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HUNDREDS of thousands of juvenile story books are sold every year and the ones we loved most in our younger years were those translated into pictures, because they had a human appeal. All through our lives we retain our interest in picture stories. It is in this appeal that takes us to the movies and causes us to look through the pages of daily newspapers and magazines for pictures that tell stories of human activities.

But when it comes to snapshots, so many seem to forget how much they enjoy looking at story-telling pictures. They pick up their cameras and just shoot, seemingly satisfied to get any picture at all, as it was in the old days of, "You Press the Button and We Do the Rest." There is a better way to take pictures.

If you want to enjoy some good laughs take a look at some of the pictures in the old family album or some of the snapshots you took several years ago. There you will probably find some perfect examples of record pictures—pictures of Uncle Charlie or Aunt Minnie in a stiff pose again; the trunk of a tree or with an unattractive garage door as a background. Don't take pictures of your dog gazing at the camera or pictures of your dog standing looking at the camera. Have them lighting a cigarette, reading, or doing something that gives the picture with that human interest touch that should be in every film you expose.

You go out on a picnic with your friends. What do you do? The

"Faint Heart"

By EVELYN GORDON

MILT MARRICK'S fingers drummed with soft impatience on his desk. Then he got up and for the tenth time stopped to listen at his open door.

No, she wasn't coming yet. Past nine now. Ruth Royal during these two years as his secretary in the Marwick Advertising Agency never had been late. Until this morning.

And this morning of all mornings! When fate lay in what would be revealed in her lovely face when she would emerge through that door connecting their offices. Would it be yes, or no?

For months he had been like a timid swimmer atop a springboard, but with insufficient courage to take the actual leap. And now it was as though he had positively cast off by proxy. Because of yesterday; yesterday, when he had walked firmly out and bought an expensive engagement ring.

He wrote a letter then and placed it inside the velvet case beneath the ring.

Now, how to get it to her? It was like a voice from Paradise when on the way out at five, Ruth said, "My mother's with me for a week. She's keen to meet the man I'm working for. Couldn't you drop into the apartment?"

Ruth had the merriest fire crackling in the grate when he arrived.

Some one said, quietly, "Miss Ruth, the coffee's served."

And Milr decided that when the ladies preceded him to the dining room he would place the precious box on her pillow as he passed Ruth's bedroom door where she would discover it.

He had not slept, thinking of Ruth and of Joe Allerton—he'd seen them together lately more than enough.

The electric light button clicked in the adjoining room!

Instantly Milr's eyes focused on the connecting door. His heart leapt like a racehorse taking final hurdles in competition with other aspirants. He yearned for the light of acquiescence on her face. Some one was with her. "Let it be anyone but Allerton," he prayed.

"It's serious, Ruth." The voice was low, secretive; and Milr knew that voice—Joe Allerton's. "We've simply got to get together," (he failed to catch the next pleading words but read his own suspicions into them) "otherwise the bottom will drop out of everything."

After a curt "Good morning," she said firmly: "Let's get these orders straightened out first, I've had so many complaints about mistakes. Her words all pertaining to business, bumped up in a huddled mass in his brain through a telephone buzzer on Ruth's outer desk. She hastened to answer it.

And suddenly he was alone again when the door opened gently. Some one peeped in, then entered noiselessly.

Milr's face paled. "Why—Anne!" His eyes were gray clouds. "You! What have you come here for?"

"I'm glad you're going to marry her, Milr. Any girl would give her ears to marry you. You've always been so fine, str'v'ch." She lestitated as though her throat were blocked. "Only—she doesn't know yet."

"You see, Milr, it's my one bad habit. I'll always steal. Because I can't seem to help it, somehow, I took Miss Royal's ring, found it on the pillow when I went in to turn the bed down. I go from place to place, you know. But I left there this morning."

An aching void for the girl he had once adored gaped in Milr's gentle heart. He had helped her so many times to escape punishment.

