

Thornhill United Church News

The Parsonage, Thornhill, Ont., Monday, February 10, 1941.

Did you ever hear the old saying, "It doesn't pay to count your chickens before they are hatched?" The radio dealer had just succeeded in selling the most expensive all-wave phonograph in the store, and was mentally spending the commission on the deal when his customer's voice brought him back to earth:

"There's just one little adjustment I'd like you to make," she said "Yes, madam?"

"We're not fitted with electricity," she told him, "So will you have it converted, please, for gas?"

And with that little "smile-provoker" we will get along.

The annual meeting of Thornhill United Church, held a week ago last Wednesday, revealed the fact that another successful year had been concluded, and, without going into any detail, let it suffice to say that progress was shown all along the line. The one item we will mention, however, is that as regards Missionary givings, our congregation and the various departments of the church went over the top, with a few dollars to the good. We do not know that anything will be gained by stating the amount raised, but for the benefit of those who might be interested, we state that the sum of \$435.00 was sent in to the treasurer of the Missionary and Maintenance Fund of the United Church of Canada. This does not include amounts given for missionary work by the W.M.S., or for charity work, by the various groups within the congregation, all of which amounts to quite a sum. We hope to do even better in the year now over one month old. The meeting proved to be an occasion of happy fellowship, and it was pleasant to have such a goodly number in attendance, including some of the older young people of the congregation. If the meeting was a bit too long, it was the fault of poor planning on the part of the writer, or perhaps poor execution, but a pleasant evening was enjoyed by all present, nevertheless, and that includes the refreshments, so thoughtfully prepared and served by the ladies of the Woman's Association.

Three of the executive of the Toronto Centre Presbytery Y.P.U. were the guests of the Thornhill Young People a week ago tonight, and an

evening of happy fellowship was enjoyed by all. The recreation period was supervised by Jim Porter, one of the visitors, after which came a lengthy business session of much comment and discussion. This was followed by a well-planned program of a few choice numbers, and a most impressive and effective period of worship, under the guidance of Geraldine Wesley. The theme of the period of devotion was centred around Holman Hunt's great masterpiece, "The Light of the World". A lantern slide reproduction of this great painting was thrown on the screen, its spiritual significance made plain, and its appeal being further emphasized by the beautiful solo, "May I Come In?", sung by Floyd Davies. All in all, the evening was very much worthwhile, and we look forward to more of similar merit. Oh yes, we must not forget to mention the fact that refreshments were served, and the dishes were washed and the S.S. room tidied up by those who made the most noise! Everyone reports a good time, no dishes were broken, although a few chords certainly were, perhaps (!), everything was left in good order, and all went home anticipating other glad and equally worthwhile occasions to come.

On Saturday night, wild and blustery though it was, fourteen of the young people went tobogganing on the golf course hills, and soon it didn't seem cold at all! Many were the spins and collisions, shouts of laughter and squeals of fright, but it all resulted in a good time for everyone. The happy evening was concluded with refreshments, soup, sandwiches, cookies and cocoa, served in the kitchen of the S.S. room, and all were safely home and in for the night before the hour of twelve.

This coming Sunday evening will be the occasion of the annual service conducted by the young people, and on this occasion we will have our good friend, Tom Farrell, of the Public School staff, as our speaker. All parts of the service will be taken by different members of the Y.P.U., and although each one could not be given a part, all will be on hand and cordially welcome to this special service and hope you will come and worship with them at this time.

"There are two ways of regarding a sermon—either as a human composition or a Divine message. If we look upon it entirely as the first, and require our ministers to finish it with the utmost care and learning, for our better delight whether of ear or of intellect, we shall necessarily be led to expect much formality and stateliness in its delivery; but we shall at the same time consider the treatise thus prepared as something to which it is our duty to listen, without restlessness, for half or three-quarters of an hour, but which when that duty has been decorously performed, we may dismiss from our minds, in happy confidence of being provided with another when next it shall be necessary.

