Clubbing - Rates

Subscribers to The Record in Canada are entitled to Clubbing rates on Newspapers as per list and prices given below. Any or all of the Papers below mentioned may be taken or subscribed for by any person.

To determine the prices to you of more than one of the papers listed below, deduct $1.00 from the price given and this will give you the cost of the paper desired. Your early subscription or renewals will be much appreciated. We can quote special rates for a large club, if NEW.

THE JARVIS RECORD and the Saturday Edition Globe $1.90
THE JARVIS RECORD and the Family Herald and Wkly Star, 1.85
THE JARVIS RECORD and the Farmers' Sun, 1.85
THE JARVIS RECORD and the Weekly Mail and Empire 1.85
THE JARVIS RECORD and the Canadian Pictorial 1.85
THE JARVIS RECORD and the Semi-Weekly Spectator, 1.85
THE JARVIS RECORD and the Semi-Weekly Times, 1.85
THE JARVIS RECORD and the Hamilton Daily Times, 2.85
THE JARVIS RECORD and the Hamilton Daily Herald, 2.85
THE JARVIS RECORD and the Hamilton Daily Spectator 2.85
THE JARVIS RECORD and the Toronto Evening News 2.80
THE JARVIS RECORD and the Toronto Evening Star, 2.80
THE JARVIS RECORD and the Toronto Evening Telegram 2.80
THE JARVIS RECORD and the Toronto Daily Globe, 3.75
THE JARVIS RECORD and the Toronto Mail & Empire 3.75
THE JARVIS RECORD and the Simcoe Reformer, 1.85
THE JARVIS RECORD and the Cayuga Advocate, 1.85
THE JARVIS RECORD and the Hagersville News 1.85
THE JARVIS RECORD and the Dunnville Chronicle, 1.85
THE JARVIS RECORD and the Dunnville Gazette 1.85
THE JARVIS RECORD and the Farm and Dairy, 1.85
THE JARVIS RECORD and the Canadian Farm, 1.85
THE JARVIS RECORD and the London Advertiser, 2.85

We cannot be responsible for the regular issue or delivery of any publication except our own, but we guarantee to prove payment of all subscriptions entrusted to us for remittance and will endeavor to have all orders promptly and satisfactorily attended to. All orders sent forward on Saturday of each week. Renew early and avoid delays.

Sock Knitting.

The following note on How to finish off the toe of socks being knitted for the soldiers by the ladies of the Haldimand Sock Batt. will be of interest to the workers and satisfaction to the Committee in charge,—

TOE—Divide the 69 stitches between the three needles. 23 on each.
1st row—Knit together 1st and 2nd stitches on each needle.
2nd row—Knit together 2nd and 3rd stitches on each needle.
3rd row—Knit together 3rd and 4th stitches on each needle.
And so on, beginning again with 1st and 2nd stitches after reaching the last stitches on each needle. Decrease to nine stitches. Draw wool through stitches, and darn in carefully.

County Council.

Continued from Page 1.

$28.50 per thousand and that Mr. Clark and Mr. Memphis be a committee to inspect the lumber when it arrives.

2nd. That we also accept the tender of John Newkey for 16000 White Oak at $26.00 per thousand delivered at Cayuga.

Respectfully submitted,
James Ross, Chairman.

Clark-Toohey—That the report of the Road and Bridge Committee be adopted as read.—Carried.

Buckner-Anderson—That the petition of certain ratepayers of the village of Cayuga and the township of Walpole be referred to the County Council Committee.—Carried.

Houston-Barr.—That we do now adjourn to allow the different committees to meet.—Carried.

Simenton-Anderson—That we resume business with the Warden in the chair.—Carried.

Anderson-Simenton—That the report of the County Good Roads Committee be received and read.—carried.

To the Warden and members of the County Council.

Your Good Roads Committee beg to report as follows,—

1st. That the County Road Superintendent be authorized to call a meeting of maintance foremen to discuss with him the necessity for a more uniform system of maintenance work on County Roads.

2nd. We have examined the accounts against Robert Duffy that have been placed before us and as per agreement recommend them to the Finance Committee for payment.

