

THE JARVIS RECORD

50th Year. No. 26

JARVIS, ONT., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1928

\$1.50 Per Year. \$2.00 to United States. Single Copies, 5c Each

JARVIS CITIZENS ORGANIZE A HORSESHOE CLUB

About 25 representative citizens met at the office of Geo. L. Miller last Thursday evening and organized a horseshoe club. Mr. D. C. Allen is president and Rev. P. E. Deeth, secretary-treasurer. The grounds committee is Lea Marshall, E. T. Carter and Peter Banks.

The club will use the official regulation shoes and will play under the official regulations adopted by the Royal Winter Fair officials.

Twenty-five members paid their annual fee and a number have come in since the meeting.

The games will be played on the arena grounds. It is expected, after the club gets under way, that tournaments will be held with various other clubs.

PRESENTATION AND FAREWELL

A farewell party was given Mr. D. L. Brontmer, retiring principal of the Nanticoke school, who has accepted a position as principal of a four-room school, Burford. The event took place in the town hall, Nanticoke, on Friday evening, August 31st. During the program he was called forward and presented with an address by Leo Harris, and presented with a club bag by Albert Evans. After Mr. Brontmer made a feeling reply, the party sang, "For he was a jolly good fellow." During the program the local poet recited "My Teachers," very appropriate for the occasion. He took them back to the old cottage school house in the corner of Mr. Jones' field on Talbot Street, Jarvis, where Peter Brock's hall now stands, and where he started to school 65 years ago. All his teachers got married, and all died, which is nothing new. After the program was finished all bid Mr. Brontmer good-bye, wishing him every success in his new work.

WEDDING BELLS

MILLER-WOOD

A special wire received in Jarvis from Montreal announces the marriage in the Presbyterian church, on Wednesday morning, Sept. 5th, of J. Gordon Miller of Jarvis to Miss Olive Wood of London, Ont. Rev. Neil Miller, cousin of the groom, officiated.

LAIMMAN-MITCHELL

A quiet wedding was solemnized at the Manse, Beaverton, on Monday, September 3rd, by the Rev. A. W. Hare, when Miss Emily Mitchell, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Mitchell of Jarvis, was united in marriage to Mr. Archie Laidman of Hamilton.

After luncheon at the Manse, the young couple, who had motored up, left for a motor trip over the Blue Water Highway visiting the several points of interest.

Mr. and Mrs. Laidman will reside at Hamilton.

HONEY

Limited quantity of excellent quality late summer honey in 5-lb. tins at 10c per lb. Get or order your supply without delay. Telephone 63, Hodgson Apiaries, Jarvis.

School OPENING

To the boy or girl buying \$1.00 worth or over of school books we will give

ABSOLUTELY FREE
One Eversharp Pencil
value 25c

All 5c scribblers, 6c 25c
All 10c " 3c 25c

All New Books
in stock

JOHN BROWN, PHM.B.
Jarvis, Ont.

TELEPHONE NO. 12-2

LOCAL & GENERAL

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Morrison and family have moved to Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. Lemon Jones are moving this week to Hagersville.

Colonel Aiken, of Simcoe, called on relatives in town on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Aiken, of Simcoe, visited in town this week.

Miss Alezna Jackson returned to her teaching duties in Hamilton.

Miss Grace Walter, of Toronto, spent the holiday with her parents.

Mrs. Celena Erwin spent the week-end with her sister, Mrs. J. Hewitt.

Mrs. Wm. Hoskin spent Sunday and Monday with relatives near Camboro.

Rev. and Mrs. P. E. Deeth and family returned last week from their holidays.

Messrs. Henry Jackson and Harry Luxbury spent a day in Toronto recently.

Miss Elsie Belbeck, of Port Dover, spent Sunday with her cousin, Pearl Belbeck.

The Misses Utton, of Hagersville, spent Labor Day with Miss Zelma Rodgers.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Miller returned home on Tuesday from their honeymoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Forsyth have moved into the house recently vacated by Joe Morrison.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Simpson left on Tuesday for the annual two weeks' holidays.

Miss Mary Smitherman, of Toronto, was the guest of Miss Clara Walter last week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Walter, of Mitchell, spent the week-end with relatives here.

Miss Dorothy Kyle is prepared to take a limited number of pupils for piano instruction.

Miss Alberta Davidson left Sunday to resume her duties as teacher in Sault Ste. Marie.

Dr. Harold Davidson, of Niagara Falls, Ont., visited his parents here over the week-end.

Burgains, starting Aug. 29th, lasting 6 days, at M. Harrison's Ready-to-Wear, Hagersville.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Powell and daughter and Mrs. Wickham, spent the holiday in Toronto.

Courtney Bingleman returned home Monday after a pleasant holiday spent with his grandparents.

Mr. and Mrs. Mercer, of Hamilton, visited with the latter's brother, C. Nicol, for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Thorne, of Caledonia, visited with Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Carpenter on Sunday.

