

**Brightest
Best
Wishes**

We wish you and yours a rich abundance of all of the joys of this happy holiday season.

DON HOUSTON
PLUMBING — HEATING
TR. 7-2506



GREETINGS

Our sincere thanks to all our good friends for their continued patronage. May you all enjoy a very merry holiday season and a very happy New Year.

WIGO TV AND RADIO
32 MAIN STREET TR. 7-3376

**Greetings
OF THE
Season
TO ALL OUR FRIENDS**

**J. B. Mackenzie
and Son, Ltd.**
Coal — Lumber
Building Supplies

Season's Greetings
from
ERNIE'S RADIO
MILL STREET TR. 7-2701

**NO GARBAGE COLLECTION
Christmas Day and New Year's Day**

PICK-UPS ORDINARILY MADE ON THESE DAYS WILL BE MADE ON THE WEDNESDAYS FOLLOWING THE HOLIDAYS.

**MOTOR LICENSE BUREAU
HOURS FOR 1957 LICENCING
Commencing Wednesday, Jan. 2**

9.00 A.M. TILL 5.30 P.M. MONDAY TILL FRIDAY
SATURDAY — 9.00 till 12.00 — 1.00 TILL 5.00

● THE BUREAU will be closed Christmas week-end from Friday December 21st until Wed., Dec. 26th, (inclusive)

Sugar and Spice
Dispensed by BILL SMILEY of the Warton Echo

Once upon a Christmas time there was a little boy with a skinny freckled face and big solemn blue eyes. He was old enough to know that there was something called the Depression and that he and his family was right in the middle of it.

The Depression was somehow connected with the fact that pea soup and home-made bread were very often the staples for supper; that he had to wear his big brother's trousers, cut down; that his Dad came home so often looking very tired; that on rare and terrible occasions, he would come in and find his mother, who was afraid of nothing on earth sitting at the sewing machine, with her head down on her arms, crying.

But none of this bothered him too much. Small boys are tough little characters, for the most part. They can adapt to almost everything. The only things that really bother them are the things that go on in their heads.

And that was this kid's trouble. For two years now, he'd been wanting a pair of skates. Oh, he had skates, but he'd got so sensitive about them he wouldn't even wear them any more. They were an old pair his mother had worn when she was younger. They had long tops, almost up to his knees. He had to wear three pairs of socks to fill them. His ankles wobbled badly in them. And every time he showed up at the pond, somebody would yell, "where'd ja get the girl's skates?"

What he wanted was a pair of real skates, tubes, they call them in those days; hockey skates, they

are called now. He had a hockey stick. At the first game of the year, when the seniors were playing, he'd had a real stroke of luck. After climbing in the window of the rink, in the middle of the second period, with some other kids, he'd wiggled his way right down beside the players' box.

He was just nicely settled, and trying to peer around a large, violent hockey fan in front of him, when one of the players dashed up to the bench with both parts of a broken stick, and threw them to the coach. The latter looked around, straight into a pair of beseeching eyes, and said: "Here, kid, here's a stick for you." With the help of his Dad, who spliced the stick, and some tape, he had wound up with a dandy stick.

But no skates. He'd tried to earn money for a pair, by shovelling snow. The first time out, he'd asked an old lady if she'd like her snow shovelled. She said yes. He shovelled like a little demon for an hour. He knocked on her door, red in the face and told her it was done. She said "and I have something for you, for your trouble." And handed him a cookie. That soured him on snow shovelling and nice old ladies for some time.

All his other sources of income, empty beer bottles, scrap iron and old tires, were covered by snow. He spent an hour and a half siphoning the money out of his penny bank, with a knife. There was only 13 cents. His kid brother's bank yielded only another 8 cents.

As the days went on, and the other kids played hockey on the pond, while he had to pretend he didn't want to play, the desire for skates became more and more of an obsession. A hundred wild schemes went through his mind, to raise the money. All sorts of stories, like the one in which he sprang out and stopped the runaway horse, and the covering driver, in gratitude, gave him five dollars, ran through his head.

It was Christmas Eve. He'd delivered on his sleigh a basket of food his mother had sent to a family that was down and out, on the other side of town. He'd done it, sullenly, his inner eye seeing nothing but those feverishly desired skates. He was walking home, down the main street, looking in the bright store windows with envy and despair in his heart, and kicking viciously at chunks of frozen snow.

