

Ayer's Drug Store
(Successor to the late T. J. Brown)
PHONE 148
WE DELIVER

Elliott's Barber & Beauty Shoppe
(Opposite Theatre)
Arrange to meet MR. HALTON, "The Mystery Man" at our establishment.
For Appointments—
PHONE 64J

JOHNSON'S GARAGE
FOR
Plymouth and Chrysler
...Cars...
Repairs to all makes of Cars
by Experienced Men
GOODRICH TIRES, WILLARD BATTERIES, ACCESSORIES
WHITE ROSE GASOLINE and OILS
Tel. 174w. 24w Service

Mac's Service Station
COR. MAIN & BRONTE STS.
IMPERIAL GAS and OILS
Batteries Charged **Atlas Tires**
Tobaccos **Greases** **Candies**
PHONE 296

BARNARD'S Confectionery Store
Lunches, Ice Cream
Tobaccos
and Cigarettes
OPEN TO 12 P.M.

J. W. Higgins
MILTON - - - - - ONT.
DODGE and DE-SOTO
SALES and SERVICE
USED CARS
1 1935 Ford
1 1934 Oldsmobile Special Coach
1 1936 Plymouth Coupe
1 1930 Chevrolet Coupe

WILFRID GROZIER
FOR
Biltmore Hats,
Stanfield Underwear,
Forsyth Shirts
Walker's Trainman's Overalls and
Bradshaw's Big (B) Brand
Work Clothes
Men's Outfitters
PHONE 299w

For QUALITY GOODS Visit Galbraith's Dry Goods Store

For USED CARS, TRUCKS, TRACTORS
Imperial - SEE - General Electric and Stewart Walner Radios
BOB EARLY, EARLY'S GARAGE Campbellville
1 Ford 36 Tudor Truck
1 Chev. 31 Coach
1 Dodge 29 Sedan
1 Dodge 28 Sedan
1 Whippet 430 Sedan
McCormick-Deering 10-20 Tractor
Modern Garage Goodyear Tires Willard & Ford Batteries

DIRECTORY
OF
Milton and Campbellville

The New Ford 1937 V8 Models
ARE NOW ON DISPLAY
Watch the Fords Go By
AT
EARLY'S GARAGE
CAMPBELLVILLE
Watch the Fords Go By
FOR DEMONSTRATION—PHONE 161-3.

FRED'S SERVICE STATION
(W. F. JOHNSON, Proprietor)
Imperial Gasoline and Oils
ATLAS TIRES AND TUBES
We service your car for all weathers.
REFRESHMENTS TOBACCOS CIGARATTES

Milton and Campbellville
Business Men

MILTON INN
For Home Cooked Meals
Breakfast—Dinner—Supper
with up-to-date accommodation.
Reasonable Rates
Tobaccos and Cigarettes
JOHN R. MITCHELL, Proprietor.
PHONE 15

Dodge and De-Soto Cars - See J. W. HIGGINS, Tel. 171

COAL
Finest Quality American Anthracite, Alberta and Pocahontas delivered at reasonable prices.
Milton United Farmers' Co-operative
PHONE 127 MILTON

C.B. KNIGHT
"Your Tailor"
For the Latest in Men's Suits and Overcoats for 1937 in Latest Patterns and Styles
MEN'S OUTFITTERS
We Specialize in Dry Cleaning, Dyeing, Pressing, Repairing and Remodelling
WE COLLECT AND DELIVER
Tel. 381

We Deliver CAMPBELLVILLE We Deliver
C. ROBERTS, Butcher
.....FOR.....
Finest Quality Beef, Lamb, Veal and Pork
Cooked Meats | **PHONE 161-22** | **Smoked Meats**
C. ROBERT'S DAIRY
PURE MILK CREAM AND BUTTER
PHONE 161-22 | **CAMPBELLVILLE**

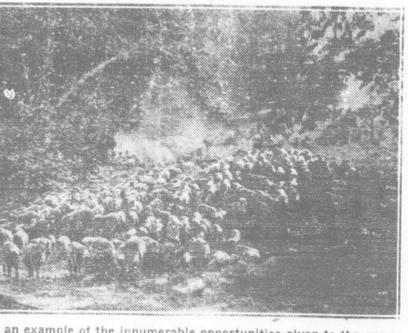
D. T. GALLOWAY....
FOR
CHOICE MEATS,
POULTRY, FISH,
VEGETABLES, ETC.
PHONE 302
WE DELIVER PROMPTLY.

