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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Monday, August 28.

ITALY TAKES THE STEP.

AS WAS inevitable in the progress of hostilities Italy has declared war on Germany, making the eighth power pledged to the suppression of Prussian militarism.

Up to this time Italy's position in the conflict has been anomalous, inasmuch as she has been at war with Austria-Hungary and Turkey, but not with the chief factor in the Teutonic alliance. From the Italian viewpoint this has been explained as due to a desire to avoid a German invasion of Italy through Tyrol and also on the ground that Italy's historic quarrel is only with the dual monarchy, and her "national ambition" to regain territory held by Hungary. Besides it was pointed out that Italian assistance to the Entente powers would not be increased by a war with Germany.

When the Teutonic drive through Serbia was under way Italy sent no troops to help the Serbs, pleading the excuse that they could not be spared. Notwithstanding this a suspicion existed that the Serbian ambition conflicted with that of Italy, and that this was the real cause for failure to send help. She did send belated help into Montenegro, but chiefly, as it appears, to prevent Austrian encroachment on the east coast of the Adriatic, where Italy considers her own interests lie.

Now, however, Italy is into it. Two Italian contingents have joined the other allied armies on the Saloniki front, and there they must fight the Germans as well as the Bulgars and the Turks. With the Austrians hard pressed by the Russians after the recent severe defeats, there is no question but what Italy can spare the troops. At the opening of the war an ally of Germany, she is now unequivocally a part of the Entente alliance, her fate in the balance with that of Britain, France and Russia.

There is little doubt that she has agreed with the Allies as to what her status on the Adriatic and in Albania is to be after the war. But apart from this Italian interests in Northern Africa are sufficient warrant for her to fear Prussian domination in the Balkans. It is not now a secret that the German plan of conquest extended from the Mediterranean to the gold fields of South Africa, and that in this plan Rome was to be but a thumb mark of the kaiser. Self-preservation requires that Victor Emmanuel exert his utmost to throttle the German emperor.

GEORGE GIBSON COMES BACK.

GEORGE GIBSON, one of the greatest ball players of the last fifteen years, has given up his professional career. He first saw the light of day in this city on July 22, 1880, and has been making a business of baseball for thirteen years. William Reid, for many years a ball player, and later an umpire in the old city league, first saw the possibilities of Gibson at the time the latter was playing with the Londons. This amateur team was one of the finest organizations that ever played the game here, and Mr. Reid also recommended City Treasurer Bell, a remarkable "London" outfielder, to some of his big league friends. Gibson went to Buffalo and showed up well, but as Stallings at that time had a great many catchers, the young player was sold to Montreal, and after two seasons he went up to the great Pittsburg organization which Clarke was just commencing to build into championship form. Gibson was one of the best purchases Dreyfuss ever made. He has been a tower of strength of the Pirates, and in 1909, with Adams, had his most spectacular year, when he caught 150 games, breaking the record, and then by his masterly work behind the bat practically generaled the Pittsburg team to the world's championship against Detroit.

He and Adams will go down in fandom's history as one of the greatest batteries of the age. They were an honest pair of players. They went to Pittsburg at about the same time, and they have been with the club in victory and vicissitude, refusing tempting offers to break with their team and standing firm until the time came for them to relinquish the premier positions in favor of younger men—young as baseball rates men's ages, for both Adams and Gibson are still youngsters as businessmen are considered. That Gibson's experience and ability still are held high was indicated in the New York Club's request for him. McGraw evidently believing that there were brains of a high order to use in the constant rebuilding of the great Giant machine with new flesh, bone and brain.

Gibson has always been a credit to his city. He has never sought the limelight, either at home or away. He took his honors in a quiet, gentlemanly manner; he lived a clean, wholesome life, and in all ways measured up to the tribute paid by President Dreyfuss, who said that Gibson (also Adams) was "a true blue, loyal fellow." During the off season Gibson has spent his time in London or on his farm, taking his pleasure and exercise in the game of curling and mixing up much with nature.

