London Advertiser

Member Audit Bureau of Circulation.

MORNING EDITION.
City. 10c per week. $5.00 per year. Outside City. By Mail. $2.00 per year.
NOON EDITION.
$2.00 per year by mail.
EVENING EDITION.
City. 10c per week. $5.00 per year. Outside City, By Mail, $2.00 per year.

3670 TELEPHONE NUMBERS Private Branch Exchange. From 10:00 p.m. to 9:00 a.m., and holidays, call 3670, Business Department; 3671, Editors; 3672, Reporters; 3673, News Room.
CAMP PHONE 5528
ADVERTISER JOB PRINTING CO., PHONE 247.

Toronto Representative—F. W. Thompson, 57 Mail Building.
U. S. Representatives—New York: Charles H. Eddy Company, Fifth Avenue Building. Chicago: Charles H. Eddy Company, People's Gas Building. Boston: Charles H. Eddy Company, Old South Building.

THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Tuesday, August 1

SAVE THESE BOYS.

THE River Thames may be slothful, but when one considers the five budding lives it has enfolded this month, the sloth of the boa constrictor is suggested.

Boys will be boys, and will not be denied the refreshing fun of the deep, cool waters that flow along the old-fashioned swimming-holes of both branches. Nor should they be denied the strength and manliness that swimming bestows upon youth. It is one of the glorious seasons of a boy's life—the long summer vacation, with daily, dusty walks to the river, and the pranks on the bank, with the sudden dive into the depths of sparkling coolness, while a begemmed shower marks the spot. The boys become as muskrats along the river banks, blackened with the sun, each day with its new adventures and uproarious mirth, the tricking of Bill, or the tying up of Fred's clothes, perhaps a dishabille chase through the meadows, and a grouchy man after them. They soak themselves in the fun as much as the water, and for those months at least are the original barefoot boys, with only Mother Nature to watch over them. Few are the evils that have birth at a swimming hole. The boys live primitively, and dare to spurn the earth for the waters.

Sometimes they dare too much. Each year some home bears the sickening shock of a boy borne home, stiff and stark. Then for a day there is a small form in a casket, and "six little companions acted as pall-bearers." That is all the story. The public forgets the numbers that are lost in London, and in a hundred other cities. We spend more to save horses and pigs and sheep from harm than we spend to save our boys.

And each of them a young god, with immeasurable potentiality. Each life worth millions to society in the hope and the chance of achievement, each life rich in the love it receives and bestows, yet the attitude of society is that there cannot be much done about it. The poorest of them is worth all that each and all of us could pay. If the wealth of a Croesus were to be lost in order to save the life of one of these boys, it is a pittance compared to his destruction.

Society does destroy these boys, in one sense. It is not the river. The river is NOT a boa constrictor. It is bountiful in its gifts to mankind, and everyone knows that man cannot live in his bathtub or in the ocean if he is unable to keep his head above the element that is for the gills of a fish, and not the lungs of a man.

Society owes it to the boys to guard them. Teaching them to swim is the first great payment. Much is being done in this regard. But where this falls down is in the failure of many able swimmers to save their own lives. It would seem that this River Thames takes more lives than many a lake or ocean resort, where lifeguards are constantly maintained. Those lives are worth saving, and no man would begrudge the fraction of a mill of taxation that would be required to maintain a lifeguard at certain places on the river. It would be necessary to restrict the sport to certain prescribed stretches, and no boy should be allowed to enter the water at any other point. Then with several men to guard the place, there should be no danger. The job would not be spectacular, but it would be effective. Perhaps after prohibition comes into effect it would be possible to delegate a number of police officers to take charge during the summer months. Certain it is that many precious lives would be saved to parents and posterity.

A BIG CITY'S WEASELS.

The city is full of crooks—gypsy thieves, fortune-telling crooks, touts, magazine soliciting crooks, charity crooks and pickpockets. The office buildings and the apartment houses are infested with petty swindlers. It is an odd day when a businessman in his office, or a housewife in her home, is not swindled by these brazen thieves, with their fake soliciting games, their fortune-telling tricks, and their pickpocketing. To whose specific interest is it that these parasites are permited in Detroit?—Detroit Journal.

