



**TORONTO
Goodwood
FLASHES**

Walter Davey
8 Stanton Ave
Toronto.

Pte. Ralph Cooper is home on a few days leave.

Stewart and Shirley McGuckin spent New Years at their home.

We hope Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Wagg will enjoy living in our home village. Our friend Mr. R. W. Allin spent New Years in Uxbridge.

Howard Harper and family spent part of Christmas Day in Whitby.

Mr. Floyd McDonald spent Christmas at home.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Ashenurst and Laura spent Tuesday in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. David Pugh spent a day with Mr. and Mrs. Percy Hardy. Marjorie Taylor is spending her holidays at her home.

Clifford Morgason has the German measles. Hope for speedy recovery.

Goodwood is to have music taught in the school during 1941.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Bizzard visited Stanton Ave., the other day.

Mrs. Bewell of Unionville attended the Lehman funeral in Stouffville. Mrs. J. Middleton is with her daughter here in Toronto. Hope the change will do her good.

Best wishes to Mrs. Norman Feasby. Birthday January 13 and to Mr. George Wilson on January 11th.

Sorry to hear our friend Charles Plews was rushed to the Toronto Hospital expecting an operation.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Latcham also Miss E. Latcham were home for New Years, also Mrs. Cain is visiting Mr. Latcham.

Mrs. John Lee visited the Scribe's home on New Years.

Howard Feasby is helping his grandparents during holidays.

Pte. Eldon Staley also Pte. Arthur Staley were home for New Years with Mr. and Mrs. Bert Staley.

Miss Lickorish of Toronto spent Christmas with her parents in Stouffville, and on New Years Mr. and Mrs. Lickorish spent the day with their daughter in Toronto.

We extend our deepest sympathy to the Stiner family of Roseville.

Sorry to hear our friend George Faulkner on the sick list.

Miss Elizabeth Rowe also Mr. Clarence Rowe spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alger

Maye.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mickell have occupied the George Faulkner home. (Goodwood Advances) Forty years ago the Victoria Hotel had gas lamps. Now Goodwood has electric lights.

Mr. and Mrs. Headley Hill and son of Newmarket visited their mother on Stanton Ave. on Friday.

We hear that Miss Blanche Morton has left the second line and returned to Stouffville.

Sorry to hear some of our soldier boys had to spend a little time in Riverdale Hospital before returning home. They are O. K. now.

Mr. and Mrs. Alger Maye spent the holiday with Mr. and Mrs. John Maye in Goodwood.

Who will be the next winner of the birthday lists? Send in your list to the Correspondent, also any news items of interest.

June and Irene Meyers spent a week with their sister Mrs. Alvin Norton of Second Line, North.

Harold Meyers his sister, Mrs. Alvin Norton, also Leslie Meyers spent New Years at their home at Downsview.

School trustees for the coming year at Goodwood school are Howard Harper, and Messrs. Tindall and Johnson.

There was a big night at New Years at the home of Mr. and Mrs. McGuckin when an old time house party was staged, which lasted until the wee hours of morning.

Mrs. Leslie Meyers is back on the job, so all heart throbbing is stopped with the second line girls.

The Correspondent, wife and family, received one hundred and twenty seven Christmas cards from old home friends.

As Mrs. George Lee opened the kitchen door of her home on Christmas morning there she was greeted by a large butter fly, and by an active grey squirrel that was tripping about waiting to be fed. Does this foretell of early spring or what? Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. W. Smalley who celebrated their forty-sixth wedding anniversary on January 1st, also to Mr. and Mrs. George E. Wilson on their twenty-ninth anniversary on January 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. George Jones and Gordon, also Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Jones and Lorna spent Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. Swanfield in Toronto.

How would you like to climb Bell's Mountain? Well, our friend Marie Feren and her girl friend went hiking on New Years and climbed the mountain, and have decided to have a picnic there in the good old summer time. Perhaps the Scribe will receive an invite. But here is hoping that there will be some way for him getting to the top, as years ago he has climbed up. Today he would have to have an elevator. How many of our old timers have their names engraved in the trees.

