

The SNAPSHOT GUILD

Snapshotter! Spring Has Come!



The family news photographer records the start of the spring baseball practice of a great team. The speed (7) ball was "caught" at 1/250 second at f.8.3.

Now comes the time of year when according to the poets, "Spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil," when "The joyous book of Spring lies open, writ in blossoms," when "Spring is in the world and all things are made new."

In the Spring, according to the meteorologists, the sky grows brighter, the sun stronger. According to the psychologists, the human urge for action also waxes stronger, and, according to the astrologers, Spring is an auspicious season.

Add these all up and the answer is that it is a grand time for picture taking. Beauty, light, action and omens of good luck—all fresh and new—what more promising conditions can an amateur photographer ask for?

So, if that camera has been hibernating in the closet all winter, get it out. Dust it off, clean the lens, load up and start shooting. With even half an eye at what you are shooting at, you are bound to get pictures that will bring you lasting satisfaction.

Pretty backgrounds of flowers and foliage are waiting. Children are out

...Good Clothes... MADE TO YOUR MEASURE

You select your cloth—Navy, Grey or a Beautiful Tweed or an English Worsted. See the materials at

Galbraith's Dry Goods Store
MILTON



but...ask your friends.

You'll be surprised at the number of people who really want you to have a telephone. Many of them don't even know you but they're interested nevertheless because of what your telephone means to their service. Too few telephones curtails service and the value of each individual instrument as well. The more telephones in service, the greater the value to each user. From the viewpoints of both service cost and service scope, every farmer is interested in seeing that every other farmer has a telephone.

NEW LOW RATES
for farm telephone service
are now in effect!



ADVERTISE IN THE CHAMPION

Off the Gold Standard

By FRED TOOLE
McClure Newspaper Syndicate,
WNU Service.

JOAN FARNELL, fidgeting with her handbag, waited before the Lamb and Lion Inn in New York's Greenwich village, and anxiously scanned every passing face. Clearly she was on edge. When a hand touched her elbow, she jumped.

"Heavens, what nerves!" Amy Easton greeted her. "What's all the commotion? On the phone this morning you got all excited about something and then wouldn't tell me about it. Do you know it made me jittery all day that! I jessed up three permutations at the snop? Well, then?"

"Oh—let's go inside," Joan faltered. "We can't talk out here." They entered the inn and crossed the room, dimly lit, darkly paneled, decorated to resemble the main room of an old English tavern, and took their regular table. Their practice of once a week lunching together at this quaint place kept them as intimate as when they were schoolmates, though now they lived and worked in different parts of Manhattan.

"Well, what's it all about?" pursued Amy after the waiter had left with their order.

"It's Bill," said Joan, her hands twisting on the table. "I'm losing him."

Amy relaxed with a sigh of relief. "What, in a week?" she smiled. "You're all upset over nothing. You're only last Thursday you were telling me how near he was to proposing. It's just another girl, he'll be over that in a week."

"It's not just another girl, it's Georgia Maxwell."

Amy's smile dissolved into wide-eyed gravity.

Joan nodded. "That makes it pretty serious, doesn't it? Georgia Maxwell, star of 'The Charming Fraud' and a very charming fraud herself. Her gowns, her smile, her figure, are big enough attractions, but there is her hair, that 'cascade of golden floss' that even the critics are raving about. And Bill . . ." Her voice broke and there was a moment's silence as the waiter arrived with their soup. When he had left, Amy said quietly: "Bill, too."

"Yes," nodded Joan miserably. "He saw her at a party the drama critic of his paper took him to, and he's seen me every night since then to rave about that hair of hers. He's even written poems to 'her tresses, threads of golden dawn.' Quiet, serious Bill! It's the most terrific crush I've ever seen anyone have, and when Bill gets an idea—"

she choked and looked down at her soup, then pushed it aside and clasped her hands. "What I dread terribly is that she will notice him and he will amuse her. Oh, I'm nearly frantic!"

"There, there!" soothed Amy. "Don't you worry. We'll work out some way to bring Bill back to his senses."

"That's just what I wanted to talk to you about," said Joan brightening. "Working in a beauty shop you may be able to do this—"

They talked for ten minutes and two courses and finally Amy nodded vigorously. "We'll try it," she said. "I'll try to do it and have it here for you next week."

Two weeks later Joan and Amy again sat down at their table in the Lamb and Lion. Joan was now covered with smiles and plainly thrilled with happiness. This time Amy was on edge. She chased the waiter away with their order and leaned forward excitedly.

"Will you tell me before I burst?" she implored. "I know that what you suspected was true, and I can see it's all fixed up between you and it'll, but what happened? After trying to help bring you two together I ought to know something of what's going on."

