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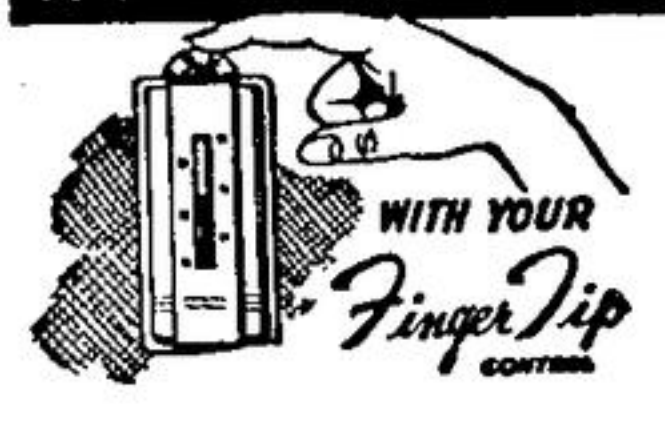
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## YOU CAN DECIDE NOW TO LIVE OR DIE

Most highway killings in Canada are caused by—and happen to—good drivers who disregard what they know. They do so, according to the Canadian Highway Safety Conference, on a sudden impulse to seize a hazardous opportunity.

There are countless tempting chances, as familiar to the motorist as his car's steering wheel. The Canadian Highway Safety Conference lists some of them:

The chance that the amber traffic light will not turn red before you get across. The "me first" urge to pass everything in sight. The equally selfish notion to play "poor driver" for a change and go so slow that traffic piles up dangerously behind. The impulse to step on it in spite of ice spots on the road. The challenge of the beatable freight train approaching a crossing. The stop sign that's over-cautious and the other one that dares you, late at night, when almost certainly no one else will be on the road. The temptation to see if you can't beat your best time on a familiar run.

The goading of an impatient passenger: "Whassa matter? Can't this crate move? Or are you an old woman?" The allure of the chance to pass on the right. The idiosyncrasy of weaving in and out of traffic. The hope that the stretch ahead, blanketed out by oncoming lights, has no pedestrians, no pot-holes, no unlighted jalopy. The chance that suddenly erratic brakes won't grab again until after you get home. The combination of shining wet road, worn tires and the belief that you can control a skid.

## Chatting..

with M. H. B.

IF I RECALL rightly, this time last year I mentioned typing "Chatting" amid Christmas wrapping debris piled high about me. This year I am one step ahead of myself. . . . just this morning I cleared off the dining room table. I can now smugly announce that the great majority of my gifts are wrapped and stacked in a neat pile in one corner of the dining room. They look so colourful and pretty sitting there. Just as if it had been no effort at all. But let me tell you it was—and always is—for me at any rate.

FOR I AM NO EXPERT at glamorous gift-wrapping. The ribbons go on my boxes four square, or not at all. And as for those pouffy ribbon bows some gals execute with such ease. . . . well — need I go into those frustrating sessions I have endured, measuring and holding the ribbon with thumb and little finger (or is it vice versa). Then as the experts will recall, next comes the cutting of the "V's." Your hand aches with effort and tension, but there are the beautiful looks of ribbon looking just the way they should and a glad sense of achievement lightens your suffering. . . . but not for long. . . . sure, you cut the V's, tie your ribbon tightly across it, and the big moment arrives to "puff" your bow. But does it puff? Not for it doesn't. . . . For a split second or two after my anxious fingers pry the loops up and out does it look lovely, then slowly, plop down it goes, ending up looking just like what it is — several loops of ribbon laboriously fashioned into a fancied-up version of a simple everyday bow. . . . So by gum, no more putting on airs for me. What my parcels get in the way of adornment are good old-fashioned, well tied, two loops. . . . And as for the corner to corner, let's get good and complicated while we're at it, four cross corner ribbon ties, I need say no more if you have ever tried them. You can well imagine what a mess I could get into, with the ribbons slipping all over the wrong places. . . . And it is! . . . for lack of instruction, either, it seems to me that practically every year, just after my parcels wrapped, some more skillful friends take pity and give me full and implicit instructions as to how glamorous gift wrapping is done. I can do it too, while they're watching. It's real easy. Once you know how. But the trouble is, I can't remember how long enough. . . . By the time Christmas rolls around the next year my struggles begin anew. . . . And it's usually me who ends up fit to be tied. . . .

played with toys in their leisure hours. A toy chariot and horse made of clay has been unearthed as well as a toy pig mounted on rollers which was found in an Egyptian valley excavation. The cornerstone of a Babylonian temple of 1100 B.C. revealed an ancient wheeled toy, a primitive model of many which amuse children today. . . . It seems that parents of many centuries ago encouraged children to save money. The first known "mechanical bank" is an alms box of China's Han dynasty. . . . And dolls always appeared to be a leading toy. Despite the laws of Islam, which forbid the representation of the human figure, dolls are seen throughout the Mohammedan world. Aischa, the nine year old wife of the Prophet himself, brought her dolls when she entered his harem. . . .

