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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24th, 1936.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

At this glorious season when the captivating spirit of Christmas is pouring its radiance of good cheer into the hearts of all, we take pleasure in extending to you, our readers, our sincere good wishes for a Very Merry Christmas.

Christmas! The magical, musical ring of it—
No finer word in the world can be found!
Molded and made for us mortals to sing of it;
Full of the tingle that makes pulses pound!
Christmas! The lilt and the rhythm and thrill of it!—
Christmas! We all love the sound and the sing of it;
Sinner and saint, and the godless, and good;
Hearts of the world all respond to the ring of it—
Bringing mankind into one BROTHERHOOD!
Christmas! All nations rejoice to the thrill of it!—
Paupers and peasants; the rich and renowned;
Spirit of Love — may we bow to the will of it—
Then we'll have Christmas the whole year around!

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Christmas is the season of kindness. Christmas celebrates the coming of Christ into the world, and the heart of the Christ message is love—love expressing itself in natural channels of friendliness and good-will, love that "suffereth long and is kind." If we have kindly emotions, let them have their way and blossom into kindly thoughts and kindly deeds. Let the free child spirit of open-hearted friendliness prevail. For this is the child's festival, celebrating the birth of a Child, the wonderful Giver who gave Himself for mankind. Let us carry the Christmas spirit through all the following days that come and go with all their measure of care or pain or pleasure, and bear in our hearts the inspiration and love, hearing above all the sounds of earth and sense, the song of the angels heralding the birth of the Saviour of mankind.

THEY FOLLOW A STAR

In the most material of ages they were the most impractical of idealists. The world was under the domination of a single empire that ruled by brute force, that worshipped mastery as its god. The pursuit of pleasure had degenerated into a form of licentiousness that has never been surpassed. Such philosophers as had not given themselves over to lust preached a doctrine of attaining life's highest end through the strength of the good right arm, just as their successors to-day counsel the power of the dollar as the only source of success.

In some proverb of that age originated, perhaps, the modern cynic's sneering counsel, 'Watch your step!' For the soldiers of Rome and the pampered epicures of decadent Greece had nothing but contempt for dreamers of dreams.

It was in such an age as this that three men set out upon the strangest journey in all history. It was in the face of such material philosophies as these that, visionaries that they were, they began their quest of an ideal.

Across deserts they rode in spite of scorching heat and thirst. Perils there were in their path, for bandits infested it as their offspring do to-day, and these travelers carried priceless treasures. Through cities and villages they passed, through crowded bazaars and market places, where the curious asked them the purpose of their strange pilgrimage. And always to these queries they had the same answer: 'We have seen His star in the east and are come to worship Him.'

Dreamers? Idealists?

There doubtless was not a lounge in the most obscure of hamlets through which they passed who did not shrug his shoulders and tap his forehead significantly as these pilgrims rode by on their camels, their eyes fixed unswervingly upon the star that was their only guide. There was not a philosopher who heard of their strange quest without branding them as the veriest of fools.

But for twenty centuries, strangely enough, men have been calling them — as they will continue to call them until the Christmas story is no longer told — 'The Wise Men'.

A MORE PROSPEROUS CHRISTMAS

As the sun of prosperity begins to peer through the heavy clouds of the depression some significant signposts have begun to appear on the economic highway, and we look to a future more promising than for some years, as once again we extend to our readers the time honored greeting, A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Reports from all points in our national life show employment to be increasing, there is more buying power as indicated by the increase in Christmas business this year, our trade is increasing as ships travel the seven seas carrying Canadian goods to the markets of the world which have been opened by the removal of trade barriers. And on the whole the future looks brighter. Business firms report the "best Christmas for some years" and all around are indications that at least prosperity is on the way back.

THE BEST TIME OF THE YEAR

The Christmas Season is here again, the Season of the year which provides one of those too rare moments in life when we forget the rush and cares of business and think of mutual goodwill and companionship. It is a time when we feel more kindly disposed towards one another and more grateful for the happiness and friendship with which we are surrounded than at any other period of the year. It's Christmas, the best time of the year.

STILL FAR FROM PEACE

Shaken by the impacts of successive devastating calamities, our world comes now to the season of another Christmas festival, in which we must recognize with regret that for the peoples of many nations there will be little or nothing of hope or joy in the proclamation of "Peace on Earth to Men of Good Will." There is strife in many places, laying bare the evils and human weaknesses which continue to bar our path to the achievement of the world brotherhood envisioned for mankind by its great teachers in all ages. The world's heritage of hatred is still greater than its legacy of love and charity, which are the essential requisites of world brotherhood and the simple elements comprising the only formula by which mankind will ever be able to eradicate the woes which beset the world.

