In Shorthand

By FREDERICK HART

(a. 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate. Stephen Garrick pressed the little pearl-button on his desk-top long and hard. In the outer office the sharp, insistent note of the buzzer reverberated, and Garrick's private secretary sprang from her little desk, where she had been copying letters, to answer the summons. Garrick greeted her with a curt "Good morning, Miss Carter," to which she returned a discreet "Good morning, Mr. Garrick," as she sat by his side and prepared to take his dic-

"Ahem!" Garrick cleared his throat noisily. "D. H. Green and Son, Utica, N. Y,-Gentlemen, yours of the twentyfifth to hand--" Stephen Garrick was off on his day's routine.

As she automatically recorded the lines and angles that would later be transcribed into the utterances of the great Garrick, railroad magnate and captain of industry, Miss Carter let her gaze wander through the broad window of the office over the outline of roofs and towers that presented itself to her gaze:

It was a brilliant spring morning; the sky was deep blue in the sunshine, and the white buildings, each capped with its gay little plume of steam, like the white feather in the helmet of some knight, stood out sharp and clear against the heavens.

The air blew soft with the promise of the coming summer; through the half-opened window came the myriad sounds of the street, muffled and confused by the height into one organ tone of sound. Miss Carter let her eyes rove out over the blue waters of the bay, speckled here and there with the black hulls of ferries and

"I beg your pardon." She aroused herself with a start, aware that the steady monotone of Garrick's dictation had changed to a sharp note of inquiry; Miss Carter was uncomfortably aware that she had been daydreaming. "I beg your pardon," she repeated. "I-I'm afraid I didn't get that last sentence."

Usually an admission like this from the invariably accurate Miss Carter would have caused Stephen Garrick to make some sarcastic remark; but today he merely looked at her sharply. His face relaxed into a smile.

"Dreaming dreams, Miss Carter?" he inquired. "Well, I can't say that I blame you. I've been doing a little dreaming myself of late, It's really a first class morning for a dream of so, but unfortunately this sudden depression in Great Western won't allow us to stray too far from the unpleasant realities of life. Let's see-where

Miss Carter suddenly transformed from a girl with her thoughts into an exceedingly practical business woman, consulted her notes.

"--regarding the proposed merger of your lines-" she read.

"Oh, yes--- 'Regarding the proposed merger of your lines, would say that at present it seems inadvisable. Yours truly.' That's all for the present. Get those copied and bring them' in to me to sign as soon as you can."

Miss Carter left the office. She walked out without turning her head, so that she did not see the look that Garrick sent after her.

Perhaps it was the spring breezes; perhaps it was the consciousness that he, the youngest man in the country to hold such a position as he held, was a bit lonely sometimes; perhaps it was the fact that Miss Carter emhodied all that was sweet and winsome, despite her business connection with him; but the fact remains that Stephen Garrick sent after her a look that could by no possibility be construed as one of business.

And the little vagrant breezes continued to flit into the room and stir the papers on his desk as they whispered to him, "You're in love, Stephen Garrick-you're in love-and you daren't ask her! Aren't you ashamed of yourself, you great big man, you? You-one of the biggest railroad men in the country, even if you are only thirty-one-you're afraid to ask her!"

"By George, I will ask ber!" said Stephen Garrick aloud. And then he looked guiltily around the room as though ashamed of his statement.

But there was no one there to hear him unless you counted the framed picture of the directors of his principal road, which hung over his desk, and they looked straight ahead of them as they always did, without his unbusinesslike outburst.

But the little spring breezes were right. Stephen Garrick had been in love with Rosalle Carter for a long time, and had been afraid to voice his feelings.

Every day, when she came in to take his dictation, looking so fresh and sweet that he yearned to take her in his arms and whisper love-words to her instead of pouring out a string of syllables connected with unimportant things like rights-of-way and freightrates, he had intended to say what was in his heart; and every day he had confined himself to a brusque "Good morning, Miss Carter,"-and had spent the rest of the day in cursing himself for an arrant coward.

"But-what if she should refuse me?" his craven mind demanded. And that fear had held him tongue-tied. Spring breezes, however, are tricky things; and this particular spring hunt,

way, in fact, that suddenly Stephen Garrick found his hand straying toward the button which, pressed, would summon Miss Carter to his presence.

His fingers rested on it, and in a noment he realized that he had pushed t. A sudden panic shook him when he felt that she was standing in the

"Yes, Mr. Garrick?" she said. "Er-Miss Carter-will you take a etter?" he stammered, and then mentally beat himself for an idiot. But she had seated herself and waited, notebook poised. Garrick concentrated for a desperate effort.

