

THE GUARDIAN

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"The Strongest Memory is Weaker Than the Weakest Ink" CHARLOTTETOWN, SATURDAY, DEC. 23, 1950

The Christmas Message

I heard the bells on Christmas day Their old, familiar carols play, And wild and sweet The words repeat Of peace on earth, goodwill to men!

The Christmas story that we know and love is taken almost wholly from the Gospel of St. Luke. This is the story about the shepherds and the manger and the angels singing of peace on earth and goodwill to men.

Never in the world's long and troubled history has there been such a universal need of the Christian evangel of goodwill among men. The threat of another world war throws its appalling shadow over our civilization.

Centred as it is around the birth of a little Child, it is natural that Christmas should be a day set apart for children. And out of our groping efforts to realize its meaning and significance have developed all our hospitals and refuges for children, our schools and myriad works of mercy and enlightenment, ranging in ever-widening circles throughout the world.

Fortunately, the happiness of Christmas is not dependent on the multitude of things. In its simplicity, there can be just as great joy as in the extravagance which is encouraged by the times.

May all who read these lines have part in Christmas reunions of families and friends, glad with the festival spirit that banishes troubles and anxieties and cares, save only for mindfulness that the happy glow of family life should shine with actuality of practical kindness into the lives of others to whom life has dealt suffering and loss and loneliness.

"There is no peace on earth," I said; "For hate is strong And mocks the song Of peace on earth, goodwill to men!" And in despair I bowed my head.

Public Mischief

Such offences as giving false fire alarms and reporting imaginary crimes were once summarily punished by magistrates on the principle that any act which is against the interest of the community must be a public mischief.

A recent British Columbia ruling in a "Peeping Tom" case has brought us back abruptly to the basic principle that to be criminal an act must be made so by legislation or by a recognized rule of common law.

Turning in false fire alarms or damaging fire fighting equipment are already indictable offences but similar classification is highly necessary for other conduct which endangers the community by tying up its essential services and perhaps also to deal with the Peeping Tom.

Santa Claus For Southeast Asia

Australia plans to contribute £25,000,000 to the Southeast Asian countries over a four-year period as her part of the Commonwealth scheme developed at Colombo, Ceylon, last January. Canada too is interested in the plan for attacking poverty and its attendant evils in those overpopulated and undeveloped countries.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Tomorrow, Fourth Sunday in Advent.

Monday, Christmas Day, and a statutory holiday.

It is all right to mail a Christmas and New Year letter any time in the last week of December. Better late than never.

After today, things will begin to be normal, though anticipation of the New Year holiday will retard resuming "business as usual."

It is slow work clearing the roads these days, the fallen telephone poles across the roads having to be removed before the plows can operate.

A Sunday Christmas eve is almost more appropriate than for Christmas itself, although the youngsters will probably find it sorely trying on their patience.

Maritime Central Airways has lived up to its name and is today the keystone in air transport in the Maritimes, using the term loosely, of course, to include Newfoundland.

The heavy export of Christmas trees implies that prosperity prevails elsewhere as well as here. Hope the Government will insist on planting two trees for every one cut down—the only way to preserve our God-given forestry asset.

It was expected yesterday that regular telephone communication with Summerside would be resumed over the week-end. It was no joke endeavouring to rescue the fallen poles and wires blown down from the Hillsboro River bridge.

Canadian import controls end Jan. 2, very nearly eliminating the restrictions made necessary by the Second World War, not it is to be hoped only in time to impose fresh ones to deal with the new threatened emergency.

The Press will have the painful task of recording the accidents which may mar the Christmas week-end. They can be practically eliminated by motorists and others remembering that it is seldom worth "taking a chance" and governing themselves accordingly.

Six veterans' associations have petitioned the Government to boost war pension rates by 25 per cent. A comparison of present service pay rates with those of a few years ago is evidence that the request is certainly justified by the drop in purchasing power of the dollar.

Samuel Smiles, British author and biographer, born this date 1812 and lived until he was ninety-two. He first practised medicine, but later entered journalism and became known as the author of several books of which "Self Help" had the most notable success.

The condition of the City streets at present are practically all that could be desired for week-end Christmas shopping, and visiting, for which the taxis especially are thankful. But between tonight and tomorrow anything may happen to interfere with the realization of anticipations.

