

Pawned

Frank L. Packard

THE JARVIS RECORD

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NO. 1273
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— Insurance at Cost —
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We wish to extend to all our customers and friends a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Duxbury's Store
PHONE 47.

CAPITOL THEATRE

FRIDAY 26 — SATUR. 27

Matinee Saturday 2:30

CALL OF THE WEST

Dorothy Reiver and Matt Moore

In a drama of the great outdoors.

Our Gang Comedy and Mickey Mouse

MONDAY 29 — TUES. 30

Matinee Monday 2:30

OUTWARD BOUND

Approved "U"

A daring picture finely produced and acted by Doug Fairbanks, Helen Chandler and Leslie Howard.

WED. 31 — FRI. Jan. 1

Matinee Wed. & Thurs. 2:30

HOLIDAY

YOUTH TRIUMPHANT

Ann Harding and a perfect cast make a splendid picture.

Chase Comedy and Kyrtoon

(Continued from last week)

CHAPTER V.

"Hawkins"

In the outer room, the door closed behind them, Paul Veniza and Hawkins stared into each others eyes. Hawkins face had lost its muddled, weather-beaten color and there was a strained perplexed anxiety in his expression.

"D'ye hear what she said?" he mumbled. "D'ye hear what she said? Going to be married! My little girl, my innocent little girl, and that dope-feeding devil! I—I don't understand, Paul. What's it mean?"

Paul Veniza laid his hand on the other's shoulder, as much to seek as to offer sympathy. He shook his head.

"I don't know," he said blankly. Hawkins' watery blue eyes under their shaggy brows travelled miserably in the direction of the staircase.

"I—I ain't got the right," he choked. "You go up and talk to her, Paul."

Paul Veniza ran his fingers in a troubled way through his hair, then nodding his head, he turned abruptly and began to mount the stairs.

Hawkins eyes roamed about the room. Occasionally he heard the murmur of voices from above, but he did not move until Paul came down again and stood before him.

"It—it isn't true, is it, what she said? she didn't mean it did she, Paul?"

Paul Veniza turned his head away. "Yes she meant it re returned in a low voice."

"What she doing now, demanded Hawkins abruptly. "Shes up there crying her heart out, ain't she?"

Paul Veniza didn't answer. Hawkins straightened up. A sudden dignity came to the shabby old figure.

"What hold has that devil got on my little girl?" he cried out sharply. "I'll make him pay for it, so help me God! My little girl, my little—"

"Sh-sh!" Paul Veniza caught hurriedly at Hawkins arm. "Be careful, old friend!" he warned. "Not so loud she might hear you."

Hawkins cast a startled timorous glance in the direction of the staircase. He seemed to shrink again into a stature as shabby as his clothing. His lips twitched; he twisted his hands together.

"Yes," he mumbled; "yes, she—she might hear me." He stared around the room; and then, as though blindly, his hands groping out in front of him, he started for the doorway. "I'm going home," said Hawkins. "I'm going home to think this out."

Paul Veniza's voice choked a little. "Your hat, old friend," he said, picking up the old man's hat from the table and following the other to the door.

"Yes, my hat," said Hawkins—and pulling it far down over his eyes crossed the sidewalk, and climbed into the driver's seat of the old closed car that stood at the curb.

He started the car mechanically. He did not look back. He stared straight ahead of him except when, at the corner, his eyes lifted and held for a moment on the lighted windows and the swinging doors of a saloon—and the car went perceptibly slower. Then his hands tightened fiercely in their hold upon the wheel until the white of the knuckles showed, and the car crossed the saloon and turned the next corner and went on.

Halfway down the next block it almost came to a halt again when opposite a dark and dingy driveway that led in between, and to the rear of, two poverty-stricken frame houses. Hawkins stared at this uninviting prospect, and made as though to turn the car into the driveway; then, shaking his head heavily he continued on along the street.

"I can't go in there and sit myself all alone," said Hawkins hoarsely. "I'd go mad. It's—it's like as though they'd told me tonight that she'd died—same as they told me about her mother the night I went to Paul's."

The car moved slowly onward. It turned the next corner—and the next. It almost completed the circuit of the block when Hawkins was watching his lips with the tip of his tongue. His hands on the wheel were trembling. The car had stopped.

Hawkins now was staring again at the lighted windows and the swinging doors of the saloon.

He sat for a long time motionless; then he climbed down from the seat. "Just one," Hawkins whispered to himself. "Just one. I—I'd go mad if I didn't."

Hawkins pushed the swinging doors open, and slipped up to the bar. "Hello, Hawkins!" grinned the bartender. "You mind your own business!"

keeper. "Been out of town? I ain't seen you the whole afternoon!" said Hawkins smiling.

"Sure!" nodded the bartender cheerily. "Same as usual!" He slid a square-faced bottle and a glass toward the old man.

