

\$5.00 SAVED

ON A SUIT OR OVERCOAT MAKES OUR CLOTHING DEPARTMENT A BUSY SPOT.

Make the closest comparison in values, from no matter what source, and you will see our claim of saving you a \$5 bill on a Suit or Overcoat is right, BESIDES AMPLE STOCKS TO SELECT FROM.

The Newest Styles in Overcoats for Young Men

The Standard Styles for Men Wanting More Conservative Types

Large stocks, ranging in prices from \$14.50 to \$39.

Boys' and Youths' Smart Type Top Coats

Belts and Pinafores, in new plaid materials. Prices, \$8.50 to \$16.50.

Piles of Odd Trousers, Bloomers and Vests

at much below today's values.

Stanfield's Unshrinkable Underwear

Green, Red and Blue Label. All pure Nova Scotia Wool. Nothing to equal this line for comfort or service. Prices—\$2.00, 2.50, 2.75.

Big Stocks of Penman's and Watson's Underwear for Men

In heavy ribbed wool and union. Prices—\$1.50, 1.75, 2.00.

Watson's Celebrated Underwear for Women and Children

Pure wool, silk and wool, mercerized cotton and wool—in combination and single pieces. You can depend upon the perfect fit and finish of these—Canada's best makers of Women's Underwear. Every price much below today's values on account of early placing of orders.

J. N. CURRIE & CO.

Canadian Food Control License No. 8-11484. Retail Grocer.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Highlands of Ontario

CANADA

The Home of the Red Deer and the Moose

OPEN SEASONS

DEER—November 1st to November 15th inclusive.

MOOSE—November 1st to November 15th inclusive.

In some of the northern districts of Ontario, including Timagami and the territory north and south of the Canadian Government Railway from the Quebec to Manitoba boundary, open season for Moose is from October 1st to November 30th inclusive.

Write for copy of "Playgrounds—The Haunts of Fish and Game," giving Game Laws, Hunting Regulations, etc., to C. E. Horning, District Passenger Agent, Union Station, Toronto, Ont.

C. O. Smith. Phone 5

MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa, until noon, on Friday, the 22nd day of November, 1918, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed contract for four years, six times per week, over Glencoe No. 2 Rural Route, from the Postmaster General's pleasure. Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Glencoe, Appin and Newbury, and at the office of the Post Office Inspector, London.

CHAS. K. H. FISHER, Post Office Inspector, London, 11th October, 1918.

Notice to Creditors.

In the Matter of the Estate of Mary Babcock, Late of the Village of Newbury in the County of Middlesex, Spinster, Deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to "The Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1914," Chapter 12, Section 8, that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of the said Mary Babcock, who died on or about the 19th day of September, 1918, are required to send by post, prepaid or deliver to Elliott & Moss of the Village of Glencoe, Solicitors for Lela Irene Duffey, the executrix of the Last Will and Testament of the said deceased, their claims and particulars, and descriptions of the full particulars of their claims, the statement of their accounts, and the nature of the securities, if any, held by them.

And further take notice that after such date as mentioned in the said Statute will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which she shall then have notice, and that the said executrix will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any person or persons of whose claims notice shall not have been received by her at the time of such distribution.

Dated at Glencoe this 18th day of October, 1918.

Elliott & Moss, Solicitors for Lela Irene Duffey, Executrix of the Will of Mary Babcock, Deceased.

JAMES POOLE

Fire, Life, Accident, and Plate Glass Insurance Agent, representing the greatest fire insurance companies of the world, and the leading mutual fire insurance companies of Ontario. Office at residence, first door south of the Presbyterian Church, Glencoe.

The Transcript

Published every Thursday morning from The Transcript Building, Main Street, Glencoe, Ontario. Subscription—To addresses in Canada and all points in the British Empire, \$1.50 per year, \$0.40 for eight months; to addresses in the United States, \$2.00 per year—payable in advance.

Advertising—The Transcript has a large and constantly growing circulation. A limited amount of advertising will be accepted, at moderate rates. Prices on application. Job Printing—The Jobbing Department has superior equipment for turning out promptly books, pamphlets, circulars, posters, blank forms, programmes, cards, envelopes, office and wedding stationery, etc. Address all communications and make remittances payable to A. K. SUTHERLAND.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1918

"IN FLANDERS FIELDS"

One of the finest pieces of poetry that has come from the firing line during this or any other war is one that has been so well read and quoted by Canadians all over the Empire, "In Flanders Fields," by Lieut.-Col. John McCrae, who is himself now numbered among the heroic Canadians who lost their lives in Flanders. In answer to that piece of war-scarred verse, R. W. Lillard, an American poet, has written in the New York Evening Post "America's Answer." It is reproduced here, not for sake of comparison, but more to show the heroic courage of the Canadians, and the indomitable spirit with which the American forces are backing the Allies in this fight.

