



STEWARTTOWN

Lights Disappear, But Only a Prank

Mrs. K. Wilson of Wilson's Grocery felt downhearted after decorating a tree in front of her store with several dollars worth of lights. The next morning every bulb had disappeared. However, her faith was restored when she found them all in her mail box. Some mischievous urchin had taken advantage of her good nature.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Thomas on the birth of their daughter, Kimberly Ann, born Dec. 1st in Toronto Western Hospital. A sister for Jeffrey.

School closes on Friday, December 21st, so we hope there will be ice on the pond for the skaters and snow on the hills for the sleigh riders during the Christmas vacation.

Mrs. L. deVries of Breslau was an overnight guest with Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Grant during the week.

Happy birthday to Sharon McDonald who will celebrate her 8th birthday on Tuesday, December 25th.

Mrs. E. Hicken, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Embley, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Ross and Mr. and Mrs. E. Hicken all met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Clapham where Mr. and Mrs. George Hicken of Toronto visited this past week and showed slides of England, Scotland, Germany, Italy, Denmark and Switzerland taken on their recent 6 week European tour.

Mrs. J. C. Murray has returned home after spending two weeks vacation with friends in Peterborough.

He went thataway — Santa Claus we mean; we saw him behind the wheel of a car driving through the village on Saturday. Anyone interested in knowing his whereabouts, he went around the pond.

Congratulations to David Hill who celebrated his 9th birthday on Wed. Dec. 19th with a party. His guests were his four brothers, Gary, Grace, David, Austin, Edward and Don. Stuckland and Ron Fogal.

To all our readers and to the Herald Editor and staff we wish you a very Merry Christmas. May you find this Christmas a bit nicer than the others you have passed.

And may many more await you — Each one brighter than the last.

Arnold Rathbun
Representative
Sun Life of Canada
GEORGETOWN
12 Gower Court

12-DAY CHRISTMAS

At one time the English celebrated the Twelve Days of Christmas with playful sport-jumping in sacks — bobbing for apples, drinking great quantities of hot cider.

Today, all that remains of the twelve day observance, perhaps, is the superstition that all decorations should be removed by Twelfth Night to prevent bad luck in the coming New Year.

Carol singing is a favorite custom in Britain and at the midnight service they are sung to herald the birth of Christ.

In the same manner as American youngsters, British children hang their stockings from the mantels or on the ends of their beds on Christmas Eve.



WHERE'S THE SNOW? ... Well, it really isn't the North Pole. Actually, it's the entrance to a place in New York where some years ago three ingenious men created "Snow's Workshop" on Whiteface Mountain. Well, maybe it is the North Pole ... New York, that is.

Ever. They also write to Father Christmas (the British Santa) to inform him of their Christmas wishes.

HIGHWAY 25 WILL LINK 24 AND NO. 7

THE SECOND LINE ESQUIMO, between Acton and Oshinga, (dotted line), will soon come under the control of the Department of Highways. It will become an extension of Highway 25 in order to link Hwy. 24 with Hwy. 401, and the Queen Elizabeth Way as well as Highways 7 and 5. This is being done to give better access to motorists to northern routes.

SUGAR and SPICE
By Bill Smiley

Wouldn't it be fun to have the power of Santa Claus just for a day and give everyone the gifts they really, truly wanted, regardless of cost, instead of the junk they get?

What would you do if you had such a power thrust upon you suddenly? Would you heap your favorite people with mink coats, Cadillacs, automatic dishwashers, new 100,000 homes? If you did, of course, the magic power wouldn't last, and on Christmas morning all the fabulous presents would vanish, just after they'd been unwrapped. And you'd be as popular as a socialist in the Senate.

Because, you see, these aren't the things that people really, truly want. And the Santa Claus magic would work only for really, truly gifts, not just the things people want for the sake of vanity or prestige or comfort.

I know some of the presents I'd hand out. To childless couples who wanted children, terribly, I'd give, on Christmas morning, not one, but four of the fattest, prettiest babies you ever saw. Two boys and two girls. And to even things out, I'd throw in a large bottle of tranquilizers and a pair of strait jackets.

To all children, I'd grant a set of parents who would answer all questions patiently, read stories every night at bedtime, go sliding on the hill with them, not make them eat anything they didn't like, hug and kiss them when they were hurt, and whale the fat out of them when they needed it.

On Christmas morning, I'd present to all old people a three-months reprieve from all their aches, pains and ailments. I'd give them a good appetite and a rare fine set of new choppers to go with it. I'd give them love and kisses in large measures from a veritable host of grandchildren. And I'd throw in a round-trip ticket to Miami, paid-in-advance reservations at a posh hotel there, and a sizeable cheque to let them play the races, get married again, or do whatever else they wanted to do.

To all clergymen, whatever the color of their cloth, I'd give a special present. They'd get a church packed to the doors with people who sang lustily, listened attentively, prayed humbly, gave bountifully, and continued to do these unusual things throughout the following year.

All mothers of large families would get something they really, truly wanted for Christmas. I'd give them families who appreciated all the work they did, praised their cooking, told them once in a while that they looked pretty, wiped their feet when they came in, did the dishes frequently, and paid attention to them on other occasions than Mother's Day. And I'd throw in the services of a cracking good housekeeper and pay her salary for a year.

On Christmas Eve, I'd give all merchants a cash register stuffed with money, and, at the same time, an irresistible urge to go out and spend the bundle on retarded, childless, unwed mothers, or somebody.

What would I leave under



OUR WARMEST OLD-FASHIONED MERRY CHRISTMAS WISHES TO ALL!

FROM ALL OF US,
STAN'S RESTAURANT
IN DOWNTOWN GEORGETOWN

CHRISTMAS JOY
ERNIE'S RADIO
AND
RAWSON'S GROCERY
ERNIE AND LENA RAWSON

YULETIDE CHEER
May your holiday be bright with warmth and cheer.

— from —
SPEIGHT'S AUTO ELECTRIC
AND MOTOR TUNE-UP
32 WATER ST. GEORGETOWN



May Your Wishes All Come True!

We all have special dreams and hopes for the future... may those wishes that are dearest to your heart be granted this Christmas.

Bill Bailey THE OIL MAN
GEORGETOWN BRAMPTON

Steve Emmerson Union President

Steve Emmerson is again president of Local 481 of the International Brotherhood of Paper, Pulp, and Papermill Workers of Provincial Paper, Ltd.



Happy Holidays

We sincerely hope that you and your family have a grand, carefree Christmas holiday.

SIENKO
Shoe Repair
MILL ST. E.

Your Georgetown Fire Department
WISH YOU AND YOURS
A Festive Fire Safe Season

GET YOUR TICKETS NOW TO THE ANNUAL FIREMEN'S BALL AT THE ROSE ROOM
FRIDAY, DECEMBER 28th

TICKETS: \$1.00 2 \$50 Saving Bonds as prizes

Peace on Earth Good Will Toward All

May the message of the First Christmas guide us to a lasting Peace for all.

THE MANAGEMENT AND STAFF
Harold C. McClure
FUNERAL HOME

The Season's Best Wishes

May the highways and byways of life lead to a Happy Holiday for you and yours! May we at this time express our gratitude to all of our many friends for their loyal patronage... To All — A Very MERRY CHRISTMAS

THE STAFF
STONEHOUSE SALES LIMITED
FORD, FAIRLANE, FALCON, GALAXY