

President of Ponds Ltd. Announces a New Plant at Markham

Chesbrough-Pond's (Canada) Limited, will merge the operations of their Toronto and Montreal plants and offices in a new plant in Markham, E. A. Williams, president, announced last week.

The plant will be built on an 11-acre site next year and will employ 75 to 100 people.

The coming of this fine new plant to Markham was due to investigation of a real estate subdivision on the Robinson farm on the west side of Markham,

near the C.N.R., and services to be provided a sub-division in this area will also serve the new industry. Markham, where some one thousand acres were recently annexed from Markham Township, along with several hundred residents, are to be congratulated on their good fortune in obtaining their first major industry. The company are world-famous manufacturers of hair tonics, shampoos and a large number of popular face creams.

A String Of Lights

By Don Wheeler

We were in a dust; covered box that sat in the corner of Mr. Barker's attic. All through the year no one ever bothered about us, but now, at Christmas time, we knew that once again we would be the center of attraction. Grumbling and grunting, Mr. Barker lifted our box into his arms and started down the attic stairs.

Being a rather plump fellow with a stomach that protruded so far he couldn't see his feet, he was, I regret to say, somewhat clumsy. About half way down the stairs he stumbled and our box went tumbling down the stairs. I was uninjured, but I'm afraid some of my friends suffered from the fall. A few minutes later we were all unpacked and laid on the huge dining room table.

"Well now, let's see, John," said Mrs. Barker. "We can use this string of lights, and this string and, oh! We don't want to use this old string again, John! They've been around here for years. Throw them out in the trash with these other things that were broken when you fell."

I was shocked! For years I had been used to decorate the Barker's Christmas tree, and now, simply because I was getting a little old, they were throwing me out! It is true that my popularity with the Barkers had declined through the years. When I was new I was used at the top, but each year I seemed to find myself placed lower and lower on the tree.

Unwanted Home
My friends, most of them broken in tiny pieces, and myself were cast upon the trash pile in the alley. I felt sorry for them. They had many years of use ahead of them had Mr. Barker been more careful, but now they could never be used again. But what of me - I was not broken, only a little old.

For two days I lay on the trash pile with my broken friends, and then on the third day, a small child, who seemed to be searching the trash cans in the alley to see if he could find something of value, came

upon me. With a cry of delight he gathered me into his tiny hands and scampered out of the alley and to the edge of the small town, where he lived in a broken down little old house.

How glad were his brothers and sisters when they saw me! That evening they trimmed their tiny tree. It was scarcely three feet tall, and I was the principle item of decoration. One of my lights was placed at the top of the tree and the rest were wound in and about from top to bottom. Then the tree was placed in the front window and for the first time in my life I was given the task of lighting an entire tree.

That evening it snowed and snowed and the wind whistled harshly about the corners of the house instead of being on the trash pile in the alley.

A Visitor Comes
Suddenly there was a loud rap on the door. When Mr. Cullen opened it I heard a man's voice ask, "Have you seen the Granger boy? He was out playing this afternoon and hasn't come home yet. We think he's become lost in the storm. The whole town is out looking for him. Would you like to help, Mr. Cullen?"

Mr. Cullen quickly put on his coat and scarf and followed the man into the dark cold night. They had been gone only about twenty minutes when again there was a knocking at the door. When Mrs. Cullen opened it, it stepped a tall man, carrying a boy in his arms. The boy's ears and nose were blue from the cold, and his teeth chattered.

"Mrs. Cullen," said the man, "this is Tommy Granger. I'd like to leave him here while I go to tell his parents we've found him and send word to the others to stop searching. It's no wonder he was lost in a storm like this. I was almost lost myself until I saw the light from your tree in the window."

How proud I was when I heard those words. My lights seemed to brighten and shine as they had never done before; especially the one at the very top of the tree.

BETHESDA

(Mrs. Len Brillinger)
The White Gift will be on Sunday evening, Dec. 18th, at 7:30. Mrs. Zeitman of the Scott Mission will be the speaker. The School Concert will be on Wednesday evening, Dec. 21.

The Young People are to have their meeting on Friday evening at the home of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Moddle.

Mrs. Edward Maude (nee Marion Ferguson of Rockwood) were Sunday supper guests with Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Brillinger and children.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Scott attended the Austin-Spence wedding last Saturday afternoon in the Second Markham Baptist Church.

The W.M.S. Christmas meeting was on Friday, Dec. 9, at the home of Mrs. Fred Yake. The President, Mrs. Hunt, was in charge and opened the meeting with the hymn "Joy to the World," followed by prayer and all repeating the Lord's Prayer. The devotional was given by Mrs. Fred Allin and the scripture from Matthew 2:1-12. Mrs. Steckley played some Christmas piano selections. Roll call and minutes of last meeting were read. It was moved by Mrs. Steckley and seconded by Mrs. Taun that a member of the W.M.S., Miss Selena Atkinson, be given a life membership. There were letters read by Mrs. Burkholder, from Mrs. Chapin, Mrs. Robins and Mrs. Cherry, concerning the 60th anniversary. It was decided to pack boxes for shut-ins for Christmas on Monday evening, Dec. 19, at the home of Mrs. Roy Smith. It was suggested by Mrs. Dobb that we have 1 cent a day boxes. It was moved by Mrs. Burkholder and seconded by Mrs. Brillinger that we do.