A product of London's amateur leagues, Gibson is an inspiration to the younger class that takes to athletics. The writer has seen the great "Hack" in action both in the old city league, and in the "big ring." It may be said in a word that he was consistent always, consistent in his work, his devotion, his character. He leaves the professional game with honor, with not a black mark against him, with the admiration of his fellow citizens, the baseball fraternity and its numerous following. That he loves his old town and his old friends, that he would rather be among them than to continue an inactive career in baseball, that he is satisfied with what he has accomplished, is all good to know. London welcomes him back as a worthy citizen, who has achieved a remarkable success through unusual ability and sterling character. He had the baseball instinct in a fine degree; and we feel sure that such a man has also the instinct of good citizenship.

THE FRENCH SYSTEM.

IN THE current number of an American magazine Will Irwin advances the case for democracy as shown by the French army. He maintains it was the spirit of the count serving in the ranks and taking his orders from his former butcher, which won the battle of the Marne and hurled the Germans back at Verdun. The Germans had a machine which they worshipped as they built it up. The French disliked the military spirit, but although they lacked the machine, they possessed something which iron and steel could not master. Irwin believed it was the law of primal democracy—that the man most fitted advances to leadership.

The French unprofessional soldiers are winning the war for France. The man who shows capacity for leadership advances from the ranks. There is no system of aristocratic militarism such as dominates the Prussians. The French disregard show and may look like a ragged army. They are taught the business of fighting, not the business of parades and goosesteps. A Frenchman once said that the highest compliment to be paid to the French army was to say that they did not look like professional soldiers. They start the day by shaking hands, and comradeship keeps their hearts stout.

In one sense the Canadian army is democratic. It depends on who has the say. Sometimes a "ranker" is given a commission reluctantly. At other times he is eagerly elevated by commanding officers. But, as a matter of fact, there is no doubt that in many regiments there are men serving as privates or non-commissioned officers who know infinitely more than their officers, but who never get the opportunity to advance. A man must have a certain education, of course, before he can become a lieutenant, but he does not require as much all-round knowledge as the non-coms, who do most of the actual training. There is no system whereby men are taken from the ranks on their merit and advanced to commissions, as in the French army. The British system, while it has been sadly shattered in this man-devouring war, is essentially an aristocratic system, and strangely enough, the Americans have patterned their army on the same lines. West Point is to be reached only by the sons of rich men, and there are few cases of advancement from the ranks over there.

The French, as a nation, have probably done the greatest fighting of the war, when one considers that practically every man of military age has been engaged. The French open the gate of promotion to all, and make great leaders. The Germans retain control of the commissions for the sons of the rich and the "vons." In the long run France has been proved the superior race. The first great defeat they had to face was through German treachery. They were forced to build up a system of defence on a border from which attack was not expected. For more than a year they had to rebuild and struggle to overcome this crushing calamity. The Germans never forced entrance on the French border and the enemy's dishonor was almost but not quite the undoing of the "heroine of the nations." France had something which Germany could not produce in forty years of machining—the spirit of democracy roused to fight the beast.

POISON IVY AND SAND.

A NEW kind of Camp Borden disease has been discovered which for lack of a better name is called "Sanditis." Several operations have had to be performed in the Toronto Military Hospital as a result. The fine sand which blows over the camp gets up the nostrils of some men and fills the cells just above the eyes. While it does not develop a critical condition in the patient, it is most painful and discomforting, and it is necessary to cut into the flesh and remove the accumulation. Most of the men at Camp Borden suffer to a slighter degree from the constant breathing of the powdery sand and ash.

There are also many cases of ivy poisoning among the men, an officer stating on Saturday that fifty to sixty cases were being treated constantly. It is a most distressing malady, as those who have suffered can testify. Recurring with more or less virulence for seven years, it incapacitates those who suffer from it, and causes severe suffering.

