

CAMERON, STRATHROY

Our prices are:
Men's Felt Boots, low foxed, (only 15 left)..... \$1 25
Men's half foxed, a good Boot..... 1 50
Men's full foxed..... 1 65
Women's warm lined Rubbers..... 50

22 A child's trunk with every 35 purchase. Price of trunk, singly, 75c.

MEN'S OVERSHOES.

Men's Fine Serge American made Overshoes.
Men's Felt Lined Laced Boots at \$1.25; extra good value.
There is a rush on Felt, but we can stand the siege.

Trunks and Valises away down in Price.

Warm Cloth Slippers, Boys' and Men's Rubbers and Sox—a different style. All this year's goods. No seconds.

All our Rubbers for Sox are this season's goods, first class, and this means a good deal.

CAMERON & SON, Strathroy.

The Glencoe Transcript.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1891.

Two Dorothys.

A little maid with downcast eyes,
And folded hands and serious face,
Who walks sedately down the street,
Her dainty dress all smooth and neat,
Each curl and ribbon in its place;
A dove-like maid with brow demure,
Beneath her lustrous shawl trim,
Who quies its within the paw,
And gravely reads the service through,
And joins in every hymn;
The sweetest maid that could be found
From Cuba to the Bay of Fundy;
A flower, the love test that sprang,
A saint, an angel without wing—
That's Dorothy on Sunday.

A little maid in breathless haste,
With glowing cheeks and tangled hair,
Who races up and down the street,
And with her skipping, tripping feet,
Is here and there and everywhere.
A saucy maid, with cap askew
Upon her ruffled, yellow curls,
With twinkling feet and chattering tongue
And breezy skirts about her swinging
In swift, ecstatic whir.

The merriest maid that ever shocked
The servile slaves of Mrs. Grundy!
A bird, a spark of dawning light,
A rosy, a rogue, a witch, a sprite—
That's Dorothy on Monday.

—St. Nicholas.

R MANCE OF A CAB.

In London, not many hundred yards from the river, a tall house and trim square which contain all that is most respectable in Bayswater—and very awe-inspiring that respectability is—like some very gloomy, very dirty, and very much neglected slums; which if they do not contain as large a proportion of the criminal classes as do some of the courts and alleys of the east end, contain a good many members of that class whose means of living are so precarious to leave their integrity absolutely above suspicion.

Charlie Farrington felt this as he picked his way through the puddles, and wished he had waited half an hour for his train at Latimer road instead of making a short cut. He had been playing the banjo, with a view to relieving the monotony of the slum-dwellers' existence, at a penny reading—so called, because nobody read and admission was free—organized by the lieutenant of St. Gilbert's.

Sho' cuts, as every one knows, are after the longest ways; and Charlie very soon found himself in a blind alley between two dark rows of squalid cottages, with a blank wall, four watermorgers' barrows, and a heap of rubbish at the end, which last he could feel and smell only. He now began to wish that he had taken his wife to the penny reading, in which case they would have gone home together in a hansom; where as now he was trying to return on the cheap, as a dutiful young husband should. There were some very nasty-looking customers lurking out of that cottage. Should he ask them the way? Better not, perhaps. A banjo is not an effective weapon, and he was all alone, and had his gold watch and chain on, given him by his friends at the bank when he married. If only he could get a cab now. And then, as if in answer to his wish, there came a hansom trotting into the blind alley till the horse nearly struck the wall at the end with its head, and the driver pulled it back on its haunches and swore.

A pretty girl was in the cab. She saw Charlie by the light of the lamps, and called out in a frightened voice: "Can you tell me where I am, sir? I think the driver is taking me the wrong way."

The driver was turning his horse rapidly and using the whip.

"Where do you want to go?" said Charlie Farrington, going to the horse's head and standing there.

"To Chester square."

"Where from?"

Charlie Farrington whistled to himself. He stood where the driver could get a full view of his stalwart frame by the light of the cab lamps. He was six feet two in his stockings and ex-captain of a foot ball club, and he said to the driver:

"Look here, my friend, this is not the way to Chester square, and you know it."

