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This New Shipment In Wash Goods

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J. N. CURRIE & CO.

The Transcript

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Advertising—The Transcript covers a wide section of territory in Western Ontario and its readers are the leading farmers and townpeople. It is a first-class advertising medium. Rates on application.

Job Printing—The Jobbing Department has superior equipment for turning out promptly books, pamphlets, circulars, posters, blank forms, programs, cards, envelopes, office and wedding stationery, etc.

A. E. Sutherland, Publisher.

There is apparently no reluctance on the part of the movie people in publishing to the world that Jackie Coogan is to be paid nearly \$1,500,000 a year for a number of years as a juvenile movie star. It is a queer, unwholesome world in which these people live who can talk in millions instead of hundreds or thousands.

This section of Ontario has enjoyed so far one of the most ideal winters that could be imagined. There has been just enough snow to make real good sleighing without spoiling the roads for motor traffic, and just enough frost to make solid footing and give zest to the activities of the season. We have had neither severe storms nor muggy weather. Those of us who cannot afford to spend the season in the south should be glad of that fact.

Many people with friends in Great Britain still persist in posting their letters with a three-cent stamp instead of the four-cent stamp that is necessary. The letter rate to Great Britain, Newfoundland and British possessions, generally is four cents for the first ounce and three cents for each additional ounce. The postage rate to foreign countries is 10 cents for the first ounce and 5 cents for each additional ounce. The rate on post cards to British possessions is two cents and to foreign countries six cents.

In a pastime conversation the other day remarks were made to the effect that many people were hard up at the present time. The other fellow, who was apparently a bit of philosopher, came back with the proposition that lots of people are the makers of their own hard times. "Now," he said, "take my case. I have carried on the past year and conducted my business to the best of my ability and I am several hundred dollars behind where I was a year ago. But I can still keep going because I haven't spent every dollar I made in former years. Some people, you know, if they have a good year, go right out and spend all they have, and when a bad year comes they are really up against it. You know, if everybody would just have their wits about them, and look ahead a little, they wouldn't have such hard times, would they, now?" But we preserved the silence of the condemned.

THE GAIT IS TOO FAST

Is it not time we sobered down? Is it not time this rush should cease? Life can be lived and enjoyed without this ruthless tramping out of the lives of others. No law, no legislation, can recognize society, nor banish from our midst the selfish onrush for the fulfillment of our own desire. The cleansing must come from within, and not from one but from many, if not from all. Slow up! We are going too fast; we are skidding down the hill. At the same time there is manifest need for stricter enforcement of the laws for the safety and protection of life, and if other laws be needed enact them by all means, and then let them be enforced with Spartan rigidity.—Brookville Recorder.

The Farmers' Sun believes that, within five years, the man on the farm will be in a better position than the average man in the towns and cities.

The Show Place of the Town

By LAURA R. MONTGOMERY

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"Some nerve, I'd say," came Jim Skinner's indignant voice. "I always expect a deposit from strangers, and you ask me to advance you \$5, until the bank is open again. I may look green, stranger, but that's going too far. Run along and try the next town."

"Why, man, I used to live here. Any of the old neighbors will tell you I'm all—"

Daisy had lifted her head as the well-known voice fell upon her ears. She sat motionless a moment, then jumped up and pushed the parlor door open more widely. The innkeeper had turned to his register, refusing to give his attention to the well-dressed young man, who was regarding him with an odd mixture of anger and amusement.

"George," queried the girl, then stepped back shyly as she remembered the years of silence that lay between them.

The man crossed the dingy floor in a few rapid strides. "How are you?" he said. "I have had a streak of bad luck, and this hotel man seems to think I'm a dead beat. I intended to patronize his hotel for a few days—"

"Come up to our house," urged Daisy, noting with pitiful eyes that, despite the zero weather, he wore no overcoat. His suit was of excellent material and cut, as were his shoes, but he looked chilled and hungry. "Stay a few days with us until you get rested up, mother will be delighted to see you again. Have you been abroad all this time?"

