

THE JARVIS RECORD

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TOMORROW'S CANADIANS

Ten years from now the children who go trooping back to the schools next Tuesday have the destinies of Canada in their hands and its burden upon their shoulders. They may be in some sudden and terrific crisis of events as yet unforeseen, the balance of political power in the modern world. Difficulties of a sort ever contemplated by Canadians a generation ago, and certainly not predicted in textbooks, will confront them. We are considered among the foremost nations today, and we are growing stronger in material ways, and to be strong is to invite the envy and suspicion and even the enmity of others. In the end the ultimate test of fitness to survive is applied, not through a nation's pocketbook or its skyscrapers or its railway lines or even its military resources but through the fiber of its collective spirit. By what they understood and felt and desired rather than by what they possessed, great civilizations of the past rose and fell. What the Canada of the future will know and feel and desire are being determined in the schools today.

The educational system of the country, therefore, has a man's size task to contend with. Sometimes it seems necessary to wonder whether it is equal to what it has to do. A great many people are coming to feel that the public schools and the colleges are alike too ready to teach worship of material success alone. Other critics of the public schools insist that their system of training is sketchy, superficial and quite unrelated to the unescapable and pressing realities of politics, business, international affairs or everyday life itself. Certainly the old and pleasant legends and the old romantic delusions of our untroubled past seem largely to dominate the thinking of the schools and to obscure a good many unpleasant truths with which the country must deal realistically now and in the future.

You hear little in modern classrooms of the hidden causes of wars, of the actualities of the struggle for economic survival or triumph, of the unpleasant facts of contemporary politics or of the meaning of social cross-currents now felt but not understood in many parts of the world. The schools for their part are up against the habitual unwillingness of people to face unhappy truths. Even the children nowadays demand to be amused rather than enlightened. Life in Canada is much easier for everybody than it used to be. There is no great general incentive to set generation after generation to toiling for knowledge. There is instead a great tendency to coddle and flatter the young in every sort of school, and there are times when every road that leads to knowledge seems barricaded by faddish and hampering devices of one sort or another. High schools, for example, must be glorious in architecture and spacious and generally reminiscent of the legendary romanticism of college life. Even in the junior grades the public school

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children exhibit a strong tendency to ape the manners of the universities when instead they should be learning to spell. The most difficult thing that teachers have to do, it seems to me, is to convince many of the spoiled children of these times that the public educational system has a serious purpose and that the knowledge which it seeks to impart to the Canadians of tomorrow is not only necessary to a full and happy life but may prove in a crisis to be the best means of national defense.

It is often argued that the public schools and colleges will have to learn to look forward and not backward for their inspiration. The force that have been altering the social, political and economic habits of the world are rather complex. They are not always called by their right names. The Canadian of tomorrow, if he is to be a useful citizen, should be able to identify them.

STORES AND THE PUBLIC

On political issues the world cannot agree; in matters of religion there are eternal differences of opinion; all people have ideas of their own; but in matters of commerce, on a point we all agree: everyone wants to see his home town prosper and grow.

The way to a growing, prosperous community is through good stores. And the way to good stores is through good homes. Buy away from home and watch your town die.

Some experts contend that good trading facilities build population and real estate values; others say that good stores follow population, but again, all agree that local prosperity can never come until adequate trading facilities are established.

No town was ever built by money sent to mail order houses or spent in the neighboring city. They are the dollars that build the big cities and their large mercantile fortunes.

A large part of the dollar spent in the home community remains there. It travels from home to the grocer, to the butcher, to the hardware merchant, and so on around the whole wheel of home trade. Spent out of town the dollar has gone forever.

Every community likes to take a pride in its stores. And yet those stores, which are expected to keep up to the community standard, do not receive all of the shopping dollars. Stores are what the customers, not the proprietors, make them.

RECORD RAMBLINGS

A better refrigerator enables people to save for days the scraps they should have given the dog last week.

There's nothing in the Darwin theory. Who ever heard of a mob of monkeys killing one of their kind?

Yet all other people would seem as fine as your friends if they liked you as well as your friends do.

Anyway, a flier drowned at sea advances science as much as a football player's broken neck advances learning.

SANDUSK

Quite a number from around here attended the re-opening and anniversary of the United church at Chépside on Sunday, August 25th.

Miss Eva Doughty, of Buffalo hospital, is visiting her parents here this week.

Walter Hill is going to run a large service car from here to the Cayuga High school and on to the Dunnville Business College and High school.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Inson have returned home after a pleasant visit with relatives in this vicinity.

Mr. David and Walter Hill were busy unloading several car loads of Scottish Fertilizer last week at their shipping points.

We are sorry to report that Mr. W. Bray's little daughter shows very little improvement.

A number of our local boys have gone to help in the Western grain fields. Good luck, boys.

Threshing is the order of the day, but the grain and seed crops are not very good.

