

Christmas Day and its Significance

There was once a Lack of Agreement as to the Date. Some New Discoveries the Subject of Controversy. Finding of Holy Grail is Claimed.

CHRISTMAS is ever new and joyous for the young and a time of tender memories and retrospect for their elders. It is so much a part of modern life, so distinctive and universal a holiday, in English speaking and many other countries, that it is hard to imagine a world in which it was not observed. Yet such was the case, "once upon a time."

In the exuberance of the holiday spirit we may at times forget the true significance of Christmas Day, but never for long. A world that has known much of strife, bitterness and disillusionment in the past decade, is finding itself again, and turning with renewed and reverent eagerness to the things that have stood the test of time, and of which Christmas Day is symbolic.

Historians and research workers are skeptical in respect to many early references as to the date of the birth of Christ. But many of them seem to agree that the first certain mention was by a Latin chronographer, A.D. 354, and which is given as reading:

"Year 1 after Christ, in the consulate of Caesar and Paulus, the Lord Jesus Christ was born on the 25th of December, a Friday, and [15th day of the new moon."

Observance of Epiphany, or Twelfth day, on January 6, preceded that of Christmas and for a long time completely overshadowed the great festival of our day. Like Christmas, Epiphany is also shrouded in legends,

tude for a number of years. It is good to live in the present.

A Significant Demand

At a time when a great part of the world is completing its preparations for the celebration of another Christmas Day, it is significant that new books on the life of the Man for whom the Christian world observes it, should be more eagerly sought and read than ever.

A year or so ago, in a cave in ancient Rome, archaeologists discovered inscriptions in Hebrew, which some of them believe prove that the first Christmas Day was observed in that city "Glorious, glory, glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men" are the words. Who wrote them? Christian martyrs awaiting death in the arena, or Christians worshipping in the momentary security of one of the underground passages of the Imperial City? Like so much that can never be cleared up this will probably remain an unsolved mystery.

Of more sensational interest to the Christian world is the ancient communion cup, which for centuries, says Dr. William Newbold, "was brought to the United States. There is an inside cup and a holder, or outside shell. The whole is of silver. Cup and holder alike are seemingly destined to figure in controversies aroused by the claims of Dr. G. A. Eison, who has studied the chalice for years and has published a book about it. His most arresting contention is that the chalice is the very one from which Christ drank at the Last Supper. That is a stupendous suggestion for Christianity the world over. Of little less importance is Dr. Eison's argument in respect to the twelve bust and head portraits carried upon the holder. He believes that they were the work of an artist who had seen Christ and the apostles. There are two portraits of Christ, one as a boy and the other as an adult, and as in the case of the other portraits and of the other designs on the chalice, the workmanship is exquisite.

The Holy Grail

Critical experts while agreeing as to the beauty of the chalice, and that it is very aged, are inclined



The Wise Men and the Star.

to oppose the idea that it is contemporary with Christ. There is doubt in their minds, however, and an anxious searching for more information. There are carvings on the chalice other than the portraits which undoubtedly have a significance beyond that of many discarded carvings bearing upon the early days of the Christian church, but which are not clearly understood at this time. It would be a miracle of discovery and coincidence if there should be found where this chalice was discovered, other material throwing light upon it. It was taken to Antioch for safe keeping during some persecution of the Christians in the Holy Land it is improbable that it was taken alone. Battered and bruised as it

argument that the chalice is indeed that from which Christ drank. Think of the search that mankind has made for this, the Holy Grail, through the ages. Think of the crusades and expeditions of which it has been the objective, of the romantic stories and poems that have been woven about it. Many of King Arthur's Knights of the Round Table sought it in vain. In one of Tennyson's beautiful poems, "The Holy Grail," Percivale The Pure, who had once belonged to that noble company of Knights but afterwards became a monk, thus talks of it to one of his fellows:

"The cup, the cup itself, from which our Lord Drank at the last sad supper with His own.

This, from the blessed land of Aramat— After the day of darkness, when the dead Went wandering o'er Moriah—the good Saint

Armathaen Joseph, journeying brought To Glastonbury, where the winter thorn Blossoms at Christmas, mindful of our Lord. And there awhile it bode; and if a man Could touch or see it, he was heal'd at once, By faith, of all his ills. But then the times Grew to such evil that the holy cup Was caught away to Heaven, and disappear'd."

And now there are some who think that after all these centuries the Holy Grail has been found, by Arabs digging for the treasures of the past under the direction of white men. What a challenge to the spirit and imagination of a generation which has been almost satiated by discoveries bearing upon secular history!

PROSPERITY FROM A GRAVEYARD.

(Continued from Page 1.)

"These one-sided profits, before we're through with them, will do us more harm than good," said an economist who looked beneath the surface in the booming days.

