

Buy T.B. CHRISTMAS SEALS

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Columbus Celebrated First Christmas Here

America's first Christmas was celebrated by Christopher Columbus. It happened on Christmas Eve of the memorable year 1492. Columbus was planning to observe the Feast of the Nativity with the Indian chieftain, Guacanagari, who ruled over the island of Haiti. Already he had received fine presents from the chief whom

he believed to great Khan of Cipragno, that fabulous realm of the Orient. Columbus mistakenly thought he had found. But Columbus' plans went wrong. He was so tired from long watches while the Santa Maria cruised the island channels that he retired to his cabin for a nap. While he was sleeping the next in command also decided to take a rest and went below. The helmsman, as tired as the others, decided that he deserved a rest as

much as they and turned the tiller over to the cabin boy. The worst happened. Within a few minutes the Santa Maria was fast on a reef. The rolling surf drove the ship higher and higher upon the reef and opened her seams. Soon she fell over on her side and the water poured into her hull. Columbus and the crew were forced to seek refuge on his other ship, the Nina. Early next morning Columbus sent word of the wreck to Chief

Guacanagari. Promptly the chief sent a message to Columbus assuring him that he would give him all the assistance possible. The noble chieftain was better than his word. He assembled a great flotilla of canoes and despatched them to the Santa Maria to bring all its valuables ashore. Amid the cargo the natives saw many things that made their eyes open with envy. Yet so strong was their friendship for the white men and so careful Guacanagari's supervision that not a single article was stolen. After the last article had been brought ashore, Guacanagari had another plan. His guests had missed Christmas, but there was no reason why Columbus and the men should not enjoy the finest banquet he and his followers could provide. There was game from the woods, lobster and fish from the sea; and all sorts of tropical fruits and vegetables. A thousand natives danced in Columbus' honor after the feasting and the climax of the ceremonies came when the chief brought out a coronet of gold and placed it upon Columbus' head.

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The Three Sisters

Stouffville, Ontario

Remembrance Day In Surrey

By George Abell of Stouffville
Please excuse the intrusion into thoughts of Christmas but let me take you back in time for a few weeks and in distance a few thousand miles. It's a typical November day in Surrey. The clouds are low and there is a dullness in the atmosphere that makes for a damp, penetrating cold which seems peculiar to this country. Sound travels through the still air for miles and ever since day break bugle notes and the rattling of drums has been heard from all the towns and villages nearby where young men of the Territorial Army and the musicians of the various Boys' Brigades are putting on a final polish for the day's effort. At 11 o'clock the boom of a gun rolls across the housetops and sound stops for a hundred and twenty seconds. From somewhere close at hand a baby cries and above the clouds a big plane circles but otherwise all normal sounds of a living community are stilled. At 2.30 we are in a crowd of at least five thousand who are gathered about the town cenotaph half way up the long hill that leads to the top of the Downs. The trees are full of small boys and every fence is lined with solid rows of small girls looking like red checked starlings preparing to fly south. There is no traffic on the main road which leads to the town centre and up this comes the long parade with flags hanging limp and the bands controlling the step to take up positions on three sides of the memorial. The town officials in their red robes of office stand beside the column and the simple service begins. A few words from the chaplain, a prayer, a hymn. Then the laying of wreaths begins. Every military and local organization, 32 in all, has a wreath to lay in turn and while this is going on the Old Contemptibles band plays softly. Remembrance for these people is a very real emotion. From where we are now, with the town spread at our feet, many things can be seen that account for the quiet and thoughtful expression on so many faces. A quarter of a mile away a big block of good class flats can be plainly seen. A German V rocket fell on part of them in 1914 and

twenty-seven people, including a baby three weeks old, died in the rubble and now lay in the cemetery before us. Just a few hundred yards to the west is a long row of semi-detached homes. An open space between two is laid out in a lovely garden, brave with a riot of multi-coloured chrysanthemums. Bad luck that the house that used to stand there was being used as a day nursery for toddlers under school age that day a German fighter bomber pilot earned his Iron Cross. The men stand still, each with his own thoughts of comrades he left to sleep among the rocks of Crete, the mud of Passchendale or the sands of the Western desert. As I listened to the music the ploughed field across the road changed to a spot on the Normandy plain only a few miles away and the ridges became the rows of crosses over at Benesur-Mer where sleep the men of the 2nd and 3rd Canadian divisions who died on the Orne and in the dusty fields before Caen. A few late beech leaves drift down over the crowd and as the last wreath is laid a cock pheasant lifts his shrill call from a near-by hedge. The bugles sound the "Last Post", the flags dip. "Reveille" thunders forth with its message of hope, the flags arise. We sing "Onward Christian Soldiers". There is a short prayer and another "Day of Remembrance" service is over. "At the going down of the sun and in the morning, We will remember them."

