

The Jarvis Record

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The Record Printing Co., Ltd.
JARVIS, ONT.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 19, 1920

Gustav Noske Has Proved That He Is Strong Man Of the Libert Cabin

GUSTAV NOSKE has been playing the part of Ajax defying the lightning. Noske is the German Minister of Defense, he is the "Iron Man" of the German Government. At any rate, he set his large Teutonic foot against accepting the protocol putting the Peace Treaty in effect, offered to let the Allies take over Germany as a going concern, and the actual effect was that the German Government held out.

Noske practically stole the early German revolution. He was a member of the Reichstag from Kiel and when the German soldiers mutinied, starting the revolution, Noske was sent to quiet them. He quieted them



GUSTAVE NOSKE.

by putting himself at their head and helping things along, and with the backing of this most turbulent armed body, made himself a formidable revolutionary figure.

While he has never figured as a Junker, being originally a workman in the naval shops at Kiel, he now is considered a reactionary, probably because of the ruthlessness with which he has put down the Spartacans. He saw from the first a strong hand was needed to govern Germany and decided that the hand should be the hand of Noske. He came to an agreement with Col. Reinhardt, the commander of the Berlin garrison, who used his volunteer force—the "Regiment Reinhardt"—to further Noske's ends and did it in a characteristic Prussian fashion.

Foreseeing the Spartacan rioting, Noske organized highly paid volunteer companies of former soldiers and when the Liebknecht followers rose, beat them badly. He was, no doubt, brutal in his handling of the rioters, but scarcely any more brutal than the Spartacans would have been had they triumphed.

Noske has a host of enemies, but he has kept Germany in such order as has prevailed. He is the backbone of the Government, and in a sense is the Government. He has been proposed as dictator in name, and in times of stress has been dictator in fact. He is of the stuff of dictators—a big, hard man who knows what he wants done and is not squeamish of the means of accomplishment.

A German Joke.
 Musicians—and especially those of German birth—are sometimes credited with little sense of humor, but an anecdote in Clara Doria's "Memories of a Musical Career" indicates that at least one famous musician, von Bulow, the pianist, whose wife left him for Wagner, could make a joke, even at his own expense. At a dinner in Boston at which von Bulow was present the guests had been coached to say nothing of Wagner, to avoid possible embarrassment. Some one inadvertently spoke of seeing a painting "at Wagner's." Whereupon von Bulow exclaimed, cheerily, "Ah, you were at Wagner's? Then you saw my widow! How was she?"

THAT IS AMERICA!

Splendid Work in France. Typical of Country.

Returned Soldier Tells Something of Wonderful Doings in Which Every Citizen of Our Great Republic May Have Pride.

A soldier of the expeditionary force conversed with us the other night. He had been shot half to pieces. Never again will he be the same lad of swinging gait and vibrant life who went out for us. Yet the spirit of him was untouched.

As he talked he suddenly lifted the veil between us and far-off coasts—we saw France.

From a port that had no docks of importance before the war we saw extend the new American-built wharves; mile on mile. Great ships were swinging in on hurrying tides. Thousands of men, many of them black giants from the South, the physical equals of any that ever bowed to labor, swarmed around them. Mountains of supplies towered on every side.

From those great docks ran a four-track railroad; heavy steel rails, heavy-timbered roadbed, rock ballast, steel clamped, graded perfectly, 400 miles across France to the roaring guns. Half way across that land the tracks were only two. No passenger station on that line—only the American highway for fighting millions, going up to battle, and their supply depots.

Every ounce of that metal, made in America, dug out of our hills by men like those of New Hampshire, was melted and forged and rolled and beaten to our uses and set down by the million tons in far-off places.

On that road ran cars upon which could have been laid two or three of the lesser cars of the European lands. On it ran locomotives such as the world never saw, save in America. Their monstrous forms towered above the heads of the peoples of all the earth, who stopped, half in terror, as the great machines rolled by, their ponderous drive wheels dwarfing the engineers that worked about them when they rested.

As he talked, this broken-bodied, whole-spirited soldier told of his return from the field. How he was rattled and bumped, and wrenched and jarred as he went over the lightly built railway in the hospital train! Then there was a change. He felt the bump and pull of an American locomotive, felt the solidity of rock under his tortured body, the smooth rolling of wheels not to be mistaken; the localized, incarnated soul of America in unbending rails beneath the mighty engine and the swiftly running cars. The landscape began to flash by as by magic. "Then," he said, "I knew I was all right. Something had got hold of me."