But if once we begin to regard the preacher, whatever his faults, as a man sent with a message to us, which it is a matter of future life or death whether we hear or refuse; if we look on him as set in charge over many spirits in danger of ruin, and having allowed to him but an hour or two in seven days to speak to them; if we make some endeavour to conceive how precious to him those hours are, a small vantage on the side of God, after his flock have been exposed for six days together to the full weight of the world's temptations and irreverences, and he has been forced to watch the thorn

and the thistle springing in their hearts, and to see what wheat had been scattered there snatched from the wayside by this wild bird and the other, and at last, when, tired and mind weary with the week's study and meditation, they give him this interval of imperfect and languid hearing, he has but thirty minutes in which to get at the hearts of men and women, to shame them for all their dangers, to try by this way and that to stir the hard fastenings of those doors where the Master Himself has stood and knocked yet none opened, and to call at the openings of those dark streets where Wisdom herself hath stretched forth her hand and no man regarded, thirty minutes to raise the dead in—let us but once understand and feel this, and we shall look with changed eyes upon the pulpit, which either breathes upon the dry bones that they may live, or if ineffectual, remains recorded in condemnation, perhaps against the utterer and listener alike, but assuredly against one of them."

—Ruskin.
We live in the midst of blessings, till we are utterly insensible to their greatness, and of the source from which they flow. We speak of our civilization, our arts, our freedom, our laws, and forget entirely how large a share of all is due to Christianity. Blot Christianity out of the page of man's history, and what would his laws have been? What his civilization? Christianity is mixed up with our very being and our daily life; there is not a single familiar object round us which does not bear its mark, not a being or a thing which does not wear a different aspect, because the light of Christian hope is on it; not a law which does not owe its truth and gentleness to Christianity, not a custom which cannot be traced, in all its holy and healthful parts, to the Gospel.

And in conclusion, this little poem, and a thought for the week:

"A frivolous word, a sharp retort, A flash from a passing cloud, Two hearts are scathed to their inmost core,

Are ashes and dust forevermore; Two faces turn to the crowd, Masked by pride with a life-long lie, To hide the scars of that agony." Of all the griefs that harass the distressed,

Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest;

Fate never wounds more deep the generous heart, Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.

Samuel Johnson.
And so till next time, goodbye. Sincerely,
Your Minister.

WOODBIDGE COUNCIL WILL SPONSOR IMMUNIZATION

In one of its longest sessions for years, Woodbridge council, approving a Board of Health recommendation Monday night decided to "proceed with immunization" of Woodbridge school children and pre-school age children. They agreed to pay 50% of the treatment charges providing 50% is paid by the parents.

The Board of Health recommendation was presented to council by Dr. G. D. McLean, M.O.H., who intimated that the last immunization program in Woodbridge was undertaken about six years ago.

Details of the new plan provide for approximately 12 treatments per child, split up as follows: 3 for scarlet fever, 1 for smallpox, and 3 for whooping cough. Provision is made to allow parents a free choice of doctors. Out-of-town children attending school here will not be eligible for council's 50% grant, it was pointed out.

Endeavouring to organize a War Savings drive and house-to-house canvass, council recommended the appointment of Major A. A. Mackenzie as chairman of the Village Campaign Committee. Formal appointment was held up pending acceptance of the post. J. A. Greene, Richmond Hill, organizer, interviewed council to promote the plan.

Quoting "the dangerous location" of the tracks, council unanimously approved a resolution requesting the C.P.R. to instal a wig-wag signal at the 8th Ave. crossing adjacent to the station. Reeve A. B. Cousins pointed out the present warning bell is almost inaudible in a closed car.

Advising council he had reports that a manufacturing concern had been viewing sites for possible establishment of a factory in Woodbridge, Councillor W. R. Scott successfully moved for appointment of a committee to interview the company concerned.

An adopted resolution, sponsored by Councillor John Watson, provides that summer residents may now receive town water supply on payment of two-thirds of the annual household fee.