Hawkins lifted himself and drank moodily. He set his empty glass back on the bar, jerked down his shabby vest and straightened up. His eyes were fixed on the door. Then he felt in his pocket for his pipe and tobacco. His eyes shifted from the door to his pipe. He filled it slowly.

"Give me another," said Hawkins presently—without looking at the bartender.

Again the old man drank, and jerked down his vest, and squared his thin shoulders. He lighted his pipe, tamping the bowl carefully with his forefinger. His eyes sought the swinging doors once more.

"I'm going home," said Hawkins defiantly to himself. "I've got to think this out." He dug into his vest pocket for money, and produced a few small bills. He stared at these for a moment, hesitated, started to replace them in his pocket, hesitated again, and the tip of his tongue circled his lips; then he pushed the money across the bar. "Take the drinks out of that, and—give me a bottle," he said. "I don't like to be without anything in the house, and I got to go home."

"You said something!" said the bartender. "Have one on the house before you go?"

"No; I won't," said Hawkins with stern determination.

Hawkins crowded the bottle into the side pocket of his coat, passed out through the swing doors, and resumed his seat on the car. And again the car started forward. But it went faster now. Hawkins' face was flushed; he seemed nervously and excitedly in haste. At the driveway he turned, in the garage his car in an old shed at the rear of one of the houses, looking at the shed with a padlock, and, by way of the back door, entered the house that was in front of the shed. It was quite dark inside, but Hawkins had been an inmate of the somewhat seedy rooming-house too many years either to expect that a light should be burning at that hour, or that matter, to require any light. He groped his way up a flight of creaking stairs, opened the door of a room and stepped inside. He shut the door behind him, locked it, and struck a match. A gas-jet wheezed asthmatically, and finally flung a thin, and sullen yellow glow about the place. It disclosed a cot bed, a small strip of carpet long since worn bare of nap, a washstand, an old trunk, a battered table, and two chairs.

Hawkins, with some difficulty, extricated the bottle from his pocket, and lifted the lid of his trunk. He thrust the bottle inside, and in the act of closing the lid upon it—hesitated.

"I—I ain't myself tonight, I ain't," said Hawkins anxiously. "It's shook me, it has—had. Just one—so help me God!—just one!"

Hawkins sat down at the table with the bottle in front of him.

And while Hawkins sat there it grew very late.

At intervals Hawkins talked to himself. At times he stared owlishly from a half-closed bottle to the black square of window pane above the trunk and once he shook his fist in that direction.

"Crang—eh—damn you!" he grunted out. "You think you got her, do you? Some dirty, cunning trick you've played her! But you don't know old Hawkins! Ha, ha! You think he's only a drunken hound?"

Hawkins, as it grew later still, became unsteady in his seat. Gradually his head sank down upon the table.

"I—hic—gotta think this out," said Hawkins earnestly—and fell asleep.

CHAPTER VI.

"The Alibi"

John Bruce opened his eyes dreamily, unseeing; and then his eyelids fluttered and closed again. There was an exquisite sense of languor upon him, of cool comfortable repose; a curious absence of all material things. It seemed as though he were in some suspended state of animation.

It was very strange. It wasn't life—not life as he had ever known it. Perhaps it was death. He did not understand.

He tried to think. He was conscious that his mind for some long indeterminate period had been occupied with the repetition of queer, vague, broken snatches of things, fantastic things born of illusive brain fancies; cobwebby, intangible, which had no meaning, and were without beginning or end. There was a white beach, very white, and a full round moon, and the moon winked knowingly while he whittled with a huge jack-knife at a quill toothpick. And then there was a great chasm of blackness which separated that seemed to have nothing to do with the passage of time; and here a mans face, a face that was sinister in its expression, and both repulsive and unhealthy in its color, was constantly bending over him, and the mans head was always in the same posture—cocked a little to one side, as though listening intently and straining to hear something. And then there was another face—and this seemed to bring with it always a shaft of warm, bright sunlight that dispelled the abominable gloom, and before which the first face vanished.

A beautiful, the wondrously beautiful, face of a girl, one that he had seen somewhere before, and that was haunting in its familiarity, and for which it seemed he had always known a great yearning, but which plagued his miserably because there seemed to be some unseen barrier between them, and because he could not recognize her who she was.

John Bruce opened his eyes again. Dimly, faintly, his mind seemed to be grasping coherent realities. He began to remember fragments of the past, but it was very hard to piece those fragments together into a concrete whole. That white beach—yes, he remembered that. And the quill toothpick. Only the huge jack-knife was absurd! It was at Apia with Larmon. But he was in a room somewhere now, and lying on a cot of some sort. And it was night. How had he come here?

