

THE JARVIS RECORD

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CHRISTMAS

Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

If there be no miracle in Heaven or earth, still is this the most potent benediction ever dropped into the wistful heart of mankind. The centuries measure their course, life's seasons revolve and write their changing fortunes upon us in lines of experience, war follows peace and peace war; and the manger of humility remains the shrine of our only hope.

It may be true that this ever-hastening age has enveloped Christmas with the flavor of self-indulgence, that we exact too wolfishly all that is purely material profit, that we exhaust ourselves in a mad display of artificial generosity, that we translate a simple and beautiful story into an orgy of the marketplace; this may or may not be true, and each can answer for himself. But it is still true that, in a very instant of time, every man may find, undestroyed, the shrine of recollection hidden in his heart.

The seed of humanity, placed within us as the gift of sacrifice at birth, dies hard—if at all. It is, after all, something real and filled with meaning; it belongs to the Imperishable which, all matter of faith apart, must believe that right is better than wrong, kindness better than cruelty, sentiment better than cynicism. For there is something which is Eternal, something which re-creates, re-animates, resurrects, even though the understanding of it escapes us. We know that beneath the dead and frozen surface of the earth life breathes and waits its time. What, in the balance with this profound mystery, is the misanthropy of a withered intelligence?

It is, perhaps, a pity we ever grow up. Or do we? What is this miracle by which we recapture the fine imagination of belief other than the flowering anew of childhood's simple faith? It is the radiance of innocence which covers the earth and turns men's eyes, in Alaska, in India, in the distant outposts and at the home hearth, to that group of shepherds plodding their way through the night to worship the birth of revelation. That something engrained more

indelibly on the heart of mankind than the infinite source of that Star which is hope, and of that angelic chorus pouring down from the bursting heavens with the sublime proclamation: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

It needs something more than a smart sneer to rob the world of that majestic moment, be it allegory or circumstance; it needs something more profound than the piteous arrogance of intellectual self-deception to blot out from the consolation of humanity the grand symposium of its transcending reassurance. It is sufficient if man finds himself borne, on the wings of Christmas, from the ends of the world straight to the hearth of his better self; if the Star leads him, remembering, to the cradle of his good intentions.

"But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart." And so may we.

THE UNIVERSAL HOLIDAY

It was Charles Dickens who (according to a well-known practitioner of the amenities of book collecting) made Christmas Day a universal holiday. And he did it by a little book, "the greatest little book in the world," it has been called, "A Christmas Carol," published just eighty years ago. Its cheer has penetrated into nearly every land under the sun, as the cheer of the last stanza of the carol drove away the fog and frost that hung about the black gateway of old Scrooge, the misanthrope, the night before Christmas. And there is still enough cheer left in that story to warm every heart in this little village, whatever its degree of hardness.

cynicism or disappointment may be. The church took over the day into its sacred domain from other calendars in which the day or season was celebrated as the birthday of the unconquered sun in the skies, and made it the birthday of the "Son of God." But without losing its sacred character it has spread the tidings of that good-will which is and will ever be associated with the birthnight in Bethlehem into every household, whether Jew or Gentile, Protestant or Catholic, whether with or without one of the faiths that found their cradle in what is, to many of differing creeds, a Christian, Jewish, Moslem holy land. The pervasion of this community and of every community in this country and every community in many countries by the Christmas spirit at this season makes it the nearest to a universal holiday that the world knows, and the fact that a day of this import is more widely observed than any other is perhaps the best ground for hope that the world will be a better world as the Christmases multiply.

Experts think the old-fashioned dance is coming back, but we don't.

The car was brought to a local garage for repairs and was badly damaged.

Honesty may be the best policy, but selling the truth isn't always exactly polite.

If you want to make someone believe you, tell them something they want to hear.

Sometimes the answer to "Why girls leave home" is "So they can smoke a cigarette."

The sad thing about having a wife is she is always wishing her husband would be more sensible or more foolish.

