

## THRIFTY PEOPLE ARE BUYING AND MAKING UP NOW THEIR SPRING CARMENTS

The high cost of labor keeps manufactured articles high. Buy your materials and make your own garments during February, before house-cleaning begins. A few minutes a day will soon have all Spring sewing done.

### Figure Out What You Will Save

On a pair of Overalls, 95c. On a Gown, 75c to \$1.00. On a Gingham Dress, \$1.50 to \$1.75. On Children's Clothing, Underwear, etc., about one-half saved.

### \$500 Worth of Designer Patterns Now in Stock

These include the "Bel-

more Chart," which clearly shows how to put goods together in the most up-to-date styles.

There never was a time when it pays so much to make up your own garments, all on account of "High Factory Wages."

Our New Spring Goods now arriving show wonderful improvement in "quality."

Fine Ratines, Gingham, Zephyrs, Prints.

First Shipment of New Spring Clothing for Men.

Be sure and see the New Values.

## J. N. CURRIE & CO.

## The Transcript

Published every Thursday morning from The Transcript Building, Main Street, Glencoe, Ontario. Subscription—In Canada, \$2.00 per year; in the United States and other foreign countries, \$2.50 per year.

Advertising—The Transcript covers a wide section of territory in Western Ontario, and its readers are the leading farmers and townspeople. It is a first-class advertising medium. Rates 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.

Peteconks on the motor of the new fire engine were opened by some person unknown during Wednesday night of last week, allowing the oil to escape from the crank case, which would have rendered the engine useless in case of fire. Discovery of the thing was made next day. Saturday morning's fire following this attempt to handicap the work of the firemen looks rather suspicious, and it might be well, while the fire marshal is investigating the recent fire in London, to have him extend his enquiries as far as Glencoe.

### PUBLIC HEALTH ACT

It may not be generally known that householders have an important duty to perform under "The Public Health Act" as it applies to communicable diseases, and that heavy penalty is provided in case of their neglect. At this time particular attention is drawn to section 53, sub-sections 1 and 2 of the act, as follows:

Whenever any householder knows or has reason to suppose that any person within his family or household, or boarding or lodging with him, has any communicable disease, he shall, within twelve hours, give notice thereof to the secretary of the local board or to the medical officer of health.

The notice may be given to the secretary or the medical officer of health at his office, or by letter, addressed to either of them, and mailed within the time above specified.

### FEELING THE POLITICAL PULSE

An Appin correspondent, having had a pipe distribution of the possibilities of the coming provincial elections, sends in the following to a London paper, no doubt as a feeler, although it has its humorous side:

At this stage it would appear that West Middlesex will be the battle ground of the hottest and at the same time the most uncertain political contest ever held in this historic riding. D. A. Gordon, reeve of Delaware; F. G. Turnbull, reeve of Lobo, and B. L. Galbraith, reeve of Ekfrid, as well as J. G. Lethbridge, M.P.E., are mentioned for the U. F. O. nomination. The Conservatives feel they have a good chance to carry the riding and will likely contest it. They have much good material to choose from, including D. C. McKenzie, who contested the riding in the last contest; G. A. Parrott, the popular councillor of Glencoe; Reeve Holman, of Newbury; R. W. McKellar, president of the Conservative Association, and Fred Aldred, manager of the Fletcher Manufacturing Company.

The Liberals may choose a man from the following: E. M. Macfie, Appin; Alton Ryckman, ex-reeve of Delaware; Allan McPherson, reeve of Glencoe; Dan A. McCallum, ex-reeve of Ekfrid, and John Currie, of Caradoc. Many Conservatives and not a few Liberals believe it possible to unite on a candidate and suggest that Peter McArthur, the well-known writer, would be acceptable to both the old parties. D. A. McIntyre, of South Ekfrid, possesses unusual platform ability and holds independent views on important political matters and would probably draw good support from both parties.

L. L. McTaggart, of Ekfrid, would undoubtedly prove a strong candidate. He is a good speaker and his long experience in municipal matters would prove of benefit. It is also hinted he would make inroads in the U. F. O. organization. In any case, West Middlesex is due for the most exciting political campaign in years.

