

### Markham Vote

WARD 1	
Griffen	James
Highland Pk	165
Doncaster	171
Thornhill	139
Thornhill	84
Langstaff	56
Hunts Lane	60
Elgin Mills	21
	636
WARD 2	
Deacon Strickland	
Green Lane	44
Lot 6, Con. 5	32
Buttonville	102
Unionville	77
Unionville	117
Victoria Square	53
Victoria Square	43
	463
WARD 3	
Little Vacher	
Lot 6, Con. 7	15
Madsen's	39
Mt. Joy	42
Dickson's Hill	38
Cedar Grove	54
Mongolia	35
	233

### Echoes from Anvil Of Village Smithy

The last quarter century has brought many changes and one of them that causes a nostalgic regret is the passing of the blacksmith shop. There was a time when every village hamlet had at least one, but now they are few and far between.

And where the village smithy still stands, things are no longer the same. Instead of the cluster of horses in and outside of the weatherbeaten shop, you find tractors and other modern farm implements. What's more, in a great many instances, horses are no longer brought to the smithy, the blacksmith goes to them. Mostly they are a different kind of horses, such as race horses and sulky steeds.

At one time the blacksmith shop was a fascinating place to a 12-year-old lad when he brought the mares to be shod on a rainy day. The window panes were streaked with grime and half covered with cobwebs. The floor was dark stained and covered with hoof parings, bits of

metal, sawdust and shavings. For a blacksmith, in the era before horseless carriages, was a craftsman; he not only shod horses; he mended broken buggies and sleds, tightened iron tires on wheels and repaired plows and cultivators.

The heaped coal on the fire glowed red when the smith pumped the bellows with his left hand and turned the reddening shoe by the long pliers in his right. After he had pounded the shoe to fit the horse's hoof, he shoved it into a tub of scummy, black looking water and gray clouds of steam billowed upward among the timbers lined with new shoes of all sizes. There was an acrid, nostril-tingling smell as the still hot shoe was pressed against old Harry's hoof, and the kindly smith explained to the wide-eyed boys that it did not hurt the horse.

Going to the village to get the horses shod on a rainy Saturday was a big event in a boy's life before the modern era of radios and tractors, television and hard roads. And in cities and towns today, there are men who look out of office windows and hear those clanging blows of hammers on iron when the village smith pounded shoes to fit. —Kitchen-Waterloo Record

### Council Acts To Stop Water On Main Street

Stouffville Council held a busy meeting this week, following the sitting of the Court of Revision, in an effort to clear away many matters requiring attention before the close of the year.

A report was tabled from the engineers who were reporting on the progress made in sewerage installations on Main St. One item of concern to council was the water flowing over the street at the east end, resulting from the cutting over of connections to the old storm sewers. These are not to be allowed to enter the new storm sewers. The engineers recommended, however, that they be connected to the new storms on a temporary basis. This would prevent the seepage of water over the highway during the winter, they stated. In order to dispose of this water, it was suggested that the village purchase a pump to lift the water from a storm trap near Park Road to the creek. In recommending a pump, the consultants observed that this type of pump would be necessary at a later date, for use at the disposal plant when cleaning operations were being carried out.

It was the decision of council to authorize purchase of this pump at a price of \$220 plus sales tax and installation charges. Reeve Daniels pointed out that the presence of the water was a source of danger on the road, and stated that a bulldozer had been required last Saturday to clear the accumulation of mud and ice from the roadway.

**POLITICIAN:** A man who makes his bed and then tries to lie out of it.

**THE RICH MEN**

When I was a lad, I thought the man who owned the corner store in our small prairie town must be very rich indeed. One look at the chocolates, the all-day suckers, the rows and rows of yard goods, the big round cheese, the bags of sugar—that convinced me. To own so much the man must be rich. Everybody in town spending money with him—what a wonderful life!

Because I bought quite a bit of his candy and chocolate, I was soon introduced to the town dentist. He pulled some teeth, bored holes in others, and sent father a bill for \$23.00. I was amazed. All that money just for pulling a few teeth and stuffing a few others? That man must make a fortune!

Richest man of all, I thought, was the owner of the local hardware store. I'd look at the rifles in his window and wonder how so much money could be charged for a bit of wood and metal. Beyond doubt, the hardware man was another Midas. All he had to do was stand behind the counter and take in money. How I envied him!

Then our baseball club bought an advertisement in the weekly paper. The publisher charged us 37 cents an inch! I realized at once that the editor of our hometown paper must also be a millionaire—getting more than half a dollar for an inch of paper and ink!

Then, as I got older, some of these wealthy citizens passed on. The corner merchant left assets barely enough to support his widow. Even the dentist, when he died, turned out to be of very modest means. The hardware merchant left a pretty large inheritance—twelve thousand dollars, folks said. The newspaper editor is still alive and printing, but if he's as rich as I thought he was, how come that same old second-hand Buick is parked in front of the print shop?

I noticed the other day that big corporations today average only about four cents profit on a dollar of sales. Retail profit in most towns runs even less than that.

It's too bad. It was so wonderful to feel that you were shopping with millionaires, and that some day you, too, might own a corner store and pile up millions of your own. But as you grow up, you learn. The big danger is that some Canadians haven't grown up. They still see profiteers behind every counter. They can't face the fact that profits are low. Why, if they admitted it, what would there be to grumble about? Poolroom politics would dry up without the profiteers to be lambasted!

