

People Find Out It Pays To Pay For Quality

This store stands behind every article we sell. Always have and always will make good for any defective goods.

People have every confidence in buying here, knowing they are safeguarded from worthless imitations, besides fully aware that our styles are correct.

Our unwavering desire is to render you real service and we are in a splendid position to look after your various requirements.

Extraordinary Suit Value, \$10.00

For Saturday's trade. This is a line of suits we had made to order during the quiet winter months from all wool materials selected by us. Made up in correct style by expert tailors. These suits, under usual way of buying and selling, would retail from \$12.00 to \$13.50, but to outdo all competition we make the special price \$10.00.

J. N. Currie & Co.

Special Features in Men's Suits to Order

At Prices from \$21.50 to \$25.00



"Vickerman's" Celebrated Fine Serges, Scotch Tweeds and Worsteds in new fine checks; materials that will keep the press well and guaranteed to hold colors. Made up in best way with special quality of linings. These same suits will cost you later on from \$2.00 to \$3.50 per suit more on account of higher cost of marine insurance and price of wool and higher ocean freight rates. We advise our customers to get orders in as early as possible.

Men's Gordon Brand Shirts at \$1.00, Special

These shirts are sold nearly all over at \$1.25. They are made in a factory where nothing but shirts are made so that they fit properly. The best English materials are used, guaranteeing quality. Drop in and see the new patterns for spring just opened. No overall factory makes dress shirts good enough for our trade. We sell shirts to "fit" as well as wear at exceptionally low prices.

J. N. CURRIE & CO.

What You Get for your Money is as Important as the Price You Pay

A low price without quality does not constitute a bargain. Prices at this store are reasonable and the merchandise we sell must be good or it does not find a place on our shelves. That is why so many particular people have been dealing at this store for nineteen years.

Our New Spring Shoes Are Now On Sale

A very large stock of the wantable desirable qualities—Men's Long Gum Rubber Boots, Men's Long English Kip Boots, Men's and Boys' Heavy Calf Shoes, Women's Glove-grain Waterproof Shoes, Girls' Serviceable Kip School Shoes.

Shoes Just a Little Out of Present Style

Slaughtered to clear. \$4 lines for \$1.65, \$3 lines for \$1.35, \$2 lines for \$1.

J. N. Currie & Co.

farm boys and girls, who are not afraid to go back to the farm and use their knowledge, to expose some of the workings of dominating influences in this country. We want education that will fit our farm boys and girls not only to farm but to take their places in the affairs of the nation, especially in so far as these affect agriculture. We care nothing for the education that turns a farm boy's heart against farming.

When these educated farmers are available, and when their education has taught them that the welfare of the farmer is a bigger consideration than party politics, then these men should be sent to parliament, untrammelled by party ties and right instead of might rule right here in our big Dominion, where our farmers get so much free advice from city men, and where so much interest is taken to keep the wool carefully pulled over the producers' eyes. While the Big Interests pat the farmer on the back with one hand and tell him what a great backbone he is and that he is the real backbone of the country, they slip the other hand into his pocket and walk away with the key to the whole situation and soon proceed to lock him away from a certain amount of his just dues. We cannot get too much education to overcome this. If our educational system trains men to help get money away from their fathers and mothers, then it is at fault. Our trained men on the farms have a great duty to perform.—Farmer's Advocate.

Farm Labor.

It is evident that the chief obstacle to the Government's policy of agricultural expansion is the farm labor problem. The farmers have put up with poor "help" for years and they see no way out of it. The farm help complains that it is not paid enough and that there is no permanent employment and no future on the farm. The farmer's sons have all become doctors or lawyers or preachers.

Yet there is in Canada a large body of expert, hard-working farm labor which needs only certain adjustments to become available. For ten years we have been importing foreign labor for railway construction and industrial work of all kinds. These foreigners, Finns, Poles, Russians, Italians, and Greeks were farmers back home in nearly every case. Their fathers and forefathers were farmers. They are strong of body and less anxious to "get on" than to live comfortably and securely. They have families either here or at home. They are often anxious to farm, but they have been sidetracked in the cities because of lack of capital, organization and knowledge.

Let the farmer build a house on the corner of his farm. Let him set aside a garden patch and take one of these foreign families the year round. He will have good help. He will not have to pay an exorbitant wage. His farm labor will be provided for the next quarter century. Good labor, faithful, careful and expert. The farmer might learn something from his hired man, and when he is old he might sell the farm to a new generation of Canadians.—Toronto News.

The Transcript

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THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1915.

Too Much Education?