### SCHOOL REPORTS

#### S. S. No. 7, Moss

Report for the month of January. Names are in order of merit. Those marked with an asterisk were absent for examinations.

Sr. IV.—Florence McLean, Clarence Scott.

IV.—Velma McNaughton, Dan Armstrong, Violet Gates, Archie Gates, Jane Gates.

Sr. III.—Bessie McVicar, \*Willie Scott.

Jr. III.—Jessie McNaughton, Edith June, Clinton Armstrong, \*Elita Scott, \*Irene McLarty.

Sr. II.—Cecil Goldrick, Tom Turner, Jr. II.—John Turner, Douglas June, Mae Gates.

Sr. I.—Russell McVicar, Albert Shred.

Primer.—Mary McVicar and Wilfrid June (equal), Jennie Turner.

Agnes McEchren, Teacher.

#### S. S. No. 16, Caradoc

Following is the report for January. Pupils whose names are marked with an asterisk were absent for one examination or more:

Sr. IV.—Donald Fletcher, Marjorie Acton, Fay Hansford, \*Eleanor McGugan.

Jr. IV.—William Gould, Dorothy Hiscox, Blanche Hardy, Clara Near, Marguerite Hansford, Clarence Beattie.

Sr. III.—Laura Collier, Marion Campbell.

Jr. III.—Muriel Meek, Phyllis Bees, Margaret Dewar, Eleanor Meek, Lena May Hansford, \*Pearl Near, \*Etelle Williamson.

Jr. II.—Roy Hardy, Melvin Gough, Jack Hansford, Jack Kaine, Gordon Huston, \*Leonard Long.

I.—Florence Bees, Stanley Gould, Wilbert Huston, Frieda Hiscox.

Primer.—Harold Carruthers, \*Agnes McNabb, Teacher.

### Middlesex School

Report for the month of January. An asterisk indicates perfect attendance. Reports are based on weekly examinations, perfect attendance and daily spelling.

IV.—Margaret McNeil 333, \*Henry McNeil 348, Graham McDonald 324, Anna Graham 311, Evelyn McIntyre 230, Wm. Richards 222.

III.—George Clarke 321, Shirley Graham 267, George McIntyre 266.

Jr. III.—(a)—Howard McDonald 253, Howard Richards 237, Wm. Burdon 130.

Sr. II.—\*Bud Lucas 245, Lena Clarke 214, Viola Clarke 308.

Jr. II.—Noraleen Graham 155, Anna B. Clarke 145.

I.—\*Carl Lucas 155.

Primer.—John Watson 156, Cassie Clarke 65.

#### S. S. No. 2, Ekfrid

Report for January. Those marked with an asterisk were absent for part of the examination:

IV.—Maudie Allan, Mac McRae, Frank Brown, Marion Doble, Dan Brown, Rose McRae, Phemie McRae, \*Norman Reath, \*Tressie Cooke, \*Isabel McAlpine.

III.—Chester Thomas, Helen McEchren, David McRae.

Jr. III.—Donald McRae, Verna Brown, Willie Reath.

I.—Dorothy Allan, Neta Cooke, Kenneth McRae, Mary Coad, Margaret McRae and \*Lloyd Reath (equal), Mary Doble.

Primer.—A.—Ada Brown, \*Marie Hyndman, Amos Thomas, Roy Cooke, D. N. McEchren.

B.—Hughie Allan, William Tait, Helen Squire.

C.—Nelson Allan.

Mattie McRae, Teacher.

### PUBLISHERS' TROUBLES

The passing of the Bruce Peninsula News, of Lion's Head; the Hopworth Journal, the Preston Progress, the Hensall Observer and the Chatham Planet, all within the past month, is unmistakable proof of the difficulty the present-day publisher has to contend with in issuing a paper. Communities that are desirous of having the boosting influence of a local newspaper should give it their wholehearted support.—Milverton Sun.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of *Dr. H. H. Thomas*

## Charlie Gets His Thrill

By FRANK H. WILLIAMS

Charlie Fisher had always said that nothing exciting would ever happen to him. He'd always declared that his life would be just like his experience in the war—one of the first to be drafted, and all during the service kept at a desk job in America until long after the boys who saw actual fighting were mustered out and back home again.