"Well, here's what went on," smiled Joan. She pulled off her left glove and extended her hand across the table. Amy stared at the bit of platinum and diamond that glistened on her finger. Her face expressed amazement, then dawning comprehension, then joy.

"Joan, darling, she cried. "This is just marvelous! Our plan worked perfectly, then?"

"I'll say!" beamed Joan. "I took the lock of hair you managed to get a week ago from Georgia Maxwell's beauty shop to test at yours, and when we found our guess was correct I showed it to Bill that night and told him whose it was."

"And was he surprised?"

"That, and lots of things. It isn't much fun to have your castle of dreams come crashing about your ears. He looked away from me a moment, but then turned back with that little grin of his. 'I guess this sort of puts me off the gold standard,' he said. The rest of the week he was so attentive and—oh, so lovable—and last night he gave me this."

Any gazed at the ring and gave a sigh of pleasure. Then she said: "Let's have another look at what did all this for you, if you have it with you."

"Here it is," said Joan, reaching in to her bag. "I think I'll always keep it." She put on the table a small loop of hair. "I can't blame Bill a bit for forgetting about a girl when he saw that, especially when it was her hair that attracted him in the first place."

Together they looked at the bank of hair between them. Its golden dye removed, it was the color of a rusty tin can, and about as glamorous.

Rare Insanities
A rare form of insanity is the fear of doing the most trivial things in an improper manner or order, says Collier's. One example was the case of a man who required an hour each morning to determine which sock should be put on first and at least two hours each night to figure out the right way to remove his clothes. After undressing, he sometimes redressed himself and started again in the belief that the previous removal of his clothes had been in the wrong order.

Leprosy Known in Egypt as Early as in 4000 B. C.

Leprosy, curiously enough, to the Israelites, was more a moral than a physical affliction. Segregation was purely ceremonial. If the leper was fortunate enough to have his symptoms disappear a "sin offering" was prescribed by the Book for atonement. For a poor man, the holocaust usually consisted of two pigeons—one pigeon being killed over running water. Then, according to the law the sick man was sprinkled with the blood of the victim before he was allowed admittance into communion with the Children of the Promise.

Historically, states a writer in the Washington Post, leprosy was a known to the Egyptians as early as 4000 B. C. In fact many authorities agree that it made its first dread appearance in the land of the Pharaohs. Pliny, the younger, writing of the spread of the disease in ancient Rome emphatically states that leprosy was unknown to the empire until the era of Pompey the Great, when it was imported from Egypt. Herodotus had another version linking leprosy with Persia where, he writes, a popular belief was given wide credence linking the afflicted with those who had "sinned" against the sun.

Few countries have been free from the ravages of this ghoulish disease. America is not an exception. According to well-known authorities leprosy predated the arrival of Columbus, its existence being proved by pieces of ancient pottery representing deformities suggestive of the disease.

Canary Bird Hails From Islands Claiming Name

The canary bird is a creation of man but their ancestors did hail from the islands for which they are named, according to a writer in the Los Angeles Times. A story is told that early in the Sixteenth century, thousands of small yellowish green birds inhabiting these islands were captured and taken aboard a merchant ship. Off the coast of Italy the boat was wrecked and the birds freed, taking refuge on the island Elba. Here under favorable climatic conditions they are supposed to have multiplied in such numbers that the volume of their song attracted the attention of the natives who, realizing their value, shipped them to Italy, where they were first bred in captivity.

This is but tradition, for there is no authentic record of their existing on Elba and it is generally agreed that the true wild canary has never been found anywhere but in the Canary and Madeira islands. However, it is acknowledged that the birds were first domesticated in Italy.

The wild bird is very small, of slender build with feathers of greenish yellow, gray and black.

Lucky and Unlucky Days Recorded by Astrologers

The ancient astrologers kept a record of events which occurred on certain days. They definitely stated that some days were lucky and others were unlucky. This list of lucky and unlucky days existed long before the calendar. It was used by the Babylonians in 200 B. C., according to a writer in Pearson's London Weekly.

The Egyptians also had a list of lucky and unlucky days. These lists were handed down until they reached the astrologers of the Middle Ages, who changed them to fit our calendar.

Monday represented peace, Wednesday success, Thursday courage, and Sunday rest and happiness. These were lucky. Tuesday, the day of Mars, Friday, the day of Venus, and Saturday, the day of Saturn, were unlucky.

The Arabs disagreed, insisting that Friday was lucky, as it was the day of marriage. The modern astrologers disregard the calculations of their ancient forerunners and also the decisions of the astrologers of the Middle Ages. Modern astrologers claim that the signs under which one is born decide one's lucky day.