3rd. We recommend the adoption of the County's Roads Superintendent's report as far as it relates to maintenance and Bridge Building and that on account of other heavy expenses no other construction work be undertaken this year.

4th. The Superintendent's report is attached to this report.

We recommend that the chairman be appointed a delegate to the Good Roads Convention in Toronto, Feb. 22, 23 and 24.

Respectfully submitted,
Wm. Bain, Chairman
Cayuga, Feb. 17th, 1916.

To the members of the Good Roads Committee.

Gentlemen—Your Superintendent begs leave to suggest that the following be the maintenance work for the year 1916.

Div.	Kind of Work	Estimate
1	Levelling and cutting weeds	50.00
2	Grading, levelling weeds	220.00
3	Levelling weeds &c.	80.00
4	do.	100.00
5	do.	100.00
6	do.	80.00
7	do.	80.00
8	do.	100.00
9	do.	150.00
10	do.	150.00
11	do.	80.00
12	Grading, levelling & Weeds	220.00
13	Levelling, weeds, etc.	180.00
14	do.	100.00
15	do.	150.00
16	do.	60.00
17	do.	80.00
18	do.	150.00
19	do.	150.00
20	do.	200.00
21	do.	150.00
22	do.	150.00
23	do.	200.00
24	do.	200.00
25	Grading, levelling weeds etc.	200.00
26	Levelling weeds, etc.	150.00
27	do.	150.00
28	Grading, levelling weeds etc	250.00
29	Levelling weeds, etc.	200.00
30	do.	150.00
31	do.	150.00
32	Grading, levelling, weeds	200.00
33	do.	250.00
34	do.	150.00
35	do.	200.00
36	Levelling, weeds, etc.	150.00
37	do.	150.00
38	do.	100.00
9	Metalling, levelling, weeds	500.00
0	do.	500.00
		$6630.00

Yours faithfully,
D. W. McBurney, Supt.

BRIDGES

31 Township of Canboro	$2000.50
12 Township Rainham re built culvert 6ft. & over	1200.00
2 Tp. Walpole 2 culverts	500.00
5 do.	400.00
16 Tp. N. Cayuga 2 culvertts	400.00
	$4500.00

Yors faithfully,
D. W. McBurney, Supt.

PLANETS AND OUR WEATHER.

Despite Popular Belief There Is No Connection Between Them.

That the planets and the moon have an effect upon the weather on the earth is a common belief. This belief is baseless, for all changes of weather depend upon differences in temperature.

Rainfall is due to the accumulation of water in the atmosphere. This water can accumulate only by being evaporated from the surface of the earth. And evaporation requires heat. Winds also are due to heat—greater warmth in one place than in another causing the air to rush toward where the warm air is rising.

If the moon and the planets could furnish heat they might affect the weather. But the heat they furnish is so infinitesimally small that it is not enough to change the temperature an appreciable fraction of a degree. The amount of heat they send us has actually been measured, but it needed the most delicately sensitive of instruments to perceive it.

Another proof that neither the planets nor the moon have any effect upon our weather is that careful comparisons of the weather with the positions of the planets and the moon show that there is no relation between them. If there were we should have the same weather when the planets were in the same position, which is not the case.—New York World.

The local branch of the Women's Institute desire to inform the ladies of the district who are willing to do sewing for the soldiers at the front that flannel all ready cut out for shirts may be obtained at the home of the President, Mrs. A. Miller, or the Secretary, Mrs. Histed; also a quantity of yarn for socks. Ladies

BANK OF HAMILTON
ESTABLISHED 1872

ECONOMY

It is not as easy to acquire the saving habit as to learn extravagance. The incentive to economize is now very real. Open a Savings Account at the Bank of Hamilton. Interest allowed on deposits of One Dollar and upward.

JARVIS BRANCH
E. S. TELFORD, Manager.

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

30-A

Going to Fence?

Try the FROST Wire Fence

We have taken over the Agency of the Frost Wire Fence Co., recently held by John Walker. This is the celebrated Fence with the famous "tight-lock."
We handle——

Woven Wire Fence,
Coil Wire Fence,
Barbed Wire,
Lawn Fence, Gates, etc.

