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Editorials

Neighbors

The greater the population, and the closer people live to one another, seems to bring about, for some reason or other, a lack of neighborliness.

More need was acted upon, no matter whether it was sickness, or work or play. But in the cities it seems the spirit of neighborliness declines.

Time To Practice Good Winter Habits

The first skiff of snow serves as a reminder that it is time for all those who use the streets in any way — on foot, bicycle, in an automobile or what-have-you — to brush up on good winter safety habits.

Motorists are aware that it takes longer to bring a vehicle to a stop on snow-covered roads (especially newly-fallen snow) and they are also aware that a car can behave in distressing fashion in snow unless skill is employed by the driver.

Traffic safety is a many-way street in which all who are involved in travel by whatever means are urged to co-operate in the interests of their own well-being.

For Parents Only

Those Socks

By Nancy Cleaver

"Hang up the baby's stocking. Be sure you don't forget! For the poor little dimpled darling hasn't seen Christmas yet!"

Hang up stockings, not just for baby, but for the other members of the family, is a Christmas Eve ritual in the great majority of homes!

Children's feet grow with amazing rapidity. In a few short weeks new socks may have become uncomfortable.

Adults' socks and stockings must be the correct size. They are more likely to protest about uncomfortable feet and do something about it than children are.

Lukewarm water, both for washing and rinsing and a mild soap or a detergent are a "must" in washing socks.

Many men, and most adolescents have a "yen" for brightly colored socks — but too cheap colored socks can be a very poor investment.

Light grey or fawn shades in better quality socks are a wise choice. If color is desired, diamond or a striped pattern can be used in the upper section of the sock.

Sometimes women complain that smart as nylon hose appear, they suffer foot discomfort when wearing them.

lies on the surface of the foot when nylons are worn. This secretion from the sweat glands is not absorbed into nylon because it is neither a vegetable nor an animal product.

Christmas socks or stockings are welcome gifts, because for foot health a clean pair should be put on each morning.

Small boys love gay striped socks and little girls at an early age are eager for socks which harmonize in color with their dresses.

It's hard to go wrong in choosing a Christmas gift of socks or stockings—but do take time in buying them and shop early to get what you want!

HUNTING THE WREN IN OLD IRELAND

Once upon a time in Ireland the wren was hunted and killed on Christmas morning; a branch of holly and bright ribbons were attached to his body which was carried from house to house by wren boys who sang songs and expected to receive a dole from each household.

The story goes that during the Danish-Irish war, the Danes were resting after an arduous march and the Irish were creeping up quietly. All of a sudden a wren, spying a few crumbs which the drowsy Danish drummer had dropped on the drum-head, swooped down and began to peck at the crumbs.

LAFF OF THE WEEK

LACY'S WCPA



"Sometimes I feel sorry for husbands, but I don't believe sympathy should interfere with extravagance!"

BETWEEN OURSELVES BY Charles Wallace

Can We Have Peace?

ABOUT THE YEAR 1912, a family came from Newfoundland to Ontario. There were six young men in the family and all enlisted in the First Great War.

CHRISTMAS, WITH ITS SUPREME MESSAGE of good will, is a good time to consider the question of world peace.

A CENTURY ago, warfare between nations seemed inevitable. Tennyson's couplet expressed the general feeling:

SMALL GROUPS OF MEN in various countries decided foreign policies, and expenditures were made with little or no consultation of the people.

IN THOUSANDS OF PULPITS the subject has been discussed; there can be very few ministers of religion of any group, who have not earnestly prayed that what sometimes looks like a conflagration may be the dawn of a better day.

A STORY IS TOLD of an Indian holy man who lived on a few handfuls of rice each day and drew around him in the sand, a circle into which no one of inferior cast might come.

WE MUST RESPECT A MAN with such convictions, no matter how much we may disagree with him. That man, and millions like him, reveal a capacity for self-denial, which we cannot but admire.

NO MUSIC HAS EVER BEEN COMPOSED nor any picture painted which did not in the beginning, exist in someone's thought.

A BRITISH WRITER SAYS we must ask all aggressive invaders to examine their motives; that question itself would often break down their impulse to fight.

THE PROCESS OF ELIMINATING WAR is terribly slow and there is no quick and easy way to bring it about.

