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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Saturday, July 15.

THE SUBMARINE MISSION.

IT is easy to read into the trip of the submarine Deutschland to the United States an attempt to draw Britain and America into a dispute with the hope that relations may become strained, if not broken. Such a result of the venture would be considered as amply repaying Germany for the trouble, expense and risk of the "U" boat's crossing.

According to German reports, the submarine is not government property, but belongs to a company which hopes to establish a trade route between the two countries, and carry to the Huns supplies which they sadly lack. This may be dismissed with a smile, as no company would risk its money in such a hazardous scheme without a guarantee of reimbursement by the Government.

Then the agents of this "company" publish the statement that Americans are offering huge sums to secure passage to Germany on the craft, but that no passengers will be carried. Later, almost certainly, will come news that one American (sufficient for the German purpose) is to be taken on board as a great favor, and, if such a one exists, it is probable he will not pay, but be paid a goodly sum for risking his life.

With an American on board, the enemy craft would quite likely be taken directly into view of the allied warships, hoping that they would fire upon her, and, perhaps, take that American's life. Then, the Huns calculate, the fat would be in the fire.

There is enough mad patriotism among Germans to furnish a crew willing to tempt death for the sake of injuring the British-American friendship. Dispatches say that Washington will take no steps to prevent citizens leaving on the submarine, if her status as a merchant ship is granted, but the same dispatches assert that Britain will refuse to admit this status, and that her ships will fire on any German submarine on sight, rather than risk being torpedoed by a war vessel; or having one get away safely.

In taking this stand, Britain is probably fully justified, for a blockade of the German coast has been proclaimed, and any craft trying to break it lays itself open to attack and destruction, according to international law. Nevertheless, some hard feeling would doubtless be engendered if any American life were lost.

In the event of this craft being fired on, Berlin will likely declare that it considers itself free to resume its piratical war warfare, and will thus use the incident as an excuse for breaking its promises to Washington, if the latter does not take up the question with Britain in a sufficiently belligerent manner to please the Potsdamites. All the talk of establishing this under-water line with the expectation of making big money for the "company" before the war ends, is bluff, pure and simple. Germany knows that all the cargoes carried safely in this manner will not pay for the vessels lost and captured by the Allies. There is another motive in the plan, and Washington is threatened just as seriously as the Allies, if German hopes are realized.

THE MEGALOMANIAC.

"Megalomania—A form of insane delusion, the subjects of which imagine themselves to be very great, exalted or powerful personages; the delusions of grandeur."—Century Dictionary.

A CERTAIN person, very prominent in Canadian public life, has been suffering from this disease for some time, and it appears to be growing in severity. At the time of the Boer war he took a trip over to South Africa, and from the letters he wrote home for publication it was quite evident he believed he brought about the defeat of Kruger's army all by himself, although there was no corroborative evidence in the dispatches sent to the British Government by Roberts and Kitchener.

Since the outbreak of the present war the self-importance of this person has been more noticeable, and his delusions more vivid. It is said that he has frequently sent instructions overseas as to the conduct of the war. That this amateur soldier should consider himself the superior in knowledge of military strategy and organization to the Canadian soldiers who have spent their lives in the study and practice of these matters would be quite natural. The amateur often thinks he knows more than the professional. But this amateur evidently felt himself competent to instruct Joffre, Kitchener and French. It does not appear, however, that his advice has been appreciated, or his instructions obeyed, if we are to judge from his own statement that if he had the management of affairs in the allied army things would have been different.

So far as people in Canada are concerned, his opinion is not very high. It is said that his treatment of the governor-general has not been unduly courteous, and that he has spoken of the representative of royalty in the Dominion in language not suitable for publication. Doubtless, when the Duke of

Connaught leaves for England at the close of his administration, this deluded personage will claim that he drove the King's uncle out of the country.

In fact, the only people of whom he has a good opinion are those he honors with his friendship, as, for example, the noted individual who has been making money in the munition line, and who has met with some criticism from the public, is declared by the official to have been the best servant Canada had, and one whose word should be taken in preference to that of anyone else. For no other reason, apparently, than because he is a personal friend.

It is no wonder that many in the party to which this megalomaniac belongs should begin to feel tired. Liberals generally have not been very severe in their censures, rather have they treated him in a jocular manner. From a party point of view, it is none of their funeral. This person is saddled on their opponents and they are willing he should be. But citizens of all parties are coming to the conclusion that the time is near when he should be sent where he can associate with others of his type who have "delusions of grandeur," and that someone should take his place who has more judgment and less tongue.

