

The Jarvis Record

Volume XXXII.

JARVIS, ONT., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10, 1910.

Number 23

ALLEN'S

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WE have a large stock of first class TEAS and our prices will assure you that we bought when the market was much lower than at present.

OUR Black, Green and Mixed is good value at 30c. for 25c lb.

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Local and Personal.

Items of Interest Gathered by Our Reporters.

Ansel Jackson spent Sunday with his mother in Jarvis.

Chas. Brock of Caledonia is in town, Caledonia's civic holiday.

See the ad of R. D. Winger, the Merchant Tailor, on the last page.

Miss Evelyn Freeland of Wynona is visiting her aunt Miss Agnes Johnson.

Miss Mabel Newman left on Monday evening for a few weeks visit at Hamilton.

We are glad to see Mrs. Henry Ivey of Toronto in town renewing old acquaintances.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Ivey and daughter of Collingwood are holidaying at Ivey Bros.

Mrs. Thomas Ivey and daughter Mildred of Carmen, Man., are visiting friends in town and vicinity.

Mrs. D. Williams and Mrs. H. R. Easton are spending a couple of weeks in Hamilton, visiting friends.

Misses Constance and Edith and Master Carl Walsh of Stratford are spending a few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Meldorf.

Cameron Allen of Winnipeg arrived in town and will spend his holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Allen.

Mr. Woulfs of Tillsonburg will preach both morning and evening in the Methodist church on Sunday.

Lost in Jarvis on Wednesday last, a plush carriage rug, (mixed colors) Finder please leave same at Record office.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crockett and son Lowie have returned home to Detroit after spending a week with Mrs. John Dellar.

Mrs. Matthews and Mrs. Jewel of Toronto, who are guests of Miss Hind visited in Hagersville on Tuesday. Miss Hind accompanied them.

J. S. Burwash went to Toronto Monday evening where he will spend a week attending the I. O. O. F. Grand Lodge as a delegate from Jarvis Lodge No. 191.

Died.—In Hamilton, on Sunday morning, August 7th, 1910, Ed. Bothwell in his 63rd year. Interment in Oakwood Cemetery, Simcoe, Tuesday, 9th inst.

\$2.25 A Day Salary for intelligent married or single women for work at home. Mrs. William Morrow, Jarvis, Ont.

Sunny Southern Alberta's Illustrated Weekly Newspaper is yours from now till Jan. 1st, 1911 for 25c. The New Stirling Star. You should know more about the throbbing west and this is a good cheap way to get it. Address the Star, New Stirling, Alberta.

Mrs. D. M. Buchanan and Miss Blanch left this morning for Exeter where they will spend a few weeks visiting relatives and friends.

D. M. Allen has now his fall samples of gents clothing. There are some patterns in the samples and the prices are—well see him. He will tell you all about them.

Mrs. T. W. Beamish and children returned home Thursday evening after spending a month with friends in Toronto, Bolton and other places.

Rev. D. M. Buchanan left on Tuesday evening for the North West. He will visit his daughter Miss Mabel of Edmonton, and his two sons, Garfield and Victor, as well as to take in the sights of the prairie provinces.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Owen left on Friday evening for England. Mr. Owen says of all his many trips to the old land and other places this is the first real pleasure trip he has ever taken and we wish Mr. and Mrs. Owen a most enjoyable time while away.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Steel and son of Olean, N. Y., arrived in town Tuesday evening and will spend a couple of weeks under the parental roof. Mr. Steel is a head clerk in the establishment of C. V. B. Barre Co. of that place.

A PROGRESSIVE SCHOOL.—The Elliott Business College, Toronto, is taking a forward step this year. The attendance has been the greatest in the history of the School and hundreds of students have accepted good positions during the year. The college issues a very handsome prospectus. Write to Mr. W. J. Elliott, the principal, for one.

School Teachers are hard to get at present. School section 21 have advertised for a teacher both in daily papers and the Record but as yet, have not secured one. They are at present advertising in two daily papers and offering \$500 a year. This is good pay and a pleasant school to teach in. There are a number of other schools in this vicinity who have not yet secured teachers although they are offering good salaries.

Death Of George Miller

One Of Walpole's Most Respected Citizens nPasses Away On Monday Morning Morning, August 8th.

