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HUMAN CONDUCT

Human conduct falls into two categories; that is to say, conduct in a great emergency and conduct in the ordinary routine of the day.

Conduct in emergency, most persons will agree, is beyond the control of the individual. Not until the actual emergency occurs can the individual be certain what his own conduct will be.

Another person may lose his head and fail to grasp the great possibilities of the moment. A few, perhaps, will call such an individual a coward; but the more understanding will regard him with sympathy as being nothing more than a victim of unfortunate circumstances.

Conduct in the ordinary routine calls for no heroic qualities. It needs only common sense, strict attention to duty, a medium of foresight and self-discipline that is within the reach of an intelligent and conscientious individual. Failure in such conduct which leads to a disaster which admits of no excuse. There is no sympathy, but only sense of scorn and contempt.

Such are the accepted rules of human conduct. The question of this or that justice or injustice matters little.

WITCHES

While witchcraft began when the first medicine man heaped up stones to appease the gods of sunshine and rain, superstition ages ago relegated its active practice to the jurisdiction of Old Nick. It was the Evil Eye which presided over the bubbling cauldrons into which had been placed

Eye of newt and toe of frog, Wool of bat and tongue of dog

and one, it was believed, had to sell his soul to Lucifer to cash charms.

It was a natural sequence of events, then, that a Christian world would look upon these rituals as an offense against the Almighty and put down its participants by force. And it is natural, too, that in this skeptical age surprise should be felt that witchcraft and superstition apparently have never passed out and that those who impose and relieve "spells" are not looked upon by all as agents of the imp but as respectable members of church-going communities.

Millions of people laughed a laugh of scorn and ridicule upon reading the several drownings in a lake were blamed by the natives of the region as an evil spirit which guarded an Indian graveyard and whose wrath had been aroused by archaeological diggings therein. Yet how many of those millions are free from a belief in witch doctors only a little way?

A GREAT MONTH

For three things are we grateful to the month of September. They are Fall, football and oysters. A rare popular trio is difficult to imagine and as the goods things in life usually come singly we are three thankful for the providence of September.

There is an axiom that oysters are at season in the eight months of the year having the letter "R" in their names. We are not informed whether there is an affinity between these months and oysters because the letter "R" is also in the word oyster or if it is just a coincidence. Neither do we know the discoverer of the cir-

HEALTH SERVICE of the CANADIAN MEDICAL ASSN.

WHY BE VACCINATED?

No one denies that smallpox is a disease to which the adjective "loathsome" may be fairly applied. It is a disease which not only destroys a number of those whom it attacks, but which also permanently scars and disfigures, to a greater or less extent, those who survive the attack.

Before vaccination was introduced, smallpox was a disease of childhood, it was then as common as measles is today. There were very few circumstances and the author of the axiom. However, it is neither axiom nor secret that we are glad September has an "R" somewhere among her nine letters and we are not particular in what style the first oysters are served.

To September also are we indebted for fair autumn. Where the summer is hot and the winter cold there is no season quite so delightful as autumn. It is without the extremes of temperature, is comfortably warm at day and somniferously cool at night, is an aid to efficient work and an irresistible urge to recreation. In all it is a season in which to live to the utmost.

Thirdly, September hears the first shrill of the piskin and the first shrill of the referee's whistle. The nation in September turns its eyes away from vacations and baseball to feast them upon the gridiron. Recent development of football in the colleges, universities, public schools and athletic clubs has made it a national sport where once it was strictly a college game. When football season opens the whole nation is kindling barriers erected by education are dropped and player and spectator play the game for all there is in it.

Every month of the year has twelve hours something which makes life worthwhile but September seems most bountifully endowed with the better attractions.

RECORD RAMBLINGS

The trouble with being born poor is you seldom recover.

If time is money, most of us are millionaires every Sunday.

Only three more months until time to wish it was summer again.

A grouch is just an ordinary mortal with his self-pitying eyes fixed on his sore spots.

We have our ups and downs. An optimist looks forward to the ups; a pessimist to the downs.

Perhaps the farmer could take the tons of advice he has been receiving and use it for fertilizer.

It may be that golf is less popular with bachelors because they haven't a home to get away from.

