

THE CANADIAN DRY GOODS REVIEW

Vol. I.

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1891.

No. 12.

THE DRY GOODS REVIEW

THE ORGAN OF THE CANADIAN

Dry Goods, Hats, Caps and Furs, Millinery and Clothing Trades.

Published Monthly by

THE DRY GOODS REVIEW CO.,

8 Wellington St. West, Toronto.

J. B. McLEAN,

President.

CHAS. MORRISON,

Editor and Business Manager.

Address all communications to the Editor.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE.



OF CHRISTMAS themes there have been and will ever be, in this and other Christian lands, more pages written and more discourses spoken than on any other the world has ever known. To the most of those who observe the day, it has, first, its religious aspect. Amid lights and flowers, the pæans of rich voices and the swelling tones of organ and orchestra, the feast of the Nativity receives its devotional observances. Again,

it is its mission to bring smiles and sunshine, to strew flowers along life's rugged pathway, and to mingle some of the sweet things of life with the distasteful and unpleasant so much of which is found in the daily experience of many, if not the most, of us. For this day at least, the din and tumult have ceased; an air of holy calm envelops the earth as with a mantle, and rudeness, violence, and discord are transformed to gentleness, kindness and harmony. "Peace on earth; good will to man." How these words thrill and ennoble the human heart and when hand clasps hand and eye returns the kindly glance of eye, as the hearty greeting springs from the lips, we recognize the brotherhood of man and our hearts are filled with more kindly thoughts one to another. Though cares may press and

troubles throng all the grim three hundred and sixty-four days that precede it, when once the chimes of Christmas Day ring out upon the air, the furrowed brows relax, the anxious eyes light up, and every one of us, however conditioned, and wherever placed, feels the glad thrill of the world's happiness touch both life and heart, as we too join in greetings to the happy day. Men who never give the origin of the world's great festival a thought, feel their best natures stirred to be in the good times they see and feel around them, and to do their share towards brightening and cheering the little corner of the earth for whose happiness they are responsible. Even scoffers and such as have no distinct idea of religious belief cease from logical reasoning and historical refutation, and become as little children in Christmas entertainment. A great longing to make others happy fills every heart; now, if ever, the purse strings are loosened; the giver is blessed in giving, the receiver happy in receiving; and the fair garland of Christmas gifts and Christmas greetings that links heart to heart vies in fragrance and beauty with the more perishable blossoms that deck the Christmas home. We all have our share of joys and sorrows, losses and disappointments but on this holy Christmas Day we are always inspired to hope for the brightest and best and not to shrivel and shrink when trouble crosses our path. Welcome then to the Christmas-tide, that season of merrymaking, with its happy home gatherings, its tokens of remembrance and love, of paternal thoughtfulness and filial regard! May all our readers live long and prosper and to one and all we earnestly wish "A Merry Christmas" and "A Happy New Year."

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!
And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!
Till ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!
But in despair I bowed my head—
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men."
Then pealed the bells more loud and deep,
"God is not dead nor doth he sleep!
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.