In Flanders Fields

Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly—
Scarce heard amid the guns below.
We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you, from falling hands, we throw
The torch. Be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

Rest ye in peace, ye Flanders dead.
The fight that ye so bravely led
We've taken up. And we will keep
True faith with you who lie asleep
With each a cross to mark his bed,
And poppies blowing overhead
Where once his own lifeblood ran red.
So let your rest be sweet and deep—
In Flanders fields.

Fear not that ye have died for naught;
The torch ye threw to us we caught.
Ten million hands will hold it high
And Freedom's light shall never die!
We've learned the lesson that ye taught
In Flanders fields.

On sale everywhere.—There may be country merchants who do not keep Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, though they are few and far between, and these may suggest that some other oil is just as good. There is nothing so good as a liniment or as an internal medicine in certain cases. Take no other. The demand for it shows that it is the only popular oil.

When Holloway's Corn Cure is applied to a corn or wart it kills the roots and the callosity comes out without injury to the flesh.

Some people are so busy talking about their neighbors that they haven't time to wonder what their neighbors think about THEM—and it's a good thing they haven't.

When Holloway's Corn Cure is applied to a corn or wart it kills the roots and the callosity comes out without injury to the flesh.

Some people are so busy talking about their neighbors that they haven't time to wonder what their neighbors think about THEM—and it's a good thing they haven't.

When Holloway's Corn Cure is applied to a corn or wart it kills the roots and the callosity comes out without injury to the flesh.

Some people are so busy talking about their neighbors that they haven't time to wonder what their neighbors think about THEM—and it's a good thing they haven't.

When Holloway's Corn Cure is applied to a corn or wart it kills the roots and the callosity comes out without injury to the flesh.

Some people are so busy talking about their neighbors that they haven't time to wonder what their neighbors think about THEM—and it's a good thing they haven't.

When Holloway's Corn Cure is applied to a corn or wart it kills the roots and the callosity comes out without injury to the flesh.

Some people are so busy talking about their neighbors that they haven't time to wonder what their neighbors think about THEM—and it's a good thing they haven't.

When Holloway's Corn Cure is applied to a corn or wart it kills the roots and the callosity comes out without injury to the flesh.

Some people are so busy talking about their neighbors that they haven't time to wonder what their neighbors think about THEM—and it's a good thing they haven't.

When Holloway's Corn Cure is applied to a corn or wart it kills the roots and the callosity comes out without injury to the flesh.

Some people are so busy talking about their neighbors that they haven't time to wonder what their neighbors think about THEM—and it's a good thing they haven't.

When Holloway's Corn Cure is applied to a corn or wart it kills the roots and the callosity comes out without injury to the flesh.

Some people are so busy talking about their neighbors that they haven't time to wonder what their neighbors think about THEM—and it's a good thing they haven't.

NEVER AGAIN FOR MARTHA.

Do not judge from mere appearances, for the light laughter that bubbles on the lip often hides over the depth of sadness, and the serious look may be the sober veil that covers a divine peace and joy. The bosom may ache beneath diamond brooches, and many a blithe heart dances under coarse wool.

Assuming the above to be true, we will proceed to tear a page from the life diary of Mrs. Weaver and present it to our readers.

That New Suit.

"What am I going to do about that new suit I must have?" said Martha Weaver to her husband as he came in from work one evening.

"Why is there any question about that? Go to Hopkins & Co. and get what you need. If you need a suit get it," answered her husband.

"I have looked there," replied Martha, "but they haven't anything that I want. I just need a simple suit, but I want good material, and it must be neatly and well-made, one that I could use for almost any occasion. I would prefer a ready-made suit, but those that Hopkins & Co. have appear to be made of poor, flimsy material, and they are decked out with such cheap, flashy, dowdy trimming that I just cannot bear to wear them," replied Martha.

The False Step.

"Well, what do you want to do—run into the city and get you a suit?" asked John.

"No. That does not suit me either, for when I have to pay my fare, my hotel bill and other incidental expenses it makes the cost too high and also takes more time than I can spare for the purchase of one suit," said Martha.

"Could you not order one? Didn't I see some mail order catalogues around here awhile ago?" asked the interested husband.

"Yes; I could do that, but I am almost afraid to risk it. Still, their styles appear to be good, and the prices quoted seem reasonable. I have been thinking about doing that. I will look them up again and see what I can do," answered Martha.

Martha's Heart Sank.

