CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR'S

# GREETINGS FROM KING'S COUNTY

## WATER FOR ONE

Only one of the jungle friends could reach the water-hole for his daily drink. Was it the elephant, lion, giraffe or tiger?

## Has Christmas Lost Its Meaning

By SIR BEVERLEY BAXTER, MP.

It is Christmas Eve and the tired shop assistants are so dazed that they can hardly distinguish between a doll and a dust bin. The newspapers as usual had urged the people to shop early but there is always the army of forgetful uncles and maiden aunts who have remembered just in time that they had forgotten all about Sister Susie and cousin John.

The harassed husband sits in his arm chair and wonders whether he really did send a Xmas card to his managing director. If to make sure he sends a second card he may look foolish, but if there is no card at all *it is even worse.*

The fact is that the only people who really understand Christmas are the children. Many years have passed since I was a child but even now I can recall how in Toronto, with the snow deep on the ground, my brother and three sisters would join me in a mad rush to the Christmas tree in the drawing room. And when we saw the wonder of it we just stood and screamed with excitement.

In no time my sisters were stripping or dressing their dolls while my brother and I were taking the mechanical toys apart to see what made them go. And at noon what further excitements there were when a great turkey was carried in for dinner — not a mere luncheon — and we ate until our very eyes protruded.

But that was in Canada where there was always snow at Christmas, or nearly always, and in the afternoon a man would arrive with a horse and sleigh complete with jingle bells. What is more the man would touch his hat to father as if we were the Royal Family. Why did we not know before that father must be rich as Rockefeller? Look how he gives twenty-five cents to the man who brought the sleigh! Twenty-five cents just as if it were nothing!

I sometimes think that the art of life is to acquire knowledge without losing one's power of being surprised and incited. Give me a woman who, even when she is a grandmother, can remember her first long frock, her first roses sent by an admirer, and her first grown-up tears.

Yet beyond all this we have the spiritual meaning of the Christ. The word Christmas is so familiar to us and so commercialised that we almost forget that it marks the birthday of Christ. Yet the passing of the centuries does not lessen the awe and wonder of the Bible story.

Christ was born in a manger because there was no room at the inn. It is always so. The world of Caesar is never eager or ready to acknowledge the world of the spirit. But the angels sang their welcome to the new born Babe and the star of Bethlehem shone bright.

The realist shrugs his shoulders at the tale. What is this story of a Babe who was the Son of God? Was the Babe not born of woman? Why this old wives tale?

Thus the realist and the materialist thrust aside the Divinity of Christ. They will admit His genius, they will agree that the Sermon on the Mount is the greatest political document of all times. But the story of Divine Birth like the story of the Resurrection is just a legend magnified by the centuries.

How strange that the mature mind is so sure of itself, so certain that the realm of the spirit exists only in the imagination of the ignorant and the credulous. Yet when you put the man of worldly wisdom in the dock he is unable to explain the miracle of the creation.

In the beginning was God — thus says Holy Writ. In the beginning was protoplasm says science and from it through the long story of time there emerged the fish and the beasts and finally man. If you grant them these points ask who it was that created the protoplasm, and they are dumb. In other words there is a point when the finite mind can no longer explain the mystery of life and its origin.

It is almost like a man claiming that music is created from the strings of a violin or the keys of a piano. There was music in the wind and in the crying of the new born child in the manger.

The truth is that there comes a moment when logic, in its infinite assurance can go no further. In other words there comes a moment when the mind falls and when truth can only be found in the infinite.

I do not believe that man was created merely to live his allotted span and then return to the earth from which he sprang. Of all living creatures man is supreme and there is an instinct in him (as strong as life itself) to cross the frontiers and search for eternal truths.

God gave us His only Son to live, to achieve, to lead and to die and in His span of years to identify Himself with all that is good and enduring.

If you study Shakespeare's plays you will discover hundreds of words taken from the Bible. If you listen to an infant crying in the night, crying for the light, you will also hear the Infant crying in the manger.

To attain the heights of wisdom you must have the faith of little children, therefore you should see that little children are about you at Christmas Time — even if you must go to them — for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven and innocence and wisdom.