Bees' Eyes

The impression that bees are attracted to flowers brightest to human eyes has been proved erroneous by experimenters of the American. They have learned that bees and other insects see colors beyond the ultraviolet end of the spectrum. Ultraviolet, to the human eye, is black, the absence of light. When photographed through ultraviolet filters, certain flowers reveal patterns very different from the colors seen by the human retina.

Gen. Sam Houston's Activities

Gen. Sam Houston with 743 war troops defeated Santa Anna with 1,600 Mexican veterans, thus winning the independence of Texas. General Houston was elected president of Texas in 1836. The independent republic was admitted to the Union in 1845, and sent General Houston to the United States senate. He was elected governor of the state in 1859. He tried to prevent Texas joining the Confederacy. Southern sympathizers succeeded in deposing him in 1861. He died in 1863.

First Automobile Race

The first automobile race ever run was on June 22, 1894, from Paris to Rouen, France. The distance was 78 miles. The pioneer race in the United States was a reliability run in Chicago, under the auspices of the Times Herald. The date was November 28, 1895; the distance 54.36 miles, from the heart of Chicago, into the suburbs and return. It was won by J. F. Duryea, in a Duryea car. The speed average was 7 1/2 miles per hour.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

HOME IMPROVEMENT LOANS

The Bank of Toronto will make loans up to \$2,000 to responsible persons who are property owners, for home improvements.

Full information regarding advances under the new provisions of the Dominion Housing Act will be gladly supplied.

Recognizing the importance of the measures recently introduced by the Government, The Bank of Toronto willingly offers its co-operation.

THE BANK OF TORONTO

Incorporated 1855

Sport Fishermen Ready for Season

Canadian fishermen, bored to tears after telling each other all winter about the big ones that got away, will soon be able to make a fresh start. Spring brings the opening of fishing seasons throughout Canada, and indications from inquiries from sportsmen and information from guides pouring into the offices of A. O. Seymour, general tourist agent, Canadian Pacific Railway, Montreal, are that game fish are going to have a hard time of it.

More people are planning early vacations to take advantage of the fishing while it is at its best. Reports from Canadian Pacific Railway hotels in the Maritimes and Quebec, the Devil's Gap and French River Bungalow Camps in Ontario, and bungalow camps and hotels in the Canadian Rockies, as well as favored fishing centres on Canadian Pacific lines indicate that sportsmen are on the move again. The number of Canadians travelling within Canada and of Americans visiting this country especially for fishing will run into many thousands. In a country the size of Canada, and with its variety of fish and conditions, opening seasons vary widely in the different provinces, a fact shown in fishing booklets obtainable from all Canadian Pacific Railway agents.

Building a New Home?

Then you should know these facts about the importance of installing the right type of heating system . . .

YOU want everything in your new home as perfect as possible—for comfort and convenience. Then remember—7 or 8 months a year the furnace is the heart of home comfort.

It will well repay you to see that your contractor's specifications call for Clare's HECLA Furnace. The Hecla keeps the house abundantly supplied with clean, humidified warm air—because the famous steel-ribbed firepot has THREE TIMES the radiating surface of ordinary firepots. This extra radiation extracts every bit of usable heat from fuel and, by test, saves 1 ton of fuel in 7. This 15% saving will pay interest on a good many dollars.

Also—Hecla can be changed at any time into a modern air conditioning system to give controlled home comfort—winter and summer.

Hecla Furnaces may be purchased on easy terms—either through the Government Home Improvement Plan, or the Hecla Time Payment Plan.

Patented HECLA features which make it Canada's Outstanding Furnace.

The Hecla is engineered to give most heat at lowest cost. The steel-ribbed firepot—with 300% greater radiation surface—is the ONLY firepot in Canada guaranteed for 20 years. FUSED JOINTS last as long as the furnace and positively prevent escaping gas or dust. AUTOMATIC HUMIDIFICATION assures correctly-humidified warm air—without attention. These and many other features make it wise to investigate Hecla superiority before deciding on any other method.

Proper installation is of utmost importance in heating a house. Hecla heating engineers plan the installation to suit your house—whether still in blueprint form, or already built. Then, trained workmen finish the job with the efficiency of long experience. Hecla installations make warm, cosy, beautiful homes, because Hecla engineers make house-heating a science, not a gamble.

CLARE'S HECLA FURNACE
SAVES 1 TON IN 7

The complete Hecla story of economy and efficiency will truly amaze you. Come in and see us. Or phone or write for booklets.