Son, when she begins to announce that yours is a nature few people really understand, the time for dawdling is done.

"THE LONE GUEST"

By R. J. Deachman

EVERY MAN has two homes—the one where he lives and the other where he was born. The one where he lives is familiar—it needs no comment. The one where he was born lives only in imagination and shifts with the shadows of the changing years.

I was born near the Village of Gorrie, in the township of Howick in the County of Huron, in the Province of Ontario. Nearly every person makes such a trip once in a while, mine was made during the past week. Everyone experiences what I experienced. I write a tale that has often been told.

Westward and northward the train slipped out of Toronto. I should know the people in this train. I took a mental bet with myself that I did, but somehow I could not name them. They were talking in groups. I tried to get acquainted, but these Ontario people are shy. When I mentioned that I came from the West they shifted over in the seats and covered their pocketbooks. I would bet a gold mine against a baby's whistle that some of these men owned lots of Lakeview Heights or somewhere beyond the municipal golf course in some western city.

Ontario at this season of the year is lovely. The grass is just beginning to show green—seeding is not very far advanced—the trees just starting to bud. The roads, better than they ever were, stretch onward by the right of way—a squirrel runs along the old snake fence. That is the first surprise to me—the snake fence still survives. On the edge of a hill I saw a groundhog. I shot these chaps with

snaps at that time who were not pocketed, and about one death in ten was due to smallpox.

Since the year 1798, when vaccination was given to the world by Jenner, a great change has been gradually effected. In those centres where vaccination has been consistently carried out, smallpox has practically disappeared; in other places where it has not been thoroughly used, outbreaks occur from time to time. These outbreaks, as in the case of other communicable diseases, vary greatly in severity. Sometimes the cases are mild and few deaths take place; at other times, the cases are severe and a number of deaths occur.

Recent successful vaccination is the only known method by which smallpox can be prevented. Not to be vaccinated is to gamble with a disease to which anyone is apt to be exposed. There are those who say that they will defer having it done until there is an epidemic, but such persons have no assurance that they will not be among the first victims of the epidemic and that they will not, therefore, have any time in which to secure the protection which vaccination offers. These same persons are also rather selfish, because they are relying upon their neighbors, being vaccinated, thus indirectly protecting them from the chance of exposure to the disease.

We repeat that recent successful vaccination is the only known method for the prevention of smallpox. Smallpox can be conquered through vaccination.

Questions, concerning Health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College Street, Toronto, will be answered personally by letter.

a stove to buy an apple. The man at the counter looked at me steadily. "You know me?" said I. "Yes, Tom, no, Bob Deachman." We talked of old times. He was the only one I met that night, that I knew. I went back to my room. Last week I was in Montreal. There was only one man in all that big city I could have called by his first name, but I wasn't lonesome. I suffered from nostalgia here. I felt as if I had swallowed a strong cardiac depressant. I was alone in a place where everyone should have known me—it's deadly lonesome.

I was up early. Last night I was the only stranger at the hotel. I felt it. I was the lone guest. There was maple syrup for breakfast. "Heaven forefend me," I said as I asked for a second helping, "it may have been produced on my old farm." I crossed over the street to the postoffice. "Any mail for Bob Deachman?" said I and I reached out to the old box number. It was number 202. The postmaster knew me and we had a little chat.

Funny how I remembered that box number for 25 years. It was a grand and glorious morning. The trees were full of mating birds. How lovely the note of the blackbird! I walked up the street. They are cleaning out the old raspberry canes. There is a maple wood at the back of almost every house. There's the church. It's 30 years since that was built—erected, as Nevison would say, "While people still believed in God." There is a shed behind it. I tied my horse there in the old days when the hotel sheds were full—but the auto stands without much hitching—sheds are not much use now.

Over a little distance is the grave yard and I enter in. I am at home here—I know the people—Sam Greer, James Warrel, John Spation—over a little lies my father. They were the old guard. Here and there one more nearly my own age, proves that the men of Huron are marching on. And recent mounds, new-tended, show where poignant grief, still fresh and strong, bedecks with living flowers the love that's lost. Thank God for the power to forget—the human race would break its heart if memory held, but memory doesn't hold—the mist of time will soften and assuage.