THE ROMANCE OF

(Continued from Page 1)

than any other man in Canada. Leaving Port Dover by the paved road, on route to Port Ryerson, a side trip to the town of Simcoe is worthwhile. Simcoe is the possessor of a memorial tower with a carillon of twenty-four bells, weighing altogether three-quarters of a ton and the smallest fifty-six pounds. The tower is in Lynwood Park and was erected by the people of Norfolk county at a cost of forty thousand dollars. The music of these bells has been broadcast by radio on various occasions, and should the tourist happen along when a programme is being given, a musical treat is assured, for, like the famed Bells of Shannon, they sound far more grandly on the pleasant waters of the River Lynn.

From Simcoe to Port Ryerson you get a good tarvia road half the distance, the last half being stone and sand, but a good road nevertheless, and well travelled. The good folks of Norfolk county may well point with pride to the little village of Port Ryerson, nestled at the mouth of Young's Creek on the shore of Lake Erie. It was here one hundred and thirty-five years ago that Joseph Ryerson, U.E.L., father of Egerton Ryerson, the founder of the public school system of Ontario, came as a settler. Samuel Ryerson, U.E.L., a captain of New Jersey volunteers in the American Revolution and a brother of Joseph, was the first person to settle at this point and the village is named after him.

For some reason or other the spelling of this old pioneer name changed from Ryerson to Ryerson, and it is the latter form that the people of Ontario are most familiar with.

Near the gateway leading into the churchyard of Port Ryerson Church is a bronze tablet in honor of the pioneers who sleep their last sleep in the little cemetery in the churchyard. These were the families who first braved the loneliness, the privations and perils of the unknown wilderness of Upper Canada, and who created new homes in a strange land for themselves and their children. They cleared the forest, blazed the roads, bridged the fords, drained the swamps, introduced British institutions, laws and ordered liberty, and men and women alike, sacrificed and endured that their descendants might enjoy in peace and comfort the fruits of their toil.

Joseph Ryerson, the pioneer, had six sons, five of whom were eminent pioneer preachers, and a good story is told of John Ryerson, one of the preacher sons, and a brother of Egerton, who was a party to a clever scheme whereby the lives of two men were saved after they had been sentenced to be hanged. It happened in the village of Vittoria, a few miles to the north-west of Port Ryerson, and it was a case of Damon and Pythias over again. The two men were charged with that heinous pioneer offense known as ox stealing, for which they were tried and sentenced to be hanged. A certain Doctor Rolph, who was a friend of Rev. John Ryerson, connived with that gentleman to save the lives of the condemned men. It was arranged that the doctor would ride to Toronto on a fast horse, with a largely signed petition, and intercede with the governor of the province to have the men pardoned. If the doctor did not return before the day set for the execution, the Rev. Ryerson was to take the prayer and pray as long as he possibly could, in order to delay the carrying out of the sentence, hoping in the meantime for the arrival of Dr. Rolph with the pardon.

The fateful day arrived but the doctor with the pardon was not to be found nor was there any tidings of him. Soon the sheriff arrived at the jail, and the men were led out to die. The two unfortunates mounted the gallows, the customary preliminaries were soon over, the ropes adjusted and the sheriff was informed that all blessing or prayer. The Rev. John Ryerson got down on his knees and began to pray. He prayed for twenty minutes, which in those days was a common occurrence, but it strung out to forty minutes, then one hour, until finally, after praying for an hour and a half, there was a sudden commotion, and someone called out: "Here comes the doctor."

Sure enough it was Dr. Rolph, tearing along the road at breakneck speed, his horse covered with foam, and bearing in his hand the reprieve. Rev. John Ryerson in the meantime brought his prayer to a close, as he was nearly exhausted. The sheriff, upon being presented with the official papers, ordered the two men taken back to jail, and three months later they were released. We will leave Port Ryerson and follow the lake shore road westward through a beautiful farming country, for a distance of about three miles, which brings us to Fisher's Glen.

This beautiful spot was very badly abused during the war of 1812-14. Mr. Donald Fisher, a descendant of the original settlers of this district, was in a reminiscent mood when we called on him at his resi-

dence in the Glen which bears his name. A way back in the days when the nineteenth century was in its swaddling clothes, this spot was known as Newport. It was the commercial center of the district, boasting either one or two distilleries, a sawmill, a grist-mill and the indispensable "depot" store the remains of which are still to be seen, where everything from buttons to brass washing pans were sold to the farmers and intending settlers, who in hinch-pix wagons drawn by oxen, were journeying through the country, as well as those making the trip by boat.

In the old days there were extensive docks on the lake shore where the products of the mills and distilleries as well as the surrounding country, were shipped in boats, the property of Cross and Fisher. But the old grist-mill, that monument of peace and prosperity, even in our own times, was doomed to an inglorious fate during the dying hours of the war with the United States.

In late fall of 1814, while waiting for the commissioners of Great Britain and the United States, who were sitting in council at Ghent, striving to agree upon terms of peace, detachments of the American army under various leaders, in order to pass away the time, made frequent raids along the Lake Erie shore from one hundred Americans and Indians at Port Talbot, near the present city of St. Thomas, nearly one hundred settlers were thrown naked and destitute on the world and robbed of all their horses as well as their household furniture.

