

BANK OF HAMILTON

Established 1872

Capital Authorized, \$5,000,000
 Capital Paid-up, \$3,000,000
 Surplus, \$3,500,000

A Dollar a Week

NOT much, is it? But if you deposit that small sum in the Bank of Hamilton regularly, it will amount to almost \$1,000 in ten years. This habit, once formed, is easy to continue. Begin to-day with one dollar.

The Jarvis Record

ISSUED WEDNESDAYS.
 We are at all times pleased to receive local news. Send or bring in the facts, well do the rest. The coming and going of Haldimand and Norfolk people are always welcome items of news.

ADVERTISING RATES.
 Yearly contract rates on application to publisher.
 Reading Notices—No reading notice advertises any entertainment or matter by which money is to be made by any person or cause will be inserted in The Record without charge, except when the job-work for the same is executed at the Record Job Department given gratis. The price for the insertion of business announcements is five cents per count line each insertion.

Notice to Advertisers—Changes of copy for contract advertising must be in the hands of the printers by Monday noon at the latest, each week. While willing at all times to do what is possible to accommodate patrons, we must, in justice to them and to ourselves, insist on a strict enforcement of this rule.

Judicial, Legal, Official and Government notices—Eight cents per line (12 lines to inch) for the first insertion, and five cents per line for each subsequent insertion.
 Small Ads—Combined advertisements of such nature as "Lost," "Found," "Situation Wanted," "To Rent," "For Sale," etc., not exceeding six lines 25¢ per insertion; 5 insertions \$1.00.
 Advertisements ordered for insertion without written instructions will appear until written orders are received for their discontinuance.
 Subscriptions—One dollar per year strictly in advance; if not paid in advance a dollar and a half will be charged. United States papers 50¢ extra, strictly in advance.
 If you wish your address changed, give old as well as new address.
 MRS. ELVA RODGERS, Publisher

Try Our Want Ads
IT PAYS

Canadian Railways Co-operate For National Defence

As a result of suggestions made by the Government that during the period of the war, there should be closer co-operation between the railways in Canada, an association has been formed by these railways War Board in the United States, with the object of securing greater co-operation not only between the railways themselves but also between the railways and the public. Although Canada need fear no comparison with other countries as to the speed and efficiency with which munitions, equipment, foodstuffs and men have been moved to the front, it was realized that a still more intensive effort might help to speed up such movements and no private interest has been allowed to stand in the way of public benefit. It is expected that through heavier loading of cars, elimination of unnecessary train service, the co-operative use of all facilities, etc., to the best advantage, the country's needs may best be served. Much can be done to achieve these results through closer co-operation between the public and the railways.

Very shortly after Great Britain became involved in the war, the British Government sent for the General Managers of all the railways and made arrangements by which the railways would be guaranteed the same dividends and a proper depreciation for the period of the war as they were before, and advised the General Managers to form a council amongst themselves to conduct the railways as one in other words, to eliminate competition and devote the railways to essential transportation solely.

When the United States came into the great war, the executives of the various railroads met and arranged amongst themselves to form a committee to operate the railroads as one, so as to get the full value of their transportation facilities and eliminate competition. The Canadian Government, having on several occasions expressed a wish that there should be closer co-operation between the railways of Canada an Executive Committee was formed consisting of the presidents of the following railways: Canadian Pacific, Lord Dufferin, Grand Trunk, Howard G. Kelley, Canadian Northern, St. Wm. Massey, American Lines in Canada, Alford Smith.

By their direction, a subsequent meeting was held in Montreal, on 23rd October at which the private and government representatives in Canada were represented and an Administrative Committee was formed, consisting of:
 U. E. Gillen, Grand Trunk, Chairman.
 C. A. Hayes, Canadian Government Railways.
 D. B. Hanna, Canadian Northern.
 E. D. Brunner, Michigan Central.
 F. P. Backus, Toronto, Hamilton & Buffalo.
 J. H. Walsh, Quebec Central.
 Sir George Bury, Canadian Pacific.
 A resolution has been adopted by all the railways in Canada that, recognizing the national need of co-ordinating all industrial activities toward the prosecution of the war, and desiring further co-operation with each other to render the most efficient possible service to the national cause, they hereby agree to establish for the period of the war an organization to be known as the Canadian Railway Association for National Defence, which shall have general authority to formulate in detail, and from time to time, a policy of operation of all or any of the railways, which policy when it is announced by such organization shall be accepted and made effective by the several managements of the individual railway companies.

The Canadian Railway Association for National Defence determined to open an office in Montreal and appointed a Secretary, W. A. Kingsland, Canadian Northern Railway.
 A Car Service Committee, consisting of the following, has been named:
 W. N. Rippey, Canadian Government Railways.
 A. E. Locke, T. H. & B. Railway.
 J. E. Duval, Grand Trunk.
 A. Hatton, Canadian Pacific.
 W. A. Griffin, T. & N. O. Railway.
 Sub-committees reporting to the Administrative Committee, will be established in each province, and their names will be added to from time to time.

