

The Canadian Champion

When your sweet tooth says
CANDY
Your wisdom tooth says
BARNARD'S

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VOLUME 77.

MILTON, THURSDAY, JAN. 14, 1937.

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CANADIAN CHAMPION

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FREDERICK JOHNSON

Just Thirty-Five Cents

By PEARL HOLLOWAY
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate.
WNU Service.

LENA BURNS, recently appointed
social service secretary, looked up
with interest. It was unusual for any-
one to knock on the door here.

It came again, a short, indecisive
rap. Timidity was not customary in
the welfare office. Curiosity overcame
her. "Come in," she called, wondering
what type of appeal would be made
this time.

The knob turned. A tiny crack re-
vealed a head appearing. A battered
brown derby, tipped far back, revealed
this brown hair plastered over a low
forehead. Faded blue eyes were almost
hidden by thick glasses. Apologetically,
a man limped into the room, removing
his hat and toying with it nervously as
he approached the desk. His glance
wandered from the stenographer to the
secretary. He bowed several times and
cleared his throat. "Could I—" he began
tentatively, "could I—" and then with
great effort, "could I borrow thirty-five
cents?"

She smiled unobtrusively. "Such a re-
quest is out of the ordinary," she re-
marked, ignoring the stenographer's
glance. "What's your name?"

"Bill Sykes, ma'am," he answered,
still twirling his hat and bowing. "and
I ain't never had to ask for nothing
before."

The stenographer coughed warningly.
Lena reached for her own purse. "I'll
risk it," she decided, handing him the
change.

He bowed still more profoundly. "I
don't know how to thank you, ma'am,"
he stammered. "I'm an honest man,
and I'll pay you back. I swear I will."
Some days later Bill Sykes put some
grubby coins on the secretary's desk
with the cheerful announcement, "I
bring back your money."

All of Lena's faith in humanity
showed in her smile, a faith that was
intensified as he broke out with:
"Could you—would you—do you know
where I could get a job?"

With her most professional manner
she referred to the file, produced a
card and gave minute directions for
reaching the employment agency.

"If there were more like Bill Sykes,"
Lena said to herself some mornings
later as she scrubbed the supply table
preparatory to stocking it for the day's
demands, "it would be easier to carry
on."

Even Bill Sykes wasn't welcome
at this particular moment.

"Good morning," he apologized, "I
just thought I'd drop in and see—"
"What about the job?" she inter-
rupted, her hands busy with scouring
powder and brush.

He hesitated, and his glance fell
on the floor. "Well, I—you see—" he
floundered, "I—only worked half a day,
Miss Burns."

"Well, what do you want now?" Steel
was replacing friendliness.

He drew nearer. "Could you—could
you loan me just thirty-five cents
again?"

"Again?" Miss Burns faced him
squarely. "Say, this ain't a loan office."
By this time she had lost all patience
with him. "Get out!" she ordered. "Go
on back to your wood cutting. I don't
mind loaning people money occasion-
ally, but there's a limit to human en-
durance." She scrubbed industriously
for a moment or so, and then she
thought better of her decision. "All
right," she said, "what do you need it
for?" She looked around, but Bill
Sykes had gone.

A week went by. Miss Burns was
checking up on some of the people for
whom she had found jobs.

"No," the clerk said, "Sykes don't
work here any more. In fact, he don't
work nowhere. He's dead. Got hit by
a truck last Tuesday morning. . . .
Say, your name don't happen to be
Lena Burns, does it?"

"Yes, I'm Miss Burns."

"Well, now I'm right glad I thought
to ask. Lended take Sykes to the
hospital and on the way up he told
me to have Lena Burns call Sunset
4500, whatever number that is. . . . No,
ma'am. I don't know what for. Just
said call the hospital I see he was dead."
Miss Burns dilated the number.

