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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Friday, Feb. 2.

A DESPERATE NATION.

THAT THE gambler of Potsdam is making his last desperate cast is obvious. Mine-laying submarines will be hard to catch and stop, and commerce, both Entente and neutral, will probably be a heavy sufferer. If only the world can be driven to peace terms before Germany starves into surrender: that is the arch-Hun's forlorn hope.

There can be no doubt any longer that Germany is in dire straits for food. The official statements at Berlin, no less than those at Westminister, are positive proof. Take the potato crop for one thing. In the years preceding the war it ran about 50 million tons average per annum, of which half was fed to the animals, five millions kept for seed, and four millions converted into starch and spirits. It has been officially asserted at Berlin that last year's harvest of potatoes yielded only 20 million tons. Of this, five millions must be kept for seed, and some must still be used for producing spirit for industrial and military purposes. As the German people have largely depended upon the potatoes for sustenance, it can be seen how appalling is the situation for them. Their Government has announced that a considerable slaughter of animals will be necessary because of the shortage of fodder. As for the people themselves, the general ration per head per day is now down to three-fourths of a pound, as compared with three and a quarter pounds per day for soldiers on manoeuvres, besides one and three-quarters pounds of bread and three-quarters of a pound of meat.

Further, the sugar production of Germany has been greatly diminished. Before the war one-half of this product could be exported, now there is none at home except for the rich. Rations of bread, meat and fat are cut fine. What fat there is must be largely used for the munitions. Germany as a whole may by August, 1917, be in much the same state as was the British force which finally surrendered at Kut-el-Amara.

Can the Germans succeed in driving British ships from the sea? Even suppose that they could do this in the main, would not Great Britain still be able to import the bare means of subsistence? The channel can hardly be seriously mined to prevent easy transit between England and France. French, or Spanish or even African ports can be kept open to food ships and the goods railed north to England. As for France, her fertile soil makes her self-sufficient, one of the capital facts in history. But Germany, who started the war with huge food reserves and for a time was able to import more in great quantities, has run through her reserves and faces complete exhaustion this year.

If the submarine onslaught fails altogether of its purpose, the whole world will abhor the infernal nation that set it going, and perhaps by the end of the coming summer, if Germany then gives in from sheer hunger, it may be too late for safety. Ships with which to bring food to the starving Huns may have been too much reduced in number, and no one will feel particularly called to put himself out to save them. May a revolution yet save the land? Liebknecht has many though timid followers. Will they strike?

A POSSIBLE SCHEME.

IT IS HIGHLY IMPROBABLE that Germany seeks to force the United States of America into joining forces with the Allies, as some people assert, so that she may have a better excuse for throwing up her hands and admitting defeat. Germany has greater problems to solve than the saving of her dignity at this time.

But there is another suggestion made which may hold more than a grain of truth: that Germany desires to bring about some kind of civil war in the United States sufficiently serious to prevent the shipment of food and munitions supplies to allied countries.

There are, it is said, something like 600,000 German reservists now living in the United States. If a break should take place between their adopted country and the land of their birth, an effort might be made to induce these men to start trouble in America and hamper commerce in every conceivable way. It is known that almost all are members of German societies, and it is stated, and readily believed, that the names of officers of these societies are recorded in the German embassy so that von Bernstorff can get into touch with them at a moment's notice.

Brought up in Germany under the iron heel of militarism and with obedience to orders instilled into them until it has become second nature, many of these reservists would be ready to commit any act on command of their superior officers, even to starting a futile rebellion or civil war.

Tales of secret drilling and secretion of arms and ammunition by hyphenates in the United States have been rife in the last two years. Most of them, probably, have been imaginary, but it is possible that some are true, and, if so, the men implicated would be among the first called to create trouble.

Of course, fighting might be avoided and all energy devoted to destruction of railroads, stoppage of manufacturing and other devices for preventing exportation of goods wanted abroad. Any of these schemes are sufficiently unfair and treacherous to appeal to the Prussian military mind if the possibility of annoying the Entente were evident.