I turned to look back as I reached the gate. What is life? Was Balfour right when he suggested that it might ultimately be recorded as a trifling incident in one of the minor planets? I don't know. I can only wonder. Is it the result of conscious, purposeful, sentient thought or only dynamic dust going it blind? Perhaps my friends know—I don't. I looked back. I gave as fine a military salute as my un-military mind could conceive—farewell, old friends, farewell! Farewell!

Back at the corner my friend of last night waits me with a car. I have told him I intend to walk to the old farm—it's only three miles. He swears by the holy water that he is just going out that road anyway. You must accept a lie like that. The long swamp has been cleared; the old slough on Cecil Day's farm has been drained; the names of the farmers have changed. I dined with an old friend and neighbor who looks for all the world like the print on a box

of Shipper Sardines. How long and fresh these men are, He talks of politics—he watches Ottawa today as keenly as he did 40 years ago. He knows, too, what we are doing in the West. I enjoyed that chat.

In the afternoon I went fishing in the old stream. By the eternal, but it has shrunk! It's only a creek now. I launched submarines on that stream—I threw pontoons across it—I swayed its breadth of 10 yards—I dived to the bottom—two feet—generations ago, when I was a kid—I can't have been such a trifling thing then—I know it wasn't. That's the trouble with me—everything is out of focus. The hills are different—here's the psychology of it all. We are a part of all that we have met. I have crossed a number of rivers since those old days—the St. Lawrence, the Mississippi, the Red, the Elbow, the Fraser and the Rubicon several times and all experience changes us, and the creek at home is smaller because the other streams were bigger.

I rambled over the old farm, gazed at the trees I had planted, felt the old larch on the barn door—they make none like it now—it was made by a blacksmith, so were the hinges. Not much has changed. It seems that things are eternal—the change is in me.

I ate Ontario apples all day—and there are none better. They killed a pig at the farm where I stopped—that helps to beat the cost of living. I walked around the old school. There were seventy-five pupils there when I attended—only twenty now—the child population of Ontario has shrunk. I spent the evening with my uncle, aged 96 next birthday, and still clear as a bell so far as mind and memory goes. Would I like to go back to that country to live? I don't know. It was a pleasure to be there for one day—a pleasure so great that it was akin to pain. I love the country and the people, but the bell rings and the whistle blows—Oh, curse the city, why does it draw me back? When shall I feel again the carpet of green on the beaver meadow of the old farm back home?

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DOVER BAND GETS 6TH PLACE

Port Dover Band did not finish in the prize money this year at the Canadian National Exhibition, but nevertheless they gave a very fine presentation of the best piece according to those from the village who chose this particular day to visit the Big Fair. Last year Port Dover finished second, and there was a rumpus by some of the other bands who were in the contest, and while not making any protest it has been whispered by some that Port Dover was a "marked band" this year. In Class C-1 Pretoria captured first prize with North Bay Capital Band 2nd, Beamsville 3rd and Midland Citizen's Band 4th. Port Dover was 6th in the class of nine competitors. Many citizens from the village—especially old band boys of bygone days, were in evidence around the band stand.

Climbs Mountain Named After Him



Rt. Hon. L. C. M. S. Amery, secretary for the Dominions in the late Baldwin Administration, who arrived in Canada recently on the Empress of Australia, had as his objective in this country the climbing of the 11,000-foot Mount Amery, named after him, in the Canadian Rockies. There is no official record of this mountain ever having been climbed before this attempt which was undertaken with the famous Swiss guide Edward Feuz. Colonel Amery once took the 2500-mile trip across Canada to Lake Louise whence in company of Feuz and A. O. Wheeler, honorary president of the Alpine Club of Canada, he set out for the peak located near the Great Columbia Icefields near the junction of the Alexandra and Saskatchewan Rivers. Lay-out shows (1) the vast rampart of Mount Amery with the great icefield below (2) Edward Feuz Swiss guide, all set for the ascent and (3) A. O. Wheeler (left) and Rt. Hon. L. C. M. S. Amery, chatting outside the Banff Springs Hotel just prior to setting out north with a pack train to locate and climb the peak.



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