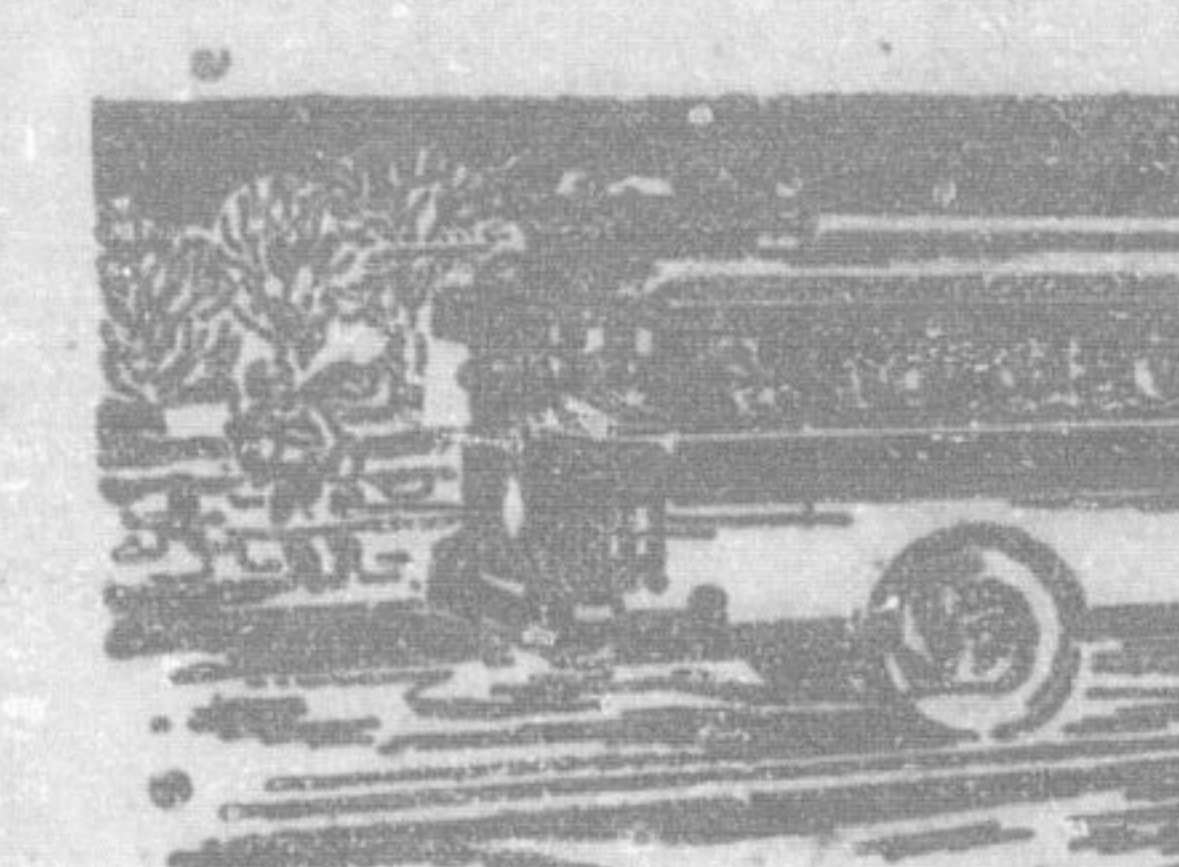
"Oh, yes, Miss Burns. William Sykes
carried a five-hundred-dollar accident
policy with us. Several days ago he
made you the beneficiary. I'm sorry,
though; it's void. You see, he paid a
weekly premium of thirty-five cents
and last week he neglected to make his
payment."

Cuckoo Selects Nest of Other Bird to Lay Eggs

In appearance the cuckoo is much
like the sparrow hawk or kestrel, and
just as most of the smaller birds will
attack a hawk when they see it in the
selected nest and dropped it in, but in-
vestigation proves that the cuckoo lays
her egg directly into the nest.

When the female cuckoo is ready to
lay, she will sit on a perch about six
miles from half an hour to six
hours, and this corresponds to the
time that any other bird would sit on
the nest before laying. Then she
glides down to the selected nest, for
during the previous days she has care-
fully watched the owners. She wastes
no time, but goes quickly to it, steal-
ing one of the eggs. Holding this in
her beak, she moves her body on to the
nest, lays her own egg in the place of
the one removed, and flies off with the
stolen egg. This is done, some-
times while she is flying away, but
more often when she reaches a con-
venient perch.

TRAVEL BY



HIGHWAY KING COACH LINES

"Mountain of Hellfire"

Emits Ammoniacal Gases

Over a great area on the frontier
between Baluchistan and Persia every-
thing is dead. Not a bird, beast, or
reptile, not even an insect, survives.
They have been gassed by the "Moun-
tain of Hellfire"—as the Persians call
the volcano of Koh-i-Tafatan. The
crater pours out dense clouds of am-
moniacal gas which destroy every liv-
ing thing and even burn up all plant
life, says Tit-Bits Magazine.