In Full Settlement

A Christmas Story by Prunella Gay
There is something very delightful about sitting around a big log fire on Christmas evening, roasting chestnuts and telling stories, and this is one of the few pleasant habits which my own family has developed. The most impressive evening I can remember occurred several years ago. There were eight of us there, the curtains were drawn, the lights extinguished, and we all sat staring into the flames of the fire, while Uncle Joe began his story:

"First of all," he said, "I would like you to know that I do not believe in ghosts, curses or unseen powers, but I have been warned not to relate this story, because those who have told it have always been known to die after relating it. I have a great desire to tell it, simply because I should not, but if I die..."

"Have you made out your will, Uncle?" asked twenty-year-old mercenary-minded Gloria.

"Yes, Gloria," replied my uncle with all seriousness, "it is locked in the small drawer of my bureau, but don't buy lilies at this time of the year, chrysanthemums are cheaper."

"It depends on the extent to which I benefit," laughed Gloria.

We then lapsed into expectant silence and Uncle Joe continued:

"Many years ago a rich and beautiful society woman, whom we will call Lady X, had a daughter, Isa, who was very fond of hunting. Unfortunately Isa was thrown one day from her horse, and trampled upon. There was little hope for her life the doctor said unless an immediate blood transfusion could take place. Several of the servants offered themselves and after applying the usual tests it was found that only one—an old gardener—would be of any use.

"Oh, James," cried Lady X to the gardener, 'You shall be richly rewarded. I would give my right arm for Isa's recovery.'

"Sad to relate, James died a month after the transfusion. The doctor said it was natural causes, his wife said it was due to the loss of blood, and when he lay dying he said to her: 'You'll be all right, mate, Lady X promised me something. She said she'd give her right arm for the girl's recovery, and, by jove, she shall if she don't make you comfortable.'

"But somehow in the excitement of Isa's recovery, the reward was forgotten. The head gardener installed another man in James's cottage and James's wife and son were asked to move elsewhere.

Here Uncle Joe's voice dropped almost to a whisper.

"But there were some sinister powers at work," he continued, "for within six months Lady X had lost her right arm which was removed through cancer.

"The years passed by. Isa married and went to live abroad, and Lady X, through living on her own, became somewhat eccentric. She suddenly had a fear of dying, inasmuch as she was not perfect, and, believing that only the perfect in mind and body could enter heaven, she thought she would not be admitted. She consulted with her old lawyer, Jarvis, who lived on the estate, and who managed her affairs.

"To appease her troubled mind the old man suggested that she should have a duplicate arm made of solid gold. This should be buried with her and then he said: 'When Peter sees you and realizes how much more valuable you are than the rest, he will doubtless let you in first.'

"The arm was made and when her time came Lady X was called to rest and the golden arm was buried with her. In her endeavour to obtain eternal bliss the good lady bequeathed every penny to the Church and poor old Lawyer Jarvis, who had hoped for happiness in his old age through a consideration that Lady X had promised him, was left penniless. His mind suddenly became obsessed with the golden arm and he could not sleep at night for the thought of the treasure that lay buried in the grim vault. Day and night a still small voice cried in his ear 'Get that arm! Get that arm!' until Jarvis eventually found himself at the entrance of the vault, which happened to be open for renovation, one blowy Christmas Eve.

"He descended the stone steps. Perspiration poured from his forehead as with quickened pulse he made his way to the coffin of Lady X, then with a screwdriver from his pocket he unfastened and raised the lid. With satisfaction he viewed by the light of a candle the peaceful expression on the alabaster face of Lady X.

"She's in heaven all right," he murmured. 'Now she won't need her arm,' at which he raised the

winding sheet and stealthily removed the heavy golden arm.

"He hurried back to the little house in which he was temporarily living and which had once been the home of old James, the gardener. In an enormous iron saucepan and over a roaring fire he intended melting down the gold. As he raised his arm to the pot two faint knocks on the door broke the awful stillness of the house. Trembling with fear, he hid the arm and went to the door. There was no one without. Only the wind howled and the snow piled up in evergrowing depth, shone white as the face in the coffin.

"Old Lawyer Jarvis was unnerved, melting operations were suspended for the night and he crept between the sheets and hid his head. When morning broke, the red glow of the sun descended upon the world, and Jarvis wondered why he had been afraid. What is there in the darkness that does not exist in the light? He tried in vain to answer the question; but he did know that in the darkness one made contact with the invisible.

"That Christmas evening the melting pot and arm were again brought out. Jarvis was happier. He knew there was nothing to worry about. With confidence he lifted the lump of gold; with broken nerve he dropped it again as two knocks, louder than those of the previous night resounded on the door. With shaking hands he withdrew the bolt. Again there was no one there; only the snow lay deeper than the night before and the moon was fuller and the wind higher. Certainly, he decided, the knocker was loose. He would tighten it up in the morning. Thus the melting pot was again abandoned. Lawyer Jarvis decided that his nerves were bad, that he had better wait. New Year's Eve might be a good opportunity....

