

Best Wishes at Christmas and may Good Times and Good For-tune he with you at Christmas and follow you throughout the year. PHONE 6118

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It's with eincere pleasure and cordial good will that we wish you a Merry Christmas.

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As Christman comes again, it re-awakens the appreciation of pleasant association—rekindles the warmth of friendships—and may it find and keep you rich in happiness.

ROTHSCHILD'S



Year after year it's the same old greeting, but time makes that greeting no less sincere, and so we again send our message wish

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song -no poem that expresses our sentiments better than a simple Merry Christmas

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Ithaca Savings Bank



May thin Christmas be the brightest-you have ever known-may it he a segmen of plenty and

Gosper-Kelly, Inc. SHORS - HORIERY One-Misty-Main ELMIRA, N. Y.



Just a Simple Greeting—
But it's laden down with cheer
and sincerest wishen for a root old-fashioned Yuletide.

BROWN'S ICE CREAM BROWN'S **PHARMACY** HORSEHEADS, N. Y.

清净净净净净净净净净净净净净净净净净净净净 CLOCKS IN STEEPLES By VINCENT DEPAUL FITZPATRICK

TARABARAHARAHARAHARAHA

We wish we lived across the street from a tall steeple with a clock in it.
That is a peculiar wish, isn't It?

But then from boyhood we have liked steeples with clocks in-them, especially when the clocks are alight at night and looking down at the streets below.

We have a penchant for lights—

We have a pendant for lights—
lights gleaming from the skyectap—
ers in New York and other cities;
candles gleaming through the windows of private homes; lights
strung along the water front with
just a faint shimmering here and
there on the dark waters. Such
things turn us to thoughts of
Christman, especially in the suiumnal time and the nights of Decemchristians, especially in the sulumnal time and the nights of December But best of all, be it repeated, we like the lighted clocks in church steeples.

If ever we go back to London we shall go to a certain hotel and well for the premeriors which we

ask for the room from which we looked down on the cheerful place which stands above one of the gates of Buckingham Palace. We sat looking at that clock one night until after midnight—after we had alood a long time on the banks of the Thames looking up at the clock high heve us in the tower of Ferliament House. We did not sless long that night; we were up again the clock on the Euchingham Palece gate; we watched London getting ready for snother day.

BECAME FRIENDE

That clock and we became looking at that clock one night un-

That clock and we became friends. As we ant looking at it our thaughts went back to home and Christmas. We thought of Dickess and Marley and Old Dickens and Marley and Old Scroogs who never looked up at the clocks in Landon's steeples. That is why Scrooge found so little happiness is life until he was converted from his sour, dour ways. Marley's ayes looked down at the gold in the money chests and Scrooge's eyes looked down at the cold, chilling figures in the ledgers—figures which brought joy or seeming joy to Marley and his bookkeeper, but which brought despair to those who were indebted to

pair to those who were indebted to the owner and the keeper of those ledgers.

We saw many church steeples in London with clocks in them. We did not see many steeples with clocks in them in France, Germany. Belgium and other European countries Clocks, if you have not notried the fact, are not being put into many of our new churches in this country. All of us like lights and all of us should like clocks

in steeples.

Have you ever watched a baby have you ever watched a baby looking up at the stars the stars which, we were told when we were infants, the angels put out every night to light the world? Whence did that story come? We believe it came from Bethiehem.

PICTURE OF NATIVITY

Mary's eyes could read in her haby's eyes that which even the most devoted mother cannot read in her baby's eyes. The Infant Jesus was God and God can see and tell all things.

We have seen a picture of the Nativity in which the Babe of Bethlehem seems to be fascinated by the light of the shepherd's lanterns. That picture symbolised the

Light! That is the synonym and the symbol of the Catholic Church Indeed it is The Catholic Church. Light means Truth. It means Happiness. It means Hope and it means Achievement. The Catholic Church was founded by Him who was the Light of the World, the Light of Hope. Happiness and Achievement

The candles are lighted at the Sacrifice of the Mass to greet the Light which comes down from Heaven to the altar. Christ is born again on the altar as He was born Bethlehem

Have you ever noticed that in all the pictures of Bethlehem you never have seen a darkened cave? You have seen poverty there but not darkness. Always in every picture

of the Nativity we see the Cave of Bethlehem alight.