AND in London some people never think of locking the front door at night. We certainly have little fear of crooks, because conditions make this city a poor pasture for the evilly-disposed to browse in. We have a lot of petty little grafters, who hang about poolrooms and filch some miserable odd dollars from inebriated farmers, or buy whisky for some Indian with a burning thirst for the white man's medicine. But as far as annoyance from the weasels of crookdom—the small thieving fry that makes it unsafe to leave a window open—we have little trouble from them. It is one of the consolations of not being a great city, and many a man, if he had his way, would dispel the illusion of a city's greatness being counted by its automobiles, its cabarets, its crooks and the general badness that goes with bigness.

Probably the worst thing we have in London is the set of vicious magazines, which are principally concerned with the adventures in depravity of the rich and poor across the border. Any harm that can be done by the inane "sex" stories which have large sales here is to be combatted. But certainly we can dispute with Detroit her self-imposed title of "the city where life is worth living."

NIAGARA POWER BREAKDOWN.

THE ADVERTISER has repeatedly called attention to the absolute dependence of Western Ontario upon the Niagara power system. Such constructive criticism was not made without a first-hand knowledge of the troubles which have always been encountered by those localities which put their whole faith in Niagara Falls current constantly to keep the wheels moving and the cities and homes lighted. Western and Central New York have had a hydro-electric power system with greater mileage than the Ontario system for many years. Long before Ontario entered into its development of hydro power, cities such as Rochester, Buffalo and Syracuse had secured Niagara power, transmission lines extending for hundreds of miles in various directions. The system had not long been installed, however, before breakdowns caused serious industrial losses and affected the radial railway situation. Serious storms resulted in suspensions and the company operating the power lines found it necessary to install secondary steam plants which were kept in readiness to take up the load which the transmission lines had failed to carry.

It is doubtful if any private company could continue to operate a business which suffered as many breakdowns as the Niagara power system in Ontario. A private power company would be compelled by public opinion to furnish a service which would "stand up" to its task every day in the week. The Niagara power system has been new and popular and the public has made due allowances. At the same time it must be recalled that three years ago Sir Adam Beck, referring to the constant interruptions during the summer season, said that no further breaks would ever occur. The interruptions have continued, and with great inconvenience to the public. It is time for less promising and more action or the enterprise will suffer.

LIGHT-HEADEDNESS.

THERE must be some light-headedness in the United States during these hot days. The Senate votes, against the report of its foreign relations committee, to have President Wilson intercede for Sir Roger Casement. It might puzzle the Senate to give a reason why Casement should get off, after his poor tools have been shot. If the reason be British expediency, that is purely Great Britain's business. Any other possible reason is harder to see than a rain-cloud, and the expediency of a pardon is very doubtful.

These American senators are too provincial to realize that Great Britain is in a life and death struggle, and that Casement, drawing a pension from King George, tried to stab him in the back amidst the melee. What did they think of "copperheads" in 1861?

A letter in the New York Globe, published without any comment, expresses wonder that the Globe could ever see any reason to doubt for a moment that the Allies brought on the war. The wondering and wonderful author of this effusion declares it is as plain as can be that the Allies planned the assassination of the Austrian prince so as to set Europe afire. Might not the Globe have asked its correspondent to state his evidence for this theory? But probably the Globe considered one letter from him enough. The theory that the Allies slew the archduke figures Germany as a Jack-in-the-box that waited for the Allies to pull the hook, and then it just naturally popped out at them. They did it! But let us see the evidence. It should, in all probability, be like that discovered for Belgium's attack on Germany, or the lamb's on the wolf in the fable.

THE KAISER'S DOOM.

When the time arrives they are determined to bring to justice the criminals, whoever they may be, and whatever their position. In a case such as this (the murder of Capt. Fryatt), the man who authorized the system under which the crime was committed may well be the most guilty of all.—From Premier Asquith's speech in the House of Commons yesterday.

THUS is the crime of the kaiser personally fastened upon him, and because of the evidence before the bar of humanity, sentence passed by the leader of the greatest justice-loving nation the world has ever known.