Miss L. White, of Gorrie, was a visitor at the home of Mrs. R. A. Walter for a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Bunn and two sons, of Buffalo, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Yocum.

Russell Walter, after spending his holidays at his home here has returned to his duties at Seaforth.

Mr. Hodgson, of Windsor, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Davidson and family over the week-end.

C. Mauthe and two friends of Wallaceville, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Gideon Snyder on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Jones spent Saturday last with their daughter, Irene in Toronto and attended the Ex.

Jas. Pollock, of St. Thomas, is acting as agent at the local station during the absence of Mr. Simpson.

J. B. McMicken has had a model cellar constructed. The workmanship speaks highly for Mr. Wm. Parkinson.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Williamson and Miss Lily Porter spent Sunday at Niagara Falls.

Miss Arabella Rodgers, after having

(Continued on Page 5)

"The Romance of the Long Point Country"

(Continued from last issue)

However, they missed some of the best; the settlers had advanced information of the enemy's coming and buried three hogheads. It is still whispered around in certain quarters that that whiskey is still buried, which probably accounts for the numerous holes that have been dug from time to time in the vicinity of what is known locally as the "distillery field." What a find for present day connoisseurs, after the stuff that's peddled around nowadays? The good time the raiders were having was nipped in the bud when they reached the Grand River. Here they were met by a party of the 103rd Regiment and a few Indian warriors, and their speedy retreat before a detachment of the 19th Light Dragoons, saved them from exemplary chastisement. They made good their retreat to Fort Detroit from

it from the old folks, the older they are the more they live in the past.

We got into conversation with this old chap and it was he who volunteered the information about the past history of the village.

What this man related for his memory was clear as a man half his years, and he was over ninety years of age, was astonishing, and he had books and documents to back up what he told.

"Yes, sir," he said, as he smoked one of our cigars, "this place ain't what it used to be, 'way back in my father's time. Nowadays, aside from farmin', takin' in summer borders as the chief industry around here. 'Way back in the days when this village was known as Potter's Creek, that's over a hundred years ago, they had the largest pottery in Upper Canada. When the pottery business pegged out, an iron smelter, one of the first



Where the old mill of Fisher's Glen stood.

whence they had set out on this excursion.

We have tarried long enough at Fisher's Glen, or old Newport, with its legend of buried treasure (?) and on the way to Potter's Creek, or as it is known today, Normandale, we will pay a visit to a farm on the Spooky Hollow road and see where some of the old pioneers are buried. Imagine having a small cemetery right at your back kitchen door. It was something the writer had never seen before. But there it was, five graves of the original settlers who took up land at this spot. They lived their lives, they died, and were laid to rest in the clearing hewn by themselves from the virgin forest. It is to the credit of the present owner of the farm where this unique reminder of a buried past is located, that the bodies have never been disturbed, and from what could be learned by the writer they never would be.

Just a little over a mile from this farm is Normandale. This pretty little village nestling at the foot of a hill, is a miracle of blue and gold and wind-swept open spaces. Dotted here and there on the surrounding hills and on the shore of the lake, are numerous summer cottages, while half way down the road leading to the lake is a modern institution of concrete, the government fish hatchery. Millions upon millions of whitefish, pickerel, trout, bass and herring are hatched here annually to restock our lakes.

But Normandale was not always thus. We were soon enlightened on the past glories of this little haven of rest and quietude, for, while strolling along "Main Street" we came upon an old gentleman—one of the pioneer type—taking his ease on a bench in front of his weather-beaten home. If you are a seeker after ancient history, you can always get

in Upper Canada, operated here for about fifty years. That was in 1818 that the iron works started.

We persuaded this old resident to bring out his documents, maps, books, which he did, and from them gleaned certain information about the industry, which to those who are not technically informed, would never dream existed, especially in such an out-of-the-way place as Normandale.

Shortly after the close of the war of 1812-14 it was discovered by a man named Noah Fairchild, that certain boggy sections in the vicinity contained peroxide of iron. He declared that it existed in paying quantities and all that was needed was capital to convert the ore into useful things. The iron was what is known as "bog iron," and takes its name from the bogs from which it is secured.

Government land patents at this time, however, reserved the rights to all minerals, and, of course, the bog ore belonged to the government, so it was up to the interested parties to secure a permit to make use of it. The permission was granted, however without stint or limit.

The original promoters did not carry their scheme through to a successful issue and their interests were transferred to the Van Normans, after whom the place was named. This family had ample capital and they developed the business rapidly.

In the palmy days of the smelter, about four hundred molders, pattern-makers and other workmen were employed directly or indirectly making all kinds of stoves which were in use at that time, as well as pots, kettles, smothering-irons, sleigh runners, ploughs, pails, bar-iron and all kinds of articles. Such things as the tariff did not bother these hardy pioneers and the furnaces were

L. O. G. F. NOTICE

A full attendance is requested on Monday evening, September 10th. Robt. Lysch, N.G.