"Ahem!" It was the well-known opening. He looked carefully out of the window, and suddenly his voice ran full and smooth.

"Miss Rosalie Carter, care Stephen Garrick, Incorporated. My dear Miss

"Mr. Garrick!" For a moment he was panic-stricken; but there was no reproach in the tones-only wonder. He stiffened himself.

"No-change that. Dearest Rosalie, for a long time I have waited to tell you that I love you-

Miss Carter's pencil had fallen to the floor. Garrick turned, in fear of what he might see, and saw a face shining with joy, two eyes looking steadily into his, two little hands that stretched themselves out to him. The notebook slipped unheeded to the floor, and Stephen Garrick held his Rosalie in his arms and whispered into her ear all the things that he had. so long yearned to say:

And the little spring breeze fluttered over the leaves of the forgotten notebook, and, apparently satisfied with what it saw recorded there, flew away, ts work done

After a long time Miss Carter freed herself and rescued the notebook. "Look, Stephen, dear," she said. 'It's all here—the words that made me the happiest girl in the world. What a wonderful letter!" Garrick looked over her shoulder at

"You might finish it if you want to. Let's go on. 'I love you--'" But Miss Carter's hand was over

"No dearest. It's perfect as it is. I'll just sign it-'Yours.'"

GLOVES SCARCE AND COSTLY

Many Reasons Why Supply Cannot Be Made to Keep Pace With the Demand

It is unfortunate that the fashion makers should have decided to have the sleeves of gowns short, the glove men say. Large demands are already being made for the full lengths, sixteen to twenty buttons. The French, who used to supply the goats that sup plied the skins, are now keeping then for the milk.

1st of August; the women are demanding the long gloves and there is a shortage of both labor and materials," said a man who knows the giove market and has a glove factory in Grenoble, France. "We used to buy the goat skins in France for from 320 to 400 francs a dozen, with the hair. That was about \$5 a goat. Now, with the cost of living what it is, a goat giving milk is worth \$6.70 for the milk alone, and then there remains the goat and the kid. Obviously it is not policy to sell under such conditions. We are sending coal over to France; it costs there \$58 a ton. All provisions are high. Nothing need be expected in glove skins until the cost of fiving is lowered.

"The French women do the finest kind of work on gloves, but there are now many more remunerative lines of work than glovemaking.

"There is also a scarcity of labor in glovemaking in this, country, but for different reasons. Much of the glovemaking is done up in Fulton county, N. Y. Women did much of the work. That was when the men of the family were making some \$20 a week, and they have a feeling of pride in telling their women that there is no need of their working, and the women are tak-

Hard to Swallow.

"That's hard to swallow." Chairman Gary of the steel corporation was talking on the steamer France about an article against

"Yes," he went on, "that article is as hard to swallow as Farmer Daintry's fish story. "Farmer Daintry's farm, you know,

lay beside a creek, and in this creek, thanks to a monster eel, the farmer had lost chickens, ducks, lambs, and even good-sized pigs.

"So one night the farmer baited a tremendous hook with a dead calf, seeming to be in the least affected by | and made it fast by means of a wire rope to his barn.

"At dawn Farmer Daintry peered out to see what luck he had had, and found his barn gone. The eel had got that, too!"

Real Race of Pygmies. Pygmies averaging but four feet in height and, therefore, several inches smaller than any previously reported, are described by an American explorer who has returned after nearly a year in central Africa. This exceedingly short race, belonging to the Mambuti tribe, already known by reputation to anthropologists, is stooped and apelike in appearance, presumably because of the low-branched forests in which they live, according to Popular Mechanics Magazine. The little people are said to be very brave in attacking large native animals, and will not eat meat that is not killed in the

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Thomas Harris

BUTCHER -:- GROCER

Hon. Sydney Fisher, member of Laurier administration from 1895 to 1911, died at Ottawa on Saturday. He was 71 years of age and a native of

Shall the importation and the bringing of intoxicating liquors into the Province be forbidden?

Your Vote Will Decide

You Voted against the SALE— -Vote Now against the IMPORTATION

HE people on April 18th decide by the ballot reproduced above whether liquor for beverage purposes shall be allowed to come in, or whether the door shall be shut.

Earnestly we ask you to vote-vote to clinch your former

By your last vote against the Sale of liquor you made Ontario safe from within.

Now vote against Importation, to make Ontario safe from

Prohibition should apply to all alike.

Take nothing for granted. Every temperance vote is needed. Every temperance vote must be cast.

See that your wife and every member of your household, with a right to vote, gets to the polls.

Let us roll up a decisive majority today and settle this ques-

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Mark your ballot with an "X" and an "X" only after the word YES

Ontario Referendum Committee

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