

THE JARVIS RECORD

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Published Every Thursday Morning

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A weekly devoted to the interests of the Village of Jarvis and the Township of Walpole as well as neighboring townships in the County of Norfolk.

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A. L. MILLER, Editor

ANGLICAN CHURCH NEWS

Anglican Church Broadcast every Tuesday at 7.30 P.M. over station C.K.O.C.

Another Wednesday evening lantern lecture was given in St. Paul's Parish Hall on March 22nd, by the Rev. Canon J. H. G. G. The subject being "On the Highroads and Byways of India." This same lecture will be given at Broadway Church on Thursday, March 23rd, at the Orange Hall at 8.30 P.M.

BROADWAY W.A.

The members of the Broadway Woman's Auxiliary held their regular meeting at the home of Mrs. W. C. McNelly on Wednesday afternoon, March 22nd. There was a good attendance, and a vote of thanks was moved for the kind hospitality extended by the hostess.

LET US PRAY

For the unemployed, and especially for the young men of the world who want the right to work, and the right to receive a living wage.

At present there are thousands in Canada who are hungry, ill-clad and without permanent shelter. That in itself is a sad state of affairs in this country where we have plenty of food, suitable clothes and a comfortable home that hundreds of them are waiting the finest years of their life because they are denied the right of gainful employment.

O LORD, HEAR OUR PRAYER

AND LET OUR CRY COME UNTO THEE.

"MIND THE LIGHT"

On one of the reefs in New York Harbor stands a lighthouse which for many years was tended by a widow—Mrs. Katie Walker. One day she told her story to a reporter and he gave it to the world. "She said, 'I was living at Sandy Hook when I first met my husband. He took me to that light house as his bride. I enjoyed life there, for the light was on the land, and we could have a garden and raise flowers. One day the government transferred us to this light on Robins reef surrounded by water. The day came I said to him, 'I can't stay here. The sight of water everywhere I look makes me too homesick.' I refused to unpack my trunks, but somehow they got unpacked, and I've lived here ever since. It's almost forty years now. One night my husband caught a heavy cold while tending the light. It turned into pneumonia and they took him to an infirmary on Staten Island, while I stayed here and watched the light in his place. A few nights later as I was sitting here tending the lamp, I saw a boat coming. Something told me the news it was bringing. A voice came out of the dark, 'We're sorry, but your husband's worse.' 'You mean he's dead,' I answered, and they made no reply. We buried him on the mainland over there. Every morning when the sun comes up I stand at the port hole and look toward his grave. Sometimes the hills are brown, sometimes they are green, sometimes they are white with snow. But always they bring a message from him. Something I heard him say more often than anything else. Just three words, 'Mind the Light.' To some of us who are weary and restless with the everlasting routine of our jobs, life is saying, 'Mind the Light.' Our Master spoke one day of salt that had lost its savor. The great things in life leave us that way—unannounced and unnoticed. The salt loses the same as it did yesterday. But something has gone from it. It doesn't taste the same. It just is. In the same way, if we let our ideals slip away from us, unless they are constantly renewed. Once as little children we were very sure of God. A child's religion is the one of the most beautiful and inspiring things in the world. Wordsworth was right in saying, 'Heaven lies about us in our infancy.' If in lies about us in our infancy. If in isn't that we came to a day when growth dim we are given the opportunity to replenish our spiritual reserves. There is no magic by which forty days can make us better people careless. We forgot to mind the light. We thought that our faith was so sure it would last forever without replenishment. There came an emergency when we wanted to pray and couldn't—when we needed

Summarizing

THE JARVIS RECORD

BY B.P.

There has been some talk of staging boxing and wrestling bouts for a Saturday night's attraction in this town. Local talent, of course, would fill out the card. But would a series of these scraps hit the public's eye?

Varency has issued a challenge to Jarvis to compete in six fights, three of boxing and the same number of wrestling bouts. Just to have some of the old softball celebrities inside the ring should add some color to the affair. The first problem would be to find six fighters who would be willing to sacrifice themselves for this amateur night. Would be promoters are facing a difficult task in trying to get the half dozen to enter the ring. The boys are backward, it seems.

Bill Gordon, young baseball twirler for Caledonia, is hitting the headlines in numerous sport columns for his work at the Maple Leaf's training camp at Avon Park. Although he did not receive an invitation, Gordon went south on his own, probably figuring he was ripe for richer fields. Gordon's attitude has us completely baffled. He was never a high class pitcher, not even in intermediate "C" ranks, yet he is receiving recognition from Manager Jack Burns. However, we'll probably all see Mr. Gordon back in Caledonia, tossing them up in the "C" group.