This is the only mountain which pro-
duces this particular gas, but not the
only one which exudes poison gas. In
1912 the volcano of Katmai in Alaska
exploded, producing the biggest crater
in the world, which is now known as
the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes.
Here sulphurous gas streams out from
rifts, and it is death to approach one
of these deadly vents.

The Sakura Shima volcano in Japan
blew up in 1914 and overwhelmed the
city of Kagoshima. The loss of life
was over 70,000, and a great number
of those people were suffocated by
pestilential gases which rushed up from
summit and followed a long way from
the mountain itself.

Before the great Chilean earthquake
of 1877 poison gas rose in the floor of
the Bay of Payta and killed enormous
quantities of fish and crabs. They
floated on the surface and were washed
up on the beach, forming a wall-like
line three to four feet high and twelve
miles long.

The most ghastly disaster of recent
times was the destruction of the beau-
tiful city of St. Pierre by a cloud of
gas and dust flung out by Mont Pelee.
Within a matter of moments 40,000
people were blotted out.

Five-King Feast of 1363

Honored John of France

There is much obscurity about the
origin of the famous five-king dinner
of 1363 in the Vintners' hall, accord-
ing to a writer in the London Observer.
Apropos of the Swan dinner recently
tendered in London by the Worshipful
Company of Vintners, honoring four
princes of England (Prince Arthur of
Connaught was unable to be present),
he describes the original company as
Edward III (England), David (Scot-
land), John (France), Waldemar III
(Denmark) and Amadeus VI (Cyprus).
"John," he continues, "was at the
time a prisoner in England. He had
been made captive at Poitiers (1356)
and was released on ransom four years
later, but on arriving in Paris, found
himself unable to raise the money.
His son had been left at Calais as
hostage, and when he escaped in the
summer of 1363, John returned to En-
gland to give himself up."

"It seems quite probable that the
Vintners' banquet was given in com-
pliment to him, for we read that he
was received in England 'with great
honor,' was lodged, as before, in the
Savoy and was a frequent guest of Ed-
ward at Westminster. He died in the
following spring, and his body was sent
to France with royal honors."

Easter Island Has Many Puzzling Stone Images

For centuries explorers who have
touched the shores of Easter Island
have stood in bewildered awe before
the huge stone images of hideous men
which stand, remnants of a mysterious
people, not far from the Pacific coast
of the island.

The images are roughly chiseled
from lava quarried on the island,
which lies several thousand miles off
the west coast of South America. Some
of the faces with their large noses
and long pointed chins are still part
of the rock in the quarry—left there
for some reason at which we can only
guess, writes a correspondent in the
Washington Star.

Of the people who made them we
know very little. They can scarcely
be called artists, for the images are
poorly made and show only a childish
skill, with great heads out of all pro-
portion to those we are now familiar
with.

But these people had a strange cul-
ture of their own, for in the small
stone houses scattered over the little
island are symbols which seem to be
part of a written language. The sym-
bols have not been deciphered, but
they indicate an ancient culture on
this far-away island.

Another question which baffles mod-
ern students of the problem is how the
immense and heavy images were car-
ried from the inland quarries to their
present location on vaulted founda-
tions near the shore.

Hawaii Lured by New England

Oddly enough, Hawaii, western ex-
tremity of the United States, has a
sentimental interest for New England,
the eastern extremity. They are more
than 4,000 miles apart, yet it was New
England that introduced the Hawaiians
to the American standard of living and
to the American school system. On
October 23, 1819, the brig Thaddeus,
having on board a group of mission-
aries and their associates, sailed from
Boston for what was then known as
the Sandwich Islands. The 17 pioneers
included preachers, printers and school
teachers. After five months of stormy
sailing the Thaddeus arrived at Ha-
wail on March 30, 1820.

Alex Takes a Tip

By MARTIE RAMSON
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate.
WNU Service.

FOR eight years Alex Gordon had
been selling for a local petting
factory. At first in small towns, and
later to the city territory. He eked out
a fair living because he was a hard
worker and well liked by the buyers.
He never took any days off.

Saturday was only a half day. Until
one, the salesmen would go over their
sample lines, adding new numbers and
discarding those that were out of the
line.

This particular Saturday was the
day before the closing of the meet at
the new Santa Anita race track. Two
of the boys were going out there and
their enthusiasm made Alex feel that
he would like to tag along. He had
never been to a horse race.