Martha had little difficulty in "looking up" the catalogue, as the house seemed full of them, and after critically examining the suit pictures a simple blue took her fancy. The description corresponded with her idea of what she wanted; the trimming looked neat and of good quality. The price was satisfactory, so after debating for some little time she decided to send for it. A draft was forwarded, and the long wait pending the arrival of the suit was as depressing upon John as upon Martha.

At last it came—express bill and all—and eagerly the box was opened and the suit laid on the bed for inspection. It did not quite measure up to the proportions of the picture in the catalogue. The color was not good. There was too much coat and not enough skirt, and, besides, the skirt was not draped as the advertisement said. It was just hung and hung shaven at that. The work was not neat; the trimming was of cheap, showy quality, scant and inferior. Martha's heart sank to zero. She knew she would be ashamed to wear that suit at home, much less among her well-dressed friends. What was she to do? She needed a suit badly, but she realized that to attempt an exchange would result as disastrously as in the first place, and she could ill afford another new one.

Defects More Pronounced.

The longer Martha had the suit the more numerous and pronounced became its defects, until at last her pride rebelled, and she refused longer to wear the miserable parody. She said she would much prefer to wear a "good" old suit than a "poor" new one. For with the poor new one she was conscious and ashamed when she felt any one looking at her or her suit.

Mr. and Mrs. Weaver held a consultation, after which Mrs. Weaver declared that never again in her life would she buy anything from a picture or from a catalogue house.

"Amaz!" said John. "We have had our lesson. Had you bought that garment from any of our local merchants and it proved unsatisfactory he would have insisted on your exchanging it or refunding to you your money."

"THE RUN OF THE BIG YEAR."

Romantic Aspect of the Salmon Fishery Has Disappeared.

British Columbia salmon is a staple product the world over. The superior quality of the sockeye salmon, especially, has created a market for them wherever there is a demand for canned fish. This world-wide reputation has naturally led to an extensive exploitation of the fishery, and, in spite of a measure of restrictive legislation and artificial propagation, there has been the steady decline in the catch during the past twenty years. This is especially true of the Fraser River fishery. The international character of the stream has made it impossible, up to the present, to secure adequate restrictions and regulations.

As is well known, the life history of the sockeye salmon extends over a period of four years and, each year, the fish that were spawned in the upper waters of the Pacific Coast rivers four years before, come in from the sea to deposit their spawn in turn and then die. It is during these seasons of inward migration that the fishermen gather their harvest. One of the strange and romantic features of these migrations is that every fourth year the run of fish is many

times larger than during any of the three years preceding or following it. This phenomenon is referred to as the "run of the big year." The explanation most generally accepted is that, at some period, before the advent of the white man, the fish were overtaken by some disease, or other calamity, which either prevented spawning or destroyed much of the spawn during a period of three years.

As if to confirm this theory, the enormous rock slide in the Fraser in 1913—a big year—which prevented the salmon getting up the river to spawn, caused a tremendous falling off in the catch of 1917. Thus, in 1913, 2,401,488 cases were packed by Fraser river cannery, while a close estimate of the total pack of 1917 is only 529,600 cases, or only about 18 per cent. of the pack of 1913. Such a decline is a calamitous one and only the most carefully enforced restrictions over a period of years can restore, or even save, the fishery.

At the ninth annual meeting of the Commission of Conservation, Mr. J. P. Babcock, Assistant Commissioner of Fisheries, British Columbia, said:

"The history of the fishing in the Fraser River district in the past fourteen years is a record of depletion—a record of excessive fishing in the past years; a record of failure on the part of the authorities of the State of Washington to realize the necessity of conserving a great fishery, notwithstanding the convincing evidence submitted to them by agents of their own creation that disaster was impending to one of their great industries."

"The Canadian authorities, on the other hand, have, by their representations and acts, evinced, in unmistakable manner, their willingness to deal squarely and adequately with conditions that foretold depletion, and to join with the State of Washington or the United States Government in legislation to prevent it."

If this can be done there should be no reason why in the course of time "every year should not be a big year." On the other hand, a continuance of the present wasteful methods of fishing, especially by American fishermen, can only result in the complete depletion of this valuable fishery.

NO MORE LEAVES FOR HIM

Canadian Says It Takes Heart Out of One to Get Out of the Muddy Trenches.

"I won't go back to the trenches," said a Canadian on leave the other day, according to a Paris correspondent. "I've had enough. Seventeen months without leave. I've overstayed my leave three days now, and I won't go back until they catch me. I'd rather be in jail than at the front."

The other men at his table listened in silence.

"I won't go back, I tell you," he repeated. "This war is getting worse and worse. There never was such fighting as we've just gone through. Don't let anybody tell you the Boche is quitting. He's fighting harder than he ever did."

The others looked at each other silently. One of them nodded in affirmation.