Early Monday morning Mr. George Miller, farmer, and Secretary of the Walpole Township, Haldimand County, Mutual Fire Company, died suddenly at his home here. Mr. Miller who was in his 77th year was sitting talking to his family about 9 o'clock last night when he was seized with paralysis, and in spite of medical aid promptly called he never rallied, dying a few hours later.

Deceased was one of a family of several sons who came to this district from the island of Strom, Caithness, Scotland, a good many years ago.

Deceased came to Canada in 1865 and was a continuous resident of the township ever since. Before coming to Canada Mr. Miller served several seasons in the Royal Navy Coast Volunteers, and when he came here first he was engaged for some time in lake navigation. At that time a good shipping trade was done out of Port Dover and other places on both sides of Lake Erie. The brothers all settled and owned fine farms in the vicinity, this being the first death among them. Mr. Miller, who was widely known and esteemed, is survived by three sons and five daughters. The sons are:—Emerson and George, farmers here, and Sinclair Laird, on the staff of the Montreal High School, but for several years on the staff of Trinity College School, Port Hope. The daughters are:—Mrs. Joseph Gilbertson, Mrs. Richard Parkinson, Mrs. Percy Ineson, all of whom live near here, and Misses Elizabeth and Ina at home.

Mr. Miller was a member of Jarvis Presbyterian Church, and, although all his brothers are strong Liberals, his own leanings were Conservative, but he was thoroughly independent and often voted for the Liberal candidate at the local and Dominion elections, preferring to support a candidate more because of personal character and worth than for political reasons.

The funeral took place at two o'clock on Tuesday August 9th from his late residence, and was one of the largest attended funerals which has taken place in this township for years. Service was conducted at the house by the minister, Rev. D. M. Buchanan and the Masonic Order.

The interment taking place at Knox Church cemetery, Jarvis, where both Rev. D. M. Buchanan and the A. F. and A. M. conducted the service.

The floral offerings were many, and consisted in part of the following:—Walpole Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Co., anchor; King Solomon's Masonic Lodge, pillow; Mr. Geo. Banks and family, Toronto, spray; Mrs. Wm. Banks and family, Toronto, spray; Mr. K. A. Chisholm, Government Inspector of Insurance Cos., Toronto, spray; Jarvis Record, spray; Mr. B. A. Smith, Varenay, spray; Robert Miller, Port Dover, spray; Mr. and Mrs. Lamb, Port Dover, spray.

The pallbearers composed of Free Masons, were J. J. Parsons, R. W. Smith, John Thompson, Wm. Fallis, L. E. Marr, Wm. Dunbar.

Mrs. G. B. LePan and little daughter Alice are spending a couple of weeks in Toronto.

Mrs. T. E. Morrow is visiting friends in Winnipeg and Brandon, Man., and her sons W. E. and Fred in Gull Lake, Sask., this week.

Miss Mayne Graydon, who has been head milliner in the J. A. Burwash establishment for the past few seasons, has accepted a position as head milliner with J. R. Inkster & Co., Paris. Miss Graydon's many friends will be sorry to see her leave town, but will be glad to know she has secured such a good position.

Civic Holiday.

To-morrow (Thursday) has been proclaimed a civic holiday in Jarvis and all places of business will be closed. The Annual Union Sunday School Picnic will be on this day at Port Dover. The picnickers will leave Jarvis on the regular morning train and return on regular train or by special leaving Port Dover at 9 o'clock p. m. The usual cheap rates have been arranged for.

Sealed Tenders.

Marked "Tender for Bridge" and addressed to either of the undersigned will be received by mail up to 12 o'clock noon on August 20th, 1910, for the construction of a Coderette Bridge 87 ft. span, 14 ft. roadway on 1st Concession in the Township of Walpole and known as the Nanticoke Bridge. Plans and specifications may be seen on and after the 4th August at either Mr. J. J. Parsons, Jarvis, or the Jarvis Record office, Jarvis. The lowest of any tender not necessarily accepted.

J. J. PARSONS, Jarvis, Ont.

J. R. POND, Sandusky, Ont.

OLD AGE.

Sketch Of Sermon Preached In Knox Church On July 31st At The Evening Service.

