

The Stouffville Tribune

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OUR EDITORIAL COMMENT

Voting Time Monday

Municipal election time is here again and ratepayers should most certainly be taking a long look at the candidates who are offering themselves for council and public utilities commission. Too often residents are apathetic to these matters.

Running a municipality today is big business and it requires able and qualified personnel to keep this business from becoming a tangled mess.

Public utilities commissions are equally responsible for large expenditures, and practical, far-sighted men are essential to the successful operation of commissions.

It is up to every citizen to get out and exercise his or her franchise to give the municipality the best local government possible. The taxpayer is insuring his future by taking an active interest in municipal elections.

Large Nomination Attendance A Healthy Sign

The standing-room attendance at the Thursday evening nomination meeting here was most gratifying. We would estimate that the crowd was one of the largest on record. There is little doubt that the current council - police chief case has sparked considerable interest among citizens who had previously been afflicted with dormancy in regard to municipal matters. The otherwise luke warm ratepayer has suddenly been aroused by recent outbursts of charges and counter-charges which, of late, has been a part of almost every street corner conversation. It is somewhat regrettable, however, that this type of spark has been necessary to arouse people from their lethargy. We hope that this same interest, that was so noticeable on Thursday night, will be equally keen at the polls on Monday.

If, in past years, ratepayers showed a decided lack of interest at the annual nomination night, there was, perhaps, little to get interested

It Makes One Appreciate

Every season, the question of minor hockey in Stouffville is the subject of considerable debate. It is difficult to organize a schedule that will satisfy every boy, every parent and every coach. The country lad finds it difficult to attend early evening games. The town boy is hesitant about playing too late at night. Perhaps if we were forced to operate under the same conditions that presently exist in the town of Ajax, we might better appreciate our more fortunate position here.

Every Sunday morning, seventy-five boys, ranging in age from nine to fifteen years arrive at the Stouffville Arena for two hours of hockey. They awaken shortly after 4 a.m. They leave their Ajax homes at 5

a.m. and an hour later, they are on the ice. Three Ajax clubs will be entered in the Ontario playoffs. All their "home" games will be played at Port Perry.

This is the type of sacrifice that must be made in a town without artificial ice facilities. Are the parents bitter? Do the players complain? The Tribune attended one of these "sunrise" sessions on Sunday morning. Out of the many lads questioned, not a single boy offered even the slightest complaint. If anything, they appeared rather enthusiastic over the scheme. The management, however, dreams of the day when they, like Stouffville, can organize a Minor Hockey Association to operate in a modern arena at a moderate hour.

Complacency Deadly

"Complacency can be a deadly enemy", said E. C. Macleod, Chairman of the TB Christmas Seal appeal, in his annual report, "particularly complacency towards tuberculosis".

"It is a tragic truth," Mr. Macleod emphasized, "that we are losing our fear of tuberculosis. It is tragic because much remains to be done that cannot, and will not, be done if complacency once sets in".

"We can rejoice in the reduction of deaths from tuberculosis, but we must continue to be aware that this gain depends solely on the continued effectiveness of a few drugs. Tuberculosis is far from being defeated - it is a versatile enemy which is most dangerous when we think it is licked; it takes advantage of socio-economic gradations, it is cyclic and unpredictable".

It is not easy for Canadians to realize that, even today, tuberculosis rages as an epidemic throughout the world and takes an annual toll of 2,000,000 lives. It is even harder to

accept the fact that more than one million people in Ontario have living tuberculosis germs in their lungs, and most of them are not aware of it. This fact alone leaves little ground for complacency.

Tuberculin tests and chest x-rays, which are provided free of charge through the services of the National Sanitarium Association, provide the surest methods of early discovery. And in turn early discovery, plus the prompt application of drug therapy, means more rapid release from sanatoria and a dramatic decrease in the number of deaths.

It is still the responsibility of every one of us to protect ourselves and those with whom we come in contact from the highly-contagious germs of tuberculosis. Preventive methods are simple and free . . . regular tuberculin tests and periodic chest x-rays remain your best protection. It is gratifying that so essential and beneficial a service is made possible solely through the annual sale of TB Christmas Seals.



SHOTGUN WELDING

Sugar and Spice

By BILL SMILEY

This week we had a birthday in our family. Playboy was one year old. For anybody who came in late, the fellow with the fancy name is our spaniel pup. He arrived last Christmas morning, a six-week-old bundle of coal-black cuteness with a big red ribbon around his neck.

