

The Canadian Champion

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

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NOTICE!—In order to publish THE CHAMPION on time every Thursday, all copy for items of news and advertisements MUST be in our hands not later than WEDNESDAY NIGHT to ensure publication of same on Thursday. Please, note this fact.

**COUNTY OF HALTON
1937 - LOCAL COURTS CALENDAR - 1937**

Place of Sitting	Day of Sitting	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	Apr.	May	June	Sept.	Nov.	Dec.
1 Milton	Friday	8	5	7	25	17	17	17	17	17
2 Oakville	Friday	9	6	8	26	18	18	18	18	18
3 Georgetown	Wednesday	10	7	9	27	19	19	19	19	19
4 Acon	Thursday	11	8	10	28	20	20	20	20	20
5 Burlington	Monday	12	9	11	29	21	21	21	21	21

May, June and September Courts will open at 9 a.m. standard time.
All other Courts at 10 a.m. standard time.

County of Halton
County Court: Sitting, without Jury, 6th of April and 5th of October, 10 a.m., and 15 a.m. at other times as may be required for the dispatch of business.
Audit of Criminal Justice Accounts, 11th January, 2nd April, 2nd July, 4th October, 10 a.m.
By order W. I. DICK, Milton,
Clerk of the Peace

Chukar, Native of India,

Found in the Far North
The chukar, sometimes called red legged partridge, is a native of India and is found as far north as the Mongolian countries. It is a bird of more or less high altitudes and frequently ranges as high as 16,000 feet, writes Albert Stoll, Jr., in the Detroit News.
The color of the plumage is grayish-brown with a bluish tinge. A black border beginning above the eyes runs along the head and neck and across the throat and encircles a light buff patch of feathers. The eyes are dark brown circled by red skin and the beak is red, brown and red legs. Except during the breeding season it is difficult to distinguish between the male and female. In size it is larger than our quail but smaller than ruffed grouse. There are a number of sub-species of the chukar but they are more or less similar in size and plumage.
In commenting on the chukar and its habits, an authority says:
The chukars feed on grains, grasses, buds, insects, and fruit. There is no evidence that these birds severely damage crops.
Over their wide range the chukars inhabit very different types of cover but they prefer open and dry, barren plains or high mountain slopes. They seem to shun areas of heavy rainfall and thick cover.
The birds normally lay ten to twelve eggs. They are swiftness and low, fast flyers that others and shy. Some authorities say that they lie well to a dog, others state that they are very difficult to approach. The chukars are quite aggressive and might offer severe competition for food and cover to the pheasant or Hungarian partridge. In confinement they generally kill other species of quail and pheasant and often injure or kill each other.

Queen Bee Is Greatest of the World's Mothers
A beehive is a perfect matriarchy, the queen bee laying claim to the title of the greatest mother in the world, asserts a writer in Literary Digest. Every one of the 50,000 inhabitants of the hive is her offspring. The queen is the only perfectly developed female in the hive. The workers are partially developed females. Truly regal, the queen deigns not even to feed herself; that is the task of a dozen worker attendants who swarm about her, taking care of every want. The queen's life is an incessant round of egg-laying; on her fecundity depends the life, safety and happiness of the hive. The worker bee lives but six weeks in the busy summer-time, the queen from three to five years, during which she lays 1,500,000 eggs.
Worker bees in the average hive die at the rate of 1,000 a day; 2,000 new ones hatch daily. From May to September, the active period of the hive, the queen lays 2,000 eggs every twenty-four hours, eats three times her own weight in food daily. Her attendants range around her in a circle, all facing the queen as dictated by court custom, leading her respectfully over the honey-comb cells which have been prepared to receive the eggs which will hatch into workers, drones or queens.

Strange Superstitions Recognized by Sailor
Many strange superstitions from the distant past are inherited by the sailor, and even in days of steel and steam his outlook is influenced by them.
From time immemorial, observes a writer in the Montreal Herald, sailors have believed that three chickens are precious. Woe betide the man who slays one of "Mother Carey's Chickens!" The fate of the man who shot the albatross is well-known.
But there are other superstitions concerning sea birds. Many sailors, for instance, believe that they are the wandering souls of evil-doers condemned to continual movement. Some believe they carry the souls of masters of lost ships, plaintively crying in the still watches of the night until their bodies shall be carried to the land for Christian burial.
The small gray gulls which fly swiftly up and down the Bosphorus, near the Golden Horn, skimming close to the surface of the water, without ever seeming to alight, are said by sailors to be the souls of wicked captains of ships sentenced to wander thus till the Day of Judgment.

