

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of *Dr. J.C. Williams* In Use For Over Thirty Years **CASTORIA**

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.

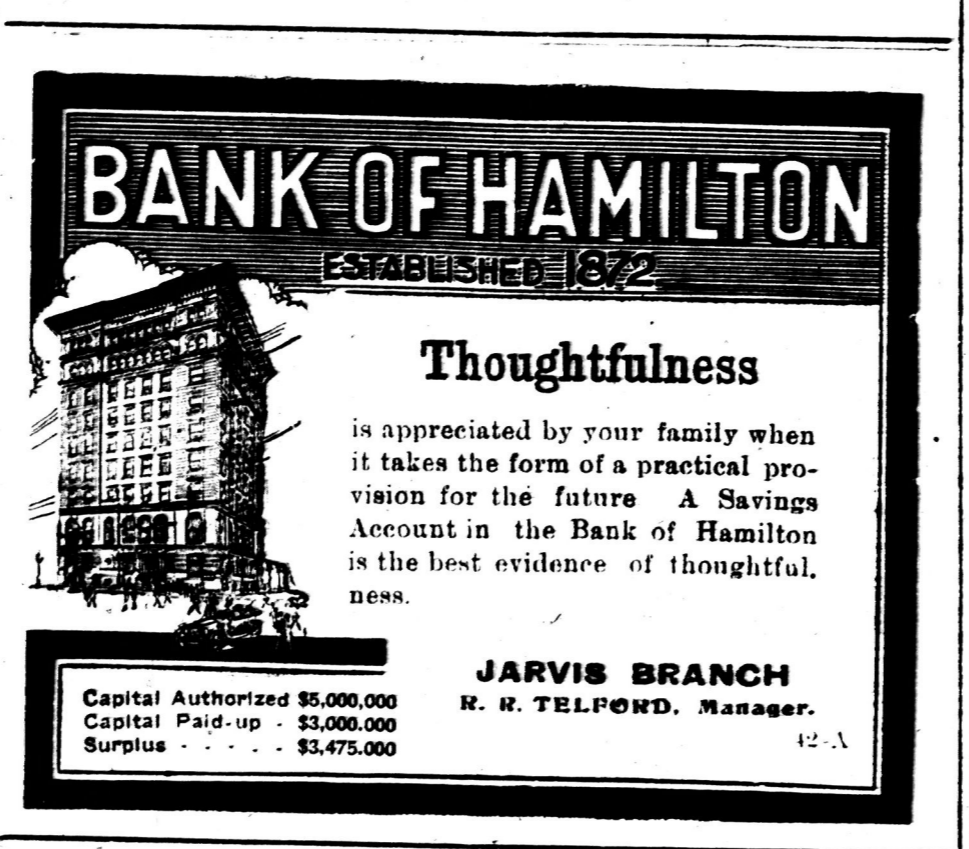
Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of *Dr. J.C. Williams* In Use For Over Thirty Years **CASTORIA**

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

# Boy Wanted!

To learn the Printing trade, must have fair education, be energetic and willing to take instruction. Good trade; Big wages when finished. Apply to

# The Jarvis Record



**BANK OF HAMILTON**  
ESTABLISHED 1812

Thoughtfulness is appreciated by your family when it takes the form of a practical provision for the future. A Savings Account in the Bank of Hamilton is the best evidence of thoughtfulness.