Are these the things that come under the classification of "proper training" for the men who are going overseas? They have lost weeks of valuable preparation because of general conditions, and many of them have been sent to hospital with physical troubles of various kinds which they would never have suffered had sound judgment been more conspicuous and vain egotism kept in the background.

The men themselves have pronounced a verdict on Camp Borden with thumbs down. Men who considered a "grumbler" no better than a shirker have become outspoken in their denunciation of conditions. Men who had believed that a deserter was beyond the pale have left their units, acting under an impulse while smarting under the sense of injustice that parlor car commanders implanted in their minds. The authorities have had to recognize the blunder in many ways. Exceptional leave was granted to the men, and training in general was slackened. Regiments which were moved from other camps were quickly sent overseas to lessen the tension. Sir Sam Hughes paid a single visit to the camp, and then went away to England.

Although London never criticized the removal of the troops from this city in a mercenary spirit, the city has not forgotten that faith was broken with the local member and with the city fathers. The camp to the northeast of the city has been described as an ideal camp for fitting soldiers for such warfare as is carried on in France. The country is much like Belgium and Northern France. It has streams, roads, houses, fields, and for training troops for action on the western front was far superior to Camp Borden. Camp Borden, according to military men who know, might have suited for the training of men required to fight in South Africa or Mesopotamia. It is about the closest approach to desert country we have. But the fact is that it has done a tremendous amount of harm. It has dampened the ardor and crushed the pride of corps that existed in many battalions. As one soldier said, "It takes the vigor out of men." Those who blindly or dishonestly fastened it upon the army of Ontario have much to answer for. With the approach of winter there should be a chance to make ready for its final abandonment. Men who offer their lives cannot be "trained" in poison ivy and suffocating sand.

AN INDUSTRIAL POLICY.

SOME time ago The Advertiser commenced an agitation for an industrial policy for this city.

The movement was given general commendation, but those most vitally interested wished to have time to make certain plans.

It is to be hoped that these plans will not be long in reaching maturity. It is the season for industrial preparedness, and many communities which have a policy are reaping the benefits in American industries, which seek to take advantage of allied preferences after the war.

London requires support for its industrial bureau. Moral support will not bring many factories to the city. Financial support and a broad policy are necessary if the city is to graduate from the "booster" talk stage, and get down to the business of elevating smokestacks.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Italy is now a member in good standing of the partnership.

"The Wiretappers" did not play a return engagement in London.

That cantaloupe chap has just come to the city—and he's just as green as he looks.

We trust that the Italians have been reserving their garlic attacks for the Germans.

When aldermen patronize the police court, what hope is there for the rest of mankind?

Holland is again being angered by the Germans. The kaiser may yet feel a wooden shoe.

Life is full of disappointments—just when corn on the cob is old enough it begins to get bitter.

Lindsay proposes to erect a statue of Sir Sam Hughes. "He's a devil in his own home town."

The Toronto News has decided to become head of the Empire, only the Empire hasn't heard about it yet.

London has had little labor trouble, and if the cigarmakers are to go out, here's hoping the dispute is short-lived.

Speaking of green corn, why doesn't some enterprising farmer grow the Golden Nugget variety and get rich quick?

The German aviators are keeping close to earth along the Somme front. The marvellous fokkers seem to be "flivvers."

Western publishers are demanding an embargo on wood pulp. It is well that there should be a law that cuts both ways.

Mr. Dewart may not be able to lead the Jews back to Jerusalem, but he has shown the Conservatives the road to Waterloo.

The king of Rumania refused to receive the envoy of the kaiser. Monarchs are careful of the company they keep these days.

The statue proposed for Sir Sam Hughes should be carved of the stern adamant of which our hero is composed—a bit of Gibraltar, as it were.

London's streets were crowded to capacity Saturday night with pedestrians and vehicles. The need for caution and consideration was more than once evident.

