

## THE JARVIS RECORD

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1925

### EFFORTS BEING MADE TO ORGANIZE R. MAIL COURIERS

Efforts are being made to organize the rural mail couriers in this district and an appeal is being made to get them to organize similar to the Norfolk couriers. An organization of this kind will not only benefit the courier, but will improve the present system as well.

Through the efforts of the Norfolk Mail Couriers' Association and with the assistance of Mr. J. Alex Wallace, M.P., the rural mail couriers are granted the legal holidays. It is no more than fair that they should receive the same treatment as all other Civil Service employees. If the people would stop and consider for one moment they would realize that the rural mail couriers are the poorest paid servants working for the government. The system of "tendering" is wrong. There should be an examination as to whether a man can read and write; his eyesight should be good, physically fit and have an average amount of intelligence. There was, a time, when the rural mail service was first started, that it was considered to be an old, worn out man's job. There are a great many regulations to be observed and now a large amount of parcel post has to be carried. Also, the mail courier is required to carry a sufficient amount of stamps to cover the needs of the route (to be paid for out of his own pocket); so a young or middle aged man is required. When a mail route is advertised and tenders are posted up, the inexperienced man, perhaps, tenders a few dollars lower and gets the route and the well tried man loses his job. If a man is giving good satisfaction, why change for the few dollars that may be between his retaining his old job.

We are very anxious to have all the counties organize. Following is a copy of the rules and regulations of the Rural Mail Couriers' Association:

#### NORFOLK RURAL MAIL-COURIERS' ASSOCIATION

Rules and Regulations governing the above:

1. Consisting of the following Officers—President, Vice President, Secretary-Treasurer and a Committee of Five.

2. Membership Fees, covering one year, Fifty Cents.

3. Annual Meeting to be held the first Wednesday in May.

4. Objects of the Order: A—Couriers should be given Legal Holidays. B—That the Couriers be placed under the Civil Service Commission. C—Direct co-operation between the Association and the Post Office Department. D—To place all boxes on the right hand side of the road.

Following are the Executive, and can be reached through their respective Post Offices:

President, Major D. Burch, Simcoe; Vice Pres., David Bertling, Delhi; Sec.-Treas., H. S. Montgomery, Delhi.

Committee—David Ewing, Watford; A. B. Fick, Port Rowan; P. E. Wilson, Tillsonburg; Mr. Ward, Port Dover.

P.S.—The information that comes from Ottawa is to the effect that they are in sympathy with our movement, and as soon as we can get thoroughly organized all over, we will get all reasonable remands. We would urge you to organize, and if you require any of our officers to meet your Couriers, let us know.

### LETTER TO THE EDITOR

#### AN ACTUAL EXPERIENCE

To the Editor of the Jarvis Record.

What wonderful sidelights children can throw, all unawares, when two or three of them get into serious discussions, and how unfortunate, that we Very Busy Grownups cannot overhear and avail ourselves of these flashes, coming straight from the viewpoint of childhood.

Three small persons, from three different schools, were discussing, Sunday, what each proposed doing with school money earned at the fall fair. The eldest, with obvious resignation in his voice, said they were going to buy games, of course, same as usual. And when asked, "Let's see, what games did you kids get last year?"

## OBITUARY

MR. S. L. MILLER, VANCOUVER.  
(Tommy's Friend)

### AN APPRECIATION

By "Tommy."

The Caithness Colony in Vancouver received a great shock recently when the news of the sudden death of Mr. Sinclair Laird Miller ("Tommy's Friend") was published. Mr. Miller, who was on the staff of the Technical School, succumbed to an attack of heart disease after a few days' illness. A brief notice appeared in the "John O'Groat Journal" of July 31st.

Mr. Miller was born in Ontario, of Caithness parentage, and had a warm place in his heart for the land of his fathers, with a most intimate knowledge of its geography and history, which he thoroughly supplemented some years ago when he toured the country with his father, now also deceased. Often we travelled in memory of the roads of the grey north, crossed Pentland to Stroma, visited the old castles studding the coast, and talked over old worthies known to us both. I had many a time blushing to acknowledge my ignorance of Caithness affairs, matters which seemed of first

answered, "Oh, I forgot. A lot of stuff that got broken and lost a long time ago."

