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Who Never Has Any Fun?

The constant diatribes aimed at the retailer as the source from which all evils come led to the following question in the Bulletin of the Ontario Development Association:

Who gets the blame when the prices rise? The Merchant.

Who profits—in the public's eyes? The Merchant.

And yet, who protests each advance, and at each price boost looks askance, as a most serious circumstance? The Merchant.

Who takes the loss when prices fall? The Merchant.

Who is the biggest goat of all? The Merchant.

Who gets his shelves full, at the peak, of goods which drop within a week? Who marks them down without a squeak? The Merchant.

Who is the public blaming now? The Merchant.

Who bears the brunt of all this row? The Merchant.

Who tries in spite of meagre sales, to heed the public's frequent wails for lower prices—and who fails? The Merchant.

Who donates money in your town? The Merchant.

Who never turns committees down? The Merchant.

Whom does your Ladies' Aid first land? Who coughs up for the local band? Should he refuse, then who is panned? The Merchant.

A Novel Experience

To sleep in a new house while the embers of their former residence smoldered 20 feet away was the novel experience of the family of W. W. Mullet, whose house on the Simcoe road, two miles east of Delhi, was burned on Saturday.

The house caught fire about noon and burned quickly, scarcely allowing the neighbors time to remove the furniture downstairs. Mr. Mullet was faced with the problem of building a house, with help so hard to get this time of year.

The idea was conceived of building a house in a day. Teams were dispatched for lumber and by night the material was at hand. Sunday morning the call went out for neighbors and friends to join in the building. Fifty hammers in the hands of as many willing workers will accomplish a great deal, as was shown by the rapid erection of the house.

By four o'clock the frame was complete and the gang was divided, half roofing and the others laying floors. By dark the house built in a day was ready for occupation, little more than ten hours after the first timber was laid.—Simcoe Canadian.

To Avoid Fires

Dominion Government Calls on Citizens To Aid in Preventative Week.

Ottawa, Sept. 28.—Fire preventative week, beginning on Sunday, October 3, and ending the following Saturday, has been appointed by order-in-council and the proclamation is made through a special number of the Canada Gazette. The proclamation calls attention to the fact that more than 300 persons in Canada annually lose their lives as a result of fires. Furthermore it is insisted that at least 80 per cent. of the fires which occur are the result of inexcusable ignorance or neglect.

During the fire preventative week citizens are recommended to inspect their homes and stores and other buildings and to remove and otherwise reduce fire hazards.

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JARVIS, ONT.

CITY CLOTHES

By E. K. JONES

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To the residents of Holmes Center who had assembled at the little railroad station one late June afternoon there was nothing extraordinary or unconventional in the fact that Gladys Brock and George Ogden, the blue-eyed young school teacher and the school principal to whom she had been for some time engaged, should be journeying away alone together, unchaperoned and unescorted.

Yet the journey consumed forty-eight hours, and neither Gladys nor George had friends at their destination. One glance at the rural pedagogues as they boarded the train there at Holmes Center would have disarmed even the most suspicious Madame Grundys.

The clothes they wore and the way they wore them, quite as much as their frank, eager young faces, would have reassured Gladys. Gladys wore a dark pleated skirt, and, as every one knows the full-pleated skirt in whatever mode needs some brevity to be effective. But Holmes Center had escaped the Paris revival of the abbreviated skirt, and Gladys, sensible Gladys, would have worn hers long anyway.

It seemed prodigal to her to have a new skirt cut off short when long skirts might come back into fashion, and you never could make a skirt longer that had once been turned up short. She wore a machine embroidered white shirtwaist of the sort that retail at Holmes Center even in prevailing high prices for two ninety-eight, and by way of a wrap that she might possibly need she carried over her arm a neatly folded woolen scarf.

The mail-order catalogue had assured that these scarfs were taking the place of separate jackets, hence Gladys had invested in one for her projected trip.

And George—well, he wasn't dressed like a wild Westerner nor like your notion of a farmer or hayseed. His suit was of a conventional shade of gray and his hat was not much behind the style—but from the angle at which that hat was worn to the thick black polish that he had applied to his own heavy-soled shoes that morning you would have known at a glance that he was not one to be at home in the city of more than 20,000.

They were going to one of the big cities, where a large university attracted hundreds of men and women, maturer than their regular students to drink at their wells of learning for six or seven weeks in the summer.

George was going to finish the work needed to complete his requirements for the degree that he had started to earn at a rural college some years before, and Gladys was going to take a course in "household administration"—with the double purpose of taking the promotion the following autumn to the position of domestic science teacher in Holmes Center high school, and even more important consideration, of subsequently making herself the sort of housewife that she felt so worthy a person as George Ogden deserved.

They had read the catalogue of the big university together, and together they had made their plans. They had figured expenses, too, for neither wanted to cut too deep in their little hoard of savings that had been put aside to feather the nest in another year or so when they should be married.