Now that the Turks are helping to hold the Carpathians, the Russians hit them again in Armenia. A general Russ advance on the Asiatic front will sicken the Turks of Carpathian operations.

The days of the straw hat are numbered, excepting in the case of the man who gets two seasons out of it. (The Advertiser's day telegraph editor now holds the record for male sunbonnets of rare vintage, continuing faithfully to wear one that grew in 1907.)

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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The Runaways

[BY LOUISE OLIVER.]

John Hobson stopped in the shadow of the hedge and put on his shoes. Then, looking furtively back at his own darkened house and toward the dim outlines of houses that belonged to his neighbors, and assuring himself that his flight was unnoticed, he crept cautiously down the gravel path toward the street. An eyewitness would have declared he was running away, and the eyewitness would have been correct.

John Hobson was running away. He could stand it no longer, and, having been harassed beyond endurance for the last few days because his wife had taken it into her head that she must have an electric motor, he had taken the count and quit.

But, although John was retreating from trouble, it was only temporary. He meant to come back. But not before he had given Henrietta the scare of her life. He had been too good to her, he saw it all now. He had spoiled her when they were married by giving in to her pouting and curing tears with new hats and gold mesh bags. Now, deciding that the price of eternal peace came too high, he determined to try another method of restoring her amiability.

Besides, Bostwick had written that alumni week was going to be a big affair and urged his attendance. So, after all, he was only doing what he had a perfect right to do, he argued to himself, and French leave wasn't such an awful crime. Anyway, Henrietta would have insisted, had she known, that his car fare and expense would pay weeks of garage bills for the new motor she wanted, so he hadn't dared to cheep.

Just over the hedge, parallel to his own path, ran the gravel walk of the Crinkles. And John, picking his way gingerly to avoid disturbing the tiny stones, suddenly heard a stealthy movement that was not of his own making. Instantly he divined it to be on the Crinkles' walk. Who could be sneaking around his neighbor's property at 3 o'clock in the morning? Not Billy, surely, for Billy had no cause to resort to subterfuge so far as his wife was concerned. John sighed as he thought of Mrs. Billy's perfection. If only Henrietta could or would cultivate her angelic disposition. In fact, he had suggested such a course once too often and he no longer dared to mention the rara avis next door.

Crk! There it was again! John tiptoed close to the hedge and looked over. Could he believe his eyes? Billy Crinkle was certainly sneaking down the path toward the street and the dim starlight was enough to assure his observer that the dark thing he carried was a traveling bag.

"Great guns! Billy's running away! Now what do you suppose he means? I'm perfectly sure that if Maud Crinkle knew what he was doing she would only smile and say: 'Billy's such an old dear! Let him alone. What he does never worries me.'" What Henrietta would have to contribute he dared not think about.

He stopped for a minute to let Billy have the lead. Out on the street he let his neighbor get a half block ahead.

The night express did not stop at their own station. The borough next to theirs was the stop, and a walk of a mile.

"Billy's making for Marshalltown same as I am, by Jove, and he's skipping on the 3:45. I'll bet a doughnut." He walked a little faster and was soon only a few paces behind his friend.

"Hello, there! That you, Billy?" he called.

Billy stopped. "Hello, John! What on earth are you doing here at this hour of the night?"

"Same as you, I guess. Going east on the 3:45."

"You guessed right."

There was silence. Neither dared to express surprise at his neighbor's choice of trains when no less than six expresses stopped there during civilized hours. The best train of all stopped at 10 p.m.

"Decided at the last minute to join the boys," explained John finally.

"So did I," laughed Billy nervously. "I never thought of you going, or I might have mentioned it. But I'm awfully glad, old fellow!" heartily, John thought he detected sympathy.

"Oh," returned John, "I don't suppose I'd have given in at all only Henrietta insisted. She wouldn't give me a minute's peace last night. She kept reminding me of how long it had been since I had seen any of the boys and how much I needed the change, and so on, till it kind of got into my head she was right. And so I started packing at midnight, and here I am."

