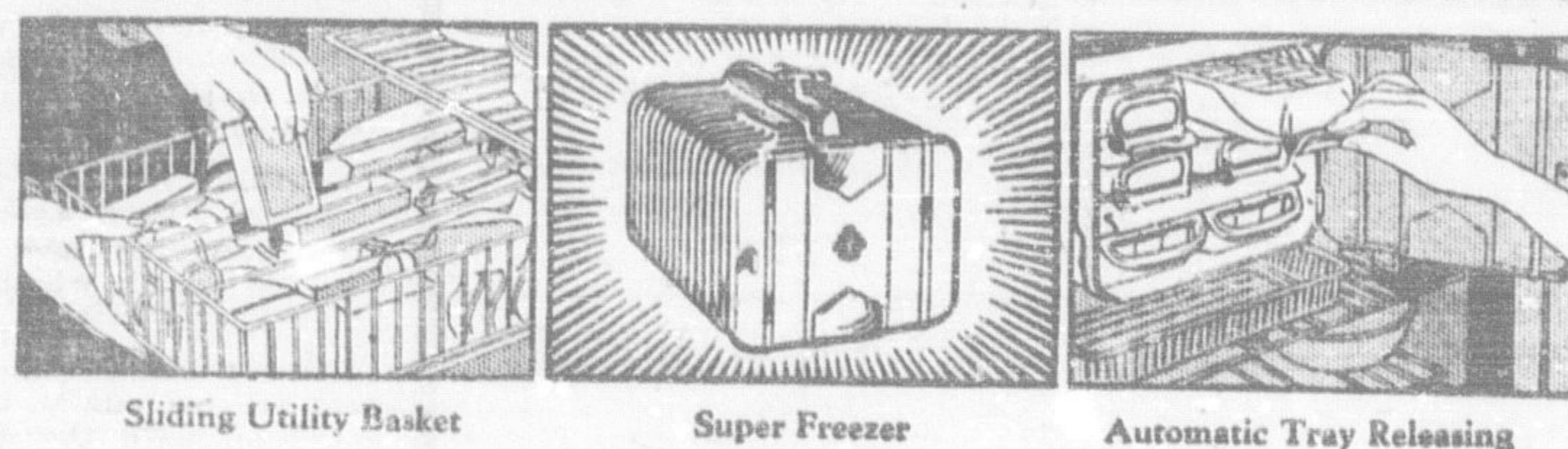
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Montreal Family Herald and Weekly Star	\$1.00	\$2.85