



**"Real"
Clothing
"Real"
Values**

Get a Line on Your Easter Suit Now, while the fishing is good. Get away from the cheap hand-me-downs. Get clothing of the better kind, better tailored, more correctly styled and moderately priced.

**Suits for Dressy Young Men
Suits for Business Wear
Suits for Everyone**

Drop in and compare our fine range of the Better Quality Clothing hung up in clean clothing cabinets ready to put right on. Prices from \$18.50 to \$45.

A big saving in Boys' Clothing and a large choice, if you buy early.

That New "King" Hat

For Easter—\$4, \$4.50 and \$5. Selected with the greatest care to get quality, style and price so good that our customers can rely upon our carefully bought stock.

Spring, 1920, in All Departments

Our stock has been selected with the greatest care in every department, and we have ready the finest assortment of Spring and Summer Merchandise that it has been our privilege to show. We have the stock, and you are sure to find just what will appeal to the taste and requirements of the careful, shrewd buyer.

Good styles with price moderation are outstanding features of our showing. "Garments of the better kind" at popular prices.

Attractive Porch Dresses

Made from fine quality Gingham and Zephyrs, \$3.75 to \$9.50.

**High-class Middy and Novelty
Smocks—\$2 to \$3.50**

"Jack Tar" brand, that difference to make them much in demand, selling fast.

J. N. Currie & Co.

Sport Wash Shirts

Made by "Specialty House." Away from the ordinary—\$3.50 to \$6.50—see them.

**Our Exceptionally Good Range and
Values in Silks**

Bringing this store increased business. Compare our values, and see just what good styles we carry. Buy early as repeat orders cost us a good deal more. Prices \$1.50 to \$5.75.

All Wool "Botany" Serge

In navy and black. A special quality for suits of better kind. Prices \$4.50 and \$5.50, wide width.

After the fit protect your health by purchasing Footwear of the better kind. Not necessary to pay "extravagant prices" if you use judgment in buying from reliable stocks.

Guaranteed Long Rubber Boots, \$5.50 and \$5.85.

Ample Rubber stocks for men, women and children.

Men and Women's Dress Shoes from Canada's best manufacturers.

Men and Women's Glove Grain for Solid Wear Shoes.

Serviceable Shoes for Boys and Girls. We feature "Empress" make for Ladies' Dress Shoes, for real smart, comfortable and serviceable wear. Our prices will show considerable saving as well as assure you of a little better article.

Always the Best of Everything for the Money

THE LATE MRS. MORRISON

The late Mrs. Margaret Morrison, who passed away on the 11th inst., aged 78 years, was a native of Lochgilphead, Argyshire, Scotland, and came to this country about 35 years ago, coming direct to Glencoe where she resided continuously up to the time of her death. Her maiden name was McArthur, being a daughter of Donald McArthur of Lochgilphead. Before coming to this country she lived for a number of years in London, England. Her husband 40 years ago predeceased her in England. Up to about four months ago she and her sister, Mrs. Donald McEachren, lived together in Glencoe, but owing to the infirmities of old age her son thought it best to take his mother to live with him, while Mrs. McEachren was taken care of by Dan McMillan of Kintyre, near Rodney. Mrs. Morrison was a Presbyterian by faith and was a regular attendant at church until incapacitated from doing so from a growing feebleness. She was buried at Oakland beside her son and daughter Margaret, who died in 1896.

JUST AMONG OURSELVES.

What about a skating rink for next winter? None too soon to begin, boys!

Our Friend Down Street had of late been inclined to claim the farmer with the profiteer. Last week he spent two days gathering and boiling down soft maple sap, with coal at \$15 a ton, and produced one quart of syrup. His opinion since then has been slightly altered.

It has been intimated more than once that the old fellows are crowding the young fellows out of public affairs. Judging from their non-attendance at gatherings called for municipal purposes and town improvement one is inclined to think the latter are not as sincerely in earnest as they would like it to appear.

Come along, young fellows! The opportunity is all yours. Show your metal and give the old fellows to understand where they get off at.

In a few days the booster club (or whatever you'd call it) will announce its meeting for the election of its executive. The annual fee is only one dollar a head. It will be an easy matter to vote out the "old fogies" and show them how a town really should be boosted.