"Uh, hum," Billy acknowledged doubtfully.

The two men strode along in silence for a minute, the houses and trees looming dark and ghostly in the chilling mist of very early morning.

Billy Crinkle found it hard to explain his surreptitious departure, for he was only guilty of seeking a sensation. He knew Maud would not only have consented to his trip, but would have driven him mad with affectionate little attentions prior to his departure. She would have packed his bag with everything he needed just when and where he wanted them. She would have forgotten nothing, his favorite shirts and ties and socks, the magazines he liked, cigars, flask, safety razor and stomach pills. But as it was he hefted his bag from one hand to the other with a sort of savage joy, knowing that he had packed the conglomeration it contained in two minutes and a half by his stop watch and got in everything he didn't need and nothing that he did.

In plain words, Billy was tired of perfection and affection. He hoped by a few days of anxiety on Maud's part to receive the thorough rating he deserved when he came back—anything but eternal, smiling affection.

"Well," he broke the silence, "I might as well tell you why I came at this hour of the night. I was afraid if I'd suggest coming Maud would just raise general bedlam. So, as I didn't want to worry her, I slid, see!"

John stopped short in his tracks. "Look here, Bill, that's hard to swallow. I can't imagine Mrs. C. being anything but a perpetual dyed-in-the-wool angel. I don't believe she could get mad!"

"Mad! Your Henrietta isn't one, two three to her when her temper's up."

"Henrietta! What do you mean? I never knew anyone with a more balanced disposition. She's the sweetest, most amiable girl you can imagine, and if she hadn't been the prize she is she'd have left a miserable hot-tempered scalawag like me long ago. Humph!" snorted John.

"Excuse me!" sighed Billy. The fact was he could hardly understand his neighbor's sudden fury. Secretly he had always envied him Henrietta's disposition. If only Maud would go off at a tangent sometimes so he could coax her back! If she'd only fight so they could kiss and make up. Anything to take away the deadly monotony of perfection!

They turned a corner and the bright light of the station loomed ahead.

The two men entered the waiting-room just as the hands of the big electric clock pointed to five minutes of train time.

But John was thinking of other things than the time and made no effort to purchase his ticket. It occurred to him that he had more than half meant what he had said to Billy. "I suppose it has been my fault mostly," he argued. "I'll bet I am hard to get along with, and here I've been putting the blame on Henrietta. Besides, I'd as soon get sick and tired of her if she was always the same, like Maud Crinkle!"

"Billy! I'm going home," he suddenly declared. "I'm not feeling very well!"

And Billy, suddenly realizing that Maud might discover his absence and worry herself sick, said eagerly: "Then I'm not going a step either. I'll not desert you now."

And when the big express thundered in, the two men might have been seen hurrying away into the dim vista of the sleeping suburb.

SIGNALS.

[Gilbert Frankau.]

The hot wax drips from the flares
On the scrawled pink forms that litter
The bench where he sits: the glitter
Of stars is framed by the sand-bags
atop of the dug-out stairs,
And the lagging watch-hands creep,
And his claked mates murmur in
sleep:
Forms he can wake with a kick—
And he hears, as he plays with the
pressel-switch, the strapped receiver click
On his ear that listens, listens:
And the candle-flicker glistens
On the rounded brass of the switchboard where the red wires cluster
thick.

Wires from the earth, from the air;
Wires that whisper and chatter
At night when the trench rats patter
And nibble among the rations and
scuttle back to their lair;
Wires that are never at rest—
For the linesmen tap them and test,
And ever they tremble with tone—
And he knows from a hundred signals
the buzzing call of his own.
The breaks and the vibrant stresses—
The Z and the G and the S's
That call his hand to the answering key
and his mouth to the microphone.