FEEDS...
CO-OP. BRAND LAYING MASH
Oileake, Bran, Shorts, Oats, Wheat, Barley, Corn, Molasses and Salt at Reasonable Prices.
Milton United Farmers' Co-operative
PHONE 127 MILTON

Milton United Farmers for Coal, Feeds and Seeds, Phone 127



The SNAPSHOT GUILD
ART AND PHOTOGRAPHY



Here is an example of the innumerable opportunities given to the owner of a camera to satisfy his feelings for the artistic.

"WHAT can I do—I can't paint or draw," is often the complaint of persons who have strong feelings for the artistic and the desire to express these persons realize that within the past few years modern cameras and photographic materials have opened the door of artistic expression practically to everybody. Because of the capability of today's improved equipment to produce good photographs under a wide range of light conditions, and because no great difficulty is met in mastering the technique of photography, the desire to express artistic feelings by means of pictures is no longer limited by the refusal of one's brain to cooperate with a paint brush. And by pictures is not meant merely photographic records of places or people usually interesting only to those familiar with them, but pictures evoking pleasure for all who behold them, because of their universal appeal to the senses, emotions or imagination. With a camera in his hand, reasonably good powers of observation are virtually all Mr. Average Man needs in order to satisfy his desire for artistic expression. These powers he may exercise by selecting artistic pictures from the inexhaustible supply already composed for him by Nature. It is a matter of seeing the picture and choosing the best viewpoint from which to photograph it. Or he may create his own artistic composition with in-

HERE AND THERE

A rough and ready fighter is usually too ready altogether. Condensed, scientifically, when hot air met cold air, the Ohio floods resulted.

The Arthur Board of Trade has started an agitation for a new post office building there.

It is said the Lindberghs are to be come British subjects. This is a case where both Britain and the Lindberghs may be congratulated.

A judge suggests that the Miller will was just a joke. But whatever laugh there is in it is not on the lawyers whose fees have already taken quite a slice of the estate. Surely the nice unfortunate young men in the Guelph Reformatory could not be guilty of wilding bats, steel bed legs and clubs on the prison guard. Why, that is what they used to do in Kingston Penitentiary.

The Kitchener Record wonders whether the time will ever come when thoughts are wrapped in cellophane. Some of those engendered by the present winter would need to be wrapped in asbestos.

Noting the floods that are taking place, the Windsor Star observes that "there's need for another Noah." The world could also do with another dove of peace. The present one seems to have something wrong with its wings.

At a meeting of the Georgian Bay District Fruit Growers Association held recently in Clarksburg, it was decided to get after the Jack-rabbits and try to exterminate them from the district.

Some of the perils of matrimony were demonstrated recently when two Toronto ladies attended a wedding, took a car owned by another guest, went for a joy-ride, were pursued by police bullets, and ended up in hospital.

W. E. Gladstone Murray, general manager of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, announced that the corporation plans to establish a high powered short-wave radio transmitter which would link Canada with all other parts of the British Empire.

Have you rheumatism? The latest aid is to cure yourself by being stung by a bee. Toronto apothecaries are now supplying bees to rheumatic patients and the latter take the bee by the wings and force it to sit down on the afflicted part. Truly science do move, and so will you if you get stung by a bee.

Mrs. Grace Frazzelle, 14 years old, of Moline, Ill., who gave birth to a boy, son last Wednesday, has a rival for "youngest mother" honors. Mrs. Ben Jacobs, of Port Byron, Ill., it was reported on August 6, 1934, when she was 12 years old. Her husband is 24 years old. Last week a report from Panama, Fla., said Mrs. Ellen Walker, 13 years old, became the mother of a six-year old son.

A Case of Extremities

By LYLE HOYT
McClure Newspaper syndicate.
WNU Service.

TOM DONLIN looked his chin over the padded rim of the cockpit and glumly surveyed the ground below them. "Gosh," he muttered, withdrawing to the protection of the windshield "what rotten country!"

For fifteen minutes they had been flying over a vast bed of volcanic slag of fused lava stretching in every direction as far as Donlin could see. It was known to be untraversable by any form of surface travel.

The pilot licked dried lips as he thought of what a forced landing here would mean. "Sure crash—and even if you didn't get bumped off, where'd you be? Twenty miles to the railroad! Why, that junk'd cut the shoes off your feet before you were well started—Blame me for an idiot! Why didn't I follow the Santa Fe around by Rio Puerco instead of bustin' out an air line like this?"