Ruined Man Who Built It
Luca Pitti, a Florentine merchant whose riches could compete with the Strozzi and Medici families, began the Pitti palace in Florence in 1440.
One day at table with his friends, he bet that he would build a palace large enough to inclose in its courtyard the Strozzi palace, and that it would have windows larger than the coach entrance of the Medici palace. His palace was to be more beautiful than any of his friends or rivals could build.
The old story says that on the day the new palace was ready, he invited a hundred of his envious friends to dine with him, and to prove that the task had not ruined his fortune, he gave them all sacks of gold to sit on at table.

Chrysanthemum Held Sacred
In China the chrysanthemum is revered as a sacred thing, and pilgrimages are made yearly to the River Kai where natives drink the petal-strewn waters in the hope of gaining long life. The type of chrysanthemum which grows there is a tiny plant or bush, with blossoms little larger than a "bachelor button." It is called chrysanthemum indicum and is a far cry from the giant ostrich feather types we grow in the United States. Whereas we wear our flowers and decorate our homes with them, the ancients worshipped them in Japan a yearly festival is held in their honor, and which time a festive drink is made from the petals. The imperial emblem of Japan represents a sixteen-petaled chrysanthemum.

As the Tree Lives
Every living cell of tree is at all times consuming food, breathing, and giving off waste. Trees store their food during the summer in their stems, limbs, trunks, and roots. It is carried about in the sap. Oxygen is constantly absorbed by the tree, and carbon dioxide is given off. This "breathing" results in the liberation of some heat. In the spring the tree must draw further on its reserve food supply to open its buds and put out its new leaves. It is in the new leaves that food is again manufactured.

Ozone Form of Oxygen
Ozone is a form of oxygen. The molecules of the ordinary oxygen of the air are built of two oxygen atoms. The molecules of ozone consist of three of such atoms. As a result of this difference of structure ozone contains considerably more chemical energy than does oxygen and is far less stable. It is a gas with a faint blue color and is formed when oxygen or its compounds are acted upon by certain sources of intense energy, such as a silent electric discharge, or fluorescence, or certain wave lengths of ultraviolet light. It is an excellent absorber for ultraviolet light, under the influence of which it is ionized, or partly broken down into electrically charged particles.

The Violoncello
The violoncello, tuned an octave below the viola, has longer, thicker strings. The generous 37 $\frac{1}{2}$ of the sound box with its ample room for air vibrations makes a dark and sonorous tone. In the mass of orchestral tone, the cello is an effective instrument due to its warmth, its range of more than three octaves and the singing quality that makes it an outstanding feature. It has a short, heavy bow and the left hand technique is entirely different from that of either violin or viola.

Cuckoo Clock First Made by Black Forest Pioneer
No hanging clock has ever attained the popularity of the cuckoo clock, beloved by the people of every land. It is the clock of children, as "grandfather" is of their elders. The latter is more inclined to prove a melancholy companion.
There is nothing melancholy about the cuckoo. When this sprightly bird pops out from his little hole not only do the youngsters get a thrill, but even the elders take notice of it. There is a feeling vision of Alpine peaks, lordly pines and babbling mountain rivulets.
The first cuckoo clock, according to a writer in the Montreal Herald, was made more than 200 years ago by a village clockmaker in the Black Forest. He was Anton Kelterer, and he was one of the pioneers who started the manufacture in that region. The clockmaker worked at his own bench, then in a short cottage, and produced everything by hand.
There are varieties of bird clocks produced in the Black Forest, from blackbirds which whistle realistically, to nightingales, which keep up a sustained trill. But none has rivaled the cuckoo in popularity.

Queen Elizabeth Leader of Fashion Many Years

Queen Elizabeth was a leader of fashion during the many years she ruled over England, observes a writer in the Detroit News. She was vain about her dress, and it is recorded that she had 3,000 gowns. During some years of her reign, hardly a month passed that she did not add 20 or 30 new dresses to her wardrobe.
It was the custom during Elizabeth's time for women to wear petticoats under their gowns, with padding about the hips. Their clothing gave them a "bell shape" from the waist down.
During the second half of the reign, the "Farthingale" costume came into favor. A whalebone "wheel" was suspended from the waist, and it caused the underskirts, petticoat and dress to bulge out. In addition the woman of fashion wore a kind of wooden corset.
In early years of Elizabeth's reign a simple frill about the neck was common; but later the large neck-ruff grew popular.
The coming of starch made large ruffs possible. The people of England, it seems, did not know how to make or use starch until six years after Elizabeth came to the throne. The knowledge was brought from the continent.
An English writer of the time called starch "the devil's liquor," and he went on to tell how the ruffs, after being washed in starch, would stand "stiff about the neck."
The queen's hair, we are told, was red or reddish; and many women in the kingdom dyed their hair in the effort to make it look of the same color.