For always the laid guns fret
On the words that his mouth shall
utter,
When rifle and maxim stutter
And the rockets volley to starward from
the spurting parapet;
And always his ear must hark
To the voices out of the dark—
For the whisper over the wire,
From the bombed and the battered
trenches where the wounded moan
in the mire—
For a sign to waken the thunder
Which shatters the night asunder
With the flash of the leaping muzzles
and the beat of battery fire.

WHO IS RIGHT?

[Winnipeg Tribune.]

The other day, addressing the officers at Carling Heights, London, Sir Sam Hughes said:

"You must learn the use of the rifle. To be able to handle it well is absolutely essential. My old friend, Col. Neil Smith, of the 186th, and I could take a rifle each and get in a trench; you could send forty men against us with the bayonet, and I'll guarantee that not one would reach us. That's how well you should use the rifle. A great many complaints have come to my ears about the Ross rifle. You must do your best to instill into your men a complete confidence in their arm. Nothing so undermines the morale of troops as lack of confidence in their rifles. I know positively that Germans are behind the agitation against the Ross. It is a good weapon."

R. Pearce, who gained the D. C. M. while with the Canadians at Ypres, and who is now in this city, writes:

"I should like to state that I was in France and Flanders for two months, and during that time saw a great deal of the Canadians, and particularly the Ross rifle. My experience is this: At Ypres and also Givenchy I have seen time and again the Canadians throwing away the Ross, saying they were no good, and coming to the British regiments near them for our rifles, which we always gave them, whenever we could. As a matter of fact at St. Jean there are, or were last September, quite a large number of Ross rifles lying in an old disused trench, that neither we nor the Germans seemed to want. I saw them there myself, and when I asked for permission to, bring them in, was told that nobody wants them, as they were useless rifles for this game, as they do not allow a person to fire rapidly enough, getting jammed very easily. Perhaps this may give you a hint as to what the fighting men think of the Ross."

Manitoba soldiers home from the front have also declared that our men not only prefer the Lee-Enfield rifle, but demand it.

There is certainly conflict in the testimony.

But we feel that the British authorities will exercise their best judgment, and refuse to needless sacrifice of lives by the use of any weapon that is not suited to active service.

THE REAL PRO-GERMANS.

[Orangeville Sun.]

Any sane man who reads "Hon." Col. J. W. Allison's evidence before the royal commission must feel so disgusted that the first inclination is to give that gentleman the swiftest kind of a swift kick. Outside of his convenient lapse of memory, the most brazen thing about him is his expressed fear that if he says anything "it will help the Germans." Patriotism is said to be the last refuge of a scoundrel, and we say boldly that no pro-German in Canada has done quarter so much for the Germans as those unsavory Canadians and Americans who grafted millions out of the shell and fuse contracts. "Hon." Col. Allison has the stupendous gall to say that he has been working for Canada without fee or reward: in fact, simply for the benefit of his health. But, according to his doctor and himself, Allison's health is at a mighty low ebb. One of the most surprising things about the whole business is that Sir Sam Hughes, minister of militia, insists on reissuing certificates of character to this man. Common sense, owing to what has been brought out in evidence, should, make the minister of militia keep his mouth shut about Allison and others of his ilk. It would be folly for anyone to say that prestige of the Government has not suffered through revelations made by the commission, and it cannot in truth be said that Sir Sam is improving the situation.

Party feeling and party prejudice is not as strong today as it was a quarter of a century ago, and just now the people of Canada want to find out how many millions of dollars went in graft, and the names of the graters, and they want to see the grafters punished.

What Will This Spell?

OS

Watch This Paper All Week!

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WAIT A MINUTE!

—By J. H. F.

Emperor Franz Josef is 86 years old, proving conclusively that the good generally die young.

* * *

Great Britain recently seized a cargo of dried apples. Swell capture.

* * *

Old Doc Wiley is going to harness the winds. That will be something to blow about.