We carry a complete line of Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Cedar Posts, Cement, etc.
We will cheerfully furnish estimates and the closest prices on all contract work, large or small. Give us a call. Satisfaction guaranteed.

A. & W. J. BAILEY,
Lumber Merchants, Jarvis, Ontario.

Look at your label and see if your subscription date is o.k. We have changed our mailing lists up to the minute. Renew early.

CURE DANDRUFF FOR 50 CTS.

THAT'S CHEAP ENOUGH FOR ANY ONE

It's easy, and you take no risk. Step in to-day, and get a large 50 cent bottle of PARISIAN SAGE, the germ killing hair restorer.

If it does not cure dandruff in two weeks we will give you your money back.

PARISIAN SAGE is a pleasant, daintily perfumed tonic and hair grower. It is guaranteed to stop falling hair or itching of the scalp, and to cure all diseases of the scalp and hair.

PARISIAN SAGE has many imitators—get the genuine.

For Sale By
J. R. Seater, Jarvis

Grand Trunk Railway System
TIME TABLE

	Departs
No 69 to Hamilton	7:40 a.m.
No 71 to Hamilton	9:30 a.m.
No 73 to Hamilton	5:30 p.m.
No 65 to St. Thomas	10:05 a.m.
No 67 to St. Thomas	5:05 p.m.
No 125 to Canfield Junction	8:05 a.m.
No 123 to Canfield Junction	5:05 p.m.
No 122 to Port Dover	8:05 a.m.
No 124 to Port Dover	5:05 p.m.
No 72 to Port Rowan via Port Dover and Simcoe	Departs 5:30 p.m.

BREAKING IN MOTHER-IN-LAW

The deputy-assistant Society Editor leaned her tired little golden head against the window. Sunset and stared across at Levis, where a church spire caught the last sun on its cross up. She was so done out she couldn't remember her own name except in patches. But she was triumphant past all telling, for she was pulling off the stunt of her career!

Miss Nevinson, she could hear the City Editor saying, I wish to heaven you'd had more experience, but I've nobody else I can spare. Jacquemino's going to Quebec on her honeymoon and you gotta follow her. They're good for a column of two to begin with. Don't write it as they'll get it to you. We'll keep taking the yarn as soon comes through.

"Yep, to-night. Eleven-thirty from the Central Station frees you. Get out some expense money. Your room's reserved by wire.

The deputy assistant caught her breath as she remembered it.

Jacquemino! The fierce or more wedded Stage beauty whom she'd seen a thousand times across the footlights, in the movies times without number, and via the Sunday Supplement pretty nearly every week, and just capped off successful divorce by divorcing Bruce Updike whose mother lived on Michigan Boulevard whenever she deigned to come home and Pah Social Chicago.

Jacquemino's little toes had ached holes in many a lovely bag before now, but not even the dancer's heaviest backers would have thought her capable of rending Mrs. Updike's corsolette.

The deputy assistant—whose name was Eloise Lafose on the staff and Mary Hogan at home—packed her suitcase with more grins and grouns than gauds and gowns. Now she was to remain a week at the Chateau Frontenac with one navy blue serge suit, ten dozen blouses and a bit. Evening gown she didn't know, but the City Ed, was inexorable and besides, twenty-two—and blonde—is nervy anyhow.

The train—a perilous glimpse into the Updike private car—a long, turbulent, lakesome story reeled off in the lower berth between twelve and two and posted by an obliging porter—the Canadian boundary—Montreal and a spanking drive across town in a gorgeously befurred sleigh—train again—and at last the sunshine of Quebec and the quick cries of "Voiture, voiture, Mademoiselle?" which reminded her that she and her prey had reached a foreign-speaking and most picturesquely different land.

There was a room reserved for her as near the Updikes as possible and they actually went up in the same elevator, so close that Mary leaned out and touched the beauty's silver fox furs just so's she could say she'd done it. Jacquemino was even perter and prettier in reality than she was in the supplements. Incidentally Mary saw her looking at her new husband under her long lashes in a way that suggested the thought—but it wasn't probable, surely!—that the nimble-oed lady had a heart under her radium-lace blouse. Anyhow the glance would make stunning good copy.