The Vigil Light burns before the Tabernacie, Jesus' home. The star shown down upon the cave 1935

All of us know the stary of the First Christmas Night, when the light which came from Heaven illuminated the plains of Judes. Why did the light first appear over the plains where shepherds watched plains where shepherds watched their sheep? It was because the Babe in Bethlehem was a shepherd—The Good Shepherd—the shepherd of souls. Now shepherd are a lowly people. Like the shepherds of the first Christmas night they are often poor, cold and hungry. They must ever be on the watch for the enemies of their sheep. The shepherds of the Judean plains warked hard. Their life was monetonous. Pay fol-

dean plains warked hard. Their life was monetonous. Day followed night and night followed day, and night and night followed day, and nights were uneventful. There was no guardon of hope for them.

When the shepherds reached the Cave of Bethlehem, they understood what they saw, for the angelic message had made knewn all it them. They found in the manger The Light of the World, One Wha had come to bring the Light to them. They saw a poor little Babe, been in the poorest of places but they knew this poor little Babe was to give the world the greatest

of all riches, riches which were to last for Elernity and which financial depressions and hankrupt banks could not destroy. They saw the little hands of the little laws and they knew the little hands would unlock the bonds of Time to give them and everyone who wanted to be like them, everyating

wanted to be like them, everially freedom and everlating happings.

FULLOW THE LEGHT

Thus had been so long to them but new and forever more Time would be so short free know that would be so short. They know that all they would he to follow The Light and theey would be cheestful and hope ful. They knew that mea only had to follow The Light to be happy. Index would happ himself lessues he would turn away from The Light. And Poulies Pilate would east. "What is Truth?" not resisting to the full that He Whom he had condenued was the Light and the Truth Judas hanged himself and Poulies Pilate killed himself, because the one was turned away from The Light by avaries and the other by political ambition.

Men who have made gold their

god instead of making the Babo of Bethlehem their God bave killed themselves when despair came to them. Despair came to them when they failed to seek the Fight. And men, whose ambitions know been blasted have killed themselves because they could not become as humble as the shepherds. Through the centuries men have failed to realize that Time is short and that on the morrow their trains and disappointments would disappear beneath the Light of Bethielment. The Light of Fruth.

Trith.
"You have said much about The Light, but what has all this to do with the clocks in the steeples at with the clocks in the steeples at night?" That is what you ask us. We reply: "The steeples schoot the Charle in Excellished They point to Heaven where God in, as The Star once pointed down to Bethlehem where a God in.—The Starpointed to God in a manager. The steeples point to a God in glory." "But still." you persist. "what have the clocks to do with these words of yours?"

We shall let one of the otooks spoak for us.

speak for us: "So, there "So, there you are agatu, old friend, just sitting there in the dark and looking up at my lighted face You have put saids the work of

You have put saids the work of the day. Sitting in the dark you see the light. Thus all meen can see the light, even when they sit in darkness, if they will but look up to the light.

"You could be indulging in the revolry of the wastels and the spendthrifts, who are making merry or who think they are rinking merry tonight. They can not find time snough for their planauses or for their plottings against the reace and security of the world.

"There you are, just resting yourself and letting time go by, without

acif and letting time so by, without a regret You are not thinking of business, you are thinking of me and of Christmas, Really you have a contented look Your schow sou can do naught to stay the pass-ing of the minutes, the hours, the days, the months and the years. You know you are uningestant:

Tow will miss you when you are
gone and your name will not be
preserved in history. And yet you
are content. You know you can do

maught to stay the passing of Time and you would not if you could. "You are like me; you take Time as it comes and Time as it goes. I never am flurried. Through the years I remain here looking down uspon the sorrows and joys of men I see millionaires in their offices. their brows furrowed and their eyes speaking despair as they see some of their millions slipping sway from them. I see the Carrmelite nuns and other nuns, and I riests and Brothers in the religsous life, with not a panny to their Lames. Their, brows are terfur-rowed and hope shines in their eyes. The world discusses the names of the millionairs and the papers give them headlines. But the very names of these nurs and Brothers and priests are no longer

"Men called them wire, but they were fools. Wise min long centuries ago followed the Size to Bethlehem—shepherds who had no money and others who did have money but who did not idolize

their worldy riches
"If men who think they are wise
could only sit some night and look
up at me they might be prompted
to cry out from the depths of their
hearts: 'We think we are wise
men, the great men of our nation
We sit in characters." We sit in chancelleries, we seek new territory for our nation, we seek more commerce, more power. more gold we are sellsh-we are murderers.

Men, such as we have plursped the world into wars in the past: they have mangled the bodies of millions and have mangled the hearts of millions more And eye are following in their footsteps. Why? Because we have turned away from Bethietem's Star, see away from Bethletiem's Star, we have turned away from The Light. We think Time is so imperiant sand Tissue is nothing. We have forgotters Christmas and we have forgotters that the angel's song over farden's plain was one of glory to God en High and on eath Peace to Man of God Will."

We know the clock is right, And new we'll go to hed.



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