

THE BRITISH WHIG SIXTY SEVEN.



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Obsolete days: Washday, baking day, der tag.

Modernism: Chewing gum parked under a barber chair.

It is possible to drive a car and court a gal, but it takes team work.

Conservatism is just a proper respect for the side that's battered.

Few men like to get cats until they are made into sashkin coats.

A jazz band is a comfort on the radio. You can't tell which part is static.

A cynic is one who trades faith for doubt and foolishly calls it wisdom.

The uplift's big job is to elevate our thoughts without depressing our spirits.

Thank God for inferior people. They are the basis of your superior feeling.

At any rate the wages of sin keep up with our higher standard of living.

Moscow taxes visitors. Something like our summer resorts, doubtless.

Exact equality is difficult to attain, even in the glow of headlights and checks.

Failures have one advantage. They are not expected to address dinner clubs.

It is correct to call marriage a custom rather than a habit, except at Hollywood.

An era of prosperity is one in which people go in debt for things they don't need.

It is called a wave of prosperity. Waves, as you know, affect only those at the top.

The only things some barbers should use after shaving you are words of apology.

Evils never die out. People just get accustomed to them and no longer call them evils.

Under the League plan, however, each nation retains the right to feel superior to the others.

That cynic who says there is no thrill in domestic life never saw anybody sit on a cat.

Eventually there will be machines to do almost all of the office work except the gum chewing.

It's strange how invariably the kids need spanking when you have had a bad day down town.

The good old days were those when refreshments didn't consist of axle grease on a cabbage leaf.

Modern girls may seem less charming to him; but there was a time when he liked green apples.

Correct this sentence: "I know it's school time," said Willie, "but I must clean my nails before I go."

BIBLE THOUGHT: THE ANGEL SAID unto them, Fear not; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.—Luke 2:10, 11.

THE GREAT JOY.

(By Dr. Dyon Hagus) A Little Baby Boy is born. Nineteen hundred and twenty-four years pass. The history-crowded centuries come and go. After nearly two thousand years, His birthday comes again. It rings with songs. It scintillates with merriment. Myriads on myriads utter words of cheer. Myriads on myriads of faces glisten with a curious rapture. Myriads on myriads of hands open to scatter gifts. A world awakens to find itself genial and generous; mellow with tenderness, softened by love. In the wide-spreading joy there is a chorus of gladness, a clasping of hands that sounds over the oceans and reaches all lands. Think of it, you philosophers! A Baby is born long, long ago, and the world is excited to-day. Explain it, ye skeptics! In lands a thousand and ten thousand miles away are festive celebrations. Behold it, ye critics, and wonder! The great world of the Occident is celebrating the birth of a little Oriental child in a unison of songs and gifts and greetings of goodwill. One loves to think of the incarnation story; the stupendous news that flashed as the angels swept into the sky, the splendour of the encircling hosts of angels. One loves to hear the startling words: "Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day a Saviour." Men's hearts still linger on the sweetness of the adjective. It is GOOD tidings, the gladdest, the happiest news to mortal ears. It is GREAT joy; limitless, transcendent, life penetrative, age-permanent. It's universal; to ALL people, for every soul in this great big world. And above all, it's personal: I bring YOU glad tidings of great joy. And it's so real. Because it told of the birth of a baby, it is ever sweet to children. It touches every mother and father heart. It binds in bonds of love the members of the family, and brings ever sweet caressings and merry shouts. Because it was a babe born in poverty, it has ever been a gospel for the poor; and men think at Christmas as never other times of the feelings of the lonely, and the sad, and hear with sympathy the claims of the ill-clad and the starving. Because it was One who gave up so much to come to us, Christmas has ever been celebrated by an outburst of unselfish kindness.

And because it is the birthday of the Incarnate God of Love there circles round the world in ever-widening circles the glad refrain: "Unto us a Child is born; unto us, a Son is given;" and love pours itself out without stint for the cheerless and the Christless, the unhappy and the unendowed in this wintry world. Yes, it's great joy. The march of time cannot diminish it. The clashings of wars cannot destroy it. So we must pass it on. O scatter it through the voices of merry children! Ring it out through the bells of a myriad churches. Re-echo its music in the carols of a myriad choirs. Preach it, ye preachers; teach it, ye teachers; publish it, ye powers of the press, till the very strangers within our gates—in this Canada of ours shall hear the wonderful story, and learn with amazement that for them also The Child was born, for them also, God's Son was given. Yes, on and on the great news must be spread, till "the new heaven and earth shall own the Prince of Peace their King, and the whole world send back the song which now the angels sing."

