

FINAL PRICING ON OVERCOATS

7 Men's Extra Fine Quality Winter Overcoats in Ulster and Chesterfield style. Every coat correct in style and quality. Regular values \$15 to \$18.50, final clearing price \$11.50.

9 Men's Ulster Overcoats, the standard two-way collar, belt back, made from serviceable material, style correct. Regular values \$11.50 to \$13, final clear out price \$7.90.

Similar reductions in other lines of Overcoats until last one has been sold.

A Sweeping Reduction in Boys' Overcoats, \$6 to \$7.50 values, to clear at \$4.25.

12 Boys' 2 and 3 piece Suits, one suit of a kind, priced exactly at half, \$6.50 suits for \$3.25, \$5 suits \$2.50.

Here's a chance to get Sweater Coats at less than factory prices.

Misses' Sweater Coats in assorted colors from best manufacturers. Regular values, \$2 to \$2.50, to

clear, \$1.25. Regular values, \$1.25 to \$2, to clear, 90c. Regular values, 75c to \$1, to clear, 59c.

A lot of Knitted Caps, Toques, etc., at exactly half price.

After Stock-taking Specials.

These lines are odds and ends, some perfect, others slightly soiled, enough wrong with them to make us clear at exactly half price. Includes Underwear, Hosiery, Waists, House Dresses, Wrappers, Kimonos, Sweater Coats, Hoods, White Bear Coats.

Dress Ends at Half Price.

49 yds. and under goes at half price. The quality is from the best stocks. It's a chance to buy, sometimes, just what you want.

Many Cases of Spring Goods Now Being Opened.

We will be glad to show what is wanted by early buyers.

J. N. CURRIE & CO.

The Transcript

Published every Thursday morning from THE TRANSCRIPT BUILDING, Main Street, Gloucester, Ontario. Subscription—To addresses in Canada and all points in the British Empire, \$1.00 per year; to addresses in the United States, \$1.50 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. E. SUTHERLAND.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1915.

The late Lord Roberts, shortly before his death, wrote a splendid article in The Hibbert Journal on the war situation, in which he said: "There is but one duty for the British citizen at the present time—men and women, young and old, rich and poor, all alike, must place everything at the service of the state. Nothing must be kept back—time, energy, money, talents, even life itself, must be freely offered in this supreme crisis."

In placing his advertising the business man calls for local circulation—a circulation in the homes of the people who are within reach of his store, and who, reading his announcement in the leisure and quiet of the home circle, become at once prospective customers. A Chicago merchant print once said that a newspaper read in the homes by members of the family was worth a hundred sold on the highway. If this opinion was worth quoting twenty-five years ago, how much more truth there is in the statement today!

According to Toronto newspapers the people of that city have quite lost their heads by plunging into wheat speculation, in the belief that the price of this essential product will reach at least \$1.50 per bushel. Reports say that everybody with a ten dollar bill is in the game, and the bucket shops are working overtime to place orders. In this critical time, when wheat is at least of equal importance as guns and ammunition, such a condition of affairs is almost criminal, and the government should take prompt action and prohibit gambling in wheat.

It is a common mistake for people to think that the world is a lot worse than it was when they were little. As a matter of fact it was a case of elders taking advantage of our youth and innocence in an attempt to make us good. They preached so much goodness, and unselfishness, and virtue that we made the mistake of thinking that the world was a lot fuller of those admirable qualities than it really was. They did not actually lie to us but they led us to believe that the worst things in the world were bad little boys and girls who were not saintly in all their behaviour. This led us to conclude that as we grew older our wickedness would gradually leave us until, when we came to the age of our parents, we would be as good and virtuous as it was possible to be. We thought that any person so kind and wise as the family doctor must always know exactly what he was talking about; that our school teachers were people of altogether superior wisdom, which desirable condition

we could never hope to attain; that magistrates and judges were men of intangible righteousness and good judgment. And then we grew up and discovered that all these people were just people like the rest of us, just as likely to be mistaken, or biased, or bad. And we conclude, thoughtlessly, that the world is a worse place than it was when we were children, forgetting that the change may be almost entirely due to the fact that we are innocent little children no longer and cannot be fooled by stories of a worldwide righteousness except for our own sin. After all, this old world is probably getting a little better as it rolls along.