**JARVIS BRANCH**  
R. H. TELFORD, Manager.

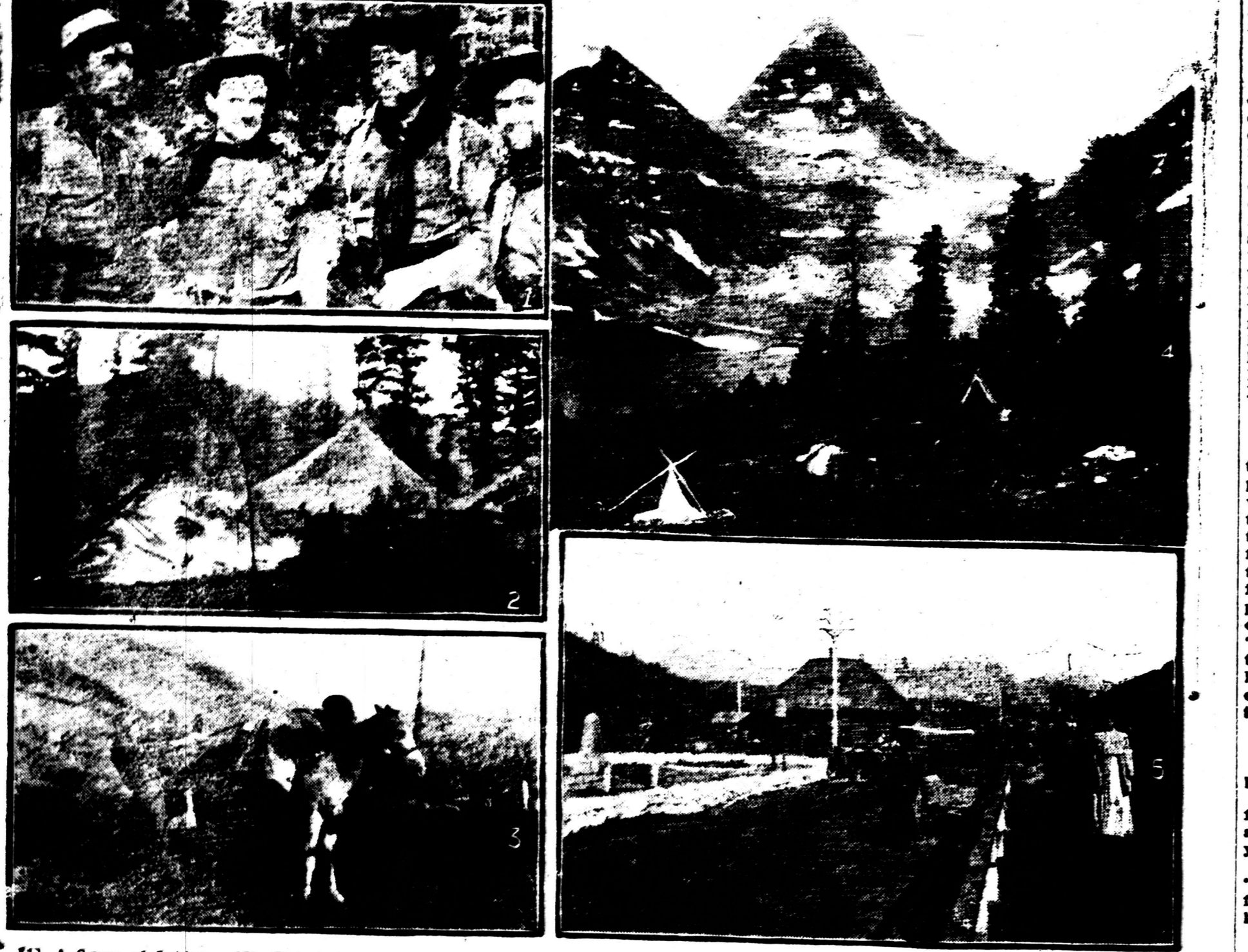
Capital Authorized \$5,000,000  
Capital Paid-up \$3,000,000  
Surplus \$3,475,000

Alex. G. Glass,  
EXPERT

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children  
In Use For Over 30 Years  
Always bears the Signature of *Dr. J.C. Williams*

Piano and Organ Tuner & Repairer  
Residence: 111 Thistle St.  
Hamilton, Ontario

# OUTINGS WITH THE OUTFITTERS



[1] A Group of Guides. [2] Tying the Diamond Hitch. [3] Where the Camp Fire Blazes. [4] Camping at foot of Mt. Assiniboine. [5] Lake Louise.

Who and what is an outfitter? The real genuine article is a mountain man: guide, philosopher, friend, cook, lumber jack, bridge-builder, broncho buster, hunter—all found under the one suit of clothes.

He is a comparatively new type in the Canadian Pacific Rockies, representing a new profession. You'll find him at every C.P.R. tourist point in the mountains, at your service for a modest fee just to keep the pot boiling. You can buy more good fellowship and more undiluted happiness and health in this way than in any other yet invented. I know, for I've tried it out many a time.

