THE JARVIS RECORD

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1927

CHRISTMAS

Crowds parade the downtown shopping district. Stores are filled with eager customers. Christmas is upon us once again, another milestone in the varied journeys that we take as we press on to various goals.

The years no longer loaf in their passing as they did when we were children. They speed by now and leave their marks upon us. So busy are our hands and heads in the eternal task of finding means to provide feed and warmth and shelter, that time has become a mill-race that sweeps us on to the end of our course. There are many stations along the way. And the most hopeful of all of them is Christmas, for it is the Christmas spirit that descends upon us and saves us from ourselves.

The grind of business wearies our brains. The disappointments make heavy our hearts. The greed we nurture within us makes us selfish. Our ego, prompted by our yearnings, destroys our concern for others. And then comes Christmas and purges us of our hates and our lack of faith in our kind. Without this season of good will we would become sordid indeed.

The most hopeless, hapless, helpless individual in all the world is the unbeliever—the unbeliever in everything that is worth while—the individual who does not believe in man; who does not believe in woman, who frowns at ideals; who mocks at faiths; who scorns love as a weakness and who worships at the shrine of Self. He goes his lonely, unlighted way, snatching at gems and discovering that they are only dross when he finds them in his hand. For happiness does not depend on what we wrest from the world. Happines depends upon ability to enjoy. And we can enjoy the things we have only to the degree in which we are permitted to share them with others.

Study those faces in this Christmas shopping season.

See that white-haired old man, whose step is slow, whose hands are palsied, but whose eyes are bright with a light that is but a reflection of the spark of gladness that nestles in his soul and warms him and makes him content. A grandfather, perhaps! Some place a child is standing at a window, dreaming of the generous-hearted Santa Claus, concerning whom Grandpa has told wondrous stories. How slowly the days creep by for this child! It jumps from its warm bed in the morning and rushes to its mother, with the oft-repeated question:

"Is this Christmas, mama?"

"Why, no," says mother, "not yet, but pretty soon."

"Tomorrow? Will tomorrow be Christmas, mama—?"

You know how it is. You know if you ever had a child in your house at Christmas time.

The old man in the department store is dreaming of that child as he inspects a doll or a woolly little horse or this and that. Before so very long, perhaps, a shadowy figure—the figure of death—will stand at his bedside and touch his foreread and say, "Come — come with me." But today he lives. No king in all his glory has ever wrung from life a joy that was deeper than is his joy now as he stands in a tiny city of toys and chuckles at a vision of a Christmas morning now near at hand. What if the road he has traveled has been hard? Has he not found his reward in a child who runs her fingers through his soft, white hair as she snuggles in his arms when story-telling time has come? Perhaps there have been days when his tongue was sharp, when his heart was hard, but whatever venom there may have been on his tongue is dissolved now, and a song sings in his heart. For Christmas nears, "Good Will Toward Men," and good will toward boys and good will toward little girls who stand at windows and dream of Santa Claus.

Thus we are reclaimed at Christmas time—reclaimed from ourselves, our worst enemies. Thus is the course of our sordid selfishness interrupted, so that we emerge from the Christmas season better equipped morally to go ur way.

It isn't the gift that we give that counts. It's the gift that we receive through giving that makes of Christmas a season of joy.

READ NEWSPAPERS

The woman who knows her paper from the date line to the want ads can pick an argument with her husband about blondes becoming extinct, or a candidate's chances, and the result is that she gets all the argument she wants without interfering in the least with her domestic happiness.

Instead of panning one of her husband's associates' wives she can lam the rarpoon into some dame who is dragging her husband through the divorce courts, or she can grill the dramatic critic who doesn't like a certain show as much as she does. She can voice an opinion about a bit of news and throw more of a scare into her husband than if she tried to crown him with the goldfish.

Women read the newspapers more carefully than men do. At least this is the consensus of opinion in news paper circles, where a close tab is kept on the tastes of people and the things that isterest people.

In The Melting Pot

"Roll your own" is a fine slogan, when it comes to bank rolls.

Give a man enough rope and he will hang himself or smoke himself to death.

The woman who married a man to reform him finds solace in the thought that even legislation cannot do it.

Conscience makes cowards of us all. That is old stuff. Now the reformer's conscience makes goose-teppers of us all.

The wife doesn't hold his arm because she loves him, but because that is the easiest way to stop him when she sees a shop window worth while.

THE JANUARY ROD AND GUN and Canadian Silver Fox News

With the usual splendid collection of stories and articles on hunting, fishing and outdoor life, "Rod and Gun and Canadian Silver Fox News" makes a good entry into the New Year with a fine issue for January, 1928.