A HASTY ACTION. That chap who "walked right in, turned around and walked right out again" has nothing on Attorney-General Nickle, who fired the police magistrates of Hamilton, grew alarmed at public indignation and decided to let Mr. Jells remain on the job. Such a storm of protest was raised by all classes of citizens and by the public at large that doubtless Premier Ferguson had to take his attorney-general aside and read him a little lesson on the consequences of too hasty action. That chief magistrate should be summarily dismissed, after thirty-one years of faithful and honest public service, and without a reason being advanced, was sufficient to arouse the ire of fair-minded people. No charge has been made by the government against Mr. Jells, and he seems to have been a most popular official, judging by the friends who rallied to his aid. Mr. Nickle acted very hastily, and his action in revoking the order seems to show that he admits he made a mistake. So far he has refused to state his reason for dismissing the magistrate. Why not now take the public into his confidence, and, if he has a reason that will bear scrutiny, let us hear what it is? There should be no mystery about department instructions of this nature.

DOOMSDAY PROPHECIES. The word has gone around that the end of the world is scheduled for February 6th and some serious minded people are exhorting all to prepare. At the same time an earnest citizen read somewhere in the stars or scriptures that doomsday is only five years away. Thus do the prophets quarrel among themselves

while they plead with the multitudes to "enter the ark." But judgment days have been so often predicted without fulfillment that they have become a standing joke with all but a few fanatics. William Miller convinced thousands that the world would come to an end in 1843 but his many imitators have been much less successful.

There will be some who, on February 6th and five years from now, will array themselves in white and flowing ascension and like the Millerites will attempt the long flight to heaven from tree tops at the appointed time. But against these few will be millions who will take no such risk with their bones and bedsteads.

Civilized humanity welcomes the solace and assurance given it in the theories of science that the earth will remain habitable for some billions of years yet or until the sun goes cold. It is a consoling thought for this generation. But between those, who are completely assured by science, and those, who are already sewing their worldly goods in the hem of their ascension robes, are many who will give no further thought to the new doomsday prophecies than that the world isn't naughty enough to deserve such severe punishment by an impatient Providence, nor good enough to merit the millennium at such an early date.

There can hardly be a millennium when there is so much charity among the sinners and so much intolerance and hatred among the reformers. "To err is human" is grossly overworked as an alibi, and yet it is only a relatively small part of the population that knows the taste of prison soup. The doomsday preachers are either doing the world a grave injustice or paying it the supreme compliment, but whether injustice or compliment the world will little note it.

FOR THOSE WHO DARE. Solomon once remarked that "there is nothing new under the sun," and then proceeded to contradict himself. From that day to this there have been many with less wisdom who have believed as Solomon preached, but unlike Solomon have meekly surrendered to their belief. That man is doomed to failure and mediocrity who believes that everything that can be done has been done by those before him, and legion are the doomed.

Strickland Gillilan, poet and humorist, writing recently in a periodical of national circulation, congratulates the ambitious on the little competition they meet in life. He reasons that it is comparatively easy to gain eminence because of the small number of entrants in the race.

They are few in number who have no ambition to gain either fame, fortune or power, but innumerable are those who, though possessed of the ambition, are persuaded that opportunity is dead and that "there is nothing new under the sun." Dejected souls! Lack of confidence in themselves has left them out of the race to the advantage of others, perhaps less capable but surely more farseeing.

This year a man received \$1,000,000 in royalties on a simple toy invented by him, another made millions on an ice cream confection, another gained immortality from his pen. Is there any better proof that opportunity is more alive than ever? Every new day brings new opportunities for the men and women who recognize in the new day the time to do "something new under the sun."

ODD FACTS ABOUT YOURSELF. By YALE S. NATHANSON, B. Sc., M.A., Department of Psychology, University of Pennsylvania.

Fear of Falling. Another suicide is featured in the daily columns. A man leaps to his death from the fifteenth floor of an office building. A few days later a similar suicide is reported. They seem to work in groups.

Several persons have leaped from the bridge at Niagara Falls. These were not ordinary suicides and no reasons could be assigned for them. Then what is the cause, you ask?

