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LONDON, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 8.

The United States Elections.

The friends of democracy have reason to be cheerful over the results of yesterday's elections in the United States. In New York, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati, the people revolted against boss rule, and in a great degree wiped out a reproach which has long rested upon the republic—the corruption of municipal government.

The most popular hero in the fight against forces of evil has been William T. Jerome, the independent candidate for district attorney in New York City. He hurled defiance at both the party machines and evoked a tremendous response. Flammer, the Republican candidate for district attorney, realizing that his own position was hopeless, withdrew in Jerome's favor, but unfortunately his name had to appear on the ballot paper, and it is probable that thousands of votes were thrown away upon him. Those who have seen fac-similes of American ballots will understand how an elector may easily bungle in "splitting the ticket." Besides this handicap, Jerome had arrayed against him the whole force of the Tammany machine. He made a relentless onslaught upon Murphy, the Tammany boss, who put forth every energy to crush the courageous attorney. The returns show that many thousands of Democrats, who voted for McClellan for mayor, refused to be whipped into line for Osborne, the Democratic candidate for district attorney. Like the bulk of the Republicans, they split their ticket in Jerome's favor. This exhibition of independence is a very comforting omen.

The surprise of yesterday was the run made by Hearst, the municipal ownership candidate for the mayoralty. At the time of writing he is reported to have polled more than 200,000 votes and to be only a few thousand behind McClellan. His candidature was not taken seriously at first, but developed a strength which will make thoughtful people reflect. Municipal ownership of all public utilities is a theory which commands respect and serious attention, but Hearst's enormous vote cannot be attributed exclusively to the power of this sentiment in Greater New York. The man himself is a dangerous demagogue and appealed brazenly to class hatred and prejudice. Although not avowedly a Socialist he made a direct bid for Socialist support, and endeavored to crystallize the mass of floating opinion which is subversive of the existing order of things. He catered to all the dissatisfied and discontented elements of society. Even this does not wholly explain his extraordinary showing at the polls. He carried the borough of Brooklyn, which is inhabited by a more conservative class of people than Manhattan, where Tammany defeated him. The inference is that a host of good citizens voted for Hearst as a protest against the corrupt alliance between Tammany and the public utility corporations, and out of sheer disgust at the revelations of immorality in high financial places.

In Philadelphia Mayor Weaver and the city or reform party had a sweeping victory. Until a few months ago the city had been in the toils of a corrupt Republican machine. Mayor Weaver was its nominee and to all appearances its docile servant, but the attempt of the machine to rush through the city council a gas ordinance which would have filched millions from the pockets of the citizens, caused a popular uprising. Weaver, whether as a matter of policy or conscience, at once cut loose from his associates and headed the revolt. Philadelphia was supposed to be most hopeless of all the ring-ruled communities of the republic. In one of his articles on municipal misgovernment, Lincoln Steffens described it as corrupt and contented, but the phrase no longer applies.

Another boss-ridden city—Cincinnati—has broken its fetters. For years it has been in the clutches of a saloon-keeper named Cox. His will has been law in the city, and the state Republican machine paid him deference. He made Cincinnati a sink-hole of corruption, and polluted the political atmosphere of Ohio. In an address to a Republican audience at Akron, Ohio, two weeks ago, United States Secretary of State Taft declared that he would vote against the Republican municipal ticket if he were a resident of Cincinnatti. This bold declaration from a member of the federal administration created a sensation and no doubt had a strong moral effect. The Democratic candidate for mayor in Cincinnati has been elected by a large majority, and a Democrat has been elected governor of Ohio, a state which is historically Republican.

The Problem Play.