If the statements of Premier Asquith are to be taken literally, there can be no other meaning possible than that he believes the kaiser to have sanctioned the murder of the British sea captain, and that the head of the German race is as guilty as any murderer who ever went to the gallows. Even though the statement that the kaiser gave his personal approval to the execution may be incapable of proof, it is promised that "the man who authorized the system" will be held responsible.

Like a common murderer in the prison, the most foul of all murderers, hedged about though he may be by armies and others of his breed, is condemned to pay with his life. May never a British subject live to see the culprit escape his just deserts.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It was a kindly rain from heaven that saved Northern Ontario.

The Deutschland seems to be suffering from an attack of Kiel Canal fever.

Our idea of a really polite man is one who can thank the tax collector for a receipt.

Oh, to be an honorary colonel! Think of the chance of being patronized by "the bosom friend."

Kaiser Wilhelm sanctioned the murder of a brave man, thereby stamping himself with another mark of infamy.

By the agency of the honorary colonels and the New York papers, the Conservatives believe they can re-establish Sir Sam Hughes.

Another great phase in the folly of Camp Borden is the danger of forest fires, brought home by the appalling loss of life in Northern Ontario.

Hon. Robert Rogers, through the Winnipeg Telegram, a Conservative journal of the baser sort, is threatening the Liberals with an election. First thing the Hon. Bob knows the country will be taking it as a promise.

Who Can Express the Feelings of a Mother On Discovering Her Child Riding With the Garbage Man.

BY FONTAINE FOX

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Is It the People's Railway?

To the Editor of The Advertiser:

About a month ago, while visiting a prosperous Southwold farmer, I was very pleased to hear him tell the story of how his son-in-law, a very prominent milk producer on the adjoining farm, was now selling his cream to one of our leading London dealers; that he had for years been delivering to St. Thomas; the new deal brought him a better return, and as he was very close to the L. and P. S. R., the so-called people's railway, considerable time was saved in the delivery.

What was my surprise a few days ago on meeting the son-in-law returning from his morning delivery at St. Thomas, to find that he had been obliged to drop the London business, all owing to the manner in which the railway had served him.

He tells me he must remain at the stopping point of the railway to put on his can of cream; this he did not mind so much, but the way in which the cans were returned made it impossible to carry on any further trade with our city. Sometimes two weeks before he would get cans, and then in a condition that took hours to fit them for further use. The Traction line did not conduct its business this way; but as the haul to that line was about the same distance as to St. Thomas, he concluded he would continue trading with the dealer in that city.

I know these people well, and, I think, had the authorities of the railway handled this business properly, the whole family, who operate over 500 acres, would have become patrons to the London dealer. As it was, the trade was in its initial form, running on an average of about $50 per week to this busy farmer.

Fancy a railway, intended to bring business to London, treating a farmer in any such manner; a regular stop, with business standing waiting; a can of cream properly billed to a London dealer would not be touched without the busy farmer were there to assist in putting it on the car; but, worst of all was the non-return of the cans. Cows and cans can wait a little while, out to make a success of farming, and especially that of a milk-producing farmer, not even a railway needs closer attention; and with such a terrible scarcity of farm help public utilities should aid the agriculturist in every way possible.

But what about the citizen of London? Does he not want to get all the competition he can in his food supply? Is that not one of the objects in the so-called radial form of railway service—a something for the people's benefit? The old steam railway does better than this. But as I measure the situation, London will not wait very long ere its citizens will pay 50 cents for its butter. We are paving the way for it.

I have been a resident of this city for a number of years, and I fail to find a single article that I use for my family, or in and about our home, that is any cheaper now than before electrification of this railway; but I have found to my very great sorrow that the tax bill on my home has now grown to be a rent. Who, then, is getting this wonderful benefit we are wont to hear so much about? Simply the few that can afford to summer at the Port. If it was the gold mine it is pictured, why so much borrowing? Or, better still, lower the tax bills of the ratepayers. Then we could see the fruit, as well as feel it. Yours truly,

SUFFERER.

SUGGESTIONS OF BOTH.

