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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Thursday, July 27.

YESTERDAY'S SCORE.

SINCE the 1st of July the British forces have wrested the following places from the grasp of the Teuton oppressor:

FRICOURT.
LA BOISSELLE.
OVILLERS.
MAMETZ.
MONTAUBAN.
SERRE.
CONTALMAISON.
BAZENTIN-LE-GRAND.
BAZENTIN-LE-PETIT.
LONGUEVAL.
POZIERES.

Therefore, of the greatest contest staged since the war began, it may be said with due modesty that the score stands:

BRITISH 11
GERMANS 0

HANDS ACROSS THE LAKE.

CLEVELAND is not more than ninety miles from London, yet the two cities have just had, through the agency of the London Board of Trade excursion, their first official neighborly experience. The Londoners were shown a genuine hospitality which called forth a feeling that was warm and "cousinly" to say the least.

London cannot fail to benefit by these little journeys of business discovery. There will be a desire to extend the welcome of this city to businessmen of Cleveland, and as the idea progresses the city will endeavor to secure more objects of interest. We have now been formally introduced and good nature should flow.

"Hands across the lake" is a good sign of the friendly feeling that has existed along the lakes and border line for more than a hundred years. Cleveland treated the London visitors like brothers, and as both bear the title of Forest City, let it be hoped that the social and commercial bonds of the two places will be strengthened as the years proceed. A newfound neighbor like Cleveland is worth having.

NOT LOCKED UP.

The three ex-ministers stood and heard the indictment read. They were not placed in the prisoner's dock.—From the report of the Rob'n trial.

FAVORITISM to the rich, charged with a criminal offense, is a favorite topic of the editorial writer. The socialistic scribe sometimes cries, "One law for all," and very properly. It is true that the crooked bank manager seldom goes to the penitentiary stone pile. A frock coat gets more consideration every time than a slouch hat. And the past social standing of a man has much to do with his treatment in court.

Yet, perhaps, there is more refined cruelty in this act of apparent kindness. "You should be in the dock, but to spare your tender sensibilities we leave you outside," says the court, thereby rendering the position of the accused more conspicuous.

"Damn your kindness! Lock me up and do your worst!" is what a manly prisoner would have replied. "Apply to me the same rule you apply to other men. And give me only even-handed justice." But the ex-ministers invoke the mercy of the court and accept the favors of compassion, thereby giving some measure of their character and hopes of redemption.

A WORTHY DEED.

WHEN ACCOUNTS are cast up by the Canadian people at the conclusion of the war, there will be some great "patriots" unmasked; some, indeed, who with greedy hands have been weaving a halter with which to hang themselves. The final audit will reveal those who have taken advantage of the country, and they will not be few in number.

But there will be a bright ray shed over the dismal picture of depravity in high places. Such actions as that of the Canadian Cartridge Company of Hamilton, in turning over to the country its profits of $750,000 on war orders, will beam gloriously to light the way to higher ideals and unselfish devotion.

Some time ago the manager of this company, Mr. F. W. Baillie, told Mr. Thomas, the envoy of Lloyd George, that he would put his plant at the disposal of the country for the duration of the war. He has been as good as his word, and this large profit (sufficient to pay 20 per cent on $3,500,000 worth of orders) comes back to the sorely-stricken Empire. More than that, he has set a standard in manufacturing service which might well be, and no doubt will be, emulated by other manufacturers. In fact, The Advertiser has been informed that one other company, virtually appalled by the magnitude of its profits, has quietly handed back a portion of its "winnings." Others may follow suit.

The action of the Hamilton firm, aside from its magnanimity, will impress the country through its power to reveal in some degree the size of war-time profits in Canada. The return of $750,000 to the country is no doubt made after a considerable capital for emergency equipment has been met, and, as it is only just to hope that the company very properly did not deprive itself of a fair return on investment (say ten per cent), it would appear, without being able to ascertain the amount of orders given, that a profit of from 30 to 50 per cent is shown.

The action of Mr. Baillie does not necessarily reflect upon other munition makers. They were entitled to a fair profit. Only as they are shown to have been rapacious when measured by the Baillie standard are they brought into disrepute.

For Mr. Baillie and his associates the country will build a lasting memory of unselfish devotion to the cause. Just as some men reject large salaries for the pay of a private, these gentlemen have foregone enrichment in order to aid their country. Such men as they could wear with good grace such honors as the country has to give.