OUR QUOTATION TODAY is from the prophet Micah: "And they shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks."

And not by eastern window only, When daylight comes, comes in the light; In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly, But westward look, the land is bright.

LONDON LETTER

London, England Dec. 8, 1956

As I fully expect this to be my last letter before Xmas, may I wish all you good people of Stouffville and the numerous readers of the Tribune in the surrounding district, the compliments of the season.

When I was a boy you could play marbles in the streets without the fear of being run over.

The Christmas spirit is beginning to show itself over here. Folks seem more tolerant and nicer in the streets and shops.

Unfortunately, with the rise in price of petrol, practically every other commodity in everyday use, food included, will go up too.

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Holy Day or "Holi-daze"

By E. L. Homewood

"Christmas isn't what it used to be," said the man in the bus. "Now when I was a boy..."

"Christmas is just give and take," cynically remarked the footsore young lady as she pushed through the crowds around the display counters.

And perhaps Christmas isn't what it used to be. For the first Christmas was a holy day, when the Christ Child was born in a manger in Bethlehem.

In many homes, the holy day has become a series of "holi-daze". A mixture of last-minute shopping, home celebrations, office drinking parties (on which there has been a justified crack-down in recent years), distract holiday sights and sounds,

can lead to this sometimes tragic state. But Christmas is still a holy day. It is the anniversary of the birth of a Man who came, not to sing carols, eat turkey or trim Christmas trees, but to give of love.

Why not make this Christmas a holy day in your home? Have fun, enjoy your gifts, your children, the feasting and all that goes with a family Christmas.

By which alone we still may live — A new heart and a new birth For a new heaven and a new earth."

Dec. 16th, 1956

Despite the fact that Township taxes are coming in a little slow this year, in Stouffville there has been collected almost as much as this season as was paid in last year at the same time.

The Stouffville band are practicing for a concert which they intend to submit to the people in town and country early in January.

A very fine specimen of the English Pheasant has been around the east-end during the past few days.

Good milk, cows are in demand. At Smith Bros. auction sale on lot 17, con. 10 Markham, on Nov. 30th, excellent prices were realized for the cattle especially, there being 23 head in the offering.

Two Home Plowing Competitions, one in the North and the other in the south end of Ontario County, have just been completed and judged by Mr. Jas. McLean of Richmond Hill.

The first Council for the Village of Stouffville was elected in January just 50 years ago, and in view of commemorating this important event in the town's history, a public meeting was attended by some thirty people on Monday evening to discuss a proposal to hold an Old Home Celebration about July 1st.

Excited. "You mean we can peek?" "That's just what we'll do."

"George," she turned to her husband that evening after Kally had been put to bed, "our daughter has quite a problem."

"Women always have problems," he smiled over his newspaper. "What is it this time?"

"She knows about Santa." "That's too bad," he pursed his lips, "but what can we do?"

"Get someone to put her toys under the tree while she watches." "Sure," he laid the paper down, "why couldn't I do it?"

"She heard that you are Santa." He chuckled. "She isn't the only woman in the family who thinks that."

"How about Bob Perkins?" she ignored his attempt at humor. "He's the right build."

"Okay," he agreed, "I'll arrange it in the morning." "Kally," her mother shook her gently, "Santa is downstairs."

"He is?" she sat up rubbing her eyes, "HE IS?" "Okay," she slipped out of bed and into her slippers. In the early morning light she looked like a tiny blond elf.

"Put on your robe." "She got it and took her mother's hand. They crept down the stairs. Mommie held her back while she made sure Santa wasn't smoking a cigar. He was placing gifts around the tree. She motioned her to look. Kally peeked around the corner with

"Yes, we could," she had an inspiration. "Better still, we can wait until tomorrow night and see for ourselves."

"We can?" she sat up in surprise. "Sure. You go to bed just like always, then when he comes I'll wake you up."

She got up from the floor all six Gold Medals at the 1956 Olympics and our teams will get a real welcome home.

Hundreds of Hungarian Refugees are arriving every day in Britain, and hundreds of Britons since the Suez trouble, are leaving for Canada and the rest of the Commonwealth.

