

THE JARVIS RECORD

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STRIKERS RAID PLANT

Troops Called Out to Quell Riots at Sydney, N. S.

Soldiers Are Being Rushed From Halifax to Protect Property of Steel Corporation—Over a Thousand Men Battled With Police and Stormed the Mills and Situation Is Serious.

SYDNEY, N.S., July 2.—Raiding and rioting broke out afresh here Friday, at the British Empire Steel Corporation plant, whose steel workers are on strike, and although the police are doing their best to hold the crowds in check, it is now evident that quiet can be restored only by the arrival of troops now en route from Halifax.

The fact that soldiers are coming is known to the rioters, and they seem determined to make the most of the few hours left to them.

The strikers, or that portion of them represented in the raids, are out of control of their union officials, and it is predicted here that the strike will probably collapse within twenty-four hours of the arrival of the troops.

As far as now can be ascertained, the property damage as a result of the raids is small.

The disturbances were frankly well organized in advance. Men in the crowd freely stated that they had been "ordered to report at No. 4 gate of the steel plant at 8 o'clock for the purpose of cleaning her out good."

By 8 o'clock a crowd estimated at over one thousand men had assembled in Victoria Road, but it was not until 8.40 that the word for the advance was given, and the crowd swept forward, carrying away the gate and a long section of fence.

Sweeping aside the guard on the gate the men surged into the nearby mills and thence spread all over the 270 acres of steel plant. Those who could be stopped long enough to say anything said they were not out for sabotage, but to "take the scabs off the plant."

As there were only a few men working, the hunt for them necessarily was prolonged.

As the attack commenced a signal was sounded on the steel works siren and the city police rushed to the spot in automobiles and entered the plant on the heels of the mob, which continued to battle with city and company officials for over two hours.

After seizing and ejecting some men who were at work, the mob left the plant about 9.50 and made another raid on the coke ovens across the road.

On account of its delicate equipment, steel officials say it would be very easy to do serious damage to this department, even if no sabotage were intended; and also that it contains material which, if unskillfully handled, might easily produce a severe explosion.

At midnight the crowd was still in the coke ovens and the outlook was for a night of disturbance which would probably only cease on the arrival of the armed force from Halifax.

DYNAMITE STOPPED FIRE.

Crystal Beach Was Visited by Spectacular Fire.

BRIDGEBURG, Ont., July 2.—Dynamite was used to check a spectacular fire at Crystal Beach, twelve miles up the shore of Lake Erie, Thursday morning, when the Royal Hotel and Casino, valued at \$60,000, were destroyed by a blaze of unknown origin. The place was owned by Dr. Thomas Snyder, of Niagara Falls, N.Y.

Crystal Beach has a summer population of fifteen thousand nearly all Americans. There are several thousand small cottages all built of wood huddled along and near the shore, and the Crystal Beach and Ridgeway Volunteer Fire Department were unable to cope with the blaze in the ordinary way. The cottage dynamited on the lee side of the Royal Hotel was owned by John Young of Buffalo.

The Buffalo fire tug Potter, was hurried to the scene but arrived too late to be of any assistance.

THREE DIE IN FIRE.

Mother, Baby and Sixteen-Year-Old Are Victims.

BARRYS BAY, Ont., July 2.—Fire, believed to have started from a smudge, used as a screen against mosquitoes, caused the deaths of Mrs. Frank Petaskie and her baby, also a cousin, Agnes Barnacki, sixteen years old, according to word reaching here to-day. The Petaskie cottage, on the shores of the bay, was entirely destroyed and no charred remains of the three victims have been recovered.

The victims were sleeping in the cottage after a smudge had been started some time previous to keep away mosquitoes and flies which have been very bad in the locality this summer. The cottage is somewhat isolated and the fire was not noticed by neighbors until the flames had almost burned themselves out.

Ontario Historical Society meets at Kingston this week.

TRIBUTE IS PAID

(Continued from Page 1)

prison on the battlefields of France and Flanders.