The recent abolition of dress uniform for Canadian naval officers has an unexpected result. Medals, which traditionally are worn with full dress, were almost never worn by officers of the R.C.N., but the commanding officers of two Canadian ships visiting New York this week made their appearance in the familiar No. 5 uniform, but wearing medals instead of merely the ribbons.

It is risky being a newspaperman in China these days. The pro-Communist Ta Kung Pao reports the Chinese Reds executed six former Chinese reporters in Canton. He said the six, all reporters for Hong Kong newspapers, were accused of being "special agents engaged in cultural activities." The Reds, according to the dispatch, sentenced 11 other reporters to prison terms of five to 15 years.

Still The Headline News On The 25th



PUBLIC FORUM

This column is open to the discussion by correspondents of questions of interest. The Guardian does not necessarily endorse the opinion of correspondents.

GREETINGS FROM ENGLAND

Sir,—I have been wondering if you have a little space to spare in your wonderful newspaper, just to remind all the people who were very helpful and friendly to me and my family when we resided at 112 School St. Charlottetown, that I wish to send them the Season's Greetings and my most sincere good wishes for their future.

Perhaps I should explain. My husband was a Flight Sergeant out at the Airport and my second son (I now have three) was born in the P. E. I. Hospital, where I received the best attention I've ever had. I believe he was the third English baby to be born there.

Since they have been to India, but my dearest thoughts have always been of Charlottetown where I send you and the staff of The Guardian my Best Wishes for a Happy New Year, and thanks a lot for a real newsy newspaper which I used to be able to read daily.

BELLS OF ST. PAUL'S

Sir,—Several years ago, when the Christmas Festival was over, the Christmas trees taken down, the colored lights and Christmas bells put away, there were some bells which were not put away. They stayed on duty permanently. We have enjoyed them so much, been cheered and helped by them, until now we may be taking them for granted, without giving the matter a second thought.

Someone always thinks this way: "Lord God of Hosts, Be with us yet; Let us forget, Let us forget." Again some school children, just around the corner from school but far away enough to be late—"late for school, oh!"—take courage at the first ding of the bell and hurry in a little faster and a little faster, find themselves safely inside the door when the last long sounds.

Some one ill finds that when the long day is measured off by the chimes, every time another hour is over, it helps more than might be expected. Too numerous to mention are all the messages that come this way. For extra measure, twice a day, mornings at twelve-thirty and evenings at five-thirty, there is a short service of song chosen from our favorite and most helpful hymns.

How fortunate is Charlottetown to be so treated, and these bells are noticed and remarked on and enjoyed by Islanders returning for their holidays, by visitors from other places and by tourists. Last spring a man and woman from Ontario who suggested they were probably our first tourists for the season as it was only April then, were charmed and asked one day "Where are these bells ringing from? They're beautiful!"

They were told the story of the bells ringing from the tower of beautiful old Saint Paul's Church. They were told how a youth had given his life for his country and in their bereavement the parents, instead of becoming resentful and bitter over their own loss, were inspired to continue the giving act, in honor of their son. The way they chose was the giving of these bells to Charlottetown, a continual giving which seems like some service to mankind they can carry on hand in hand with their son. Also it could be a reminder of all the lads who made the supreme sacrifice and a comfort to all the mothers and fathers and friends who have given of their dearest possessions, and be a never

Old Charlottetown

(And P. E. I.) PRE-CHRISTMAS STORM

We were visited last night by one of the most terrific storms of wind and rain, from the S. E., that has ever been experienced in this town. We fear that we shall hear of much damage being done throughout the country. The roof on the north side of the Episcopal Church of St. Paul, in Charlottetown, was completely torn off and thrown to the ground; the wind having got under the eaves, and from thence along the roof. The interior of the Church has suffered no great injury, and a large body of workmen are engaged in repairing the damage to the roof and in preparing the Church for the services of the morrow.

"A Bedouin" several barns have been blown down, and horses, cattle and sheep crushed with the fallen timber. Mr. John Burns, Freetown, lost two valuable horses, two horned cattle, and some sheep in this way. Several buildings have been unroofed, and some, partially finished, completely destroyed. The English Church is among the latter. But the most serious calamity is the destruction of Mr. Richard Clark's dwelling house, by fire — he and his wife and five children barely escaping with their lives, in their night clothes. During the night, the outer door was forced open, and it is supposed blew the fire out of the fireplace, into the kitchen, and thereby being fanned into a flame, caused the destruction of the house and all its contents.