George, because he was going to take more courses, would have the greater expense, and to help defray this he had determined to do some sort of work in the city, although the university authorities advised those taking a full course of summer work not to attempt to add to their burdens in the hot weeks of midsummer by doing outside work. They had dreamed of these weeks together in the great center of learning, and if the picture they had formed of that center was dissimilar, at least neither had come any nearer the reality than the other.

As both had pictured, they felt that they would see much more of each other than actually proved to be the case. For after they had gone together from the terminal in the great city to the university in the outskirts and each had gone to the dormitory where rooms had been secured in advance. It was never by chance that they met. Their work lay in buildings quite remote.

Their dining halls were as distant, and even the social activities that were conducted under entirely different management. They were farther apart than they would have been had Gladys lived in Holmes Center and George two counties off.

George took the only work that offered itself—that of clerical assistant to the night clerk of one of the downtown hotels—so there was little leisure for George and Gladys to go about together and, as they never seemed to meet by chance in the great university center, sometimes days went by when their only means of intercourse was by way of a daily exchanged letter.

Meantime Gladys was experiencing what amounted to nothing more nor less than a sartorial conversion. She was converted from the prejudices and circumscriptions of Holmes Center to the dress creed of the city.

This did not mean that she went to extreme in matters of dress, but it did

mean that in place of her long, full dark skirt and separate white "shirtwaists" she adopted the one-piece cotton frocks worn by the young women of the summer school, and relegating the woolen scarf to the bottom of her trunk she invested in a knitted silk jacket, such as five out of every ten of the younger women students wore.

Her feather-trimmed best hat that she had worn with her from Holmes Center abdicated in favor of a simple straw sailor that proved immensely becoming worn over her soft brown curls and shading her truly lovely blue eyes.

All of which might not have proved so difficult to tell George had it not been in order to buy the knitted silk jacket, the simple sailor which had a fairly high price attached to it in spite of its simplicity, and the little silk afternoon dress and white pumps and satin slippers, she had dipped into that little hoard and actually had spent enough of it to mean possibly the sacrifice of that parlor suit she had been planning on. That made it seem almost treachery to George.

Besides George, dear, trusting George, had liked her always just as she was. He would not understand. The day after her transformation Gladys did not see George. He was working late that night and had no spare afternoon hours.

She was glad that there was no interview because until she became used to the new situation—that of wearing smart city clothes instead of clumsy country clothes—she felt that she would show her self-consciousness.

Of course she would not wear the new city clothes when she saw him. So when the next day they met for an hour together toward the close of a fine summer afternoon Gladys was arrayed in her Holmes Center getup.

It had been only two days before that she discarded it, yet it seemed not too long to her, and she hesitated to look at herself in the glass. She did not want to know how she had looked. She was sitting on a bench in one of the city parks where she and George had arranged to meet.

First she was conscious of her own awkward appearance. Then she looked up to see George approach her. Could that be her George? She wondered. Before she had never noticed how badly his suit had fitted, nor had she realized how imposing his shoes were shaped. He wore his hat at an unflattering angle.

She was tempted to pull it into a better position. George must have seen her look of disappointment, for he could not conceal his embarrassment. He sat beside her on the bench. Then a wave of contrition came over Gladys. He looked tired and anxious. He had been working hard, very hard, and it was all for her.

Gladys could not express the contrition she felt, for she did not want George even to know the cause of it. They tried to talk of their work, but it was so widely diverse that they seemed not to interest each other. The affairs of Holmes Center were too remote to be interesting.

And the worst of it was that when Gladys returned to her dormitory room and had again donned her city clothes she felt something almost akin to contempt for the clothes of her George. Could it be a contempt for George?

Then a feeling of homesickness came over her. She wished she had never come to the city to experience its temptations, and this was followed by a great longing—a longing to remain always in the city, never to go back to the clothes of Holmes Center.

There was a faculty reception that evening—the first opportunity she had had to meet out of class the men and women from whom she was receiving instruction. To go to this reception and enter into the festivity it offered would be to forget at least for a few hours the disturbing emotions of the afternoon.

Gladys found herself that evening noticing the clothes the men wore and the way they wore them. And always there was the image of George in his baggy suit, out-of-date shoes and badly poised hat. What if she had never known him? There was no doubt of the fact that the young instructor who was talking to her was interested in her. He had already asked to call to see her at the dormitory.

Then among the faces Gladys caught a glimpse of one that could be no one's but George's. In a few minutes more he had come up to her. The interested professor had withdrawn of his own accord, and they were standing there in a quiet corner of the college gymnasium.

"George?"
"Gladys?"
There was infinite relief in the tone of each. Neither had known that the other was coming. But now the truth was known, and explanations were almost unnecessary. You see, George had taken a tumble. He had realized that to get on a man needs to think something of the way he dresses.