Mrs. Yake played Christmas instrumentals. Mrs. Moddle showed pictures entitled "Each With His own Brush." It showed how each nationality depicted Christ, and the closing prayer by Mrs. Moddle. The election of officers took place and Mrs. Moddle took charge. Officers for the new year are: Hon. Pres., Mrs. Moddle; Pres., Mrs. Taun; 1st Vice - Mrs. Smith; 2nd Vice - Mrs. Gibson, Corr. Sec. & Treas. - Mrs. Burkholder.

holder; W.A. Treas. - Mrs. Scott; Rec. Sec. - Mrs. Brillinger; CS & Finance - Mrs. Burkholder; Temperance Sec. - Mrs. Yake; Missionary Monthly Sec. - Mrs. Allin; Supply Sec. - Mrs. Hunt; Flower Comm - Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Dobb, Mrs. Steckley; Pianist - Mrs. Steckley; Assis. Pianist - Mrs. Empringham.

MT. PISGAH

Mrs. C. Pattenden Gormley - 60424
Mrs. W. Milne and girls of Toronto spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Harold Botham and boys.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Smith and girls had dinner in Toronto on Wednesday evening with Miss Martha Barker and Mr. Roy Allen.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Monkman of Lansing called on Mr. and Mrs. Walter Thomson on Sunday.

At Sunday School next Sunday there will be a special Christmas Missionary program in charge of Mrs. Roy Hawlett. Each class is to be responsible for a part in the program.

Congratulations to Bonnie, Brenda and Barbara Harvey who will be six years old on Tuesday, December 13.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dalton and family of Toronto visited Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh on Sunday and attended the christening service at the church.

Mr. Ross Smith had the misfortune to have his new truck badly damaged at the Gravel Pit near Lemonville, due to an overhanging piece of gravel falling on the truck while it was waiting to be loaded.

Don't forget the Christmas Concert at the church on Friday night.

Next Sunday is White Gift Service at church.
The four babies that were christened on Sunday by Rev. V. Wood were Debra Lynn Elias, 6 months old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clem Elias; Daniel James McIntosh, five month old son of Mr. and Mrs. K. McIntosh; Joseph Leonard Bishop, four month old son of Mr. and

Production of canned dog and cat food, rose to 54,521 tons last year. Fido and Peter are enjoying prosperity, too.

A Canadian Adventure

As seen through the eyes of one of the sixty-six boys from London, England, who attended the great Boy Scout Jamboree this summer at Niagara-on-the-Lake. The story is provided by a friend of the Rev. Douglas Davis family, Stouffville.

I was one of sixty-six boys from London who flew to Canada for the Eighth World Jamboree. We took off from London Airport. The previous months of preparation had involved considerable worry and inconvenience, to both Scouters and Scouts, but all that was forgotten as we thundered into the sunset. A dream had become a reality.

The flight was remarkably smooth and without a hitch. We needed every minute of sleep we could get, since we gained five hours crossing the Atlantic. We landed at Malton Airport two hours ahead of schedule. Here we were greeted by a British H.Q. Scouter and some Canadian Scouters and the Canadian customs. These latter gentlemen viewed us with the greatest suspicion and searched everybody's baggage.

The journey into Toronto impressed upon us the fact that we were no longer in England, since the coach in which I was travelling at 40 miles an hour was rapidly overtaken by heavy trucks loaded with cars. On arrival we were taken to the basement of a church where we heard for the first time a phrase which was to haunt every British Scout in Toronto - "I guess you boys must be hungry." None of us were given the least opportunity to get hungry during our stay in Toronto and on my first day I was offered three lunches, a tea and a supper. This, however, was only a foretaste of what was to come.

I was taken to the house where I was to stay with a surgeon and his family. Although some boys were staying with friends or relatives, most of us, myself included, were billeted with complete strangers. These people had never seen us before, but they treated us like kings; their hospitality knew no bounds. During the next eight days we saw all there was to see in Toronto, ranging from the tallest building in the British Empire - the Bank of Commerce - to Casa Loma, a Victorian mansion, which cost the owner so much to build that he could not afford to live in it. We travelled in large, luxurious cars and midnight was the usual bedtime.

This luxurious state of affairs ended abruptly on August 17th. All the British and Jamaican Scouts staying in Toronto and the Toronto contingent were down at the harbour at seven-fifteen the next morning, ready to board the S.S. Cayuga which was to take us to the Jamboree at Niagara-on-the-Lake. The Toronto Region Trumpet Band, which constituted part of the Toronto contingent, impressed us by their smartness and the standard of their

playing, but they only knew two tunes and after the ten days of the Jamboree we also knew those tunes rather well.