First Peruvian Flag Is of Red, White and Green
Shortly after landing with his victorious army in Peruvian bay (since then known as Independence bay) the Liberator San Martin saw the incompatibility of the old insignia of Spain with the independence of Peru, and thus, on October 21, 1820, he issued in Lima a decree providing that, pending the establishment of the independent government, the flag of the country should be white and red, divided by diagonal lines into four triangular fields, the upper and lower white, and the lateral red; in the center was a coat of arms formed by an oval crown of laurel with a sun within. Rising from behind a range of mountains bordering a calm sea, this was likewise the first coat of arms of Peru.
The first Peruvian flag, states a writer in the Washington Post, is the result of a sublime conception, in which were embodied the local traditions, an indomitable patriotism and a lofty political aspiration. Red symbolized the blood of the patriots, and white, right and justice. The laurel crown was the military representation of triumph and glory. The mountains symbolized the new Andean nation, emerged from the tranquil waters of the Pacific, the green of which expressed the hope of the Peruvians striving for a noble ideal. The sun was the deity of the Incas, awakening from a sleep of three centuries.

Leaning Tower May Stand
The campanile of Pisa's cathedral, world famous as the Leaning Tower, has been steadily increasing the degree of "lean" in recent years, and the danger of collapse was so imminent that the water was pumped from about its foundations and cement forced in under high pressure. It seems likely that the tower, begun by the architect Bonannus in 1174, will endure for a few more centuries. The question whether the tower's peculiarity was accident or design is frequently asked. Experts generally agree that the southeast sink while building operations were in progress, and that afterwards the tower was purposely counterbalanced in the other direction from the third story upward.

Clever Spy Trick
During the World war, secrets leaked constantly from a certain embassy in Europe. All persons in it were shadowed and frequently their clothes were examined by experts. But no evidence was found. Finally, says Collier's Weekly, all were locked in for a month, yet secrets still passed to the enemy. Eventually it was discovered that the spy was the scrubwoman who, when washing the windows, "talked" to her assistant, hidden in a house across the street, through the various strokes she used in drying the glass.

Gown of Abigail Adams
John Adams had been appointed to arrange a treaty with England and when he and his wife, Abigail, were presented at court she was wearing "in an elegant but decently plain gown, white lutestring, covered and full trimmed with white crepe, festooned with lilac ribbon and moontop lace, over a hoop of enormous extent; a narrow train of about three yards in length to the gown waist; ruffle cuffs, ruffle lace-truffles, a very dressy cap with long lace lappets, two white plumes and a blond lace handkerchief." Mrs. Adams had two pearl pins in her hair and earrings and necklace of the same kind.

Flies Do Not Need Food
Food is not always necessary to adult flies, all their feeding and growth having been done in the larval stage.
The first cuckoo clock, according to a writer in the Montreal Herald, was made more than 200 years ago by a village clockmaker in the Black Forest. He was Anton Kelterer, and he was one of the pioneers who started the manufacture in that region. The clockmaker worked at his own bench, then in a short cottage, and produced everything by hand.
There are varieties of bird clocks produced in the Black Forest, from blackbirds which whistle realistically, to nightingales, which keep up a sustained trill. But none has rivaled the cuckoo in popularity.