According to our last "Scottish Letter" some farmers in Great Britain complain that too much education spoils boys and girls for farm life. We have heard the same thing many times in this country. In reply to the common question, "Where is your son now?" The answer almost invariably is, "Oh, he took an education and is in the city doing well!" The idea of education seems to be built on city life. We do not believe that too much education is possible if the education is what it should be. Our young men and young women cannot get too broad a knowledge of things in general to aid them in life, and all education should lead to a knowledge of these things. Is it then our education which is at fault or is it that the young man from the farm when he gets that education sees how the bigger interests, located in large cities, are masters of the situation, and decides to take his chance at making good with these interests rather than staying at home on the farm and working hard for the enrichment of the others who have been "educated" to the ways of the world, and know what the farmer's chances are compared with those of the men who really rule the roost? There must be something wrong with the education, or there is something amiss with farming and farm life. We believe there is a little just not right in each, but the big reason why educated farm boys and farm girls in this country leave the farm, and those who stay on the farm think that too much education is bad, is because the educated boy or girl sees a little more of how the organized interests get the best of every great national deal. Some day it should be the business of some of these educated

Miss Tiverton's Tea Basket

A Present That Brought Quick Results.

By ALICIA SPRAGUE.

Miss Tiverton always poured tea at precisely 3 o'clock in the afternoon for a select circle of feminine friends. They drank tea at that early hour so that those who were married might get home in time to prepare 6 o'clock dinners for their husbands and that those who were single might be safely housed before the early darkness of the winter evenings.

Miss Tiverton sometimes wished that they might stay later, for it was always a long, lonely stretch between their going and bedtime.

Sometimes Lavinia Greer stayed with her, and on those occasions Lavinia's brother Richard would call at 9. And these were the social ones in Miss Tiverton's desert of dreary evenings.

She always made more tea for Richard and brought out her little sponge cakes. Richard liked the little cakes, and he liked Miss Tiverton's dainty ways, her delicate pink and white prettiness and her pale rose colored house gowns.

Lavinia thought Miss Tiverton very foolish to wear muslin all winter. "Think of the washing!" she said as she and Richard walked home one evening. "And Letitia Tiverton is as poor as Job's turkey."

"She surrounds herself," said Richard musingly, "with an atmosphere of beauty."

Lavinia sniffed. She hated to have her brother say nice things about Letitia Tiverton. Lavinia had kept her brother's house for many years, and it had always been her great duty to nip sentimental affairs in the bud. Therefore it was many weeks after that ominous remark of Richard's before she again spent an evening with Letitia. She took her work over in the mornings or went to the little tea drinkings, but she did not allow her brother to darken the doors of the little gray cottage.

One day Richard spoke of it mildly. "We haven't been to Miss Tiverton's for a long time," he said. "Not, I think, for four weeks tomorrow."

Lavinia gave him a sharp glance. "How do you happen to remember the date?" she asked acidly.

Richard looked at her quizzically over his glasses. "I noted the date in my diary," he said. "I always write down the events of the day, Lavinia. He did not tell her that he had added after the formal statement, "Brought Lavinia home from Miss T's," the further comment, "Miss T. looked like a rose in her pink gown."

A week later he urged Lavinia to call. "She will think something is the matter," he said.

Lavinia shrugged her shoulders. "I have been there in the daytime," she said. "I don't see what more she can expect."

Richard thought for a moment. "She has told us that her evenings are lonely," he reminded his sister.

"Humph!" said Lavinia. "I don't know that we are called on to put ourselves out to go there these freezing cold nights."

Richard returned to his book, but after a reasonably judicious interval he looked up to say, "I saw a very pretty tea basket in a shop this morning, Lavinia, padded inside to keep the tea warm."

"Who wants a thing like that?" Lavinia questioned scornfully. "I always make coffee, Richard."

Richard said nothing more. He loved tea, but Lavinia preferred coffee, and there you were. Yet the next morning he sauntered to the flaming Japanese bazaar, where were displayed native wares to tempt the tourists who were making the old fashioned southern village a halfway stopping place on their way to the tropics.

The tea basket was a quaint affair of oriental weaving, with a gay pink satin lining and a green and pink cord and tassel about the handle. The pink made Richard think of Miss Tiverton. With a defiant look, he went in and bought the basket and ordered it sent to her.

His heart failed him, however, when the dark skinned salesman asked him for a card to put with the gift.

"Just send it without," he said hastily. "Visions of Miss Lavinia's wrath should she know of his purchase came to him oppressively."

The mysterious basket was to little Letitia Tiverton a source of infinite delight and speculation. She displayed it to her afternoon circle, the rose colored lining, the pink cord and tassel, the fine basketry.

"And I can't imagine who sent me such a beautiful thing," she ended radiantly when all had seen it.

At the first glance Lavinia Greer's eyes had hardened. Of all those women she only suspected where that basket had come from. Richard had sent it. This looked seriously like the beginning of a romance that would be most inconvenient to Miss Lavinia.