—Hazard's Gazette, Dec. 24, 1853. ending source of loveliness to all within our grasp. Following is an excerpt from a letter that was written a year ago. It might well be written of this year also: "We have enjoyed the Chimes all along but especially at Christmas time they played so often — twice a day at least and sometimes more — 'Oh Come All Ye Faithful' and 'Hark the Herald Angels Sing' and really it was like a voice from Heaven."

"You might be coming home from town, dead tired and a bit disgruntled, and I send you what you wanted for someone was priced too high for your pocket book; or you might have spent all your spending money on one or two gifts that you hoped would buy half a dozen, and phrases would cross your mind that you had heard so often, about Christmas being commercialized and had become a racket and so on, and just as you came around the corner near St. Paul's, the bells would boom out so sure and steady and worshipfully 'O Come All Ye Faithful, joyfully triumphant, O Come ye O Come ye to Beth-le-hem' and unconsciously you would fall in step with the tune and the rush of living would give way to calm and you would know in your heart you were being one of the 'faithful' coming to worship Jesus again and loving His ways, and you must be joyfully triumphant and Christmas wasn't being commercialized in the way some people spoke of sometimes; that the gift you had in your arms for some one, you had gotten because you loved them and wanted to give them happiness and you hoped you had chosen something that would be loved. And by the time you were slowly and solemnly but joyfully triumphant and worshipful, the two verses would have ended and after a pause 'Hark the Herald Angels Sing!' pealed out in quicker time and so happily as if that one word meant particularly for the children and young folk, but you gloried in the listening-in and your mood had completely changed. I loved it specially every time I heard it."

At this time of year Henry Van Dyke's "Christmas-living is Christmas-giving" seems closely connected with the Message of the Bells: "In the outer circles, cheerful greetings, courtesy, consideration; in the inner circles, sympathetic interest, hearty congratulations, honest encouragement; in the innermost circles, comradeship, helpfulness, tenderness — Beautiful friendship tried by sun and wind "Dust" from the daily dust of life! "After all Christmas-living is the best kind of Christmas-giving."

Now at Christmas time we would like to pay a tribute of thanks to the giver of the Chimes, and may he receive his reward from the original Giver of Gifts. I am, Sir, etc., J.T. Charlottetown

The Poet's Corner

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY

This is the month, and this the happy morn, When the Son of Heaven's eternal King, Of wedded Maid and Virgin Mother born, Our great redemption from above did bring— For so the holy angels once did sing— That He our deadly forfeit should release, And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable, And that far-beaming blaze of majesty, Wherewith He went at heaven's high council-table To sit the midst of Trinal Unity, He laid aside; and here with us to be Forsook the courts of everlasting day, And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say, heavenly Muse! shall not thy sacred vein Afford a present to the Infant God? Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain, To welcome Him to this His new abode? Now while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod, Hath took no print of the apurroaching light, And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright!

See how from far upon the eastern road The star-led wizards haste with opor's sweet! O run! prevent them with thy humble ode, And lay it lowly at his blessed feet: Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet, And join thy voice unto the angel choir, From out His secret altar touched with hallowed fire. —John Milton.

Notes From Another Island

LONDON, England:—"At Christmas play and make good cheer, For Christmas comes but once a year."

And a good thing, too, might say some. The harassed family man, for instance, who finds Christmas only a time of great expense that he can ill afford, or the housewife and mother, to whom Christmas means special meals under the stress of preparing which the ingredients she has been carefully garnering since summer melt away like a snowball in the Sahara Desert. All the same there is some good advice in these words. Since they were first written, nearly four hundred years ago, things haven't changed much as far as the Christmas spirit is concerned so why not let's play at being ostriches, forget for a few moments the things that we would rather be without, and count a few of the blessings that attend dwellers on this other Island.

We can usually find somebody worse off than ourselves, for instance. It may take a little time of course, and it is no real compensation when we do, but as a last resort it is a relief in a diabolical sort of way to know that things could be worse. Take the weather as a nice, easy-to-hand example.