Unfortunately, the unthinking in all lines of business were misled by the temporary prosperity which was based upon a great calamity in another part of the world. In the orgy of making and spending the suffering and losses of others were wholly forgotten.

Credit was never so easy; the old caution and the old restraint alike were gone.

With fortunes being made in a night, many clean forgot that there ever had been such a thing as economic law. Forgot that while man might guide the ship, he could not set the channel. Then at the moment of supreme conceit, prices tumbled to a place where we had losses previously unknown to commerce.

The farmer watched \$2.75 wheat go glimmering until in the cold and bitter dawn he awoke to the hard fact of 85c. a bushel.

The steel master watched his products drop with a thud, from \$200 a ton with premium to \$50 per, and little demand at that.

Mankind has always been inclined to blame the results of its own folly upon evil spirits. So in the days of depression instead of recognizing cause and effect, many began to wall about sinister influence.

Pie-a-Pot, the Indian medicine man, had departed. But his place was filled by addle-pated quacks, who came forth in the Labor party, in the Farmers' party, and in every other party, to tell just exactly what was the trouble.

When prices cease to rise, they begin to fall. This is an axiom of economics. But, of course, our medicine man would not recognize an axiom.

According to them the first trouble was the government. So we turned out one government, and a new one came in. But hard times continued. The medicine man abused the new government, as he abused the old, and told how they should keep up prices.

When faith in legislation, commonly proposed as a relief for depression, began to fail, the theory was advanced that occult powers had been manipulating markets. Of course nothing was said of the loss of foreign markets, nothing of the decline of international trade to less than half its pre-war value.

The prosperity of our North-West and the consequent prosperity of our whole dominion depends upon the re-establishment of foreign demand. We've got to get back to the unescapable fact of interdependence.

Dans, of the New York Sun, once declared, "A tom cat mewing on the city hall doorstep is more important than a war in the Balkans." But just now another war in the Balkans would add infinite misery to every producer in Canada. An interruption of production and consumption anywhere throws the whole machine out of gear.

The greatest lesson of the war, fought for the good of all mankind, is that suffering anywhere causes suffering everywhere; that the prosperity of one, which grows out of the calamity of another, can in the end yield naught but Dead Sea fruit.

It is not an anomalous situation in Canada that the west at this moment should be suffering most. If the east thinks that the west at times speaks with exasperating tones, the extenuating circumstances are to be remembered. The bulk of their gross agricultural production must find markets abroad, hence that which affects the foreign buyer directly affects the markets of the west.

Viewed in this light we see that for Canada, foreign affairs have become domestic affairs, that that which brings benefit abroad must in the end bring benefit at home.

We have had enough of the narrow, selfish and one-sided boom, enough of that immortal orgy of inflation and deflation.

We are now pining for a world of permanent and peaceful trade, with business for all and blessing for all.

Notwithstanding the political imbroglio of certain countries of Europe, the general trend of economic development the world over is toward improvement. In that general upward trend there is for Canada the beginning of sound prosperity, sound, because based four-square on the mutuality of the old world and the new.

A bath in hot water administered, death of a ten-day-old daughter of by a woman friend caused the a Canton, O., couple,



Pola Negri, Rod La Rocque and Adolphe Menjou in a scene from "Forbidden Paradise" at the Capitol, starting Monday.



Things were different forty years ago. When Felix Arbour, a stalwart young French Canadian of five and twenty, began work as a telephone lineman at Ottawa in 1885, John A. was the triumphant leader of the Government, Edward Blake marshalled the forces of the Liberals, and young Wilfrid Laurier, was already manifesting that ability as a parliamentarian that was to make him inevitable as Blake's Successor. As Felix Arbour went about his work in the vicinity of the old buildings on Parliament Hill, he often got a friendly nod and a cheery "Good morning" from the great men of that day. They envied his sturdy young frame and his smiling, kindly face.

But now it is all different. Ottawa has grown to be a big City, young men are in the seats of the mighty and Felix Arbour feels that his day is done.

His comrades of the Bell Telephone construction forces met the other day to bid him farewell and he retired

to enjoy a well earned rest. Following the presentation of an address accompanied by an arm chair and a smoking set, Felix made a parting speech that promises to become a classic among telephone plant men. He said—

"I am in good health and I thank God Almighty for that. I always received just treatment from my bosses. If I did wrong, they told me; and if I did well, they did not forget to praise me. I thank everybody for the help they gave me in my work. We did not always agree, and had arguments; but we tried to help one another, and it was all for the Company. Work in the Company's interest and you will be working in your own interest. Every time I went up a pole, I said to myself, 'Felix, be careful; if you fall off you may break an arm or a leg or maybe your neck.' Although I am not now working for the Company, I want you all to know me on the street; and as I go along I will keep my eyes on the wires and cables and if I see anything that will cause trouble or make an accident I will report it."

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(To be continued)

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