The man grunted that he had lost his bearings.

"Then you had better find them again," said Charlie, dryly: "or you'll have a cup of tea with me. Will you allow me to come with you?" he continued, raising his hat to the girl in the cab, and as she said nothing, he got in and sat beside her.

She trembled and clung to his arm, which he rather liked. "Where was he taking me to?" she said.

"Due west instead of south," he replied.

"Should I have been robbed and murdered if you had not come?"

"I don't know. I always thought, yards about wicked cabmen and their victims were all nonsense till now. Certainly it looked rather queer."

"I've heard they sometimes stab you through the little trap," she said, clinging still more closely to him in her agitation, and apparently going to faint.

"I never knew them to do any worse than look down," he answered, thinking of his engaged days.

"Curious," he continued, "very curious. You say you came from Vicarage gate, and I could have sworn I saw this gray horse and cab with yellow wheels standing outside the concert hall I've been singing at."

She did not answer. Was she really going to faint? How awkward—he had better put

his arm round her waist to steady her.

A jolt made her lurch very near him, and he felt the little gloved hand fall upon his. He pressed it slightly for a few moments; then he thought of Mrs. Farrington sitting up waiting to give him his whisky and soda, and he repented and dropped it. Still, he rather enjoyed the drive; more, perhaps, than his good little wife would have done if she had seen him. The driver evidently was on his best behavior, and was talking their way to Chester square. "I shall write down the man's number and inform the police of this," he said, presently; "what is it, 00156?" The little plate was rather blurred and hard to read inside the cab. "I'll call a policeman now, I think, and take you in a fresh cab."

"Please don't," she said quickly, though in a rather timid voice; "the truth of the matter, is, my people think I have been in the country for the day; but I have really been to see a friend who is ill—you know out has one's private pals. A good fellow like you will understand."

The slang rather jarred on Charlie Farrington, and the voice was not quite a refined one.

"You mean you would rather have no fuss made?"

"That's it," she answered. "I thought you'd understand. The cabby may have meant to murder me; but to give him into custody and have to give evidence of where I took him from, would be worse."

Charlie looked inquisitively at her. She had ceased clinging to his arm and was lying well back in the cab. Suddenly she peered out of the window, lifting the little blind at the side to see the houses better.

"Here is the square," she said; "he has come along with you mind getting out. We must not drive up to the door together."

He got out.

"Thank you so much," she said, pressing his fingers rather hard. He re-epiculated slightly, though he was a young married man and a very good husband, too; "you have saved my life, perhaps."

"Does the driver know your number?"

"Yes; I told him when I got in." And off she drove.

"She must live right the other end of the square," said Charlie to himself, as he walked in the same direction and saw the hansom steadily pursuing its way; "by Jove! they are passing the church! The villain can't be playing more tricks; he must know I should have his number. Phew! I must go home before I do anything. I wish I'd not got out."

And home he went to his little house, and his wife was very glad to see him back so early; but before he could tell her anything about his drive—and he meant to tell her something—she exclaimed: "Why where is your watch?"

Sure enough, it was gone—presentation watch, chain, and all, and a 11 his money and his pearl studs, nipped clean off at the setting as if with a pair of shears.

Then he managed to tell his story—more of it, perhaps, than he originally intended for there was some reprobate in his wife's eye; as she tried to console him and they talked over what they should do.

But the constable on duty outside the concert hall knows nothing of the man who drove a gray horse in a low wheeled hansom and who was waiting, as was the people came out on the night of the penny reading. And there is no cab licensed with the number 00156.—St. James Gazette.

Very Gamey.



It is the pretty waiter-girl—
She's one among a score;
And 'tis not that I love them less
But oh, I love her more!
Down to the festive board I sit;
She stands behind my chair;
I catch the slight suggestive cough
That tells me she is there.

My pretty, pretty waiter-girl!
She hath a pleasant voice;
Of chops and steaks, of fish and fowl,
She biddeth me make choice.
I ponder on my little joke
While fingering the menu;
Then: "If I were to order duck,
I might, perhaps, get you."