His arrival was the result of a mental aberration on the part of my wife. Normally, she is very sensible about animals. Like me, she loves cows, pigs and sheep - in the form of steaks, bacon and chops - and is able to tolerate other species with a nice blend of unease and disgust. But somewhere she picked up the maudlin idea that the children should have a dog.

I had misgivings, but humoured her, as any red-blooded Canadian slob of a husband does when his wife gets a weird notion. The kids, of course, were ecstatic. They loved the little black brute dearly from the minute on Christmas morn when he wobbled across the floor to their eager hands and made a puddle, the first of thousands.

I prefer to draw a veil over the first couple of months of Playboy's presence in our household. Even now I develop a slight twitch when I recall those midwinter days. And nights. In short, he was a pup, and therefore: stank, was lousy, messed and piddled, chewed to ribbons anything of value, howled like a siren in the pre-dawn hours and had to be comforted.

On several occasions, my wife had to be forcibly restrained from strangling him. On quite a few, I could cheerfully have taken a hockey stick to him myself. At least twice a week his mistress declared in tones just this side of a piercing shriek that we were going to have to choose

between her and the dog. The kids fought for him fearfully and tearfully, and I sided with them just so I could continue to remind her that it was her silly dam' idea in the first place. Married people get a lot of satisfaction out of reminders like that.

We managed to stave her off until spring, glorious spring, when we could let the hairy, dirty, teeping little fiend out. We tied him to the clothesline and he raced up and down the yard, chasing butterflies and beetles, gnawing old boots, and yapping at the crows. He ate like a wolf and grew like a pig. He got sick and had to have costly shots. He was a delight to the kids, who did everything for him. Except bath him, feed him or clean up after him.

But the little devil, with his perky, turned-up nose, his melancholy expression, and his perpetual-motion hind end, gradually sneaked into our affections. Even when he wound himself and chain around my legs while I was laden with garbage cans. Even when he dashed through the ashpile and leaped up on Mother's new spring suit with loving forepaws. He couldn't get it through his head that he was a nuisance and a no-good.

A friend built him the classiest doghouse in town. Custom made of plywood, it was painted red and green, had a swinging door and even a window. We put a soft bed in it and waited for him to make himself at home. He refused to go into the thing. We tried everything, from pushing him in while he braced all four feet and howled, to bribing him with a tidbit tossed into the farthest corner of the house. He has never yet been inside it. He preferred sleeping in the grass and waking up soaked with dew.

When we went to a cottage

for two weeks in the summer, everything changed. We decided it was now or never, and turned him loose. He immediately vanished, in the company of several rakish beach dogs. The kids started to panic after a couple of hours. We were about to launch a teary search when he turned up, looking like the most delinquent of juveniles. When we tied him outside that night, he howled arrogantly until he was let in.

From that day, there's been no holding him. He has learned to swim, to run with the gang, to snarl fiercely at very small dogs who want to buddy up to him, and to run like a deer when large dogs snarled at him. He howls like a demented soul when he wants in or out. He sits in the middle of the road, like a small, black statue, watching in all directions with a stern and piercing gaze.

He follows the kids to school, horses around for a while with the other dogs who do the same, then, if it's a cold or wet day, trots down to the office. There he appears at the window, gives me a look that would melt the heart of a dope peddler, and trots in when I open the door, wagging like a metronome in high gear. He spends the morning sniffing up the place, tripping the customers, and upsetting the wastebaskets so he can chew stuff all over the floor, then rides home with me for lunch.

I wouldn't want anybody to get the idea I'm crazy about dogs. I'm not. I think their intelligence is highly over-rated, and I know spaniels are among the dumbest there are. But Playboy is no longer a dog. He's a member of the family, and it will be a dark and doleful day around our place if anything happens to him.

been an assortment of - alters, bits and other odds and ends for special uses. Now it was all gone. Upstairs, gathering dust, we found one old set of single harness, which could be used in an emergency, and a set of old work harness.