The effect of such an outbreak would not be so great today as it would have been a year ago. Britain can get along without American munitions now, and even foodstuffs could be obtained in sufficient quantities from other lands if necessary.

THE CURSE OF LAZINESS.

ON THURSDAY MORNING hundreds of London's businessmen and women reached their offices or stores a few minutes late, but with cheeks glowing like roses and blood coursing through their veins in a warm, exhilarating riot such as they had not experienced in years. Yet most of them found time in the midst of the unwonted feeling of freshness and readiness to tackle the day's work to growl because they had been forced to walk to business, the street car system being tied up by a hydro break.

Experience teaches, says the old proverb, but does it always? If it did, would there not be fewer crowded street cars this morning and tomorrow morning, and on every moderately pleasant morning to follow? At least nine out of ten of those forced against their inclination to walk on Thursday felt better for it. They had clearer brains with which to transact business or handle problems, and at lunch time they had appetites which were surprising. Every part of their bodies cried out for a repetition of the walk next day, except inclination, and inclination's voice received the attention, the rest being ignored.

Fifteen minutes brisk walk in the morning is a tonic beside which the bottled varieties are comparatively worthless; it costs nothing, wards off colds and generates a store of energy of untold value, but because it is opposed by laziness its worth is neglected.

Why do we look upon athletes with envy, remark upon the splendid physical condition of the men in khaki, rail against our own pale faces and easily-tired bodies, and still refuse to take the simple, natural means of acquiring the health and strength we admire? Simply because we are lazy.

If more shoes were worn out by walking, especially before the day's labors commence, there would be fewer doctors' bills to pay.

GRATIFYING SIGNS.

NEVER BEFORE has so much attention been paid to the boys of the nation and their well-being as today, and this is one of the most promising and satisfactory signs of the time. For too many centuries it has been a fairly widely recognized axiom that the average boy could be left to bring himself up, apart from what was done for him in school and by his parents, and that he would "turn out all right." But now other forces are taking a hand, and the results are certain to be apparent in the years to come.

It is hardly possible to pick up a newspaper now without seeing something about the Canadian standard efficiency test. Sunday schools are adopting it, and the boys themselves are entering on the work eagerly and with enthusiasm.

This test, as it is called, is really a training in morals, religion, art, physical culture and social life, tending to fit those who take it for more useful, healthy and interesting lives. It is giving to the youths advantages their fathers lacked; advantages which they will not value properly until they go out in the world to fight their own battles.

Boys and girls are the nation's greatest wealth, and it is cheering to note that this fact is becoming more widely recognized every day.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Welcome home to Jimmy Murray, the great fighter.

At last the city council has taken the gas question seriously.

Keep in mind the great patriotic campaign of the middle of February.

Hydro is like an unreliable racehorse. Fine while the pace lasts, but most discouraging when it breaks.

Once more President Wilson is put in a position of great responsibility. The world waits for his next move.

The United States refuses to decorate her ships with stripes to suit the Hun's fancy. The Hun may find that she prefers to decorate German ships with holes.

Canada's national debt at the close of last year was $722,111,000, and it is probable that by the end of the war it will have reached the billion mark. On the other hand the war has greatly increased the value of the national resources.

The United States has proposed to form a "League to Enforce Peace." Their proposal is hardly consistent with their actions. They might better term their venture a "League to Talk About Peace," having reserved the enforcing of peace to Great Britain and her allies.