Many persons cannot stand great heights. As they ascend a tower or a building they find themselves growing dizzy. Breathing is difficult. They are paralyzed with fear and some are gripped with a strong impulse to leap.

Since our happiness in life is not the result of one individual occurrence, but rather a reflection of all our experiences, it is interesting for us and very important to know just what our fears are and thus to avoid placing ourselves in situations where we find ourselves defenceless against our bodily reactions. From a famous doctor's contribution on fear, I am quoting cases in the words of the persons themselves regarding their fear of high places. These people are normal people like you and me and yet these fears affect them. They report as follows:

"I was exceedingly curious to know how it would feel to fall very far."

"On going down an elevator it

feels as though it is going to the bottomless pit spoken of in the Bible."

"When on a high place I always want to fly off."

"Cannot sleep in an upper story."

"Can never sit under the chandeliers at a theatre, nor under the front of a gallery, for fear things will drop on me."

"I have such dread of falling that I can never go up or down stairs when it is dark."

"At the top of a high building I was irresistibly impelled to squeeze between the bars of the railing to see if one could fall to the pavement."

"I can never walk up steps or on iron floorings with openings as large as a pin lest I fall through."

"I have worried for years lest I might fall off the earth into space."

"I could never sit in the front row of the gallery at church."

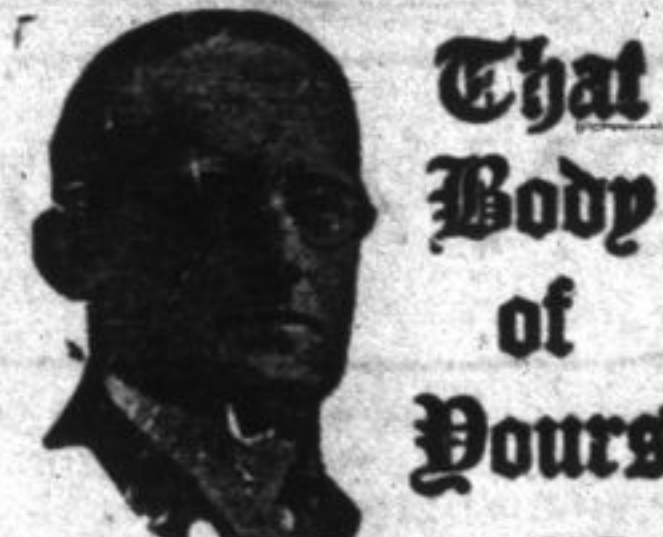
Don't invite trouble. There's enough of it without extending any special indulgence.

If you have passed the stage in life where you can formulate new habits and yet you still have a strong "fear of falling," then keep away from high places. If, on the other hand, you are still young, you can overcome this fear by gradually increasing the

height which you can stand until a cure has been effected.

Violat Reia, only daughter of Mrs. James A. Edgar, Brockville, and John H. Yates, son of John Yates, Montreal, Que., were married in Brockville on Saturday.

Help the General Hospital by a generous Christmas contribution.



By James W. Barton, M.D., The Big Meal.

When the Christmas and New Year's season comes along, you sit down to meals that would almost frighten you ordinarily.

There is an appetizer, a soup, perhaps some fish, fowl, three or four vegetables, dessert, candies, nuts, tea or coffee.

Of course there are cases where there is a heavy head and an aching stomach following such a meal, but hundreds of thousands eat just such a meal, if only once in the year.

How it is then that you can get this much food into you, and actually digest it?

Well, just think over things for a minute.

You are perhaps back at the old "home" or with old tried friends.

You are away from all cares or worries, or at least have allowed them to drop for the time being anyway.

The food is inviting and cooked exactly to your taste.

There is much food being prepared that likely the meal hour is just a bit late also.

There is plenty of chatting, recalling of old times, or former holiday occasions. Everything is there to excite your well being, and your digestion simply responds to it.

There is no hurry about the meal in any way, and the periods between the courses may be of some length.

If you have a story to tell you are not rehearsing it in your mind before you tell it. It comes away from you with ease and surety. The stories from the other folks likewise fall on your sympathetic ears. What then is the big factor in this ability to eat so much?

The condition of your stomach?

The condition of your mind is really the big factor.

It is not only free from worries and cares which actually retard the flow of gastric juice and digestion itself, but the congenial company, the happy occasion, the fond memories, actually stimulate the gastric juice to extra effort, and thus give digestion a flying start on its work.

And a good start has half the battle won.

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