

THE JARVIS RECORD

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THIS TIME MAY COME

The time may come:

When someone will not be extolling the "good old days."

When oldsters will not be viewing with alarm the goings-on among the young people.

When the comic sheets will not pretend that husbands are henpecked.

When a reporter, a detective and a parson on the stage or in the movies will resemble a reporter, a detective and a parson in real life.

When popular magazines will think up some new way to adorn their covers without glorifying the American girl.

When a man will work as hard as he leads his wife and his friends to think he works.

When cynics will not be knocking the church and the church will not be knocking the world.

When an employe admits he is being paid all he's worth.

When professional reformers admit that society is O. K. and voluntarily quit their jobs.

When a man gives up his automobile and explains that he cannot afford one.

When somebody will not be prophesying that the world is coming to an end.

When suckers will not be stung by fake investment salesmen.

When bores will not take the perfunctory cue "how are you?" as an invitation to give an "organ recital."

Yes, the time may come. But we don't expect to be alive to enjoy that millennial dawn!

APPROACHING

Advertisements are beginning to appear with decorations of holly and mistletoe and smiling faces of Santa Claus. To the observant these advertisements tell their own story, give their own warning, hint at the important business from which none is barred and in which sooner or later everybody will be engaged.

In other words, Christmas shopping. The holiday is little more than a month ahead, fewer shipping days than fifty by a good deal. In no time these days will pass. The natural procrastinator will wait until Christmas Eve when store aisles will be jammed by other procrastinators, stocks picked out, clerks weary, customers in a flutter, clocks ticking time's rapid pace, all because the reminders of today have been neglected.

Every year more sensible persons do their Christmas shopping early. They reap all the advantages in variety of selection and leisure of choice and when Christmas eve comes they can proceed about their last-minute holiday tasks orderly, while the others fume and sputter.

Canadians are a great people never to do today what can be done tomorrow. The postmaster has urged early posting of Christmas mail, but the last days will probably be bigger than ever. The train leaves at 5:15 but the cars do not fill until 5:14. We get there even if we are a last-minute nation, but it is at a tremendous cost of physical energy and mental upsets. The Christmas shopping season is merely one phase of a national temperament.

ROAD TO SUCCESS

Is the attainment of solid, well-founded success there has been found a substitute for honest labor with the hands or mind. The ages have re-

cognized this as an immutable truth. Every age, including the present, has had its skeptics, its unbelievers, its seekers after fame and fortune without paying the price in work.

Some sage has said that to attain success use half as much effort as you would exert in attempting to seek success without work. There is much wisdom in the axiom that it takes less mental effort to climb to legitimate success than to climb to an illegitimate success. A legitimate achievement requires no fortifications, no protection. Illegitimate achievement demands more in its retention than in its attainment.

It is a gross injustice to humanity to say that if there is any one thing, more than another, that enlists very much of the attention, time and effort of the people it is in scheming and planning to get something of value for nothing. The number of society's parasites is large but the number of honest, hard-working, supporting pillars of society is preponderously larger.

COMMON PURPOSE

Anthropologists tell us that man in his early state lived apart with his own little family, and archaeologists say the first communities were formed by confederated families brought together for a common purpose—protection against man's natural enemies. Today, man is distinctly a gregarious animal attracted more and more to community life. And men still build cities for a common purpose, or common purposes.

In the towns one finds protection against fire, disease and the enemies of society. One goes to the town for good schools, monumental churches, paved streets, employment, art, entertainment, the society of other men and comforts of life denied the rural citizen. There is found the front

YANK OF CIVILIZATION

The people of Jarvis have a common purpose. It is the advancement of the community as a whole. That common purpose is hardly distinguishable from the purpose of each individual. That which benefits the individual usually benefits the entire community and that which benefits the community reacts to the benefit of each of its citizens.

Prosperity and progress come to those communities whose citizens have their eyes upon the largest number of common purposes. Success crowns the efforts of the man of purpose, and the town with a common purpose works as one man.