The suppression of George Bernard Shaw's play, "Mrs. Warren's Profession," by the civic authorities in New York, obtrudes an old controversy on public attention. The author claims that he wrote the play with a highly moral purpose. The lesson he tries to teach is that society is responsible for vice, because it will not pay virtue decently. The principal character in the drama, leading a life of shame, makes this her defense, and is represented as an object of sympathy. The apologists of this type of drama argue that it is fatuous for society to treat the social evil as something to be kept under cover, like a festering sore, lest its exposure in the effort to apply a remedy would corrupt the onlookers and spread contagion. They say the office of the stage is to deal with the realities of life, and that it cannot ignore contemporary problems, especially the greatest of all, the social problem, if it aspires to be a teacher of the people, and to be a living force for good. This reasoning would have weight if theatergoers could be handpicked. It is dangerous to place in the hands of some people a type of book which may be written with a serious purpose, and may be read with profit by educated and mature persons of both sexes. There are also plays analyzing human passions and emotions, or the ugly problems of society, which may be witnessed with pleasure and edification by thinking people, but which may poison the imagination of youthful playgoers, or in which even adults, too many of them, will find the filth and lose the moral. The plea of art will not excuse the exploitation of the sex problem in the theater whose doors are opened indiscriminately to the public. The majority of the plays which treat of topics tabooed in polite conversation have not the redeeming touch of art, and deliberately cater to pruriency. This is probably not true of Mr. Shaw's production, but, whatever his motives were, the handling of naked vice before mixed audiences will do more harm than good, and the authorities in New York, as in London, acted wisely in prohibiting such a performance.

The Local Police.

The city of London has good reason to be proud of its police and detective force. It is highly efficient, and has earned a reputation which causes professional crooks to give the city a wide berth. Thanks to this double protection there has been in late years a gratifying scarcity of serious crime. The personnel of the force is excellent, and instances have been rare where constables have abused their authority. When confronted by an emergency they have invariably shown cool judgment and a high degree of courage. The gallant conduct of Detectives Nickle and Egelton in an encounter with two murderous desperadoes, is fresh in the public memory. Officers Green and Smith also behaved like heroes in resolutely pursuing an armed man after receiving bullet wounds, and while in danger of being shot dead in their tracks.

The policeman or the detective takes his life in his hands every day of the week. Any drunken or desperate ruffian is liable to pull a revolver on the officer who tries to arrest him. A police constable may walk his beat for years without encountering armed resistance, but at any moment in the performance of his duty may have to look death in the face. People who are disposed to think the policemen has easy work should bear this in mind. The public is under a continual obligation to these faithful servants.

The Kaiser, in toasting his guest, King Alfonso, referred to the Spanish army as "the guardian of a great past." Is this a gentle intimation that Spain is a has-been?

The death of the founder of the Y. M. C. A., Sir George William, is a reminder of the rapidity with which religious or social or intellectual movements may spread in this age, when steam and electricity have made all nations as one family. So much we owe to science. The Y. M. C. A. has become a world institution within the span of one life. The same may be said of the Salvation Army and the Christian Endeavor Society.

The Dominion Coal Company will ask the Government to clap a duty of 60 cents per ton on anthracite coal dust, which Canadian manufacturers are beginning to use in large quantities. Such a tax would add to the heavy burden imposed on Canadian industry by the soft coal duties, but the Canadian coal companies have as much right to protection on their product as any other class of producers. Every tax for the benefit of one industry must be borne by other industries.

The wives of the unemployed in London have called public attention to their distress by the unusual method of waiting on the Prime Minister. There has been a marked revival in British trade, but no access of prosperity would absorb the surplus labor in the metropolis. The real tragedy is not the unemployed, but the unemployable. All the human wreckage of the kingdom is drawn into the vortex of the great city, and hundreds of thousands are born and reared in worse than poverty, incapable of skilled labor, and inefficient in any work. In the face of such conditions, charity is only a palliative. The remedy must strike deeper, and British statesmanship must endeavor to find it.

Hornless Elks.

[Toronto Star.]

The Government having refused to grant those liquor permits, it will be in order for somebody to invent a new kind of Elks without horns.

People Responsible for Graft.

[Woodstock Sentinel-Review.]

The success of the personal canvass depends largely on two well-known qualities of human nature—the indifference of the electors, and the inability of many people to say no to any request. The indifference of the electors to ther own affairs has become almost the despair of everyone sincerely interested in the success of popular institutions. Within the past few years there has grown up in the United States—and in a smaller way in our own country—what is known as the literature of exposure. The daily newspapers, the weeklies, the monthly magazines, day after day, week after week, month after month, are filled with exposures of rottenness, incapacity and mismanagement in municipal affairs, until the reader is forced to ask himself if there is anything else in municipal life than roguery, graft and lying. And when the whole thing is sifted to the bottom the responsibility inevitably falls upon the electors themselves. Their indifference is a standing invitation to the clever grafter and the greedy corporation to exploit the property of the people for private gain. The elector is asked for his vote; he gives it and considers his duty fully discharged. The grafters do the rest.