JARVIS FIRE BRIGADE

Jarvis has reason to be proud of their splendid "Fire Brigade." Dr. Marsh informs The Record that in six minutes after he rang the phone informing Central of a village house being on fire, last Saturday, the brigade had a stream of water playing on the fire, which was soon extinguished. There are few villages, if any, better equipped and better manned than Jarvis. The Fire Brigade is very praiseworthy.

kept in a white glow day and night. The ore was smelted with charcoal, huge quantities being consumed by the furnaces, and as it required twenty-five cords of wood to make one thousand bushels of this commodity, it was a source of revenue to the farmers, as it enabled them to dispose of the timber on their land, and many a farmer was able, through his charcoal pits, to pay off his holdings. Today there is nothing left of the old smelter except the stream that supplied the power for the machinery that worked the huge bellows from which the blast was obtained. This stream today supplies the running water that is essential in the fish hatchery.

Normandale's industrial greatness has vanished. The occasional heavy iron stove, or the iron figure of an elephant cast by some workman in an odd moment of leisure, may still be seen in the homes of some of the older families; and serve as reminders of the past.

With the passing of the smelter, the village relapsed into one of those sleepy little havens of rest found tucked away in various parts of the country.

But just to break, as it were, the long period of industrial inactivity, some bright person(?) in 1904 discovered that the sand on the lake shore which contains a fair percentage of iron, also contained flour gold. The theory worked on was that wherever there was sand containing iron, there also would gold be found. Normandale was excited. Farms were leased by a company along the lake front, machinery purchased and a large boat constructed. Those whose farms fronted on the lake saw visions of great wealth. What cared they



One of the Antique Products of Normandale's Old Iron Foundry.

if their farms were dredged out, if there was gold they would have it, bigger and better farms could be purchased elsewhere. Or better still, a life of ease in some city was within their grasp.

(*) The "bright person" referred to in the above paragraph was W. H. Wright, an American, and associated with him were Messrs. Frank Taylor and Crosbie Morgan, of Port Dover.

But the good folks around Normandale still have their farms, for the gold rush petered out. Dredges for this particular style of mining cost a heap of money and further tests revealed the fact that although the sand did contain a few particles of the precious metal, the necessary machinery would cost more than the value of the gold it would recover.

And so, if you walk along the shore eastward of the village, you can still see one of the old machines left there hub deep in sand, at the mercy of wind and wave.

Three miles in the direction Huron Greely advised young men to go. (Continued on Page 4)

AT THE CHURCHES

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH

Rev. W. A. Kyle, Pastor

Sept. 9th.—Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.

10 a.m.—Sunday School
11 a.m.—Morning Prayer
7 p.m.—Evensong

KNOX PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Rev. Dr. Marsh, Minister.

Sunday, Sept. 9th—
10 a.m.—Sunday School
11 a.m.—Service and sermon
7 p.m.—Vespers and sermon

The Rev. G. S. Hamilton will preach at both services.

WESLEY UNITED CHURCH

Percival E. Deeth
Minister

Sunday, Sept. 9th—
10 a.m.—Sunday School; Bible Class
11 a.m.—Divine Worship. The Minister's subject: "Are These Things So?"
7:30 p.m.—Divine Worship. The Minister's subject: "The Unescapable God."

GARNET

2:30 p.m.—Woman's Missionary Society Service. Mrs. Morsinger Stoney Creek, special speaker. A large attendance is anticipated.

You are invited to come.

CHRIST CHURCH

Nanticoke

Rev. L. C. Secrett, Rector

Sept. 9th.—Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.

Morning Prayer 11 a.m.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH

Chesapeake

Evening Prayer 3 p.m.

BROADWAY MISSION

Evening Prayer 7:30 p.m.

CHALMERS CHURCH

Chalmer's church, Walpole, will hold their anniversary services on Sunday, Sept. 16th. Two services. Further particulars later.

C. N. R. EARNINGS

The gross earnings of the Canadian National Railways for the week ended August 21st, 1928, were \$5,595,808 as compared with \$4,855,459 for the corresponding period of 1927, an increase of \$740,350, or 15%.

"Rod and Gun and Canadian Silver Fox News" is published monthly by W. J. Taylor, Ltd., Woodstock, Ont.

Regah THEATRE

Friday and Saturday

September 7 and 8

VERA REYNOLDS

in

"THE MAIN EVENT"

A knock-out fight picture with romance, drama, thrills and laughs.

Tuesday & Wednesday

September 11 and 12

THOMAS MEIGHEN

in

"THE RACKET"

Thrilling tale of the modern underworld. His greatest achievement.

Friday and Saturday

September 14 and 15

FRED THOMSON

in

"KIT CARSON"

HAGERSVILLE, ONT.

At the Jarvis Arena!

JUST ONE NIGHT

TUESDAY, SEPT. 11

Lincoln's Spectacular Production of
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

in Four Acts

— Not a Moving Picture —

Special Prices

--EVERYBODY 25c--