

COMPLIMENTS OF
The Boys & Baby Shop
421-425 Richmond St.
LONDON

McCormick's
Gifts of Leather

LADIES' HAND BAGS
TOILET CASES
BILL FOLDS
UTILITY CASES
BRIEF CASES
SHOPPING BAGS

Luggage

Luggage is Scarce. But we do have a small quota from time to time.

Jas. McCormick
395 TALBOT STREET

COMPLIMENTS OF
THE KENNEDY CAR LINER & BAG CO., Limited

Manufacturers of
KENNEDY CAR-LINERS
BAGS AND COVERS

Woodstock — Ontario

COMPLIMENTS OF
London Marble & Granite Co.

493 Richmond St. Met. 3569
WM. LOVEDAY, Mgr.

Price Auto Electric

Generators, Armatures, Magnets
Batteries, Ring Gears Installed
Motors

358-360 Ridout St. N. Met. 8500

MERCHANDISE AND
FURNITURE
STORAGE

Fireproof Warehouses

On C.N.R. and C.P.R. Tracks

SEASON'S GREETINGS

A. P. Maguire Motors Limited

CHEVROLET, OLDSMOBILE

Dealer

London — Ontario

COMPLIMENTS OF

Mark AYRES

DAIRY

THE MILK FOR BABIES

32 Hume Street Fair. 148

COMPLIMENTS OF

Ainsley Specialty Shops

165 DUNDAS STREET

London, Ont.

L. G. Eggleston DRUGGIST

Cor. Hamilton Rd. & Adelaide St.

PHONE MET. 2945

COMPLIMENTS OF

A & M Fruit Market

Fresh Fruits and Groceries
The Whole Season

Special Run on Xmas Trees
75c and up

FAIR. 389-W HAMILTON RD.

COMPLIMENTS OF

THE INGERSOLL CREAM

CHEESE CO., Limited

Ingersoll

Canada

COMPLIMENTS OF

W. I. Burnett

Tobacco, Candies and Magazines

205 Hamilton Rd Met. 5339

THE TRUE GLORY

(Reprinted from Liberty)

By the time this page appears millions of people will have had the opportunity of seeing one of the most momentous pictures ever filmed, *The True Glory*. It is the story of those grim and heroic days from June 6, 1944, to May 8, 1945. It is told in pictures that are real as war itself, because they are war in all its naked, bloody reality. They were taken on the beaches of Normandy and Belgium and Holland and on the battlefields in France and Germany. They were made by men who dedicated their lives to this outwardly commonplace task. While the fighting soldier rightly sought such shelter as he might find, the photo squad had to take it standing up, because that was their business. Men died to make this picture possible—many men. How many, we do not know, for they were scattered through all the armies. All we know is that among the Canadian photographers alone five were killed at ~~one~~ and ten were wounded.

Perhaps there are people who will ask if this sacrifice was worth while. But they won't be the people who have seen this picture and caught its underlying message. It isn't just the story of those eleven grim months between D Day and VE Day. If it were, it would hardly be worth this comment, for most people will have seen the picture already and will have their own estimate of its story. It isn't even that, in its own right, it has any quality of exceptional pictorial merit. Beyond its terrible reality it is perhaps no better pictorially than many a commercial film, for a photographer under constant machine-gun fire may be forgiven if his eyes are not completely single to camera angles.

But as the story unfolds in the unschooled narrative of simple actors in this epic drama its purpose becomes crystal clear. It is to tell the story of a united effort in which alone was any hope of survival. It was to make clear our hope that never again might there be an opportunity to film tragedy and heroism so intermingled and so immense, rested on our ability to continue in this mind to the end.

It was a C.I. Joe from whose lips fell a sentence with an import etched in salvos of rocket guns and long processions of landing tanks. The words came with tarting aptness: "Anyone who sets out to say he won the war is not only boasting, but is also nuts."

To those who can look back on the petulant and disruptive arguments of another day, these words, in their setting of united and unselfish effort, have a vast significance. Here is the accomplishment of many lives. And if men died to make this argument valid and powerful, their lives were well spent. For the hope that we may not do this all again is founded on the added hope, and that alone, that we can continue in this unity of thought and effort and aspiration and brotherhood in sacrifice. These words from the prayer of Sir Francis Drake spoken in another hour of Britain's ordeal are a fitting text and a fitting epilogue.

"O Lord God, when thou givest to thy servants to endeavour any great matter, grant us also to know that it is not the beginning but the continuing of the same until it is thoroughly finished which yieldeth the true glory."

—JOSEPH LISTER ROUTLEDGE

THE CHRISTMAS SYMBOL

Only a manger, cold and bare,
Only a maiden mild,
Only some shepherds kneeling there,
Watching a little child;
And yet that maiden's arms enfold
The King of Heaven above;
And in the Christ-Child we behold
The Lord of Life and Love.

WE WELCOME SANTA CLAUS

Again 'tis December, and Christmas is nearing
With Santa Claus coming, his gifts to bestow;
The youngsters are hoping the clerk of the weather
Will order, right smartly, a downfall of snow,
That good-natured Santa can hook up his reindeer
Securely and gladly again to his sled,
To speed from his storehouse to fill up their stockings
While they, in sweet slumber, are cuddled in bed.

The old-fashioned story survives all the changes
That Time, in his passing among us has wrought;
It yields to no pleading of new innovations
That skilful designers to charm us have brought.
It does not surrender its claim for our fancy,
And in our affections it still holds its place;
We fondly can picture the swift-bounding reindeer
Urged on by their driver, with broad, smiling face.

Good Santa, each Christmas, speeds off to the mansions
With gifts for the wealthy who domicile there,
And goes just as gladly to each humble cottage
To cheer up the people of lands everywhere.
He heeds no divisions that men have been making
According to fortune, religion, or birth;
He deems it his duty, his trait and his pleasure
To bless, with his visits, all nations of earth.

He may be old-fashioned to wear flowing whiskers
And have a wool bonnet pulled tight on his head;
But ne'er is he chided by present day people,
Though autos are plenty, for using a sled.
Should he be a native of far-away Lapland,
As some have imagined—but nobody knows—
We all are quite certain he'll have a glad welcome
This Christmas, as always, wherever he goes.

—MACK

Merry Christmas



The clarion of peace heralds
this Christmas season with a
ring of hope and good will to-
wards all men forever. This
is the Yuletide your fighting
men have been looking forward
to for many years — a Yule-
tide, which for many, means
home and loved ones again.
Let us keep the spirit of peace
and Christmas alive forever.



A Friend



OUR FOLK

Mr. Cecil Hollingsworth, the toughest run of hard one we know. While suffering an injury to his leg, he made an operation necessary, entered the hospital, and turned home after the operation on the road. Since then he has been again twice for further and this time it looks as if he will have to spend the Christmas in the hospital. Let's a line or card to cheer a little would also be appreciated.

Many glowing reports from Brantford as to the accomplished among the people by Mr. and Mrs. L. Choral work and fires bringing into the church haven't attended for years is Brantford's gain and all being done for the church in general. Too bad about it but our own London young get going" to show what you have a splendid heading your group of Mr. Ross Jenkins. co-operation he deserves don't won't have to talk from any young people in Canada.

Have you visited his Shell Service Station of Maitland and H. entered into a partnership with W. G. Lumsden and making many friends.