It may be cold here (by our standards, that is) and it may be snowing, but what's a couple of degrees of frost and an inch or more of snow compared with the sub-zero temperatures and blizzards that we read about in North America? Not worth bothering about if you can forget that at least most people in North America can get warm indoors, thanks to the central heating the virtues of which we still solidly disdain to appreciate. We can have much more fun with an electric fire that goes off when there is a power cut, or an open coal fire that

Mr. Scrooge's Christmas

An Excerpt from The Christmas Carol By Charles Dickens

"It's Christmas Day!" said Scrooge to himself. "I haven't missed it. The Spirits have done it all in one night. Hallo, my fine fellow!" "Hallo!" returned the boy. "Do you know the poulterers, in the next street but one, at the corner?" Scrooge inquired. "I should hope I did," replied the lad.

"An intelligent boy," said Scrooge. "A remarkable boy! Do you know whether they've sold the prize turkey that was hanging up there?" "It's hanging up there now," replied the boy. "Is it?" said Scrooge. "Go and buy it." "Walk-ER!" exclaimed the boy. "No, no," said Scrooge, "I am in earnest. Go and buy it, and tell 'em to bring it here, that I may give them the directions where to take it. Come back with the man, and I'll give you a shilling."

The hand in which he wrote the address was not a steady one; but write it he did, somehow (and went upstairs to open the street door, ready for the coming of the poulterer's man).

The chuckle with which he paid for the turkey, and the chuckle with which he recompensed the boy, were only to be exceeded by the chuckle with which he sat down breathless in his chair again, and chuckled till he cried. He dressed himself "all in his best," and got out into the streets. The people were by this time pouring forth, as he had seen them with the Ghost of Christmas Present... He went to church, and walked about the streets and watched the people hurrying to and fro, and patted the children on the head, and looked down into the kitchens of houses, and up to the windows; and found everything could yield him pleasure. In the afternoon, he turned his steps toward his nephew's house.

He passed the door a dozen times, before he had the courage to go up and knock. But he made a dash, and did it. "Is your master at home, my dear?" said Scrooge to the girl. "Yes, sir." "Where is he?" said Scrooge. "He's in the dining-room, sir, along with mistress. I'll show you upstairs, if you please."

scorches your knees and leaves your back to freeze, if you can get coal that will burn at all. Then again, look in the shop windows for plenty of examples of our steadily improving fortunes. Can it be that there are more luxury goods, more non-essentials, more indications of the slackening grip of Austerity (with a big "A" for the Great Omnipotent of the post-war Britain) than we recall at twelve-month ago? It can, by Jove, of course, it could also be that as essentials are costing more, people have less cash left over with which to buy the other things. It could be that, but goodness! how cynical. Still, it IS nice to see the things in the shops...

At this time of year, too, there are plenty of blessings for the sports fans. The football season is about half-way through, so we begin to feel the excitement mounting, as yet quite gently and gradually, as the Cup Ties begin and the League placings settle down into the familiar race for the honours that is come at the end of the season. It just adds to the spice of life if, after you have been looking forward all the week to a happy Saturday afternoon at what promises to be the best game of the season, ice grips the turf and the match is postponed.

If that happens you can always stay at home until the results of games played in other parts of the country come over the radio. Then you can check your football pool forecasts and discover that snow, fog, rain, ice and other contingencies have so upset logical form that the teams you felt sure you could rely on to win you an honest pound or two have all lost.

And if you haven't had your fill of blessings yet, why not buy a newspaper and read all about the adventures of our cricket team now touring Australia. Never mind whether they have won or lost their latest match, just be thankful that it is not YOU that has to chase a ball about under a grilling hot sun, that YOU can sit in your favourite arm-chair by the fire and turn up your overcoat collar to keep out the draught.

Above all else, let us not forget the one blessing we can always count on. We can always grumble! There's always the Government worth a moan; and if they aren't

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Advertisement for J. P. MacPherson & Son. Includes text: "J. P. MacPherson & Son", "Men's Clothing That Fits", "SUITES - TOPCOATS - OVERCOATS", "157 QUEEN ST."

Advertisement for Merry New Year and Happy Christmas. Includes text: "MERRY NEW YEAR", "HAPPY CHRISTMAS", "May the holiday season forecast a gay, New Year for you, and yours!", "J.P. MacPherson & Son".