Gordon was one of the two hundred lads who received worthwhile pointers at Dan Howley's baseball school, just two years ago. Our own town was well represented at the school. Eddie O'Donnell, a catcher, Malcom Peacock, a first baseman and Morley Leatherstock, an outfielder received honorable mention from Scout Bert Perry. Grant Kett, of Hagers, also attended the training camp. We spent some time with Howley's boys and figured our own lads were as outstanding as was Young Mr. Gordon. It would have been a treat to have seen George Peters, remember him, burning their way through the watchful eye of Howley and Co. One has too had there were no scouts at all. At present there are thousands in Canada who are hungry, ill-clad and without permanent shelter. That in itself is a sad state of affairs in this country where we have plenty of food, suitable clothes and a comfortable home that hundreds of them are waiting the finest years of their life because they are denied the right of gainful employment.

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Toronto Maple Leafs, the team that could not click during the majority of their scheduled games, but who finished quite strongly in the latter stages, got off on the right foot when they shutout New York Americans four to nothing. Syd Apple featured the attack with a pair of home runs, and the Bombers in the end were denied the right of gainful employment.

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Montreal Canadiens opened their series with Detroit and took the game two to nothing in Montreal. The second game will be played in Detroit on Thursday and a third also on Saturday. If need arises, the Charlie Conacher was not in the line-up. The Bombers in the end were denied the right of gainful employment.

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of faith and found that God seemed afar off. Darwin tells us that after years of complete absorption in scientific duty, he lost the power to read poetry or enjoy music. By sheer neglect his artistic sense left him. He was a man of great power, but he never decided they could no longer believe in God in the same way. They thought they did believe. But they forgot to mind the light. They neglected to replenish their spiritual supplies. We can't live on the breath we drew yesterday. Neither can we in the faith of religion except as it is renewed day by day.

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They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength. Yes, every good thing in life needs renewal. You cannot know Christ for once and for all. You must grow. "His acquaintance with the deepening affection for a friend. That is what St. Paul means when he said 'I die daily.' In a burning moment of revelation he had met with Christ on the Damascus road. But that one bright vision could not last forever. Every day the fight against his old pagan self had to go on. Every day he had to dedicate himself to Christ.

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Here is the meaning of the Lenten period. Lent is not as some people have come to suppose, a dreary season of self-imposed petty inconveniences. It is a time of renewal and consecration. It is a special period in which we are called upon to renew our loyalty to God. A child's religion is the one of the most beautiful and inspiring things in the world. Wordsworth was right in saying, 'Heaven lies about us in our infancy.' If in lies about us in our infancy. If in isn't that we came to a day when growth dim we are given the opportunity to replenish our spiritual reserves. There is no magic by which forty days can make us better people careless. We forgot to mind the light. We thought that our faith was so sure it would last forever without replenishment. There came an emergency when we wanted to pray and couldn't—when we needed

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A ROVING REPORTER

LOOKS AT LIFE

"ON NOT EXPECTING TOO MUCH"

The other day the Roving Reporter had a conversation with a lady who was in a rather badly disappointed mood. This lady had written some letters for the local paper, and was expecting to see it in print that week. When it did not appear she inquired of the Editor. He told her that the reason given her (at least this was her statement) was that the article had been pigeon holed, and unintentionally overlooked. Rather impulsively she demanded its return and forthwith cancelled her subscription, which was very childish to say the least of it.

In her conversation she tried to get this Reporter to say that she had done the right thing, to tell her that he approved of her action. He hesitated as he could, he told her that he disagreed with her, and pointed out that "accidents will happen even in the best regulated families," as Mr. Micawber used to say.

When she had left he began to ponder on this matter of expecting too much from other people. This lady had worked herself into a fever over a very small thing. She expected too much from the overworked Editor, because he unintentionally overlooked her contribution, her "amateur prose" was wounded badly, and she was very unhappy; because she was unhappy her husband was also made unhappy. The day was spoiled for both of them. The Editor received a "calling down" and the newspaper lost a subscriber.

Most of us make the mistake of expecting too much from those with whom we come in contact. We expect too much of our friends and acquaintances. It is very ordinary folk, that they suffer from the limitations all people have.

Take the matter of friends, for example. The majority of us expect too much from them, we expect them always to be in a good humor, to minister to us, to say the right thing at the right time, and to do the appropriate thing at the appropriate time. They are just as human as we are, they suffer from the same things we suffer from, and they are just as human as we are, they suffer from the same things we suffer from, and they are just as human as we are, they suffer from the same things we suffer from.

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WITH THE

JARVIS

BOY SCOUTS

On Friday, March 17th, the First Jarvis Troop held their weekly meeting. With one or two sick we still had a good attendance and were able to run as usual with the usual work. Jack Addison and Bill Reynolds were invested and received their official scout badges. In another week or so all boys will have taken this first big step in scouting and will be able to take on more advanced tasks and become second class scouts. This work is both instructing and interesting and all scouts should find it very enjoyable. We have received word from headquarters in Toronto concerning the Big Scouting display to be staged in Toronto this summer. It is expected that at least 50,000 people will attend during the three days of the display. The display will be a most interesting one to all who see it whether they are scouts or not. The display will include an exceptional interest and value to scouts as we are going to try to take a party from this troop to the display. The next meeting is at 7.30 P.M. on Friday, March 24th.

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