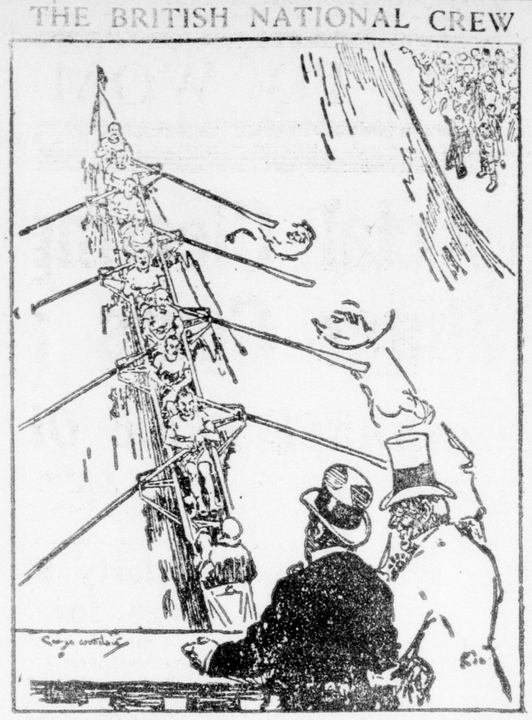
The United States has been unfortunate in her national character development. Side by side with the liberty-loving, clear-thinking American of the Lincoln type, has grown up the intensely modern, dollar-grubbing, pay-attention-to-your-own-affairs sort of American, who at the present time is depreciating the name American in the eyes of the world.

NATIONAL GOVERNMENT.

[Windsor Record.]

The fact of opposition coming from both parties is an argument in favor of, rather than against, a national government.

THE BRITISH NATIONAL CREW



The Showman—Look at 'em, John, swinging all together in good time and no pause between the strokes. They look a winning crew all over. (Passing Show, London.)

THE ADVERTISER'S DAILY SHORT STORY

(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

ACROSS THE STREET.

By Isabel Frost.

"One of the joys of living in a city is not knowing or caring who your next door neighbor is, and equal indifference on his or her side.

Jean poured tea with her customary air of absorbed nonchalance. Her mind was not on what Bab was saying. Bab was very new to the city, and therefore full of full-fledged opinions on it. Jean had been a city dweller for three years, long enough to get a perspective and some disbelief in her own outlook on life.

"Now, where I came from every one knows all about you. It's simply terrible. You never feel grown up. I'm nineteen and nobody called me Miss Ashton, not a single person. They just said Bab, or that Ashton girl. And because I wanted to break away by myself and do something in the world they—well, they didn't approve."

Hartley eyed her curiously from his place on the high window seat. What a queer, self-sufficient little wanderer she was. It was quite as if a very young, adventurous kitten had started off to see the world by itself. She had bobbed her reddish hair, but it persisted in curling under until she looked like an old painting of a Florentine girl. It was mighty nice of Jean to get her under her wing, he thought. Jean was always doing that sort of thing, opening the doors of her Ninth street studio wide to all heart wayfarers who needed cheering up.

"Where are you living, Miss Ashton?" he asked suddenly.

"Just across the street." She favored him with a long appraising glance. "I don't mind if you call me Bab up here. Jean sent me over there. I had an awful room at first, nearly froze to death, but over there it's warm and the sun shines in. Jean says better the tub of Diogenes if it faces the sunlight than Alexander's palace with a north light."

Hartley smiled. It sounded like Jean. Dear old Jean. He could not measure up all that her faith and comradeship had meant to him during his own uphill fight in New York. Perhaps the only thing about Jean he did not like was that she herself never seemed to need help from anyone. He would have loved to know she needed him; that his presence and companionship were a strength to her; that she even missed him when he failed to show up for a few days. As it was, she merely gave him the usual smile and happy greeting, and went on with her work. He was as much a part of her impersonal daily life as her big yellow cat or the boy who sold her the evening paper.

It was a week later when he got the tickets to Savelli's musicale. There was a splendid 'cellist and a good soloist, a young soprana who sang folk songs. He thought Jean might like to go. But instead she to'd him over the phone that she was too busy, and asked if he would mind taking Bab. The kiddie was lonely and rather at sea, said Jean.

That was the beginning, and he went on sullenly at first, then indignantly, believing it was all Jean's fault. Bab enjoyed going around with him to the exhibitions and little studio teas immensely. She was pretty and exuberant, tantalizing and whimsical. Sometimes when he happened to drop into Jean's now, the restfulness of the place and her own temperament fell on him like the sunset breeze after a long, weary summer day. She was grateful to him for the care she was taking of the "kiddie," as she said. But that was all. Never a word of missing him, never a sign that she cared. And Hartley went back to Bab.