"Common purpose" creates new industries, increases business, minimizes unemployment, makes towns better places in which to live and performs miracles in community betterment.

Ten Years in Hospitals

How would you like to spend ten years of your life in hospitals? Perhaps you would be glad if you had no other home most of the time and the hospital offered the only chance of staying alive. Mrs. Patrick has been living this way for years. Her trouble? Common enough—consumption, and she is poor and almost friendless. Her present stay at the Toronto Hospital for Consumptives has done her so much good, however, that she believes she will stay out for good when she leaves. She is anxious to get away to a quiet life in some small town, perhaps to open a small millinery shop. The excellent treatment she has been getting has put new life and new hope in Mrs. Patrick; but, of course, she and so many hundreds of others who have spent their last cent in the search for health must be helped by warm-hearted friends. A contribution from you would be greatly appreciated. Send your offering to Mrs. A. Charles, or A. E. Ames, 223 College Street, Toronto 2, Ontario.

Here and There

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The Western Canada ski championships of combined skiing events will be held in Banff again this season in conjunction with the Banff winter carnival, due to take place next February. It has been decided upon. Such famous skiers as Nelson and Revelstoke, Telford of Vancouver—last year's western representative at the Olympic games, and Nordmore of Camrose.

"Once upon a time there were sixty foxes who didn't wear pants and didn't wear socks, but they all went travelling in nice big boxes." A parody on A. A. Milne's famous nursery rhyme is inspired by a shipment of sixty black and silver foxes who passed through the Windsor Street Station recently en route to Switzerland from Calgary. They were "under the wing" of the Canadian Pacific Express, who saw that the animals got their diet of raw meat regularly.

The case of a motorist being stricken with "buck fever" and putting his car into the ditch in his excitement has been reported from the Nipigon district. While driving along the highway between Nipigon River Bungalow Camp and Port Arthur the motorist was startled when a deer appeared on the road before him. Whether he tried to chase the animal or forgot he was at the wheel, he does not state, but when he recovered his senses he and his car were in the ditch. Little damage was done.

The building of more than 400 miles of new branch lines, with 71 new stations and shipping points sums up in brief the construction programme of the Canadian Pacific Railway in Western Canada during the past summer, according to D. C. Coleman, Vice-President, Western Lines. By this means hundreds of farmers had been brought much closer to transportation facilities, and thousands of acres of rich agricultural land had been made much more attractive from the settlers' viewpoint.

"I can say, without any hesitation, that Canada is the best country in the world for farming at the present time. It has greater possibilities, and there are indications that there is greater stability and prosperity than can be found in any other country," said Dr. E. S. Archibald, director in charge of the Dominion Experimental Farm at Ottawa, addressing the Young Men's Canadian Club in Montreal. Dr. Archibald said the crops in Canada are worth \$1,167,000,000, which alone was equal to the fisheries, mines and forests all put together.

The province of Alberta generally will receive more game fish than ever before, was the opinion of J. A. Robb, superintendent of fish culture of the Department of Marine and Fisheries, who was a recent visitor to Calgary. The whitefish hatchery just opened by the Dominion Government in Lesser Slave Lake, will help the commercial fisheries, he said, while sport in the neighbourhood of Banff, the Rocky Mountains resort, will be greatly improved by the advanced fry and fingerling game fish that have been placed in the streams. The hatchery at Banff, he added, will be expanded slightly.

RECORD RAMBLINGS

Button, button—whose got the button?
Obsolete saying: "Howdy, stranger."

Heads may be some thicker out in the sticks; but the milk is also.

Pugs don't seem so smart when you observe the kind of people they take up with.

Originality: Doing what some other man did so long ago that people have forgotten.

He isn't a born politician unless he thinks the first person singular is unanimous.

You can't make yourself happy, but any fool can avoid the things that make him unhappy.

There are South American Indians that destroy their young, but they don't do it in the name of speed.

Speech is free. Which shows that the fathers of Confederation had an excellent sense of commercial values.