A year is usually a long time to a child, and then added, "Now if she'd taken and bought us a genuine college football I say it'd be something like, and something at would o' lasted. If I ever get 'nough money o' my own I'm going to have one."

Then the second child, one who had evidently heard the subject discussed by her elders, spoke with much gravity and wisdom in her tones. Was it a radio talk she made me think of? She stated their funds were going for books for the library, as usual, and then went on in protest "Why our school looks no more like a real school than anything!! People drive by, look in—hm—either a deserted school or a jail. Why when you drive along the city streets you know a school the minute you see it. Nice bright flag on the top, gay work pasted on the windows, cut outs of birds, flowers and animals; turning poles in the yard for the children to swing and hang and climb on; teeter tawtlers for the little ones; and slides, and great cable swings which won't break for the children to go

"Up in a swing,  
Up in the air so blue—  
Why, as Robt. Louis Stevenson says in our book

"Oh I do think it's the pleasantest thing,  
Ever a child can do."

Upon questioning all three of the children, I found not one owned a swing at home—"ceptin' a tire from our apple tree," the youngest informed me. The other two admitted "there wasn't no time for swingin' at home, with chores 'n everything—not like there would be noon hour at school and recesses."

The youngest was then urged to tell what they proposed to do with their money and said there was talk of a Halloween party. "Oh, what fun," the others exclaimed. "Wish ours'd do that, wouldn't it be great?" "Well, I dunno," the small boy said, "Maybe for those who can go—but only just for ONE NIGHT!! My ma won't let me go, after dark and the money 'll be all spent, and what fun 'll I have out of it."

When urged by the others to tell his ideas he launched out in true boy fashion, and as I listened I thought I saw in him a future philanthropist. He said there was just two kids who had cellars and could keep apples all winter. "O' course," he said, "I'm pretty lucky, I stand in with both and get the cores nearly every time. But I often thought if that cellar at school was our'n, or if I was a rich man, I'd put barrels and barrels of apples down there, for all the kids, for all winter long. How many barrels of apples would our school money buy?" he asked wistfully.

There then followed a discussion on that, ending in making much fun of that small boy who was always thinking of his stomach, and when asked if he would be satisfied if he saw a great, great big bin of apples in the school house basement, he considered a moment and said: "Well, there's ONE THING more I'd like—if our teacher'd buy a big bag o' hickory nuts and a hammer with 'em and us kids could bring old flat irons, so's we could each have a bag of hickory nuts and each have two or three apples every day at noon." Elements there of a born manager. I asked him, didn't they ever have any nuts at home and he said shaking his head, "Nope, not at home; but say, from their cousin and often brings a match box full and shares up with all of us!!"

Think of it, friends, apples and nuts in abundance and no one to place them where they would be appreciated. And think of our busy and less fortunate neighbors in the city who find children with free breakfasts and lunches, as well as playground supervisors and playground equipment.

A SUBSCRIBER.

hand knowledge to himself.

Mr. Miller was a man of erudite knowledge, and would have been more at home as a Professor of Canadian History than in the position he so ably and honourably filled in the Technical School. But his heart was in the work, he loved the boys, and his aim was to seek their educational and moral welfare. He refused tempting offers to serve in wider and fairer fields, but his allegiance to the school which he had helped to make stand on its pioneer feet never wavered.

As a contributor to your columns he was known to all your readers. The "Groat" was read by him regularly, and in his methodical way he filed them all away.

#### Memorial Service and Funeral

A memorial service was held in Vancouver at the church to which he belonged, and the remains were then conveyed to his old home at Jarvis, Ontario, accompanied by Mr. A. Innes, president of the Caithness Society, of which Mr. Miller was the prime mover, and the success of which was due in no small measure to his enthusiastic support and tireless work.

The funeral at his old home was one of the largest ever seen there, relatives and friends and old pupils assembling to do the last honors to one who was a friend to all. In that par-

ticular part of the country, there is quite a Caithness Colony, and the Millers themselves form quite a clan. "Uncle Bob," now far advanced in life but still hale and in possession of all his faculties; his brothers, George and Emerson, and his five sisters, with all the cousins, formed a group by themselves, and floral tributes came from all over Canada, including a last token of affection and regard from the Vancouver Caithness. The scene was very impressive as all that was mortal of a fine man was laid in the bosom of kindly mother earth he so dearly loved.