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Village of Jarvis Financial Statement, 1930

RECEIPTS

Jan. 1—Cash on hand	\$ 2891.51
Jan. 15—J. J. Mitchell, tax collected	32.26
Jan. 17—E. J. Mitchell, tax collected	48.35
May 17—E. J. Mitchell, dog tax	2.06
May 22—Tax arrears paid in	70.94
May 26—Railway Tax	33.65
Aug. 21—Rent of Hall	5.00
Oct. 6—Mrs. Erss and Mrs. Armstrong, for Dist.	12.35
Nov. 29—C. C. Butler, peddler's lic.	20.00
Dec. 10—Rebate on rd. from County	360.00
J. Hodge, pool room license	70.00
Dec. 15—J. J. Mitchell, taxes	9013.87
Jan. Jones, dirt	2.45
F. W. Newman, tile	1.50
Sill & Jones, tax sale	14.16
	\$12578.04

EXPENDITURES

Jan. 14—Mrs. I. Armstrong, refund.	.80
Feb. 3—J. Porter, shovelling snow	5.10
Mar. 4—J. F. Mitchell	17.85
J. Carpenter	1.55
Apr. 3—J. J. Mitchell	2.60
Silas Snyder	22.30
A. Booth, painting signs	1.50
Silas Snyder, street work	14.30
Stan Doughty	4.00
Albert Hyde	7.50
W. Parkinson, concrete wk.	37.26
J. A. Duncan, bridge work	9.35
July 7—Harry Holland, weeds	4.20
J. J. Mitchell, sidewalks	21.55
Silas Snyder, sts. & weeds	19.12
W. Parkinson, sidewalk	38.60
Hagersville Crush Stone	12.15
Aug. 5—Silas Snyder, street work	9.10
Steel Shank Spec. Co.	13.74
W. J. Bailey, sidw. mater.	46.25
C. Fitzgerald, weeds	15.00
Sept. 2—G. Holland, street work	9.00
Oct. 6—G. Holland, cleaning ditch	31.25
Robt. Wilson, tile	18.00
W. F. Jacques, loan	2.25
J. A. Duncan, sidewalks	16.50
W. Parkinson, walks	34.22
Nov. 4—R. Underhill	4.50
A. Underhill, weeds	20.00
W. Parkinson, walks	8.25
C. Reynolds, streets	2.50
J. J. Mitchell, str.	8.40
Silas Snyder, str.	8.40
E. W. Evans, str.	5.00
Dec. 15—Robt. Wilson, tile	7.50
E. T. Carter, material	2.90
D. Steel, material	2.00
Fred Held, tile	37.50
Pt. Dover, Supply Co., tile	36.00
Stan Doughty, streets	4.50
Miss Whitwell, tile	1.05
W. J. Bailey, material	58.79
Silas Snyder, wk. on st.	13.80
Peter Banks, material	2.40
N. R. Pond, material	8.75
Lloyd Mitchell, wk. on str.	.50
Harold Miller, trucking	3.70
Jno. Balfour, streets	4.00
W. Parkinson, sidewalk	.75
J. A. Duncan, sidewalk	6.00
W. J. Elliott, material	3.50
J. J. Mitchell, material	2.00

CHARITY

Jan. 4—Salvation Army	10.00
Mrs. E. C. Id, transients	8.25
Mar. 4—E. W. Evans, goods	30.99
Apr. 3—E. W. Evans, goods	27.32
Mr. E. Id, transients	2.50
R. A. Nelles, transients	3.00
Apr. 6—E. W. Evans, goods	30.83
Mrs. E. Id, transients	1.50
R. A. Nelles, transients	1.50
June 4—R. A. Nelles, transients	2.00
Oct. 6—R. A. Nelles, transients	3.00
Nov. 4—R. A. Nelles, transients	10.50
Dec. 15—Harold Miller, transients	.55
E. W. Evans, goods	1.75
Mrs. Rodgers, transients	2.50
R. A. Nelles, transients	5.25
	\$ 141.44

SALARIES

Feb. 3—J. S. Burwash, auditor	10.00
F. W. Newman, auditor	10.00
Apr. 3—J. J. Mitchell, assessor	45.00
Dec. 15—J. J. Mitchell, clerk	35.00
I. W. Holmes, collector, treas.	125.00
	\$ 225.00

POSTAGE AND ADVERTISING

Jan. 14—Municipal World	\$ 17.07
Brock Print Shop	17.50
Feb. 3—Municipal World, ass. sup.	10.70
Haldimand Advocate	20.80
Mar. 1—Municipal World, supplies	5.42
Apr. 3—J. J. Mitchell, postage	3.85
July 7—Jarvis Record, notices	2.50
Aug. 5—Jarvis Record, vot. lists	46.50
Dec. 15—J. J. Mitchell, postage	7.30
I. W. Holmes, postage	6.00
Jarvis Record, tax slips	3.50
	\$ 136.14