Her eyes are on the table-cloth;
Their glance, it is severe—
"Or, should I call for venison,
'Twere you again, my dear."

She wears the lefty look of one
Who searcheth the top shelf;
"Pray, do not ask for goose," she said
"For you might get—yourself."

—Boston Courier.

Advertise in the TRANSCRIPT.

Bad, Worse, Worst.

Cold, cough, consumption. To cure the first and second and prevent the third use Hagar's Pectoral Balsam, the never-failing family medicine for all diseases of the throat, lungs and chest. A marvel of healing in pulmonary complaints.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Purify

The importance of keeping the blood in a pure condition is universally known, and yet there are very few people who have perfectly pure blood. The taint of scrofula, salt rheum, or other foul humor is hereditary and transmitted for generations, causing untold suffering, and we also accumulate poison and germs of disease from the air we breathe, the food we eat, or the water we drink. There is nothing more conclusively proven than the positive power of Hood's Sarsaparilla over all diseases of the blood. This medicine, when fairly tried, does expel every trace of scrofula or salt rheum, removes the taint which causes catarrh, neutralizes the acidity and cures rheumatism, drives out the germs of malaria, blood poisoning, etc. It also vitalizes and enriches the blood, thus overcoming that tired feeling, and building up the whole system. Thousands testify to the superiority of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a blood purifier. Full information and statements of cures sent free.

Your Blood

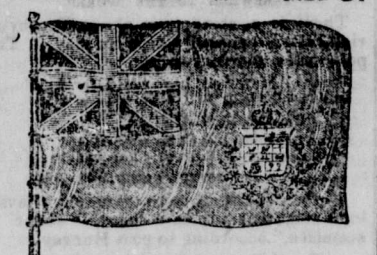
Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar

STRAYED.

CAME into the premises of the undersigned, let 14, 3rd concession, Mosa. FOUR EWES. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses.
GEORGE HARRIS.

GET A FLAG



FOR YOUR SCHOOLHOUSE

The movement for hoisting the Canadian flag on the schoolhouses on anniversaries of noted events in our history is spreading rapidly throughout the Dominion and evoking the hearty approval of all patriotic citizens. Already

The Empire

has done its share in helping on this movement, by awarding a handsome flag to one school in each county of Ontario, but the number of copies from all parts of the Dominion as to how flags can be obtained by other schools has determined the publishers of THE EMPIRE to offer a handsome

CANADIAN FLAG

of 6 ft. by 12 ft. long (regular price \$15), as a premium for 50 new yearly subscribers to the WEEKLY EMPIRE at \$1.00 or eight new yearly subscribers to THE DAILY EMPIRE at \$5.00 per annum, or a proportion of each, one subscription to DAILY counting for FIVE WEEKLIES.

Every school in the Dominion ought to have a national flag, and this offer presents an opportunity for each obtaining it without cost, and with little trouble. Let those who are interested in getting a flag for their school-house join in getting up a club, and while subscribers get full value for their money in the best newspaper in the Dominion, the school obtains its flag FREE OF CHARGE.

THE WEEKLY EMPIRE has recently been enlarged to twelve pages, and is now, without doubt, the best weekly newspaper in Canada, while the reputation of THE DAILY EMPIRE as the leading morning journal of the Dominion is well known.

Send for sample copies and special clubbing lists, and go in for a flag for your school.

ADDRESS THE EMPIRE, Toronto.

Estate of John Tilson, late of the Township of Mosa, Yeoman.

NOTICE is hereby given that creditors and other persons having claims against the estate of the above named John Tilson, who died on or about the 4th day of August, 1889, are on or before the 2nd day of February, 1891, to send by post, prepaid, to Messrs. Blackburn & Cox, of the City of London, Solicitors, their claims and addresses, the full particulars of their claims and the nature of the securities (if any) held by them, and that the executor of the said John Tilson will proceed, after the said 2nd day of February, 1891, to distribute the assets of the testator amongst the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which notice shall have been so given.

BLACKBURN & COX
Solicitors for the Executor.