FRANK OPEN CONFESSION

Last week's Cayuga Advocate contained the following comment on the election:

"So far as the defeat of the O.T.A. is concerned, now that the smoke of battle has cleared away, there will not be much regret in the minds of many of those who supported the measure at the polls. Knowing, as we do, the rotten conditions which have existed in Cayuga under that measure, the feeling of a number of voters is that they cannot be much worse under Government Control. Unless Ferguson gets honest administration by the 'whiskey dicks,' Government control is likely to become the same kind of a joke as the O.T.A. only more so."

They say that "open confession is good for the soul." If so, Brer. Davey ought to feel better. But why didn't he write the above before the election? Echo answers "Why?"—Dunnville Chronicle.

Them's our sentiments, Brer. Fry, ain't it the truth!"

WOULDN'T TRADE

To many Britishers America seems lacking in the good points of its native land. He will tell you holily how far short we fall of many of the wonders of the homeland.

It is true. The tight little island has many things that we have not and do not want. There is the London fog. Against that we could not even pit the Pittsburg pall or the black days in the Chicago loop.

A cable dispatch tells how the fog treated the residents of London one day recently. It was described as a black, sticky, thick, damp blanket. It remained like that for twenty-four hours and then got worse. There were a large number of accidents and collisions on roads and on rails.

The fog legion was mobilized and traffic corporation exerted Herculean efforts to get people to their homes. In vain. Many remained in the down-

town hotels. The alphas of hundreds of thousands were perfect.

Huge flares and "naphtha lamps" (whatever medieval contraption that may be) were erected throughout the city's traffic points and hundreds of traffic men patrolled the streets with "hurricane lamps," leading buses and taxicabs. All the tram cars were fitted with special white fog lights and had guides with flares preceding them.

Can't you picture it? The British Babbitts—the little draper or the corn merchant who has a snug business in Tring—with their bowler hats and six-guinea coats, getting a bloomin' holiday from the woman by pleading the sickenin' fog, you know. Couldn't get 'ome at all.

Then the scene of the trams, buses and taxicabs with an advance guard of torch-bearers blowing horns and shouting, "Mike wy! Mike wy! Mike wy!" 'earse out o' the pawth of this important tram!"

The flares, the white lamps that penetrate six or seven feet into the wall of fog; the shouting, seething, wriggling mess of it!

From where this is written the northern horizon is thirty miles away. Between lies a large city. Every mile of the way holds clear visibility. One-third of the way there stands a mooring mast clearly etched against the blue sky. A farm house eight miles away stands bravely with its group of shade trees against the skyline. The blue waters of a broad lake reflect shimmeringly the rays of the sun—that is nine miles away. It is glorious, balmy golf weather. Life has its compensations for those in the "remote parts."—Ft. Worth, Texas Reporter.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS CARD

It was in the year 1846—just eighty years ago—that the first printed Christmas card saw the light of day. It was designed by J. C. Horsely, a Royal Academician, for Sir Henry Cole, K.C.B., of the Royal Records office, in the ninth year of the reign of Victoria the Good. The card was gaily printed in bright colors and depicts a scene of English home life. Grandfather and Grandmother surrounded by their sons and daughters and grandchildren are having a joyous time together. The practical expression of Christmas charity and benevolence are depicted in the two side panels. One thousand copies were printed and placed on the market. Their success was almost instantaneous. The habit has grown through the passing years and today finds it firmly established as a necessary part of the Christian world's expression of the Yuletide spirit.

In Canada there are over a dozen firms specializing in the production of Christmas cards alone. The print-

Horses WANTED

Buyers from Toronto will be at the following places on dates mentioned:

Caledonia, Tues., Dec. 29
Hagersville, Wed., Dec. 29
Simcoe, Thurs., Dec. 30
Jarvis, Friday, Dec. 31

To purchase all kinds of Horses

Among the Buyers will be
STOREY, JOHN MAC
PHERSON, MEADE,
and others

ing ink makers have given special attention to making high-class inks for their requirements.

The original card, embalmed against the ravages of time and public ingratitude is preserved in the British Museum.