The Season's Greetings to You

There have been Cloudy Yesterdays in all times, but there are sure to be Sunny To-morrows.

May 1918 Bring a Glorious Victory to our Arms and a wholly satisfactory and lasting peace.



You know the Store, if you don't you ought to by this time. Hundreds of new customers have during the year just closing found it a good store to shop at, one of the best Stores to shop at—

FALLS' STORE, SIMCOE

The After-Math of Christmas
 Saturday and Monday, the last two business days of 1917, there will be throughout the Store special Rush Sales. Clearing Lines of broken assortments, several bargain tables and a quick clearing of odds and ends left from a heavy Xmas selling.

H. S. FALLS CO. OF SIMCOE, Ltd.

THE SPRIG of MAGIC HEATHER To the Public



Among the Selkirk Mountains—Mt. MacDonaid on left and Sir Donald on right.

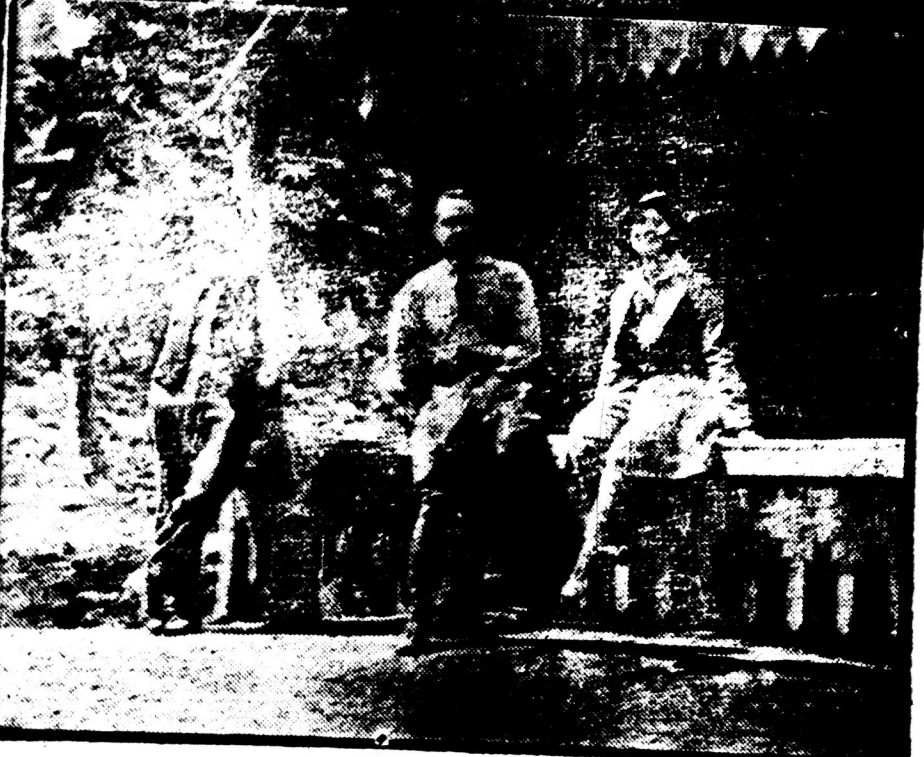
Just an ordinary, everyday working woman. That I earn my living with a fountain pen and a typewriter rather than with a fine needle and sewing machine, or a woolly cloth and a pair of tongs, is an accident of temperament. I get just as tired sometimes scarping up thoughts and putting them into sentences as the other woman does who fine-combs Vogue or the Pictorial for a new way to make her customer's evening coat.

But this summer I had a holiday. I've had them before, but they've taken me to towns that were bigger and dirtier and more bedeviled so complicated than my own. I've come back so many dollars poorer, not a pound heavier, and, if I brought me home with me, they were body-wearables, not soul-delightables. But this year I had a holiday that was so different that I'd rather spell it the old way and call it a Holy Day.

I spent a whole month in the Canadian Pacific Rockies. Do you know what I'm looking at now? It's a sprig of red heather and I wouldn't give it up for a wardrobe-trunkful of dainties.

I hold it in my hand, the tough little brown stalk of it, and gay green leaves, the purple-pink flame that it flows into. And the walls of my den go back, melt out—the sun is high in the cloudless heavens—the blue heavens that seem to hang like a soft curtain dropped to rest on the snow-tops of the great mountains. All morning I've followed the trail through the great trees of the Asulkan Valley by the side of the ice-cold roaring glacial river until the path led me back to the source of everything.