May I introduce you to a sample outfitter, at Field, say, or it might as easily be Glacier or Lake Louise or Banff. A gang of tenderfeet have arranged for a trip through the Yoho Valley. The Imperial Limited has dumped us on the platform, dunnage bags and all. It does not take long for Mr. Outfitter to give us welcome, with a grip of the hand that says: "I'll see you through." From across the Kicking Horse River comes a procession of ponies—our cavalcade no less, with a couple of trusties to assist the boss. So we are sorted out to our mounts, as we don't like the look in the eye of Buchanan (Neb. for short), but we hit it off fairly well on the trail. So we're off, single file, a truly wonderful procession of assorted humans. Isn't it jolly just to be in God's garden in the open air, to have all creation to wander in, to be hitting the trail to wonderlands beyond, while giant peaks, like Stephen and Cathedral, Field and Burgess, look down upon us midgets from their towering

But it is of the Outfitter I want to write. It is worth the whole price of admission to watch him do things and handle situations, to corral a wandering horse, and quiet a refractory one, to be everywhere at the same time, to help the girl from Chicago and the matron from Montreal, and the male tenderfeet from elsewhere in dismounting and mounting, and in guiding their mounts through turbulent streams and tangled woods.

No less adaptive are they in the camp. They can handle axe or gun as adeptly as the reins of a broncho. They can fell a tree across a braiding stream, with unerring accuracy, or cut a way through a maze of underbrush or Devil's Clubs.

So the tents were well pitched and ready, with the nicest of beds made of odorous branches. All one had to do was to spread his blankets, make

## A CHANGE OF TACTICS.

How it worked in the case of a discouraged Salesman.

The following method of gaining assurance is told in the American Magazine. It is the experience of a salesman who could not sell his goods because he allowed himself to be discouraged at initial attempts. It has wide application everywhere.

"I am a commercial traveler who conquered the habit of despondency. Every one who sells goods knows how fierce is the competition. When I took this job six years ago it seemed absolutely overwhelming. I didn't sell anything to speak of and made up my mind that I couldn't, though I kept on making the rounds of the groceries. There seemed to be a thousand salesmen just ahead of me. I grew very bitter at the thousand and everybody else. Whenever I entered a store it was with the firm conviction that I should not get an order. I looked dulled at the merchant and said gloomily: "Anything in my line?" at the same time reaching for the door knob. They didn't try to detain me.

"One day in conversation with an old drummer, a shrewd veteran of the road, I opened my heart with a savage complaint about the thousand salesmen, my advance guard. He puffed his cigar a moment, his eyes twinkled and he stepped me on the shoulder.

"I know," he said, "I had 'em ahead of me once. They raised Cain with me until I chased 'em to the rear. Take my advice, boy, and get up to the head of the procession and let the other fellows do the carrying."

"I thought it over, and it dawned on me that it was a question of viewpoint. I had formed a habit of picturing myself at the tail of the line, though in reality we were going in a circle and my position was as good as any. Then I changed my tactics and formed a new habit—the habit of thinking of myself as the leader, the very first man in the territory. Just as an experimenter I went out the next day believing that I should get orders. I pulled my order book and pencil the moment I entered a store and began to name certain goods.

"Sugar!" I cried, looking the grocer expectantly in the eye, as much as to say that I could see the empty barrel behind his counter. And the barrel was empty! It worked so well in the first store that I tried more vigorously in the next, and the merchant came down freely. It was almost uncanny the way I guessed the items he needed. I went out on the sidewalk and laughed aloud. And I actually sold more goods that day than I had sold before in three weeks.

"Well, the firm raised my salary instead of firing me, as they had planned to do, and I still insist that I am the first man over the route. I tell you, right habits of thought are worth money—sometimes a fortune."

## THE FRENCH HOME

There the Servant is Like a Member of the Family.

IMPORTANCE OF THE NURSE.

She is the Real and Rational Ruler of the Turbulent Children Who, as a General Rule, Are Spoiled by Their Too Indulgent Parents.

The French people have not, so far, produced a spiritually servile class. The occupation most dangerous to the soul—that of personal service—has not resulted for the people of France in a mysticism on the one hand and superior airs on the other.