RILEY'S OWN LINES.

"He pitied as much as a man in pain;
A writhing honey bee wet with rain!"

It is doubtful if many of Riley's lines will live longer than the two quoted above. They might have been written of the poet himself, a man whose name leads, like Abou Ben Adhem's, the list of those who love their fellowmen!

ALL RIGHT.

RAINVILLE, July 25.—The following is the report for today:

"Our forces under Gen. Jupiter Pluvius opened a grand offensive in the London sector today, overwhelming the enemy by the use of a fire curtain and torrents of ammunition."

BUT

Solarville, July 26.—The following statement was issued today:

"Early today our forces under Gen. Sol recaptured the London sector, absorbing the enemy forces in large quantities. Gen. Pluvius disappeared in a rout, and was last reported retreating down the Thames. We are now centering our attack on the town pump."

HOME RULE FOR WOMEN.

IN A RECENT English novel the woman after long patience suddenly resents her husband's irksome interference with her household and social arrangements and demands "autonomy." She asks not for the "independence" which franchise or a mother's pension law might give, not even for a joint bank account, but only for a recognition of her personal freedom. He considers that he has to "endow her with all his worldly goods" only on condition that she keep her vow of obedience to his will. But she stands for autonomy, which is, in some ways, a lesser thing than "home rule," in some ways rather more.

How many women have, after all, like Ireland, sighed for even Home Rule. Many husbands, while professing to leave the home to the wife as "her sphere," have interfered unduly even there. Some women, again, enjoying complete control of the roost, have found their outside relations correspondingly to shrivel up. One is reminded of a hen with chickens, mistress of her narrow household, but confined by the slats in front of the box. Or think of a parrot in a cage, which bites if you intrude a finger.

Suddenly, then, a brainstorm and a cry for "autonomy," the meaning perhaps not very definite, but still a meaning.

Our Canadian women probably are in a good position, comparatively speaking. They experience little browbeating, not to speak of beating. They do and get about what they wish. As one of the English suffragettes on lecture tour in this country said, somewhat despairingly, the Canadian women have so large a measure of comfort and freedom that they ignore the franchise. They have Home Rule, often with a vengeance. Of course, there is a corne. of our femininity, a sort of Ulster, that holds out for man's divine right to command, and rather specializes in submission, but autonomy is more common.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Don't YOU get drowned.

Bourassa seems to have a jinx on Sir Robert Borden.

A nickel for a "soda" will make many a thirsty kid happy.

Write to your friends at the front at least once a week.

Heavy fogs on the railway seem to laugh at "Safety First."

Chance for the town punster today, what with the "intense" heat and the circus in town.

Let the Government hang to Hughes and Rogers and the Liberals care not who else remain.

How can we work with that —*!—*!*— phonograph going from 8 a.m. till 12:30 a.m.!

September 14 is the date for British Columbia to be reborn. Oh, happy day for the great Pacific province!

A letter from the trenches honors the recipient. Does he realize how much the boys "over there" crave news of home?

No doubt the boys at the front will forgive us if we put the home fires out for a few days. The temperature stands at 90 odd.

The Advertiser has not put up baseball bulletins this season, nor have box scores been printed. No objections have been registered, which indicates that to their credit the "fans" are interested in another sort of big league race.

Mr. Glaubitz, erstwhile manager of London's public utilities, pops up in the news again. There is one newspaper and one political clique which would have had him holding office in London to this day had the citizens not frustrated them.

THE PURSUIT OF VILLA

BY FONTAINE FOX

A FARMER'S PROSPERITY.

[Puck.]

Farmer Corning was asked whether he had had a good year.

"Gosh, yes!" he exclaimed. "I had four cows and three hogs killed by railway trains, and two hogs and eleven chickens killed by automobiles. I cleared nigh a thousand dollars."

TOUCHING HIS HEART.

[Pall Mall Gazette.]

The young physician was tired, but as he settled back in his easy-chair, and his newly-wedded wife took a seat beside him, he asked affectionately: "And has my little wife been lonely?" Oh, no," she said animatedly; "at least, not very. I've found something to busy myself with." "Indeed!" he said. "What is it?" "Oh, I'm organizing a class. A lot of young girls and married women are in it, and we're teaching each other how to cook." "What do you do with the things you cook?" "We send them to the neighbors." "Dear little woman!" said he. "Always thoughtful of your husband's practice."