At the track, his friends wandered
off to mingle with those "in on the
know." They wanted to see what the
"smart money" was doing. Alex
watched the first two races in silence,
wondering what all the talk going on
about him meant.

In the third race his attention was
caught by the conversation in back of
him.

"I tell ya, The Prince is a cinch.
Sure he's twenty to one, but he's over-
priced: to keep the money off 'im. I
got it right from his trainer. Bet ya
last dollar on 'im. Ya won't be sorry."

Alex thought this over very care-
fully. He had heard of inside bets
also, but he had never seen one. Well,
he would make a bet. Twenty to one—
twenty to one. He repeated it over and
over. He felt the seventy dollars in his
pocket. Fifty would bring him a
thousand dollars. Cautiously he took
out his money and peeled off two
twenty-dollar bills and a ten-dollar
bill. He counted it over and over. The
Prince didn't win! What would he say
to his wife? Where would he get the
rent money? No, he wouldn't back
out. The Prince must win.

Nervously he told the man at the
mutual machine, "I'd like to get fifty
dollars on The Prince. It's twenty to
one, isn't it?"

There was nothing more he could do
now but wait and pray. He kept think-
ing of the thousand dollars. When a
thousand dollars is in appearance,
he could pay off the car. He could—
what? a thousand dollars!

He glanced up at the list of horses.
The Prince was number three and right
under it was The Princess. What a
strange coincidence. His friend Dave
ran up to him breathlessly.

"Alex," he said, between gasps, "we
just got an inside tip on The Princess.
Ed and I are each putting up ten dol-
lars. With your ten we'll be thirty
right on her nose. Are ya in with us?"

"No, can't do it, Dave," he said after
a little hesitation. He couldn't tell
him that he had just bet fifty on The
Prince. He could see his fifty sailing
high up into the air. What a fool he'd
be to bet all that money without first
consulting some one who knew. Well,
no use crying, the race wasn't lost yet.

The horses were lining up. Alex
gazed for a long time at number three.
How restless he was! Prancing back
and forth, trying to jump the barrier.
He glanced for a moment at The
Princess. How calm and proud she
seemed as she eyed the other horses
with apparent disdain.

They were lined up. The barrier
was sprung. There was a great shout
from the onlookers.

Alex had eyes only for The Prince.
He watched the horse as he rounded
the turn into the back stretch; saw
him falling back while the others were
passing him. With every step Alex
could see that fifty dollars with him,
further and further away. He felt a
dull pain in his head.

Coming down the home stretch, The
Prince suddenly came to life. His jock-
ey was giving him a hard ride and a
good one, but it was futile. The horse
had started too late.

Dave was right. The Princess had
won the race. Silver Step was second
and The Prince finished third.

Unconsciously Alex put his hand in
his pocket. There was a lone twenty-
dollar bill where a few moments ago
there had been seventy. His side ached
from pressing against the rail. He
wanted to be alone where he could
think this all out.

Dave came running up to him ex-
citedly, shouting, "The Princess won,
Alex. I told ya to bet with us. Twenty
to one it pays. Ya should've taken
a—for Pete's sake, what's the matter
with you? Ya look like ya just been
to a funeral."

"Yeah, my own funeral, Dave. I
guess I can tell ya now that it's over."
Taking out his ticket and showing it
to Dave, he said, "I had fifty dollars
on number three, The Prince."

For a moment Dave was stunned.
He grabbed the ticket, then Alex, and
shouted, "Why, ya big sap, you're
rich. You collect a thousand bucks
on this ticket. Don't ya know The
Prince and The Princess are one en-
tity?"

Dripwork Clock

Clocks as we know them are not
much more than eight hundred years
old, but the first ones, those meas-
ured by the slow and regular passage
of sand from one bulb to another,
is much older, and there is a clock
modeled upon one used by the Egyp-
tians at least a thousand years B. C.
This ancient timepiece was an earth-
ware jar, covered with hieroglyphics
and filled with water. A very small
hole in the bottom of the vessel al-
lowed the water to escape drop by
drop. On the outside of the jar were
notches marking the hours, and time
was measured by the level of the wa-
ter in relation to these notches. An-
other device, which belongs to such
the same period, was the shadow
clock. It consisted of two upright
wooden pegs in a board, and time was
reckoned by the length of the shadows
they cast.—Tit-Bits Magazine.