On Thursday last, Canada House reported 600 visitors, 1,000 phone calls and 700 letters, and that's only one day. Who can blame them?

Again wishing you all the best of wishes from London, Cheerio, folks, keep smiling.

Creed of the Bells

How sweet the chime of the Sabbath bells! Each one its creed in music tells, In tones that float upon the air, As soft as song, as pure as prayer;

"In deeds of love excel, excel," Chimed out from ivied towers a bell; "This is the church not built on sand, Emblem of one not built with hands; Its forms and sacred rights revere, Come worship here — come worship here; In rituals and faith excel," Chimed out the Episcopalian bell.

"Oh, heed the ancient landmarks well," In solemn tones exclaimed a bell; "No progress made by mortal man Can change the just — the eternal — plan With God there can be nothing new; Ignore the false, embrace the true, While all is well — is well — is well," Pealed out the good old Dutch church bell.

"Oh swell, ye purifying waters, swell," In mellow tones rang out a bell; "Though faith alone in Christ can save: Man must be plunged beneath the wave, To show the world unflinching faith In what the sacred Scripture saith, Oh swell, ye rising waters, swell," Pealed out the clear-toned Baptist bell.

"Not faith alone, but works as well, Must test the soul," said a soft bell; "Come here and cast aside your load, And work your way along the road, With faith in God and faith in man, And hope in Christ, where hope began; Do well — do well — do well," Pealed forth the Unitarian bell.

"Farewell! farewell! base world farewell," In touching tones exclaimed a bell; "Life is a boon to mortals given, To fit the soul for bliss in Heaven, Do not invoke the avenging rod; Come here and learn the way to God, Say to the world, farewell! farewell!" Pealed out the Presbyterian bell.

"To all the truth, we tell — we tell," Shouted in ecstasies a bell; "Come, all ye weary wanderers, see! Our Lord has made salvation free, Repent! believe! have faith, and then Be saved and praise the Lord, Amen. Salvation's free, we tell, we tell," Shouted the Methodist bell.

big eyes. Then her head darted back. "Where's daddy?" she asked in a stage whisper.

They heard footsteps on the stairs. Daddy crept down. Kally peeked around the corner again. Santa was just coming out with an army barracks bag over his shoulder.

"Hey, Sweetheart," Daddy called after her, "he left the toys in the living room." He stopped as he heard his wife's laughter. "What's the matter with her?"

he glared at her suspiciously. "Doesn't she like them?" "I'm afraid, dear, that you'll never understand the feminine mind."

"What do you mean where's she going?" "To get her coat." "Her coat... why?" "She's going down the street to tell the little girl that she's all wet. Because she has just seen Santa in her front room."

Steel industry planning for a 15 million ton expansion of capacity over the next three years envisions consumption of 12 million tons of coal to produce 9 million tons of needed coke.

CREAM

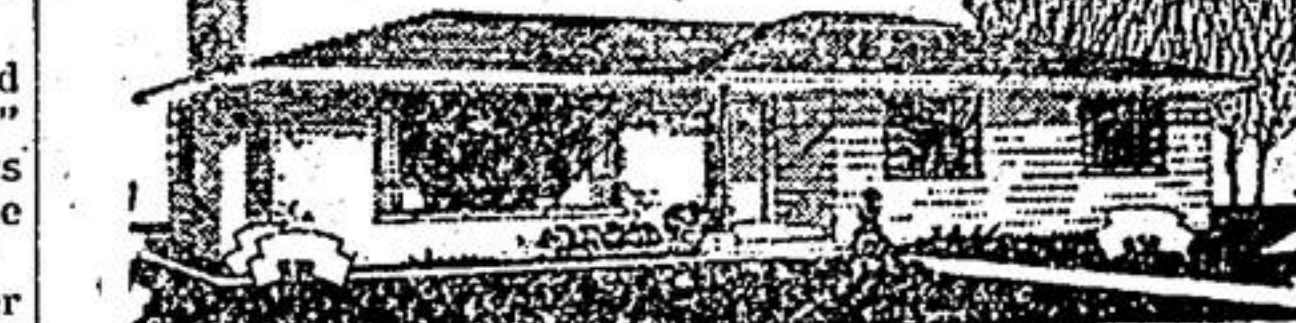
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