**Must be Signed**

We received quite an interesting letter this week from a Stouffville mother. However, she failed to sign her name to the letter and thus it cannot appear in print. Although the name need not appear on the letter when it is inserted in the newspaper, it must be provided the editor. We trust that this particular resident will drop in and leave her name so that her message may appear next week.

The more you let other people talk about themselves the more interested they are in you.

Forgetfulness is a virtue only when you forget the grievances you have against other people.

### Stouffer Award Presented for First Time



Last year the Stouffer family of Stouffville presented the High School with a plaque on which the name of the student selected to deliver the

### CATS EAT SONG BIRDS? NO, SAY EXPERTS!

Of all God's lesser creatures by fallacies, old wives' tales and misinformation, the Cat ranks first as a victim of man's thoughtless abuse, vilification and maltreatment.

It is always popular to believe that song birds, so highly valued for their insectivorous nature and musical attributes, are destroyed by cats.

This oft-repeated charge simply is not true. The facts, as gathered by the various wild life organizations, state highway department technicians and biologists and individual investigators, prove otherwise.

Here, for example, is a sample report, covering the dissection of 193 cats killed in highway accidents, describing their stomachs' contents:

Mouse Meat	38.1%
Young rabbit	25.6%
Rat	11.4%
Table scraps (including vegetables)	6.9%
Turtle and fish	2.7%
Pork	2.4%
Grasshoppers	2.4%
Chicken	1.5%
Bulk matter (including cat food fillers)	1.5%
Grass, herbs, hair and liquid	7.2%
	100.0%

slaughter untold thousands of birds to increase their skill of marksmanship, seldom bothering to identify while aloft these tiny winged creatures. Later, when the evidence of such wanton destruction is discovered, tabby is blamed and, if he happens to be in sight, is subject to instant dispatch or horrible maiming, depending upon the degree of skill of the second gun-wielder.

Too, cats are decimated in considerable numbers by small boys who have developed unbelievable accuracy with slingshots, the more modern zip gun or the conventional air rifle.

**CLEVER MAN**—One who makes hay with the grass that grows under other men's feet.

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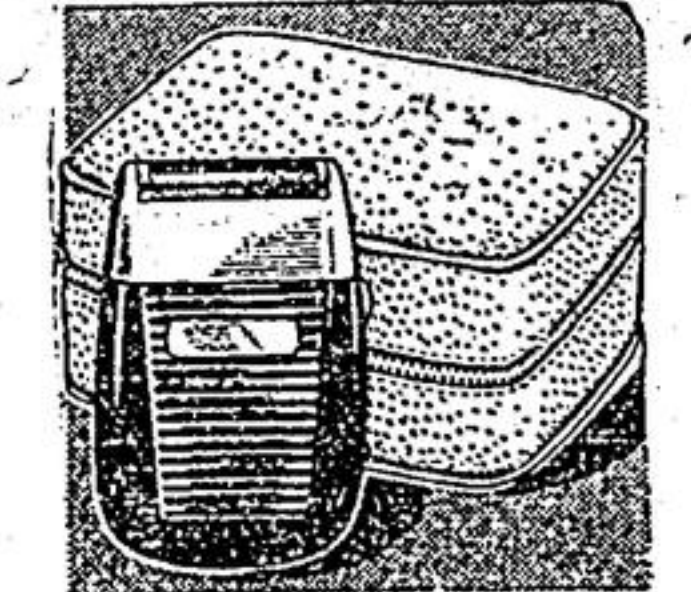
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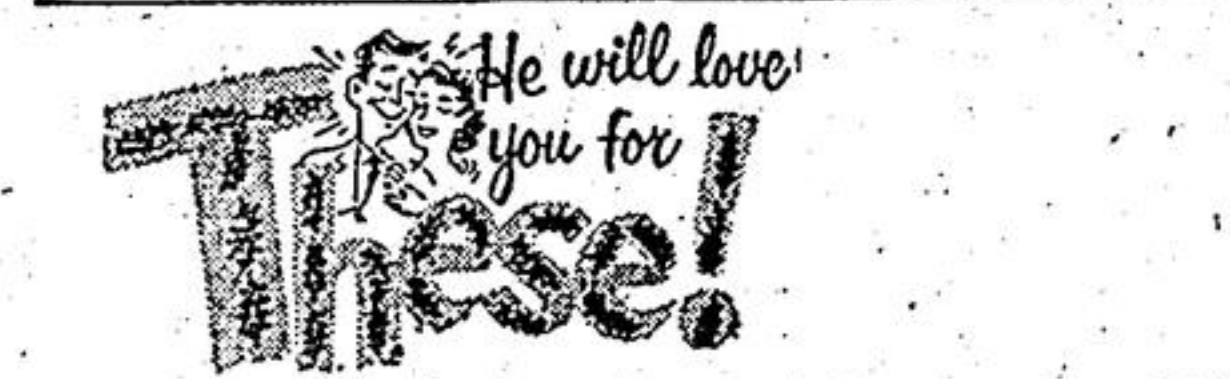
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  - ◆ Yardley ◆ Tiffany
  - ◆ Corday
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