There was a star that shone over Bethlehem while the shepherds watched their flocks and there came the voice of angels: "Peace on Earth, Good Will to men!" That is the message of Christmas Day. If there is good will among men there will be peace, and if there is peace we shall be as the children of God.

Look on the young and learn from them. They have no doubts, no hatreds and no fears. To be worthy of Christ's Kingdom we too must become like little children.

That is why we wish each other a "Happy Christmas" when we see our neighbors across the street, for Christ came to earth to give us the happiness of love, and friendship and parenthood just as He came to earth to teach us the sublimity of sacrifice.

To the extent that mankind has followed Christ's teachings it has found peace of mind and spirit. To the extent that mankind has set aside the teachings of Christ it has found suffering and hopelessness. But where it has followed Christ's teachings it has moved into the land of the spirit which is eternal.

The story of Bethlehem is a dramatic one, a story that has held the imagination of mankind for centuries, yet it is also an arraignment against the selfishness of man. The Virgin Mary was heavy with child but there was no one at the Inn who would give her room. No doubt she pleaded but the doors were closed against her.

Thus was born in a manger the Son of God, while the song of the angels filled the skies.

What about Christmas of this year 1957? Is there room in our hearts for Christ? Let us think on these things before we condemn the people at the Inn long centuries ago as being so different from ourselves.

## No Mail

By DANIEL F. LINDSAY

Tom Larkin opened the kitchen door. His wife looked up with a hopeful smile as he entered. He just shook his head.

"No mail at all?" she said as she went on fixing dinner.

"Oh, there were a couple of ads and a bill from the feed company." He hung his hat on a hook and crossed to the pump. His white hair was damp around his face when he straightened up again.

"It's just not like Bill," she sighed.

"Bill's got an unforgivin' streak always did have, even when he was a little feller." Pa's old briar gave off a pungent odor as he lit it.

"But this is different, Tom," she said, putting a pan of biscuits in the oven, "tomorrow is Christmas. It's a long way to the coast. Maybe he wrote but didn't mail it in time."

"Ma," his tired old voice was filled with bitterness, "there's no need to stick pins in yourself by hopin', Christmas or no Christmas. That boy is still mad."

The old lady's eyes shone with faith. "He might stay mad all year long but when Christmas comes . . . he'll write. I know. I'm his Ma."

"Don't forget," Tom said as he blew smoke at the ceiling. His eyes crinkled at the corners, "I am his father."

"Dinner's ready, Pa," she said, filled with a deep longing and fought to keep the tears out of her voice.

"I can understand that boy still bein' mad at me, but why does he have to take it out on you?"

"Your're wrong, Tom," Ma replied as she lifted her head and smiled. "The day after Christmas, first delivery, we'll get a letter. You'll see."

"Not from him," he shook his head grimly.

"You're forgettin' Judy," she reminded him as they sat down. "She's a good daughter-in-law."

"Oh, I'm not blamin' her," replying as he covered his biscuits with gravy. "Judy's a fine girl it's his hull headed pride."

She got up and taking the coffee pot off the cook stove filled his cup. They ate on in silence.

Finally he pushed his plate back. "You aren't eatin' much," he scolded.

"I'm just not hungry, Pa."

"I see," he stood up. "I'm goin' out and turn the heater on in the hen house. It'll be cold tonight." His old shoulders slumped forward as he went outside. She shook her head and started picking up the dishes. Her mind sank back into the past. To the days when Crhistmas was alive with the excitement and laughter of young voices. She could see Pa striding into the living room bearing a large evergreen on his shoulder. Behind him there was always a highly excited little boy, bearing an axe. She wondered if the little boy ever thought of it.

Pa came back on the porch. She smiled as he kicked his toe against the threshold. It's a wonder, she thought, that there's any threshold left after all these years. He came into the kitchen, dumping an arm load of kindling in the box behind the range.

"Snowin', Pa?"

He shook his head and took off his wraps, replying, "Stopped."

She hung the dish towels up to dry. He pulled a rocker in from the living room and sat down.

"Everything all right in the barn:" Ma asked as she threw a few lumps of coal in the fire.

"Sure," Pa said. A sad smile crossed his lips, "What's the use pretendin', Ma? We're both feelin' blue."

She sat down at the old kitchen table and started peeling apples, uttered, "I know it.