That is America. The soldier that no wounds could dismay; the solid rock, the wonderful creation that made not only the highway for our power but the foundation of our free republic.

As this shattered but strong-spirited lad told of the tranquillity that came with the bump and pull of an American locomotive, our hearts were stirred. Who of us has not waited with bat poised, the pitcher fumbling the ball meanwhile, to see one of our mighty locomotives go thundering past our improvised diamond? It was more than a locomotive—it was a symbol. Perhaps we did not fathom the symbolism of it, but we felt it. Here, at last, is the interpretation, brought home by a soldier of the Union that in no small part has been made great by the vision, the daring, and the downright work that conquered the wilderness, crossed the eastern mountains, swept over the prairies, mastered other and mightier mountains, linked the sunrise coast to that of the sunset of steel, and converted a continent into a neighborhood by the American locomotive, brother of the one that picked up our wounded soldier and made him feel that "something had got hold of him." That "something" had got hold of the world.—Manchester Union.

Future Air Travel.
 It is predicted that in ten—maybe five—years from now, the sky will be marked out in regular lines of air travel, as the earth now is banded with steel rails. Stations and eating houses probably will be established high in the air, where the big limiteds will draw up alongside captive dining balloons for the usual 25 minutes for dinner. Aerated water will be served, and even the prices will be inflated. In this vision is seen but one feature which harks back to 1918: The dining-room girls will still be wearing those solemn, ugly black dresses, radiating the same old gloom even to the last table farthest back in the farthest corner.

Why Didn't They Think of That?
 Officer—The ground was simply shocking after the rain; we thought the battle would have to be postponed.

Lady—Well, do you know, we were in the same predicament the day of our Red Cross festival, but we had the foresight to cover the ground with straw.—London Opinion.

Two Ways.
 "Wasn't she opposed when she started out as a professional whistler?"
 "Yes, but now she can crow over it."

EVIDENCE

Of Success of Hacking's Heart and Nerve Remedy and Hacking's Kidney and Liver Pills

Wm. Fullerton, R. R. 1, Listowel:
 "I doctored for eight years for Stomach Trouble and Pains all through my body. got no relief until I used Hacking's Heart and Nerve Remedy which fixed me up all right. I used Hacking's Kidney and Liver Pills along with the Remedy."

Mrs. H. Hinchliffe, Wingham:
 "I was on the point of a complete Nervous Breakdown, could not sleep or plan my household duties, suffered with my Heart and my Nerves and doctors could do little for me. After taking the first box of Hacking's Heart and Nerve Remedy I improved so much in health that I continued with a 6 box treatment and am able to return to my work with renewed vigor."

Mr. Richard Jones, Doon, Ont.:
 "I have had Pains under my Heart for some time and tried all sorts of remedies and have been to four different doctors and could get no relief. I took one box of Hacking's Heart and Nerve Remedy and felt very much better. I took another box and have been able to work again. Before I took your remedy I could not work for weeks at a time, the pain was so great."

These are only a few of the many testimonials that come to us voluntarily and I am sure that you too will get beneficial results if you will but give them a fair trial. Buy them from your dealer. Insist on Hacking's.

IRKUTSK.

Russian City Recently Captured by Bolsheviks.

The misfortunes of war have just caught up to Irkutsk, the recent capital of the Kolchak Government, now reported to be captured by the Bolsheviks.

Forty hours from anywhere, figuratively; five days from Petrograd, literally, in the best of times; farther, in fact, from the Russian capital than is San Francisco from New York, this Siberian metropolis was too far removed to suffer more than pin pricks from the world war, but now is engulfed in its turbulent wake.

Not only is Irkutsk a remote city of a sleeping giant country, but it has been an isolation ward for Russia's political exiles. From such a thistle the traveler usually did not expect much—and was agreeably surprised. Until the storming by the Reds a few days ago, Irkutsk was a thriving, well built, modern city.

True, it experienced a few scratches in February, 1918, but these could not compare with the great fire of 1879, which did irreparable damage to archives contained in museum, library, Government buildings and the Siberian branch of the Russian Geographical Society.

But in rebuilding Irkutsk was the Halifax of Siberia and when Gen. A. W. Greely visited it some thirty years ago he wrote:
 "Among Siberian cities Irkutsk is noted for its churches, orphanages, hospitals, schools, observatories and museums. It is a city of imposing buildings, beautiful homes and is given to lavish hospitality, while its extended business operations are supplemented by modern municipal equipments, including telephone and efficient fire service."

"It must be added that it has in summer nearly impassable streets that the prevalence of unpunished crimes is notorious, while it is said by free-speaking Russians that the inefficiency of its police is only surpassed by the corruption of its officials."