Suddenly his foot struck something that clinked. He bent and picked it up. It was a change purse. Excitedly he opened it. There were two two-dollar bills and some coins in it. There was also a receipt. It bore the name of a woman he knew well. She had a useless bum of a husband and a backyard full of kids.

"Boy, will she ever be glad to get this back," mused our hero, immediately making himself the central figure in a Christmas eve drama in which he returned the poor woman's money as she sat keening with her ragged children in their freezing shack.

His spirits lifted, he shoved the purse in his pocket and was off like a shot to return it. He was tearing along, his sleigh banging his heels, his whole body tingling with pleasure. Suddenly he stopped in his tracks. There, in his mind's eye, was a picture of himself gliding over the ice on a new pair of tube skates, with the rest of the kids trying hard, but unable, to catch him. And in the same second came the realization that he had enough money in his pocket to buy them.

He walked on, for another block, very slowly, now. He was sick with

It's time to say Merry Christmas and to thank you for your continued patronage.

HEWSON MOTORS
DODGE — DESOTO
TR. 7-2422

GREETINGS

May all the joys of Christmas be yours throughout the New Year

HAMILTON CONSTRUCTION
66 PRINCE CHARLES DRIVE TR. 7-3480

temptation. He came in sight of the woman's house. Satan was whispering. He got to the door. Twice he raised his hand to knock and dropped it. Then he tipped down the steps and ran like a rabbit back to the hardwood store, bought the skates, white-faced, and ran all the way home, heart thumping, stomach sick.

He sneaked in the back way, and was hiding the skates in the woodshed. His mother and father were talking in the kitchen. "That was foolish, dad," she was saying. "You know we owe grocery bills, and there's fuel to buy, and we all need clothing." His dad answered "I don't care if we're all starving by spring. I know what it's like to want something that badly."

The boy went around to the front door, came in quietly and crept off to bed, after murmuring goodnight to his parents. He didn't get to sleep for a long, long time.

In the morning, his kid brother excitedly dragged him out of bed, to go down and look under the tree. He was feeling wretched. He knew there's be nothing under the tree but some nuts and candy, and an apple, and maybe a new suit of long underwear, wrapped in gift paper. That was The Depression.

When he saw the new skates sitting there, his insides gave a lurch. He knelt beside them and saw the card, "To Bill, with love. Mother and Dad." When his pants came down, he was still on his knees, the tears streaming down his face. His Mother though he was crying for happiness, and loved him up. His Dad tried to joke him out of it, talking about the great hockey star he'd be.

It would be nice to end the story by saying he told them the whole story, the skates he'd bought with the found money were returned, the woman got her money, all was forgiven, and he never stole anything again as long as he lived.

But that's not the way it was. He took the skates out of the woodshed that night, ran with them to the river, and threw them over the bridge into the black water. He played hockey every day. When summer came, he stole apples, and grapes, as he always had. He planned to save all his money and give it to the woman whose money he had stolen. But he never got around to it. He planned to do something wonderful for his parents, and never got around to it.

A NEW YEAR SLOGAN
If you drink Don't drive! ... R6
Don't Drive!
If you drive Don't drink!
Make this a happy holiday for yourself and other motorists!

Keep it under your hat!

The bright idea of a New York Fire Commissioner gives us an idea, too. He liked his dress cap; disliked the regulation fire helmet — but he recognized the ever-present danger of falling debris. So he simply had an inner shield of aluminum made and fitted into the cap.

And that's where our idea comes in: A lightweight aluminum shield that would fit under a wayward husband's fedora and save him many a skull abrasion when he sneaked in late at night to a rolling-pin reception by the little woman. Ah! aluminum, the useful metal!

ALUMINUM COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD. (ALCAN)

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Flowers by Wire Anywhere in the World

Norton Floral
TR. 7-3582 - Georgetown

Season's Wishes

It is our our sincere wish that all the goodness of this glorious holiday may be yours to enjoy to the utmost. Merry Christmas!

MAVEAL MOTORS
Nash Cars - International Trucks
Main Street North

A Joyous Christmas

May your heart be filled with peace and good will on this happy day.

WILSON'S GROCERY
STEWARTTOWN TR. 7-2151

HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL

May your holiday be one of genuine good cheer!

ARCHDEKIN AND MOLOY
INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER DEALER
24 Wesleyan Street TR. 7-3640

NOTICE

HALTON CO-OPERATIVE SUPPLIES will be stocktaking and closed for business on **DECEMBER 31st**

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