LAW COSTS

Dec. 15—Arrell and Arrell	\$ 5.56
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DEBENTURES

July 2—Road Debentures	\$ 1203.64
Local Improvements	401.21
Hydro Electric Deb.	878.64
	\$ 2483.49
Dec. 15—County tax	\$ 1580.00
School tax	2800.00
Hydro Electric, St. lights	840.00

FIRE PROTECTION

Jan. 14—Dom. Gas Co., fire hall	8.50
Feb. 3—Dom. Gas Co., fire hall	12.10
Mar. 4—W. J. Elliott, markers	2.00
Dom. Gas Co., gas	10.30
Apr. 2—Dom. Gas Co., gas	6.70
May 6—Dom. Gas Co., gas	4.30
July 7—Dom. Gas Co., gas	2.00
Aug. 5—Cayuga Fire Dept. (Eaid)	23.80
Bickle's Fire Eng. Co. sup.	27.27
W. J. Elliott, fire	1.37
Dom. Gas Co., gas	1.30
Sept. 2—Bickle's Fire Eng. Co. sup.	27.27
W. J. Elliott, fire	1.40
J. J. Mitchell, watchman	5.00
Dom. Gas Co., gas	1.40
Segress Fire Eng. sup.	1.75
B. Fitzgald watchman	2.50
Nov. 4—Peter Banks, watchman	5.00
J. Jacques, watchman	2.50
Dec. 15—Dom. Gas Co., gas	4.40
Hagersville Fire Dep. Eaid	50.00
	\$ 209.06

MISCELLANEOUS

Jan. 14—Mrs. H. Steel, R.O.	\$ 4.00
Mrs. G. L. Miller, clerk	4.00
Mrs. J. Porter, constable	4.00
Apr. 3—Op. of Walpole, C.N.R. gates	200.45
Aug. 1—Liability Insurance	120.00
Jarvis Fire Dept., grant	50.00
Mrs. J. Butcher, Mem.	30.00
Oct. 6—Jarvis Library, grant	25.00
Dec. 15—C. S. McCarter, Div. Cr.	12.00
Geo. Irwin, Div. Cr. Fees	12.00
Lea Marshall, sel. jurors	2.00
I. W. Holmes, Div. Reg.	6.50
I. W. Holmes, office sup.	4.45
I. W. Holmes, rent	10.00
Hald. Child Aid, grant	10.00
Jarvis Agr. Society, grant	75.00
I. W. Holmes, rent	10.00
	\$ 569.43

BOARD OF HEALTH

Jul. 4—Silas Snyder, cleanup	1.75
Aug. 5—Harold Miller, trucking	8.10
Oct. 6—Silas Snyder, cleaning crk.	24.10
Rees Anderson, clean. crk.	2.00
J. Butcher, cl. cr.	14.53
Wesley Strong, cl. cr.	14.00
J. A. Duncan, cl. cr.	16.00
E. W. Evans, cl. cr.	5.75
W. Parkinson, cl. cr.	17.00
E. W. Evans, cl. cr.	3.25
A. Underhill, cl. cr.	3.55
Dec. 15—Lea Marshall	4.00
Geo. Irwin	4.00
I. W. Holmes	4.00
Dr. F. M. Jones, M. H. O.	35.00
Geo. Reynolds, creek	2.00
W. Parkinson, Teams etc.	35.00
	\$ 194.05

MAINTENANCE MAIN STREET

Aug. 5—Alex. Murray Co., tar	87.25
E. W. Evans, work	20.90
C. N. R., freight on tar	19.66
Sept. 2—J. Mitchell, work	40.60
Canada Crush Stone	7.62
Hamilton Tar Products	84.04
Silas Snyder, work	40.60
E. W. Evans, work	10.30
Harold Miller, freight	7.30
Smithson Transport	9.60
Dec. 15—Hamilton tar Products	13.20
Edwards Transport	2.48
Gideon Snyder, draying	4.00
	\$ 346.25

SUMMARY OF EXPENDITURES

Streets and Sidewalks	\$ 666.26
Charity	141.44
Salaries	225.00
Postage and Advertising	136.14
Law Costs	5.56
Debentures	2483.49
County Taxes	1520.00
School Taxes	2800.00
Hydro Electric Street Lighting	840.00
Fire Protection	200.86
Board of Health	194.05
Maintenance on Main Street	346.25
Miscellaneous	569.43
Dec. 15—Cash on hand	2419.56
	\$12578.04
Dec. 15—Unpaid Taxes	\$ 673.63

FREE OF CHARGE.

In an interview this week with Jailer J. B. Smith of Cayuga, it was learned that at the present time there are only two prisoners in the County Jail, while on the same date last year there were twenty four, awaiting