"That's the way my life is going to be," Charlie told some of his pals one evening after a poker game in which Charlie, as nearly always, had come out practically even. "My life is going to be humdrum and monotonous. There won't be anything wonderful or exciting in it. No matter what thing I tackle that looks like action, it always goes to sleep when I come along. It's tough, I tell you, fellows, it's tough."

"Huh!" ejaculated one of the others, "when your luck does change it sure will change for fair. You'll get all the excitement you want by and by. You watch."

"Nix, not me!" exclaimed Charlie, and he went from the room out to the night to find his small car and go home to his quiet couch.

But Charlie's car was missing.

And, right there Charlie's luck changed.

At first Charlie thought he must be dreaming. His car was one of the prehistoric models which should be placed in museums, and it didn't seem possible that any human being would care to steal it.

At first Charlie thought he might have forgotten where he'd parked it. But after thinking it over carefully he knew exactly where he'd left the machine, and he knew conclusively, after rubbing his eyes a couple of times and walking around the block, that his machine was really gone.

Now, while no one likes to have a machine stolen, the fact of the matter was that Charlie's loss was not so very great, owing to the ancient nature of his equipment. So, after making one or more futile efforts to find the car, Charlie shrugged his shoulders and started to walk home whistling.

Two blocks on the way toward home Charlie stopped short and rubbed his eyes. There, parked along the curb, a half block in front of him, was his unmistakable old bus. Of course Charlie felt rejoiced and hurried up to the machine.

The bus looked much as he'd left it. The side curtains were still on and there was just about as much mud on it as ever. But something was different about it as Charlie felt a thrill upon coming close to it. Just what was the difference, anyhow?

Charlie couldn't for the life of him tell where the difference was, but the difference was there, just the same. But what was the use of puzzling over it?

So he opened the front door, pushed aside the curtain and started to enter. But he stopped short.

Seated at the wheel of the car and smiling at him was a beautiful girl!

Charlie gazed even as he took in the girl's great beauty and winsomeness. And as he looked she spoke, in a voice that thrilled Charlie immensely.

"I've been hoping that you'd come," said the girl. "Please get in—there's something I want you to do for me."

"Scarcely believing that he wasn't dreaming Charlie nevertheless got in as directed and closed the door behind him and placed the curtains in position."

"Shall I drive?" queried Charlie. "No, I'll drive," replied the girl. "It will be easier to drive you to the place I want to take you to than it will be to explain to you how to get there."

"Perhaps it would be easier and quicker for me to drive, after all," demurred Charlie. "This car is apt to cut up at times and then it takes a person who knows her thoroughly to make her go."

"I'll take a chance," said the girl. Having said this, she started the car with the starter which had been added by Charlie a year before to the car's ancient equipment. After warming up the car for a moment, the girl sent the machine at a rapid pace through the dark, deserted streets and out on a boulevard which led into the city.

"I'd like to explain everything to you right away," said the girl, "but I don't dare to. I think you're the man to help me, though. I've heard a lot about you, and I know you're brave. By the way," she broke off sharply, "is any one following us?"

Charlie glanced around quickly. Some distance back on the boulevard he saw a large closed car without lights coming after them.

"I don't know whether that bird is following us or not, but there's a car behind us without lights."

"They're following us," exclaimed the girl, with a note of terror in her voice as she put on more speed. "Oh, dear! I thought I was going to be so brave, and I'm frightened—horribly frightened."

Charlie felt a sudden wild desire to tell this beautiful girl in his arms and comfort her as best he could. Never before had he felt this way about a girl. What was coming over him, anyhow?

"You're not afraid of a fight, are you?" queried the girl. "I should say not!" cried Charlie, feeling strong enough at this moment to whip a regiment if, in doing so he would win this charming girl's approbation.

"There'll be a fight," said the girl positively. For a moment there was silence. Then Charlie spoke up.

"This is all very interesting and exciting," Charlie said. "But you haven't told me your name or where I can see you after this thing is over."