The man's face held an odd expression as he silently accompanied her up the snow-packed path. High piles of snow on either side intensified the impression of bitter cold and the snow crunched and crunched as they hurried along. "You are sure your mother won't think I'm intruding?" he asked as the cozy brown cottage with its steep roof, snow-covered, loomed before him.

"Of course not; it's too cold to talk here," returned Daisy, wondering how he stood the cold without an overcoat or gloves. "Come right into the sitting room; we have a big fire there." Mrs. Dorrance, who had seen him placidly as though she had seen him yesterday, "Sit up near the fire," she smiled, "we've got an extra good dinner today. I'm glad I made deep apple pies. I remember how you used to like them," she turned the dampers in the big glowing stove so that a wave of heat streamed out at the benumbed couple, and bustled off to the kitchen.

Daisy, now that they were alone, was seized with an agony of shyness. What would he think of her for interfering and dragging him off to her home? She glanced up from under her lowered lashes only to meet fully his gaze which did not waver. "This is mighty pleasant, Daisy, although my homecoming is a trifle different than I had planned it. On the train I fell asleep and the man who had shared my seat got off at Dixon and stole my overcoat and my bill-fold. The bank is closed as it's a holiday, and tomorrow is Sunday. That is why—"

"Don't worry," interrupted Daisy, wishing to save him humiliation, "you can get work here and we'll love to have you make us a visit. Perhaps father will need someone in the store."

"Pat," broke in George hastily. "Did you see much fighting?" interrupted Daisy. Evidently George had failed to make good after he had been mustered out and she felt the age-old urge to comfort the man whom she had dreamed of through the years of her girlhood.

Again the queer expression flitted over his bronzed face, but a quick flashing smile replaced this so swiftly that she fancied she had imagined it. "Tell me, Daisy, did you wait for me?" The wave of crimson was not due to the ruddy stove, although the dampers were sending out showers of grateful warmth. George, studying her ingenious blush, felt a sudden warmth in his heart. This homecoming, although marred at first by his encounter with the sneak thief, was better than he had pictured it when on the long journey. His eyes traveled from the slim, ringless left hand and fell upon the old-fashioned mantelshelf with its sea-shells, and a glass-covered cross of dim black velvet covered with climbing wax flowers with fragile white petals. That cross had stood there since he had been a small chap, and the sight of it in its accustomed place brought a storm of old, happy memories back to the man who had seen some of the finest show places on the continent. "There is no place like home," he said at last, bringing the chair across the ingrain carpet so that he was near enough to pick up the ringless hand. "Will you marry me right away?"

The tall clock in the corner ticked on busily and the girl radiantly imagined that the heavy tones were laughing. During the years of almost hopeless waiting she had thought the ticks were solemn, had fancied that the pallid, moon-faced clock stared down at her pityingly. Now she knew that it had waited with her for the joy that had come just as she had become resigned to the loss of her old sweetheart. "Yes," she said just as she heard her father's step in the kitchen.

"And so someone cleaned you out on the train," cried genial Tom Dorrance. "Never mind; I can give you a temporary place in the store until you get turned around. Guess Daisy will make me," added the father, who had come to certain conclusions as he regarded his girl's flushed face and radiant eyes.

George looked embarrassed. "I tried to explain, but she shut me off every time." He glanced over at her quickly. "I have plenty of money. I mailed some drafts to the bank from Liverpool, but the bank is closed today. You see, I plan to buy a house right away for Daisy. I couldn't decide between the old Sawyer residence—"

His hearers gasped; the Sawyer place was the show place of the town, large and handsome, with several acres of ground and a hothouse for roses—"and a brand-new bungalow right in the village. So I thought I'd wait and let her do the deciding. Women are apt to have very decided notions about houses."

Tom Dorrance rallied. The son-in-law he had welcomed so heartily was a wealthy man. "Well," he chuckled, "Daisy thought you lacked even an overcoat, but I guess she won't hesitate long over the choice. The Sawyer place," he added wonderingly.