Little Girls' Game Causes Heartache To Lonely Mother

Two little girls sit at a window playing a game. They make believe that every woman they see coming on the street is mamma coming home to them. They shut their eyes until she gets almost to the door and then open them hoping it is really the one they long to see. They firmly believe that some day their wonderful dreams will come true. Mother knows of this game, and she is doing her best to make it come out right; but just at present she is having too small a struggle to stay on this earth at all. She is taking the cure at the Muskoka Hospital, but has allowed herself to become so greatly run down that there isn't much left of her for the kindly nurses and doctors to build upon. The wonderful quiet of the great hospital, and the care she is getting, are soothing to her worried mind and body. Some day she hopes to be with her little daughters again. Contributions may be sent to Hon. W. A. Charlton, President, 223 College Street, Toronto 2, Ontario.

You hear a lot of talk about self-made men, but all men are that.

The Record
in Simcoe
Hagersville, Ont.
The Globe
Toronto

Antwerp Honors Canadian Pacific Ship



(1) Street in Antwerp near the port. In the background is the famous cathedral.
(2) On the bridge of the Melita. W. D. Grosset, managing director, Canadian Pacific, Belgium; Captain A. H. Notley, of the Melita; and Mayor van Cauwelaert, Burgomaster of Antwerp.
(3) Canadian Pacific Liner Melita.

Honor was brought to the British shipping world and more especially to the Canadian Pacific liner Melita when on November 14th, she steamed into the harbour of Antwerp and was the 10,000th ship to enter that great port during the year. It created a record for the number of ships docking at any European port with the sole exception of London, during such a period.

The occasion was marked by fetes throughout the city in which the whole population of Antwerp took part. Telegrams of congratulation were sent by notabilities from all over Belgium including one from King Albert, and there were great parades of labor, industrial and commercial organizations in the principal streets.

In response to the welcome given the Melita by the city, W. D. Grosset, Managing Director for the Canadian Pacific in Belgium, organized a luncheon aboard the vessel. He was assisted by Capt. A. H. Notley, commander of the ship, and officers. The guests included Mayor Van Cauwelaert, Burgomaster of Antwerp, with several of the Aldermen; Consul-General Rowley, for Great Britain; and a large number of the shipping, commercial, industrial heads of the port. Mr. Grosset in his address of welcome said he was proud to think that

S.S. Melita was the 10,000th ship to enter the port of Antwerp since the beginning of the year, both because she flew the British flag and because she was a Canadian Pacific ship. He pointed out that this vessel, the S.S. Minnedosa, the S.S. Montclair and the S.S. Montroyal all used the port and during the current year had carried over 10,000 passengers.

Burgomaster Van Cauwelaert read a telegram of congratulation from H.M. the King of Belgium. It was as follows: "I thank you for your thoughtfulness in communicating to me this happy news, and I send to the city of Antwerp with my heartiest congratulations, my sincerest wishes for the ever-growing increase of traffic of the port, most important factor in the prosperity of the country. (Signed) Albert."

Consul-General Rowley said that 10,000 ships within a period of ten months and a half constituted a record for any European port, London excepted. The port was the outlet for an interior navigation throughout the country that represented a total of over 10 million tons. About the same tonnage represented ocean-going vessels using the

port. Its reputation was very high in shipping circles all over the world. Capt. Notley also addressed the gathering in a humorous speech which closed the proceedings.

At night Captain Notley, his officers and crew were entertained at the City Hall at a reception tendered by the Mayor and Aldermen at which Governor Baron Holvoet, Camille Huysmans, Minister of Science and Arts, members of the consular bodies and leading shipping and commercial men were present. Mayor Van Cauwelaert read a telegram from M. Jaspard, Prime Minister of Belgium, announcing that Mr. Grosset and Harbor-Master Captain Stocker had been nominated Knights of the Order of King Leopold. The Mayor in his address took the opportunity to express to the Canadian Pacific Railway his sentiments of esteem and gratitude for a company which in the past twenty years had been a regular customer of the port. He then handed over to Capt. Notley the present given by the city to the crew of the 10,000th ship to enter the port in 1926.

Capt. Notley and the leading guests then wrote their names in the Golden Book of the City of Antwerp.

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