And the old fogies no doubt will promise not to embarrass you in any way; they've been through the mill.

Street-corner knocking and street-corner advice (and we say it to old and young alike) were never yet known to advance a town's interests. Let's have a little of the old-time fireworks, and have it right from the public platform. Nothing like a thunder storm to clear the air.

Somebody has been taking Peter McArthur to task for writing too much about animals and too little about other things.

And Peter defends himself in this wise:—"I take to the animals because they are sane and normal. The cows are not conducting propaganda. The pigs are not selfish beyond the needs of their appetites. The dog is not blowing bubbles of reconstruction that burst messily. And even the depraved goat is not raking through the embers of the war and trying to make political capital of the smouldering hatreds while millions are starving because there is so little pity and charity in the world. Until human beings show something of the sanity and tolerance of the dumb animals I shall continue to observe the ways of the animals. I am sure of them."

Yes, animals and birds and flowers are about the only living realities left in this old world so beautifully fashioned.

Who will deny that there is more sincerity in the wag of a dog's tail than in the hand-shake of the best statesman that ever lived?

Or more expression in the song of the lark than in the classical effort of a Jenny Lind at so much per.

Old Dad Slocum says:—"I see the Porrit Movement folks are going to use a few millions for to kerri the message to the heathen. They're one thing the people of this kentry hev got, and that's nerve. Here's 'ine millyin Kintjins on the Injun list, and they hev the sublime gall to send missionaries to the highly respectable Hindoos, who don't touch, taste ner han'te the cussed stuff, an' never did!"

Manp a man who is indulging in extravagance now will wish he hadn't when business conditions become normal again.

An Illustrated Booklet

Containing
INTERESTING FACTS

Concerning the
**Gold and Silver
Production**
of
**Northern Ontario's
Mines**

Sent FREE on request
Write for your copy to-day

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703-4-5 Bank of Hamilton Bldg.
TORONTO

MORE RHYME WITHOUT REASON

Between Muggins and the Tom Cat, the whole world now is wise. That Glencoe, ancient Glencoe, is a frog pond in disguise; So now that everybody knows it, make up your mind it's Jake; With the fact unfurled, tell all the world we're living in the lake. Campers from New England States should know about our waters; We have the best sea breezes here—bring on your sons and daughters. Although we've lots of water here, remember 'tis no vale of tears; Amusements we'll provide for you—come on, you Yankee financiers. Tell all your friends about the place where you can live in peace; The great flood lasted forty days, but ours will never cease. Look up the notables who land from every foreign port; Show every man from old Japan the path to this resort. Storks escape get your bathing suits, and get them out in style. For you have to please the Duke of York and the Duchess of Argyle; Have lots of rests for the out-of-town guests, whenever it storms or rains; Please all the babies, the gents and the ladies, with blue blood in their veins. We'll raise the assessment once again, for money's the stuff that talks; We'll put up a score of camps or more and five or six board walks. Talk about graft, we'll get Wm. Howard Taft, and maybe get Mrs. Taft, too. They'll ride on our ferries, and we'll sell our canaries to Bryan, Lodge and McAdoo. Now, water power's dear, but we have it here, right in our parlor and hall. Now, what is the use of paying for juice that comes from Niagara's fall. Let Niagara alone, develop our own, now is the day and the hour; Let Mug and Tom patch it, bury the hatchet, commercialize our own power. Of course the old king gets many a knock, for monarchs have seen their best days. But maybe his nibs, we'll tickle his ribs if we give him a ride on our bay. He may take no stock in a wee little knock, for a good time your trouble alloys; We'll give him a dish of good loyal fish to take home to his wife and the boys. With great waters here we always were smitten. But when Muggins was young and Tom Cat was a kitten We had fine people here but the town had no poet; There was no one to write, and the world didn't know it.

WANTED

Raw furs by parcel post, by express any way. What have you—what price? Prompt returns.—Reld Bros., Bothwell, Ont. 01-13

**Do not forget
to file your**

Income Tax Return
on or before the 30th of April, 1920.

Dominion of Canada



Department of Finance

Forms to be used in filing returns on or before the 30th of April, 1920.