"No," cried Daisy. "I shan't. I'd like to have the tiny, brand-new bungalow right down here among all our friends."

And while George beamed over her loyal choice Jim Skinner, the new innkeeper, was rancorously relating the tale of the stranger who had impudently asked him to advance five dollars until the bank was open. "He didn't even have an overcoat," he ended shrilly.

CONFIDENCE GAME ON TRAIN
Clever Scheme That Would Be Likely to Trap Even the Most Sophisticated Traveler.

Railroad trains offer a prolific field for fakers, particularly the transcontinental flyers. Here is a scheme which is now being worked. A poorly-dressed woman in black to give the impression of needy widowhood sits demurely enough in her seat until the conductor approaches to collect her fare. She opens her handbag and begins an unsuccessful search for her ticket, accompanied by well-simulated expressions at first of confidence, but quickly followed by consternation and despair. She has evidently lost it. What will she do? She has no money to pay cash fare. She bursts into tears. It is very disturbing.

The conductor, patient in the beginning, at last goes on collecting his tickets, meantime admonishing her to make a thorough search. He will be back. When he leaves the car a man near by stands up and addresses his fellow passengers.

"Gentlemen, this is too bad. Here is a poor little woman who has lost her money and her ticket. Why, she will be put off the train. Something should be done."

He, for one, is for helping her out. He is willing to start a fund with a five-dollar bill which he places in his hat and goes up and down the train soliciting more. He picks up a tidy sum, which he triumphantly deposits in a woman's lap. The conductor extracts enough of it to pay her to the end of the division. She can buy a regular ticket from there on. Needless to say she does not buy it. For that is as far as she goes, and by a strange coincidence that is as far as her benefactor goes also.—Theodore Waters, in Leslie's Weekly.

Cambodia's Familiar Hymn.
Several American travelers returning from Phnompenh, the capital of Cambodia, the French protectorate lying west of Indo-China, report that at the close of a great religious ceremony performed in honor of their visit a piece of music was played by the native orchestra which sounded strangely familiar to them. Their surprise was increased at the sight of the entire assemblage rising solemnly to its feet. Later they learned that the tune was "Marching Through Georgia," and that it was Cambodia's national anthem. The present king, while still crown prince, it seems, had visited the United States and had been so much impressed by "Marching Through Georgia" that he had determined that it should be the national anthem of his country. Adopted to the Cambodian system of music, the tune has undergone many modifications.

Curious Timekeeper.
There is exhibited in the British museum a large stone, composed of carbonate of lime, which has served as a natural timekeeper. This stone is, indeed, an actual time record of the work done for a long period in an English coal mine.

The stone was removed from a colliery drain. When the miners were at work the water passing through the drain left a deposit colored black by the coal dust; but when no work was done the water ran down clear and left a white deposit. In course of time these deposits built up the stone. Each day of work left a black streak, immediately followed by a white streak made during the night. Wide white streaks indicated the holidays and Sundays.

A Parting Shot.
Madge—"I'll never speak to you again; not if it would save my life."
Marie—"That's an easy bluff to make for anyone that has nine lives."

UNPAID FARM HELPERS

Birds Work Well for Man Practically Without Wages.

Do Splendid Work in Field and Orchard—Meadow Larks and Robins Real Friends of Farmers—Redbreast Devours Many Cut-worms—Farmer's Wife Should Be a Co-partner.

(Contributed by Ontario Department of Agriculture, Toronto.)

When we employ a man and put him to work in the fields destroying the weeds and insects that are injurious to crop production, we are obliged to pay for the service with the coin of the realm. If the weeds and insects were not controlled, crop production would be greatly hampered. We willingly pay the human labor to cultivate and protect the crops, while at the same time giving little thought to the great service rendered by birds.

Weeds grow from weed seeds. Destroy the weed seed and we could in time get rid of this agricultural pest. Insects that feed on farm crops come from the eggs of moths, flies, beetles and butterflies; destroy these early in the year and prevent the swarms of young crawlers gaining life and menacing the crops.