One day she came up to Jean's studio rather white and discouraged.

"You know I'm not earning anything at all—not a cent," she said suddenly. "It's funny how little one can live on here, isn't it? I hate spaghetti and cereals. Mother was the most wonderful cook you ever saw. I don't see how people starve in garrets and paint or write masterpieces."

Jean did not take her seriously. It was so usual to say you were not making money, and only mean you were not earning the hundreds you had hoped to. Jean's regular income was not large, but it sufficed. The wolf had never uttered any nocturnal solos around her door. She hardly caught the note of oncoming desperation in Bab's voice.

"I had a letter today, too," Bab added ruefully. "It made me feel—oh, I don't know—as I needed cheering up. It's from someone back home. I hate to go across the street tonight. It just made me long to be with my own folks."

The little homely phrase sounded strange from her lips. Jean tried to coax her into happiness and wanted to call up Hartley to take her out, but Bab was petulant.

"He only lectures me, tells me to brace up and be plucky, and all that. I get so tired being braced up when I want to put my head down on a shoulder and cry."

After she had gone across the street, Jean called Hartley up just the same, and ten minutes later he came down. It was after 9 o'clock, but Jean was wrapped up to her chin and wanted to walk in the square, she said. They paced around it briskly, while she tried to find out—not directly, but in her own way—wheher Hartley was in love with Bab.

"You know, you act like a man in love, Wade Hartley," she said.

"I am in love," said Hartley, doggedly.

It sounded like a half-way confession. She had to be satisfied with it. But she was glad the next few days when Bab failed to appear. It wasn't that she didn't want the kiddie to find happiness; but she wished it could have been anyone besides Hartley—she would miss him herself.

The morning of the fourth day a phone call came from Miss Milligan, the landlady across the street.

"You're little Miss Ashton's friend, aren't you? Well, she's pretty sick, and if something isn't done the doctor says she's got to go to a hospital right away. It's pneumonia, he says, and she hasn't been eating regular."

Jean stood in the middle of the floor, thinking quickly. Then in five minutes she had called up a good nurse, her own doctor, and had made arrangements for bringing Bab over to her own cosy suite of rooms. When Hartley came down at noon she met him at the door with her finger to her lips. He listened in silent wonder as she told him what she had done.

"But your work——"

"Never mind my work. We've got to feed her up and put her on her feet again. Go and send a telegram to her mother for me. Answer that phone, will you, while I write this?"

Hartley obeyed, and turned from it to her with a curious smile.

"There's somebody downstairs from Haines Falls," he said. "He wants to know if you know where Miss Ashton is. Isn't she from Haines Falls?"

"I'll see him." Jean went down the winding staircase quickly, and met the tall, anxious-faced youngster waiting there.

"I got a letter from Bab—from Miss Ashton—last night," he said brokenly. "We were engaged, you know, and she broke it, but she wrote me she was on the last lap, and she didn't care what happened she was so hungry and sick. So I came at once to take her home. I wondered if you'd fix it so we could be married first."

Half an hour later Jean left the two together in the darkened room, Bab, her eyes bright with fever, but conscious and holding fast to the big boy's hand. Hartley sat in the studio on the window seat waiting for her. She went to him, her eyes rather tired now that the nerve strain was over.

"I'm going to let him take her home as soon as she can travel. The doctor says all she needs is love and care and rest. You don't know how guilty I feel. Wade, to have let her live right across the street and get into such a state. I thought, of course, you were looking after her if you were in love with her."

"Who said I was?"

"You did, over in the square."

"I said I was in love."

"Well?"

"Jean," he said softly, despairingly. "Jean, can't you see anything? Can't you understand anything at all?"

The nurse stepped to the door for something, but after once glance retreated noiselessly. There is such a thing as professional discretion.

