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Secretaries!

The editor of THE CHAMPION would greatly appreciate the co-operation of the secretaries of the various organizations who would send him a brief account of their meeting or other items of local interest.

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MILTON, ONTARIO

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Compensation

MAURICE GLEYRE

“TWENTY thousand dollars’ compensation for slipping on the ice in front of his own grocery store!”
Mr. Pagnetta dropped his bold black eyes to veil their exultant gleam.
“My client,” Attorney Rubinsky stated, “only desires compensation for the wrong that was done to him.”
Mr. Pagnetta darted a sly look at the defendant and took pleasure in Mr. Schwabacher’s increasing discomfiture.
Mr. Pagnetta’s resentment had been accumulating ever since Mr. Schwabacher had opened a delicatessen next to his grocery store, with a window display of canned goods. When day after day he saw one or the other of his erstwhile customers come out of the store next door with an armful of bundles and a smile that reflected Mr. Schwabacher’s expansive good humor, he could no longer be civil.
“There’s not room for two grocers on this block,” he told his competitor one morning when he saw him out on the sidewalk awkwardly wielding a broom.
“Mine are delicatessen,” Mr. Schwabacher corrected with a friendly smile.
“You’re stealing my canned goods trade. There ought to be a law—”
“Foggedder we bring more trade into the block,” the other interrupted placidly. “We both benefit.”
One winter morning he stepped out to survey his icy sidewalk, and found Mr. Schwabacher from the vantage of his own already ash-strewn premises doing the same thing.
“You better the ashes lay before the customers commence,” Mr. Schwabacher advised after a hearty “good day.”
“And you better mind your own business,” retorted Mr. Pagnetta.
“The ice is everybody’s business,” Mr. Schwabacher contented good-humoredly.
Mr. Pagnetta turned about with a violence that sent his feet from under him. The result was a broken leg.
During subsequent days in the hospital his chief diversion was planning how to get the better of his rival.
“Can I collect damages,” he asked the lawyer Rubinsky, “for my hospital and doctor bills, and the loss of time from business?”
Rubinsky shrugged his thin shoulders up to his large ears. “You can sue, and maybe you collect. How did it happen?”
Mr. Pagnetta described how his competitor, Mr. Schwabacher had come out of his store, picked a quarrel, and finally struck him, knocking him down and breaking his leg.
“Have you witnesses?” Rubinsky wanted to know.
“Yes. Several people heard him call me a lousy wop and other names.”
“Witnesses to the blow?”
“Well—” Mr. Pagnetta thought of Bagnoni who would witness anything for a consideration, and of Pappas who would witness the chance to cancel a long-standing debt. “Yes, I know of two.”
Mr. O’Ryan, counsel for the defense, now wanted to know just how the blow had been delivered, exactly where it had landed.
“Just indicate it,” he suggested.
“How? With his right hand—”
“Right fist?” Mr. Pagnetta corrected emphatically.
“With his right fist he delivered a blow on your left jaw behind the ear. You are sure it was his right fist?”
When the plaintiff’s testimony had been fully corroborated by his two witnesses, Mr. O’Ryan faced the jurors. “Gentlemen of the jury,” he said, “you have seen the blow which could have been delivered only by a good right from the shoulder—the blow for which the plaintiff asks twenty thousand dollars’ compensation.”
At the mention of compensation Mr. Pagnetta moistened his lips while his thoughts strayed into green pastures of anticipation. But when Mr. Schwabacher, red faced and visibly nervous, took the stand he was all attention again.
“Gentlemen,” Mr. O’Ryan addressed the jury in hushed voice, “I want to call your attention to the fact that the defendant is one of our war heroes.”
He reached over and touched a little cross pinned on the lapel of Mr. Schwabacher’s coat. “And I am going to prove that this war hero not only would not, but could not strike a blow with his right fist. Mr. Schwabacher, will you kindly remove your coat and roll up your shirt sleeve?”
While Mr. Schwabacher struggled out of his coat, Mr. Pagnetta sat forward uneasily.
“This cross—” Mr. O’Ryan held his client’s coat up and turned slowly so that all could see the small medal—
“was given in compensation for a wound won in combat,” flinging out his free hand he pointed dramatically to the arm which Mr. Schwabacher had just exposed to view.
Mr. Pagnetta in company with everyone in the room, looked—and his gaze remained transfixed. In his mind’s eye he was seeing again those awkward movements of Mr. Schwabacher as he swept his sidewalk, while the voice of the counsel for the defense beat into his ears.
“Mr. Schwabacher suffered a serious wound in his upper right arm. So serious that the bone between the elbow and shoulder had to be removed. As you can see, the arm is practically useless... your honor, I demand the arrest of the plaintiff and his witnesses on charges of perjury.”