* * *

It is moved and carried unanimously that the Hamilton Board of Trade form a battalion and spend the summer drilling at Camp Borden.

* * *

We read that Bacon is running strong in New York for office. It runs high and strong in this vicinity too.

* * *

A physician has discovered that most of our ailments come from gall. People with a lot of gall do sometimes cause worry.

* * *

The Germans are getting half a pound of meat a week. We expect, however, that they will save enough raw beef to keep the Hindenbergs, Mackensens and others in bloodthirsty trim.

* * *

A printer had one of the Gouids a member of the New York "Goof" Club, sloughing the "l," so to speak. It looks as though some golfers are goofs at that.

* * *

It is reported that work will soon start on the Port Stanley harbor. As winter is approaching, with its cold spells, it seems probable that a lot of progress will be made during December.

* * *

The little predictors are in line with the joyous thought that another heat wave is on its way. Happy, happy little joy bringers.

* * *

Joe Martin says that the soldiers are sick of Sir Sam Hughes. That makes it unanimous.

* * *

A domestic in New York has left her kind employer $10,000. Sometimes folks know how to treat servants.

* * *

Medical testimony will be introduced tomorrow morning showing that it is possible to make a dent in an alderman's head.

* * *

A lot of best families will be represented at the police court tomorrow morning. The council will hold a session, and the best families will be the spectators.

* * *

It has been dry in July, and rather dry in August, but the driest of all will be that dear old September.

* * *

A statistics person has figured out that only one rich man's son in seventeen himself dies rich. The others have a great time dying poor.

* * *

The real New Yorkers come from elsewhere, says a regular newspaper person. The real thing lives out in the country, and the light burners come from the jay spots. Right enough, too.

* * *

Was Joshua the Kaiser Wilhelm of early history? That's another question that has been shot at us. We are not interested just now.

JUST AN INCIDENT.

[Woodstock Sentinel-Review.]

At a review the other day of the troops at the London, Ont., camp, the Canadian minister of militia publicly reprimanded the higher officers and held them up to ridicule before the subordinate officers, the soldiers and the spectators. "Things were in an awful muddle the last time I was here, and now they are worse instead of better. You don't seem to be able to do anything except get in the way of the men. You can't ride a horse, and if you can't, why don't you get off and walk?" These are some of the expressions he is reported to have used.

There is a story told in a certain volume of memoirs of the court of the German kaiser. The kaiser, as well as being a great war lord by virtue of the chance that made him a kaiser, is personally a coward, by virtue of his nature, and takes a coward's delight in showing his authority to the humiliation of his victims. On board his yacht one day he was especially offensive in his treatment of a young officer. The latter stood it as long as he could, and then he hauled off and landed a smasher on the privileged jaw of the royal swaggerer, which stretched him on the deck, just as if he had been common clay. In the confusion the young officer jumped into the sea, doubtless glad to be free from the miserable business of living under such conditions.

The incident is not recalled for the sake of pointing any moral, but merely as an item of interest.

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Good on Any Day, Returning Same Day.

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New Time Table Effective May 17, 1916. TO ST. THOMAS and PORT STANLEY 5:20 a.m. and hourly thereafter at 20 minutes after the hour until 10:20 p.m. Then 11:20 p.m. to St. Thomas only. Cars leaving after odd hours stop only at St. Thomas.

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Sept. 8 Corsican Sept. 23
Sept. 22 Scandinavian Oct. 7
Lv. London. Lv. Montreal.
Aug. 28 Corinthian Sept. 16.
Sept. 13 Sicilian Sept. 30
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Aug. 26 Carthaginian Sept. 13
Sept. 2 Pretorian Sept. 16

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Sept. 29 Metagama Oct. 14

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LONDON TIMETABLES

Grand Trunk Railway.

SARNIA TUNNEL TO SUSPENSION BRIDGE AND TORONTO.

