

THE JARVIS RECORD

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Statesman or Politician

When the men and women of today were the children of yesterday, they studied history just as the children of today studied it.

But then they studied of the statesmen of the nations. Now few people are heard to speak of statesmen. And the question arises, has the politician taken the place of the statesman? The children were taught to look up to the statesman. He was something that was above petty bickerings, petty ways to sway the people. His life was dedicated to that which would be best for the nation.

Politician does not express any such an ideal. Even the word seems to leave a bad taste. The people see as his whole ambition the getting of votes, the staying in power.

But if such is the case, who is to blame? Human nature does not change. Men big enough to be statesmen as there were statesmen in the past, are still born and they have opportunities of better training than ever before.

The struggle of class against class, of trade against trade, of capital against labor, of rural dweller against city dweller, is getting more bitter every day. Governments must cater to the class that elects him or he will be allowed to stay at home in future. His hands are bound. Of course, the people must rule, but when that rule becomes class rule, rule that is harmful to one class so that another class may benefit, the politician stays in the government and the statesman stays at home.

If the people are ruled by politicians instead of statesmen, it is by their own asking. If a government plays petty politics it is because the majority of the people voted for that kind of thing. The people ask for what they want when they cast their ballot. If they do not realize the far-reaching results of those things for which they ask, they cannot blame the instrument which they select to carry out their wishes, no matter whether he be politician or statesman.

Just Politics

The United States is finding that its high tariff wall against Canadian products, especially wheat, is not the cure-all for the United States farmer it was supposed to be.

It is being revealed as a vote-getting piece of legislation to catch the farmer, regardless of the real result, just plain every day politics such as they play over there—as well as in lots of other countries.

The following is the way The New York Commercial views the high tariff:

"Canada's crop of spring wheat is estimated at 470,000,000 bushels, the largest she has ever raised. This increase must be due to largely increased acreage, or else the same conditions of growth would be recognized in our own spring wheat territory, as nature recognizes no political boundaries. The effect of the announcement of this large addition to North American wheat has been to depress prices in all North American markets, our own included.

"United States farmers have begun to wonder what good a thirty-cent tariff is if it does not prevent the decline of our wheat in competition with Canadian wheat. The increase in tariff was designed to prevent that very thing, and it seems to be a woeful failure just as all the other legislative nostrums have been that have been thrown to the farmer. The farm bloc, with much howling of trumpets and

besting of tom-toms, announced the marvelous things it had done for the benefit of the farmers, including this higher tariff, the regulation of grain exchanges, putting a dirt farmer on the Federal Reserve Board and like novelties. They have had absolutely no effect. The price of wheat is governed by economic law. As long as we produce an exportable surplus we must compete in the world's markets, and world prices will govern American prices on both sides of the border.

"An import tariff on products that we export is just plain bunk, which the farmers will come to understand in due time."

Saving the Anthracite Chains

In 1914 steam vessels to the amount of 1,721,747 gross tons were burning oil. Today the oil burners amount to 15,004,548 gross tons out of a total of approximately 60,000,000 tons for the entire world. This astonishing development is not due merely to the fact that shipowners have been turning more and more to oil burners when constructing new tonnage. It is also due to the actual conversion of former coal burners into oil burners. Some of the most famous vessels on the ocean, such as the record-breaking Mauretania, are among those altered to burn a different fuel.

The advantages of oil were first availed of on a large scale for the war vessels of the leading navies. Higher speeds were obtained, ship crews were reduced and less time consumed in loading. These and other advantages have led to the progressive establishment of the world's merchant fleet on a similar oil-burning basis. Formerly it was not an infrequent occurrence for a transatlantic liner to have her sailing delayed by trouble with stokers who might be striking for higher pay or for other changed conditions. The work of a stoker on an ocean liner has many times been painted as one of the most trying forms of human labor. Ship sailings were also delayed when there were strikes along the waterfront and when the hands necessary to load a vessel with coal were not available.

So far as information is available, no one of the many oil-burning ships has yet been delayed by any labor trouble relating to filling her oil tanks. If there has been labor trouble in connection with the work formerly done by the stokers and now largely automatic, these occasions have been few. Formerly it took several days for a transatlantic liner to have her coal supply replenished. Now all that is necessary is to pipe the oil into her tanks. In an emergency it has been found possible to send one of the great liners back within twenty-four hours.

