

THE JARVIS RECORD

JARVIS, ONTARIO

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ward and charged accordingly.

GEO. L. MILLER

Editor and Proprietor

CALL OF CHRISTMAS

To be seen, found, possible for some

to forget birthdays, when the anni-

versary of a marriage, but there is

no forgetting of Christmas.

Choir, there is none in that mat-

ter? Tompkins may rage, diplo-

mats fail us, sickness terrify, war-

demon rattle, but the magic flute of

the Piped Piper of Hamelin could start

up a little fire-patter and tiny

tune a wondrous no. specifier than the

call of Christmas morning.

The atmosphere becomes filled with

an unusual tenderness, as the merry

prattle of children's voices sits up

recollections of days when we and

the world were young, all was well

and everything and everybody, and

Father Christmas, or Santa Claus,

was real and near and very dear.

Cherished of festivals, and holiest

of holy days, Christmas is the sea-

son of waiting and of thanksgiving

and none of us need find it too late

to be young again in soul, and one of

the happy people.

For it brings every year a re-ju-

vination, it calls out of the innerly

speaked citadel of the past, memories

which spring up into vivid realities,

and still a fragrance which over-

powers everything else, and makes

us to breathe a sweeter life helping

to beautify all our surroundings and

after the harsh asperities of every-

day life.

That a new humanity had appeared

upon our earth, true men and true

God, to lend a new trend to our sin-

cerbed human stock was a marvel

of splendid and amazing fact.

Present there must and will be.

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DISCOURAGE THE PEDDLARS

This is the time of the year when

the house-to-house peddlars make

their appearance. They realize that

the Christmas buying season is not

far away and they appear at the

door with some commodity which

appeals to the housewife, tell a plausible

story of the wonderful bargain they

are offering and make all sorts of

promises in order to induce the

lady to give them an order to be de-

livered just before Christmas.

The time to discourage these ped-

dlars is before they start, to tell their

story. As soon as they are recog-

nized as peddlars they should be polit-

ely told their goods are not wanted,

but that the home merchant is en-

titled to get the business and that it

is intended to give it to him. If this

stand is taken right from the start

the peddlars' trade will very quickly

fade away and it is hoped that the

residents of Jarvis and vicinity

will do all they can to discourage

the itinerant peddlars, in their own

interests and those of the merchants

who have to pay taxes.

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HAGERSVILLE

About 9 o'clock on Sunday evening

the house of George Morrow on Main

street was discovered to be on fire,

an alarm was sent in and the local

fire reils were soon on the scene but

the fire had gained such a headway

that the "barn" could not be saved, but

with plenty of water supply other

neighboring buildings were all saved.

A car belonging to Mr. Morrow and

one belonging to Robert Patterson

were both burned.

Roy and Mrs. Kline and baby of

Buffalo spent over the week-end with

her mother Mrs. Susie Bowman.

Mrs. Lemon of Buffalo has been

visiting in the city with her sister,

Mrs. Wilfred Mason, Howard

street.

Elmer J. and Mrs. Night, of Essex

and Clarence and Mrs. Fraha, of

Kingville, were recent guests with

their cousins, Joseph and Mrs. Sem-

Florence Mattice has returned from

a visit with her brother Charles and

Fred in Chicago.

Mrs. Alexander Ross and Mrs. My-

rtle Frew of Simcoe, were guests at

the home of J. W. and Mrs. Blinn

during the past week.

The new residence which is being

erected on Howard street by Frank

McKen is nearing completion, the

plastering will be completed on

Tuesday.

Mrs. Charles Van Wagner and

three sons, who have been spending

some time with her mother, Mrs. J.

Wilson, Railway street have gone to

Cleveland to reside.

Messrs. Orloff, Fred, George

Paterson, Bert, and Chas. Tully

Marshall, Clarence, Maud, Edmund

Breese and many others.

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"CABIN IN THE COTTON"

"Cabin in the Cotton" is Epic of

Modern South.

The most colorful and romantic

portals of these United States is the

least known and understood by the

balance of the population. In pro-

portion to its interest, the South is

least exploited by those who could

tell about it—all except Tin Pan Al-

ley piano pourers and Mammy sing-

ers, who have their own peculiar ver-

sion of it.

For the first time in years it re-

ceives an all-embracing exposition

in Richard Barthelmess' stirring pic-

ture for First National, "The Cabin

in the Cotton," which comes to the

Regal Theatre, Tuesday and Wednes-

day, November 29th and 30th.

The romance in this story is set