HOME.

SOME time ago it was remarked in these columns that the English language has a unique possession in the word "home." An objection has reached The Advertiser that in German the word "Heim" has the same significance.

This, however, is not quite the case. The article in question was written with knowledge of the German Heim, which is far from an adequate match for "home." For one thing, "heim" means sometimes "township," rather a disturbing associate of "home." For "at home" the Germans say "zu Hause," which is simply "at house." For "from home," they say "von Hause," from house. "Welcome home" is "Willkommen zu Hause," again "at house." The truth is that neither is Heim in common use equivalent to our "home," nor has it ever that larger sense of home as one's country, or as heaven, the country of the soul; for this latter sense the Germans make use of Heimat, another word.

There is a German adverb "heim," to translate our "home," the adverb, i. e., to or towards home. But properly speaking, the German language has no word for our noun "home" in its deep and rich significance. Even in composition with other words, Heim rarely has just the force of our home, one instance being Heimweh, "home woe," homesickness. Is there any German adjective for homesick? There is a great concentration and intensity in our "home" to which no other language offers a parallel.

MOVIES AND DISCONTENT.

A YOUTH of sixteen, writing to "Everyman" (London, England) on the cinema, says that one drawback to the movie show is the effect upon young men of seeing beautiful girls in beautiful dresses, or sometimes in a paucity of clothes. The young men, he says, will become discontented with plain girls and homely dress and will not marry any one that does not measure up to the movie standard of female beauty and charm.

At sixteen the young man or boy still sees gold in all that glitters. If young men were ready to marry at that age, possibly the movies might exercise upon them the dire effects supposed. To the boy in the gallery the dazzling beauty moving on the screen is a glorious fact that he never questions. In his heart arises the vision of beauty; a good thing for anybody, even because it stirs dissatisfaction with commonplace realities, a stimulating influence for action. Perhaps going away from the palace of dreams he may stick up his nose and chin and pass the Sally of his ally with some indifference. But, then he is not yet ready for marriage, so Sally will marry a soldier back from the solid realities of war.

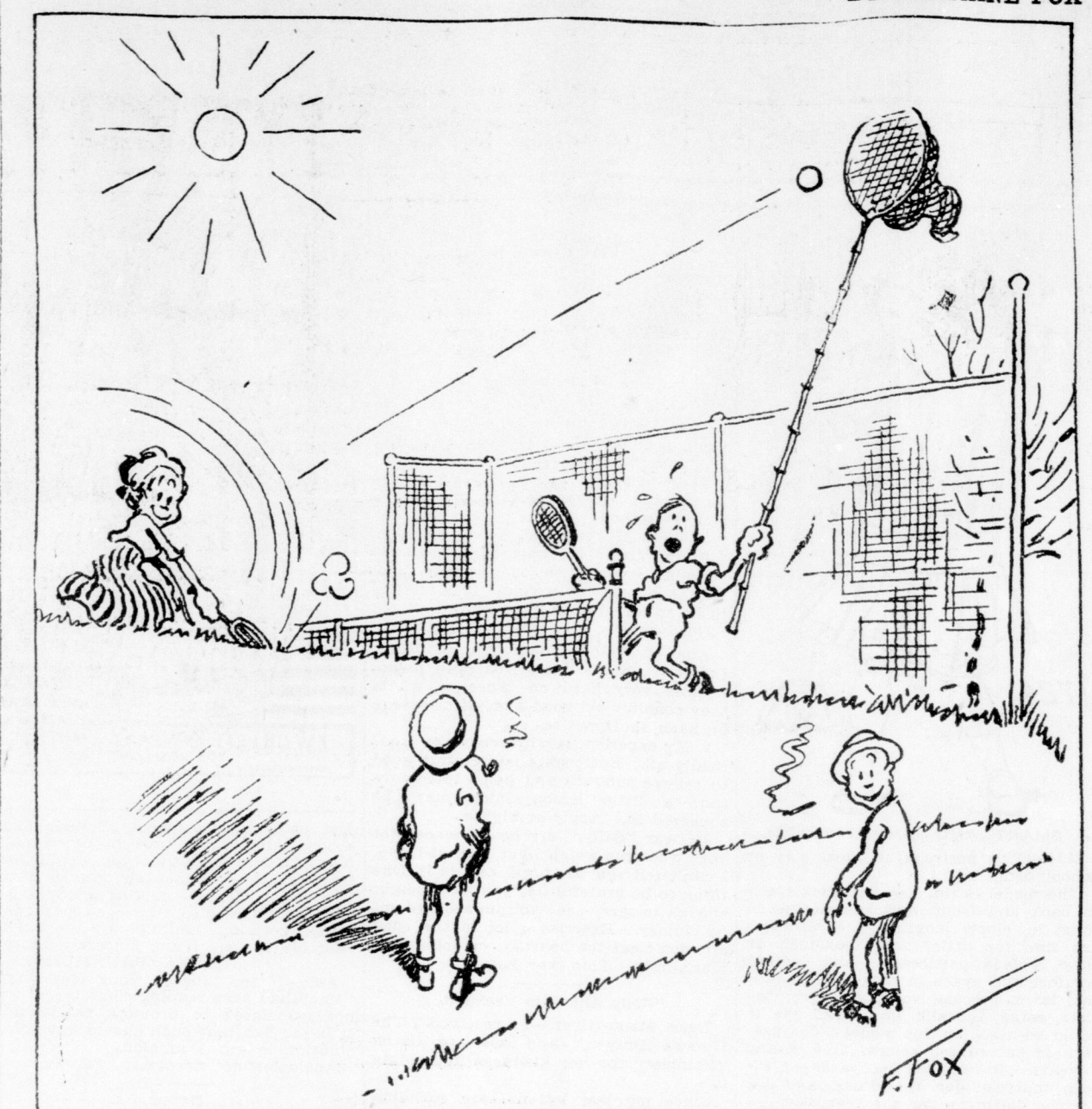
Ten or twelve years later he knows how the stage lady is made up. He knows a great many things and, alas, is probably sadder as well as wiser. The goddesses of the stage and screen still please, but they are remote and they may be unreal, while he has been made practical by labor. Probably, he has even felt a reaction from the ideal to solid, if humdrum, realities.