The city papers seem to like to give little digs at the farmer boys for not enlisting. A bunch of the lads were talking it over the other night. Said one: "Well, there were three boys at our place but I am the only one at home. If the others enlist they are counted as town or city boys. If I enlist, who is going to keep the farm running, to raise grain for flour and feed, or raise horses for the use of the army?" There were four boys present, each being the only one at home on a large farm. Lots of farms have not even the one; it is left to poor old dad, mother and the girls to provide food for the nation. They decided that they could do more good for their country by staying at home and working the land. As one expressed it: "There are a great many in the cities and towns who can be spared; let them go first. Our duty seems to be right here, no matter what the editors say."

Do not delay in getting relief for the little folks. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is a pleasant and sure cure. If you have your child why do you let it suffer when a remedy is so near at hand?

Advertising of Charities.

Newspapers would like the public to recognize more than the public does that every line of newspaper space represents actual cash to the newspaper in cost; that every free notice of a charitable or religious undertaking is simply a straight subscription equivalent to money from the newspaper. It is gratifying to find a plain statement of the case from a source not affiliated with any newspaper. E. A. Moore, an officer of the State Charities Aid Association of New York, told a Charities Conference at Philadelphia recently that the newspapers deserved more credit than they commonly got. "We," said Mr. Moore, speaking of those engaged in the various branches of organized charity in New York State, "do not ask the stationer to contribute the paper we use. We do not ask the owners of buildings we occupy to contribute our quarters. But we do ask the newspapers to do the equivalent by giving us space which is money to them. He went on: "Buy space. Advertise your work as business houses do, and you will get the best publicity in the world. I have seen editors receive each morning high stacks of publicity matter which countless organizations want them to print for nothing. It is not fair. All sorts of propagandists are flooding the editors with their matter, and they wonder why it is not printed. The newspapers cannot afford to print it. And, again, it is not news. We have adopted another method in New York. This year we will print 112 half-page newspaper advertisements. We will get into the news columns only when we do something that is news. The popular idea of a newspaper is that it is generally looking for something to fill up its columns. The con-

trary is the truth. No real newspaper is published anywhere whose chief problem is not how to save space. Not a day in the year occurs but good news has to be held back for lack of either space or typesetting. Every line of free notice not strictly news or telling comment upon an illustration of news is a loss to a newspaper. Call on your newspaper if you like for help, but when you do, please realize that you are simply asking for a straight subscription in aid of your purpose.

To the Untried Hero.

"Tis even, and the sun has set: The sick, O Lord, around me lie: It seems so very hard that some Before the battle have to die. O'er them no 'Braves Lament' is sung: These men, who face the call so soon: They're quick forgot—the bugle's rung Their memory like a fading moon. But stay! Neath some poor weathered From Scotia's shores to Western slope. A mother—wife—or sweetheart even—Unconscious all, lives on in hope. Till flashed across the ocean deep: The news comes in: He's gone—to sleep. And grief unslung enshadows all For a man who answered country's call.

Not his the plaudits of the brave Who live to see their deeds engrave The hearts of all—with deathless fame, And for himself—a glorious name. Just simply this,—he did his best. What matters it for all the rest? Comrades in arms, and brothers all He died in answering country's call. H. H. Owen, Acting M. O. 17th Batt., Nova Scotia Highlanders.

To

The free-born sons of Canada. To them we now appeal. To break the chain of tyranny, And scorn the Kaiser heel. Come all who love their freedom, Now rally 'round your King And help to catch the Kaiser And clip his culture wing. The brave and noble Belgians Were first to bite the dust. For in a German paper They placed the utmost trust. Their country's now in ruins, Their wives and children dead. And to the friendly nations They have to trust for bread. But, hush! far bitter anguish Upon that land was wrought: 'Twas the cries of Belgian's daughters Who for their honor fought. No mercy had the Germans, No pity in their heart. They cut the hands off children Or pierced them with a dart. The aged and feeble mother Was hurled from her home, And by those German traitors Forevermore must roam. The groans of aged fathers To you loudly call: 'Avenge the blood of innocence Bespattered on our walls. No! No! we cry, for Canada The like must never be. We'll avenge them on the battlefield And our comrades on the sea. With the Union Jack above us, The maple on our brow, We'll show the ding old Kaiser To right he's got to bow. So all who love their freedom, Come rally 'round your King And help to catch the Kaiser And clip his culture wing. J. A. McIntyre, Walkers.