It is apparent that what the shipowner has done the householder can do and with some very similar advantages. Such a change in the heating of our houses as has taken place in the production of steam on ocean-going vessels within the last nine years would come pretty near knocking the anthracite business into a cocked hat. It would put many mines and miners out of business.

Facts and Fancies

Laid it on With Palette Knife
Miss Passe—Ah, Mr. Brush, I wish you could paint me as I was ten years ago.

Portrait painter (heroically)—I'm afraid children's portraits are not in my line.

No Hasty Judgment
What your mirror tells you, you may depend upon as the result of reflection.

The Doctor Was Out
She was a maid who had been with the doctor for years, and the habitual expression of those years could not easily be laid aside.

not heard of his death, called and was admitted.
"I would like to see Doctor H," he said.
"I'm sorry," said the maid, "but the doctor is dead."
Stricken by this intelligence, the visitor sat silent for a minute, when the maid said: "Will you—will you wait?"

New He-Pays Other Things
Wife—You never pay me any compliments on my appearance as you did before we were married.
Hub—That's all right. I paid fully in advance then.

A Left-Handed Emergency
Bystander (after accident)—That woman doesn't look as if she needed a doctor.
Doctor—S-h! I need patients.

Without Stabilizer
"Brown's is another one of those single track minds."
"Yes, and its a monorail at that."

An Insanitation
He—Don't you think Miss Thirty-odd looks awfully sweet this evening?
She (jealous)—Oh, I suppose so, but I never did care for preserves.

Rehearsal Called for 1924
"All the world's a stage," and with leap year approaching, it is time for every prudent young woman in the cast to be picking out a leading man to "support" her.

Song of Cheer
Why should we mind the weather?
And why should we repine?
We're in this world together—
Praise God! for rain or shine.

Failed to Sell Cinema Rights
Achilles was dragging the body of Hector around the walls of Troy at the tail of his chariot.
"I wish one of those Hollywood scenario writers could see this," he muttered, lashing the horses still harder.

Later, however, he acknowledged that Homer wrote the thing up in a fairly good style.

A Prophylactic Pussay
Ad in exchange—"For sale, furniture, beds, sanitary cat, mattresses, etc. Phone Park 252."

Our Flip Flivverites
Having escaped by a close shave, the pedestrian turned and gave the fair autoist a long "mean look."
"Mercy!" she exclaimed to her companion as she restarted her car, "they ought to make him put dimmers on that glare."

The New Chronology
"Where are you going, Lou?"
"Up to visit a friend of mine, Sue."
"How long are you gonna stay?"
"One permanent wave."

Why the Congregation Tittered
English Vicar (making announcement)—Next Sunday being egg day on behalf of our cottage hospital, will the congregation lay their eggs in the font as they come into church?

The Manuscripts of God
The Word of God in printed phrase is read by men in divers ways—
We spell, we doubt, and some forget.
That printed type is backward set.
But when the Print is hard to read,
By dint of more or less of creed,
The manuscript of God remains—
Writ large in waves and woods and lanes.

And there we find the morning star;
We lift our eyes—the hills are near—
In rainbow tints, between the lines,
We read it where the Promise shines!

DISCOUNT AND PREMIUM
"What will you take for that team?"
Courtney Royce stroked admiringly the near horse of a team of carefully matched greys.
"Do you want to buy?"
"I think so. I shall have to get a new rig for the hospital work."
"Is the contract awarded?" asked the other man, with interest.
"No, but it might as well be. It lies between Hooper and me, and I happen to know that my bid is a good deal lower than his. And as for the bond, they're not to be compared."
Courtney spoke proudly.
"Oh, the bond's all right," replied the driver of the greys, laughing.
"Well, you can have them for a fair price."
"I want a good team," said Courtney. "I'll see you again when the matter's settled."
He went off, holding his head a little higher than usual. It was no wonder, perhaps. A great charitable institution, which had its headquarters three miles from Stanton, was about to let the contracts to pro-

vide the different branches. There were market cottages for old people, a children's hospital, and a general hospital. The contract was important. Courtney felt that he was sure to win the business for the year. Alexander Hooper, his only real rival, was in a smaller way of business, and had not his advantages.