The mountain slopes lay before me in a vast fan. Great gullies into which you could drop a city block



Deutchman's cabin at Nakimu Cave, Glacier, B.C.

looked like wrinkles in the brown velvet flanks. The river had its fourfold beginning on these slopes. To follow anyone of the streamlets up to its parent glacier-tongue would have been a day's joy, but the trail had elected to keep to the left accorded to the traffic laws of British Columbia.

At home I've reckoned a fairly good walker. I can do a couple of miles without being tired. But in the sharp clear air of these intoxicating days I could go ten miles and get home with the lit of pure joy in my very last step. And to pit myself against the sudden steepnesses of a trail full of surprises made me laugh out loud.

At the edge of a snowbank, where it crept to the border of the trail to peep over at the brooklet far below, my little bit of heather grew.

The vast silence of the heights was such that I wouldn't have been surprised if the brave pink bells had turned toward me and tinkled. I put my hand out slowly. And drew it back again.

I'm half Scotch according to the family tree that grows so green in my grandmother's memory. But I'd never seen heather before, except one pressed bit of it that compassionate friends had sent out to us.

And here it was—brave, wonderful, undaunted. I didn't need to wait to ask anybody. It was heather, heather to the staunch soul of it, and it was growing right there—it had always grown right there—for me.

I picked it and carried it, like a purple torch, right up to where the last green grass lifted itself out of the sheeted whiteness that ran straight up, green as the pitch of a cathedral roof, to meet the far blue blaze of the sky. And when I look at it now, the wee flame on its crest lights up the way back to all the silent wonder of that day.

I have a yellow fly too that can work magic. It grew right up through the snow in an Alpine meadow where I talked to a great grey marmot who sat on a rock listening.

I have a white "here's a tail" stinky little ball that swung in the wind that blew down from the Victoria Glacier at Lake Louise.

I have a bunch of dried sweet grass that came from Banff on a day we drove to Moraine Lake under its solemn Ten Peaks.

I have a little trilobite fossil that has never seen a glass case, though it's worthy of one. It means a moment of enchantment on the prehistoric upland beds of Mt. Stephen at Field.

Best of all perhaps I have something that nobody can name. "You look different," said my next-door neighbor. "I don't know just what it is. You weren't sick when you went away. But now—you look like a house plant that's been in the garden all summer."

E. M. J.

Ve Sell Parisian Sage, and We Know the Guarantee is Genuine
PARISIAN SAGE, the quick-acting hair restorer, is guaranteed:
 To stop falling hair,
 To cure dandruff,
 To cure itching of the scalp,
 To put life into faded hair,
 To make harsh hair soft and lustrant,
 To make hair grow, or money back.

It is the most delightful hair dressing made, and is a great favorite with ladies who desire beautiful and lustrant hair. Large bottle only 50 cents.

For Sale By
R. Seater, Jarvis

The First Confederation Day.
 Early in the month of June, 1867, writes Sandham, in his "Montreal Past and Present," the attendance of the citizens was called to a public meeting, to be held for the purpose of considering the most appropriate manner in which to celebrate the inauguration of the New Dominion. As usual, committees were appointed, money subscribed, and on Monday, July 1st, the new National holiday was celebrated for the first time, with all the aid which novelty and the finest of weather could give it. The city wore quite a festive aspect, the public buildings and principal streets being nicely decorated with flags. The ships in the harbor, including H.M.S. Wolverine, which arrived in May, displayed a large amount of bunting. The sunrise of the day was heralded by the noise of cannon and the morning was occupied with a grand review on Logan's Farm, in which the whole garrison, regulars, and volunteers, took part. In the afternoon a large-scale match was played on the cricket ground. In the evening there was a display of fireworks on the side of the mountain for which the Corporation had voted \$1,000. There was a large influx of visitors from the country, and the celebration was pronounced to have been, on the whole, satisfactory.

Cobourg Harbor.
 In an official report to the United States Department of Commerce, Consul Chester W. Martin, stationed at Toronto, mentions Rochester and Cobourg, Ontario, as the only open winter ports on Lake Ontario, and says that Cobourg has the only fresh water all-the-year-open harbor in all Canada. Reference is made especially to the running of two car ferries between Cobourg and Rochester, each of which carries thirty loaded coal cars and 1,000 passengers conveniently, if necessary. He declares that while the distance from Cobourg to a point two miles up the Genesee River is fifty-seven miles, the run from dock to dock is made in four hours.

Northcliffe Is Coming.
 An enquiry made at the Foreign Office as to whether Lord Northcliffe's mission will take him to Canada elicited the statement that such an extension of his visit had not been formally arranged, "but you can assume," said this informant, "that whoever goes to the United States in these times goes to Canada also, and Lord Northcliffe with both personal and business interests that have to do with all North America will hardly pass Canada by."

Newspaper Legs.
 In Belgium old newspapers are being worked up into a papier mache composition, from which artificial limbs are moulded.