On the way home she thought over a plan. It was simple. At dinner she told Richard, "Letitia Tiverton was too silly about a basket that some one sent to her."

Richard started, and his face flushed. He realized that Lavinia had put two and two together and had guessed that

it was he who had sent the tea basket to Miss Tiverton.

"I wish you had seen her," Lavinia pursued. "I wish you had heard her giggle and boast that you sent it."

Richard turned questioning eyes upon her. "But she did not know that I had sent it," he said. "There was no card, Lavinia."

Lavinia went on hurriedly. "Well then, she guessed, for she bragged of it. Richard—it—it—it was disgusting." Miss Lavinia's face was a dull red. She did not like what she was doing now that she was doing it. But she was desperate.

"I can't imagine"—Richard's tone was inclusive—"I can't imagine, Lavinia, a woman of Miss Tiverton's delicacy doing a thing like that."

Lavinia tossed her head. "You don't know much about women, Richard," she retorted.

Richard walked abroad that night consumed by angry doubts. Surely Lavinia would not lie. Surely Miss Tiverton would not brag. His gold headed cane tapped the pavement resolutely. Then suddenly he strode down the street, irresolute no longer.

Miss Letitia, alone and a little wistful in her small gray cottage, heard the tap of the cane as she had heard it every night when Richard went forth for his evening walk.

Behind her curtains she had watched him regularly and had admired the straightness of him, the brightness of his walk, the brown waves of hair which in defiance of modern fashion he wore so long that it almost touched his coat collar.

It had never dawned on Miss Tiverton that such a great being as Lavinia's brother could look upon her and find her lovely. In her humility she had not dreamed that the basket was an offering from such a source.

She had thought the women of her circle might have clubbed together to bestow on her this gift of friendship, and her effusiveness at the afternoon gathering had been due to her gratitude.

The tap of the gold headed cane sounded right in front of her gate, stopped and began again on the stone walk that led to the front door.

Then the bell rang. Miss Tiverton answered it. Richard stepped over her threshold for the first time without his sister Lavinia.

"I came," he said when he was seated, "to ask a question, a delicate question, Miss Tiverton. Who sent you your tea basket?"

Miss Letitia's clear eyes met his frankly. "Oh, did Lavinia tell you that one was sent me?" she asked. "It's such a beauty!" And she brought it to him, displaying the rose lining and the tassels.

Richard drew a long breath of relief. The doubts that Lavinia had planted fled. There was nothing of deceit in that childlike soul, in that flower-like face.

"Miss Letitia," he said, with his hand on the basket, "haven't you guessed who sent it?"

Her puzzled glance met his. "No," she murmured.

"I—I sent it," he confessed, "because it reminded me of you—the rose color and the pink-like your pretty gown, your pretty self, a rose of a woman."

Miss Letitia stood half poised for flight. "Oh!" she said breathlessly, and her eyes were like stars. "Oh, Mr. Greer!"

Richard grew bolder. "I sent it because I love you, Letitia. There is no happiness that could exceed that of winning you for my wife."

It came upon little Letitia almost too suddenly, that vision of happiness, and she swayed toward him, looking just then more like a lily than a rose, and the tea basket dropped from her nerveless hand.

Richard caught it deftly as he drew her to him. "You will pour tea for me, won't you," he demanded, trying to bring the color back to her cheeks, "for the rest of my days, Letitia? Lavinia gives me coffee—but, then, oh, hang Lavinia! Will you marry me, sweet heart?"

And Miss Letitia, after a startled "Oh, Richard!" buried her face against his coat and said "Yes."

PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

Poisonous Stings.

Stings and bites of insects are extremely dangerous at all times and especially when the system is not in a condition to resist the poison injected.

In many insects the nature of the poison has not been ascertained, while in most of them it is of an acid, irritant nature; in others it may contain a powerful cardiac sedative and depressant, and in still others organisms in pure or mixed cultures may be introduced with the sting or bite. Apart from the natural poison used by insects it should not be forgotten that flies and other insects that live on carrion may easily carry contagion and inoculate the persons whom they bite or sting.

In the case of ordinary bites and stings the chemical antidote is an alkaline solution, such as a strong solution of bicarbonate of soda or potash, which counteracts the acid of the sting. Suction at the wound in all these varieties of stings and bites will draw out some of the poison, and until some antitoxin treatment can be found which will prove antidote to the bacterial poison introduced little can be done beyond a stimulating and supporting treatment with attention to symptoms.

ADVERTISING

"Advertising is the education of the public as to who you are, where you are and what you have to offer in the way of skill, talent or commodity. The only man who should not advertise is the man who has nothing to offer to the world."—Elbert Hubbard.

Richards
QUICK NAPTHA
THE
WOMAN'S SOAP