When a spinster at last gives up hope, she has one consolation. She is free to eat onions.

We stand amazed the while we scan this race we know as human; For clothes, we notice, makes the man and lack of them the woman.

ORCED TO SLEEP IN CHAIR—GAS SO BAD

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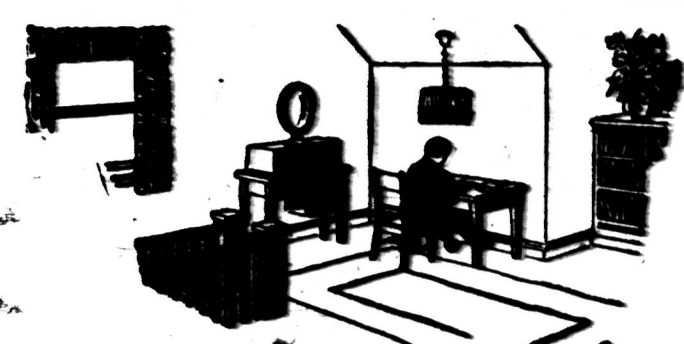
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Being an Account of an Adventure Which Overtook Ozark Ripley On the Nipigon.



OZARK RIPLEY
For many years I have hunted and killed all kinds of big game on the American Continent except polar bear, and I have taken most kinds of fresh and salt water game fish. But the greatest thrill I ever experienced during my thirty years' devotion to outdoor sports came to me this summer in July on the Nipigon River in the rapids just below the Canadian Pacific bridge at Nipigon, Ont.

It all happened late in the evening. The trout at this point are the most famed and largest brook trout in the world. But just at that time they were not striking as usual on account of the exceedingly cold night. However, I decided to go to the river to try out a little split bamboo bait casting rod, 2 3/4 ounces, that I had made for casting very light lures. It would be a revelation to myself and other anglers to take trout in this manner, when fly casting is the vogue.

The water under the Canadian Pacific bridge, and below for a quarter of a mile at least, flows like a millrace. I attached to my line a small weighted feather casting minnow, just to see if the little rod would shoot it. At the first try I shot the lure at least 125 feet across the water toward the west bank and in the opposite edge of fast water.

The very instant that the tiny lure struck the water the second of the only two large rainbow trout that up to then had ever been taken out of the Nipigon rose and seized my lure. He was a monster. It seemed an impossible accomplishment ever to land that fish with the little rod and the fine split bamboo casting line. The thrill that came in that approach to darkness was incredible. The killing of monster and grizzly bear was there in comparison.

I worked in a bad light nearly an hour, and in danger of falling into that deep, swift reach, trying hard to land that fish out of the fast water where the current would not aid it into the long upstream swirl on my side. The only thing that helped me in that fight was the generous supply of filled line I had in store on my reel to help perfect thumbing of it.

I worked up and down those rapids in despair and hope, and as the slings of the trout leaping fish



"It seemed an impossible accomplishment ever to land that fish."

directed. Yet the thrill of trying to land that whopper leaping rainbow with that tiny rod was something I had never conceived possible.

It began to grow darker. Suddenly on the left bank I saw a big black bear take to the water and swim deliberately toward my fish, despite that terrible current. Evidently he took it for a cripple. Right off, that rainbow sensed his presence and darted for the east bank as fast as I could reel in slack, and the bear kept his course direct for him.

The rainbow heading straight for the upstream water, with occasional leaps from it, finally gained the stretch of upstream current, with the bear only a few yards behind him.

That bear did not become apprised of my presence until he made a lunge for the fish, missed it as it leaped out of the water, and then scrambled for the bank to get a better survey of his expected prey. That very moment he got a whiff of the bear scent, wheeled and scrambled so fast as he could for the thicket of spruce along the shore hillside.

And then the thrill of thrills occurred in the darkness as I recalled that great rainbow, and brought him along the course, narrow and bank where, as he was far too large for my landing net, I fell on top of him and held him captive with my hands and knees until his strength was entirely exhausted.—New York World.

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