Several stirring stories of fiction and fact of great interest to all outdoorsmen augment the usual special features of the departments dealing with angling, shooting and trapping, dogs and woodcraft. There is also the first of an informative series of articles dealing with the Rainy Lake district situation and Major Allan Brooks contributes another splendid cover painting.

The "Canadian Silver Fox News" section contains a full report of the big fox show at the Royal Winter Fair, Toronto, and many other interesting features relative to the industry.

"Rod and Gun and Canadian Silver Fox News" is published monthly by W. J. Taylor, Ltd., Woodstock, Ont.

IN LOVING MEMORY
Of the Late Mrs. Richard Roberts

How swiftly time with rapid wings
Has borne you from our view,
Yet down memory's page we see
The smiles that were on you.

Forget can't we that gloomy night
When God called you away
And though 'tis ten long years ago
It seems but yesterday.

The form of you, O, Mother dear,
To whom we pledged our love,
Will glide before our eyes once more
When we are called above.

When death loosens the silver cord
Our souls will then be free
And wing their way to higher planes
To far Eternity.

And there in the light of Heaven
Our unity will double ten fold
And there amid wonderous glory
We'll hear of His love untold.

And there we'll behold the wonders
The heart of God enfolds
And share in the wealth and splendor
Which the Kingdom of Heaven unfolds.

On behalf of the family,
Herbert W. Roberts,
Dec. 17, 1927. Toronto, Ont.

SUDDEN PPASSING OF F. REID

Not in many years has the death of one of her citizens created such profound and sorrowful expression of regret as were heard on every hand in Simcoe, yesterday (Dec. 14th), when his townsfolk learned that Mr. Frank Reid had passed away in the early hours of the morning, apparently while asleep. Only the day before Mr. Reid had been about in his usual health, and Tuesday night he attended the annual meeting of the Children's Aid Society, at which he was re-elected president for the 21st year of his office. During the meeting he mentioned to several of his friends that he had not felt well prior to coming down town, but there was nothing in his appearance at the close of the session to lead his fellow members to suspect that he was in other than his usual good health and spirits. In view of this and the fact that he was seen frequently about the streets on Tuesday, apparently as active as at any time during his long and useful career, the news of his death came with such a shock as to be wellnigh beyond belief. Early last summer Mr. Reid had been feeling unwell, but his condition was not such as to give cause for any alarm.

The late Frank Reid was the youngest and last surviving member of a family of eight children born to Archibald Reid and Elspet Shand. He was born in Vittoria in 1862, and had attended the Vittoria Public and Simcoe High Schools. After graduation from Osgoode Law School, Mr. Reid returned to Simcoe and became associated with the legal firm of Tisdale, Liyingstone and Robb in 1889, and had been continuously in practice here since that time. During these years he built up a large and lucrative practice and won and held the confidence and respect of the entire county. He was the oldest member of his profession in Norfolk and his passing will create a void in legal ranks that will be difficult to fill.

In politics Mr. Reid was a stalwart Conservative and one of the best platform speakers of which that party could boast. At the same time he was always tolerant and ranked as high in the esteem of his political opponents as he did in that of his friends While he was at different times tendered parliamentary nomination, Mr. Reid was never a candidate, and contented himself with giving his services to his party whenever called upon, without thought of personal preferment.

For long years he was one of the outstanding laymen of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, and held many offices and was an ardent member of St. Paul's Church. At the consummation of union, Mr. Reid threw in his lot with the unionists, and during his latter years of his life he was a devoted member of the United Church.

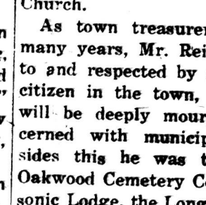
As town treasurer of Simcoe for many years, Mr. Reid became known to and respected by practically every citizen in the town, and his passing will be deeply mourned by all concerned with municipal affairs. Besides this he was treasurer of the Oakwood Cemetery Company, the Masonic Lodge, the Long Point Company, president Children's Aid Society, director of the Norfolk Golf and Country Club and of the Simcoe Rotary Club.

No movement, charitable or otherwise, that made for the betterment of conditions in the community, ever appealed in vain to Frank Reid for assistance, and in his passing Simcoe and Norfolk have lost a citizen whose integrity had become a tradition, and the extent of whose quiet beneficence to those less fortunately placed will probably never be known.

Mr. Reid is survived by one son, Francis, a law student at Osgoode Hall, Toronto. Mrs. Reid predeceased her husband some three years ago.

The funeral took place from the family residence, Lynnwood Avenue, Friday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, to Oakwood Cemetery.—Simcoe Reformer.