"Gonna bake me a pie:" he asked.

She nodded. "Apple was always Billy's favorite, too."

'Now, Ma, what's the use of . . ." he stopped as they heard a car drive up in the yard. "Must be Jim Rogers. Said today that new calf of his was sick." He opened the kitchen door and peered out into the night. She could hear him catch his breath as he watched a man and a woman get out. "Ma, who do you thing?" his voice was low.

"I knew," Ma laughed as she laid the paring knife down with a happy smile, "I knew it all the time."

## Reunion At Christmas

By HELEN PETRONE

Janet opened the door to her apartment, thinking as she did so that it had been only a week since Craig and she had shared this apartment they called their "ivory tower," named that because of its odd shape. It had been a storage room until the housing shortage became prevalent. Then old Mrs. Root, feeling sympathetic toward the plight of Janet and Craig Norris, newly married and homeless, had cleared it out, partitioned it off into two small rooms and rented it to them.

That was just 13 months ago, Janet remembered, dropping her gloves on the table and lighting the lamp with the same gesture They had been married only three weeks, just long enough to realize they were imposing on Craig's family who were cramped for quarters themselves.

Just a week ago they had the quarrel that had sent Craig from the apartment. If had been a blow to his pride from the day of their wedding that Janet should continue working. She enjoyed her position in the advertising firm where she had risen from a clerk to copy writer in just two years. Since she left the house after Craig in the morning and returned before him at night, she never felt her working interfered in any way with her household duties. But friends had spoiled everything with their snide remarks about "poor Janet still working," and it was more than Craig could bear. "They think I can't support you!" he'd storm at her, but the more he pleaded the more adamant she had become. And now he was gone.

The whole thing seemed so unimportant now. She glanced at the telephone, half-inclined to call him home, but her own recalcitrant nature refused to allow such a move. She turned on the radio instead and pretended the tears that welled in her eyes at the strains of "Silent Night" were merely tears of weariness after the preparation of the office party that morning. Deliberately she opened the dresser drawer to put away last night's ironing. Her souvenir box loomed temptingly before her. Lifting the cover, she stared at the items she had collected: Craig's class ring, exchanged for a diamond after their graduation from college; a pressed orchid, one of those she had carried at her wedding; various cards, Christmas, anniversary, birthday, valentine. She picked up a small gift card and read again, "To my dear wife, Janet, on our first Christmas." It was the card with the watch he had given her last year.

Trembling, she closed the box and turned quickly from the dresser. She had been a fool, she decided. Without Craig, Christmas could never hold the same meaning for her as it once had. She didn't stop to lock the door for there was nothing of value anyone could steal from her. Even her $100 Christmas bonus lying on the table went unnoticed. The one thing she must not lose was happiness, and that was no longer in her home with Craig gone.

She hurried into her coat as she started breathlessly down the stairs. Tears coursed down her cheeks and she prayed with fanatic zest that she was not too late. As she reached the last flight of stairs, she crashed into a figure who was hurrying up, as oblivious of his surroundings as she. She gasped at the impact, but the man quickly regained his balance and caught her before she could fall. "Janet!" he cried.

She looked at him almost in disbelief. Then, throwing her arms about him she gave full vent to her tears. "Oh, Craig! Darling, I was just coming for you."

"He kissed her and held her tightly. "Janet, I've been such a fool. I didn't realize until tonight what an awful thing pride can be. Will you ever forgive me?"

She signed. "There's nothing to forgive, Craig. I was the one who was wrong. I'm going to quit my job right away."

"No, you mustn't. I don't want to deprive you of any happiness and if you want to work, I'm not going to stop you."

She laughed shakily. "We'll argue that out later, shall we?"

Arm in arm they climbed up the stairs.

BIG PERFORMERS

MANCHESTER, England (CP) —Experts from London Zoo were called on to give advice on floor design for a new television studio here. Designers wanted to be sure the floor could hold a troupe of performing elephants.

BIG RESTORATION

LINCOLN, England (CP) — More than 200 churches in Lincolnshire are being restored or repaired.