I had known Mr. Miller for the last twelve years, and the more I knew him the more I respected him for his manliness, charity of mind, and true worth. He exercised a wholesome influence wherever he went, especially when he mixed with the young, and many a successful young man to-day owes everything to the wise counsel and good example of his old teacher. His loss is sadly felt among a wide circle of friends, and deep sympathy has been extended to his sorrowing widow and relatives. But the memory of his personality remains, and though he has passed over the dividing line his influence is still with us. He rests from his labors, but his works follow him.—From John O'Groat Journal, Wick, Scotland.

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No. 204—arr Jarvis ..... 11.00 a.m.  
No. 205—lv for St. Thomas 11.25 a.m.  
No. 206—arr Jarvis ..... 8.40 p.m.  
No. 207—lv for St. Thomas 8.45 p.m.  
From Canfield Jc. to Port Dover  
No. 123—arr Jarvis ..... 8.30 a.m.  
No. 124—lv for Pt. Dover 8.55 a.m.  
No. 125—arr Jarvis ..... 8.10 p.m.  
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No. 210—arr Jarvis ..... 8.50 p.m.  
No. 211—lv for Hamilton 9.10 p.m.  
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No. 111—arr Jarvis ..... 7.45 a.m.  
No. 112—lv for Canfield Jc. 7.50 a.m.  
No. 113—arr Jarvis ..... 8.40 p.m.  
No. 114—lv for Canfield Jc. 8.15 p.m.

## Breaking New Ground in the Rockies



(1) Surveying the Glacier from a neighboring peak. (2) Paul McIntyre, 19-year-old son of J. B. McIntyre, of Providence R. I., with the Swiss guide, Charles H. Haeuser, entering the newly discovered ice cave on the Illcillewaet Glacier at Glacier House, B. C. (3) The summit of the Illcillewaet Glacier.

The fastnesses of the Rockies abound in virgin territory never touched by the foot of man and one of the latest of these to be traversed is the Illcillewaet Glacier where photo above gives a good idea. It was found by Chris Haeuser, one of the Swiss guides stationed at Glacier House, and the ascent to it was made in September by a family to Glacier, the guide and W. J. Oliver of Calgary. Mr. Oliver describes the adventure as follows:

"It was a glorious day. Mount Sir Donald was crowned with a circular cloud like a halo; the vegetation was at its peak and with the early morning dew the valley was filled with a delightful fragrance. After walking through massive timber we gradually emerged into jackpine, brush, and on to the tongue of the Glacier. Here were the headwaters of the Illcillewaet River. Wending its way down the steep valley from this huge slower, our good trail had been left far behind; the first 1,500 feet was over rock and moraine, crossing freshets and miniature waterfalls from the ice above. As soon as we reached the ice we adjusted the crampons to our feet, these crampons are made of iron and are similar to a

small bobble each having 12 spikes distributed evenly over the surface and about 1 1/2 inches long.

"Travelling along these huge crevasses is very thrilling, at times there was only a walking surface of ice two feet and on either side of this narrow ledge of ice were drops from 1,200 feet. Chris Haeuser the Swiss Guide led the way course over the ice field was continually brought to a halt on account of a huge gulch in the ice being too wide to cross, we would then have to travel either up or down cross. Finally we located the place narrow enough to cross. Along the base of one of these huge crevasses, it proved like the sands after an ebbing tide and with the strong sunlight that was coming in at its entrance these pieces of jutting ice scintillated like huge diamonds. Right in the centre stood the Swiss Peaks and Mt. Hermit.

"Leaving here we travelled on to the ice seracs near the top of the Glacier and it made the unaccustomed run around these ice columns and up and down the sides of their steep ice banks like children at play."



Give this little fellow a job! If you have a house and want to sell it, let him sell it for you. He'll do it. If you want to find a buyer for your automobile, let him find you one. If it's hired help you need, use his services in filling your needs. He will sell cattle, pigs or implements. Try him. And he's useful in many other ways. Who is he? He's the Result-Getting

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