

"THE LIBERAL"

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24th, 1942.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

In the midst of a world-wide war, with all its accompanying sorrow and suffering we come to another Christmas. Only when Victory crowns the great crusade in which we are engaged can we again celebrate the birth of the Prince of Peace in the old-time spirit of joy and festivity.

To all readers of "The Liberal" everywhere, in this community, in distant points, overseas, in training camps, on the battle fronts of the world, we send our most sincere Christmas Greetings, and the wish that speedy and complete Victory will give to all the right to shout again with loud acclaim the time honored words "A Merry Christmas".

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

There is something of magic in the air at Christmastide. A mysterious something that quickens in all of us a sense of kinship - that awakens our best and sweetest instincts and fills us with a desire to bring happiness to others. Christmas, the most significant of Christian festivals, is what we as individuals make it.

This year the spirit of Christmas is expressed not so much in words and greetings and celebration as in noble acts of thoughtfulness for others, of sacrifice, and in remembrances for the brave sons of Canada who celebrate Christmas by fighting for the world's freedom.

This Christmas Richmond Hill Red Cross sent overseas hundreds of boxes to brighten the festive season for the members of our armed forces. Boxes also went forward to our fighting men from local churches, schools, fraternal and patriotic organizations.

This is the Christmas spirit of 1942 in action in Richmond Hill, and this is a typical community. The same fine work has gone on in every community across Canada. It is the Christmas spirit in action. Such unselfish service to others keeps active the magical quality of Christmas love even in a war-torn world.

APPEALS FOR TEMPERANCE

Announcing regulations to reduce consumption of liquor in Canada the Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King made an impressive and practical appeal for temperance. He appealed to the provincial governments to limit the sale in beverage rooms to eight hours a day.

RADIAL PROFITS SOAR

Operating profits from the North Yonge Radials have been very substantial for the year 1942, and indications are that the same will be true for the coming year. In view of the large operating surplus it would not seem an unreasonable request that at least some wash room accommodation at the city limits terminal be provided for the patrons.

BOOST THE HOME PAPER

Every home should take the home community newspaper. "The Liberal" weekly circulation is today at its highest peak since its founding, but there still are homes where it should be a regular visitor. As a straight matter of community economy, a home paper is a necessity.

OPPOSE CAPITAL OUTLAYS

That capital expenditures unless absolutely essential to public health or safety are "out for the duration" has been the accepted policy in most Ontario municipalities. It is not surprising therefore that Markham Township's proposal to embark on the purchase and equipment of a new township office struck considerable opposition.

'Twas The Night Before Christmas

There are many who believe that the following poem should appear each and every year in each and every special Christmas number. They agree that no Christmas issue is really complete without these verses. Further, it is held, with some show of truth that this poem seems always new again as each new Christmas arrives.

The Night Before Christmas 'Twas the night before Christmas when all through the house Not a creature was stirring not even a mouse;

The stockings were hung by the chimney with care, In hopes that Saint Nicholas soon would be there.

The children were nestled all snug in their beds While visions of sugarplums danced through their heads,

Mama in her kerchief and I in my cap Had just settled down for a long winter's nap;

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter, I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash, Tore open the shutter and threw up the sash,

The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow Gave the lustre of midday to objects below

When what to my wondering eyes should appear But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer;

With a little old driver so lively and quick I knew in a moment it must be Saint Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came And he whistled and shouted and called them by name,

Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen, On, Comet! on, Cupid, on, Donner and Blitzer!

To the top of the porch! To the top of the walls! Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly. When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky.

So up to the housetop the coursers they flew With a sleigh full of toys and Saint Nicholas too,

And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof The prancing and pawing of each little hoof—

As I drew in my head and was turning around Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound;

He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot

A bundle of toys he flung on his back, And he looked like a pedlar just opening his pack.

His eyes - how they twinkled! His dimples, how merry! His cheeks were like roses; his nose like a cherry

His droll little mouth was drawn up in a bow, And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow;

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;

He had a broad face and a little round belly, That shook when he laughed like a bowlful of jelly

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf, And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself

A wink of his eye and a twist of his head Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread

He spoke not a word but went straight to his work And filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk

And laying his finger aside of his nose And giving a nod up the chimney he rose.

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,

Bird Chatter

The following very interesting experience is related by Mrs. Lydia Fenner, Richvale, and her trials and thrills in first aid to an injured robin will be interesting to bird lovers. Mrs. Fenner says:

"Early in the spring of this year Letty Donaldson of Carrville Road found a baby robin lying on the ground having apparently fallen out of its nest. She put it back in the nest but it fell out again so she took it into the house and cared for it, feeding it bread and chopped worms. It thrived and was quite tame following Letty all over the house. Then in late June Letty and her family were going north for the summer and didn't know what to do about the bird since it was too young to fly and would be at the mercy of cats so I said I would look after it until such time as it was able to fend for itself.

However, the poor bird went through several harrowing experiences for one so young. It was my custom to hang his cage out in a tree each morning and open the door so he was at liberty all day. The July holiday he was still in his cage when it rained furiously and he became scared and by the time he was rescued he had his right wing caught between the wires of the cage. He was drenched and a woe-begone sight I must say but he got over that only to cut his foot a few days later and couldn't stand.

A week of convalescing and he was hopping about again and then he took to hiding in the shrubbery and while there one day our dog hearing the rustling noises must have thought it was a mouse and made a grab and hurt both the wing and foot again. This time I despaired of him but after taping the foot and leg and half filling his cage with freshly cut grass as he was unable to get on the perch at all, he was as comfortable as it was possible to make him. After a couple of weeks he was back hopping all about the garden but still unable to fly as the wing wasn't quite right. Two of the flight feathers stuck up at right angles to the wing.

Then the end of August I had to go in hospital and was at my wits end about the fate of the bird, but the problem was solved when the day before I was to leave for hospital Letty returned from the north and took him home. Then three weeks later he disappeared and they have never seen him since. We all came to the conclusion that a cat had caught him.

This very afternoon I was on Spruce Street going in to visit Mrs. Bailey when I heard a robin chirping in her garden. It was extremely startling to hear a robin merrily chirping during a snowfall and I paused trying to place the sound, as I knew I had to see that bird so sure I was it must be Robbie.

Believe it or not but it is the same bird, his two feathers still at right angle from the wing and when I called him Robbie he chirped right back as he used to.

I don't know how long he has been around the garden he now inhabits as they only noticed him since the very cold weather and have been putting out bread daily for him.

It seems wonderful that he has survived these three months and he really looks healthy and well fed. It was quite thrilling to recognize him as our lost Robbie and it's just another 'truth is stranger than fiction' episode."

And away they all flew like the down of a thistle But I heard him exclaim ere he drove out of sight, "Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night."

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SEASON'S GREETINGS

MEL. MALTBY

"YES, we're doing without our Long Distance calls to Mary and Dan this Christmas"



THE exchange of Christmas greetings by Long Distance telephone had become a peace time tradition in many a Canadian home.

But such calls are a luxury in war time - and luxuries have no place in a war economy. War needs the wires you'd like to use for Christmas messages. War business, and the boys in camps who will be calling home from all parts of Canada, will be delayed unless you avoid your usual Christmas telephoning.

If you really must send your greetings by Long Distance, won't you please do so a few days before or a few days after Christmas - not on Christmas day.

This will be part of your contribution to Canada's war effort.