**Remember Those
Horse and Buggy
Days**

Writing about the horse and buggy days J. V. McAree, popular columnist in the Globe says many things that give food for thought. Speaking of these days around Stouffville ones thoughts go back to the old Dutch Fair or market day, when main street was crammed with horse drawn vehicles. One of the prime promoters of that market was the late R. J. Daly who at one time conducted the market as a private venture, charging buyers a small fee. But that is another tale, for now we started out to talk about the horse, even though folks sneer and speak of horse and buggy days with too often a deriding manner.

But we think there is a good deal to be said about the horse-and-buggy days, and applied strictly to the horses themselves, we think they were greatly superior to the days that have followed. There never was a motor car that was as beautiful as a horse. There never was one that gave such a pride of ownership.

We note that one of the northern townships held a township public school concert in lieu of the individual school concert in every section. It's an idea, but without a very large hall, centrally located, we can scarcely vision such an undertaking as a howling success. Fewer children would have a chance to show their talents in one large concert, otherwise the program would prove endless. Carry on Uxbridge in the old way.

Birthday greetings to Mrs. Arthur Dowsell, Marion McGuckin, Delbert Cooper, George Norton, Harry Hope, Mrs. Clayton Hill, Albert Taylor, Goodwood and district, also Walter Draper, Claremont, E. J. Davey, Miss Nora Stapleton and Miss Catherine Harper, Stouffville; Helen Evans, Toronto, Clifford Wanupp, of Brougham; Della Windsor, Mus-selman's Lake, Roy Alsop, Altona and Miss Hanna Fairies, Bloomington.

We motored to Stouffville on Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Lee and Mrs. McDonald for the funeral of the late Miss Charlotte Lehman. Among old friends met there were Mrs. Alf Pugh, Geo. Dowsell, Wm. Ball, Mrs. Lee, the Misses Daley, Rev. L. E. Atkinson and Rev. Robert Young spoke and made favorable comment on the faithful servant as the departed proved to be to those she had ministered unto.

Wife of Rev. T.O. Miller, pastor at Quaker Hill Presbyterian Church from 1901 to 1909 died at her home in Orangeville in his 69th year, leaving her husband, one son Laurie Miller, and three daughters, one of whom is married. This pastor who served on the Quaker Hill charge, had the distinction of ministering to the only Presbyterian Church in the whole township of Uxbridge, and as a young minister met Miss Alice Maud Anderson, student at Owen Sound Collegiate who later became Mrs. Miller, a faithful helpmate. She is quite well remembered, especially in the northern part of Uxbridge Township.

Thanks to Mr. Charles Jones for sending the Correspondent the Bible Society Report of the Goodwood-Siloam Branch. The amount collected was \$65.25, the offering at the annual meeting was \$3.89, or a total of \$69.14, and increase of 7.75 over the previous year. Three families each contributed \$2.00 or over. The

(Continued on next page)

There never was such a bond between a man and his car as between a man and his horse. The costliest Rolls-Royce never suggested such aristocratic opulence as a span of horses in an old-time victoria. We doubt even if the craftsmanship expended on the exterior of motor cars was ever as loving as that which the old carriage builders, painters, polishers and woodworkers devoted to the vehicles of an earlier day. The difference in elegance was expressed by the coachman in the silk hat with the cockade, contrasted with the chauffeur in his cap.

The Case of Horses

To many of us whose memories go back to the days before the horseless age, a motor car is simply a convenience to take us from one place to another in speed and comfort, and more or less, safety. When a car gets out of date it is traded in with no more sentimental regret than a soiled collar is discarded. But we remember the day when many a man could boast that, though he had often bought horses, he had never sold one. Horses were pensioned or given to friends. They were no more forgotten by real horsemen than were old family retainers. When a man's car is damaged in a collision he is annoyed and refers the matter to an insurance company. When a man's horse was hurt in an accident it was much the same as if his child had been hurt. His first instinct was always to take off his coat. An offer to pay the necessary fee of a vet would be received in the same spirit as an offer to assume hospital charges for a wounded baby. There were few such collisions in the old days. Drivers no more callously exposed their horses to injury, than they exposed themselves. They didn't need to insure their horses. Their own consciences, their own affections, were the best protection a horse could get.