The girl gave him a swift, sidelong glance. "I'm afraid you'll never want to see me again after this is over," she said rather pathetically.

"Yes, I will," declared Charlie emphatically. "No matter what happens?"

"Yes." For a moment the girl looked at him as though appraising him. This inspection seemed to be satisfactory, for she smiled at the end of it.

"My name is Grace," she said. "And if you've got a paper and pencil I'll give you my phone number."

Charlie felt a real thrill as he took down the telephone number. Was the girl telling him the truth? Would he ever see her again? He devoutly hoped that he would.

For some little time they raced out into the country. Abruptly the girl turned into a side road and a moment later stopped before a deserted looking house.

"This is the place," said the girl. "What next?" smiled Charlie. "I—I don't know," said the girl. "Oh, I wish I was out of it. I—"

She turned to Charlie with a queer look in her eyes. What was she thinking of? What was behind this queer adventure?

Charlie had slight time to speculate on these questions! Almost on the instant the car was surrounded by ten or a dozen silent, black-masked men. A bulky individual, who seemed to be the leader, beckoned to Charlie to step out. Charlie looked at the girl. Her face was averted. For a moment he hesitated and fear caught at his heart. Then the bulky leader caught at him and pulled him from the car.

Once Charlie was out of the car he was immediately blindfolded, bound and gagged. Then he was pushed forward.

Some one struck him in the face. Charlie lurched forward, angry and puzzled. Some one hit him in the back. Now thoroughly aroused Charlie began fighting roughly. No one fought back. Silence still prevailed. Then some one tripped him. Charlie fell, saw a million stars and went into unconsciousness.

When Charlie finally came to himself he found his bonds were less tight than he had expected. He managed to get them off and remove the blindfold and gag. He was lying on the ground in front of the deserted house. No one was visible.

Slowly and painfully Charlie got to his feet and started walking toward town. Through his mind just one question seethed and tortured him. Had the girl told him the truth, or would he never see her again?

Some days later a bunch of Charlie's friends gave him a dinner on the occasion of his birthday. The toastmaster was Ed Cunningham, a bulky individual.

"Here's to Charlie," said Ed, when it came time for the toasts. "The waiter and we gave it to him. Charlie, your luck hasn't turned yet. The gang that gagged you and roped you and blindfolded you was this bunch. There isn't any excitement in life for you yet. The mysterious girl was only my sister Grace."

Charlie rose slowly to his feet while the crowd laughed and cheered. Charlie's face was flushed, his eyes sparkling.

"I'm not kicking at what you fellows did," he said. "I simply want to say my luck has changed. I've never been so excited in my life as I have been recently. I've never been so thrilled as I am today."

This statement seemed to surprise the crowd. For a moment there was silence.

"How's that, Charlie?" queried Cunningham. "Tell us about it."

"It's simply this," Charlie responded. "I've fallen in love and today the girl promised to marry me!"

"Who's the girl?" cried the crowd. "It's Grace—Ed Cunningham's sister," said Charlie and smiled.

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## THE SPOTTED CUT WORM

This Insect Was Mistaken for the Army Worm.

Description and Life History.—Poisoned Bait Recommended.—Keep Live Stock Out of the Field.—Salt the Fleas.—Fewer Cattle Shipped.

(Contributed by Ontario Department of Agriculture, Toronto.)

In July last reports appeared in the press of an outbreak of Army Worms in two or three counties of the Province, and that the insects were beginning to do damage to some of the field crops. These sections were visited by representatives of the Dominion and Provincial Entomological departments, and it was discovered that the insect was not the Army Worm but a common cut-worm known as the Spotted Cut-worm.

In order that this pest may be recognized and controlled should it appear next season, the following information is given:

### Life History.

The spotted cut-worm winters over in the ground as a small brown or blackish larva from 1/4 to about 3/4 of an inch in length. In May and early June this cut-worm attacks the crops sown in the field where it wintered. In June it is full grown and pupates in the soil. Towards the end of the month the moths appear and lay the eggs for the brood which is now causing trouble. In about two weeks or about the 10th of August nearly all the larvae of this brood will be full grown and will have ceased feeding. They will then pupate in the ground and the moths will emerge in September and will lay their eggs throughout any weedy places. From these eggs will come the overwintering larvae referred to above.