They Never Come Back

By E. P. O'BRYAN
McClure Newspaper Syndicate
WNU Service.
OLD Pop Travers heard the news with bowed head. "He ain't ready yet," Gus Rubic said. "No use starting him before he's ready. I'll ruin him. Only thing you can do is run Sunbeam in his place."
Pop shook his head. "Wouldn't be no use. He's too old."
"Oh, I don't know about that, Pop. That old nag's got some speed in him yet. Better think it over."
Pop, veteran owner, at one time had boasted a string of fast horses second to none. Twice he had won the Kentucky Derby. But now he was down and out. The stock market crash had caught him unawares. Then, besides that, Mary's eyes had gone bad on her. He needed at least five thousand to send her to Austria for an operation and he didn't have it. His horses had rested in Sunbeam the Second, and he had just been told by his veteran trainer, Gus, who had been with him twenty years, that Sunbeam the Second wasn't ready. He'd have to run Sunbeam himself, 1928 Derby winner, retired these many years to the stud. Out of the crash Pop had saved but these two horses—one too young and untrained to run, the other too old. The handicap prize was better than \$10,000—more than enough to send Mary to Austria.
But Pop finally decided to let Sunbeam run. "All right," he told Gus. "I'll make the switch. I'm going to bring Paddy Day down from the ranch. I'll announce it this afternoon."
When the newspaper boys heard it they saw a story of a horse and rider from out of retirement. Paddy Day had ridden Sunbeam to victory in the Kentucky Derby. "Two Old Veterans Coming Out of Retirement to Ride in Classic," ran the headlines. "Famed Jockey to Ride 1928 Derby Winner."
Race fans grew enthusiastic. Two veterans to try for a comeback against a field of younger and faster rivals whetted their appetites for the dramatic. They all knew Sunbeam couldn't win, but down in their hearts they were praying that he would. Of course they didn't bet any money on him, but everyone would have lost gladly just to see the old veteran come back.
Pop never ran a horse that he didn't back to the full extent of his capital. The day before the race he bet his wad, amounting to a little over six hundred dollars, three hundred of which he had borrowed. The big money, however, was all on the favorites, and Sunbeam, in spite of the publicity, still remained twenty-to-one. No one had any faith in him, but they all wanted to see him try. That explained the presence at the track of some twenty thousand enthusiasts when the handicap lineup paraded before the stands.
Pop Travers stood at the rail chewing frantically at a frayed cigar. He watched the horses go by one by one. Sunbeam, he thought, was looking extremely well, with Paddy Day leading him a big wink, as of old. Sunbeam and Paddy were getting a big hand from the crowd. The review over, the horses lined up at the barrier. Hot Tip, the favorite, was fractious, hard to handle. Unfortunately he was lined up next to Sunbeam and the latter began acting up.
"Just like he used to do," Pop muttered to himself. "Just like he used to do before he went in there and ran the feet off all the others."
Then they were off—suddenly, Pop's heart quickened when the crowd began yelling for Sunbeam. It was just like old times, only different. They used to bet their money on him. Now they didn't think enough of his chances to bet on him, still they wanted to see him win.
Pop's hopes faded when they hit the quarter mile post. Sunbeam was buried in a cloud of dust. That wasn't like him. He had always been out front. That was one of his strong points—getting out front and staying there. The time he won the Derby he had led all the way. He had stamina then.
Then suddenly something startled the crowd. Pop didn't see it at first. Sunbeam was moving up!
When Pop saw what was happening he began gesticulating, flinging his arms wide and shouting. The thing he couldn't understand was Sunbeam's behavior. He had never seen a good horse when he had to come from behind, and today he was showing a reversal of form. He was a changed horse.
Behind Sunbeam dropped Sergeant Dewey, then Cartwheel and Star Gazer. Down the home stretch he came like a charging demon to challenge the leader, Hot Tip. At the mile post but two lengths separated them.
For the last hundred yards they fought it out neck and neck, then the great Sunbeam began reaching out. A rush of reserve strength carried him forward by a half length.
The crowd was now on its feet, watching a battle that was to make track history, while on the far side of the track a trainer stood tense, witnessing the re-enactment of a scene of long ago. It had been just like that when Sunbeam won his first race. The thing Pop didn't know—yet—and which the crowd would never know, was that the original Sunbeam had suddenly developed a strained tendon and that Gus had substituted another and greater Sunbeam who had so dramatically made his bow to the public in the guise of his famed sire, whose brilliant performance he had surpassed.

Dam Is 225 Feet High
The El Campan dam near San Diego, Calif., is regarded as the largest rock-and-earth dam ever constructed. It is 225 feet high, 1,800 feet long and about a quarter of a mile thick at the base.

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THE SNAPSHOT GUILD
Photography, Time and Sentiment

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight!



THIS is an address to camera-towning parents to remind them of a few facts relative to the sentimental value of photography and the mental value of photographic records of their children. The first is that in the case of parents the most treasured of all photographs are those of their children. When the children grow up, photographic records of how they looked as children become with the years more and more precious. Any doubt about that?
Fact number two is that parents who are camera owners have the means of obtaining pictures of their children at any time throughout those childhood years.
The third and most important is that since Time is not a motion picture reel that can be repeated or turned back to a given scene, too many parents let Time slip by with many pictures taken that will make the record of their children's constantly changing appearance. Billie, aged ten, is quite a different looking person from the one he was at eight, six, four and two. If years are allowed to pass without pictures being taken of him, memories of how he looked at different ages survive only vaguely. Remember that mental pictures fade and perish but images on photographic paper endure. Moreover, Billie, too will cherish those pictures, and so will his future wife and their children.
Here are some important facts, too, relative to the picture-taking. The most interesting and revealing pictures of children are informal ones, showing their natural manner attitudes and unpremeditated poses, taken unawares. These are the ones you like most to look at. Such pictures are easy to obtain outdoors when the children are at play intent upon the fun they are having. Now, at those times, it takes only a few moments to slip out of the house, camera in hand, and snap them. Don't let the children discover your purpose if you can help it, because they will most surely stop everything with a shout, "Wait a minute! Mummy's going to take our pictures!" and start to pose.
The "pitchers" may not seem anything remarkable when a day or two later they come back from the photographer because they merely show the children just as you now see them every day. But wait a few years! Then they will be priceless! Don't neglect to get those snapshots from time to time, and particularly when birthdays come around, and don't forget to date the prints. Remember: it only takes a few minutes to stop out with your camera and obtain these precious remembrances.
John van Guilder



TRAVEL ON A GRAY COACH BUS