He had gone ahead and got the new things, and had tried to wear them the way the men did with whom he associated. Then it had occurred to him that Gladys might not understand. He had dipped in just a little to the fund he was saving for their little cottage.

But he intended shortly to pay it back. So he had done the cowardly thing and had donned the old things when he met her that afternoon. Oh, of course, he loved her just the same in those Holmes Center togs, but—"Gladys, girl, you sure are a winner in these city clothes," he told her, and Gladys quite forgot her interested young instructor.

Costs Reach a High Figure

Since Reformer.—When Attorney-General Raney devised a system of appointing a county magistrate in each county he either consciously or unconsciously found a way to make defendants pay exorbitant court costs. A case in point is that of Joseph McKee, an Irish man, who appeared before the Magistrate this week on a charge of common assault. Apparently, from the evidence, McKee's "sin" was limited to words and a few gestures. It seems he was driving in the country and took to the side of the road because the road's crown was piled with crushed stone. A man by the name of Sinden, who was using a rake in the approved manner on the stone, ordered McKee to drive in the middle of the road on top of the stone. It was said that Sinden banished his rake at McKee, who told him to get out of the way or he would drive over him. Words followed. According to the evidence that constituted the common assault. Whether Sinden wished McKee's team to act as road roller was not given. Because there had been high words, some threatening, the Magistrate thought it incumbent upon him to fine the defendant, but imposed minimum of \$2.00. But then the costs piled up to \$27.70, because mileage fees, etc., had to be paid witnesses from the country. That is what the Police Magistrate's Jurisdiction Act did for McKee.

Wm. Bain, a native of York, died at Dunnville on Sept 25th, in his 78th year. Deceased was a brother of Mr. James Bain of York. The funeral took place at Caledonia last Tuesday.

Wilbert Stillwell has purchased the house and lot formerly owned by G. L. Atkinson at Cheapside and will move in shortly.

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We Refund Car Fare from Jarvis on a purchase of \$9.00 and over, Hagersville \$10.00 and over, and from Neils Corners on \$12.00 and over.

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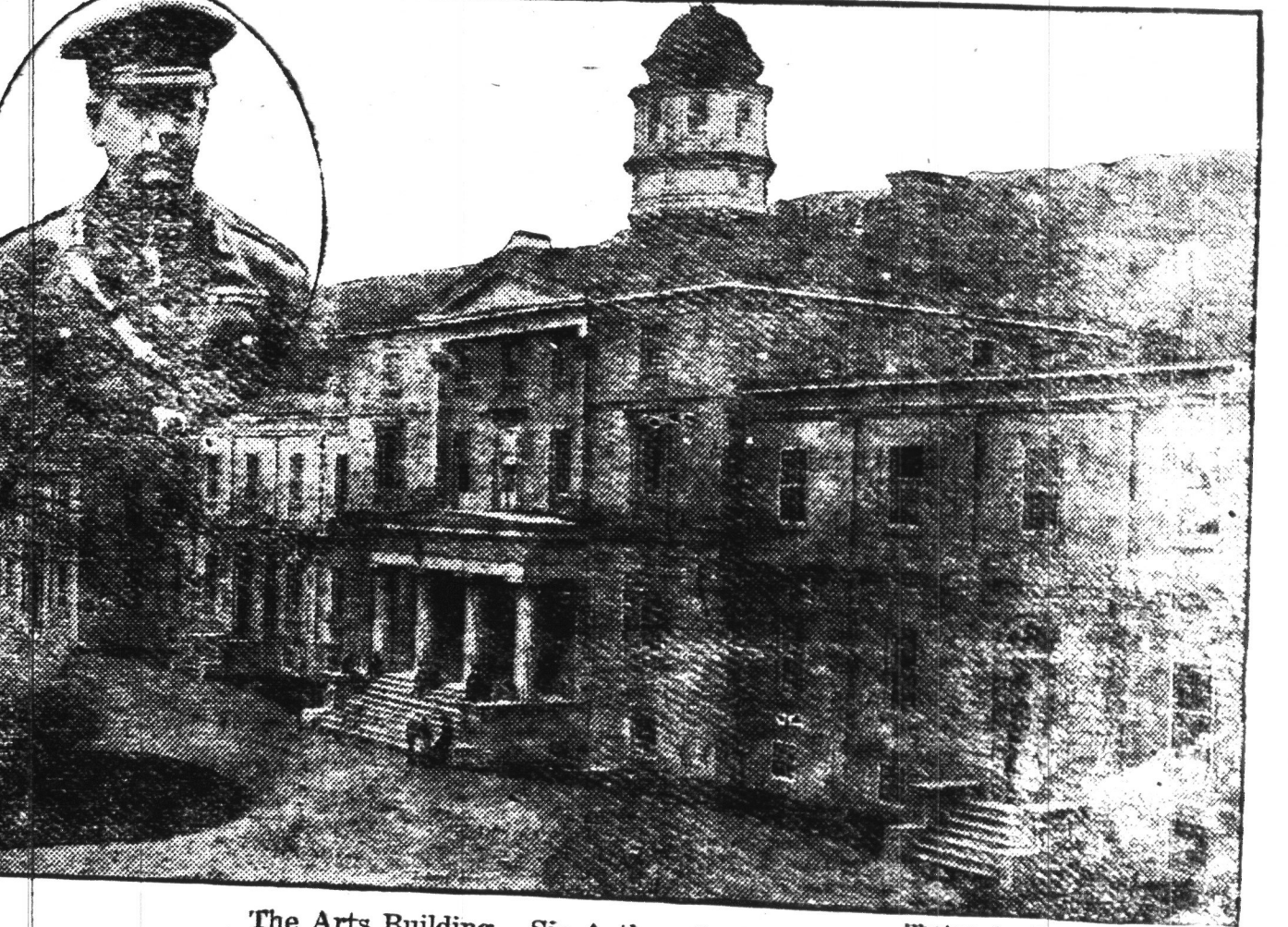
MEDICAL

