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THE JARVIS RECORD

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THE JOY OF GIVING.

There are, I believe, no other words except perhaps those of the Bible itself, which never grow stale or tiresome—no matter how often repeated adapting themselves to our needs and our desires and yet remaining ever the same—just the three brief words "A Merry Christmas."

This wish carries with it a hundred minor hopes and a thousand expressions of joy which its five short syllables can never state. It points to the shared secrets, the eager planning he delightfully bewildered choice between this and that, to the smuggling and hiding of parcels and meeting of Christmas Mails.

It indicates long tramps through the snowy woods in search of pine and hemlock boughs and the bringing home of the Christmas tree and its decoration with those starry candles which tell their shining story of a star in Bethlehem. It also tells of busy kitchens—rich with all the odours of the Christmas cookery—cakes and puddings—frying doughnuts and crispy mince pies—date cookies and shaking mounds of jelly, also huge turkey legs and other fowl just waiting for the proper time to turn into great golden brown birds fit, as well in their beauty as in their savoury taste, to grace the Christmas table.

Christmas Eve, in truth, a very important part of Christmas Day—for Christmas Eve has its own share of the happiness of the season. Its bedtime hours mark the apex of childish expectancy—the dangling stockings and the watch for Santa Claus and the whispered message up the chimney.

Then the great day itself—how much merriment belongs there. The giving and receiving of presents. The emptying of stockings. The eager circle about the tree and then about the Christmas table. It seems as if we won't hold half enough of the good things that have been provided. Then the long delightful afternoon, when the older folks visit and the children have their various sports—the day is over before we know it.

But Christmas means more to us than these—the story of the Christ and the sweetest story in the world. When a little child hears it for the first time he loves it and holds it. The tale of the first Christmas morning is—that heavenly messengers have manifested themselves in our earthly sphere. God and man are akin—the spiritual is linked to the material. "Gloria to God in the Highest" is first in order, then comes "Goodwill in and among men" and only then can peace abide—it speaks to the tongue of "love." It is a sign of God's sympathy with His creatures. The Divine became human that the human may become divine. All Christmas giving rests upon the self-giving of God. Christmas love seeks to give to those whom we love and to those who are in need, seeking nothing in return.

Christmas is a day of friendship, a time of remembrance. As time passes the years seem so filled with work and play, with cares and anxieties as to this and that, with pleasures and interests and duties that cannot be denied. In spite of ourselves the friendly gestures we intended, the letter we meant to write, the visit we planned to make, are neglected. We have a scarcely recognized feeling that we are as forgotten as we are forgetting. Then comes the Christmas season and in its atmosphere of goodwill the loving remembrances of those neglected. As we plan our gift for them or write our Christmas greeting, the silence of the days between seem never to have been.

May we all be filled with the Christmas spirit of goodwill and keep our hearts in harmony with the season.

When we were children we counted the presents we received, that was the measure of our Christmas Joy. But now we count the friends that we have touched again—we can remember presents still but we remember how the tokens of friendliness—the messages in letter and card, bringing love to ponder the wealth we have acquired in the beauty of those relationships—can there be any question which is life's richer endowment? We need not feel that we have passed

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CHRISTMAS

In humble and stately hall
With laughter and with song,
The children hail the Christmas tide
For which they've waited long;
To them Old Time had leaden wings
They wished him well away,
And asked that he but leave to them
Their own—their one Great Day.

In their sweet songs and joyous play
The older folks renew
Dear visions of their early days
When life was sweet and true;
And once again their voices raise
In Greetings ever new
"A Merry Christmas to you all,
A Bright New Year to you."

Wm. Banks

Christmas is here once more. The Season of Hospitality, Merriment and Open-heartedness We shall all be wishing one another Happiness and Enjoyment. For a season the cares and sorrows of millions of hearts will be stilled and old happy recollections and dormant sympathies will awaken.

Good Will shall be King, and Kindness, Good-fellowship, Joy and Charity shall be his Princes.

The old year will soon pass away, and with the experience gained in the past we welcome the New Year as the starting point for a new era of prosperity and opportunity for achievement exceeding the major accomplishments of former years:

Then Three Cheers for Christmas;—
We'll usher him in with a merry din,
That shall gladden his joyous heart,
And we'll keep him up, while there's a bite to sup

And in fellowship true we'll part:
The Record takes this opportunity at the close of another year to wish all its Readers and Advertisers, the very best wishes for a Merry Christmas and Joy and Prosperity in the New Year.

AT CHRISTMAS TIME.

"CHRISTMAS" Is there any other word in our whole English vocabulary that calls forth such a flood of joyous emotions as that which designates the festival of humanity? Longed for as the season when our shining hearths, our domestic comforts and our social felicity are the brightest under heaven—the chosen season of peace and good will, of family reunions, of happy visits, of friendly greetings, of inter change of gifts, of kindness to the poor, of mutual esteem and universal joy. The blending of sport, mirth and laughter with faith, hope and charity—this is the real Christmas. Within the house is gay with ivy and holly, laurel and fir, the mistletoe hangs in the place of honor, the yule log blazes on the hearth, the Christmas tree towers aloft in fairy splendor, and the Christmas candles burn in homely remembrance of the star of Bethlehem. Without, the stars look as brightly down on an expanse of snow, deep and crisp and even, as once they looked down upon those holy fields where shepherds

watched their flocks by night. Borne upon the frosty air there comes the merry chiming of the Christmas Bells, or maybe the solemn tolling of the knell of the Prince of Darkness. And mingling with the music we hear the sound of youthful voices carolling, "Joy to the world" or "Hark, the Herald Angels sing" or better still, that simplest and dearest of Christmas Carols—

"God rest ye, Merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
Remember Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas Day,
To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray
O tidings of comfort and joy."