The Bird Is the Unpaid Farm Help.
A meadow lark will eat each day weed seeds and insects in quantity greater than its own body weight. Four ounces of weed seeds or young grasshoppers each day on an average for the year would mean the destruction of over 90 pounds in a year. Twenty meadow larks on the farm would consume a ton of weed seed during the year. A ton of weed seed withered from the fields may seem like delivering a large order, but a little flock of meadow larks will do it. Are such birds worth protecting? If you saw a little meadow lark perched beside a hundred pound sack of weed seeds, the gathering of which represented this year's work, don't you think your heart would soften and you would spare the bird's life? The normal man who appreciates a good friend will not injure nor will he permit any one else to injure the insect and weed destroying birds of our meadow lands.

The Robin No Mere Fruit Thief.
Is the robin a cherry thief? No, this bird has a perfect right to satisfy his hunger by consuming a few cherries in season in the orchard where he works as an insect destroyer for six months of the year without any wage contract. The few cherries and other domestic fruits that robins take during June and July make up less than one-third of their food for that short period. During all the rest of the season, from March to October, the robin feeds largely on insects that infest the orchard and garden. If it were not for the good work of the robin, many attempts at vegetable production would fail. Vegetable gardens and small fruit plantations are largely the nursery of the cut-worms.

Redbreast a Great Devourer of Cut-worms.
The robin is the best cut-worm hunter that we have. His daily capacity when the hunting is good and there are hungry nestlings to feed, is not less than 300 cut-worms per day. Any bird that will destroy 300 cut-worms each day during the season when the garden vegetables are getting started is certainly worthy of the respect of all people. The taking of a few cherries or an odd strawberry by the robin is just to change the taste in his mouth after consuming so many wiggy worms. Be broad-minded, and protect the robin. Only the meanest of narrow-minded people will destroy such a useful bird.

Protecting Fruit From Birds.
If every single cherry must be reserved for us, and robins abound, cover the tree with wire netting or old fish net or else put up a cherry cask or old auto-horn in the tree. The period of cherry ripening is short, since the birds prefer the wild fruit and will go to the fence rows as soon as they are ripe, leaving the cultivated fruit. Protect the meadow lark from the boy with a gun, and protect the robin from people who do not know any better than to destroy a useful servant. The farm bird's life is costly for us all.—L. Stevenson, Sec. Dept. of Agriculture, Toronto.

Farm Wife Should Be a Co-Partner.
It is only a contented, willing, thrifty and competent wife that can provide adequately for the needs of the farmer and keep the social atmosphere of the farm so wholesome and pleasant that work becomes a joy to the family and to such help as may be employed. One of the shames of farm life is that such services are accepted as a matter of course, and that little, if any, recognition is given for the important place taken by the wife and mother in making the farm financially successful and the home a place in which to rear a family. One of the best definitions I have heard of an ideal farm is "A home with a farm business attached." If this view were to be commonly accepted the plane of living on farms would be much higher than it now is, and the duties and influence of the home manager would be put on a par with the duties and influence of the farm manager. Then the farm business would become a partnership in fact.

Meat Consumption Figures.
The average per head consumption of meat of all kinds, exclusive of poultry and game in Great Britain, was about 120 pounds a year prior to the war. Of this amount three-fifths was home-produced, and two-fifths was imported. Of the overseas supply 70 per cent. of the mutton, 17 per cent. of the beef, and 9 per cent. of the pork came from within the Empire—Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa.

Musical Treat

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Friday Evening, Feb. 2nd

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Children, 25c

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"I got tired of seeing my customers boarding the trains to buy elsewhere, just because I didn't have some novelty that was being advertised."

"Whenever a new style makes a decided hit, the wholesaler or manufacturer's salesman calls me on Long Distance, and tells me about it, and I order a few."

"I haven't seen prettier veils, smarter stockings or gloves, georgette-crepes or gingham anywhere. And I see you have the new music, too. How perfectly splendid. They leave me no excuse at all for going up to town to buy."

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