CALGARY FASHIONS.

[Calgary Herald.]

Rev. Dr. McRae doesn't like the way many Calgary women are dressing these days, and he told a company of them as much the other day. Women's dress of today is all right as far as it goes. The trouble mostly is that it doesn't go far enough.

THE EVOLUTIONS OF SAMMY.

[By a Soldier's Wife.]

Once there lived a little boy
And they named him Sammy;
Grew this boy into a man,
Some say he proved "shammy."

Up the social scale he grew,
Cute he was and eager,
Nothing was too hard for him,
Nothing was too meagre.

Into politics he dipped,
When he grew much older,
Still his soul aspired to rise,
Bold he grew and bolder.

Next a uniform he dons
"General" is his title,
Viewing soldiers on parade
Each day some recital.

Then across the sea he sails
To meet his King and master;
Gets a "handle" to his name
Who can travel faster?

But his country could not do
Very much without him,
So they called him home again;
Don't say 'twas to flout him!

In a new light now appears
Sam, the noble leader,
Standing by his "dearest friend"
Allison, the pleader.

Parrying lawyers with a word,
Jeering at his judges,
Answers with an angry snort,
Neither yields nor budges.

Suffering from a bad attack
Of "inflated ego"
Is he at his zenith yet?
Who can say?

FAKED "NEWS" CABLES.

[Ottawa Free Press.]

The statement of the British home secretary in the House of Commons last night in regard to the methods of the International News Service of New York only officially confirms what active newspapermen have known for many months. In order to provide a sensation for every edition, the Hearst newspapers have long resorted to the manufacture of "news." This did little harm when confined to publication in the known Hearst newspapers, for the readers of these papers expected fiction; but since the commencement of the war several reputable Canadian newspapers have been in receipt of news services from the Hearst agency, known as the International News Service, and their readers have frequently been horribly misled by fakes prepared in New York purporting to be cables from London.

The British home secretary said that not only was the alleged "International" cable about the Jutland battle composed in New York, but that the editors of the New York American had gone one better and added the word "overwhelming" in the already faked sentence that the British admiralty had admitted an overwhelming defeat by a portion of the German high seas fleet.

The Free Press has frequently warned its readers against International News Service cables, the "clothes line" character of which has been so evident to careful students of the war; but apparently a certain portion of the public still loves to be fooled.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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An Experiment in Dinner

By Fanny Gray.

After two weeks of blissful honeymoon in his modest new home Harry Carr firmly believed that all newspaper jokes about newly-weds, including wife's biscuits, cranky cook stoves, burned steak and the like, were just newspaper jokes and nothing more.

Hadn't he been living upon the fat of the land? Hadn't his meals been right on time, everything cooked to a turn? Why, something really ought to happen, or he would be taking on again the superfluous pounds he had such a struggle to throw off. Of course there was a maid in the kitchen, but Harry never doubted for a moment that it was his bride, Molly, who really made it possible for these wonders to be evolved.

She so fulfilled his ideals in other ways it never occurred to him that any credit for the smooth-running household could be due to any one else. And, to do Molly credit, she was a capable, bright, up-to-date young woman, quite equal to most of the duties that fell to her. But, like hundreds of other girls, she never had studied household efficiency in any very particular manner. Mamma had gone upon the principle that a girl imbibes that sort of thing in a well-ordered home, and, when thrown upon her own resources, can make good.

Very likely she does, nine times out of ten, but she must pass through rather difficult places which her better-trained sister avoids.

Now, Molly had about as much confidence in her own ability in the kitchen as Harry had, although she had never been put severely to the test, where everything depended upon her alone. So, when Bridget's first day arrived she and Harry both looked forward to it as a sort of lark. As they were drinking their coffee that morning, the following conversation took place:

"Now don't go and try to get up a regular dinner tonight, honey. I'm eating too much, anyway. And I won't have you getting all hot and tired working over a stove."

"That's very sweet of you, Harry, but don't imagine that we can't have dinner just because Bridget is out. I shall enjoy getting it. And I don't think much of wives who set out cold bites because they're lazy. You'll see!"

"All right, pet, suit yourself, but remember any kind of a meal with you opposite is goood enough for me. It's a feast just to look at you!"

Then followed one of those episodes that occur not infrequently at honeymoon breakfast tables

"Stop that nonsense, Harry, and listen to me. Is there any special thing you'd like for dinner?"