There is none of us but can remember those stirring days in August, 1914, when war was declared. Germany had believed that the Motherland would stand alone, that none of the colonies would come to her assistance; but she was soon undeceived, for before ever the appeal was made to the colonies, they sprang to arms. War was declared on August 4 and immediately the Canadian government announced its intention of raising an expeditionary force. The call went forth and was eagerly answered from East, West, North and South: from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Hudson's bay to the southern boundary line the men of Canada came, impelled by the cause, which was the cause of righteousness, justice and truth; the cause of civilization against barbarism, they sprang to arms and willingly offered their bodies as a living sacrifice.

No mere jackboot militarism inspired them. They sought neither the glory of conquest nor the rape of freedom, nor the loot of sacked cities. No selfish ideal led them to leave their homes and exchange the ease and comforts of civil life for the suffering of war and the risk of death. They came forward free men unconstrained, with the simple resolve to lay down their lives, if need be, in defence of the Empire—their Empire too—the very existence of which, as they swiftly saw, was menaced by the most formidable military combination which had ever sprung to arms; and so swiftly was the call answered that within two months from the outbreak of the war, our Dominion raised, equipped, and sent over to England a force of 33,000 men which was the advance guard of a force which had reached the time of the armistice with a casualty list of 214,368 all told. Those who died gave their lives willingly that all that stood for honor, and for the sanctity of a pledged word should be maintained, and today we are gathered here to pay our tribute to them.

"And let me say that today at this service we honor not the great general, nor the great soldier, nor the ordinary private in the ranks, the corporal and the sergeant, the lieutenant and the captain, those who have been called the common place men of our army, to them more than any others the credit of the victory is due. Our generals might have been the greatest in the world but they would have been useless without good men. No hero could have been won simply by the genius of the commanding officer alone, but it was the genius of the commander working with the men under him; and so the war proved that today is the day of the common place man. It is the common place man who has written gold on the pages of history, who has enshrined it imperishably on the records of all mankind. It was no false sentiment that led the chief of our Empire to choose the body of our unknown soldier instead of some of the commanders to be buried with all the pomp and glory of a great personage in Westminster Abbey, it was a great act of recognition of the value of the ordinary man. And so today in honoring them I think there are several lessons we can learn from them.

"In the first place we honor the matchless courage of these men. Drawn from every conceivable class from the workshops and offices of our cities, from the lumber camps and from the prairies, from the farms from the orchards, the mines and the stores, these men showed a courage and endurance that was the equal of any regular army. Think of the second Battle of Ypres in 1915, when on April 22 the Germans let loose their poisonous gas. No one can imagine the horrors of this attack; here was something new and terrifying. It is one thing to stand up and meet death face to face; it is another thing to face it as it creeps insidiously on you and gripping you by the throat, throttles the life out of you, and small wonder was it that our French allies broke and gave way before an enemy so new and dreadful. But to the glory of Canada, her glorious First Division enormously outnumbered, subjected to a withering shell fire, and attack after attack stood fast for two days and two nights, and beat back the enemy and saved the day; and not only saved the day but the future of our Empire as well. And what is it that gives this courage, where did it come from, and history and legend answer back that that courage came to them, as it comes to us, because they were free men, living in a land of free men; they came from a land where every man had freedom, freedom of thought, of political action, freedom of conscience and freedom of religion. It was for this freedom that their fathers fought, that they fought and it has been handed on to us today to guard and keep as a precious heritage; and so we honor them for that courage of theirs and have it ever before us, a glorious example for us to follow.

"Again we honor them for the other characteristics they exemplified and they were noble ones too. There was that wonderful spirit of brotherhood which they always displayed; and speaking as an overseas man, and one who served in the ranks, I can honestly state that never in all my life have I come into contact with such a spirit of brotherhood. It was a brotherhood which came from facing a common danger, and being banded together in one common cause. The men who fought overseas were more like brothers than anything else. A man's creed or a man's politics made no difference there. You did not stop to question the man who fought by your side as to what church he attended when he was at home, or what side he voted on during the last election. No, you saw that in a time like that neither creed nor politics counted, the business on hand was the thing, and so brethren today I make an appeal to you to allow this spirit of brotherhood, which was there ex-

emplified, play a larger part in our national life. There is more need today for brotherhood than ever before; there are common enemies which must be fought, and which must be defeated if this Dominion of ours is to prosper. There is the enemy of materialism which is eating its way into the heart of the world; there is the enemy of irreligion which is doing its deadly work, and there is only one way in which they can be met and defeated, that is by every one banding together in the spirit of brotherhood and presenting a united front to the enemy. And let that spirit of brotherhood too be exemplified in the world of labor; let master and man realize it, and you will have no industrial strife.