Pity the poor little moth. As we climb into our winter clothes he has to climb out. Now is the time for a good counter attack — to avoid late Christmas shopping. Judging from some of the prices we pay for clothing all of the dummies are not in the show windows.

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ELIZABETH TAYLOR and LARRY PARKS
—plus—
"THE RACKET"
starring
LIZABETH SCOTT
Adult Entertainment

Fri. & Sat. — Dec. 12 & 13
"DUEL AT SILVER CREEK"
Technicolor
starring
AUDIE MURPHY and STEVE McNALLY

Mon. & Tues. — Dec. 15 & 16
"DOWN AMONG THE SHELTERING PALMS"
starring
MITZI GAYNOR
Technicolor

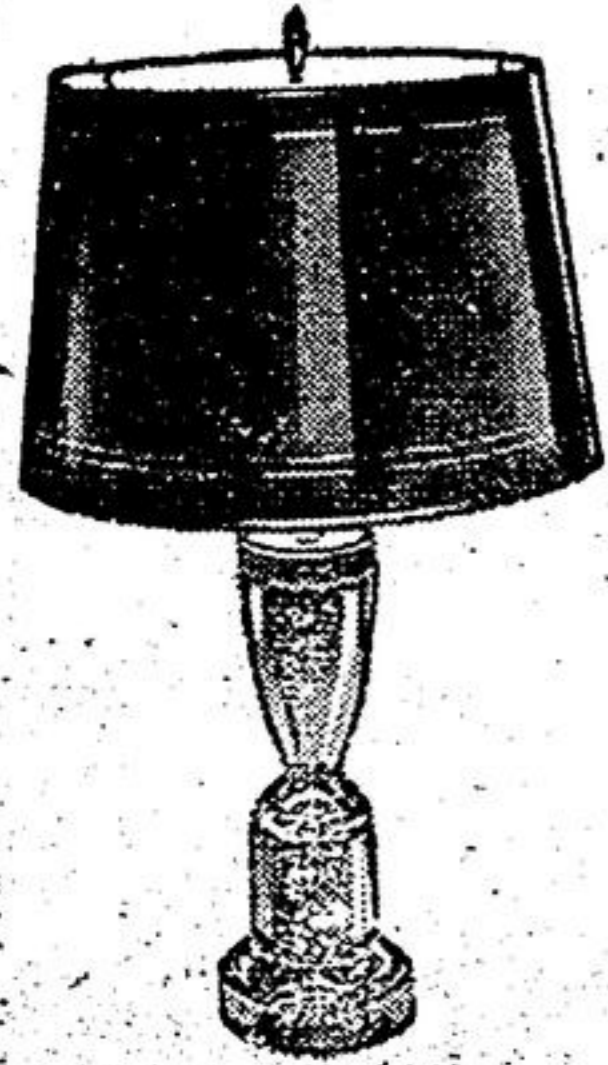
Wed. & Thur. — Dec. 17 & 18
"MY SIX CONVICTS"
starring
JOHN BEAL and GILBERT ROWLAND

Thursday, Dec. 18th
CHRISTMAS MARKET FAIR DAY
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"WITH A SONG IN MY HEART"

