

LIBERAL

Weekly -- Established 1878
\$2.50 per year; To the United States \$5.00
Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association
E. SMITH, M.P., Publisher
J. G. SINCLAIR, Editor

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25th, 1947.

THE FESTIVAL OF CHRISTMAS

Days forward from the writing of these words
celebrating the Festival that has come down
through two thousand years. Without the Festival
Christmas we would be destitute of that whole outlook,
attitude to life, which distinguishes us from pagan
ages.

We in Canada can celebrate Christmas as a free and
prosperous people. There is no land today—and there is
not one exception—comparable with our own in freedom
and all that freedom means to the human mind and spirit.
We can celebrate Christmas in this year of 1947, here in
Canada, in the knowledge that nowhere on earth has human
society more successfully approximated to Ruskin's
ideal of a nation: "Not what manner of stones are here,
but what manner of men." We are, in brief, the fortunate
inheritors of the results of good government.

Christmas, however, is more truly a season of rejoicing
rather than of meditation and introspection. It is
especially a season for the young. It is the season of
Santa Claus. That mystical and miraculous man comes
to town with an ample bag of good things. He fills the
imagination of the young with abundant pictures of delight
as they dream of his coming, sometime in the dead
of night, to fulfil their dearest wishes. What kind of a
world would it be for the young if there were no Santa
Claus?

But at what age does one cease to be young at Christmas
time? Those of us who are not so young in years
are still young in spirit at the Festival of Christmas. For
the heart, after all, is the measure of our age. Poor in
spirit is he who cannot feel kindly towards his fellow men
at Christmas time, and wish them good-will.

If only good-will were the universal impulse directing
the world today, what a happy place this earth could
be. We must assume that this spirit of universal good-will
will yet prevail over all the earth, and thus realise
Tennyson's dream, in "Locksley Hall", of a Parliament
of Man and the Federation of the World.

We of an older generation can fill our stocking with
good-will, and, with lighter step, advance to a more hopeful
future. Essentially, the spirit of Christmas is good-will;
good-will among all men.

We of The Liberal take this opportunity of wishing
all our readers, district correspondents and contributors,
advertisers, and all who are in any way associated with
this newspaper, a very happy Christmas. A newspaper,
and more especially a weekly newspaper, is a medium of
interchange in the community to which it belongs.

The policy of The Liberal is to knit our community
more closely together, in bonds of continuing harmony
and friendly communication. There cannot be a more
appropriate moment than Christmas time to our expression
to this ideal of friendly communication. We shall
always pursue, every opportunity, the purpose of
bringing our own part of vision.

We have the opportunity, not only of thanking our
readers and advertisers for their valued loyalties, and sending
them our best and all Heartiest Greetings at this Christ-

NOTICE

The following Richmond Hill stores
will observe the following hours:—

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 23rd
8 a.m. to 9 p.m.

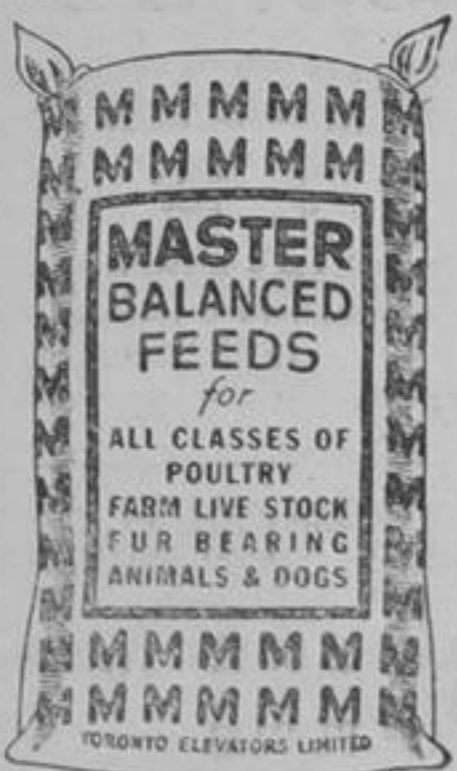
WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 24th
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- GLASS MEAT MARKET
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FEEDERS WHO KEEP RECORDS EVENTUALLY BUY MASTER

mas Season; but we would also like to include in these
Greetings our friends and rivals of neighbouring newspapers.

Ontario weekly newspapers represent a high standard
of production and service, and represent also many
varying points of view. At this Festival of Christmas we
think only of the staffs of our neighbouring newspapers,
working together in the service of a common cause.

To all publishers, editors, and staffs of these newspapers
The Liberal sends Hearty Christmas Greetings and
Best Wishes for 1948.

And to all who may read these words we tender similar
sentiments: A Merry Christmas and A Happy New
Year.

Richmond Hill Notes

A TIME OF REMEMBRANCE
(By Observer)

Christmas means many things to
different people, apart from its festive
character. To ensure its being
fully festive it means hard gruelling
work for a lot of people whom we
never see. They are moving at a
high tempo behind closed doors,
screened from public view; but if
they all, for some reason or other,
went off the job we would be sadly
aware that something had gone seriously
wrong in those affairs that
have so much to do with the brightening
of the Christmas Festival.