[Louisville Courier-Journal.]

"I can't quite make up my mind whether young Woggs is trying to be a desperado or a mollycoddle."

"Neither. He is conscientiously endeavoring to resemble the hero of the novel his best girl is reading."

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1916, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

A Change of Mind

By Earl Reed Silvers.

Dick Stevens, looking at the letter in his hand, frowned darkly.

"It's from my sister," he informed his room-mate. "She's going to bring a girl home with her for the spring vacation."

"Well, what of it?" Jack Ackley stretched indolently on the cushioned window seat.

"What of it?" Dick threw the letter on the desk. "You don't know my sister, do you? Well, she's a highbrow in Vassar, and whenever she comes home she brings along some bespeckled old maid who talks about new thought, or hygiene, or something else that I don't know anything about. And I'm always the one selected to entertain her. Imagine being cooped up in a town like Linden with an old maid in the same house with you and not a thing to do except talk."

"Why don't you go home with me?"

"I can't. We've never been separated on Easter, and dad is set on the idea of having us all together. I'm doomed, I guess."

"Can't you come the day after Easter?"

"By George, so I can!" Dick looked up hopefully. "I'll go to New York to visit you next Monday."

"All right, I'll be looking for you." Jack glanced at his watch. "You'd better hustle if you're going to get that train."

"Why don't you come along as far as New York with me?"

"I'd like to, but I've got an examination to pass before I leave."

"Well, so long," he said. "See you next week." His eyes fell upon the letter lying on the desk. "Oh, yes," he added, "my loving sister told me to keep a lookout for Miss Mary Hughes at Poughkeepsie. She's the girl who's coming to see us, and is expected to take the same train that I do. Sis went down yesterday."

"The name sounds rather old maidish," Jack agreed. Then, as Dick turned to go, he added teasingly: "Well, have a good time and give my regards to Miss Hughes."

Dick secured a Pullman seat at Albany and gave his attention to a magazine until Poughkepesie was reached. Then, however, he looked interestedly out of the window. Vassar girls, dressed in all their spring finery, were crowding on the train. Only two seats were empty in his car, and Dick wondered who was destined to fill them, especially as one was directly opposite his own.

Two girls entered the car. One had blue eyes, the color of the sky on a perfect June day. The other wore spectacles and carried a book on "Modern Philosophy." The girl with the blue eyes sat opposite him, and the one with the spectacles took the vacant seat farther down the car. The train started, but Dick Stevens did not turn again to his magazine. The girl across the aisle looked over at him and so he put the magazine away in his bag.

Then fifteen minutes went before anything happened. Finally Dick took a chance.

"It's rather tiresome riding," he volunteered, wheeling in his chair.

"Yes, it is." It really wasn't what she said that counted so much; it was the way she said it.

"Would you like something to read?"

"No, thank you. It hurts my eyes to read on the train."

"Do you mind if I talk to you?" Dick's eyes looked frankly into her own, and the girl smiled faintly.

"Why, no, not at all," she answered frankly. "It will help to break the monotony of the trip."

"Thank you." Dick smiled whimsically. "What shall we talk about?"

"Anything you say."

"Well, I'm going to tell you my name first. I'm Dick Stevens, and I live in Linden, N. J." She started slightly, but he failed to notice it. "I'm going home for a vacation in the deadest place on earth."

"Why," she said, and there was a decided twinkle in her eyes, "I've heard something about Linden. I always thought it was quite a little place."

"It is, sometimes," Dick admitted, "but it won't be for me this vacation."

"Why?"

"Well, my sister's a senior at Vassar. Maybe you know her—Betty Stevens." The girl looked interested. "Every vacation she brings home some highbrow whom I have to entertain. The girls she brings always wear glasses and talk about stuff I can't understand."

"That's too bad." She looked at him sympathetically. "Do you know who she's going to have this time?"

"Yes, a girl named Mary Hughes. You can tell by her name that she's an old maid." His eyes fell upon the bespectacled individual who sat at the other end of the car. "I shouldn't be at all surprised if it was that young lady over there," he said slowly. "Do you know her?"

"Yes." His companion grinned. "That's Miss Hughes, of the senior class."