Cupid, Marksman

JANNIS PARKER

LINDA was in the tub thinking of Jerry when the phone rang. She’d been thinking of him ever since they’d met a week before at the last club dance of the season. And a bang-up dance it had been. The orchestra, imported from Harlem, had out-carotred the dancers, their instruments taking a terrible beating. During what was supposed to have been intermissions an Italian with a piano-acordion that prohibited conversation, and a voice that increased the tension for the series of old love songs of Italy and new ones from Broadway.
Steve, good old Steve with the in-dellible frown, the rhythmic feet and the fog-horn voice, had asked Linda to the dance. He had also presented Jerry.
“Want to meet the nicest little job the stork ever turned out?” he’d boomed.
Jerry had. And Steve hadn’t exaggerated. In short Linda was O. K., see-high, top-notch, first-rate. And certainly none like Jerry would always have a market. He had everything the advertisements promised. Easily Jerry and Linda had been the best looking couple on the floor and he had stuck to her all during the evening like ink to a blotter.
Linda, however, whose existence enabled the telephone company to pay steady dividends, had not heard from him since that night. She found this disconcerting not because Jerry was her answer to prayer but because he’d started her praying.
Now, alone in the apartment, she had to leave the suds hurriedly, swathe herself in a towel and make wet tracks for the shrill phone.
A man’s voice boomed hoarsely over the line and Linda’s high hopes fell to the ground. For seven days she’d snatched up the phone—it might be the call she’d prayed for. It never had been.
“Linda?” he was repeating.
“You sound like King Kong,” Linda replied, doing her best to sound light-hearted and carefree. Why, oh why, couldn’t this have been Jerry?
“Just a slight cold,” he explained.
“I’ll soon be back to the silvery silences. I’d have called you sooner but until today I couldn’t speak at all. Feed a cold, you know. So how about having dinner with me?”
“That would be awfully nice.” Try as she would Linda couldn’t sound enthusiastic.
“Any chance for tonight?”
“Tomorrow night,” she said.
“Would it be too much to ask you to meet me in town?” his voice rasped.
Linda lived tucked off in the suburbs far from jay-walkers and taxi races.
“Where are you when?” she asked.
“Martin’s. At seven. O. K.”
Linda’s mother came in as she hung up the phone.
“For me?” she asked.
“No. For me, Steve. I’m having dinner with him in town tomorrow night.”
Linda’s mother repeated what she’d been saying for some time. “You could do worse.”
“Much worse,” Linda admitted. “I could have two meals with him every day and three on Sunday. No, thank you. Steve’s a lamb, but...”
“You don’t appreciate him,” her mother broke in. “He’s a splendid young man.”
“For somebody else.”
The next evening Linda dressed lackadaisically. She didn’t wear the new outfit. She was saving it just in case the Jerry man had a sudden fit of memory.
The train ride into the city was a monotonous trip that was only taking her to a monotonous evening. The cross-town cab was an uninteresting affair that was taking her to a restless evening. Linda bleakly visualized the past seven days. Each day had grown drearier, heavier. Each day had taken her that much farther from Jerry. The possibility of more such days was ghastly—days when the sound of the phone buoyed her up only to cast her down.
“For two cents I’d scream,” she muttered. “I’d do it even cheaper.”
At Martin’s she paid off the taxi driver and walked in under the long, striped awning. The sort of awning used at weddings, she reflected morosely. Why had she accepted this dinner invitation of Steve’s? Why had she forgone the comforts of home where she could cry into a pillow in peace instead of having to swallow hard lest tears splash into the hors d’oeuvres? She was berating herself when she walked right into his arms.
She blinked rapidly, shook her head to clear it, but the apparition was not an apparition. There he was, all six feet three of him. There flashed the smile that made her smile back. There stood the man she’d never really left since the moment she’d met him.
Radiant at seeing her again, he spoke, still hoarsely.
“How do you recognize this battered voice over the phone is more than I’ll ever know,” grinned. “Television would be wasted on you, Linda.”
He indicated a charmingly secluded little table marked, “Reserve-1.”
“What do you say?” he asked.
Linda spoke cautiously, as though holding her breath. Her hand tuttered tremblingly at her throat.
“I’m like you were before you phoned me—speechless.”

These Blue Bloods invite you to visit them at the Exhibition

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CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION TORONTO

AUG. 23 to SEPT. 7

The Summer is Waning

We are warned by the preparations and the advance announcements of the Canadian National Exhibition of the approach of the fall. Coming first and marking growth and interest shown. It is small wonder that those who live nearby each year look forward to the "Ex" and rarely tire of making the visit to view its wonders. The summer will have to contribute but, likewise, has the fall, with its fair-time and the display of bounty provided.