Less bright would all our Christmas
Festivals be if there were no
Christmas cards and many other
tokens of remembrance. For these
we depend on that magnificent public
service, the Post Office. The
function of the Post Office has become
a necessary part of our highly
complex civilization. We post a letter
or a parcel as a matter of habit
and never doubt that anything will
go wrong with them. And our confidence
is justified, for the Post Office
is an almost perfect machine.

A machine, however, controlled by
human beings. Human beings who
at this season of the year are driven
at an ever-increasing tempo that
leaves them weary and foot-sore by
the time the rush is ended.

Yet when I looked in to see our
general Richmond Hill Postmaster, Mr.
A. G. Savage, the other day, I found
him with sleeves rolled up, a smiling
figure in the midst of a vast mound
of parcels and letters. He looked
cheerful and unperturbed as more
letters, and still more letters, poured
into the receptacle provided for them.
He might truly have recited Henley's
line from his great poem: "My head
is weary but unbowed."

In the distance I noted Assistant
Mr. Willis, silhouetted against a
white background of still more letters.
"His getting tired," said
Postmaster Savage, "and I don't
wonder at it. And footsore, too. He's
been walking several miles a day
over this floor for the past ten days
or so; and the same goes for the
girls here. We're all pretty tired."

Then I gleaned some idea of Post
Office rush at Christmas time. Mr.
Savage was telling me that in the
past few days or so they've handled
so many letters, that they've had
to do another mound
of letters that had to be sorted
immediately. Registration,
sale of stamps, answering en-
quiries, alphabetical arranging of in-
coming mail, and many other duties.
A herculean task cheerfully performed
by our Richmond Hill Post Office
staff.

I hope they'll all have a Happy
Christmas. They sure deserve it.
They've worked hard and are still
smiling.

Our public servants are often forgotten
because they remain out of
view. We remember some of them
when something temporarily goes
wrong with the Hydro or the water
supply. If the electric light suddenly
becomes extinguished and we have
to resort to the old-fashioned candle,
we wonder where the Hydro man has
got to. Or the water supply for
some good reason is cut off for a
brief period. It is when such things
happen that we become acutely con-
scious of how intricate our civilization
is, and how dependent we all are
on the services of a few experts.

Such thoughts were impressed on
my mind a day or two ago when I
passed a group of men repairing a
broken water pipe. Their overalls
were covered with thick mud gathered
in a deep hole which had to be
dug in the snow-covered earth, in a
temperature near to zero; for even
in this blissfully mild winter we've
had several sudden drops in the mercury.

If I were a preacher I would like
to remember such men in my pulpit
exhortations at this festive season;
and I would also like to remember
others who perform vital but hum-
drum duties, such as our milk-car-
riers, our newsboys, and by no means
least, our garbage collectors and dust
carriers.

And all those who are lonely in
rooming-houses; those whom the
housing shortage have driven into
basements; and families broken up
because of the absence of adequate
accommodation. All those who, for
many unavoidable reasons, will not
know the joy of family reunion at
Christmas time.

Writing of radio programmes the
other week, I made a note concern-
ing another favorite of mine which
comes on the air at ten-five every
Sunday morning on C.B.L.

I refer, of course, to the program
of Mr. Andy Clarke, our Old Observer,
who deals with Neighbourly News
of the Ontario and Quebec Weeklies.
I have tuned in to the Old Observer
for several years and was naturally
pleased to hear him mention an item
of news from The Liberal in last
Sunday's broadcast.

Mr. Clarke has a vigilant eye for
whatever is piquant and of human
interest in the weekly news. It is
not my pleasure to know him personally;
but I know him well enough
over the air to appreciate his wit,
his keen sense of news values, and
his versatile gift for selecting what-
ever is likely to brighten the atten-
tion of his listeners.

In his last broadcast he was tell-
ing the story of an Ontario horse
that has a flair for chewing a plug
of tobacco; and would chew more of
it if it wasn't so expensive!
Again and again I have promised

UNIONVILLE

(Too late for last week)
May Christmas bring to one and
all much joy and happiness.

Christmas programs and concerts
keep one and all very busy at this
time of the year but I'm sure none
of us want to miss hearing and seeing
these happy folk as they bring
messages in song and speech. Start-
ing on Friday evening at 7:30 the
Unionville public school present their
concert in the Township Hall. On
Sunday evening at 7:30 the Lutheran
Sunday school and congregation
present their annual sacred service
in the Lutheran church. The
Sunday school of the United church
are holding their Christmas tree at
the Sunday school hour of 10 o'clock
with church service at the regular
hour. Special Christmas services
are held in all congregations at the
regular hour of service. On Sunday
evening, December 21 the Junior
Sunday school will present their
songs and stories followed by sacred
cantata by the choir and Sunday
school, "The Carol of Bethlehem".
The euclype and lucky draw held
last Thursday was a success in every
way. The sum of \$140.00 was
received to provide uniforms for the
minor hockey league and all enjoyed
the social evening very much. Mr.
B. Gayman was the lucky winner
for first lucky draw of a radio and
Mr. Donald Carmichael the winner
of the turkey.

We are sorry to hear that Mr.
Ferguson has been ill with pneu-
monia. We hope he will recover
quickly and be home for Christmas.

BOB WALKER

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Christmas Greetings
We take this opportunity of wishing you
A VERY MERRY CRISTMAS
and may the coming year bring you
everything you most desire.
JONES COAL CO.
RICHMOND HILL PHONE 188



E. J. Roberts 'Phone Richmond Hill 177