Dated at London this 30th day of Dec., A.D. 1890.
THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. Advertiser Bureau (108 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

REDUCED PRICES.

Mantle Cloths, Ulster Cloths, Sealettes, and all heavy Wool- len Goods at Reduced Prices for the balance of this month.

HOLIDAY GOODS!

Just Received—A nice range of Silk Handkerchiefs, Ties, Scarfs, Gloves, Table Drapes, Table Covers, Etc.

Our Stock of Children's, Boys' and Men's Overcoats is still well assorted, and we are offering them at prices that will sell them.

Full Stock of Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, Overshoes, Felt Boots, Heavy Rubbers and Socks, all at bottom prices.

GROCERIES, FRESH AND CHEAP.

P. LINDSAY.

Finest Assortment of Best Class Cooking and Heating

STOVES.

BEST ASSORTMENT AND LOWEST PRICES.

W. S. ROGERS & SON, GLENCOE.

Detailed Statement of the Accounts of the Glencoe Public School Board for the year ending December 31st, 1890.

JOHN OLDRIEVE, Treasurer.

1890.	RECEIPTS.	Dr.
Jan. 1—	To balance on hand as per last audit	\$ 639 43
	received Municipal Grant (Glencoe)	\$110 00
	" " " (Mosa)	14 87
	" " " (Ekfrid)	7 34
July 1—	" borrowed on Trustees' note	132 21
	received from Legislative Grant (Glencoe)	450 00
	" " " (Mosa)	\$109 00
	" " " (Ekfrid)	19 33
Oct. 2—	" borrowed on Trustees' note	3 72
	received from General School Rate (Glencoe)	132 05
	" " " (Mosa)	200 00
	" " " (Ekfrid)	\$105 00
	" " " " (Mosa)	345 00
	" " " " (Ekfrid)	60 00
		1500 00
		\$3053 69

PAYMENTS.

By paid Teachers and assistants since last account:	Cr.
Mrs. A. McNab, in 1889	\$ 30 00
Miss J. Johnston, in 1889	25 60
E. W. Hinde, Principal	260 85
W. C. Allin	125 00
Miss J. Johnston, 1st assistant	178 57
Miss M. C. Harrison, 1st assistant	120 00
Miss S. Springer, 2nd assistant	240 25
Miss A. French, substitute	5 00
Miss E. Stevenson	9 00
Miss L. Sutherland	11 61
L. G. Clark	1 00
G. W. Swaisland	25 00
Miss F. C. Young, 3rd assistant	250 00
By paid A. Clannahan, balance on contract, new part school building	\$1381 88
A. W. Otton, furnace in new building	173 00
E. Adams, Janitor, 1889	80 00
C. Henderson, for wood	81 85
A. McNab, repairing walks	77 25
J. Oldrieve, oak scantling	3 00
Smith & Gale, kalsomining	4 01
E. Thomas, repairs, brick and stone work	14 25
J. Smith painting woodshed	3 37
" frosting windows	10 00
T. Hopkins & Co., lumber	2 50
T. Lee, cleaning well	9 59
W. S. Rogers & Son, account	1 25
F. W. Meek, account	7 67
" "	1 00
" "	45
McFarlane & Co., account	1 70
E. W. Hinde, for sundries furnished by him	2 85
F. W. James, account	80
E. Adams, account	3 00
J. Harris, account	66
Empire Printing Co., advertising	94
" "	1 50
Globe Printing Co., "	96
G. N. W. Tel. Co., telegrams	35
A. Sutherland, printing account	6 75
G. M. Harrison, Imperial Dictionary	77 00
Secretary, for postage and stationery	4 50
Treasurer, for postage	\$3 00
Trustees' note	12
Interest on note	3 12
	650 00
	22 00
Total Expenditure	\$2550 60
Balance in Treasurer's hands	503 09
	\$3053 69

We, the undersigned Auditors, declare that we have examined the books and vouchers and find the above to be a correct statement of the receipts and payments since the date of the last preceding audit.

GEO. WILSON, AUDITORS.
JOSEPH FOY,