Wait a Minute!

By J. H. F.

Things in Germany must be bad. They are going to throw death's last dice, in a wild effort to save the nation. No, it will never do.

* * *

The Germans may be able to do worse things on the sea than they have attempted, but one can hardly imagine it. The subs have sunk everything in sight.

* * *

Germany's note is the best news the war has produced in long enough. Now we know that the end is coming.

* * *

London is going to have a moving picture of its leading actors and actresses. It is getting to be a regular metropolis, this London.

* * *

If President Wilson's backbone does not get a shot of courage from the kaiser's note, there is no hope for him.

* * *

London is not to get that aeroplane factory. Too bad. We were just dying to get in one of those machines and throw a bomb into the tax rate.

* * *

A learned guy says that Adam and Eve wore fig-leaf trousers. May be true, may be true, but not a doggone bit interesting. Imagine the mother of women wearing too much clothes.

* * *

The Deutschland, the merchant sub, is many days overdue. Oh, well, it may be nestling in Davy Jones' locker, or abiding peacefully in a British port. Either one is quite satisfactory.

* * *

A St. Louis preacher advises the girls not to love men for their money. This minister is trying to help out newspapermen apparently.

* * *

China must be in a very bad way. Some gent has suggested that China needs a Roosevelt.

* * *

We hear that the military authorities are considering a new eye test for the men. Any soldier or prospective soldier who can see the stockings worn by the girls these days is fit for military service.

* * *

The Turks say they are fighting for liberty, probably liberty to slay as usual.

* * *

This is the season of the year when the prudent man has saved up enough to pay his Christmas bills, and those of his wife.

* * *

Athletics in the University of Michigan are in a bad way, because the students "fuss" with the girls. Since Adam grabbed the cider, somebody is always pulling that moth-eaten lay. Some day a wise bird will accuse the athletes of boozing, playing poker, and raising hell generally, as the real reasons for their being poor athletes.

* * *

THE CHANGED SIR SAM.

'Tis but a few months since General Hughes
Informed us he would, absolutely, refuse
To take cheek from St. Gabriel, or let him dictate—
Now a twist seems to show in Sir Sam's line of fate.

As he sits in "The House," with his arms folded tight,
And a scowl on his face that would give one a fright;
As he speaks, his words take a queer, wily twist,
That slaps Perley's and White's and Sir Robert's white wrists.

With these three Sam would be but ready to break,
If all the back-benchers he could with him take,
But, that being in doubt, Sam says, good and hearty,
He'll cling to the dear chaps of the Tory party.

Quite so, Sir Sam, everyone quite understands,
You've a delicate job on your strong, pushful hands;
When you state you would almost as soon the war lose
As break with those dear fellows—that is no news.

—THE OLD 'UN.

* * *

I WONDER.

The "Dark Horse" wonders who I am;
I wonder who is he;
If not myself I'm not to blame,
I know I still am "me."

He thinks that I am Brother Bill—
Bedad, that makes me smile,
When I know I could not fill
His boots by half a mile.

By that I do not mean that Bill
Has feet so very large;
If asked again, I'm pleading still,
Not guilty of the charge.

I do not think 'tis Cynthia Grey,
Or Burns, or Mutt and Jeff;
But something tells me day by day
'Tis our own J. H. F.

I may be wrong, but right I'm quite,
By how the metre flows;
'This not the man who once did write
"Our Lady of the Snows."

Now, if I'm Riley, I'm not Bill—
That seems to strike me so—
We cannot change for good or ill,
So, doggone, let it go.

My home it is in Shakespeare's town,
While Bill's in London, see?
And he's a man of great renown,
While I am just plain "me."

—JACK RILEY.

* * *

A member of the House of Commons wants to abolish hanging. Wait until the noose is spread for a few urgent cases.

* * *

If the suffs did really plot to kill Lloyd George there should be no time lost in separating these girls from their lives. If they want to play the man's game let them have the man's punishment right off the bat.