ALL INDIVIDUALS other than farmers and ranchers must use **Form T 1.**

FARMERS AND RANCHERS must use **Form T 1A.**

CORPORATIONS and joint stock companies must use **Form T 2.**

Penalty

Every person required to make a return, who fails to do so within the time limit, shall be subject to a penalty of Twenty-five per centum of the amount of the tax payable.

Any person, whether taxable, or otherwise, who fails to make a return or provide information duly required according to the provision of the Act, shall be liable on summary conviction to a penalty of \$100 for each day during which the default continues. Also any person making a false statement in any return or in any information required by the Minister, shall be liable, on summary conviction, to a penalty not exceeding \$10,000, or to six months' imprisonment or to both fine and imprisonment.

General Instructions.

Obtain Forms from the Inspectors or Assistant Inspectors of Taxation or from Postmasters.

Read carefully all instructions on Form before filling it in.

Prepay postage on letters and documents forwarded by mail to Inspectors of Taxation.

Make your returns promptly and avoid penalties.

Address **INSPECTOR OF TAXATION, LONDON, ONT.**

R. W. BREADNER,
Commissioner of Taxation.

The Transcript

Published every Thursday morning from The Transcript Building, Main Street, Glencoe, Ontario. Subscription—in Canada, \$1.50 per year; 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, programs, cards, envelopes, office and wedding stationery, etc.

A. E. Sutherland, Publisher.

THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1920

MOSA COUNCIL

A meeting of the Mosa council was held at Glencoe on Saturday, March 20. Members all present. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

Moved by E. Hurdle, seconded by F. J. James, that A. E. Sutherland be paid \$56, printing account in full to date; Albert Gould \$8, refund of statute labor; C. C. McNaughton \$35, express charges on statute, carried.

Moved by J. D. McNaughton, seconded by C. S. Morrison, that John A. Craig be appointed school attendance officer for Mosa township. Carried.

Moved by J. D. McNaughton, seconded by E. Hurdle, that James Douglas be refunded \$5.70, overcharge on oil assessment in 1919. Carried.

Moved by F. J. James, seconded by C. S. Morrison, that Wm. H. Reynolds be paid \$110, his salary as collector in 1919. Carried.

The council adjourned to meet at Newbury on Saturday, April 17, at 10 o'clock a.m.

C. C. McNAUGHTON, Clerk.

EKFRID COUNCIL

Pursuant to the statute in that behalf the members of the municipal council of the township of Ekfrid: W. J. James, reeve, W. J. Chisholm, elected for the year 1920, viz., Frank James McRae, Donald McIntyre and William R. Eddie, councillors, met in the town hall, April, on Monday, the 12th day of January, 1920, and severally made and subscribed the statutory declarations of office and qualifications before the clerk.

Several communications were read. The sum of \$3.60 was appropriated for the repair and maintenance of roads and bridges.

The bond of L. L. McTaggart, treasurer, was read and approved.

A by-law appointing certain officers was read a first and second time and laid over to the next meeting for final reading. Council adjourned.

The council resumed on Tuesday, the 24th day of February, all the members being present. The minutes of last meeting were read, confirmed and signed by the reeve.

The clerk was instructed to notify the council of the township of Mosa that the Mosa portion of the Hugh McLachlan drain was out of repair, and request them to have said portion of drain cleaned and repaired as soon as possible.

By-laws appointing certain officers of the corporation and fixing the remuneration of township officers were each read a third time and finally passed.

Council then adjourned to meet on Tuesday, March 30, 1920.

A. P. McDougald, Clerk.

Principal Officers of the Township of Ekfrid for the Year 1920

A. P. McDougald, clerk.
L. L. McTaggart, treasurer.
D. K. McRae, assessor.
W. R. McEachren, collector.
Frank McLean and L. D. Galbraith, auditors.
R. D. Dewar, M.D., medical officer of health.
Chas. Bardwell, sanitary inspector.
D. A. Campbell, member of local board of health.
H. B. Watterworth, janitor.
James M. McGregor, engineer.

THE LATE MRS. McLEAN

At her home, Main street, Glencoe, there passed away on Wednesday, March 17, one of our old and much respected citizens in the person of Mrs. John McLean.