The same day old Doctor Horne met the banker, who was one of the trustees of the institution, and drove him home to dinner.

"You must be about ready to let out the contract," the doctor said. Courtney Royce will get it, I suppose."
"I'm not at all sure of that," Mr. Fisher replied.

"His tender's the lowest, isn't it?"
"Yes."
"He has his father-in-law's bond. You couldn't get better."
"No. And Alexander Hooper has nothing but his own bond to offer. But personally I like Hooper's offer better."

The doctor laughed.
"How do you make that out?"
"By taking everything into consideration. You are looking at the circumstances and forgetting the men."
"Courtney Royce is all right."
"Just so. But don't you think if the wholesale house offered him a little cheaper grade of goods for our use it would suit him about as well, always provided the cheaper goods looked pretty much like the other?"
"As well, and a little better," the doctor said. Yet Royce is not a dishonest man."

"You have to discount a little for character in his case, that's all." Mr. Fisher said. "You take him at a discount and not at a premium."
"That's true," assented the doctor. "Would you say the same of Alexander Hooper?"

"No." Doctor Horne's answer was emphatic. "If you were willing to take an inferior article, Alexander Hooper wouldn't give it to you."
"Character at a premium," said Mr. Fisher. Don't you think we could afford to pay a little more on the year's contract, and award it to Hooper?"

Courtney Royce did not buy the greys. He never could understand why the contract went to Alexander Hooper. "Influence!" he grumbled, and did not guess that it was the influence of character.

ANCIENT PIT-TOWN ON LAKE SUPERIOR
Major William P. Ferguson, of Franklin, Pa., discoverer of the pit-town on Isle Royal, a group of islands thirty-one miles from Port Arthur, in Lake Superior, has just returned to the latter town, after completing his fourth year of exploration of the uncovered pits of ancient origin in which dwelt miners of prehistoric age, and so far unidentified with any of the races existent today.

The work of exploration has been carried on by Major Ferguson. For four summers up to this year the work has been financed by him. The discovery of the pit town was made through a number of depressions in the surface of the island. The town was located near Hay Bay, across Siskiwit Bay and near Siskiwit River, which the Major has renamed Silbey River.

His work so far has been successful in that he has uncovered and excavated five of the pits and has found a number of stone hammers and stone axes, which he believes were used by the people in mining copper. The deepest of the pits is about sixteen feet from the top of the soil and cut into the solid rock. The largest of the pits so far uncovered is about twenty-five feet square and is surrounded by ramparts measuring about 100 feet in length and about fifty-four feet in breadth.

A Bit Mixed
A tourist in Scotland was boastfully told by a resident of Tain that the place was a most noteworthy one, being one of the old royal burghs of the country. "Why, his informant went on, "its charter was granted by King David himself."
"Dear, dear me!" exclaimed the tourist. "You don't tell me so. Was that the—gentleman who wrote the Psalms?"

Light Moments of the Great
"When the candles are out all women are rifts," said Phtarch.
Emerson called the bee the "animated torrid zone."
Of a suitor for his daughter Themistocles said: "I would rather have a man that wants money than money that wants a man."
Henry Ford—"The 'new order' is upon us. The old crowd is in the saddle, but the horse is dead."
"We fancy everybody is thinking of us, but he is not; he is like us—he is thinking of himself." [Charles Reade.]



FOR SALE—Two choice lots, one on Main St., and one on Talbot St. Both in business section, now on the market. Apply P. E. Armstrong.

IT WOULD BE RISKY

The court was getting rather tired of the assault case. One witness in particular never seemed to be able to understand the questions put to him.

"What we want to get at," said counsel, "is who was the aggressor?"
"Eh," said the large, bull-necked witness doubtfully.

"Let me explain," said counsel patiently. "If I met you in the street and struck you in the face, I should be the aggressor."
"You'd be a bloomin' idiot," muttered the witness.

"No, no, you don't understand, my man. Suppose I struck you without provocation, I would be committing an act of aggression."
"Excuse me, gov-nor, you'd be committing suicide," declared the witness darkly.

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