And then, at any time, how is the fairest apparition of the screen more charming than the damsels who pass on the street, or in motor cars, bend over typewriters, or in church beneath wonderful hats, or sit around you at the theatre between the gallery and the screen? If boys of sixteen are to be dissatisfied with ordinary young ladies and evade marriage, merely because the picture of a Belle Dame sans Merci in action has them in thrall, what shall be said of the lovely ladies dressed to match angels, or sylphs or naiads, who shine in real person on our thoroughfares? These tall, lithe Amazons, these little tripping Psychees, these glowing Venuses, these bountiful Junoes should be prohibited from appearing in their glory, for they cause the young men, dissatisfied with less dazzling mortals, to run off and seek alone. This world is crowded with things unobtainable, but alongside of them, there are countless second bests.

Finally, brethren, consider the effect of the movie screen, or the downtown beauties upon the girls. The English boy critic, like all mere men, thinks rather exclusively of the movie and the man, forgetting all about the compensatory matter of the movie and the maid. In the theatre, or from the west end lady on the street, the east end girl takes her lessons. The ideal beauty depicted on the screen will mould the sweet girl spectator to her own likeness. Her beauties and graces of dress and manner, movement and expression will communicate themselves to eager imitators, or even un-

Auxiliary Tennis Backstop For Use When Playing With Ladies Who Have Just Taken Up the Game.

BY FONTAINE FOX



The Advertiser's Daily Short Story
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Not Always What They Seem

By Earl Reed Silvers.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Liebke's persecution is going to help Germany lose the war.

Don't lose sight of that British expedition in Mesopotamia. Townshend's capture will not go unavenged.

The flower of Teuton armies is being thrown into the hot fighting in the Lusitania beach. But flowers wilt in extreme heat.

Turn about is fair play. A Montreal woman has her jewelry stolen in New York, so Montreal thieves promptly relieve a New York woman of \$18,000 worth.

For a sure bet, Major Morant offers a great tip. "The coming days will be decisive of the issue of the whole war." We all expected the future would bring a decision.

The Mexican-American trouble may be nearly ended, but it is worth noticing that Villa still declares himself alive and free. Was the punitive expedition successful?

After reading about ten million columns of explanation on the North Perth election we have come to the conclusion that Mr. Hay was elected because he got by far the larger number of votes. Some bright, eh?

According to some Conservative papers, the liquor men of South Perth would have been perfectly justified in walking hand in hand with Conservative temperance workers to the polls, but to go to the polls with the Grits was a crime quite akin to homicide.

Reporters who call Camp Borden the Sahara of Canada, seem to be giving the real Sahara the worst of it, according to some of the soldier boys who have come back from that spot. Of course, the men are altogether in the wrong.