GOD'S OMNIPOTENCE.

[Dedicated to Sir Adam Beck.]

Now Niagara illumes the night,
With the aid of mortal man,
Who never before beheld the light
Of God's overpowering plan!
And may the Lord enrich the store
Of knowledge great, till life is o'er.

—Eloise Skinnings.

"It ain't the guns or armament,
Nor funds that they can pay,
But the close co-operation
That makes them win the day.
It ain't the individual,
Nor the army, as a whole,
But the everlastin' team-work
Of every bloomin' soul."

—Kipling.

Stocktaking Bargains---Chapman's

Odd Lots Discovered During Inventory

Wabasso Cottons

9 Yards $1.00
Yard-wide "Wabasso" Cotton, nice cambric finish, even round thread. Purchased for the February sale.

7 Yards $1.00
Another extra fine cambric finished cotton. You'll like this for your spring sewing, 36 inches wide. February sale.

Specials for Children

10 dozen Children's Wool Caps, white and various colors. Marked at 25c and 35c. To clear, each 9c

15 dozen Children's Handkerchiefs, embroidered and plain lawn; some are initialed. Were 10c, 15c and 20c. To clear at, each 5c

Children's and Misses' Wool Mitts and Gloves, in red, greys, brown and black. Regular 30c and 35c, at, pair 25c

Children's Waists, strongly knit, strapped and buttoned, four hose supporters, 3 to 12 years, at 35c

Women's Underwear

Vests and Drawers, heavy union wool ribbed garments. High neck and long sleeve vests, ankle length drawers. White or natural. At, per garment 59c

Penman's All-Wool Vests, cream color, very soft and fine, guaranteed unshrinkable, high neck and long sleeves. These prices cannot be repeated after this lot is sold.

Small Size. $1.39. Medium. $1.49. Large Size. $1.59.

Remarkable Bargain in Corsets, $1.49 Pair

Following up the big Corset bargain of the January sale we offer a special purchase of 11 dozen pairs Corsets, especially designed for medium and stout figures. Fronts are strongly reinforced, French graduating spoon clasp, steel filled; four hose supporters. Sizes 19 to 30. Value $2.00. These corsets are well finished in every detail, embroidered at the top and all the little touches that are to be found on the good corset. Special $1.49

Embroideries for Spring Sewing

Mill ends of beautiful new fresh spring embroideries, including cambric, Swiss, madapollam and organdie. Lengths 3 to 5 yards. Sold in bunches.

Ready-to-Wears, 98c

House Dresses—a clearing lot—best washing qualities, 98c
Black and Colored Petticoats 98c
Still a big variety of Voile Waists, all new styles. Choice 98c
Flannelette Dressing Sacques at 49c

Enlarged Portraits

Bring in your photo, postal card and kodak pictures and have them enlarged. 14 x 20-inch bust size enlargement at 19c

A refinished enlarged portrait in black pastel, sepia or water color, at 69c and 98c. Done in the latest convex style. We guarantee the safe return of photograph.

Silk Seal Plushes

A further cut in price on our remaining two reels of Silk Seal Plush Coatings—the best quality of Lister's (English) make, warranted unaffected by snow or rain. Formerly
$10.00, now ..... $7.50 yard
$15.00, now ..... $8.50 yard

200 Yards Serge Suitings, fine twill and diagonals, warranted all wool and old dye. In black, navy, brown, grey and copen; 50 inches wide. Worth $2.00, at, per yard $1.49

Black Paillette Silk, yard-wide. Extraordinary value at $1.50 Our sale price, per yard $1.25

Fancy Goods

Two dozen only Fine Linen Centre Pieces, 36-inch size, stamped to embroider. Regular $1.25 and $1.50. On sale, each 98c

J. H. Chapman & Co., 239, 241, 243 Dundas St.

BREAK A CHILD'S COLD BY GIVING SYRUP OF FIGS

Look, Mother! Is tongue coated, breath feverish and stomach sour?