"I knew it." Dick sighed. "But I'll only have to be with her for two days."

"Why is that?"

"I'm going to New York the day after Easter to visit my room-mate, Jack Ackley. Horses and chariots couldn't keep me in Linden with any of my sister's friends."

"That's a rather mean thing to do—leaving your sister in the lurch—isn't it?"

"No; she hasn't any right to bring home such funny-looking specimens. Now, if she'd only invite you, for instance——"

"Maybe she will some day." The girl looked out of the window.

"Maybe—" Dick hesitated for an instant, then plunged boldly ahead, "maybe, if you're going to spend your vacation near New York you could let me come to see you."

"Maybe I could," she smiled. "But it wouldn't be quite proper, would it?"

"Why, surely!" Dick leaned forward. "You probably know my sister?"

"Yes, I know her rather well. And I'm going to stay near New York, too."

"Do you mind telling me your name and address? I can get Betty to write you a letter introducing me."

"My name"—she hesitated a moment, here eyes bubbling over with fun—"my name is Mary Hughes and my address for the Easter vacation will be Linden, N. J."

"What!" Dick almost fell out of his chair.

"Yes," she said, "I'm afraid I'm the highbrow you sister is going to wish on you. I'm sorry."

"Well, what do you know about that!" Dick motioned to the girl at the other end of the car. "And who is she?"

"That's Dorothy Hughes; she lives in New York and is on her way home."

"Well!" Dick passed his hand thoughtfully through his curly, blonde hair. "I'll write to my room-mate tonight and tell him that I won't be able to visit him, after all. I'm going to try to spend the Easter vacation in Linden."

CHOLERA INFANTUM

Cured by Using

DR. FOWLER'S

Extract of Wild Strawberry

Cholera Infantum is one of the most common, and at the same time one of the most dangerous summer complaints of infants, and many children have died who could have been saved had the proper remedy been used on the first sign of this trouble.

Cholera Infantum begins with a profuse diarrhoea; the stomach becomes, irritated, vomiting and purging set in, and the child rapidly loses flesh, and becomes weak, prostrated and languid.

Mrs. B. A. Cirwell, Rossway, N. S., writes: "I can recommend, most highly, Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. A friend of mine whose little daughter was ill with cholera infantum was given up by the doctors. The little one's mother asked me to come in and see the child. I told her I had a bottle of 'Dr. Fowler's,' and asked her if she would try it. When the bottle was half used the child was well. This cure was a miraculous one, for I thought the child was dying at the time.

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has been on the market for the past seventy years. Anyone who has ever used it will not accept a substitute. See that you don't. When you ask for "Dr. Fowler's" be sure that you get it.

The genuine is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Company, Limited, Toronto, Ont. Price 35c.

WAIT A MINUTE!

—By J. H. F.

It would seem that a lot of clergymen are ready to place men on their honor roll as heroes who would not be allowed into heaven because they do not get the religious angle that they do.

* * *

The hotter the weather the more we admire the costuming of Adam and Eve. An idea Sunday was enough to make a man sweat a ton.

* * *

Mrs. Vernon Castle has gone into mourning for her pet dog. She must look well in black. However, this heat wave is starting a lot of things.

* * *

A Denver woman turned in a fire alarm to find her husband. He was probably "burning up wid the heat."

* * *

The poet sings about the breeze that leaves kisses in the hair, but we want a breeze that will leave dents in our anatomy.

* * *

It seems that the Pennsylvania young lady who kissed 971 soldiers at one spasm comes from Clearfield. She seems to have had it.

* * *

An increase in the cost of Bibles is announced for New York, this being the zero thing in interest for New Yorkers.

* * *

The thing that is bothering the German crew of the submarine Deutschland is that the kaiser cannot guarantee them a pleasant journey home.

* * *

ANOTHER THEORY GOES TO SMASH

Where is the scientific guy
Who told us just a year ago
That every rainy, cloudy sky
That kept us shivering here below
Was caused by Europe's cannon roar—
And that each dark and dampened day
Was brought about by foreign gore?
Say, has that fellow gone his way?