Rev. D. M. Buchanan's subject was "Old Age" and he took for his text, Psalm 71: 9 "Cast me not off in the time of old age, forsake me not when my strength faileth," and Hebrews 13: 5 "He hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." I take for my text to-night a petition that ascends from the lips of a man of God, tottering on the brink of the grave, with feeble step, palsied hand and trembling lips, and the answer that comes from the Eternal Father, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." In the twilight of life's day, when the hopes of life are gone and little but death lies before the human mind, the stoutest heart sometimes falters and trembles on the brink. But as the weary pilgrim looks up and utters the prayer: "Cast me not away," his heart is strengthened by the promise, "I will never leave thee." How many a Christian traveller, approaching the night of life, has been cheered by that consoling promise; how many a dying man has pilloved his head to rest and waited in resignation the Master's call, on the blessed assurance that God would never fail him.

Old age lies before us all, if God spares us. It follows the bloom of youth and the vigor of manhood as sunset follows the midday sun. But, after all, how very few see old age; What a small percentage of the human family are spared to reach the evening of life. There has been a dropping out of the ranks, from early morning, through the noontide hours, and, when the twilight comes, how few are on the march. But it behooves us all to prepare for old age, both temporally and spiritually, as one of the possibilities of our life. We should look forward to it as a possible experience before us. If God sees fit to spare us, we shall inevitably reach the twilight scenes, but, if not, the everwise God may save us from the feeble step and the decrepit frame by severing the silver cord of life at an earlier hour. I speak to-night particularly to the aged, so let me by a flash of the imagination sweep you all into life's closing scenes for a time, to consider its darkness, its hopes, its joys.

The Common Twilight of Age.

There is much that is common to old age that darkens life's twilight. There is for example the lack of vitality. The sprightliness of youth and the vigor of manhood are gone forever. Feebleness, aches, pains, and a sense of weariness caused by the wearing out of the frame, all tend to make the close of life depressing to the spirits. Is the old man cross? Is the old woman peevish? Then bear patiently with them and remember that the pleasures of youth and the strength of former days are no longer theirs. That which cheers and brightens the earlier portions of life are gone. But, more than that, the ambitions and hopes of life are decaying. In early life the spirits are buoyed up by the thought of ambitious prospects. It is told of an ancient warrior who had conquered the world and at whose feet lay the crowns of conquered nations, that he died in sorrow because there were no more worlds to conquer. There was no more scope for his ambition. Whatever ambitious prospects were held in youth, whatever hopes were found in building castles in the air, these are all gone in old age. The family that played around the hearth, causing glee and sunshine, are no longer there. The vacant chairs on all sides recall the memories of happier days. The death of friends and the loss of nearly all their contemporaries saddens the heart. Old people usually have far more acquaintances beyond the river than what they have on this side. There is, too, the weight of experiences, the ups and downs of life, for three score years and ten hanging over them. What caused that furrowed brow? The anxieties of time. What has bent that human frame that was once so sprightly and vigorous? The burdens of life. What has paled the cheek? The cares and the worries of the world. What has whitened those snowy locks? The woes that have been shared in this weeping totting world. Thus from the natural course of events, old age means increasing twilight, the fading flower, the weathered leaf, the winter's frost that knows no earthly spring.

What Deepens the Darkness of the Twilight of Life.

I have mentioned experiences that are common to old age in the closing scenes. But to some there is ever deepening darkness with no rays of light, whilst to others there are rays of flashing light that drive back the approach of enshrouding gloom. What a contrast there

is between the old age of the ungodly and the righteous man. To the one there is deepening darkness as he draws nearer to the close of life, whilst to the other, there is the approach of a sublimer life. We all want to be Christians when we are old. Thoughts of a misspent life deepen the darkness of old age. What a sad thing it is for an aged man to look back on life and recall scenes of revlry, contentions and godlessness with nothing good accomplished. Precious life, with all its possibilities for good, gone forever, and opportunities misspent never again to be recalled. Capabilities misused in the service of Satan who pays his notaries only with remorse, that might have been employed in the service of God and humanity. A life squandered in sin and selfishness, to be atoned for. Memories recalled only to deepen the despair. The guilt of sin lies heavily on the conscience and causes the exclamation, "Oh, how foolish I have been." "Of all sad words of tongue and pen the saddest are these—It might have been." The constant presence of man's worst punishment deepens the gloom of the old age of an ungodly man. An old man who had spent a sinful life was once asked, what marred his old age more than anything else. He replied: "I have had many experiences in life, misfortunes, difficulties and trials of various kinds, but my worst punishment now is in being what I am." The condition of his godless soul and sinful character, was the worst punishment he had to endure. There is a development of wickedness in the heart of the unconverted. Sin goes on eating up the good qualities of the soul like a cancer till there is nothing but wretchedness and spiritual death. The condition of the wicked man's nature with its foul thoughts, its treachery, enmity, hatred, disagreeableness and the like, is ever with him and that makes life miserable.