## Tree Farmers Discuss Low Grade Wood Use

Marketing and using low grade wood from woodlots which are perhaps the most valuable in Eastern Canada were the chief concern of Woodlot Products Day held December 12th here at the Ontario Agricultural College. The special day and forum discussions were sponsored jointly by the Grand Valley Conservation Authority, the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests and the Huron District Tree Farm Board.

Woodlots in this area invariably produce some poor wood as well as a great deal of high quality hardwood used in veneer and furniture. As the firewood market absorbs only about 40 per cent of the wood available, it is estimated that thousands of cords could be produced for industrial uses if it could be processed economically.

Reforestation Supervisor W. E. Steele, of the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests, says that firewood quality wood consists of low grade logs and tops and man-

Panel members in the discussions include Col. J. H. Jenkins, Ottawa; Prof. D. V. Love, University of Toronto; I. C. Marritt, Galt; R. J. K. Murphy, Aylmer; Robert Hallman, New Dundee; Roy Hughes, Tillsonburg, and Austin Zoeller, New Hamburg.

About 200 certified tree farmers and others discussed the multimillion dollar business of woodlot products.

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## Notice to Creditors

AND OTHERS  
In the Estate of Lieut.-Colonel Gordon Bryce Seymour Cousens, deceased.

ALL PERSONS having claims against the estate of Gordon Bryce Seymour Cousens, late of the Township of Esquesing, in the County of Halton, retired postmaster, who died on or about the 12th day of November, A.D. 1956 are hereby notified to send in to the undersigned Executrix of the said estate on or before the 14th day of January, 1957 full particulars of their claims, after which date the estate will be distributed, having regard only to the claims of which the Executrix shall then have notice.

DATED at Georgetown, Ontario the 3rd day of December, 1956.  
Dorothy E. Cousens, Executrix by her solicitor,  
M. E. MANDERSON,  
61 Mill Street, Georgetown, 12-19

## Notice to Creditors

In the Estate of RENA MAY MAW, late of the Township of Esquesing, in the County of Halton, unmarried woman, deceased.

ALL PERSONS having claims against the Estate of Rena May Maw, late of the Township of Esquesing, in the County of Halton, unmarried woman, deceased, who died at the said Township on the 15th day of June, 1956, are hereby notified to send their names and addresses and full particulars of their claims, duly verified to the undersigned on or before the twenty-ninth day of December, 1956, after which date the executor will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the persons entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which he shall then have notice.

DATED at Brampton, Ontario, this 3rd day of December, A.D. 1956.  
Bowyer, Beatty & Andrews,  
6 Queen St. East, Brampton, Ont.  
Solicitors for the Executor 12-26

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BUT WHILE I'M airing my grievances, may I say a pox on the magazine writers who say that parcel wrapping time is an opportunity for the children to gather round and get engendered with the Christmas spirit while helping mummy wrap up the gifts. All I can say to them is "try it once," to borrow a Pennsylvania Dutch expression. Everybody grabbing for the prettiest paper, ribbons, and seals, to say nothing of the scotch tape, scissors and pen, does not bring out the best in my disposition. . . . Especially in view of my aforementioned difficulties.

AND GOING BACK to my difficulties for a moment. . . . I would just like to add that in other years I haven't felt too badly doing my simplified gift-wrapping. After all, there was no one around I could ask about those big bows, etc. and I honestly had forgotten how it was done. But this year the dealers selling those packages of variegated wrapping paper really crossed me up. As I went to put the empty (honestly!) carton in the garbage, what should I see in very big print all over the back of that large package, but full instructions on fancy gift-wrapping. . . . Oh well, I'll really dazzle my friends and kin with my fancy furbelows next year. . . . maybe. . . .

NOTWITHSTANDING MY previous remarks, however, Christmas just wouldn't be Christmas without children. Our five year old saw Toyland in one of the big Toronto stores this year for the first time and his enjoyment of the escalators, elevators, subway and railway trains, not to mention the wonders of the elaborate window displays and thousands of toys, was infectious, with the result that I enjoyed the expedition just as much as he did. . . .

SEEMED A COINCIDENCE that just after seeing all the multitude of toys of every description, I happened to pick up the Bell Telephone magazine for December after we came home, and saw a couple of interesting bits of data about toys. As far back as 2,000 years ago children

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the spirit of Christmas—goodwill to all men  
—is the guiding force as mankind  
seeks the path toward lasting peace on earth.

At this Christmas time  
let us once again affirm our faith in mankind,  
and let us rededicate ourselves to the  
great task of perpetuating  
a better world—a world reflecting  
the faith that is Christmas,  
with its eternal message of Peace on Earth.

Goodwill to Men.

**The House of Seagram**