A man is seldom so deaf but what he can hear money talk.

The Kissing Peril.

[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

'Tis dangerous to kiss,
Grave scientists declare;
For thus, they say, bad germs
Find means to leave their lair,
And while the person kissed
May be from microbes free,
The kisser may impart
These things of misery.

All sorts of human ills
By kissing thus are spread,
These men of science say,
With solemn wag of head.
You must not kiss a babe,
Maid short or beauty tall;
Indeed, these men assert,
You must not kiss at all.

The moral of it all
Is plan as plain can be—
Decide just as you please,
When wise men disagree.
And when you do decide
'Twill be about like this:
You'll never think of germs,
But go ahead and kiss.

Carnegie on Children's Hair.

[Chicago Journal.]

Andrew Carnegie, talking to a lot of girl students in Dundee, advised them to cut their hair short—for hygienic reasons, he said. It does not follow, because a man endows a few gross of libraries, that he knows all that is in them. We admire Mr. Carnegie greatly, but he is not displaying his usual acumen when he undertakes to advise woman at any age about her dress or personal appearance, or anything connected therewith.

Why She Remained Single.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

Miss Matilda Nitman frankly admits that she is an old maid and means to remain an old maid to the end of the chapter.

A friend recently asked her why she did not marry.

"Why should I?" Miss Nitman answered. "I have a dog that growls and a parrot that swears and a cat that stays out nights."

The Way to Shadowtown.

[Eugene Field.]

Sway to and fro in the twilight gray,
This is the ferry to Shadowtown,
It always sails at the end of day,
Just as the darkness closes down.

Rest, little head, on my shoulder—so;
A sleepy kiss is the only fare.
Drifting away from the world we go,
Baby and I, in the rocking chair.

See, where the firelogs glow and spark,
Glitter the lights of Shadowland.
The raining drops on the widow—hark!
Are ripples lapping upon its strand.

There, where the mirror is glancing dim,
A lake lies shimmering, cool and still,
Blossoms are wavering o'er its brim—
Those over there on the window-sill.

Rock slow, more slow, in the dusky light,
Silently lower the anchor down,
Dear little passenger, say "Good-night!"
We've reached the harbor of Shadowtown.

His Theory.

[Washington Star.]

"What do you think posterity will say of you?" asked the indignant patriot.

"My dear sir," answered Senator Sorghum, "what posterity says I do not expect to hear. It is the present generation that duns you if you do not look out for your finances."

Noted for Meanness.

[Brooklyn Life.]

Two men were talking about a neighbor who was noted for his "nearness," when one exclaimed: "Why, he's so all-fired stingy that he won't laugh at a joke unless it's at somebody's else expense!"

Difference of Opinion.

[Washington Star.]

"Women are very hard to understand," said the callow philosopher.

"Not at all," answered Mr. Meekton. "Henrietta has never yet spoken her mind to me without making herself perfectly clear."

A Tight Place.

[New York Sun.]

They were newly married and on a honeymoon trip. They put up at a skyscraper hotel. The bridegroom felt indisposed and the bride said she would slip out and do a little shopping. In due time she returned and tripped blithely up to her room, a little awed by the number of doors that looked alike. But she was sure of her own and tapped gently on the panel.

"I'm back, honey, let me in," she called again, rapping louder. Still no answer.

"Honey, honey, it's Mabel. Let me in!"

There was silence for several seconds; then a man's voice, cold and full of dignity, came from the other side of the door:

"Madame, this is not a bee hive; it's a bathroom!"

The Thoughtless Majority.

[Philadelphia Press.]

"Many men, many minds,"
Is a saying all recall,
Yet how often now one finds
Many with no minds at all.

HOLLOWAY'S Corn Cure is a specific for the removal of corns and warts. We have never heard of its failing to remove even the worst kind.

Once there was a poor man who attended strictly to his own business—and today he is rich and happy.