George Fleming, summer cottage proprietor, interviewed council requesting a further change in his waterworks service charge. Council indicated a probable granting of his plea for installation of a water meter to replace the flat rate.

Reminiscences of Army Life

By "Steelback"

CHAPTER 19

Here is something personal. It will give the reader some idea of the lack of facilities, and knowledge, on the part of the medical officials of that period.

I had a bad tooth, and one side of my face was very much swollen owing to this. I mounted guard on this day. The acting Sergeant Major when he saw my face, told me to fall out to the left. The waiting man of which there is always one at guard mounting, took my place, and I was sent to hospital. They didn't know very much about dentistry in those days, and the instruments and methods in use then would not be tolerated now. This is what I got. Poulitices were used on the swelling, and the gum was painted. This had no effect. At the end of the week the doctor told the hospital sergeant that he would have another try to remove the tooth. I was seated in a high chair. The doctor told me to open my mouth. He had a lance, and with this he removed the gum from the outside and the inside of the tooth. The tooth was exposed. The doctor said to the sergeant—"Now see if you can loosen it."

The doctor held my head back. I held my mouth open. I would like the reader to picture, from the description that I give here, the methods employed in the military hospital at Fleetwood in 1884 to remove an offending tooth.

The tools used were a small mallet, or gavel as they are sometimes called, and a thing something like a steel fork (three tines) with the tines reduced to small spikes, very sharp, and about one eighth of an inch long. The doctor held my head with my nose pointing towards his right shoulder, and upwards. This put my jaw in a position where the sergeant could operate on the left jaw.

He pushed the pointed prongs

into the base of the tooth right next to the bared jawbone and then hit the handle a smart blow on the end with the mallet. Must I tell you what happened? Very well, but I really thought that you could see the picture. Well—when he hit the pronged tool with the mallet, the top of my head flew up like the lid of a pot, resuming its normal position after a while.

It had no sooner settled than another tap with the mallet caused my head to fly up again. The third time that they did this to me I extended my arms and I pushed the doctor and the sergeant away. My face, I could feel, was swelling up, and the pain was so intense that I do believe that if either of them had spoken to me, which they didn't, I should have struck them. That's how I felt.

I put my coat on, got my kit, and walked back to barracks. On my way I passed a chemist's shop. I saw in the window an advertisement concerning some preparation that would stop toothache and other pains. I went in and bought a bottle and on arriving at the barrack room I took some of this stuff and about 10 minutes afterwards I felt better. I may add that I took a dose so strong that I slightly burnt the inside of my mouth, but the following day the pain had gone. It was well worth the thirteen and half pence that I paid for it.

The name of this preparation is still green in my memory after all these years.

I heard nothing of the abrupt manner in which I left the hospital.

At Schomberg last week King township council decided that township taxpayers may in future pay current taxes in instalments. The first will be due June 1, with the second due Oct. 1. Stern action was urged against boys under 16 carrying firearms in the township.

Be "the man behind the man behind the gun" by pledging to buy War Saving Stamps and Certificates regularly.

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JUST IMAGINE!

A PARADE OF 79,410 CHILDREN PASSING THROUGH ONE DOORWAY

Just try to visualize over seventy-five battalions of soldiers passing in single file . . . or think of the population of a city bigger than Brantford, Peterborough and Kingston all combined.

Now you have a basis for comparison because that's the number of individual visits made by children to the Out-Patient Department of the Hospital for Sick Children last year.

This huge total represents the need of babes and youngsters for medical treatment . . . help which could not be afforded if parents were asked to pay more than a small part of the cost. In fact, many parents cannot afford any payment at all.

These little ones need your help. The revenue from Government and Municipal grants, plus whatever parents may contribute, covers part of the expense, but the balance must come from charitable citizens.

Please mail a donation today . . . no matter how small. The need is greater than ever before.

The HOSPITAL for SICK CHILDREN

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"WHERE NO CHILD KNOCKS IN VAIN"