1927 Christmas Seals



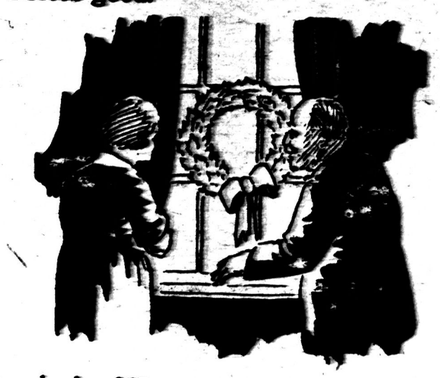
The 1927 Christmas Seals, in aid of the Muskoka and Toronto Hospitals for Consumptives, have just been issued. These handsome Seals, bearing the double-barred Red Cross, carry a message of hope to those who are afflicted with consumption. Every dollar received through their sale is used for the maintenance of patients.

The National Sanitarium Association is in need of funds to carry on the work of its hospitals at Muskoka and at Weston. Why not buy these Seals in lieu of others? Not only will you get good value in return, but your money will serve a greater end—for it will go to help someone in distress.

Look for the double barred Red Cross on every packet. None others are genuine.

For sale by school children and banks, or direct from the Xmas Seal Department, Gage Institute, Toronto 2, Ontario.

The City of Hamilton invites you to bring your produce to the Hamilton market on Thursday or Saturday. Prices good.

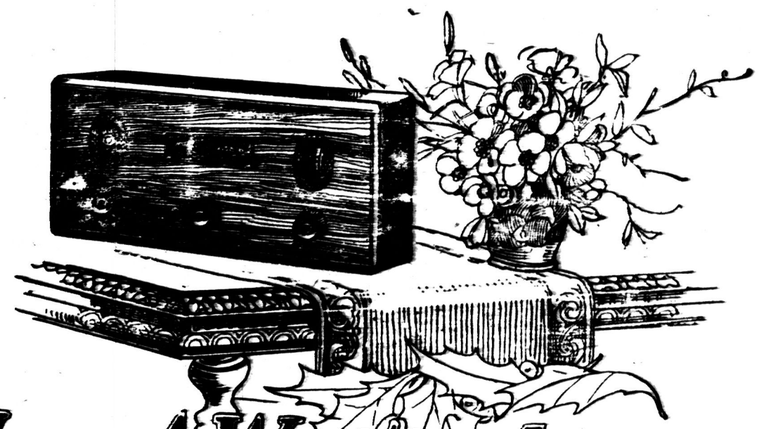


Santa Claus invites the children to meet him in Hamilton

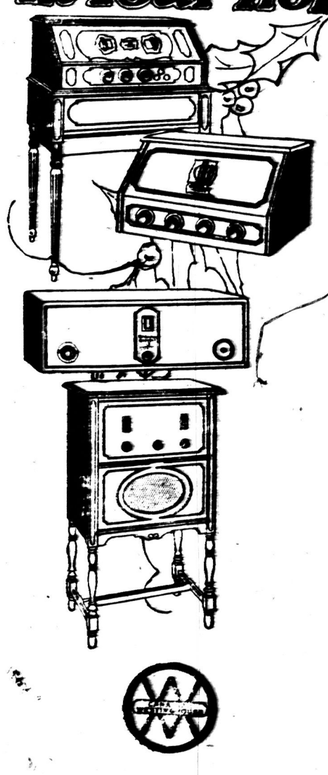
In hundreds of Hamilton homes there will be hearts waiting to greet their boys who are now living on the homestead, coming home for the Christmas Season.

And, too, there's joy in going back to the old home in the village or the town or the farm where you wait for loved ones in Hamilton

"We need you — you need us"



Have A Westinghouse In Your Home for Christmas



In the home that owns a Westinghouse radio, Christmas cheer does not die with the Yule log embers. Long after other gifts are forgotten a Westinghouse brings countless hours of enjoyment.

Never before have you been able to have such value in radio sets at so moderate a price. The new 1928 Westinghouse models and Radiolas include a set for all methods and requirements of operation. A choice of storage battery, dry battery and socket power operation affords perfect radio enjoyment under all conditions—at a price you can afford.

The performance of these new sets is flawless. Distant stations are brought in loud, clear and without distortion. Their tone is as mellow and sweet as that of an old violin. One dial station selector makes them as simple to operate as turning on an electric light. All console models have the new Oval Cone loud speaker built in. Cabinets are of walnut in pleasing design and finished in Duco.

Decide now to have one of these new models in your home this Christmas. We'll gladly give a demonstration in your home without cost or obligation. Phone us to-day.

WM. HODGE
Jarvis, Ont.

Westinghouse
BATTERYLESS AND BATTERY
RADIO and RADIOLAS