



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





Season's Greetings

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 21sf until Wed., Dec. 26th, (inclusive)

# Sugar and Spice

Once upon a Christmas time | are called now. He had a hockey freckled face and big solemn blue year, when the seniors were playeyes. He was old enough to know | ing, he'd had a real stroke of luck. that there was something called the After climbing in the window of

The Depression was somehow beside the players' box. connected with the fact that pea soup and home-made bread were down on her arms, crying.

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

pair his mother had worn when inice old ladies for some time. she was younger. They had long girl's skates?"

What he wanted was a pair of As the days went on, and the real skates, tubes, they call them other kids played hockey on the

亂t's time

to say

Merry

Christmas

thank

continued

**HEWSON** 

**MOTORS** 

DODGE - DESOTO

TR. 7-2422

Depression and that he and his fa- the rink, in the middle of the secmily was right in the middle of it. ond period, with some other kids, he'd wiggled his way right down He was just nicely settled, and

very often the staples for supper; trying to peer around a large, violthta he had to wear his big broth- ent hockey fan in front of him, er's trousers, cut down; that his when one of the players dashed up Dad came home so often looking to the bench with both parts of a want something that badly." very tired; that on rare and terri- broken stick, and threw them to the ble occasions, he would come in coach. The latter looked around, and find his mother, who was af- straight into a pair of beseeching raid of nothing on earth sitting at eyes, and said: "Here, kid, here's a to bed, after murmuring goodnight the sewing machine, with her head stick for you." With the help of to his parents. He didn't get to his Dad, who spliced the stick, and sleep for a long, long time. some tape, he had wound up with

But no skates. He'd tried to earn money for a pair, by shovelling snow. The first time out, he'd bother them are the things that go asked an old lady if she'd like her snow shovelled. She said yes. He an apple, and maybe a new suit of shovelled like a little demon for an And that was this kid's trouble. hour. He knocked on her door, paper. That was The Depression. For two years now, he'd been want- | red in thef ace and told her it was ing a pair of skates. Oh, he had done. She said "and I have someskates, but he'd got so sensitive thing for you, for your trouble. about them he wouldn't even wear | And handed him a cookie. 'That them any more. They were an old soured him on snow shovelling and card, "To Bill, with love. Mother

tops, almost up to his knees. He All his other sources of income, had to wear three pairs of socks to empty beer bottles, scrap iron and His Mother though he was crying fill them. His ankles wobbled bad- old tires, were covered by snow. for happiness, and loved him up, ly in them. And every time he He spent and hour and a half siph- His Dad tried to joke him out of showed up at the pond, somebody oning the money out of his penny it, talking about the great hockey would yell, "where'd ja get the bank, with a knife. There was only 13 cents. His kid brother's bank yielded only another 8 cents.

in those days; hockey skates, they pond, while he had to pretend he skates became more and more of an obsession. A hundred wild schemes went through his mind, raise the money. All sorts of stories, like the one in which he sprang out and stopped the runaway horse, and the cowering 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 ki- If you drink cking viciously at chunks of frozen

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 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 drams in which he returned the poor woman's money as she sat keening with her ragged children their freezing shack.

His spirits lifted, he shoved the purse in his pocket and was off ike 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



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 there was a little boy with a skinny stick. At the first game of the 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

The boy went around to the front door, came in quietly and crept off

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 long underwear, wrapped in gift

When he saw the new skates sit ting there, his insides gave a lurch. he knelt beside them and saw the and Dad." When his par its came down, he was still on his knees, the tears streaming down his face.

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, didn't want to play, the desire for 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

Don't drive! . . Rr6 . . . Don't Drive! If you drive . Don't drink!

Make this a happy holiday for yourself and other motorists!



## Keepit. 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)

### Flowers For Every Occasion!

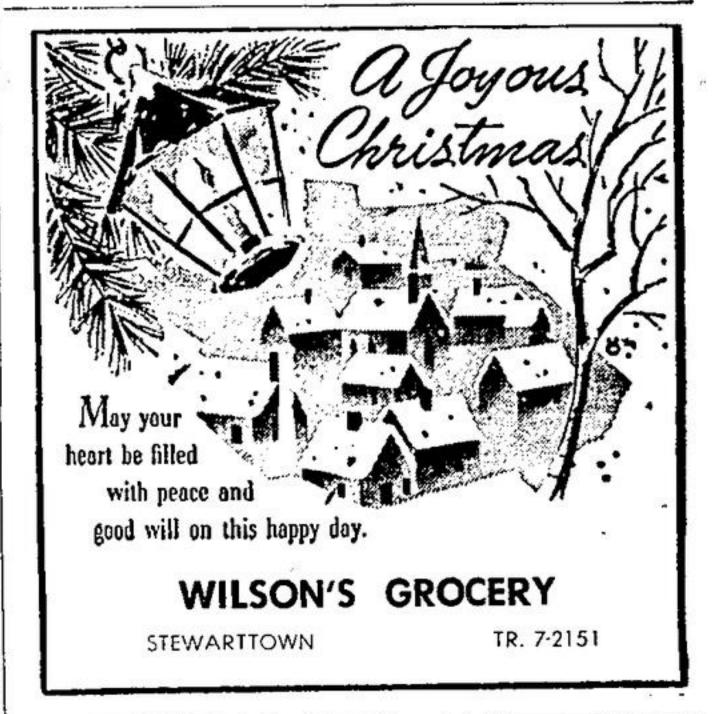
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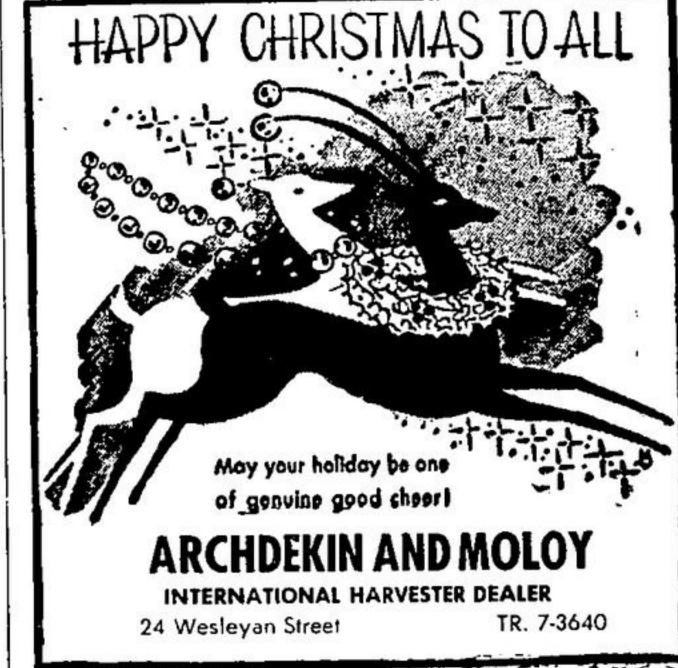
Flowers by Wire Anywhere in the World

### 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





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

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