THE PERTH HAY-MAKING.

A flock of our contemporaries have a lot to say. Explaining how the folks up there in Perth managed so quick and deftly to gather in their hay.

And of reasons given there surely is no dearth. While still another says that prohibitionists were the chaps who helped to keep the Makins out.

Our own interpretation of the matter is just this.

That our high and mighty Major-General Sam Quickly ordered a battalion to report at once at Perth.

How they got there, he didn't give a damn.

So the soldiers, as in duty bound, sprang quick at Sam's command.

In less than no time, they were on their way.

And arriving on the ground, each one his station found.

Shed his tunic and got busy making Hay.

So, Mr. Hay, while thanking his good friends there at home.

Who every aid and comfort to him lent.

Should remember in his prayers Major-General Sir Sam.

And the 110th Battalion that he sent.

THE OLD UN.

The man who wrote "I Did Not Raise My Boy to be a Soldier" has a son who is going to war. A lot of fathers did not raise their boys to be sinners or sailors, but the boys just did these same things. Many a tem-

perance orator has seen his son become a first-class bartender. You can never tell.

The Allies' drive on the west must be better than we anticipated, judging from the hysterical outbursts of German journalists, trying to prove that it is a stupendous failure.

Too much barley is used for beer, says some German prohibitionists, but what would a German do without beer?

Bryan says a man votes as he pleases, so it would seem that a lot of men have never been pleased to vote for Bryan.

We have not got out our fur overcoats, but if this coolness continues much longer, we will be compelled to do so.

A lot of folks had better bring in their plants, or they will be frost-bitten by the coolness of each succeeding night.

In the spirit of earnest endeavor we rise to say that the only coolness these days is concerning the part that Sir Sam Hughes is playing in this great war.

No matter how near Paradise Camp Borden may be, we do not see the editor of the Ottawa Free Press cluttering the scenery there.

STORIES OF BRITISH NAVAL HEROISM

"He Disobeyed Your Orders, Sir"

Written for The Advertiser by Judge Barron of Stratford

Dedicated to the Boy Scouts of Canada.

The year 1797 was the "annus mirabilis" in the annals of the British navy. It has had no parallel in English history. Three great naval powers—the Dutch, the French and the British—were fighting a great sea battle. The fleet of the Dutch was ready. The fleet of France, already encouraged by varied successes, was at anchor inside Brest, anxiously waiting the arrival of the allied fleets, and the grand fleet of Spain, the grandest of them all, under Cordova, with its twenty-seven levathan ships of the line, was preparing to meet the British so soon as they left the sheltering guns of Gibraltar. It was, indeed, a momentous period in the history of England. Never before had England's naval supremacy been so boldly challenged. She stood alone against the combined power of three of the strongest nations, and history tells us that the event, which I shall attempt to describe, secured for the Motherland its splendid isolation of today, as it had secured the value of her sons a hundred odd years ago.

In order to throw its entire strength against the wave-washed islands, it was the intention of the triple alliance to unite their fleets at Cadiz. Holland was first to concentrate at Texel, as Spain did at Cartagena. Each fleet at a given time, by pre-arrangement, was to sail and combine forces at Brest, but man proposes and sometimes man disposes. The combination never took place. It was supposed that the Spanish fleet was still at Cartagena, when Nelson, who was known as an actively inquiring mind, in returning from Elba, ran in close to Cape Palos and discovered that Cartagena was empty. He saw at once the significance of this fact, and he determined on the effort to crush the British fleet had begun and therefore Cordova's fleet must be met, fought, and beaten before the allied fleets reached Brest. Once there, they had planned to sweep the British Channel of every British ship, make a descent upon Ireland, and end for all time the glory of the British nation.

Not a moment therefore could be lost. Clapping on all sail, he hurried forward to warn the British admiral, Sir John Jervis, of what he had discovered. He was seen and chased by two Spanish liners. His usual luck followed him. He managed to elude them, though he narrowly escaped capture. In the meantime, the enemy had entered Cadiz to make their preparations for the attack on Brest. This day on the stretch of Cordova was fatal; for Nelson was thus able to reach the British admiral off St. Vincent on the 13th with the important news that the enemy had a narrow shave, for on the night of the 12th he sailed unobserved right through the whole of Cordova's immense fleet.