Irkutsk is capital of a province of the same name, which has a million people. The city's normal population is about that of Hamilton. Lake Baikal's southwestern shores are but 44 miles east of the city, which is on the right bank of the Angara river. Thus Baikal, deepest lake in the world, and largest except for our own Great Lakes and Victoria Nyanza and Tanganyika, in Africa), with its five contributory rivers, affords unusual transportation facilities. The Angara, a principal outlet of the lake, leads to the Yenisei river basin, with its 10,000 miles of navigable waterway.

Irkutsk had its beginning from the station established there in 1852 for collection of a fur tax from the Buriats. This curious people still dwell in the Baikal Lake region. In them, it would seem, the ethnological east and west almost meet. Their business is akin to the herdsmen of our Western plains; their appearance, with shaved heads and pig tails, like that of the Eskimos, with sheepskins and furs; their summer attire is the Oriental gown of silk and cotton.

The horses the Buriats raise figure in the religion they cling to most tenaciously. This religion calls for sacrifice of the favorite steed at the owner's grave. The less faithful among the heirs, though, have been known to tie an animal with a tether so frayed that the horse soon broke away to join the herd.

Irkutsk is on the Trans-Siberian Railway, a little more than five days' journey east of Moscow in peace times.

The Cathedral of the Virgin of Kazan is one of the most conspicuous edifices in Irkutsk, its five domes and detached belfry immediately attracting the eye of the visitor.

One of the peculiar customs which the traveler encountered at Irkutsk before the war was the closing of the railway ticket office for the sale of tickets two days prior to the departure of a train. He could never decide to take a trip to Petrograd (3,792 miles), to Moscow (3,384 miles), or to Vladivostok (2,008 miles), "on the spur of the moment."

FINE NEW CITIZENS FOR CANADA



The immigration buildings at any of the Dominion's ports of entry present a curious scene of hustle and bustle shortly after the arrival of one of the giant ocean liners, and a witness is not likely to soon forget the commotion created by the discharged emigrants. A vast mass of humanity surges through the galleries past the immigration officer and the various inspectors, and once accepted for Canadian citizenship, men, women, and children of every kind, loaded down with baggage of every shape and form rush hither and thither making multitudinous inquiries of everyone generally unacquainted with the next steps to be taken to further proceed on their journey.

It is neither pleasant nor comfortable to land friendless in a strange land. The hardened traveler feels this and more deeply those who set foot in a foreign land where customs, conditions, and possibly language differ from those to which the emigrant has been accustomed from childhood. Then the petty worries incidental to travelling are intensified by the total unfamiliarity on every hand, and each move is fraught with embarrassment. Yet each month thousands of potential Canadian citizens are arriving at the Dominion's shores from the British Isles, France, Belgium, Holland and Scandinavia—people who have broken up homes and life-long ties at the promise of a better life in a new land. Into a whirl of unfamiliar sights and sounds, in a confusion of humanity and baggage, many unacquainted with the language they hear on every hand—thus, at the gateways of the Dominion, arrive the ancestors of the Canadians of to-morrow.

First impressions are often lingering; they are apt to have a considerable bearing on future outlook. Realizing this and the expediency of rendering the utmost service to



(1) Capt. MacDuff, of C. P. R. Colonization Department, meeting first party of emigrants (season 1920) at St. John. A fine type of prosperous settlers.
 (2) British emigrants arriving on the C. P. O. S. Grampian for western farms.

These Dominion builders-to-be, the Department of Colonization and Development of the Canadian Pacific Railway, interested among other progressive phases, in the human development of the country, has appointed a colonization agent—a foster parent to emigrants arriving on the company's boats. When a vessel steams into port he is there to go on board with the immigration officer—Capt. Andrew McDuff, veteran of two wars, versed in many languages, sympathetic, tactful, and schooled in the many sides of human nature. He is at the service of these new arrivals to assist with information and advice. He shepherds them from the boat to the waiting train, secures seating and sleeping accommodation, oversees the checking and loading of baggage, does everything humanly possible in fact to ensure a safe and entire arrival at the many points of destination even to accompanying the train on the first part of its journey.

It is a great work this fathering of the Dominion's citizen-to-be, not only temporarily accommodating, but imparting the lasting impression to these strangers that they are welcome and that Canada wants them. A cheerful send-off, free from annoying worries, means a great deal, and to this end the Colonization Agent has been appointed.