THE GERMAN ARMY.

[From the Montreal Witness.]

So much has been written by foreign critics of the faults and shortcomings of the British army that it is a relief to learn from similar sources that the armies of other nations are not any better. Recently a German military writer gave out the deliberate opinion that the army of the United States was "rotten throughout and lacking in the essentials of an effective fighting machine." Our neighbors were naturally indignant, and not only resented the charge, but turned their inkpot guns on the German army. While admitting its perfection of organization, they find its system of tactics, as shown in recent maneuvers, stupidly antiquated and utterly unfitted to meet the requirements of modern warfare. With gleeful satisfaction the United States press reproduces the comments on the German army of a correspondent of the London Spectator, who was present at the autumn maneuvers along the Rhine. This observed was amazed to see the old-fashioned plan of moving troops in masses of close formation within the firing zone carried out with spectacular precision. Infantry advancing eight deep, with support easily within effective artillery range, battalions charging with bands playing and colors flying; cavalry in squadrons galloping about under close infantry fire; artillery retiring in a manner impossible in actual battle; generals, attended by numerous brilliant staffs, riding gently to and fro in the deadliest zones, presenting a martial picture indeed, but a hopelessly bad imitation of the realities of the modern battlefield. From all this it would appear that the Germans have learned nothing from the wars in South Africa and Manchuria. If pitted against a nation which had learned the lessons of those wars, the German army would be badly worsted. But bad as this outward showing is, the internal condition is worse still. The Spectator correspondent found that the officers do not trust the men. They despair of turning them into soldiers, so they turn them into automatons instead. The object of their drill and iron discipline is to hammer into a man during peace-time, not intelligence or fighting instincts, but habits of unreasoning obedience, in the hope that these habits will become a second nature to him, and in battle prove stronger than fear. Under such a system close formation is a necessity. The automatons must be kept together, for they have no personal initiative and become bewildered when out of touch with their accustomed commander. It is furthermore charged by other critics that the German officers, as a class, have degenerated, have become self-indulgent, and are given to swaggering, drinking, gambling and lewdness. The picture is gloomy and may be overdrawn, but it is a question whether the erroneous discipline is not in a measure inseparable from an impressed army and whether the tendency of armies maintained in peace time is not necessarily towards demoralization.

POEMS THAT LIVE.

"Poetry is the music of the soul, and above all of great and feeling souls."

Annabel Lee.

[By Edgar Allan Poe.]

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child, and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her highborn kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:
For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

DANCES LIKE A FAIRY

Edward Leads the Ball in Merry Times at Balmoral Castle.

Edinburgh, Nov. 8. — King Edward kept things lively at Balmoral during the last days of his visit to Deeside. He went deerstalking, motoring, calling on his kinsfolk and neighbors, and one night danced merrily at the picturesque ball which he gave to the gillies and tenants—not only on the Balmoral estates, but also on the Abergeldie and the Birkhall estates.

His majesty is now a grandfather and a man of weight—he turns the scale at something like 225 pounds—so there was some conjecture as to whether he would join the dance or be merely a looker-on.

"Aye," the King used to be a gran' haun' at the dancing, but noo he's ower heavy i' the bodie," was the comment of one of the natives of Deeside on the subject.

But on the great night in the ballroom, hung with Balmoral tartan, decorated antlers recording royal triumphs in the deer forests, and crowded with Highlanders in their picturesque dress, and a charming group of royal ladies and friends of the King, it was soon seen that his majesty has by no means lost his skill in the dance. He danced with an ease and grace that would have done credit to a man of half his years or weight.

His majesty, who was wearing his kilt and sporran and dirk and all the other picturesque adjuncts of full Highland dress, led forth the Duchess of Connaught in the opening quadrille, which was danced after the Balmoral Highlanders had opened the ball with a march round the ballroom and a Highland reel. The duchess, who looks almost as young as her daughter, Princess Patricia, had been playing golf at the Balmoral golf links twice that day, and perhaps the exercise enhanced her good looks. Certainly she looked quite pretty in her dark blue dress with a magnificent tiara and necklace of diamonds.