There was sport in driving a horse, especially if he happened to be a trotter or pacer with a turn of speed, or even a high stepper. In fact, an hour's drive rarely passed without an opportunity of having a brush with another horse and a sportively inclined driver. It might have been only for a quarter of a mile or a couple of hundred yards, but it was more thrilling than any lawful drive in a motor car ever was. There was a speedway along the banks of the Don where owners of fast horses, most of them not quite fast enough to win a race, but animals that could step along at a 2.20 gait, used to report, particularly on Sunday, when no doubt they ought to have been dozing peacefully in church. We remember before the speedway was built that there were so many enthusiastic and unbridled horsemen in Toronto that they proposed that Adelaide Street, West, should be declared a speedway in the evening after 8 o'clock. It seemed a fine idea until the residents got wind of it, when it was learned they were devoid of sporting blood and had more children than horses.

The Sunday Parade

Even the boys and men on delivery wagons in those days took pride in the appearance and the speed of the horses they drove. Customers took a kind of partisan pride in the speed and style of the horses delivering their meat and groceries. On Sundays, especially in the winter, the hotelkeepers were to be seen to the best advantage. Most of them owned a pacer; all of them owned a seal-skin cap, and on Sundays they were to be seen bulging in their skeleton cutters, generally accompanied by a blonde, and stepping their horses along at a pace that used to make the present writer wince with jealousy. Nor was it the blonde or the seal-skin cap that inspired this base feeling. It

was the idea of being able to own a really fast horse. It is one of our life long regrets that we never did own one though we drove several. But about the time when we might have been able to buy a fast horse, the automobiles were coming in, and the roads became unsafe for horses. We did stick to a ride-and-drive polo pony for several years and had more fun with it than all the combined motor shows ever provided us with, even if it was slightly touched in the wind. But we never admitted this to anybody but ourself. We would as soon have thought admitting that one of our daughters was cross-eyed. We see by the papers that there are still horse shows and trotting races. But it seems to us that they have moved away from the people. At a time when, as it seemed, nearly every fourth citizen had a horse, the number or those who valued and recognized a good horse was naturally much larger than it is today, when not many more citizens own horses than camels, and when in order to have a pleasant ride it is almost necessary to ship a horse to some rural point in a box car. Let no one believe that when the horse-and-buggy days passed something lovely and almost holy did not pass with them.

**Sunday School
Lesson**

Lesson for January 12
CHRIST'S VALUATION OF PERSONALITY

Golden Text—"Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?" — Matt. 6:25.

The Lesson as a Whole

The Gospel brings out, as nothing else can, the value that our Lord Jesus puts upon the soul of a man. He considered man worth dying for. It was wondrous grace on his part and it calls for adoring gratitude on ours. In giving his holy law, God thought of man's need and he designed that the very manifestation of his helplessness and sinfulness should throw him upon the infinite grace of One who sent his Son into the world that we might live through him. In this sense the law was the tutor (the child-leader) to bring men to Christ. When he found religious zealots magnifying the letter of the law, elevating its forms and ceremonies above all reason, while depreciating human personality, he rebuked such false leaders sternly. They would do for their cattle what they would not do for suffering men and women; because the cattle were a source of profit to them, while human life was held, in many cases, as of little value.

On the other hand, the Lord rebuked that pride of the natural heart which leads one to overestimate his importance and so to seek to reach a higher place by crowding others to one side. "With the lowly is wisdom" (Prov. 11:2). It is a foolish vanity that causes one to seek the admiration of his fellows rather than the honor that comes alone from God (John 5:44). Where there is real worth, it will be manifested. It is not necessary to be intrusive and selfish in order to obtain recognition. In fact, nothing is more certain to involve one in shame and disrepute at last, if we take our Saviour as our example in this, as in all else, we shall not go wrong or miss our way.