There is something in the poise and motion of French working girls, in their fearless eyes and vibrant voices, that suggests a fluid and mobile social structure which deepens the impression of rigidity in the life across the channel and beyond the Rhine. French people of the more favored classes are never heard bemoaning the decay of a "proper" servant class. On the contrary, if you speak to them of the striking contrast between the French proletarian and that of other countries—they are so natural and gay, the others so humble or so sulky on both—they instantly expand with pride. "Exactly!" they exclaim. "Our brave French people! Just as good as maissieur, as madame, but also no better!"

The status of the French domestic derives in part at least from the weight of responsibility under which she serves. For her mistress is neither a careless housekeeper nor an indifferent mother. It is precisely because the Frenchwoman loves her children so ardently, so romantically, one might say, and because her quick, intelligent grasp of material situations makes her an excellent economist at home that she requires and establishes in the household not a common servant, not a "mother's helper," but a woman of intelligence and character, a woman often young and untried, but with the true ring, who is or soon becomes capable of assuming direct responsibility for the care of the children and the house—a woman who deserves and receives the consideration due to the head of an important department in the management of the family life.

French children are notoriously spoiled. The little monarchs are kept on a pedestal well into the age of moral responsibility. Father, mother, all the older relatives, vie with one another in admiring and indulging them. With this understanding of the terms and scope of the child's autocratic reign, one can afford to laugh at turbulent scenes in which he puts to rout every adult in the house except his bonnie.

At the mere sight of her the little desperado begins to quiet down. He is in the presence of the only person who has, so far, exercised any rational authority over him, the person before whom he feels the beginnings of shame at doing wrong.

The bonnie is the most important person in the family group, so far as its material well being is concerned. And morally, spiritually, she is a true member of the family. It is not for nothing that the word "bonne" means "good," as well as "nurse."

It may be that the prevailing good relation between masters and servants in France has a very simple explanation—simple and yet profound. It may be that it springs at bottom from the warm affections of the people. They cannot live without love and sentiment. Better than any other people they know how to keep alive the romance of friendship, of love and even of that inherently bad relation, master and slave.

The French servant who has no family ties—and often the one who has—throws her whole heart and soul into the family life of her master and mistress.

She must love—she must serve—she must be loved. And the French master and mistress understand. Each one realizes the sentiments of the other.

In a word, the romance of the situation grips them all. French literature is crowded with examples of mistress and servant whose intimacy shows no trace of condescension on the one side or of servility on the other.—J. Frances Cooke

## The Jarvis R...

ISSUED WEDNES...

Subscriptions.—One dollar strictly in advance; if not advanced a dollar and a cent charged. United States extra, strictly in advance.

We are at all times pleased to receive local news. Send the facts, well do the rest. Inquiries and goings of Haldimand County people are always items of news.

If you wish your address given old as well as new, advise.

ADVERTISING RATES: Yearly contract rates—10 cents per line per week. Reading notices—No advertising any entertaining matter by which money is to any person or cause will in The Record without charge when the job-work for the executed at the Record's expense, when one small reading given gratis. The price of insertion of business announcements is five cents per cent line per week.

Notice to Advertisers.—Copy for contract advertising in the hands of the printer day noon, at the latest. While willing at all times to do what is possible to accommodate our clients, it is our policy to ourselves, insist on a strict observance of the terms of our contracts.

Judicial, Legal, Official and court notices.—Eight cents (12 lines to inch) for the first insertion, and five cents per line for subsequent insertion.

Small Ads.—Condensed notices of such a nature: Found, Situation Wanted, For Sale, etc., not exceeding 250 per insertion; 50 cents per insertion; order without written instructions will appear until written orders received for their discontinuance.

MRS. ELVA ROY

Cut This Out

It is worth your fare to and return on an account or over.

DR. FRED L. WILLIAMS, Dentist

3 Blocks west of King's Hamilton, Ontario

## WHE...

(1) The Cracks in Glaciers.

STAND with me on the Canadian Pacific Railway. What a wonderful scene is unfolded: not only snow ranges, tier on tier, but of vast glittering fields of ice, making a white upper heights, a region of the striking contrast of covered beds of the valley floor, or the green of meadows and the forest.

We are standing in a narrow valley of ice flow, for it is a magnificent wonder of nature. Slange anky lines of ice are slowly moving down the slopes to their death in the sea. And while they are on the hill, they are at the edge of a sea that with few exceptions a gradual recession