ITS POWER GROWS WITH AGE.—How many medicines loudly blazoned as panaceas for all human ills have come and gone since Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil was first put upon the market? Yet it remains, doing more good to humanity than many a preparation more highly vaunted and extending its virtues wider and wider and in a larger circle every year. It is the medicine of the masses.

JESSIE REMEMBERED.

And the Worst of It Was That She Insisted on Going into Particulars. Mrs. Goby had been in her new house a month when she received a call from Mrs. Toby. Mrs. Toby was accompanied by her five-year-old daughter, Jessie.

"What a beautiful house you have, Mrs. Goby," said Mrs. Toby. "Isn't it nice?"

"It is indeed," replied Mrs. Toby. "And, do you know, I intended calling on you a fortnight ago, but have been so busy."

"Oh, mamma," chimed in little Jessie, "you did come?"

"How dare you talk like that? Speak when you're spoken to," interrupted Mrs. Toby, coloring up.

Tears welled into the child's eyes, and Mrs. Goby sympathetically said: "There, don't cry, little dear. You must have been mistaken."

"I wasn't," blurted out Jessie. "Mamma knocked over so many times and then said to me: 'Come on. I suppose we shall have to go to the expense of getting tea in town.'"

The silence that followed was frigid. —London Telegraph.

The Minister Was Puzzled.

At a marriage service performed some time ago in a little country church in Georgia, when the minister said in a solemn tone, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" Instead of the woman answering for herself a gruff man's voice answered: "I will."

The minister looked up, very much perplexed, and paused. He repeated the sentence, and again the same gruff voice answered, "I will."

Again the minister looked up surprised, not knowing what to make of it, when one of the groomsmen at the end of the row said: "She is deaf. I am answering for her." —Lippincott's.

Amends.

"Would you believe it now, Miss Sparks?" said the genial stout young man as he mopped his brow. "I weigh all of 250 pounds."

Miss S. (sighing)—I suspected as much just now when we were dancing and you stepped on my foot.

G. S. Y. M.—Oh, I'm sorry. Please forgive me. The very first thing in the morning I'll go on a diet.—New York Post.

Unbidden Guest.

Mrs. Uptump (to hostess)—That grizzly faced brute standing over there at the door had such poor taste as to refuse to get me a glass of water. Surely you didn't intend to invite such a man to your reception?

Mrs. Hostess—Don't fret, my dear, I didn't invite him. He is my husband. —Calumet.

Entitled to It.

The small boy was seeing, for the first time, a picture of Atlas supporting the earth. After looking at it for a minute, he turned to his father and asked, "Why doesn't he take his base?"

"What do you mean?" "Don't you know the rule, pop, when a man has been hit by a pitched ball?" —Puck.

Worse Than Retribution.

"Pa, is retribution the worst thing a man can have?" "No; it isn't half as bad as the feeling a man is likely to have after he has confessed and then become convinced that he would not have been found out if he had kept quiet." —Chicago Record-Herald.

Divided Opinion.

"Are you really going to marry Harold?" "I don't know what to say. All the girls in my class read his letters."

"Well?" "Eighteen of them think him a dear, and nineteen say he's a dud." —Kansas City Journal.

Distinctive Title.

"I beg your pardon," said the reporter, "but are you Mr. Spudde, the potato king?"

"Yes, but I don't like that term," replied the magnate testily. "Oil kings and cattle kings and the like are so common. Call me a potato-tate." —Pittsburgh Press.

Mean Brute.

"A writer in this magazine claims that long engagements are better than short ones," said Mrs. Gabb.

"That's right," agreed Mr. Gabb. "The longer you are engaged the shorter you are married." —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Only a Portion.

"You women are too extravagant," he stormed. "Last year \$800,000,000 was spent in this country for fells and furbelows."

"Well, I didn't spend all of it," was her defense. —Kansas City Journal.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

Hundreds of People Have Found "Fruit-a-tives" Their Only Help

READ THIS LETTER

Superintendent of Sunday School in Toronto Tells How He Cured Himself of Chronic Rheumatism After Suffering for Years.

55 DOVERCOURT ROAD, Oct. 1st, 1913.

"For a long time, I have thought of writing you regarding what I term a most remarkable cure effected by your remedy 'Fruit-a-tives'. I suffered from Rheumatism, especially in my hands. I have spent a lot of money without any good results. I have taken 'Fruit-a-tives' for 18 months now, and am pleased to tell you that I am cured. All the enlargement has not left my hands and perhaps never will, but the soreness is all gone and I can do any kind of work. I have gained 35 pounds in 18 months."