S. A. FAY, PHONE 205, MILTON.

Trick

By WILLIAM J. BRENNAN
McClure Newspaper Syndicate,
WNU Service.

SADIE'S BURNS managed to hit gayly enough until she lunged at the receiver—then lost herself in a den and absorbing thought. So Duncan Beach was bringing Ann Dunn to a party tomorrow night! Sadie had dropped that bit of information as routine detail, concealing a thrill or, perhaps, even a wild taunt. She remembered that Alice's attempt to attract Duncan Beach had not met with outstanding success.

But Ann Dunn—well, that was something else again. She was almost sure to be ambitious and clever enough to appeal to Duncan's vanity, something which Sadie herself had never considered. Besides, Ann Dunn seemed possessed of an instinctive, devastating flair for clothes. There was no doubt about it, Ann Dunn could take Duncan Beach in her stride if she really set her mind to it.

But why should Sadie care who became Duncan Beach and Ann Dunn? Hadn't she had her chance? Why should she care? She had cared! She was just the trouble, she admitted, herself desperately. She did care much more than she would ever want anyone to know.

A smile flitted across her face, but eyes lighted with sudden hope. Of course it was an old trick and a simple one. Just old and simple, but so that it might work. She picked up the phone and called Bob Eldred number.

Kind and unselfish Bob who had been her stand-by for what seemed ages, and who joked about his father promising him a partnership in the clothing store when and if he should get married.

"Hello, Bob. This is simple Sadie. How do I look?"

"Don't you ever get tired of mind reading? But I really am in a jam and it's either you help me out or it's the white flag for me."

"Ann Dunn?"

"Why, Bob, how did you find out? Are people talking?"

"—and acting, lady. She's leading you by two lengths and hugging the rail. Get it?"

"Precisely. And that's just where you enter the scene," she told him. "There's a party tomorrow night at Alice's. Call me at eight," she commanded.

"There was a moment's pause. Sadie knew that Duncan and Bob were not the best of friends, to put it mildly. And just at that moment it occurred to her that she would lose Bob's friendship if she married Duncan Beach.

"This is positively the last time, kid. I'll be there at eight and you have your ducks on," he ordered in a tone that she had never heard him use before.

Sadie surveyed herself in the oval mirror on the other side of the sitting room. Her shimmering, ice blue satin clinging tensely to her figure in approved fashion. She had selected this dress because Duncan had always admired it, and regretted that her face had not the classic beauty displayed by others, particularly by Ann Dunn. The best she could say of it was that it was a healthy face and reflected her gaiety.

Her wrist watch showed that it was five past eight. Bob was usually on time. Then she heard his step outside and ran to the door. Bob scooped her up and kissed her with earnestness and force before she could object. "Why, Bob! What on earth are you trying to do?" she asked, momentarily stunned.

"If I'm to arouse the spirit of green-eyed jealousy in Duncan Beach I have to rehearse for it, don't I? And that's the game, isn't it? He looked down at her with amusement.

"Why, yes," she faltered, "but not here." Then she laughed. "But you did well."

"I've never had any complaints," he bragged.

Duncan Beach did not let down his resistance until his fourth dance with Sadie. "When can I call, Sadie?" His eyes were pleading with her for forgiveness.

She smiled up at him. "How about Sunday night, if you're not too busy?"

"I'll be there," he whispered.

Then she was riding over country hills with Bob in the moonlight, happy over her success, which somehow didn't seem so important now.

"What was the yank for leaving the party?" Bob asked.

"There's always a right moment for everything. Bob, and I picked it for leaving." Then she heard herself adding with some surprise. "Not that it was so important, now that I have what I wanted."

Bob stopped the car suddenly and took her in his arms. Before she could protest his lips touched hers tenderly. Then desperately and breath-takingly in a kiss that shook them both.

"Bob, have you gone plain crazy tonight?"

"Not if taking what I want can be called crazy." He faced her in the moonlight. "I'm tired of carrying you around for somebody else's convenience. And, as you say, there's always a right moment for everything."

His face came closer to hers and somehow she found herself waiting anxiously, expectantly. She had heard that real love is where you find it, but never until now did she believe it. She could feel his breath warm on her cheeks. "And sometimes those moments come two or three at a time, Bob," she murmured through parted lips.

Beeswax
Beeswax, widely used in arts and industries, is little produced by American hive-keepers. Bees consume ten pounds of honey to manufacture a pound of wax. Consequently, beekeepers strain out the honey and return the comb to the hive for refilling. The United States imports 700,000 pounds of beeswax annually, says Literary Digest, mostly from Brazil, Portugal, Chile, Cuba, Egypt, the Dominican Republic, Uruguay and Ethiopia.