Cleanse the little liver and bowels and they get well quickly.

When your child suffers from a cold don't wait; give the little stomach, liver and bowels a gentle, thorough cleansing at once. When cross, peevish, listless, pale, doesn't sleep, eat or act naturally; if breath is bad, stomach sour, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs" and in a few hours all the clogged-up, constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food will gently move out of the bowels and you have a well, playful child again.

If your child coughs, snuffles and has caught cold or is feverish or has a sore throat, give a good dose of "California Syrup of Figs," to evacuate the bowels, no difference what other treatment is given.

Sick children needn't be coaxed to take this harmless "fruit laxative." Millions of mothers keep it handy because they know its action on the stomach, liver and bowels is prompt and sure. They also know a little given today saves a sick child tomorrow.

Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which contains directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Beware of counterfeits sold here. Get the genuine, made by "California Fig Syrup Company."

"Security First"

EXCELSIOR INSURANCE LIFE COMPANY

FACT NO. 1

Average Weekly Increase in Assets Over Five Thousand Dollars.

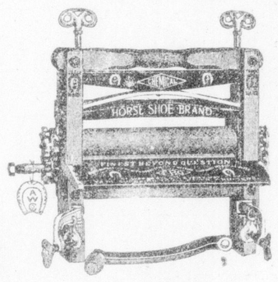
J. S. HOWELL, Inspector, Merchants Bank, London.

Head Office: Toronto, Can.

Horseshoe Brand Wringers

It's all in the rubber. Pure rubber rolls make Horseshoe Brand Wringers last longer and wring more evenly and drier than any other brand. They save the clothes and buttons. Every roll warranted. One to five year guarantee ....$4.50 to $7.75

Bench Wringers, ball bearing, inclosed cogs.....$7.50
Folding Tub Stands....$2.50



Don't Lay Awake Nights

listening for burglars. Remember Safety First and get one of our padlocks for your buildings.

A large shipment of High-Grade Sample Locks just arrived, 25 styles to choose from. Price .....25c up

Hockey Sticks

Our stock was never better.
Boys' Sticks 15c
Rock Elm, extra choice ..... 25c to 60c

(Special quantity price to clubs.)
Elgin Special Goal Stick, 75c
Rooters .....5c to 10c
Rubber Pucks .....15c up

Chopping Axes, Crosscut Saws, Bucksaws, Splitting Wedges, Stable Shovels, Sleigh Bells, etc.

WESTMAN HARDWARE

PHONES 360 and 2420. 121 DUNDAS STREET.

WHO DARES?

[Public Opinion.]

"Who dares to think that he who brought about the beginning of the war shall have it in his power to conclude the war at any time he likes?" asks the Czar of Russia.

Traction Company

EFFECTIVE SEPTERBER 17.

To St. Thomas and Port Stanley—7:30 a.m., *9:30, *11:30, *1:30 p.m., *3:30, *5:30, *7:30, *9:15 p.m.

To Tempo, 4:30. To St. Thomas, 6:15 p.m. and 11:15 p.m

Sunday cars marked with a star (*)

London and Port Stanley Railway

EFFECTIVE OCTOBER 1.

To Port Stanley—6:20, 8:20, 10:20 a.m., 1:20, 3:20, 5:20, 7:20, 10:20 p.m.

So St. Thomas—*5:20, *6:20, 7:20, 8:20, 9:20, 10:20, 11:20 a.m., 12:20, 1:20, 2:20, 3:20, 4:20, 5:20, 6:20, 7:20, 8:20, 9:20, 10:20, *11:20 p.m.

Heavy type denotes no local stops between London and St. Thomas.

*Daily, except Sunday. tf

CUNARD LINE

CANADIAN SERVICE.

LONDON TO HALIFAX (Via Plymouth)

HALIFAX TO LONDON (Calling Falmouth to land passengers)

For particulars of sailings and rates, apply to local agents or to The Robert Reford Company, Limited, general agents, 50 King street east, Toronto.