"And so, by December 31st he had found courage to proceed with his horrible task. Melting pot and arm were ready; he lifted the gold slowly and listened. There was no sound without. He held it over the pot, trembling, but defiant. Come what may he would put it in the pot now. He lowered it. As he did so the window rattled violently and two thumps, heavier than ever before shook the door, and indeed the whole house. Jarvis threw the arm from him with a cry. He tried to be calm. 'It's only the wind and the snow; only the wind and the snow, he said to himself between gasps for breath. 'Only the wind....' He was very feeble. Summoning his courage he opened the door.

"The moon was clouded over, but Lawyer Jarvis could see a dark figure without, the figure of a man whom he recognized, the figure of a man who was dead. Gardener James! There was silence for a moment then the figure said slowly, but deliberately, 'I want my arm!'

"Next day the village learnt that Lawyer Jarvis had died the previous night of heart disease. What a coincidence it was that Gardener James's son—the very spit of his father when he was his age—had turned up in the village! Quite by chance he happened to be employed by the firm of undertakers who were attending to Lady X's vault which was to be permanently sealed. On second thoughts, was it by chance? After all, Lady X had said to his father: 'I would give my right arm....' Anyhow, the debt was settled at last."

Uncle Joe sighed as he finished the story and we all clapped loudly.

"But when do you die, Uncle?" asked Gloria.

"It must be after the story is related, Gloria," said my Uncle, good-humouredly, "I can't die before, now."

CHRISTMAS

By Lalia Mitchell Thornton

I did not hear the angels singing In Bethlehem, that night so long ago,

And yet I know As well the message they were bringing,

I did not see the Star, whose glory Lighted the stable where a baby lay,

And I today Can know as well the natal story. What matter years, when Truth is speaking?

For I shall find Him on the Christmas Day

As sure as they Who left their sheep, the Saviour seeking,

And I may worship, treasure giving, As did the Wise Men, coming from afar;

Where'er men are There is the Child, the Christ, the Ever-Living.

UNIONVILLE SCHOOL REPORT FOR NOVEMBER

SR. IV

Jack Watson 94, Stuart Campbell 93, Jack Clements 85, Viola Benton 83, Eileen Stiver 82, Doreen Perkin 81, Bernice Anderson 80, Lily Hawkins 79, Naomi Robson 78, Kenneth Stiver 77, Helen Ogden 76, Don Stiver 75, Myrl Smith 74, Mavis Thompson 73, Marion McIntosh 69, Eva Lunau 67, Nina Robson 65, James Sabiston 65, Wesley Clements 64, Doug Ogden 63, Veldo Perkin 56.

JR. IV

Betty Watson 86, Marjorie Roberts 85, Helen Penstone 70, Keith Connell 69, Lenetta Rainey 68, Doug Parkinson 67, Glen Kennedy 64, Rosie Benton 63, Lloyd Weatherill 60, Charles Minton 58, Estelle Browne 56, Norman Allen 55, Barbara Cooper 46, Charles Coulson 38, Bruce Pellatt 35.

SR. III

Blanche Hoover 83, Leone Brookfield 78, Marein Stiver 75, Harold Roberts 74, Hazel Norton 70, Nancy Rae 67, Betty Rae 65, Myrtle Latimer 64, Doris Coulson 63, Gloria Allen 59, Roy Minton 55, Claire Connell 52, Betty Ogden 52.

JR. III

Dophne Dymond 87, Irene Coulson 75, Russell Allen 71, Phyllis Roberts 70, Tressa Smith 69, Janet Sabiston 67, Teddy Hiltz 66, Jean Martin 64, Clarence Morden 60, Russell Hemingway 57, Gordon Norton 52, Donald Dukes 48, Charles Hemingway 48, Peter Davis 46.

A. M. HILL, Principal
2nd CLASS

Myrna Coulson, Donald Maynard, Jeanne Norton, Marjorie Latimer, Murray Roberts, Victor Blough, Joyce Cooper, Edward Thompson, James Mowbray, Eleanor Noble, Mary Hiltz, Ronald Norton.

1st CLASS

Neil Stiver, Beth Brown, Mathew Rae, Dean Findlay, Murray Summerfeldt, Eva Payne, Vyla Latimer, Leonard Black, Ross Coulson.

SR. PRIMER

Wray Brookfield, Betty Norton, Robert Wilton, William Parkinson.

PRIMER

Donald Summerfeldt, Helen Rudkin, Shirley Latimer, Audrey Smith, Gordon Minton, Elizabeth Black, Kenneth Roberts, Margaret Nash, Barbara Maynard, Gwen Brown, William Hiltz, Donald Brookfield, Albert Norton, Carmen Stiver, Kenneth Allen.

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Season's Greetings

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO EVERYBODY, and may GOOD HEALTH, HAPPINESS and GOOD FORTUNE be at your side at Christmas, and throughout the coming year.

Richmond Hill Dairy

G. S. WALWIN, Prop.

GREETINGS

To the citizens of Richmond Hill I extend thanks for their splendid co-operation in the past year, and to all I offer Greetings at this Christmastide with the sincere wish for a VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS

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