R. A. WAUGH

Rheumatism is no longer the dreaded disease it once was. Rheumatism is no longer one of the "incurable diseases". "Fruit-a-tives" has proved its marvellous powers over Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago—in fact, over all such diseases which arise from some derangement of stomach, bowels, kidneys or skin.

"Fruit-a-tives" is sold by all dealers at 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

The Late Finlay Macdiarmid.

Aldborough lost one of its oldest and most respected citizens on Sunday, Jan. 24, when Finlay Macdiarmid passed away at his home on Talbot street. The deceased was born in Aldborough in 1829, and was nearly 86 years of age, and was the oldest living resident, native born, of the township. His father, also Finlay Macdiarmid, came from Argyllshire, Scotland, with the first lot of settlers in 1818. In the early days the deceased occupied at different times nearly every position of public trust in the township. He always took an active interest in educational affairs. He was reeve of the township and also assessor, having been chosen to make a special assessment of the municipality in 1849. Mr. Macdiarmid was one of the chief organizers of Aldborough Agricultural Society in 1854, and was its first secretary. He was engaged in the mercantile business at New Glasgow for a considerable time and was clerk of the fourth division court for thirty years, and collector of customs at New Glasgow.

The deceased was married on December 14th, 1854, to Margaret, daughter of the late Colonel George Munro. Mrs. Macdiarmid died about six years ago. Mr. Macdiarmid leaves a family of one son and three daughters: Hon. F. G. Macdiarmid, minister of public works for Ontario; Mrs. R. C. Shalh, of Detroit; Mrs. E. C. Saunders, of Port Huron, and Miss Catharine. One sister, Mrs. McQueen, of Hamilton, also survives.

Old papers for sale at the Transcript office.

A MATTER OF INITIALS.

Quick Wit Relieves the Tension of an Embarrassing Situation.

An engineer who was repairing a railway line in South Africa found a cozy farmhouse, which he proceeded to occupy.

Promptly came a telegram which read: G. T. M. wants house.

The engineer wondered who "G. T. M." might be. On inquiry he found it referred to general traffic manager.

"All right," he murmured; "if he can use hieroglyphics so can I."

So he wired back: G. T. M. can G. T. H.

Two days later there came a very indignant and self important gentleman. It was the general traffic manager. In coldly polite tones he asked the engineer what he meant by sending such an insolent message to his superior.

The engineer said innocently: "Why, it wasn't insolent."

"Wasn't insolent, eh?" snorted the great man. "What do you mean, then, by saying I can G. T. H.?"

"Simply an abbreviation," explained the engineer sweetly. "I wired that the G. T. M., the general traffic manager, can G. T. H.—get the house."

Philadelphia Ledger.

A Superior Officer.

A few days ago the Grays had a social affair—not a family by the name of Gray, but the Cleveland Grays, the crack regiment that uses the armory when concerts are not going on.

Captain Blank, a very swell little guy, was strutting through the crowd when his tailor confronted him. His tailor is a private in the company, but the aristocratic Captain Blank affected not to notice him. The tailor held out his hand.

Captain Blank stared. "I don't know you, sir," he said. "Don't know me? Why, I made yer clothes!"

"I beg your pardon," said Captain Blank, unbendingly. "I'm glad to meet you, Major Closes!" —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

BARGAIN-HUNTERS

In this community are hundreds of individuals and families on the watch for an advertisement which will offer them what they want at an advantageous price.

Call them bargain-hunters if you will, there is nothing wrong in waiting for a bargain, especially when the seller is anxious to sell at a reduced price.

One family wants a new carpet—the need is not urgent. Another family is looking forward to buying a set of dining-room furniture—it may not be for a twelve month.

One man is thinking of buying himself a watch.

One woman a shopping bag; another an umbrella.

All can be made to buy earlier—by advertising.

A NOTE TO MERCHANTS

Stimulate business by the offer of some slow moving lines at special prices. Brighten up business by advertising some desirable goods at reduced prices. Make advertising banish dull business. Often you can tempt the buyer who is biding his or her time, to buy from you—at a time of your naming.

SHOP WHERE YOU ARE INVITED TO SHOP!