It was sad. The big fat, sleek horses were all gone. The only ones now on the farm were a pony and a riding horse, which the farmer kept as a hobby - and because he himself couldn't stand the thought of a farm without a horse around the place. -Windsor Star

Granddad Says

A man must have his hopes and dreams

To lead him through life's tests and strife,

Whersin he sees a better day,

For expectancy is the joy of life,

Some golden climax to it all

Where one can relax and enjoy

A Hero's welcome some sweet day,

When nothing shall his peace destroy;

When ended shall be grief and pain,

One's envious and rebellious thought,

When he has found himself again,

Back Home - when his battle is fought,

Life's mysteries all shall fade away

And brothers shall as brothers be,

Where one is loved for what he

is

And his wounds bathed in sympathy,

Home again - in his Father's house,

With a welcoming festival and ball,

Ribbons and medals for his chest,

A cane and a hat to top it all,

Then all shall bow and bend the knee

At the joyous dance some eternal spring,

When he wears the Crown of Victory

Some, perfect day, when he is King.

-M. T. Downs

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Christmas Cards

"And, round about December, The cards upon his shelf / Which wished him lots of Christmas cheer, And fortune in the coming year, Were never from his near and dear, But only from himself."

Perhaps A. A. Milne in his lines in "King John's Christmas" was poking fun at the amount of enjoyment most people get from their Christmas cards! The custom of sending cards is only a little over a hundred years old - but what pleasure countless people receive from them! The popularity of Yuletide Greetings has grown steadily all over the world. In Canada Christmas Cards costing a large fortune are mailed each December.

There is some dispute whether the first Christmas card was a sketch drawn by a Mr. W. C. Dobson in December, 1844 which symbolized the spirit of Christmas or whether the credit for originating a Christmas card should go to Mr. J. C. Horsley who two years later sent an elaborate card to his friends. This had two allegorical designs showing needy folk fed and clothed and a family group gathered around the festive table.

Many of the other designs which are shown from year to year can be traced far back into the past. Mistletoe, holly and ivy were all esteemed by the Early Britons. Wreaths were used by the ancient Romans. Candles were popular hundreds of years ago with the Jews and were used in their annual "Feast of Lights". The Christmas in the Middle Ages likely adopted the use of Candles from their Jewish neighbors.

The Christmas Tree may be traced to Germany in the Seven-

teenth Century. It came to England when Prince Albert erected a Christmas Tree in Windsor Castle in 1841. The early German settlers on this continent brought their love of Christmas Trees with them.

The use of miniature art scenes on Christmas cards has become popular in recent years. Not only reproductions of famous religious paintings such as Lerolle's "Arrival of the Shepherd" or Raphael's "Madonna", but pictures by modern painters are also used. There are several very fine, Canadian Artists Series of cards with fine color prints of typical Canadian scenes. These are of special interest to friends in other lands.

Some Canadian Art Galleries including The National Art Gallery of Canada at Ottawa have colored reproductions suitable for Christmas greetings. These prints can be glued to red or green construction paper. Especially attractive Yuletide Greetings are the following National Gallery prints: Clarence Gagnon - "Village in the Laurentian Mountains"; Lawrence Harris - "Snow"; Maurice Cullen - "Ice Harvest"; F. S. Coburn - "Winter Morning".

Art or construction paper should be bought in large sheets from a printer or a stationery store. Figure out how it can best be cut economically into a size which will fit a standard envelope and still be a good background for your colored print. Too large or too small cards are a nuisance to the postal employees, especially in this rush season.

Christmas cards with informal snapshots of members of the family are quite popular, especially with older relatives. They are always amazed to see

how much the children have grown!

A message written in red or green ink on white paper makes a pretty contrast. If a child has learned to block print or to write, do encourage him to send a little note with the Christmas cards to those who remember him at Christmas time. It means so much, especially to grandparents, to know that they are loved and remembered.

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Empty Pegs in Farm Stables

During the summer we visited a once familiar farm stable. It was empty but that in itself was not significant as stables usually are empty in the summer. But as we looked at the wall behind the stalls we were nostalgically impressed by the great changes which have come to Ontario farms.

There was the old row of long wooden pegs fixed firmly as ever up on the stonework. But every peg was empty. When we were lads every peg was full of harness.

There had been two sets of single driving harness, one for show and the other for ordinary purposes; there had been a double set of double driving harness for the team on the democrat. There had been the fine brass-bound set of harness to show off when teaming to town. And there had been several sets of ordinary work harness, some with leather tugs, some with rope tubs and some with chain tugs.

There had been a bridle for each horse, and each horse had its own collar. Then there had