Description.—The moths are a dull brown color with a wingspan of about an inch and a quarter. They fly around only at night or late in the evening. The full grown cut-worms or larvae are about 1 1/2 inches long, stout, smooth and of a brownish or often blackish color, with several black spots on the back, most conspicuous towards the rear end. There is a whitish or light colored line running along each side just below the brown color of the back. The head is brown.

This insect can readily be brought under control by the use of poison.

How to Control the Attack.—In the evening about sunset scatter thinly, as if sowing seed grain, the following poison bait wherever the cut-worms are present, and also along the margin of crops nearly that are to be protected:

Bran, 25 lbs.  
Paris green (or white arsenic), 1 lb.  
Molasses, 1/2 gal.  
Lemons or oranges, 2 fruits.  
Water, about 2 gals.

Mix the bran and the poison very thoroughly in a tub or any large receptacle, using either the hands or a dung fork for the purpose. Pour the molasses into the water, run the lemons or oranges through a meat chopper, and throw both the juice and the pulp into the water. Then stir this thoroughly. Next pour the liquid over the poison bran and mix so thoroughly that it will fall through the fingers readily. The above amount is sufficient for one acre.

Keep Live Stock Out of Reach.—Take precautions that no stock gets access to the mixture before it is applied, and even after applying it is wise to keep the stock out of the field for four or five days, though there is no much danger of their being poisoned if the above directions are followed carefully.—L. Caesar, O. A. College, Guelph.

### Salt the Fleas.

The best means of controlling fleas in most instances is very simple. Fleas usually originate in the basement of the house, or in some covered place such as woodsheds and stables, to which hogs, dogs, or other such animals have access. The remedy is to give the basement, shed, or other breeding place a thorough cleaning, burn the litter, and then sprinkle the floor or ground in the building or shed with common salt. The salt should be sprinkled thickly enough almost to cover the ground and should then be wet down with water. It should not be wet sufficiently to cause it to run, however. If there are about the place any houses, ertis, or the like built on piles so that hogs and other animals can go under them, salt should be applied there. Generally speaking, it is fairly easy to determine where the fleas originate, and it is usually such a place as can be reached by the salt treatment. It may be necessary to repeat the operation two or three times at about three-day intervals.

Fewer Cattle Shipped.—A total of 21,530 head of cattle were shipped from the port of Montreal during the past season of navigation, as compared with 31,217 head for the season 1921, a decrease of 9,687 head. Of the above total shipped in 1922 there were 7,165 head from the United States, so that the total number of Canadian cattle that went forward to the British markets from this point was only 13,915 head. There was no export business done in sheep during the past season, while during the preceding year shipments amounted to 4,064 head.

It is surprising how far the table scraps and scattered grain will go toward making the bees.

There is little excuse for any one using a grade or scrub bull when it is so easy to secure a pure-bred.



GLENCOE'S NEW PUBLIC LIBRARY BUILDING

### RULES GOVERNING THE GLENCOE PUBLIC LIBRARY

1. The privileges of this library are restricted to the residents of Glencoe and their families, also to subscribers outside the municipality, subject to such rules and regulations as may from time to time be enacted by the board.
2. No one person is entitled to have in his possession more than one book at a time.
3. No person shall be entitled to keep a book out of the library for more than two weeks without renewal. The librarian has the power to set a special time limit on any book or books at any time.
4. A fine of two cents per day shall be exacted from members who keep books beyond the time limit.
5. No one who has borrowed a book from the library shall be entitled to loan it either to a member or non-member.
6. No person who is in arrears for fines or penalties shall be entitled to library privileges until such are paid.
7. Any damage done to any book must be made good by the borrower before he can obtain another book.
8. Non-resident members who hold single tickets are entitled to one book at a time.
9. Non-residents who hold family tickets are entitled to three books per family at any one time.
10. Members who are neither directly nor indirectly ratepayers must have a guarantor's card signed by some ratepayer before they can borrow books. This rule also applies to minors.
11. The violation of any of these rules may at any time result in the cancellation of a member's privileges.

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