The cradle and its tiny Occupant, the Angels song of "Peace and Good-Will, the Wise Men's Gifts—everything in the setting and heart of the story would seem to cry out against anything like arrogance or self-assertion or heedless self-seeking, and to emphasize every lesson of simple goodness and kindly thought and sympathetic relationship. We can make no mistake in taking these lessons to ourselves today. No meaning we can get out of Christ-

mas can have any profounder significance than these messages that tell us that we ought to be simpler and kinder, and more human and more nearly in harmony with the great divine impulse that sent Jesus into the world as a little baby. And no discovery of profound truth will ever do any of us nearly so much good as will an honest and earnest endeavor to live up to this truth that we so well know.

Rev. P. E. Deeth, the Parsonage, Jarvis, Ont.

Announcement.

Mrs. Lois Rodgers wishes to announce the engagement of her eldest daughter, Zehna Blanche Zepha, to Mr. John Thom son, both of Jarvis. The wedding will take place quietly on December 31st, 1930.

BIRTHS

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. L. N. MacDougall, at 26 Belview Ave., Hamilton, on Tuesday, Dec. 16th, a son, (Ronald Bruce).

THE BISHOP'S MESSAGE.

The following letter from the Bishop of Niagara to all his clergy and people in the Diocese is his Christmas greeting and is intended to be heard or read by all Anglicans at this time. Rev. J. Hirst Ross.

THE BISHOP'S MESSAGE

My dear People:—
The opportunity of sending its blessed greetings to you all.

Christmas has its messages for the whole of life, and for all its varied phases. It brings to those in sorrow a healing touch, and to those in joy a message which enhances their joy. To the young it speaks of happiness, to the aged it brings happy memories and a renewed assurance of the loving care of God. To the old and young, happy and sad, it comes every year with a message of joy, for "God has visited His people."

The coming of Jesus Christ into human life teaches us that God is with us in love and power. The Incarnation means the sanctification of the whole of life. No sphere should be left outside the influence of His blessing.

At this happy season we remember one another with gifts and greetings. It is a blessed custom, and the more crowded with duties our lives become in these hurried days, the more we should welcome this opportunity of renewing old friendships and cementing new.

I would ask you members of the great and ancient Fellowship of the Anglican church to thank God for and to pray much concerning your Mother Church at Christmas time. The Church calls her children around her especially at this season. Our debt to her is very great. The task of our Church in Canada is heavy and calls for the faithful and intelligent service of her whole membership. Let us bring to our Church in this land the gift of our renewed consecration to her Mission. Come to the services and make your offerings this Christmas day with grateful hearts.

May Clergy and People of the Diocese of Niagara find, as they worship their new born King, new joy and power in His service.

Your friend and Bishop,
DERWYN NIAGARA

CHRISTMAS MESSAGE.

Dear Parishioners:—

It is permitted to me to address you all this Christmas through the medium of the press, and what shall I say. Surely no other message than this, that the "Word was made Flesh", and dwelt among us.

In this great truth, revealed by scripture and history, we have some thing of tremendous import to man. Man had sinned and wandered away from his Creator, and God in His love, gave His only begotten Son, to become incarnate and live and die for men.

The message of the angel to the shepherds of old, has had a clarion ring through all the centuries, "Behold, I bring you tidings of great joy, which shall be to all the people, for unto you is born this day, in the City of David, a SAVIOUR, which is CHRIST THE LORD."

The sense of man as "a redeemed soul" is the foundation of all our Christmas joy. Let us be careful and see that our joys must not follow any other and less worthy objects, such as the material things and pleasures, which accompany this beautiful festival. It is for man to follow the self-sacrifice of his Lord, and see what he can do to relieve the suffering and needs of his fellowmen, especially in this time of distress, and so show the real spirit of Christmas, and from which the giving of presents arose.

This joy is essentially a religious joy, and for that reason, your Church calls you together on that day, in order that you may express the fulness of your heart, in worship and thanksgiving to God for His great and wonderful Gift to the world.

I wish you all a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Sincerely, Your Rector,
J. Hirst Ross.

IN MEMORIAL.

Jennie Maude Parkinson—In fond and loving memory of our dear daughter, who was suddenly called Home, on December 24th, 1925, just five years ago to-day.

Quickly and quietly came the call, Her sudden death surprised us all, We have lost, but God has gained, One of the best this world contained. No one knows how much we miss her, No one knows the bitter pain, We have suffered since we lost her, Life has never been the same. Daily in our mind we see her, As we did in days of yore, But we hope some day to meet her, On that Bright and Golden Shore.
Father and Mother.

CHRISTMAS MESSAGE.

I have been asked to write a few words to my own people, the members of Knox and Walpole Presbyterian churches. I now comply with that request. We ought to be thankful and undoubtedly we are for the Christmas season, with all its gifts and gladness. We thank God for the love in so many hearts that finds expression in gifts and good will; for home-gatherings and reunion of separated ones; for home joys and social festivities and for all the gladness that brightens the weary world at this Christmas time. May we all realize that all these blessings are showered upon us by the hand of the Babe of Bethlehem, and that it is His spirit working in humanity that is transforming our modern world. I hope the abundance of material gifts will not smother the spiritual significance of the day, and the gifts cause us to forget the real Giver. I pray that we may be moved with generous impulses to share our good things with others, and may the Spirit of Christ touch our lives with a new spirit of love and joy that will bless and make beautiful all our days.

I realize that this time of year brings many sad memories to a great many people, and I pray that God may give you abundantly of the comforts of His gospel, and that all our difficulties and trials may lead us nearer to God, to know Him better and love Him more, and serve Him with greater efficiency and faithfulness.

Please accept my sincere wishes for a very happy Christmas to you and the inhabitants of both town and township.
G. Lloyd Evans.

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