Donlin's roving gaze settled on the helmeted head of his passenger in the front cockpit and he wondered if he, too, was feeling the strain. Probably not. Funny chap, that passenger. Had just wandered on to the airport back at Wichita and said he wanted to charter a plane—wanted to fly to the coast. Explained that he didn't want to go on the regular air line because he wanted to take his time—go by easy stages, see a little of the country off the beaten track.

As he recalled the latter remark Donlin snorted. Well, he was seeing a little of it, all right. Then he noticed that his engine was beginning to run a little cool. He made a change in the shutter control position and set it back.

Thump! Thump! Thump! The plane was quivering to a pounding that broke through the regularity of the motor vibration. That taut empty feeling gripped the pit of Donlin's stomach. He knew instantly it was not a simple motor miss. It was too slow, too heavy a beat. A succession of possible causes streamed through the pilot's mind. None was reassuring.

He did not look about for a place to land. He knew it was useless. That horrible lava—and lava it would be for another fifteen minutes. Then they'd strike the railroad in the vicinity of Gallup, then—but fifteen minutes! Why, it was preposterous to hope for another five the way the pounding was increasing in force.

Yet five minutes dragged by and they were still in the air. To Donlin it was merely the diabolical prolonging of an ordeal which had but one possible conclusion. He lost all conception of time. He was vaguely aware that those jarring impacts were erratic, fluctuating both in timing and strength, but they were persistent and after each lapse recurred with additional vigor.

"Any moment now—any moment," he kept thinking. He stared straight ahead at the distant horizon, keeping the plane level and on course "through pure force of habit."

Now the lava held a morbid fascination for him. Tilted the plane to the right, he looked down. There it was. Tumbled heaps of volcanic slag as hard as diamonds and as rough as clinkers. He shuddered even as the plane was shuddering under the racking jolts of that pounding. Donlin's lips drew back. "Come on," he snarled, "bust loose and get it over with!" Throwing the stick over violently, he dropped the left wing and looked down on that side. Good Lord! It couldn't be. It was some miserable trick of his eyes. But it wasn't. There lay the Santa Fe tracks. The lava had been crossed. Within gliding distance was a piece of grazing land. Full of "dog" holes probably but it was the loveliest sight that Donlin could remember ever having seen. An unwhimpering reaction set in. He was overwhelmed with a desire to land—to grovel in the soft dirt. He pulled the throttle back and went into a glide . . .

It was some five weeks later that Donlin showed up at his home airport at Wichita.

"Look what's come back," some one shouted and the gang gathered around him. "Where's your plane?" he was asked.

"Cracked up. Landed in a field full of holes. Had to crate it and ship it." "But, gee, Donlin, you look pale! Get hurt? Been laid up?"

"None. I've been in the jug," he stated baldly.

Some one chuckled. Another said, "G'wan."

"No, it's the truth," insisted Donlin. "Thirty days for assault and battery. I'll tell you how it was."

So he told them of his ordeal over the lava. There were quick sympathetic nods from his listeners. They knew what a nerve-smashing thing a situation like that can be. After he had told of making the railroad and cracking up amid the "dog" holes he paused, scowling.

"But the assault and battery, where does that come in?" one of the pilots asked.

CLUBBING RATES

	Regular	With Champion
Toronto Daily Star	\$6.00	\$7.35
Toronto Daily Globe & Mail	\$5.00	\$6.35
Toronto Evening Telegram	\$5.00	\$6.35
Montreal Family Herald and Weekly Star	\$1.00	\$2.85

WE NEED YOUR HELP—THIS YEAR! EVERY YEAR!

Needy children from all over the Province are treated regardless of race, creed or financial circumstance.

This policy has been continued for over 60 years in the firm belief that everyone who understands the facts would want this great work to continue . . . would agree that no Ontario child should be denied a chance for health or escape from deformity if mere money makes the difference.

Over 95% of our beds are in Public Wards. The Hospital receives no support from the Toronto Federation for Community Service because patients are accepted from all parts of the Province.

We must therefore appeal to a humane and generous public to take care of an annual deficit . . . this year it is \$68,000.00.

Please mail a donation to the Appeal Secretary, 67 College Street, Toronto.

The Hospital for Sick Children

Subscribe for the Champion!



Every morning in the year famous surgeons come to our operating rooms to donate their services. More than 8,000 operations are performed annually. But there are many extra services and the maintenance of this service yields a small revenue—hardly a heart's content.



Since 1925 the service rendered by the Hospital has more than doubled. Last year 24,000 individual treatments were given. This service yields a small revenue—hardly a heart's content.