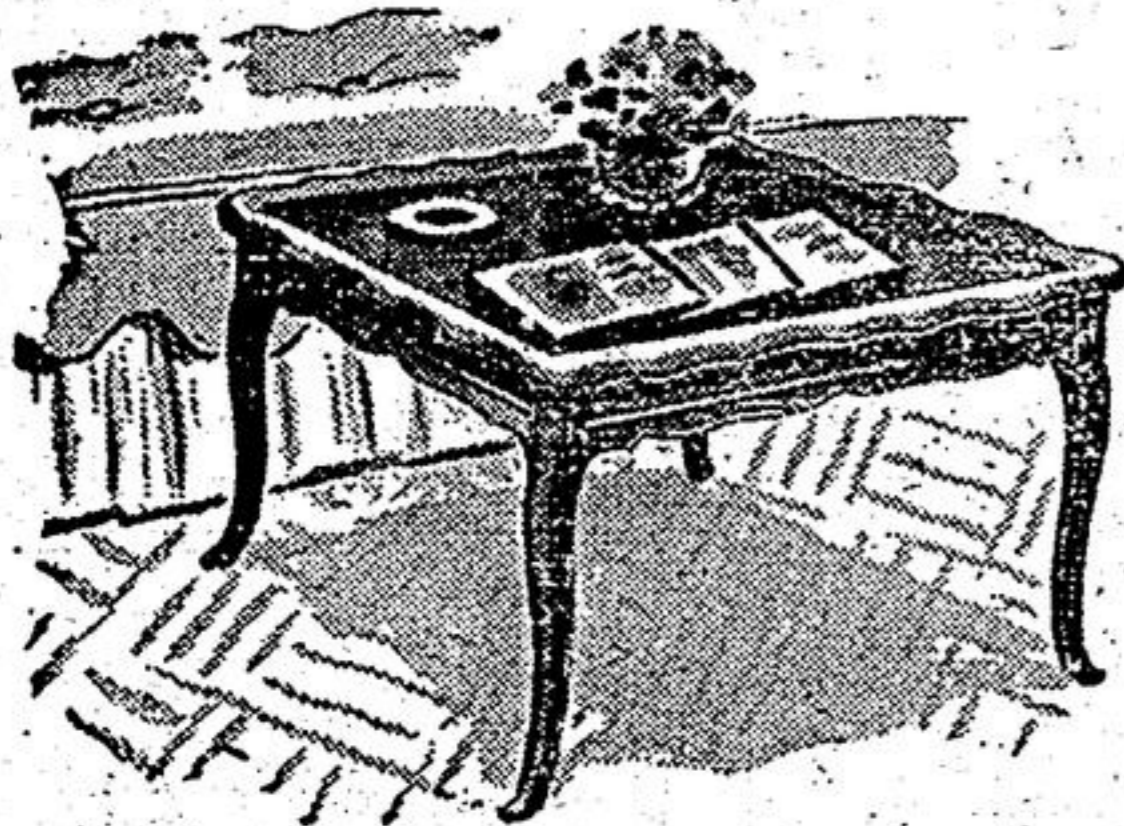
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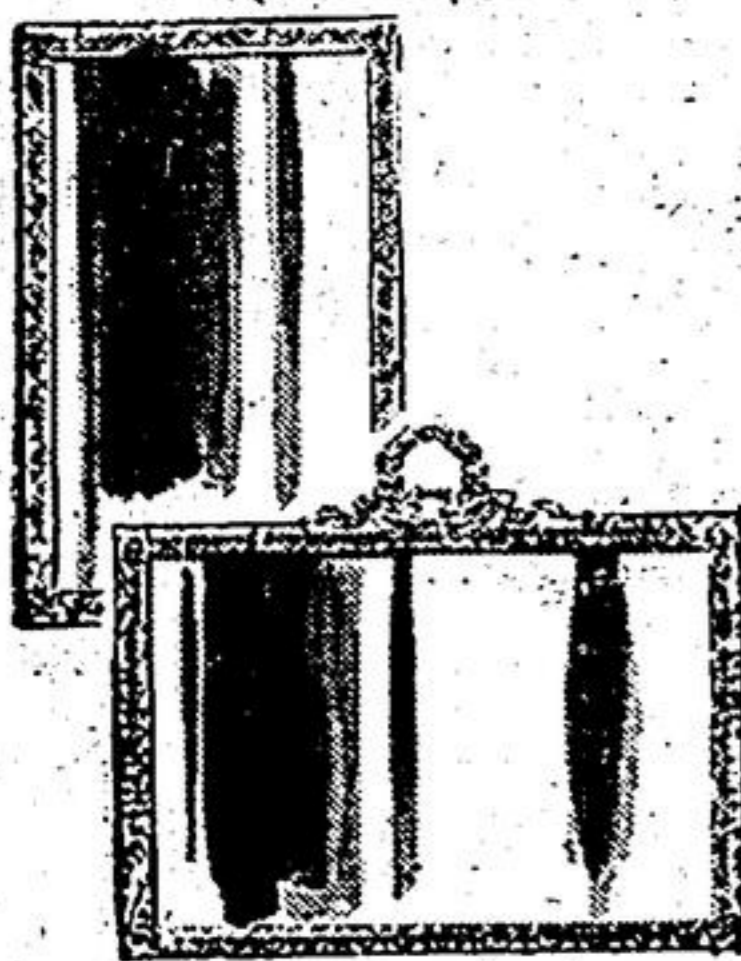
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