The news that the Spaniards were close at hand had an electrical effect on the British sailors. Cordova, on the other hand, had no idea of how near he was to a tremendous fight, so on he sailed, on into the dark and moonless night, when the occasional bonfire of his big guns, calling ship to ship, like the lion's roar to its mate, told the British admiral of his near approach. Close hauled, with lights all out, the British ships waited the oncoming enemy. The famous day broke thick with haze—dim, cold and grey—as if the very elements were conspiring to keep the events soon to happen against the events soon to happen. Each British ship, long before dawn had its look-out up aloft, and every man elsewhere was at his proper post, stern, silent, determined.

Suddenly from the cross-tree of the Barbours, the signal lieutenant sang out: "There they are, sir, away on the starboard bow. They are thunders, sir. They loom like Bonny Head in the fog." On they came, 224 guns against 1,240. Twenty-seven ships of the line, against fifteen. The odds were terrible, but the British fleet never flinched at that. The Spanish admiral, Don Josef de Cordova, was on the Santa-sima Trinidad, which, of course, flew his flag. This was a huge four-decker of 130 guns, the largest ship afloat, while the largest British ship carried only 100 guns. There were still in the Spanish fleet six other monster ships, each carrying 112 guns, so that not only in number of ships and guns, but in the number of guns also, the advantage was tremendously on the side of the Spaniards. But what did that matter? It was the quality of the men that was to tell the tale.

In the dull, grey, misty, muggy morning, the great Spanish ships, as they revealed themselves, looked like moving mountains. About 9 o'clock the fog lifted, just as if it said: "Well, you are bound to fight. I'll make it as easy for you as I can," and as the curtain lifted the British admiral fairly rushed the enemy, with the deadly rap of a building. The opportunity was a grand one, and Jervis was quick to seize it. The enemy was sailing in two divisions, the smaller one consisting of six ships, a long distance to leeward, while the windward division seemed to be hopelessly jumbled together, somewhat egg-shaped in formation. In this condition, of course, one half their guns were rendered useless, and free navigation made difficult. The same might also be said of the lee division, though to a less extent, while on the

other hand the British fleet instantly formed its two columns into one line ahead, and ship followed ship with stately pride, and with the machine-like precision of an endless chain. On it swept through the three-mile gap between the two Spanish squadrons, keeping them apart, widening the space between them and making their attempt to join forces well nigh impossible.

The Spanish vice-admiral soon saw the blunder they had made. Hoping to rectify it, he bore down upon the British line, and as it happened, met the flagship Victory. Like a gladiator, who steadies himself to meet an approaching foe, the Victory was quickly thrown into stags to wait the onward rush of the Spanish ship. On it came, forging before the wind like a living thing conscious of its object. When within a hundred yards of the line she swung to, as if to pause and gather strength before the onward rush. The instant she did this a terrific broadside struck her on the starboard quarter, followed by a ruinous fire from the forward port guns of the Victory. The British ship, in less than a minute was fearful. With topmasts shot away, stays out and hanging loose, shrouds gone, the poor thing seemed helpless. She faltered, shook from stem to stern, she recoiled from the mighty fire. The reception was more than the men expected. They seemed dazed, and the poor trembling ship of her own accord came about, and as her sails filled, her beams swung to starboard, straining, ripping and tearing the already shattered rigging, and then she broke away, and unmoored. How different it was on the Victory. With helm hard a port and starboard sheets hauled taut, she was quick to catch the wind. She fell away and resumed her place in line as if nothing had happened.

In the meantime, however, the leading Spanish ship of the lee division, seeing the attack made by the British, came about, and close-hauled, to lend a hand, but the shattered condition of that ship was a notice to be heeded, and with a free sheet she swung away to leeward and rejoined her division.

By this time the Cullen, in the van, had passed right through the gap and the danger was imminent that the enemy might cut into the division around the rear of the line. As this was done it became a race. To succeed in joining the squadron to leeward, each of the eighteen ships of the enemy would have to make a very safe thing for such monster ships to do, with their enormous poops mountains high above the water line, but better this than lose the time in going about and bearing down upon the other tack. The British were gaining rapidly, until they closed on the ships astern. Then they lost the wind, being to leeward of the enemy. British success hung in the balance. The Spaniards, with the wind behind them, were rapidly sweeping round the rear of the British line and the junction between the two divisions would then be formed. The moment was critical.