"Again we honor the men who have fallen for the great example of unselfishness that they showed to the world. If brotherhood was an outstanding feature of those men, unselfishness was another. It was perfectly amazing that spirit, the way that men assumed each other's unselfishly, the way in which each unselfishly helped the other, the way they sacrificed their own comfort for the benefit of the other fellow. Perhaps the idea was never brought more clearly before me until after I witnessed the following incident: It was in July of 1917 after we had gained Vimy Ridge, and I was one of a party which was digging new gun positions. The place was exposed to the view of the German observation balloons, and night work was only practicable at the time. Another thing which added to the discomforts of the occasion was the fact that the Y. M. C. A. which was situated in the village had run out of stores, and no cigarettes or tobacco was available; and anyone who is a smoker knows what a trial that was. Amongst those who were veterans, one whole cigarette and half another one. That evening before dusk, we heard a burst of a shrapnel shell, and soon afterwards we saw the work that it had done in the shape of a wounded man, with 17 shrapnel wounds in him. He was being carried away by the bearers, and as they beside it, he saw the well they let him down and asked him the usual question: 'Is there anything we can do for you, Mac?' We gave him that, and then asked if he needed anything more. He asked for a cigarette. Hardly had he spoken when this young fellow pulled out his cigarette case from his pocket and offered it to me. He said there was only one cigarette in it and said: 'I don't want to take your last cigarette, Mac. 'Oh, that's all right,' said the other, 'go ahead, I've got more.' It was the recording angel never noted that to his account and so for two torturous days that fellow endured the full because he had given unselfishly his last smoke to one who needed it. Rough and tough as at times when he got drunk almost objectionable, that young fellow when put to the test, displayed a spirit of unselfishness that would put to shame many of our good church-going people who would not look at him if they met him on the street. That was the spirit that displayed over there, and it is the spirit that is needed amongst us today. It is a true Christ-like characteristic, that of helping the other fellow, and I ask you to let it become a great guiding factor in your life.

"Then another characteristic was selflessness. It was a perfectly marvelous thing to me how the men overseas did manage to keep that spirit of cheerfulfulness. When I think of the Vimy sector, with its flooded trenches, when I think of its flooded lairs with its hell of shell fire, and its place of which Philip Gibbs has written so vividly declaring, 'that nothing has ever been written in more than of those battle fields, and that no pen or brush has yet achieved the picture of the Armageddon,' and when I think of the same, with its mud and its rain, the great thing that shines out is the cheerfulfulness of the men. That was never lost; true there were times when we all growled at our fate, but men always saw the great motive forces that kept them up, without it life would have stood the strain; here again it was the common place man who was often the most cheerful; and I cannot refrain from urging that you endeavor here today, and from now on to cultivate that spirit. You will find that it will be the means of making your difficulties lighter and will help you to get further along the pathway of life. Doubts and trials will resolve themselves away from before the man or woman who faces them cheerfully.

"Again there was displayed a great sense of loyalty. Men were loyal to their oath of allegiance, they were loyal to their king and to their corps commanders, and those who led them. Many times they could not understand the reason for certain actions, they could not see the end which was to be achieved, but that did not impair their loyalty. They trusted their Corps commander. They knew that he saw more of the battle front than they did, they knew that he was better placed with regard to making plans than they were, and so like those whom the poet has immortalized in the words:

"Their's not to feason why,
Their's not to make reply,
Their's but to obey
Whom their's to lead
And their's to follow."

"They trusted loyally and went forward. And does that loyalty displayed there teach us all the great lesson of loyalty to our Empire, and loyalty to our God. Loyalty to our Empire in obeying its laws, in living as true and good citizens of it, and in endeavoring to work for its welfare, and loyalty to our God as the Great Commander of our lives. We may not be able to fathom out His plans for us, or to foresee the end of them all, but let us realize that He makes no mistakes, and realizing that, let us give Him the same loyal hearted service that we and our fellows gave them put in command of us overseas.