"Can't think of a thing. Be ready one time, and if the dinner is very good I might have something in my pocket. It might be tickets for the Hippodrome."

"Oh, how lovely! Of course I'll be on time. Don't miss the early train!"

The usual lover-like demonstration, and Harry was gone.

Molly ordered liberally from the market, and returned to find Bridget surveying the piled-up table, as she stood with hat and coat on ready to go out.

"Going to have company, Mrs. Carr?"

"Oh, no, Bridget. Why do you ask?"

"Such a lot of stuff to cook. You'll be tired out, I'm thinking."

"We are going to have a very good dinner tonight, Bridget; it's the first chance I've had."

"Well, I wish you luck!" And Bridget laughed good-naturedly as she went down the walk.

In the middle of the afternoon, Molly, after putting out her street suit and hat so that she might make a lightning change if the theatre tickets were forthcoming, descended to the kitchen, clad in a neat blue linen dress, and tackled the dinner.

She sang as she went about her work, picturing Harry's pride in her, and his enjoyment of the dinner, for she had arranged to have the things he most liked.

About half past five, Mrs. Webster, a near neighbor, who had made friends at once with Molly, rang the bell of the Carrs' house. Molly answered, sat down with her caller, and apologized for her dress. But she was so evidently nervous and left the room so many times on one excuse or another that her experienced friend began to realize that something must be wrong with kitchen arrangements.

At last the truth came out, and Molly explained her predicament, between tears and laughter. Her tears were not the proverbial ones of the sad and helpless bride, but they were angry ones, giving way finally to a burst of hysterical laughter as the ridiculousness of the situation came over her.

"Why, Mrs. Webster," she cried, "it never occurred to me I couldn't get a whole dinner alone! I've done lots of cooking!"

"Yes, with mother or cook nearby, I suspect," answered her friend.

"If only Harry didn't have to know what a mess I've made!" wailed Molly. "Why, I told him I knew everything, and I've planned to have all his favorite things."

"Come on out and let's see how bad it is," suggested Mrs. Webster.

And Molly led the way.

It did seem rather hopeless. There was a good fire, however. Bridget had seen to that. But on the tables lay a fierce-looking collection of cooking utensils and dishes, all soiled. Mrs. Webster peered into everything, while Molly explained. Mock bisque soup being Harry's favorite, she had decided upon that, and had made it early to have it out of the way. There it stood on the back of the stove, a fine curdled mess, "keeping hot."

When Mrs. Webster explained that the milk and tomato should be put together only at the moment of sending to the table, Molly felt decidedly limp. The roast of beef she had put good and early in the double roaster, laboring under the delusion that the invention absolved one from giving any further attention to the meat. A glance at it, just before her neighbor's arrival, had revealed a little, dried-up piece of beef, utterly unfit to serve. The mayonnaise, having refused to mix, stood in a bowl on the table. Some beets, which should have been boiling for the past two hours, were just beginning to cook.

Molly and Mrs. Webster looked at each other a moment, and then cleared the atmosphere by laughing immodestly. When Molly could get her breath she said:

"What shall I do? Of course, my pride is hurt, and I hate to tell Harry, but I suppose I must."

"Will you let me suggest?" asked the neighbor. And at a nod from Molly she proceeded:

"Why tell him that you tried to get a dinner at all? He has suggested the theatre, you say. It would be most natural for you to have a light supper to save trouble, as you may be going out."

"But I told him this morning I didn't mind the trouble, and that I was going to get dinner."

"Never mind. People sometimes change their minds. I don't want to corrupt your morals, but I advise you to do as I say. If you will, I can help you out."

Molly nodded assent.

"Good! Now what salad have you got."

"Lettuce and tomato."

"Couldn't be better. Let's make up some attractive-looking plates and use French dressing. Any canned soup in the house?"

"Only ready-made tomato."

"The very thing. Haven't you learned the secret of putting hot milk and a bit of butter to that just before serving? Very likely it will be mistaken for your own brand of bisque."

"Great! You're a wonder, Mrs. Webster."

"No, just an old housekepeer. Now, I've got cold ham and a cream cheese I can spare, and I'm going to send them over. If by any chance you have your dessert, don't you see that with a pot of coffee you'll have a delicious and hearty supper, after all."

"I see I've got the best neighbor in the world, and I'm certainly going to take her advice," said Molly. And she proceeded to carry out her word.

