

"Our blessings are as the star-dust Stress by the hand of God."

Cluster of stars in a winter sky : : : shadows of dusk drifting into night . : . shimmer of snow in the starlight, on field and roadway and roof ... glow of lighted windows patterning the darkness . . . and distant chimes trembling through the utillness.

* Christmastide ... and the New Year brokening . . . a fitting season for quiet thought and thankfulness.

* For peaceful days and quiet nights . . . for homes secure and the laughter of little children . . . for food enough and to spare ... for the right to live as free men live ...

Let us be grateful.

* For the bounty of the harvest gathered in ... for the fertility of our fields ... for the rich resources of mine and forest and waterway . . . for the glorious strength of this, our Canada : : :

Let us give thanks.

* Of all we have endured . . . the sacri-Sees we have made . . . of unaccustomed task and sterper effort . . . and of our high resolve that freedom shall forever Live . . .

Let us be proud.

* In all we shall endeavour . . . in all we must achieve . . . in journey through the darker days that come before the dawn ... in our unshaken faith in victory ...

Let us be unafraid.

* Nigh upon two thousand years ago, a Star led the Wise Men to the mangerthrone at Bethlehem, there to bail the advent of the Prince of Peace. So may the steadfast stars inspire us to mightier effort and to greater sacrifice . . . that evil may be overthrown and that the day may swiftly dawn

"When war is not, and hate is dead. When nations shall in consort tread The quiet ways of peace . . ."

THE HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER COMMISSION OF ONTARIO



Chapman's Drug Store

Georgetown

Distance call home at Christ-

mas is the big event of the

day. He's counting on it. Let's

make sure that he, and

It means giving up our own

Christmas telephoning, so that war-crowded lines will

be freed to handle the fload

Should you find you must

And especially avoid all non-essential calls to distant

the war is a non-stop job, and

rgent messages must go

Virginia O'Hanlon" Virginia: Your little frames are wrong They have been affected by the ske a ism or a skeptical age. They do s except what they are Lacy chink that nothing each be seen to is not complete abid by their hole meds. Virginia, was not they be ment's at all other, are letter in than ent, in his intellect as companed with the boundless world about contropand to shale trutaand ky wienge

The exists as entirely as love and generosity and develon exist, and you know that they a sound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alast How dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claust It L'OK him, that Long "lea would be as dreary as if there were

, "no Virginias. There would be no child-Like faith then, no poetry, no romance ym., make tolerable this existence. We toots uld have no enjoyment, except in she you and sight. The eternal light with sensein childhood fills the world would

which San guished. be extir Tcilleve in Santa Claust You Not bok et well not believe in fairiest might as rada in all the chimneys on to watch the to catch Santa Claus to watch dret, what would that prove? Christmas tecel Santa Claus, but that is coming downthe here is no Santa Claus. Nobody sees ares things in the world no sign that tems, neither children nor :Nd you ever see fuiries are those that men can see. If the lawn? Of course not, dancing on the thoof that they are not but that's no pri Parhere are unseen and there. Nobody ca. Parhere are unseen and all the wonders if infortid.

unsecable in the v mente baby's rattle and You tear apart too no noice inside, but see what makes the strong the unseen there is a vell covilari a strongest man. world which not thomm strength of all nor even the united par hat ever lived, the strongest men thanky faith, fancy.

Greetings:

Tolyou and yours forga

Very Merry Christmas

and a

Happy and Victorious New Year

Dept. Store

Main & Mill Sto.

hood -The New York Sun.

Georgetown

THREE MONTHS IN JAIL that curtain and view and picture the supernal brauty and glory bryond. Is it all real? Ah. Virginia, in all this

No Banta Claust Thank Godt he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now. Virginia, nay, ten stole seventien hens from the home of thousand years from now, he will coninue to make glad the heart of child- to on suspended sentence for one!

world there is nothing else real and

tervals, and is only to keep company GIVEN CHICKEN THIEF with those people who are recommended by the police. It he gets into Wilfred Olichrist and James Moccon any more trouble, this charge will be faced Magistrate W. P. Woodliffe on entered against him. Gilchrist was

Monday morning on a chicken theft servenced to three months in jail with case The evidence showed that they hard labor. Charles Brown, Norval Moccon was let Many items of interest were left over year, he to report to the police at in-

WE MUST HOLD THE LINE!

On the home front the battle against inflation is now the most critical of all.

The winning of this battle will contribute much to winning the war.

It will contribute more than all else towards the solution of post-war problems.

The purpose of Price Control is to prevent inflation. Its purpose is to protect and maintain a basic standard of living.

A higher money income will not be of any advantage if, because prices are going up, our money buys less and less.

To win the battle against unemployment in the post-war period, we must first of all win the battle against inflation.

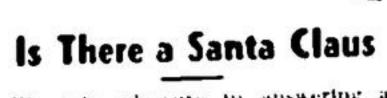
Salaries and wages are a large element, often the largest element, in the cost of everything we buy.

If the Price Ceiling breaks down, in the long run all stand to lose.

We <u>must</u> hold the line against inflation to assure victory in war.

We must hold the line to provide a solid foundation on which, after the war, to build a greater and a better Canada.

Otterwa, December 13, 1943



We take pleasure in answering at once and thus prominently the communication below, expressing at the came time out great gratification that the faithful author is numbered amon: the friends of this paper.

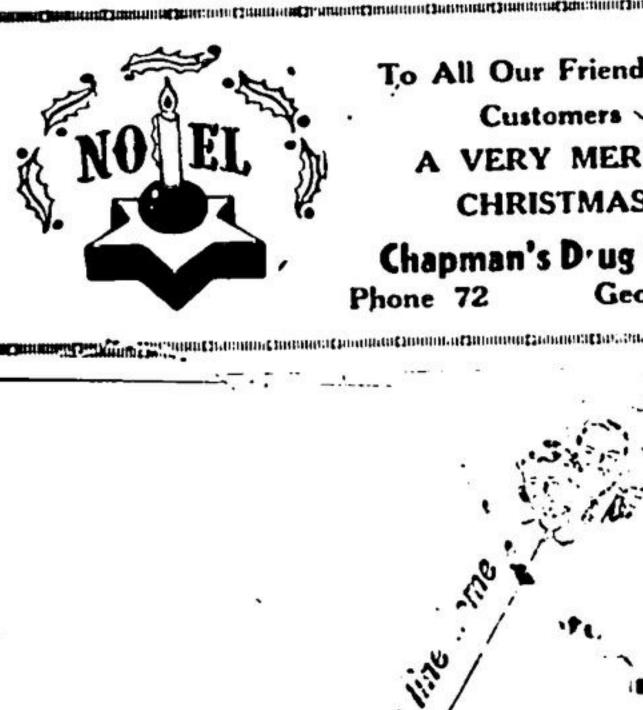
"Dear Editor - I am eight years old. "Some of my little friends ay there is no Santa Claus.

trapa says. "It you see it in The

Please tell me the truth, i there a

Yes, Vingma, there . a Santa

could tear apart. Onlany can push saide poetry, love, romance, ing





through. C'. Active Service Giving !" was to Words