"One other characteristic of the men of Canada overseas was their

chivalry, their protection of the weak and helpless. It was the proud boast of the Canadian Corps that its name had never been besmirched by any unchivalrous act and that the weak had always been protected by its members. One had only to come in contact with those who had been under German domination for any time to realize the great contrast between the two peoples. I remember standing in the main street of a little village just outside Cambrai and watching the refugees from Denain just then released from three and a half years of German domination, coming in. And as I watched I was struck by the cowed, broken look of them all. They sprang away from me when I went to speak to them, the little children covered down as if they expected a kick, or a blow instead of a kindly word, and when at last I won their confidence, the story they told was one of brutal treatment, of a blow instead of a word, of no respect paid to womanhood, or to the weak or the aged, and I could not but contrast it with the spirit of our men, how they helped those that could not help themselves; how they entered into the lives of those with whom they were billeted, and how the little children came to them fearlessly, knowing they were not going to be struck or kicked. Truly if in the olden days to be chivalrous was to bear the mark of a knight errant, and to set out on a man as noble man, then the Canadian soldier of today is as much entitled to be considered a nobleman as any of the knights of old. And I ask you to see, now that you are home, that that same reputation for chivalry be kept up. There is as much need for knight errants today as there was overseas. We have the weak and helpless with us yet, and still to be looked after. Nay let us realize that their weakness is a reason why they have a claim on us for protection.

"Again there is another lesson to be learned from those who have fallen the lesson of self-sacrifice, the willingness to sacrifice oneself for the cause. That is a characteristic which has enabled every one who has fallen, their whole lives shine out with the glory of sacrifice. Even the poorest among them has become a hero. Never till my dying day, will I ever forget the scene that presented itself to me on that Easter Sunday, April 8, 1917, as I stood there by the roadside at Escoives and watched the infantry gathering for the attack; as I watched them coming in from all sides, and looked into their faces, and saw there, not fear of the coming dawn, but pure confidence and hope, it seemed to me as if every one of them had been ennobled and glorified. A something shone there that was not of earth, a something that must have shone in the face of the Master as He steadfastly set His face towards Jerusalem. They were ennobled by the glory of self-sacrifice. And that spirit was displayed by all ranks—combatant and non-combatant. Not only in the heat of battle, when one's blood is fired, and it is easy, comparatively speaking, to do these things, was self-sacrifice displayed. Men have been just as ready to sacrifice themselves when there has been no excitement to fire their blood. Such was the case of Captain Scrimgeour, medical officer of the 14th Battalion, who was at Ypres when the Germans set it on fire. The shrapnel was coming through the burning rafters. Lying on the floor was a man powerless to aid himself and seeing him in that plight, and knowing how dangerous it was, Captain Scrimgeour lay on top of the man and protected him with his own body until the stretcher bearers rescued him. For this deed he won the Victoria Cross. Let me appeal to you to let a little more self-sacrifice be your way into your life. It will ennoble it, as it did those whose stories I have told you now. Above all it will display something of the spirit of the Master whom we all profess to serve and follow.

"And the last lesson we can learn is that of devotion to duty. It was that spirit of devotion that through the years, which gave the Canadian Corps such a high place. It was the glory of their story that men did their duty bravely in spite of all odds, in spite of all difficulties and obstacles that better exemplify that fact than the story of the battalion runner who was sent to carry an important message from the front line to the headquarters. Hardly had he set out on his hazardous undertaking before he was wounded, but staggering to his feet, he carried on only to be wounded again, but he set his teeth, and in spite of pain and weakness, still kept on with his message; a third time, when almost at his destination, he received a wound, but he bravely kept on, until arriving at the headquarters. But he had been faithful, he had done his duty, and men and women, what finer epitaph could be carved on our tombstone than that: 'He did his duty.' Are you, am I and hope this autumn to enter Knox doing our duty? Is that spirit in

our hearts, that flame which shows us our duty to our God, and to our fellowman.