At 6:30 Harry was met at the door by a smiling bride. He held up an envelope, teasingly, high above her head.

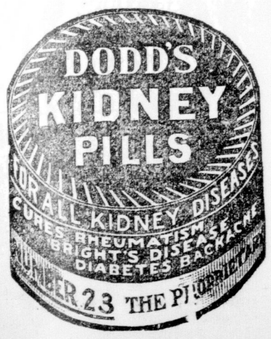
"Do I get some good food or do we stay home tonight? No nice dinner, no hippodrome, you know."

"I guess I can get dressed in time," said Molly, demurely, and, hand in hand, like two children, they went into the dining-room.

As Harry took the last swallow of the delicious, piping hot coffee, he remarked:

"Bully supper, Molly. Took my advice after all, didn't you? I'm glad you didn't spend the afternoon fussing over a hot dinner."

Mary smiled at him across the table.



WAIT A MINUTE!

—By J. H. F.

Baldness is hereditary, says a lady expert. Inasmuch as our male parent had a thatch like a cocoanut, somebody must have removed our top dressing when we were not looking.

* * *

A New York boy grew 4¾ inches in eight days. A lot of persons show a chest development much greater than that when some dignitary speaks a kindly word to them.

* * *

The Kaiser says he cannot go to the front, as the Almighty needs him to look after Germany. Still, Bill has one eye peeled for the good of his own hide and the future of his family.

* * *

A German prince is said to have gone crazy. He does not seem to be much different from the rest of the family.

* * *

A preacher wants to know whether or not humanity is in the grip of evil. If you see bad colors all the time, it is. Otherwise the dear old world is stumbling, somewhat blindly, of course, towards a better day and a better time.

* * *

Holland has issued an Orange book on the war. Germany will issue a Blue (ruin) book.

* * *

There will be 3,800 prayer meetings a week in Detroit during Billy Sunday's revival. Looks as if Detroit will need just that many prayer meetings, if there is going to be any improvement.

* * *

We had rain, in glorious gobs. We could have done without the fireworks display.

* * *

It is expected that the crew of the submarine Deutschland will sing that touching little thing entitled "Life is Fleeting."

* * *

If the United States Government does not soon start a war in Mexico to save Editor Hearst's ranch, the New York American will have more fits than can be accommodated in one small office.

* * *

Hint on how to entertain in the summertime—Don't.

* * *

The loudest wails about daylight saving came from the women. Mother always gets the worst of it.

* * *

We want to be handy when Kaiser Wilhelm upbraids the Almighty for throwing him down.

* * *

Judge Hughes is playing golf. They are trying hard to make him human.

* * *

Villa is fleeing to the mountains once more. He is recovering from his last death.

* * *

The United States has 21,000,000 men of military age, and about 23 ready to fight.

* * *

An American poet sings that the dancing men of the U. S. A. are on their way to war. Possibly learning to sidestep.

* * *

There is a race horse in the West called Billy Sunday. He cannot burn up the race track as the original Billy can the English language.

* * *

An American judge cut down a lawyer's fees from $10,000 to $35. Rather a nice way to treat a brother.

* * *

Prince Henry of Prussia has written a poem on the submarine Deutschland. The hymn is probably as halting as the return trip of the boat.

* * *

"The sun has got us on the run," wails a gent, but we are down to a walk, and a mighty slow one at that.

PLEASURE YACHT MISSING

Quebec Boat Thought Somewhere off Coast of Maine.

PORTLAND, Me., July 26.—Inquiries were received here today regarding the pleasure steam yacht Wild Rose of Quebec, which touched here on Saturday, it was understood, on the way to Bar Harbor. A message from Bar Harbor said the craft had not reached there this afternoon, and confirmation of her sailing from this port was sought.

The Wild Rose is said to be owned by a son of George A. Drummond of Quebec, but nothing further regarding her or the party on board was known here.

The weather has been thick along the Maine coast the last few days.

NOT THE WILD ROSE.

MONTREAL, July 26.—There is a yacht, "Wild Rose," at Beaconsfield, P.Q., owned by Arthur Drummond, but it is said the vessel has not been in the water for two seasons. She is in her boathouse at the St. Lawrence Sugar Refineries.

SHACKELTON REACHING GOAL.

BUENOS AYRES, Argentina Republic, July 26.—According to a message received here today Lieut. Sir Ernest Shackelton, the British Antarctic explorer, has reached the ice fields in his effort to rescue the 22 men left on Elephant Island last April, when his expedition returned home from the south Polar zone.