Merry Christmas

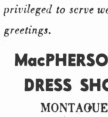
*To all whom we have privileged to serve we extend greetings.*

**MacPHERSON'S DRESS SHOP**
MONTAGUE

*MERRY CHRISTMAS*

*May this glorious and Festive Season that is Christmas provide you with much to enjoy and much for which you may give thanks.*

**C. R. BOEHNER JEWELLER**
MONTAGUE




Sincere Good Wishes

*We wish at this time to extend our thanks to all our patrons this past season.*

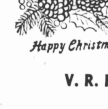
**YEO'S THEATRE**
MONTAGUE

*Happy Christmas*

SILENT NIGHT

*As the familiar carols fill the air, let us pause to give thanks for our many blessings.*

**V. R. PEPLER JEWELLER**
MONTAGUE



Best Wishes

*May your share of Christmas gladness*
*So fill the day with cheer*
*There'll be an over-flow to spice*
*With joy the coming year!*

**MONTAGUE CO-OP**

Merry Christmas and A Wonderful New Year!

*What a wonderful holiday season we hope it will be for you! We pray that this great day will bring you peace and joy. We hope that the year ahead will be filled with happiness for you in every way.*

**HOOLEY'S MEN'S WEAR**
MONTAGUE AND CHARLOTTETOWN

*MERRY CHRISTMAS*
*and*
*Happy and Prosperous NEW YEAR*
*to all our friends*
*and customers*

MONUMENTS AND INSCRIPTIONS

**LEVI POWER**
MONTAGUE

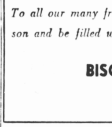
*CHRISTMAS GREETINGS*
*and*
*ALL GOOD WISHES*
*to all.*
*For the New Year*

**Montague Auto Body Works**

HOLIDAY GREETINGS

*To all our many friends may you enjoy this Holiday Season and be filled with great cheer, love and Happiness.*

**BISON RESTAURANT**
MONTAGUE




Yuletide Greetings

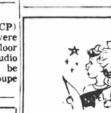
*Here's to a Merry Christmas and a New Year studded with old-fashioned sentiments, Happiness, tranquility and prosperity.*

**POOLE & BEER CONSTRUCTION LTD.**
MONTAGUE

Season's Greetings

*Our sincere thanks for your loyal patronage this past year.*

**DOUG'S SERVICE STATION**
MONTAGUE

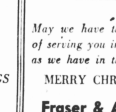


*MERRY CHRISTMAS*
*To every friend near and far*
*Our wishes follow you where you are . . .*

**MINNIE'S GIFT SHOP**
MONTAGUE

*Holy Night . . . May the light of Christmas goodwill shine among men . . .*

**MONTAGUE FURNISHING CO**

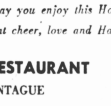


*May we have the pleasure of serving you in the future as we have in the past.*

MERRY CHRISTMAS

**Fraser & Annear**

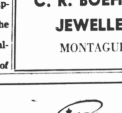
SHUR GAIN FEED SERVICE



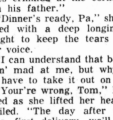
"Merry Christmas"

*It's our pleasure to wish you one of the jolliest Yuletides you've ever known.*

**POOLE & THOMPSON PRODUCE DEALERS, MONTAGUE**



*Christmas Greetings*



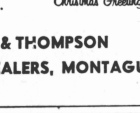
May all good things come to you at this Christmas season — may good fortune follow you through all the *New Year.*

**MAC'S SNACK BAR**
MONTAGUE

Here's To A Merry Christmas For You!

*We hope yours will be a joy-filled holiday and we hope, too, that the New Year ahead will be a happy one. Merry Christmas!*

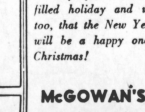
**McGOWAN'S LTD.**
**Merchants**
KILMUIR



*HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ONE AND ALL FROM*

**Hyndman & Co. Ltd.**

Oldest Insurance Agency in P.E.I.
C. A. SHAW — Montague District Manager




*As "Your Family Drug Store" we take this opportunity to wish you and your family a very Merry Christmas and a healthy New Year. We are, as ever, at your service with the best drugs procurable.*

**MABON DRUG COMPANY**
Prescriptions Sundries MONTAGUE Veterinary Supplies

"Merry Christmas

*Allow us to drum home a message of good cheer to all those whom we have served this year . . .*

**MONTAGUE BAKERY**
MONTAGUE

*Christmas Greetings*