For as I sit and mop my brow
And wildly search the skies for rain—
And read of how they're scrapping now,
I swear the "dope" is smashed again.
I sweat and watch the dust blow by,
And wonder if that scientist,
A-broiling 'neath this rainless sky
Knows how his theory has "missed."

—Detroit Free Press.

* * *

Let us get together and sing a lay: "I don't mind the heat, but I do love the frost."

* * *

A lady, 85 years of age, is a student in a California university, possibly learning to tango, fox trot and dip.

* * *

Houston, Texas, is going to have a "Know Your City" week. Some of us would not want to know all about our city.

* * *

Never mind the heat wave. Soon we will be eating corn on the cob.

* * *

We brought our umbrella down to the office on Monday morning, thinking it was going to rain. Then we took it out and let a street car run over it. The rain did not come.

* * *

Into each life some rain must fall, sings the poet, but we are doggone busy waiting for some rain to tumble into our young life.

* * *

An American psychologist says it is the uniform, not the man, that the girl kisses. Oh, well, a fellow would have to wear some sort of a gas mask to get away from some of the kisses.

* * *

Judging from the opinions of some of the editors who write so glowingly of Camp Borden, the buffet up there must be better than we thought.

* * *

We will soon finish our second year of the war. It is quite a joyful finish, too.

* * *

Jack Johnson's diamonds alone stand between him and poverty, we read. Well, he's sure of a chicken breakfast occasionally.

* * *

ISN'T THIS RIGHT?

Someone in your column remarks,
"Ladies' clothes
Are all right so far as they go."
And I'd not contradict or hastily rise
And reply to his argument—no!

For although ladies' skirts may be
triced a bit high
And their blouses cut too low for
taste,
One has to allow that what's left of
the robe
Gives protection enough to the waist.

The mother of all, in her early days,
Considered a fig leaf full dress;
So what odds does it make what clothes
dames put on?
And what they leave off matters less.

I think in such weather as we're having
now—
And mind, I don't say so to scoff—
Our first parents would ignore all public
comment,
And even their fig leaves throw off.

—THE OLD 'UN.

* * *

Our idea of a splendid day would be to see Col. Hal B. Donley leading brave cohorts at Camp Borden putting a forest fire with seltzer bottles.

* * *

Little things count in a marriage, says an expert. Yep, a married golfer usually leaves the little things to the wife.

Traction Company

Daily Excursion Fares London to Port Stanley

ROUND TRIP—ADULTS, 30c.
CHILDREN—25c, excepting Wednesdays and Saturdays.
Good on Any Day, Returning Same Day.

London and Port Stanley Railway

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.
Sunday service commences at 6:20 a.m., commencing June 19, 1916.

C&B LINE

STATE OF OHIO for CLEVELAND.
Steamer leaves Port Stanley 11 p.m. every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Round trip $4. Saturday night excursions $2.25; all Sunday and Monday in Cleveland.
H. L. GARNER, C. T. A.,
Corner Dundas and Richmond Streets. 97tf

The TRANSCONTINENTAL

NEW ROUTE TO WESTERN CANADA

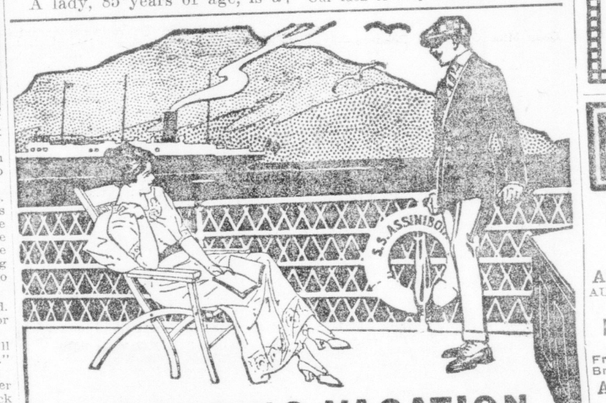
TORONTO-WINNIPEG
Via North Bay, Cobalt and Cochrane
Lv. TORONTO 10.45 P. M.
Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday
Ar. WINNIPEG 3.50 P. M.
Thursday, Saturday and Monday
Connecting at Winnipeg with G. T. P. train leaving 6.00 p.m. daily for Regina, Saskatoon, Edmonton and Intermediate Points. Through Tickets to
Prince George, Prince Rupert, Alaska, Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle and San Francisco.
Splendid roadbed and the best of everything.
Timetables and all information from any Grand Trunk, Can. Govt. Rys., or T. & N. O. Railway Agent.