THE FAMILY LIKE THE BREADS YOU BAKE WITH ROYAL YEAST CAKES

Enjoy the variety of breads it's so easy to make with these famous yeast cakes. Keep a supply on hand. Sealed in air-tight waxed paper, Royal Yeast Cakes stay fresh for months. For more than 50 years they have been the standard of quality. When you bake at home, you'll want the ROYAL YEAST BAKE BOOK—write for free copy to Standard Brands Limited, Fraser Ave. and Liberty Street, Toronto, Ont.

Will Build Subway at Freeman.

(Burlington Gazette)

According to an announcement from Ottawa, included in the program to eliminate grade crossings in Canada is the construction of a subway at Freeman, just west of the C.N.R. station.

This has always been one of the most dangerous railway crossings in Canada, and the news will be joyfully received by the residents of the industrial district that it is included in the proposed elimination of crossings. However, it will be interesting to learn how much Burlington and Nelson toward the cost, which has been the contention in other moves to have the subway built.

Try DUTCH APPLE CAKE for dessert

Cream 1/4 c. butter with 1/2 c. sugar. Add 1 beaten egg. Add this with 1/4 c. milk to 1 1/2 c. Royal Yeast Sponge. Make into soft dough with 3/4 c. flour and 1/2 tsp. salt. Knead lightly. Put in greased bowl in warm place until double in bulk (about 1 1/2 hrs.). Roll out 1/2 inch thick. Cover bottom and sides of round shallow cake tin with the dough. Brush with melted butter and sprinkle with sugar. Cut three apples into 16ths. Press into dough, standing on edge in circular rows. Sprinkle with cinnamon and raisins and put a few pieces of butter on top. Let rise for 1/2 hr. Bake at 400 degrees about 25 mins. Keep pan covered first 15 mins. until apples are tender. Remove cover and brown. Make 2 cakes.

ROYAL YEAST SPONGE: Soak 1 Royal Yeast Cake in 1 1/2 pt. lukewarm water for 15 mins. Dissolve 1 tsp. sugar in 1/2 pt. milk. Add to dissolved yeast cake. Add 1 qt. bread flour. Beat thoroughly. Cover and let rise overnight to double in bulk in warm place free from draughts. Makes 5 to 6 cups of batter.

Our free booklet, "The Royal Road to Better Health," tells how Royal Yeast Cakes will improve your health, and suggests pleasant ways to take them.

BUY MADE IN CANADA. GOODS

Control of External Parasites of Poultry

Lice and mites are often the cause of poor egg production during hot weather. Body lice can be controlled by the use of blue ointment applied beneath the wings and around the vent. Mites feeding off the birds at night and in cracks and crevices during the day, have to be treated differently. Ordinary coal oil will kill the mites, but as it evaporates quickly the effects are not lasting. An excellent "paint" to apply to the roosts and nest boxes is composed of one part crude carbolic, or possibly better still, nicotine sulphate to three or four parts of coal oil or a mixture of coal oil and crank case oil.

Here and There

When a father "gives the family a treat" by packing his eight members in a car, he is also inviting its destruction.

Six young women and twelve men were arrested for playing leap frog in the nude. People are always trying to improve on our childhood games.

THREE HOUSES TO RENT—One on Main St.; another on Front St., with garden, and one on Oak St., Aptly Mrs. M. E. Gowland, phone 24, Milton.

The town of Orillia is advertising 288 properties for sale for arrears of taxes, some of which have been accumulating since 1918, and total over One Hundred Thousand Dollars.

A visitor complains that at one of the Toronto parks he was charged 20c for a pitcher of hot water. That is a high price, of course, but it is cheaper than getting into hot water.

Baby jungle animals of various kinds have been presented to the Children's Zoo at the Canadian National Exhibition by the United Provinces of India. After the Exhibition, the babies will be sent to the Toronto Zoo as a gift to the children of Canada.

Seven hundred thousand school children in the Province of Ontario have been issued with complimentary tickets to the Canadian National Exhibition on Children's Day. The attendance on that occasion reflects the happiness of young Canada on a holiday.

At a nudist wedding at Toulon, the groom wore bathing trunks, the bride a handkerchief and the several hundred guests nothing. Whether or not this sort of thing complicates the job of the society columnist we are not quite sure.

The editor of the Fergus News-Recorder went north on a 900 mile motor trip and confesses that he wouldn't be able to take a holiday next year if he were fined in every municipality where he exceeded the speed limit. He tells of doing "something over forty-five," which is, as everyone must admit, a nice way of putting it like the lady who says her age is something over twenty." But as the News-Recorder man hasn't been fined in twenty years of driving, perhaps he didn't go over ninety at that.

The SNAPSHOT GUILD

LABOR DAY PICTURES

Opportunities are unlimited on Labor Day for story-telling pictures such as the above.

IT'S hard to realize that the good old summer time has rushed by so fast and that we will soon be enjoying our last holiday of the summer season—Labor Day. But even if it is the last, it's almost the best from a picture-taking angle.