The relief party left Punta Arenas July 12 on board the schooner Emmet, which was to be towed as far south as possible by a Chilean Government steamer, after which it was the intention of the explorer to continue his search for his marooned companions.

FIVE MORE UNITS AND DRAFTS REACH ENGLAND

98th and 93rd Battalions Among Those to Arrive Safely.

OTTAWA, July 26.—It is officially announced through the chief press censor's office that the following troops have arrived in England:

The 11th Canadian Mounted Rifles, British Columbia; 98th Battalion, Ontario; 93rd Battalion, Ontario; 105th Battalion, Prince Edward Island; 106th Battalion, Nova Scotia; cavalry, artillery, and infantry drafts and details.

WANTS HER BABY BACK

Ottawa Girl Begins Court Action in Chicago.

CHICAGO, July 26.—Hearing on the petition for a writ of habeas corpus brought by Miss Margaret Ryan, a Canadian working girl, against Mrs. Anna Dollie Ledgerwood Matters in an effort to get possession of "Baby Ireane," who is claimed by both women, was begun today in the United States district court.

Sister St. Celestine of the Miseracordia Hospital in Ottawa, Ont., where Miss Ryan alleges the child was born, testified that in June, 1915, it was arranged that Mrs. Matters should adopt a child. She testified further that Mrs. Matters asked that on the records it would appear that the child was her own and that a child born to Margaret Ryan was given to Mrs. Matters. For a long time Miss Ryan believed that her child had died.

SUMMER COMPLAINT

Was So Bad

HE COULD NOT WORK

DR. FOWLER'S

Extract of Wild Strawberry

Cured Him.

Mr. Stephen H. Shaw, Fairmount, Sask., writes: "I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and must say it is a fine medicine for summer complaint. We have so much alkali water here in the west that last harvest time I had summer complaint, and became so weak I could not work. I was advised to try 'Dr. Fowler's,' so got a bottle, and in a few days I was as well as ever.'

"Dr. Fowler's" is the original "Wild Strawberry." It has been on the market for the past 70 years.

There are a number of preparations on the market today, claiming the same curative powers, called similar names, and trying to trade on the reputation of this wonderful bowel remedy.

There is nothing can take the place of "DR. FOWLER'S."

There is nothing "Just as Good."

Insist on getting it when you ask for it.

The price at all dealers is 35c per bottle. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Company, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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.

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

A CHILD DOESN'T LAUGH AND PLAY IF CONSTIPATED

Look, Mother! Is Tongue Coated, Breath Feverish and Stomach Sour.

"California Syrup of Figs" Can't Harm Tender Stomach, Liver, Bowels.

Mother! Your child isn't naturally cross and peevish. See if tongue is coated; this is a sure sign its little stomach, liver and bowels need a cleansing at once.

When listless, pale, feverish, full of cold, breath bad, throat sore, doesn't eat, sleep or act naturally, has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, remember, a gentle liver and bowel cleansing should always be the first treatment given.

Nothing equals "California Syrup of Figs" for children's ills give a teaspoonful, and in a few hours all the foul waste, sour bile and fermenting food which is clogged in the bowels passes out of the system, and you have a well and playful child again. All children love this harmless, delicious "fruit laxative," and it never fails to effect a good "inside" cleansing. Directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups are plainly on the bottle.

Keep it handy in your home. A little given today saves a sick child tomorrow, but get the genuine. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," then look and see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company."

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., *12:15 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., *4:25 p.m., *7:08 p.m.

Depart for the west—*4:25 a.m., *5:05 a.m., *7:40 a.m., 10:23 a.m., 11:17 a.m., z2:52 p.m., 5:42 p.m., 9:03 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., 5:32 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—*6:05 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.

Traction Company.

London to St. Thomas and Port Stanley: 7:30 a.m., 9:30 a.m., 11:30 a.m., 12:30 p.m., and hourly to 7:30 p.m., 9:15 p.m. Last car at 11:15 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—*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., †3:25 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

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.

Special car leaves London 4:55 a.m., arrives Port Stanley 5:43 a.m. Beach 5:45 a.m., stops only at St. Thomas. Returning, leaves Beach 5:50 a.m., Port Stanley 5:55 a.m., arrives London 7:00 a.m. Makes local stops. Daily, except Sunday.

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

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