Just as they got out of the elevator—Mary last as befitted blue serge—a man passed through the corridor. He was tall—over six feet. Or at least he had been. Now he was bent a bit and he leaned on another man's arm. Both were in khaki, but the tall man's shoulder strap bore a crown and his face—oh, it was a drawn, white parchment, scribbled with ghastly tales of bombs and wet trenches, wire entanglement, and the green mist of deadly gases.

"Poor chap!" said Jacqueminot aloud, "back from the front and all torn up!"

The man raised his eyes but instead of looking at the dancer his gaze somehow leaped straight for Mary. What happened next was hard to understand in retrospect but at the time it had seemed quite natural. Their eyes had held each other for a full minute, then hers had filled suddenly with big hot rebellious tears and she had run into the shelter of the door that the astonished bell boy held open for her.

The day's work was to follow the Updikes and the deputy assistant did it thoroughly. They got a sleigh with a coachman furred up like Ursa Major they drove ten miles out into the sparkling champagne-aired morning and across the three-foot ice of the St. Lawrence.

(N.B. They held hands—at least Dickie did, to judge by his face.)

They lunched in their room. They tobogganed in the brisk fashion of afternoon Quebec. Mrs. Updike appeared in the latest of sports costumes which Mary described from the encharting scarlet cap to the bottom of the short full white skirt, which came several inches sooner than you'd ever have thought it could. It's owner's laugh shrilled from the King's Bastion of the Citadel straight across Dufferin Terrace. And nobody who heard it could have blamed Dickie a bit.

(N.B.—He told her after the third trip that her cheeks were American Beauties—therefore dutiable—and her lips also must be collected for. Done. Recorded. And despatched to Chicago.)

They tea-ed at the Chateau of course, met the Shillingtons from New York, who introduced—Mary caught her breath at her quiet little corner table—"Major Torringham of the Sixteenth Canadians, wounded at Festubert."

Mrs. Updike appeared in all the latest (lest) sports costumes

The Major bowed, smiled, but didn't join in the badinage directed at the honeymooners. Instead, Mary saw with a jerk of the heart, his eyes wandering restlessly over the tea room as though he were looking for somebody. But whoever it was didn't happen to be there. Or perhaps there was less light in the corners than one would think.

All this in retrospect. Now, her one evening dress donned, the big French rose fastened for sole color in the corsage, her eyes tired but triumphant under the rebellious little curls, Mary leaned against the sash and looked across the river at Levis. It was lonesome work chronicling the doings of honeymooners in a hotel where you knew nobody. She had heard Jacquemino say seven-thirty to Marion Shillington. There were two long unoccupied hours before that time.

Suddenly her eyes dropped to the terrace below. Two men went painstakingly along its border. One was intent on his job as steadier. But the other raised his eyes to the hotel front and searched the facade restlessly.

Mary was a little late for dinner. The Updike Shillington party had two tables in the centre and the Major was with them. Mary got the gayety and the gowns verbatim. She also received a few glances that were more interesting to her than either, though they didn't figure in her letter to the City Ed.

But the shattering adventure didn't come till twenty-four hours later. Clad in her one black gown, Mary had played variations on the girdle and corsage bouquet and had done her hair differently. It was all the re-costuming she could manage. She was painfully conscious of her utter unchateaufulness and she slipped unobtrusively elevatorward.

The door of the Updike suite was open and Jacqueminot could be seen perched on a chair arm. From beyond came a shriek of feminine merriment, accompanied by two male guffaws. Jacqueminot was declaiming something to which the shrieks were obligato.

Mary didn't mean to listen but there are some things that haul you up by the heartstrings. And one is the recital of your own production. The little dancer was reading aloud the thrillsome, fakesome narrative that the deputy-assistant had scribbled in the sanctity of the lower berth!

"No you don't care, you witch," she heard Dickie Updike's voice, when the merriment had died to ripples. "But what about my poor mamma? She'd have that reporter imprisoned for life and both hands cut off if she got hold of him."

For a galvanized second Mary's heart ceased to beat. Then, somehow she felt that odd sense of eyes behind that tells us we're watched.

It was Major Torringham. For the second time his gaze met hers for a startled heartbeat. Then, precipitately, filled with unreasoning terror, the deputy assistant turned and ran into her room!