MEDICAL

I. J. LEATHERDALE, M.D.
 OFFICE HOURS:
 10 to 12 a.m., 2 to 4 p.m.,
 7 to 9 p.m.

JARVIS, ONTARIO.

LEGAL

ARRELL & ARRELL
 Barristers, Etc.
 HAMILTON, ONTARIO
 Sun Life Building, Koper's Block
 Money to Loan at Lowest Rates.
 Harrison Arrell, S. Cameron Arrell
 County Crown Attorney.

KELLY & PORTER
 Barristers, Solicitors in the Supreme Court, Notaries, Etc.
 SIMCOE, ONTARIO
 Money to loan at lowest current rate of interest on real estate.
 W. E. Kelly, K.C. J. Porter,
 David E. Kelly.

SOCIETIES

I. O. O. F.
 JARVIS LODGE NO. 191
 Meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock.
 N. G., P. S. Banks; F. S., N. R. Pond.
 R. S., J. S. Burwash, Treas., I. W. Holmes
 Visiting Brethren Welcome.

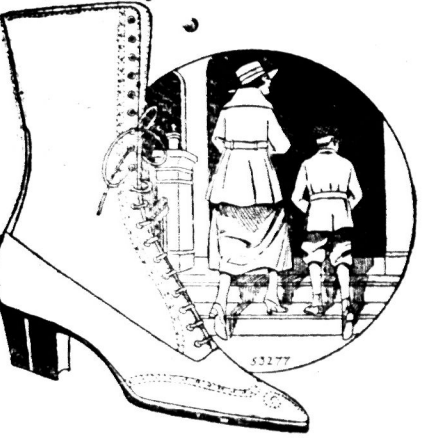
MISCELLANEOUS

GEORGE L. MILLER
 CONVEYANCER AND
 REAL ESTATE DEALER
 AGENT CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS
 JARVIS, ONTARIO

Selkirk W. I. Meeting

The May meeting of the Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs. Warner, 16 ladies present. As this was the annual business meeting no program was prepared. The president gave a good report of our year's work followed by the election of officers: Pres., Mrs. Lamb; 1st Vice-Pres., Mrs. Warner; Sec. Treas., Mrs. J. F. Hare; Mrs. Kelly was elected delegate to attend the annual convention in Cayuga. All committees were left as before. The hostess served a dainty lunch and the meeting closed by singing "Blest be the Tie that Binds" June meeting to be held at Mrs. Byron Suitor's.

For Hard Wear



You find no better place to purchase the kind of shoe you are after than at our

Shoe Store

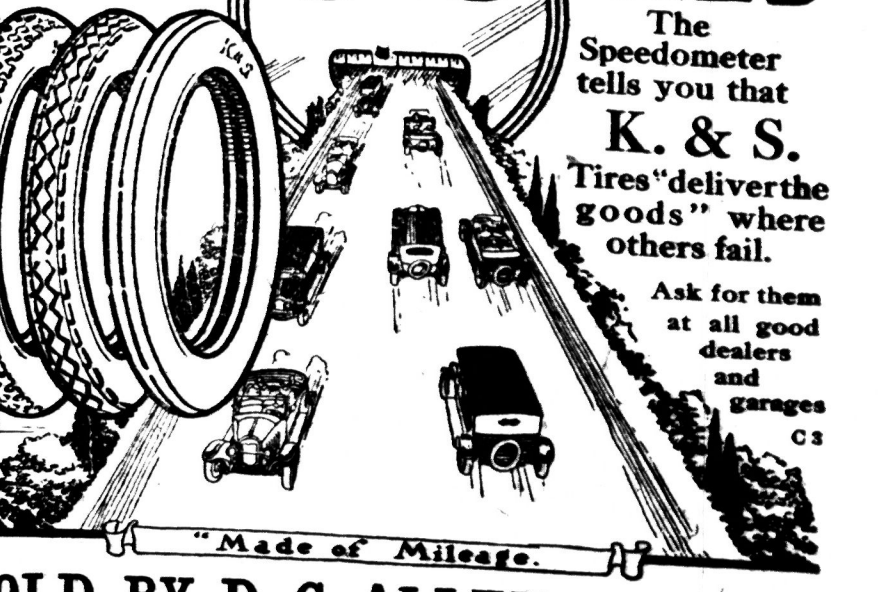
We carry a Complete Line of all grades of Shoes.

Pumps at \$4.90, Oxfords \$6, \$6.75 & \$7.00

We have a nice line of Hurlbut Welt Cushion Soles—the ideal shoe for Children at \$4.60. Come and inspect our stock.

A. H. LANGRAF, Harness and Shoe Store

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