"It's just murder, I tell you," the Canadian burst out again, hitting the table with his fist. "Murder! A man hasn't got a Chinaman's chance out there."

The next day the same man appeared.

"I'm going home," said he. These men refer to the trenches as "home." Only, if this war lasts forty years I'll never ask for another leave. I can't stand it. It takes the heart out of you to get out of that muddy hell for a time and see decent people."

He got up to go.

"After all," he said, "I'll do it again. A man's got to do it, you know."

HE WAS "LOGIE" TO THEM

General Who Makes Soldiers Out of Canadian Recruits So Introduced Himself to Villagers.

There was much excitement in the small village of Angus (Ontario, Can.) when word was started to transform the old pine plains into the greatest Canadian army camp—Camp Borden, observes a Canadian correspondent. The sight of soldiers and high-up military men strolling down the streets caused, to say the least, a sensation.

Two villagers were talking about the new camp one day when they noticed an imposing, well-built officer walking briskly towards them.

"Is it the general?" they asked each other, meaning Gen. Sir Sam Hughes, then minister of militia for Canada.

When the officer reached them one of the villagers stepped up to him, and with the easy familiarity of a country man hailed him as follows:

"Here, there! Are you Sam?"

The officer chuckled and entered into the spirit of it and said: "Me Sir Sam? Oh, no! Why I'm only a little fellow. Sir Sam's a prize boxer compared to me!"

"Well, what's your name, then?" the villager queried.

"Oh, I'm only Logie," was the answer of the modest but well-beloved soldier, who holds a proud record in Canada for the thousands of recruits he has turned into valiant defenders of humanity, General Logie of Toronto.

The Smallest Cartoon.

A certain small boy has drawn a caricature picture of President Wilson upon a single grain of corn. He spent about a half hour in doing the work, for which he used water colors, says Christian Science Monitor. It is said that some time ago he drew a similar picture upon a single grain of corn and, upon sending his work to the president, he received an appreciative ac-

Borrow to Buy Cattle



"Mixed Farming" is the big money-maker today. Of course, grain and fruit and vegetables pay well—but beef and bacon, butter and cheese, are piling up the profits for the farmer.

Milk more cows—fatten more cattle—raise more hogs. If you need money to do it, come to The Merchants Bank. We are glad to assist all up-to-date farmers.

THE MERCHANTS BANK

Head Office: Montreal. OF CANADA. Established 1884.

GLENCOE BRANCH. J. A. McKELLAR, Manager.

BOTHWELL BRANCH. R. J. GILLILLAN, Manager.

NEWBURY BRANCH. G. T. MURDOCH, Manager.

TUITTE BROS. SALE

117 HEAD OF CATTLE

Wait for the Big Stock Sale of Cattle, Hogs, Horses and Sheep to be held at Lot 9, River Range, Township of Zone, Thursday, Oct. 31st, 1918, at 1 o'clock sharp.

TUITTE BROS., W. J. CRYDERMAN, Auctioneer.



YOU serve yourself and your country—save your money and promote the Dominion's thrift spirit when you drive an Overland car.

With an Overland you can do more work in less time, release railroads and speed up your war-winning activities.

You have a car complete in every respect, efficient, durable, comfortable and thoroughly modern and protected by our ability to take care of service and parts requirements now and later.

Five points of Overland superiority: Appearance, Performance, Comfort, Service and Price

Light Four Model 40 Touring Car Model 40 Sedan Model 44 Touring Car

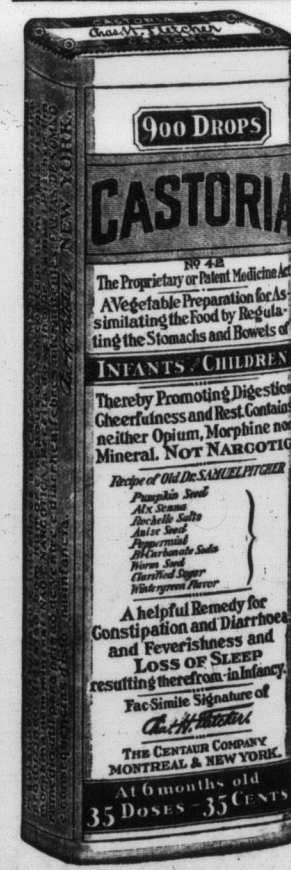
WM. McCALLUM Dealer - Glencoe

Willis-Overland, Limited

Willis-Knight and Overland Motor Cars and Light Commercial Wagons

Head Office and Works, West Toronto, Ontario

Branches, Montreal, Que., Winnipeg, Man., Regina, Sask.



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That

Genuine Castoria

Always

Bears the

Signature

of

Dr. J. C. H. Hatcher

In Use

For Over

Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.