Anne opened her purse, took out the square-cut purple box with reverent care; put it safely into Milr's hands. It was only then that her dark eyes misted. "Don't do it this way, Milr," she begged. "I mean—not the writing part. Tell her. She'll like it better. Milr. It seems sort of cowardly to do it this way."

Milr looked hard into her thin face. "Thank you, Anne," he said with difficulty. "I will."

Suddenly he straightened up to his full six feet and slapped his thumb over the buzzer noisily.

Ruth came running in. Her eyes were red, strained. Without a doubt she had been crying.

"Come here, Ruth. What's the matter?"

Her lips quivered. "Oh, everything that was ever the matter in the whole world. The business is going to ruin and you can't see—can't see—"

"—the reason why," he supplied in a thick certain voice. "Well—this is it!" His arms closed tight about her. "This is why!"

"Oh, Milr," she was saying breathlessly, "what's been the matter with you? This curious hedge you seemed to have around you! I felt you cared about me, but somehow we couldn't get through to one another."

He kissed her hard. "We have now," he said triumphantly.

"And all the time you were getting more absent-minded than ever. Sending the wrong material out. Mixing up the merchandise; making clients mad with Joe Allerton and I were almost broke last night. Only this morning Joe said the bottom would fall out of everything unless we could do something; get together—"

"So, that's what Joe was saying! That I was going daft. He kissed her again. "My sweet brown bird!" There was a roguish gleam in his eye. "The hedge is down—and the Marwick Agency still floats—with you at the helm!"

The Sun, Winter, Summer
The sun is nearer the earth in winter than in summer in the northern hemisphere, but the difference between the summer and winter temperatures at a given place does not depend upon this fact as may be seen from the fact that while it is winter in the northern hemisphere it is summer in the southern. The difference of temperatures is due to the different angles at which the sun's rays strike the earth's surface at the place in summer and in winter.—Washington Star

Have You Met?



W. S. PEITCH,
Purser of the Empress of Britain

Mr. Peitch is one of the best-known pursers in trans-Atlantic service, and during his long service with the Canadian Pacific has made friends with thousands of regular travellers. He was many years in the Empress of Scotland, and has been round the world so often that places like Bombay and Hong-Kong are as familiar to him as the rose-filled garden of his Southampton home.

Nicknames of Presidents
Not all of our Presidents had nicknames. Here are some of them: Jefferson—Father of His Country; Washington—Red Fox; Madison—Father of the Constitution; J. Q. Adams—Old Man Eloquent; Jackson—Old Hickory; W. H. Harrison—Tippecanoe; Polk—Young Hickory; Taylor—Old Rough and Ready; Pierce—Handsome Frank; Buchanan—Old Public Functionary; Lincoln—Honest Abe; Johnson—Tennessee Tallor; Grant—Hero of Appomattox; Hayes—The Hero of '77; Garfield—Cannal Boy; Cleveland—Tell the Truth; Benjamin Harrison—Grandpa's Grandson; T. R. Roosevelt—Rough Rider; Wilson—Professor; Coolidge—Silent Cal; Hoover—Engineer.

Early Travelling Carnivals
It is recorded that during Colonial days several English showmen brought small troupes to the United States. Among the first was Ricketts' circus, which was exhibited in the Greenwhich theatre near the battery, New York, in 1785. Probably the first American-born showman of mention was Rufus Welch. In November, 1826, the Mt. Pitt circus opened on Broome street, New York, in a building seating 3,500 persons and said at that time to be the largest place of amusement in America. L. B. Lent's New York circus toured under the canvas during the summer months of the 60s and early 70s, his being the first show of size to travel by rail.

Paint and Ceiling Height
In modernizing an older type of house the question of what to do with too high a ceiling is frequently encountered. An old rule that the ceiling should be lighter than the wall is often disregarded. The reason for this is simple. Employ a cream ceiling, for instance, in a high room and the cream of the overhead spaces can actually seem to fade farther into the distance and increase the appearance of height. Give the ceiling a darker shade than the walls and this treatment has the effect of drawing it down closer to the rest of the room.