She didn't go to dinner. Her head ached. Her heart pounded. That night she dreamed fitfully. The City Ed. was on one side of her in his shirtsleeves, his pipe gripped in a menacing mouth. On the other side stood Mrs. Updike, Senior, with a look that would glaciate a volcano.

At the entrance to the dining room next morning a man stepped forward, a dapper little man with a smile.

"Miss Nevinson?" he breathed "just a word with you, if you don't mind. Let me show you the view from the west window here in the writing room."

Mary didn't need the card he passed under her startled eyes. In fact she didn't even read the name and address, though she took in subconsciously that it said Chicago. The one word standing out like a nightmare was that menacing horror, "Detective!"

"Now," he said coolly, when he had led her to the farthest window "no one will disturb us here. You are covering the Updike honeymoon. Not to waste time, I have the honor to represent Mrs Updike, Senior. You will return to Chicago by this morning's train."

Mary opened her mouth and shut it again. She could fairly hear the click of handcuffs.

"If you go without making any trouble no one need know," he went on, "if not——"

"Pardon me," said a voice at his elbow. It was so cold, so incisive and withal so unexpected that the little man jumped as much as Mary did.

"Pardon me," the Major repeated, "but I fear you are annoying my cousin. If you have any business to discuss you can do it with me. She leaves everything of the sort in my hands."

The man looked at the Major. The Major looked back. It was the sort of look that went with the D. S. O. that he had won and the newcomer knew it. There would be no trenches abandoned in this war.

Mary looked at them both and her number brain fell into action with a click. He couldn't prove anything since all her stuff had been posted not wired. But if she could only play up to this heaven-sent Major——

"Come, Mary," said the latter imperterbably, "if this — er — gentleman wishes to speak to me he can do it later."

Pardon me. I fear you are annoying my cousin.

"You'll breakfast with me, Miss Nevinson?" he said, as soon as they were out of earshot. "It's absolutely necessary. And in the meantime for heaven's sake give me your arm. This is the first walk I've had alone since Festubert!"

"Lie?" he queried later, over the toasted crumpets, "but I don't honestly believe it is. Wasn't your mother Selma Norton and didn't she come from Dublin? Then we are cousins—oh very distant ones I assure you, but still cousins. I recognized the family resemblance to my mother's people as soon as I saw you."

* * * * *

When it come near dinner time Mary had an impulsive phone call from Jacqueminot.

"My dear!" gurgled that irrepressible, "our darling Major's so hard hit that he had to tell me all about it! And I think you're positively the cleverest thing that ever happened. I've had reams of press notices but never such a scream as yours. I could eat every word of it! And he says you've done a column very day!

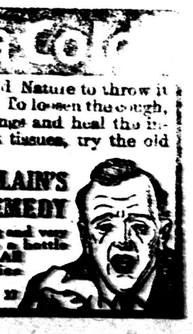
"Say, dearie, he told me—oh pshaw, you know—about that darn fool who gave you such a scare and how you said clothes. Well, I've got six trunks or I guess eight. And the duckiest things too, straight from Paris. Come on up and take your choice. Dickie's a dear, you know but see I needed somebody to help me break in my mother-in-law!"

Gola Cough

You should aid Nature to throw it off promptly. To loosen the cough, relieve the lungs and heal the inflamed throat tissues, try the old reliable

CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY

It is quick acting and very effective. Keeps a little atomizer with it. Prices 25c. and 50c.



SKUNK

Get "More Money" for your Skunk

Muskrat, Raccoon, Fisher, White Weasel, Fisher and other Fur bearers collected in your section

SHIP YOUR FURS DIRECT to "HOME MARKET," the largest home fur dealer's house exclusively for raw furs in Canada. A reliable responsible, safe Fur House with an established reputation existing for "more than a third of a century." A long successful record of handling Fur Shipments on COMMISSION. A long successful record of handling Fur Shipments on COMMISSION. SATISFACTORY AND PROFITABLE returns. Write for Price List and Shipping Tags. the only reliable, accurate and honest one of the kind published.

A. B. SHUBERT, Inc. [illegible] AVE. [illegible], U.S.A.