Men Disguised as Women Used to Hypnotize Unicorn

Artists in old Babylon, it is explained
by a writer in the Cleveland Plain De-
aler, did not know how to carve a pic-
ture of a bull and put on both horns
so it would look right. All they could
make were flat-looking pictures that
fell to show both sides of an animal
So when they made a picture of a bull
they put on only one horn and, consid-
ering how some cattle's horns curve,
it might have looked like it came right
out of the animal's forehead.

Some Greek or Latin scholars later
saw the carvings, thought they really
represented a one-horned animal and
started the story of the unicorn.

The horn of the unicorn was believed
to possess powers of magic. Hunters
went on long pilgrimages in search of
this animal, which was said to roam
in Arabia, India and Morocco.

When hunting the unicorn a man
had to disguise himself as a girl, per-
sume his clothes and frequent the
haunts of the animal. When the uni-
corn smelled the perfume it was
charmed thereby and approaching the
supposed maiden, would lay its head
in her lap and go to sleep.

Then the disguised hunter would
seize the unicorn's horn and with one
powerful twist, pull it out of the ani-
mal's head.

Shovel-Tusked Elephants Used Big Jaws as Dredge

Nature never made any real me-
chanical steamshovels except indirect-
ly through her agent, man, but 20,000-
000 years ago, before the Gobi desert
had reached its present barrenness and
before man had put in his appearance,
on earth, she had a creation far more
remarkable. It was an animated
dredge—a great elephant whose tusks
had taken the form of shovels extend-
ing from a scoop-like lower jaw. These
mastodonts dredged the muddy bottoms
of prehistoric swamps for water lilies
and other swamp growths which
formed their food. It has been several
years since their fossils were first
discovered in the Gobi desert, but in-
terest has reverted to them through
the discovery and identification of
plant fossils which prove that swamps
existed in the Gobi during their time—
a fact previously doubted and which
doubt raised a question as to these
animals' food and the purpose of their
shovel tusks. This doubt, however, is
now cleared. Other discoveries have
shown that these long-extinct elephants
also lived in America and dredged the
swamps of California, Nebraska, and
Kansas.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Spiders and Stars

Spiders' webs have many uses. With-
out them astronomers would find it
harder to make accurate observations.
The eye pieces of their telescopes are
marked into sections by very fine lines,
which are really pieces of web held in
place by spots of varnish. Webs are
used because it is impossible to have
finer as well as equally distinct lines
by any other method. There are other
uses, too, for webs. An instrument
maker in York employs a man specially
to collect spiders and webs. Only a
special kind of spider is caught, the
"spectra drademata," which is usually
found on gorse bushes and has a cross
on its back. The spiders are made to
wind their webs on special forks, each
insect giving about 40 feet before the
supply gives out. These webs are used
in the manufacture of the most
delicate types of scientific instruments.
—Tit-Bits Magazine.

Derby Not Always Popular

Britain's great turf classic, the
Derby, was not always a nationally
(and even internationally) absorbing
event. The first race of the series,
written in the London Morning
Post, was run at Epsom in 1780, and
was won by Sir Charles Banbury's
Diomed. Although the stake was sub-
stantial there were only nine entries.
Indeed, the race program proved so
unattractive that it was found neces-
sary to fortify it with cockfighting
on the course. Few of the journals seem
to have thought the event worth re-
porting, though some recorded an
accident to a one-horse shay on the
way home from Epsom. In 1794, when
Lord Grosvenor's Daedalus won, there
were only four runners.

Gratuity, Pension

The term gratuity, as used generally
in the United States, carries no other
sense than that of gift, donation, or
tip. In England, however, in addition
to this sense, the word is also used to
mean a pension to a person retired
from the military or naval service.
The term pension, wherever it is em-
ployed, means a periodical allowance
to an individual, or to those who rep-
resent him (his widow, or family, for
instance), on account of past services
or some meritorious work done by him.
It is by no means unusual for a busi-
ness firm to place an employee on a
pension. Generally such an employee
is thus retired because of long service
or because he has reached an arbitrary
age-limit, though sometimes he may be
retired because of an injury or illness
received in the performance of his
work.—Literary Digest.



To Those Who Use The Highways At Night

for either driving or walking

APPEAL to the motorists of Ontario to make night
driving (and night walking) as safe and enjoyable as
driving (or walking) by day. I believe it can be done