Peculiarities of Birth
Live premature births have taken place as early as 215 days, or more than nine weeks, before the normal duration of 280 days, and postmature births have occurred as late as 330 days, or a little over seven weeks after the full term, a total difference of 16 weeks, or nearly four months—Collier's Weekly.

Gibraltar's Ruling
One of the unusual regulations of the colony of Gibraltar is that no alien children must be born there. Parents who break the rules are fined. The idea is to discourage the influx of those who wish their children to be born on British soil and so escape some of the duties of citizenship in another country.

Indian Clay Pipes
The first clay pipes introduced in England in the sixteenth century, the forerunners of the later "clays" and of modern briars, were Indian pipes from Virginia, for in a "Natural History of Tobacco" in the Harleian Miscellany it is stated that "the Virginians were observed to have pipes of clay before even the English came there, and from those barbarians we Europeans have borrowed our mode and fashion of smoking."

Marble Murder Site
A place of interest in Queretaro, Mexico, is the little chapel which incloses the pillar at which Emperor Maximilian was shot in June, 1867, ending an effort to set up royalty in America. A wreath of artificial flowers rests on the shaft.

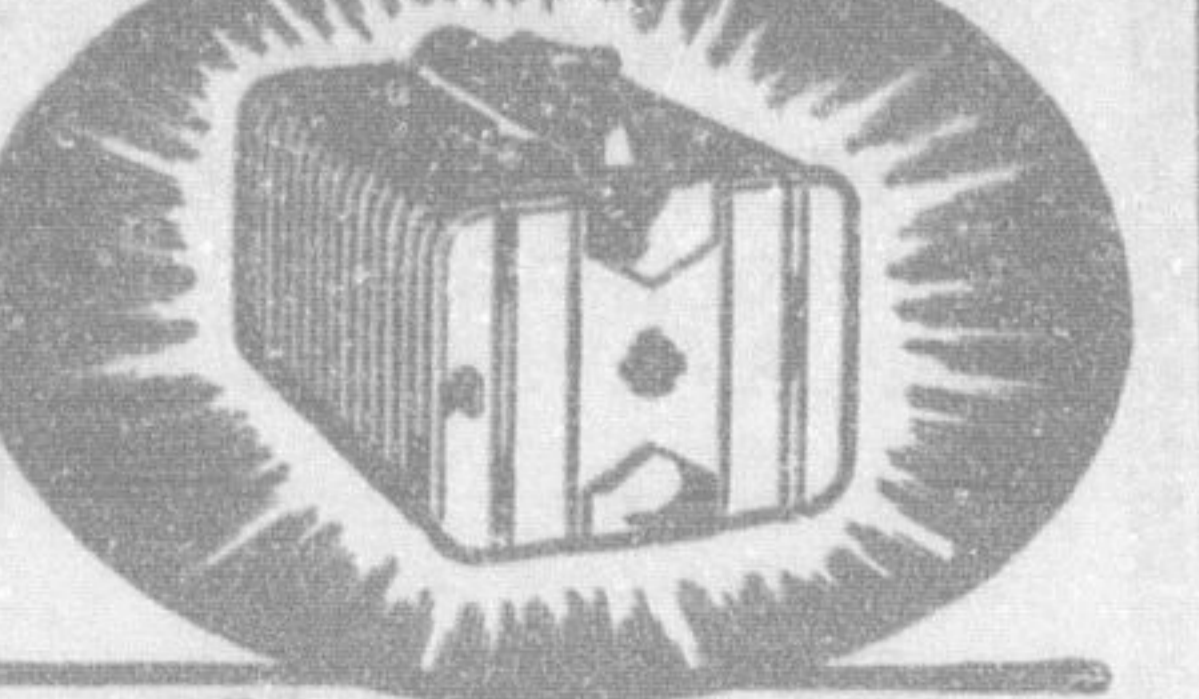
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Really "Beautiful" Men
On Mindanao island in the Philippines live a Malayan tribe called the Ragobas, the men of which are remarkable for their effeminate faces, it being difficult to distinguish them from the women. In fact, many of the men are far more beautiful than their wives. Inidentally this happens to be one of those tribes in which the women are allowed to have several husbands.—Collier's Weekly.