"Today, as we here are at this memorial service as we think of those who sacrificed themselves for us, for that is what it amounts to, the words of my text take on a new significance. Today those words shine more brightly than ever before, 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend.' Today those who have fallen are glorified and ennobled by the sacrifice they made for us, but how about us. You will remember the remark that the Roman officer made to Paul, when Paul told him he was a Roman citizen 'With a great price obtained I this freedom,' and that phrase comes to me and forces me to consider it. We today are free, but our freedom was obtained at a great price, the price of the lives of our noblest and best, and I ask myself are we worth it all. Was the price too much to pay?

"It's summer time in Flanders now. Across the fields from ruined Ypres, shell-scarred Vlamerlinge, up over Kemmell Hill, and down through the quiet church yard of Loere, the breeze of summer is blowing, the scarlet poppies are nodding, nodding in the breeze, the white daisies bend their heads and the blue cornflowers sway from side to side, and as the breeze passes by, passes by it seems to linger around those graves that lie row upon row in peaceful rest, and as it lingers, there comes a message from those who lie there, keeping an eternal, deathless watch. And this is the message that it brings, 'Oh, men and women of Canada, we who lie here, keeping watch, have died for you. Gladly and willingly have we cost, because we knew that only by sacrifice can life be gained. We died to save the weak, the helpless, the oppressed. Now we pass on our task to you who live. You, in your turn must play your part.

Take up your quarrel with the foe; To from failing hands we throw the torch; Be yours to hold it high. If ye break faith with us who die, We shall not sleep, though poppies grow In Flanders fields.

"To us has been given the task of keeping faith with those who died, of seeing that their sacrifice was not made in vain, and to us there comes the call today to fulfill our obligations to the dead. They died in an effort to break the power of militarism, and to make this world of ours safe for humanity; and to us is given the chance of completing the work they so nobly began. Let us first of all make this Canada of ours a country worthy of such a sacrifice, and then let us try to hasten the day when war shall be impossible, for all men will be brothers; and such an idea is not an impossible one, for if we have faith—we shall see, as Julia Ward Howe saw, the vision of a new day, the new dawn.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord, He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored, He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword, His truth is marching on. I have seen Him in the watch fires of an hundred circling camps; They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps His day is marching on. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat, He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat; Oh be swift my soul to answer Him, Be jubilant my feet. Our God is marching on. In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea, With a Glory on His bosom, that transfigures you and me, As He died to make men free, While God is marching on.

FOR SALE—Gas range. Apply at Post office. 29-3p

FOR SALE—Top buggy, McLaughlin, first class condition; cheap for cash. Apply Booth & Pond. 29-3c

For Sale—Five acres of mixed hay, timothy and clover; good crop. Apply Thomas Gray, Varenay, R. R. 3, Jarvis. 28-3p

For Sale—McClary, Pandora cook stove, warming closet. Apply L. A. Laur. 28-3c

For sale—Young pigs, six weeks old. Apply A. F. Hoskins, R. R. No. 1, Jarvis; Phone 4r14. 28-3p

LOST—On June 17, Purple, hand-knitted scarf, white stripes across ends. Return to Record Office. 1p

FOR SALE—A quantity of Red boxes for 25 cents on the bushes; find your own containers. Robert Miller, Jarvis. 5-3p

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Monday, 4.30 p. m.—Junior Auxiliary in Schoolroom.
Tuesday, 2.30 p. m.—Women's Auxiliary.
All are cordially invited to attend these services.

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Services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday, Y. P. S. Friday at 8 p. m.
You are invited to these services.
Choir practice Friday at 9 p. m.

Wesley Methodist—
REV. G. SMITHERMAN, Pastor.
Services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.

Garnet Methodist—
1.30 p. m.—Sunday School
2.30 p. m.—Church Service.
Epworth League and Prayer Meeting on Friday evening at 8 p. m.

Unclassified Want Ads.

FOR SALE—Gas range. Apply at Post office. 29-3p

FOR SALE—Top buggy, McLaughlin, first class condition; cheap for cash. Apply Booth & Pond. 29-3c

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