Verse by Verse

Luke 14:1—"One of the chief Pharisees." All of the "most straitest sect" (Acts 26:5) were not enemies of Jesus. Some, at least, showed him a measure of courtesy.

Verse 2—"A certain man before him which had the dropsy." Luke, the physician, gives more particulars as to the different diseases cured by Jesus than the other evangelists. This man may have been an invited guest or else a wistful looker-on, hoping to be healed by the great prophet from Nazareth.

Verse 3—"Is it lawful to heal on the Sabbath day?" It was a test question designed to manifest the true state of the people who professed to know God and love his Word.

Verse 4—"They held their peace." To answer negatively would seem heartless; to take the other side would expose the legality of their minds. Bewildered, they hesitated; Jesus, spurning their supercilious attitude, healed the sick man.

Verse 5—"An ass or an ox pull him out on the sabbath day." But these beasts were property! So they would find some way to get around their rigid sabbatarianism, in order to save them from destruction. A man was of far greater value.

Verse 6—"Could not answer him." They were silenced because the argument was unanswerable. There is no possible comparison between the worth of a man, created in the image of God, and a beast of the field, however worth while in itself.

Verse 7—"They chose out the chief rooms." That is, the best places to recline at the feast, nearest to the host and most likely to attract the attention of less fortunate guests. If it was but an evidence of their selfishness.

Verse 8—"Sit not down in the highest room." Jesus rebuked that pride which leads anyone to think first of himself and his seeming importance. He was really reiterating the precepts of the ancient Book of Proverbs, Chapter 25:6, 7, a Scripture they knew well but were disobeying, because of the insubjection of their hearts to the Word.

Verse 9—"Thou begin with shame to take the lowest room." What disgrace if, after one has taken the best seat, a more honorable person appear and the first be obliged to vacate and take whatever place may be left.

Verse 10—"Sit down in the lowest room." This was what Jesus did. He who was higher than the highest became lower than the lowest in order that he might bring sinful men to God.

Verse 11—"He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." This is the law of the Kingdom of God. And the opposite is ever true in the divine government.

Verse 12—"Lest they also bid thee again." Is not one of our reasons for inviting guests, the hope that they will show the same courtesy to us? This is not the divine way. Yet, for many of us, this verse might just as well be omitted from our Bibles; for, as a rule, upon all our festive occasions, it is our own special friends, relatives, and above all, our well-to-do neighbors that we seek to have at our tables.

Verse 13—"Call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind." This would be true; Christlike behavior. If Christians would follow our Lord's instruction, literally, when sending out their invitations, to dinner parties and general festive occasions, what a new conception would many (whose eyes are closed) have of the power of the Gospel to deliver from selfishness.

Verse 14—"Thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just." This is the first resurrection (Rev. 20:6), when at our Lord's return he will reward his servants (Rev. 22:12) for all that has been done in accordance with his holy Word, and for the glory of God alone.

KNOW YOUR COUNTRY

This Canada of Ours!

POPULATION

1871	3,689,000
1901	5,371,000
1911	7,207,000
1939	11,315,000

In 1867 less than 20% of the population lived in urban centres. Today we have 54% urban, 46% rural. The last census in 1931 showed 89% of the population as British or Canadian born and 55% of the foreign born as naturalized Canadians.

● Keeping pace with the growth of Canada, this Bank's services throughout this country and abroad have been steadily expanded. Our constant endeavor is to extend the usefulness of our institution to the community.

Modern and efficient banking service is an every day requirement of all business and of the public generally.

Know Your Bank—make use of it.

**The BANK of
NOVA SCOTIA**

EST. 1852—OVER A CENTURY OF BANKING EXPERIENCE



Three thousand miles away from fishermen, airmen and officers from photograph girls of Canada take the band plays "There'll Always be an England, boys and girls of that Port Albert, Ont., R.A.F. camp, English airmen under their wing and England." It's the first venture for land meet at Stratford and say meet Canadian girls, too, when they skate on steel blades round and the Englishmen, "hello and good-by." But the Eng- visit the city of Stratford. In the round the Stratford arena while the