Arrive from the east—*4:53 a.m., *10.23 a.m., *11:05 a.m., 11:50 a.m., z2:47 p.m., 5:30 p.m., *8:25 p.m., *8:53 p.m., 10:40 p.m.

Arrive from the west—*12:24 a.m., x9:30 a.m., 3:20 a.m., *5:40 a.m., 8:50 a.m., *12:16 p.m., *4:12 p.m., 6:25 p.m.

Depart for the east—*12:29 a.m., *3:25 a.m., *5:45 a.m., 7:25 a.m., 9:00 a.m., x9:35 a.m., *12:20 p.m., 2:00 p.m., *4:28 p.m., *7:08 p.m.

Depart for the west—*4:25 a.m., *5:05 a.m., *7:40 a.m., 10:28 a.m., 11:17 a.m., z3:52 p.m., 5:42 p.m., 9:08 p.m.

LONDON AND WINDSOR.

Arrive—10:23 a.m., *4:00 p.m., *7:05 p.m., 11:05 p.m.

Depart—6:35 a.m., *11:35 a.m., 5:23 p.m., *9:10 p.m.

STRATFORD BRANCH.

Arrive—4:20 a.m., 11:15 a.m., 1:45 p.m., 5:25 p.m., 7:50 p.m., 11:20 p.m.

Depart—*6:05 a.m., 7:20 a.m., 12:30 p.m., 2:45 p.m., 5:00 p.m.

LONDON, HURON AND BRUCE.

Arrive—10:05 a.m., 6:15 p.m.

Depart—8:30 a.m., 4:40 p.m.

Trains marked * run daily. Those not marked, daily except Sunday; z Mondays, Wednesdays, Saturdays; x Tuesdays, Fridays, Sundays.

Canadian Pacific Railway.

Arrive from the east—4:30 a.m. daily, 10:45 a.m. daily, 11:15 a.m. daily, 5:35 p.m. daily except Sunday; 7:15 p.m. daily, 9:50 p.m. daily.

Arrive from the west—5:10 a.m. daily, 1:20 p.m. daily, 7:50 p.m. daily, 8:30 p.m. except Sunday, 1:30 a.m. daily.

Depart for the east—5:20 a.m. daily, 6:30 a.m. daily except Sunday, 9:00 a.m. daily, 1:25 p.m. daily, 5:10 p.m. daily, 7:55 p.m. daily.

Depart for the west—4:43 a.m. daily, 8:00 a.m. daily except Sunday, 11:20 a.m. daily, 7:23 p.m. daily, 10:00 p.m. daily.

Michigan Central.

Trains leave St. Thomas:

For east—*2:38 a.m., *3:33 a.m., 9:35 a.m. (except Monday), *12:40 p.m., ‡3:10 p.m., *7:25 p.m., *9:26 p.m., *10:00 p.m., ‡11:30 p.m.

For west—*2:53 a.m., *5:51 a.m., *6:23 a.m., ‡7:30 a.m., *11:40 a.m., ‡8:25 p.m., *4:20 p.m., *7:10 p.m., *11:21 p.m.

St. Clair Division—Leave, ‡6:30 a.m., ‡3:15 p.m. Arrive, ‡10:40 a.m., ‡6:40 p.m.

*Daily. ‡Daily except Sunday.

Pere Marquette.

Trains leave St. Thomas (Kains street depot) for Chatham and Walkerville, 7:05 a.m., 5:16 p.m., connecting with L. and P. S. cars leaving London 6:20 a.m.

Trains arrive St. Thomas from west at 11:55 a.m. (noon), 8:50 p.m. connecting with L. and P. S. cars arriving at London 12:48 p.m. and 10:02 p.m.

Traction Company.

London to St. Thomas and Port Stanley—7:30 a.m., 9:30 a.m., 11:30 a.m., 1:30 p.m., and hourly to 7:30 p.m., 9:15 p.m. Last car to St. Thomas only at 11:15 p.m.

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