CUNARD LINE

CANADIAN SERVICE.
MONTREAL TO LONDON
(Via Falmouth.)
From Montreal.
ASCANIA ..... Aug. 10
AUSONIA ..... Aug. 31
CABIN AND THIRD-CLASS.
MONTREAL TO BRISTOL
(Avonmouth Dock.)
From Bristol. From Montreal.
Aug. 9 .. FELTRIA .. Aug. 26
..... FOLIA ..... Sept. 2
CABIN PASSENGERS ONLY.
For Information apply Local Ticket Agent, or The Robert Reford Company, Limited, 50 King street east, Toronto.

ALLAN LINE

From Montreal. To.
Scotian.....Aug. 5 Glasgow
*Corinthian....Aug. 6 London
Grampian.....Aug. 12 Liverpool
Pretorian.....Aug. 12 Glasgow
Corsican.....Aug. 19 Liverpool
*Sicilian.....Aug. 19 London
Scandinavian.Sept. 2 Liverpool
*Corinthian....Sept. 7 London
Grampian.....Sept. 16 Liverpool
*Cabin passengers only.
For full information apply local agents or
THE ALLAN LINE
95 King St. West, TORONTO



A BRACING VACATION on the GREAT LAKES

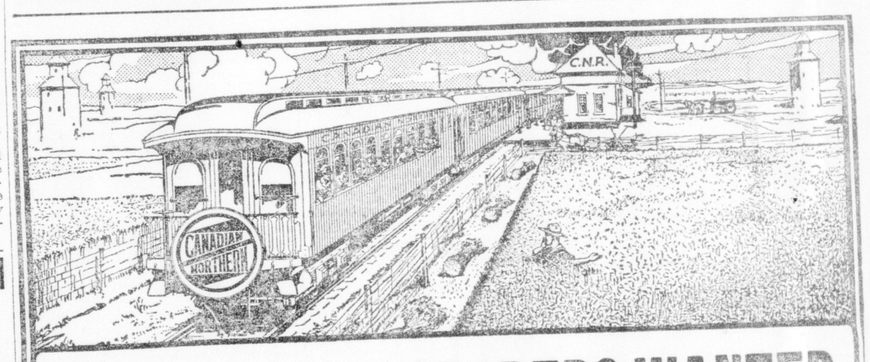
Five days of rest amid the islands of Georgian Bay, the green banks of the St. Mary's River and the expanse of Old Superior. Breezes to brace you up and the perfect appointments and cuisine of the Clyde-built

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Greyhounds. Express Steamers "Keewatin" and "Assiniboia" leave Port McNicoll every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday for Fort William and Port Arthur. Round trip five days.

Tickets, information and reservations from Local Agent, or W. B. Howard, District Passenger Agent, Toronto, Ont.

ywt-Aug 31



40,000 FARM LABORERS WANTED

$12.00 TO WINNIPEG

Special Train Service Leave Toronto Union Station, 11:00 p.m. August 17, 19, 31 and September 2

THROUGH TRAINS WITH LUNCH-COUNTER CARS ATTACHED.

Excursion Tickets will be sold on the above dates. Tickets from Flag Stations may be purchased on special trains.

DESTINATION TERRITORY.—Tickets one-half cent per mile (minimum 50c) till Sept. 30th, 1916, west of Winnipeg to any station east of Calgary, Edmonton and Tannis, Alta.

RETURN FARE AND LIMIT.—One-half cent per mile (minimum 50c), to Winnipeg on or before Nov. 30th, 1916, plus $18.00 from Winnipeg to original starting point.

For tickets and information apply to F. B. CLARKE, Steamship Agent.

CANADIAN NORTHERN ALL THE WAY

ywt