In 1852, then a babe in the arms of her mother, the widow of the late Neil Gilchrist, she came with her three brothers from Kilmartin, Argyshire, Scotland, and first settled in the township of Dunwich, near Cowal, soon after their arrival. After some years the family moved to the second line, Aldborough, where Jane Gilchrist, as she was then known, lived until the time of her marriage to John McLean, in May, 1873. Mr. and Mrs. McLean then lived on a farm on the Aldborough-Dunwich line, near the Walker bridge, the farm now owned and occupied by James Simpson.

After about thirty-five years of farm life, because of declining health and scarcity of labor, Mr. and Mrs. McLean were reluctantly compelled to leave the comfortable and beautiful home, which they spent the best years of their life in building up, and retired to the village of Glencoe. During their retired life ill health came with the succeeding years, and during the past two years Mrs. McLean suffered intense pain. In October of last year she was operated on for cancer, and though for a time she seemed to have the promise of better health, yet the disease remained and gradually undermined her strength until finally she passed away.

During her long married life Mrs. McLean ever proved to be a most devoted wife. Denied the privileges of the schools, she was thoroughly trained in the art of home-making. Her delight was to provide in the most attractive way the things necessary for home life and comfort. She was ever a bright and cheerful companion and few have learned the gentle art of hospitality as it was shown in her home. She leaves behind a large circle of devoted friends. A bereaved husband, a bereaved home, and a bereaved community will mourn their loss which time cannot fully heal in this life.

Pure bred Black Minorca eggs for hatching, \$2 for 13.—Frank Clarke, Glencoe.

Wedding cake boxes at The Transcript office.

STAND TOGETHER

All the residents of the town are partners, not opponents. In all likelihood the more business done by your rival, the more you will win. Every merchant who treats his customers honestly and fairly will get his share and the more business that can be secured by united effort, the better it will be for all. When a town ceases to grow it commences to die, and the more people try to kill each other off in business and good name, the more rapidly will utter ruin come to all. Stand together for the advancement of all.

AN ODE TO THE MEN

(By One of the Girls)
Little Man, why that frown,
Let me pull your pants down,
I should think your legs would freeze
With them half way to your knees;
When you started in to dress
Hitched 'em up too tight, I guess.
And you have such skinny legs
They sure look like wooden pegs.
Say, your legs are awful small;
They don't look like legs at all.
I guess you want to show your socks
With their pretty colored clocks.
But you surely are a sight
With your pants so short and tight.
Don't you s'pose the girls will laugh
When they see your skinny calf?
Put some spats on, Sonny, please,
And try to cover up your knees.
I don't like to see them so
For they are so thin, you know.
When they see your skinny calf?
Cause your leggings are so small.
You are not to blame, poor lad,
Cause your pants fit so bad.
Then, your hair is shaved so high;
Mr. Man, you are a guy.
You're a figure; I declare,
Someone's corsets you must wear.
Throw away those corsets, dear,
For they make you look so queer.
Don't you think, with that mousetoe,
With the girls you'll make a mess?
Yes, I think it safe to say
You'll be coralled, some sweet day.
Some poor girl, it's safe to bet,
Will get fooled by mama's pet.
Then she'll put a string on you,
Lead you round for folks to view.
Now I'm going to tell to you
What I think you ought to do:
Turn that cuff down on your pants,
Have them long enough for once.
Put on good, old, homemade socks,
Unadorned by fancy clocks.
Cover up your skinny shanks,
Then you'll have the people's thanks.
Take from me this little tip:
Shave that down from off your lip.
Grow some hair behind your ears,
Say farewell to barber's shears.
Throw away your cigarette
Lest it run you into debt.
Stand up straightly, if you can;
Do not be a sissy-man.
So long, Man, do not cry;
See you some time soon.
Bye-bye!

H. K.

Don't Submit to Asthma.—If you suffer without hope of breaking the chains which bind you, do not put off another day the purchase of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy. A trial will drive away all doubt as to its efficiency. The sure relief that it will convince you more than anything that can be written. When help is so sure, why suffer? This matchless remedy is sold by dealers everywhere.