On arrival at Niagara after a two-hour crossing of Lake Ontario, we London boys were marched off to our sub-camp which naturally was right at the far end of the mile-square Jamboree site. We were fortunate, however, to have a site free from poison ivy in a wooded area, for during the first three days the temperature was well over ninety in the shade.

The Jamboree was very well organized and the most important part, the food, was excellent, even though we cooked it ourselves over charcoal. The opening ceremony by the Rt. Hon. Vincent Massey took place in a temperature of 115 deg. but a squall the next day which blew down several tents brought cooler weather. There was always something going on and something to see, but my most vivid memories are of a trip to the Niagara Falls, a spectacle of majestic beauty, and the opening day of the Canadian National Exhibition, the largest annual exhibition in the world.

Unfortunately most of our British boys did not fully appreciate the "EX," since we had been up until midnight the previous night on our trip to the Falls and we had to rise again at four to go to Toronto. The final day of the Jamboree was the most impressive day of all. The language difficulty seemed to evaporate and my long-forgotten Spanish enabled me to talk to a very excited Cuban. A mixture of Spanish, French and English was used in a conversation with two Venezuelans with surprising success. National songs could be heard until late into the night, but we were all up early next morning packing gear for shipment home.

The great adventure was almost over. We sailed back to Toronto where most of us spent our last two fleeting days with the people who had been our hosts before the Jamboree. On the showery evening of August 13th, we assembled for the last time on Canadian soil at Malton Airport and quietly said good-bye to our wonderful Canadian hosts; fifteen hours later we were home, in a land of unarmed policemen and small, slow cars.

The flight home was very bumpy when we struck a thunderstorm over Quebec but B.O. A.C. "saw we were all right." The trip showed us something of the enormous size of Canada and we learned to understand and like the Canadians, despite their few strange habits and unusual food. As a result of this trip many of the British boys who went to the Jamboree including myself, intend to return to Canada to spend, not three short weeks, but a lifetime in the great Dominion.

The universally favorite scent is said to be lilac. They should smell a skillet of bacon and eggs.



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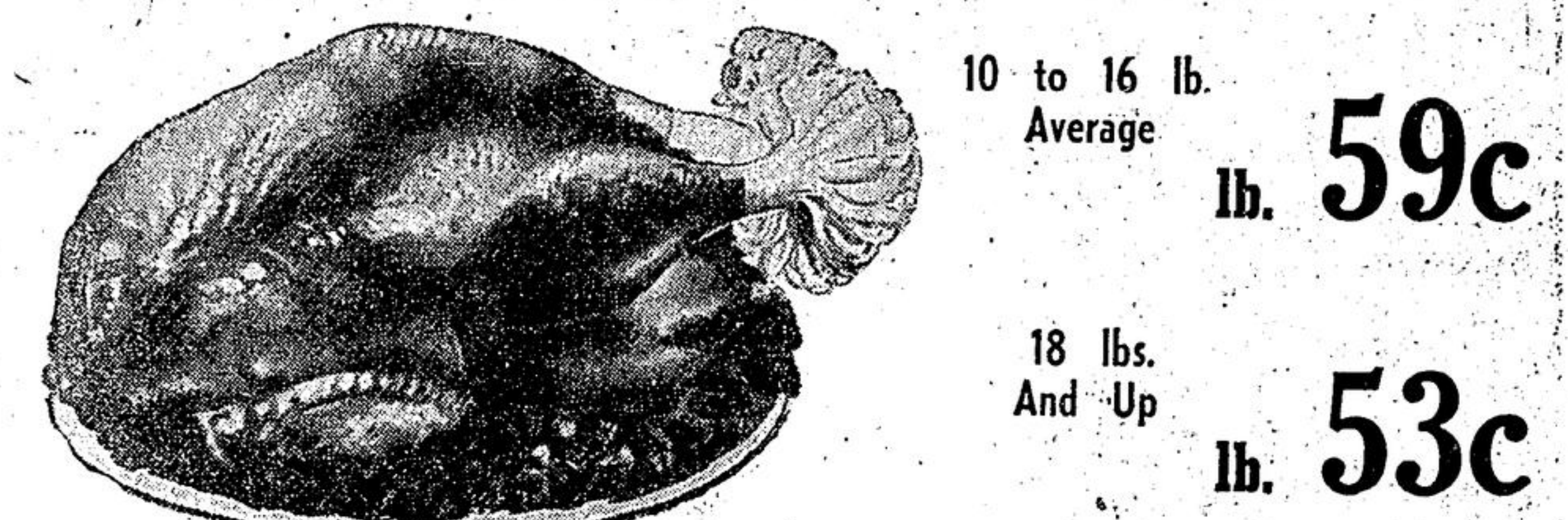
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IGA... Family Pack
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