Just then something happened. Inexorable as was rule XIX, an officer determined to ignore it, letting the consequences be what they might, in utter disregard of the admiral's order, he acted on his own initiative. The officer was the gallant Nelson. His brain worked like a flash. He saw in a flash what was happening and what the result would be. His ship, the Captain, was third in line from the rear. Up went his helm; off fell his ship; a quick jibe, and he was out of the line. Swinging round in a semi-circle he doubled back on his own track, passed through the British line close astern of the Diadem and so near the junction between the two divisions

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., 12:47 p.m., 3:30 p.m., 4:25 p.m., 10:40 p.m.
Arrive from the west—12:24 a.m., 1:30 a.m., 3:20 a.m., 4:40 a.m., 5:50 a.m., 12:15 p.m., 4:12 p.m., 6:25 p.m.
Depart for the east—12:29 a.m., 1:25 a.m., 3:15 a.m., 4:35 a.m., 5:45 a.m., 7:35 a.m., 9:00 a.m., 10:20 a.m., 11:00 a.m., 11:50 a.m., 12:40 p.m., 3:30 p.m., 4:25 p.m., 10:40 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., 12:32 p.m., 3:42 p.m., 9:08 p.m.
LONDON AND WINDSOR.
Arrive—10:35 a.m., 4:00 p.m., 7:05 p.m., 11:05 p.m., 11:55 a.m., 5:32 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—6:00 a.m., 7:20 a.m., 12:30 p.m., 2:45 p.m., 5:00 p.m.
LONDON, HURON AND BRUCE.
Arrive—10:35 a.m., 6:15 p.m.
Depart—8:30 a.m., 4:40 p.m.
Trains marked * run daily. Those not marked * run on Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, 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 a.m. daily, 11:30 a.m. daily, 7:15 p.m. daily, 9:30 p.m. daily.
Arrive from the west—5:10 a.m. daily, 12:30 p.m. daily, 7:50 p.m. daily, 8:30 p.m. daily, except Sunday, 1:30 a.m. daily.
Depart for the east—5:30 a.m. daily, 6:30 a.m. daily, 11:30 a.m. daily, 9:00 a.m. daily, 1:25 p.m. daily, 5:10 p.m. daily, 7:35 p.m. daily.
Depart for the west—4:45 a.m. daily, 8:00 a.m. daily, 11:20 a.m. daily, 11:20 a.m. daily, 10:00 p.m. daily, 7:25 p.m. daily, 10:00 p.m. daily.
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., 3:30 p.m., 5:30 p.m., 7:30 p.m., 9:30 p.m., 11:30 p.m., 1:30 p.m., 3:30 p.m., 5:30 p.m., 7:30 p.m., 9:30 p.m., 11:30 p.m.
Last car at 11:30 p.m. to St. Thomas only.
Sunday service, 9:30 a.m. to 9:15 p.m. p.m.
Michigan Central.
Trains leave St. Thomas:
For East—7:38 a.m., 9:38 a.m., 9:35 a.m. (except Monday), 12:40 p.m., 13:10 a.m., 1:30 p.m., 3:26 p.m., 10:00 p.m., 11:30 p.m.
For West—2:53 a.m., 5:51 a.m., 6:23 a.m., 12:40 p.m., 1:40 a.m., 13:25 a.m., 4:20 p.m., 7:10 p.m., 11:21 p.m.
St. Clair Division—Leave, 16:30 a.m., 1:18 p.m., 4:10 p.m., 10:40 a.m., 16:40 a.m.
Daily. Daily except Sunday.

Pere Marquette.

Trains leave St. Thomas (Kains street depot) for Chatham and Walkerville, 7:30 a.m., 11:30 a.m., 1:30 p.m., 3:30 p.m., 5:30 p.m., 7:30 p.m., 9:30 p.m., 11:30 p.m.
Trains arrive St. Thomas from west at 11:55 a.m. (noon), 5:50 p.m., connecting with L. and P. S. cars arriving at London 12:48 p.m. and 10:02 a.m.

ALLAN LINE

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Corinthian..... Aug. 2 London
Carthaginian..... Aug. 9 Glasgow
Scandinavian..... Aug. 12 Liverpool
Preterian..... Aug. 12 Glasgow
Sicilian..... Aug. 19 Liverpool
Scandinavian..... Aug. 22 Liverpool
Corinthian..... Sept. 7 London
Carthaginian..... Sept. 13 Glasgow
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New Time Table Effective May 17, 1916.

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

From St. Thomas and Port Stanley: 7:30 a.m., 9:30 a.m., 11:30 a.m., 1:30 p.m., 3:30 p.m., 5:30 p.m., 7:30 p.m., 9:30 p.m., 11:30 p.m.

Cars leaving after odd hours stop only at St. Thomas.

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