The fear of being lost, with no hope of a share in God's eternal promise of mercy, deepens the gloom of an ungodly man's old age. Looking backward gives him no consolation for the memories of a life of sin roll upon him. Looking forward can give him no consolation for all is darkness. There has been no preparation for death and the thought of being on the brink of the change that ushers in eternal scenes, and the fear of eternal punishment as the just reward of a squandered life, dampen the spirits.

As he looks into the grave there is midnight darkness with no hope, no promise of deliverance. He feels alone. "The harvest is past the summer is ended and he is not saved." An aged man who had spent his life in sin was visited by a minister of the Gospel. But when the minister spoke to him about his soul he said: "Don't speak to me now; it is too late; my day of grace is gone; go to my son seek to persuade him to live for God." How sad the thought of such a life closing amid scenes of gloom—no bright memories of the past; no hopes for the future; all darkness, sadness, gloom, despair. God save us all from such a forlorn old age. But, aged man or woman, thus dying in sin without a ray of hope to brighten the way, let me before I leave you give you one parting message. Come to Jesus Christ the sympathizing loving Saviour now—come just as you are and plead for mercy, so that, perhaps, through the infinite love of a sin-pardoning God you may yet be saved.

"As long as the lamp holds out to burn The greatest sinner may return."

What Brightens the Twilight of Life.

How different is the picture of the closing scenes of a righteous man's life. "The hoary head is a crown of glory if it be found in the way of righteousness." Memories of a well spent life cheer the spirits. How happy the aged person is



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who can look back on life and say, "I have lived for God." To be able to say, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith," is to have a priceless jewel in old age. No memories of having dragged others to ruin—no visions of wicked scenes in which he played a prominent part fill his mind. Though, sensible of failures and shortcomings, yet he knows he has sought to do his duty.

To be on good terms with God is an inestimable comfort to the aged. The Christian knows that he has sinned but he feels assured that God has pardoned him, and that gives him inestimable joy. "To know that we're forgiven is a foretaste of Heaven." He realizes that God's smile and favor are resting upon him. There is no dread of future condemnation for there is now a conscious harmony between him and his God. It brightens up the twilight of life to have communion with Jesus our faithful friend and never failing companion. A happy disposition is his, for the Christian graces have been cultivated through life. As there is a development of the spirit of evil in the man of sin, so in the man of God there is a development of the Christian spirit. See that patient resignation to the will of God. Through long years of experience he has learned to trust where he cannot see. He waits on God, and if doubts and fears ever arise in his mind he takes refuge in the eternal promise so that when he prays, "Cast me not off in my old age," he hears the consoling words, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Patience, contentment, hope, joy, love, peace are all his and, thus through the twilight, he waits his Saviour's daily resurrection of Heaven when life is done in the Christian spirit. The pilgrim's soul. He is tottering on the brink of the grave but beyond the darkness of the tomb he sees the eternal shore. The world has lost its charms for him, his eyes are dim, he cannot see its beauty now. He has had his share of life's trials and joys but these are gone. He is leaving behind him the faces of kind and loving friends, but yonder, by the eye of faith he sees the loved ones that have gone before. Hush! he is falling asleep—one foot on earth—one foot in Heaven. Call not this life's night, 'tis but the passing cloud that hides from view the glories of a sublimer day. "For me to live is Christ but to die is gain."

"Sunset and evening star, And may there be no moaning of the bar, When I put out to sea."

Twilight and evening bell, And after that the dark; And may there be no sadness of farewell When I embark.

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place, The flood may bear me far, I hope to see my Pilot face to face When I have crossed the bar."

Better Be Insured Than Sorry



Many people are taking chances through leaving their property insufficiently insured, forgetful that the fire fiend visits where and when least expected.

Be wise! Insure your home and business with a progressive Canadian Company that has never resisted an honest claim.

In a "Merchants" policy you have the best SECURITY AND PROTECTION.

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The Merchants Fire Insurance Co.