The above snapshot is just one example, and there are countless others.

As there is such a variation of light in different locations it is not possible to give a set rule for diaphragm opening, and shutter speeds. For instance, when the above picture was made the sun was shining brightly but the picnic party was shaded by surrounding trees. The snapshotter with a folding camera got the correct exposure when he set the diaphragm opening at f/8 and the shutter speed at 1/25 of a second. But suppose this was a beach party; no trees are near to cast shadows but instead the bright sunlight is blazing down on the party and additional light is reflected from the water and sand. Then what?

You could then set the shutter speed for 1/100 of a second with the f/11 diaphragm opening. This setting of the diaphragm opening and shutter will serve two purposes. First—you will have the proper exposure, and second—at 1/100 of a second it will not be necessary for your subjects to "hold still" when the picture is snapped.

If you have a box camera you would open it to the largest stop for the picture above and a smaller one for the beach picture.

Although the principal rules for good picture making have from time to time been given in the Snapshot Guild, some readers may be benefited by a review of a few of them:

If there is any doubt, always give a little longer exposure.

Avoid prominent straight lines such as telegraph poles and trees and horizons which seem to cut the picture in half.

Never allow the sun to shine directly into the lens of your camera or there will be a flare of light on the negative.

Do not try to crowd too many objects nor too much scenery into a picture. Simplicity is the keynote of art in photography.

Two-thirds land or two-thirds sky makes for better composition in a landscape photograph than one-half o each.

With ordinary cameras fast moving objects should always be photographed with the most rapid shutter speed and the largest lens opening.

With that review, here's to more and better pictures over Labor Day.

JOHN VAN GUILDER

Pity Poor Announcer

This may not be the longest place name in the world, but there is a station on the L. M. S. Railway in Britain the name of which is considered to be "very usual for the training of train announcers, according to the caption of a photograph, which appears in a recent issue of Canadian Railways Magazine, now being distributed. The station is probably "somewhere in Wales," and is Laafairpwllgynylygogrychwyrddyllantysilogogoch. Now you try and say it.

Mrs. Colin Campbell Leads

Mrs. Colin H. Campbell, O. B. E., of Winnipeg, formerly of Palermo, leads the list of four women, the others being Mrs. R. A. Scarlett, Dr. M. Ellen Douglas, and Mrs. C. M. Boswell, nominated as representative Winnipeg women who should be considered in the appointment of a senator of the Dominion of Canada. Premier Bennett requested that women of Winnipeg submit names. There are no vacancies in Manitoba.

Goderich Weekly Sold

The 85-year old Goderich Star, independent Conservative weekly, has been sold to Messrs. Wilkes and Stewart, of Midland.

During the newspaper's long and varied career it has had many editors; publishers, the last being the late Walter Naftel, who died nearly a year ago. The business has since been conducted by the executors of the estate, Messrs. Wilkes and Stewart until recently published the Midland Free Press.

In the new color movies an actress is made to blush by throwing a red light on her face. Most of 'em couldn't do it any other way.

Foultry, Wool and Feathers

Absolutely highest prices paid. Write or phone A. Cantelon's Butcher Shop, phone 42; Dewitt Galloway, phone 302; Central Meat Market, phone 143; Miller, H.

Zener, H., the poultryman, will sell your poultry for you free of charge.

Sun's Atmosphere

A. D. Little's Industrial Bulletin says the sun's atmosphere has been estimated to consist of about 90 per cent hydrogen, by volume; 2 per cent each of oxygen and helium, 1 per cent of various metals and 8-10 per cent of free electrons. Since the composition is stable only at the surface of high temperature near the extremely hot sun, where conditions exist which are not reproducible in our hottest furnaces.

"God does not take sides in war. It is not right to tell a soldier that by dying for his country, he can save his soul. No bigger lie ever came from the mouth of hell."—Rt. Rev. John Taylor Smith, chaplain general of the British forces from 1901 to 1925.

In the one day come reports of a man winning a knitting contest and of a gobler "mothering" a brood of backs. Well, we don't know what the world is coming to.

Popular Fallacies

A misconception is that freezing kills germs, and therefore that melted ice is always wholesome. This is a dangerous belief, for there are plenty of disease germs on which freezing has no effect. That lightning always strikes downwards from the sky, that worms creep into people's ears, and that a house cannot be built on sand are such popular fallacies that it will take generations to uproot them.—The Bits Magazine.

A proud Ontario father, whose fourth child arrived the other day, forthwith scribbled a hurried note to relatives telling of the great event. And added: "More later."

American tourists arrived in Sault Ste. Marie the other day with snowshoes. That is the trouble with making people believe that wolves won't bite. If they believe that, they'll believe anything, even that there is six feet of snow at the Soo in August.