In a similar manner, the village of Dover (Port Dover) had been destroyed by these vandals during the course of the summer, but the devastation which marked the course of a horde of mounted men from Kentucky, under Brigadier General M. Artland, in the month of November, exceeded everything. The country through which they passed was given up to indiscriminate plunder, the settlements were reduced to ashes, and the miserable inhabitants were left to perish with cold and hunger.

It was during this raid that the settlement of Newport was partly destroyed. The old grist-mill down in the Glen which derived its power from the same stream that today flows peacefully through the grounds, was burned as well as several barns along with their contents. A few old oak beams still remain embedded in the banks of the stream, mute evidence of those stirring times. As it was November and cold weather, the Kentuckians knew better than to destroy the distilleries for they contained too much of the good old "red-eye." According to conversations the writer has had with some of the older residents in this district, the old boys knew how to make good whiskey and the men from Kentucky must have had a glorious time.

(Continued next week)

The Jarvis Record is indebted to the "Canadian Motorist," official organ of the Ontario Motor League, for publication of the intensely interesting story of "The Romance of the Long Point Country," written by John E. Mason. The illustrations which accompany it make it all the more interesting and complete. "The Canadian Motorist" is a monthly magazine brimful of interesting news and advice to the auto owner, and subscriptions for same may be left at The Record Office.

HEALTH SERVICE

of the CANADIAN MEDICAL ASS'N.

MEASLES

Measles is a child-killer. This disease which so many regard as of no seriousness and which is thought of as a necessary evil, accompanied by certain inconveniences, is, a matter of fact, a serious menace to child life, and because of the number of children it kills, it ranks very high amongst those diseases that take life in early childhood.

In 1926, there occurred in Canada 893 deaths from measles, of which 264 were children under one year of age. Most deaths from measles occur under five years of age. The disease attacks especially those under three years. The older the child, the better chance he has of recovery.

Measles is a communicable disease; it is passed from the sick to the well. It is very easily spread and practically all who are exposed contract the disease, unless they have been protected by a previous attack.

It is a mistaken idea that every child must have measles. It is criminal to expose children to measles because to do so is to risk their lives.

Measles is serious not only because it kills, but because it seems to prepare the ground for other dis-

eases. It is the pneumonia following measles which makes it so dangerous. Tuberculosis may become active after measles.

Concerning the control of measles, it must be remembered that measles is most contagious during the days before the rash appears. For this reason, it is advised that every child with cold in the head be kept away from other children, not only to prevent the spread of colds, but because be-

cause the cold may be the first stage, the most contagious stage, of measles. Part of the protection of child life is the protection of the child from measles.

Questions concerning Health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College Street, Toronto, will be answered by letter. Questions to diagnosis and treatment will not be answered.

Waterford Graduates Placed!

During the past school year the following students attending the

Robinson Business College, Limited of Waterford

have accepted positions

Florence M. Hazlett	Mitchell Button Co., Kitchener
J. Alex Reid	Dome Mines Ltd., South Porcupine
Edna L. Bradshaw	Canadian Automatic Burners, Toronto
Gordon C. Forsyth	Young's Garage, Simcoe
Arlington Buckley	Lake Shore Mines Ltd., Kirkland Lake
Hazel M. Huffman	Bank of Commerce, Dunnville (since resigned)
Laura M. Collier	Hugh P. Innes, Simcoe
Russell Lamplin	Schram's Grocery, Waterford
Marie McCarthy	Marston Scales & Co., Toronto
Olla A. Slack	Typist with Toronto Dental Firm
May E. Moulding	Bank of Montreal, Waterford
Gurnie E. Knisley	National Farm Agency, Toronto
Christine Morrison	Canadian John-Manville, Asbestos, Quebec
Vera B. Omfrichuk	Stenographer, O. U. Robinson, Waterford
Helen E. Galer	Harris Abbatores, Toronto
Cecil M. Grant	McIntyre Mines Ltd., Timmins
Ross N. Smith	Commercial Teacher, R. B. C., Fort Erie
Hazel T. Proper	Bookkeeping checker, R. B. C., Brantford
Muriel B. Davidson	Jarvis Creamery, Jarvis
Eleanor L. Misenner	Dominion Linseed Oil Co., Toronto
Franklin Martin	Lieut. Col. Morgan, Brantford
Ralph Fleming	Kett's Garage, Hagersville
Beatrice McKerie	Maher & Maher, Barristers, Toronto
Pearl L. Harding	Dominion Linseed Oil Co., Toronto
A. L. Gilbertson	Confederation Life Insurance Co., Toronto
Ella M. O'Mahony	Harry Solway, Toronto
Chas. A. Kidder	C.P.R. Offices, Toronto
Jack G. Kidder	F. B. Ham & Co., Toronto
L. Hart VanLoon	R.C.A.F. Offices, Camp Borden
John N. Edwards	R.C.A.F. Offices, Camp Borden
C. A. Andersop	Commercial Assistant, R.B.C., Waterford
J. Kenneth Lefler	Walker Store, St. Catharines, Ont.
Jean G. Gaetz	E. D. Smith & Sons, Winona with Toronto Firm
Edna Kett	

Two others—the only two left to place—have gone to Toronto to be placed, but at time of writing have not advised us.

It will pay you to attend this school

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