King Edward also danced several of the square dances and took a few turns in the waltz, his partner for that dance being the fascinating Mrs. George Keppel, a graceful figure in a pale pink gown, with some beautiful diamonds on her neck and in her light brown hair.

But it was Princess Patricia who was the belle of the King's party. In soft, girlish white, with a scarf of red Balmoral tartan and some pearls on her rounded neck, she looked an ideal English girl. She dances gracefully, and seemed to be heartily enjoying herself, as she waltzed with one of the officers of the King's guard from Balater.

Lord and Lady Knollys and their pretty girl, the Hon. Louvima Knollys, with her brother, the Hon. Edward Knollys, were there. So, too, was Sir Thomas Lipton, who had arrived from Aberdeen by motor to stay at the castle. Mr. and Mrs. Neumann also came, Mrs. Neumann wearing splendid diamonds, with her white dress. With them came their guests, Lady Sarah Wilson and Mrs. Clayton, and some good-looking men.

The celebrated emerald mines of Muzo, Colombia, are owned by the government and are among its most valuable assets. Colombia is seeking a loan in foreign markets with which to carry on operations in the mines.

LABOUCHERE'S LATEST

Editor of Truth Comes Out in Defense of the Corset.

London, Nov. 8. — Age cannot wither nor custom stale the infinite variety of the inimitable Labouchere. His latest is a defense of corsets—stays, he calls them—the denunciation of them by the Congress of Progressive German Women giving him the opportunity.

"There is," he said, "a great deal of futile nonsense talked about stays. I believe that stays are essentially a hygienic garment. Not only do they give useful support to the figure, but they protect all the vital organs against cold. Look at the way women go about at night with bare chests and shoulders. Look at the 'pneumonia blouse,' which has never caused a sneeze, so far as I know.

"Look at the flimsy garments women go about in regardless of weather and temperature, and then compare them with what men wear. Look at the way our grandmothers dressed in their youth—from their chins to the soles of their feet. How is it that women can do all of these things with impunity?

"I have often thought," he adds, "of getting a pair myself—not for the sake of appearances, but in order to enable me to dispense with an overcoat, and possibly other garments. If you had them lined with flannel, I do not know that you need wear anything else, except, of course, for decency and ornament.

"I firmly believe the only place where a man (or woman) really wants clothing is the small of the back, the place where you put a horsecloth when your animal is standing in the rain. With a few thicknesses of stuff round that part of your anatomy you can defy anything but propriety and convention. Fortified by stays, some women even manage to defy them."

One doesn't know whether he is in earnest or merely joking about the matter. I leave it to the progressive women of Canada to find out.

IT IS AN OFFICER OF THE LAW OF HEALTH.—When called in to attend a disturbance it searches out the hiding-place of pain, and like a guardian of the peace, lays hands upon it and says, "I arrest you." Resistance is useless, as the law of health imposes a sentence of perpetual banishment on pain, and Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil was originated to enforce that sentence.

A doctor is making money when he begins to call his patients his clientele.

Whoever gets blue over mere trifles is apt to paint things red to get over it.

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(ONE CENT PER WORD).

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"The Globe" Toronto.

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IF YOU ARE TROUBLED WITH

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica

or pain of any kind get a bottle of Radway's Ready Relief; follow the directions you find with the bottle and you will secure instant relief from pain—a record of more than

FIFTY YEARS

as a sure cure for Sore Throat, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Quinsy Sore Throat, Colds, Lumbago, Grip and Pneumonia.

A POSITIVE CURE

W. C. Baker, of 980 Julia st., New Orleans, La., writes: "I have been a sufferer from chronic rheumatism for more than six months. I could not raise my hands to my head or even take off my shirt. Before I had finished three-fourths of a bottle of Radway's Ready Relief I could use my arms as well as ever."

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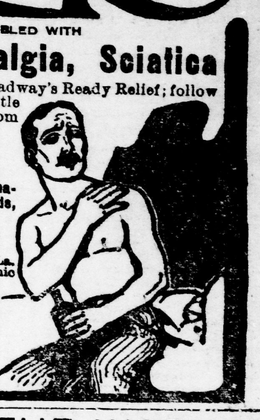

Prosperity has much the same effect on a man as gas has on a balloon; too much of it will result in an explosion.