Early Political Parties
Washington and John Adams were Federalists but Washington's elections, at least, were not a matter of party, and were unalloyed. Jefferson and John Quincy Adams were elected as members of the old Democratic Republican party, commonly called the Republican. It was such the same party which elected Jackson, but it had then begun to be called the Democratic.

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The Management of House Plants

In the management of plants in the home there are many points that call for attention. Sometimes a plant does not grow well because of lack of food. In that case, so long as the roots have not become bound, there is no need to re-pot the plant. Indeed, re-potting would cause a needless check to its growth, and the best thing to do is to scrape away the surface soil down to the roots and replace by a rich soil containing 25 per cent. of ground bone.

Correct watering is also an important procedure. Provided the plants have proper drainage, water should be applied until it runs through the bottom of the pot. Too frequent watering is often a cause of non-success, because the water wets the soil so much that the air cannot pass through the mould of earth. To provide proper drainage, the hole at the bottom of the pot must not be clogged up. Small pots need not have the hole shielded at all, but larger pots, say all pots over four inches wide at the top, require pieces of lichen pots or other material placed in the bottom and covered with sphagnum or rough sod to prevent the soil from washing down and choking the ventilation by filling up the spaces between the broken pieces.

Air in the average home is usually dry, a condition particularly inviting to the red spider. Dryness may be decreased by evaporating water in the room and by syringing the foliage of the plants on bright days. Thick-leaved plants may be sponged with water containing whale oil soap. On pleasant days, the plants should get as much air as possible. At night plants do best in a temperature ten to fifteen degrees lower than they need during the day. Most species used as house plants require no more than fifty or fifty-five degrees Fahrenheit during the night, and they will not suffer injury if the thermometer falls to forty, although such a temperature maintained over a long period of time would check growth.

Theories Concerning Cosmic Rays

There are current three tentative theories concerning the origin and nature of cosmic rays. The most inspiring and philosophically or spiritually significant of the three is that the rays result from the formation of heavy atoms in interstellar space, a process which perpetually re-creates the universe, and will prevent it from running down like a clock. Thus adequate knowledge of the rays may contribute to a solution of the riddle of the universe.

Bamboo Growth Rapid

The bamboo tree lives up to its well-established reputation for remarkably rapid growth, but not in the early stages of its development. In fact, according to Science Service, a grove of bamboos has to be ten years old or more and the underground growth well established before the bamboo shoots begin to spring up with the magic speed with which they are credited.

Whale's Spouting Mystery

It is still doubtful whether the whale spouts vapor or water. There is some contention that the animal fills its lungs with air before making a descent, and when this is exhausted it comes to the surface and discharges it. There are others who quote the laws of nature to disprove this and claim that the whale accumulates a quantity of oxygen to carry it through the underwater descent and that the spouting consists of vapor and water mixed.

When the Earth Rumbles

An earthquake sounds like the rumble of a heavy freight train, and the noise apparently precedes the actual shock by a few seconds, it has been reported in Science by Prof. Alvin L. Lugo, associate professor of geology at the University of Nebraska, who heard and experienced a shock. The true sound of earthquakes is seldom detected because it is often masked by the crashing of masonry and glass, and cries of victims.—Literary Digest.

Farmers Do Not Live on Farms

The people of the Bahamas do not live on their farms, as is customary in America, but in small settlements by the sea. On the majority of farms there are no buildings at all save occasional thatched palmetto leaf huts. As a matter of fact, excepting the island of Eleuthera, agriculture can hardly be considered a major industry in the islands.

The Shoe Didn't Fit

By JANNIS PARKER

IT WAS a pity, friends said, that so light a person as Doris should be married to A. Lindsey Mund, the most notorious producer in the show business. And yet Doris went around squandering her loveliness on an ugly little man whose only concern in life was that there might be a shortage of women.