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

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McGILL UNIVERSITY, MONTREAL



The Arts Building.—Sir Arthur Currie is Inset. Photos by Notman, Montreal.

Sir Arthur Currie, who stepped out of the chief command of the Canadian Army to take over the Principality of McGill University, should find good scope for his organizing ability and driving force in McGill's Whirlwind Campaign for \$5,000,000, which has been arranged for the week commencing November 15th. This sum, large for a Canadian University, but small in comparison with the recent campaigns for Harvard, Yale, Cornell and Princeton, is necessary to put the great Canadian University financially on its feet, and to help to recoup the losses caused by its active participation in the war and by the absence of many students on war service overseas; also to renew and extend equipment, to increase professors' salaries; to extend the buildings to meet the requirements of the larger number of students in attendance since the close of the war; to meet the special requirements of the various faculties; to erect dormitories for students, a common dining hall, professors' residences, and a convocation hall. Many leading Montreal citizens have accepted the responsibility of heading and arranging the work of the campaign, which will be along lines made familiar in Canada in years past.

McGill, from its very inception, nearly a hundred years ago, was identified with scientific research and application. The Faculty of Medicine is the oldest Faculty of the University, and the first degree conferred was the medical degree given to Dr. Logie. The practical trend of McGill's teaching appealed to business men, such as the late Sir William Macdonald and Lord Strathcona, and no doubt influenced them in helping the University with substantial endowments. The pre-eminence of McGill in Applied Science is largely due to the policy of Sir William Dawson, during whose regime the course of Engineering was enlarged into the Department of Practical Science, and later into the Faculty of Applied Science.

Scientific Agriculture is taught under the auspices of McGill at the affiliated Macdonald College in Ste. Anne de Bellevue which has done a great work in teaching improved methods of farming, not only in the Province of Quebec, but also throughout the whole of both Eastern and Western Canada. At Macdonald College also is a school for Teachers which has greatly elevated our educational standards.

The School of Commercial Studies is a recent development which shows that McGill is up-to-date and alive to the needs of the present generation. Here business organization, accountancy, commercial law, banking and industrial organization are taught by experts to the future captains of industry.

McGill has produced some of the foremost physicians, surgeons, dentists, John Hopkins University owes its high standing to the administration inaugurated by a McGill alumnus, the late Sir William Osler, who afterwards did similar work for the School of Medicine at Oxford University.

Lord Shaughnessy is the honorary chairman of the Campaign Committee, while Mr. E. W. Beatty, President of the Canadian Pacific, is the active chairman of the executive. Others actively interested in the campaign work are Sir Vincent Meredith, President of the Bank of Montreal, Lord Atholstan, proprietor of the Montreal "Star", Sir Charles Gordon, Sir Montagu Allan, and a committee of 150 men prominent in Montreal banking, transportation, shipping, and general business circles. In addition to those there is a strong committee of the Graduates' Society, with a membership in many parts of the world, headed by Major G. C. Macdonald, who won honors serving with Princess Patricia's Light Infantry. It is stated by the University authorities that the receipts of McGill declined by \$40,000 during the first year of the war, which speedily increased to a drop of \$100,000 in the closing years owing to the absence of every fit man on active service with the Canadian Expeditionary Force. Sir Arthur Currie states that since the conclusion of the war the registration at McGill University has doubled, necessitating an increase in the staff and the erection of new buildings, while the depreciated buying power of the dollar has hit both the university and the staff hard. As a result of the campaign it is hoped to recoup the loss and place McGill in a position to continue its work and to keep pace with other great universities on the Continent.