A New York millionaire who began his career as clerk in a cigar store about forty years ago boasts of having risen from the ranks.

Always Remember the Full Name
Laxative Bromo Quinine
Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days
E. W. Grove on every box. 25c

$9.00—New York Excursions—$9.00

Friday, Dec. 1 via Lehigh Valley Railroad. Tickets only $9 the round trip from Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls. Tickets good 10 days. For full particulars call on or address Robert S. Lewis, Canadian passenger agent, 10 King street east, Toronto. 65h

Cheap Excursion to New York.

The excursion of the season to New York will be on Nov. 14, via New York Central—$10 25 return from Suspension Bridge or Buffalo, good ten days. Covers date of New York Horse Show. Write or call on Louis Drago, Canadian Passenger Agent, 69½ Yonge street, Toronto, for full information. 64n

Cheap Rate to New York. $10.25.

Nov. 14 the New York Central will run the excursion of the season to New York, good ten days for return, round trip from Suspension Bridge or Buffalo. Excellent opportunity to see the New York Horse Show in Madison Square Garden. Write or call on Louis Drago, Canadian Passenger Agent, 69½ Yonge street, Toronto, for full particulars. Telephone Maine 4361. 64n

See the New York Horse Show.

The famous New York Horse Show will be held in Madison Square Garden from Nov. 13 to 18. Londoners can see it at little expense by taking advantage of the New York Central Railroad's cheap excursion on Nov. 14. Rate $10 25 for round trip from Suspension Bridge or Buffalo, good ten days for return. Write or call on Louis Drago, Canadian passenger agent, 69½ Yonge street, Toronto, for full particulars. 64n

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MEN AND WOMEN. Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless, and not astringent or poisonous. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for $1.00, or 3 bottles $2.75. Circular sent on request.

The Surest Remedy is
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It never fails to cure a SIMPLE COLD, HEAVY COLD, and all BRONCHIAL TROUBLES.
Large Bottles $1.00. Medium Size 50c. Small or Trial Size 25c.
Endorsed by all who have tried it.

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ABSOLUTELY PURE.
SOLD IN PACKAGES AND CANS.
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THE WABASH SYSTEM

Is the great winter tourist route to the south and west, including Old Mexico, the most interesting country on the face of the globe; Texas and California, the lands of sunshine and flowers. The new and elegant trains on the Wabash are the admiration of travelers, every comfort is provided; there is nothing wanting to complete one's happiness. The days and nights pass only too quickly while traveling on the great Wabash line. For full particulars address any railroad agent, or J. A. Richardson, district passenger agent, northeast corner of King and Yonge streets, Toronto, and St. Thomas, Ont.

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Each week for Northwest and Pacific coast points, leaving Toronto *1:45 p.m., Tuesdays; 11:30 p.m., Wednesdays; 11:30 p.m., Fridays; *1:45 pm., Saturdays.

Cars are fully equipped with bedding, cooking range, etc. Moderate berth rates. For first or second class passengers.

*Cars leaving Tuesdays and Saturdays stop at Winnipeg twelve hours, thus affording through passengers opportunity of seeing city.

For descriptive booklet, rates, etc., call on nearest Canadian Pacific agent. W. FULTON, C. P. and T. A., 161 Dundas street, corner Richmond, London, or write C. B. Foster, D. P. A., Toronto.

Michigan Central

The Niagara Falls Route

Eastern Standard Time

TIME TABLE IN EFFECT NOV. 5th, 1905,

Trains arrive and depart from London as follows:

Arrive.		Depart.	
No. 130.....	6:55 a.m.	No. 131.....	7:15 a.m.
No. 132.....	11:10 a.m.	No. 133.....	2:20 p.m.
No. 134.....	5:10 p.m.	No. 135.....	5:35 p.m.
No. 136.....	9:45 p.m.	No. 137.....	10:25 p.m.

DAILY, EXCEPT SUNDAY.

Nos. 131 and 133 connect at St. Thomas with through trains for Detroit, stopping at all local points.

No. 135 connects at St. Thomas with eastern express for Chicago, and the Wolverine, for New York.

For full information call at ticket office, 395 Richmond street (Phone 205), or address THOS. EVANS, Ticket Agent, London.

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