She certainly couldn't be in love with Lindsey, whose reputation was even less attractive than his pot-bellied, sal-low-looking self. They wondered why she'd ever married him 'til they remembered that Doris, an upstate girl, stage-struck and anxious to try her wings, had doubtless been flattered by the attentions of one of the biggest men in the business.

All her friends wished she'd realize what life could lead by changing her name to Mrs. Dick Manning. And Dick who dogged her footsteps wished it most.

"Doris," he said one afternoon on the tiled terrace encircling the Mund penthouse, "you're going to Paris this summer, aren't you?"

She nodded assent. "Come back single," he pleaded. "Oh, who grounds?" she smiled. "Can't accuse him of non-support," she contended.

"Can't get it on incompatibility," she went on. "We don't see enough of each other to know whether we're incompatible or not."

"And I couldn't get it for cruelty. He never puts a hand on me."

"How about infidelity?" interrupted Dick. "Or does he come home early every night like a fond little husband and toast his toes before the hearth?"

Doris smiled again. "You could hardly expect a man up to his eyes in rehearsal to come home early every night," she pointed out.

Dick felt like taking this woman he adored and shaking some sense into her lovely head. Did she really think Lindsey was impeccable, or did the Puritan strain in her rebel at divorce? But because he knew that should he touch her to shake her, he'd change his original intention and take her in his arms instead, he sat stiffly silent beating his clenched hands together softly.

The minutes passed. "Doris," said Dick finally, "loyalty to the man whose name you bear and whose name I can't bear because it's attached to you, is all very pretty, but I want you to snap out of this forget-me-not role and let me prove that as far as I'm concerned all other women are forgotten."

"Dick you're sweet." Her fingers lightly touched his sleeve.

"Sweet nothing, I'm bitter! Oh, Doris, don't you think you could love me a little if you tried?"

Her gray-green eyes clung to his. "Tell me. . . if whenever a man's name is mentioned you quiver all over; if whenever you hear his voice it's as if something lifted you up and held you there; if whenever he looks at you your eyes drop lest he read your answering message. . . Tell me is that love, Dick? Because if it is I don't think I could stop loving you if I tried."

"Doris!"

But before he could reach out to her she had risen and walked swiftly to the edge of the terrace where she spoke dully as she watched the flaming streamers of the sunset wrinkle into the darkening canopy of night.

"I happen to be married. I took him for better, for worse."

"If you're so punctilious why let him forget. . . and keep thyself from all others, unto her alone?" Dick wanted to know. "But doubtless Lindsey was too busy eyeing the bridesmaids to hear the stipulation. You're just a silly martyr, Doris, that Lindsey sees for a safety-valve. As long as he's neatly married none of his soft-voiced sirens can put up a howl."

"You're a little harsh on him, Dick. A man in his profession has to be on the lookout constantly for new talent."

"Um. Doris, when are you going to see him as he is?"

"When the shoe fits," she answered. And so Doris spent the summer in Paris without resorting to its law courts. Just before she returned Lindsey gave up the penthouse for a much smaller place in the same building. No one was going to the theater any more, he said. Actually the amount saved was feathering another nest, but of course that would have to be proved to Doris, Dick sighed.

It was proved the night after her return. Doris, Lindsey and Dick were in the living room of the new small apartment having their after-dinner coffee when the doorbell rang and a freckled lad of about twelve handed Doris a pair of strange, tiny slippers. They were spike-heeled, saub-toed, and flaunted perky bows.

"We've moved into your penthouse," grinned the youngster, "and my mother sent me down with these shoes you forgot. She found them in the bedroom closet."

Dick thanked the lad and hastily bundled him off. Doris found herself holding a pair of slippers that could not have been hers by three sizes.

At the corner rummage sale the little, old woman in charge looked distressed. "Didn't fit at all!" Dick boomed, jovially, his arm hung across the shoulders of a freckled youth whose eyes danced because of Dick's generous bill.

Then the sallow face of A. Lindsey Mund loomed in Dick's inner vision. "And yet," he added, "they certainly did."

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