# Condon Advertiser

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London, Ont., Saturday, June 17.

### GERMAN BUSINESS.

Everyman, sums up the advanfor herself in business competition before the war, as follows:

resources

waterways have been nationalized, and the scientists have been mobilized and encouragea to advance German welfare. Education generally has been planned with a view to the highest utility of the whole population.

(3) Germany carried on commerce as war, and on the same unscrupulous lines as her war. What some individual high financiers in the United States or this Germany as a nation has practiced as a port of the Deutsche Bank of Bercountry have been attacked for doing, collective policy. Her trade system is "a war policy under the disguise of Ordinary commercial morality was over-ridden. Espionage, deceit, vio-

lence were all employed. The German naturalization law permits the German emigrant to retain his allegiance to the Vaterland and to conspire against the country of his adoption. (4) The Germans work hard, and long

hours, like Chinese, with a cheaper standard of living than ours. Sport does not take up their time and atten-Their only sport, generally speaking, is drill. Beer drinking is, like breathing, not a sport, but a necessity.

Mr. Sarolea adds as an external advantage possessed by Germany, her central position, with close access to the vast market afforded by Russia along a 500-mile frontier. Then there a girdle round Germany-Belgium, Holland. Denmark and Switzerland-all "of highly intensive industry and yet economically at her mercy." The Huns had also got an octopus grip on the business of Italy, and were aspiring still further to monopolize the Balkan and Turkish countries, with an eye out beyond to India. Germany's central position in modern Europe may be compared to that of Italy in the old Medi-

terranean world which Rome subdued. At the present time Germany is seeking to transform the political alliance with Austro-Hungary into a customs union, taking advantage of the war spirit and necessity to overcome the inavitable inertia and resistance, and

Mr. Sarolea suggests that along many lines we cught to meet the Hun halfway, countermining his mines and opposing his force and combination with

### THE TERRIBLE PAGES.

66 THE terrible pages of war' is no misnomer for the Canadian newspaper these days.

In one or two recent issues of the daily journals of this country there has been a sufficient number of casualties, if printed in ordinary type, with the usual white space between, to have made a whole page of names.

That means hundreds of names each day-names of the dead, missing, and wounded.

Each name means a human life gone or a human body warped or suffering or torn. One name went into some far-off

little hamlet in Scotland, a home that once sent the "bairn" off to far Canada with high hopes. He will nae come

Another reached to a home in Georgia, where just from beyong the cottonfields some inspired lad had heard

"There's a little spot in Ireland" that caught the message of another, and

England's counties are thick with the sad sowing of the news that came after the fight of the Ypres salient-the fine men she had sent to Canada who went

Hundreds of the names came into our own Canadian homes-and these frequent rains might well be the tears that fall from the eyes of mothers and

The names make a veritable graveyard of the press of Canada. The them falls at his door. He nor any attack was invited by painting the other had a right to one life. Not one of his ambitions was worth given with every hope it would be rea drop of blood or a single life. But, fused.

willed it. "The terrible pages of war" are filled, because a cruel ruler did

filled with the lust of slaughter, he

not love his fellow-men. He would have hate rule the earth. The men who bear these pages of names would not

#### FICTION AND HISTORY.

PROBABLY the hardiest fighter that ever lived was the old North American pioneer who pushed his way single-handed into the domain of the Indian and tilled the soil, with his longbarrelled musket leaning on the nearest stump. He had no cheers to thrill him after his victory, nothing but the thankful look in the eyes of his wife and children kneeling in the log house while he drove off the redskins. He had no George M. Cohen, flanked with starspangled tights, to sing "Yankee Doodle Dandy." He had no Jack London to tell him of the raw-meat-eating American superman, who could kill a few score Fiji savages before breakfast. He had none of the half-baked "hero" fiction that floods the American market and slops over into Canada today. He was trying to earn a living by getting a farm, and the Indians were trying to prevent him-he had no pseudo-roman-R. CHARLES SAROLEA, in tic notions over it at all.

Perhaps too much of the prepared food tages which Germany had developed of patriotism is the reason for a response of only 9,000 volunteers to Uncle Sam's call for 20,000 men two months (1) A cunning system of protection, ago. When you get your heroism in bountles, rebates, dumping as a fine art, plays or books, the tendency is to soften and subsidies, a collective national pol- the real thing. It is sweet stuff without icy, Germany being the first state to much real nourishment. A Shakerealize that for modern business "the spearean production or a solid history is co-ordinated efforts of the state must much better fodder for making a good be substituted for the fitful activities nation that is ready for the emergency. of unregulated freedom." Germany has A Canadian youth with a keener appemobilized and socialized the national tite for Parkman would have been a more responsive youth in this war than (2) For example, the railways and a Canadian youth fed on the trash of modern writers, which all points a royal in consequence the government schemes road to glory for the average boy, and differential and preferential rates in leaves him to make the bone and sinew the interest of German business. Again, of his valor on frothy food. Fiction and "flag" plays may inspire a man to the end of the book or the score; they do not create armies or win battles. The old backwoodsman had no time for them. Uncle Sam has left his recruiting problems of the past to the versatile Mr. Cohan; the result is apparent.

#### GERMAN "PROSPERITY."

lin, Germany's greatest financial institution, a labored effort is made to persuade the German people and any gullible outsiders that the commercial situation of the country was never better and that the naval blockade by Britain, far from being a disaster, has really proved a blessing in teaching the nation to do without unnecessary luxuries and preventing the spending of money abroad for imports. In this extremely difficult task it is no wonder that the Deutsche Bank directors have become confused and made many contradictory statements, which must be apparent even to the "kultured" sub-

jects of the kaiser. But aside from all the muddled statesame way as the exchange of other belligerents, while ignoring the fact that Germany, being the only nation shut off from trading abroad, has not been spending money in other lands in a lt

way to give reason for the drop. Granted that Germany has kept most to her? True, she can keep on floating internal loans, but these cannot buy the food and supplies that are so desperately equired. She is in the position of a man stranded on a desert island with chests of gold and no food. He cannot eat the gold and there is nothing which he may purchase with it. It would all be well spent for a loaf of bread

Germany may hoard up her gold and keep her bank deposits high, but the people are crying out for something to keep the spark of life burning. Those women who parade the streets, wreck shops during raids and search the garpage cans for morsels of fat or other food care nothing for the deposits. They are reaping no benefit from the money, but they are feeling the pinch of the blockade and have no delusions about the alleged commercial prosperity.

When German bankers and government officials begin to face the situation frankly and take the people into their confidence, the war will be nearing its end. Too much delay may easily mean a revolution.

# EDITORIAL NOTES.

Hughes is likely to be all-write, too. The bear is casting a shadow today. Cheer up, it may not be necessary to

valk next Sunday, after all. When Roosevelt coughs he snaps

tendons round his ribs. Force is his

With the pro-German papers backing an old mother who had given this new Hughes for United States president and land her son was wiping the tears W. J. Bryan indorsing Wilson, there's weird muddle.

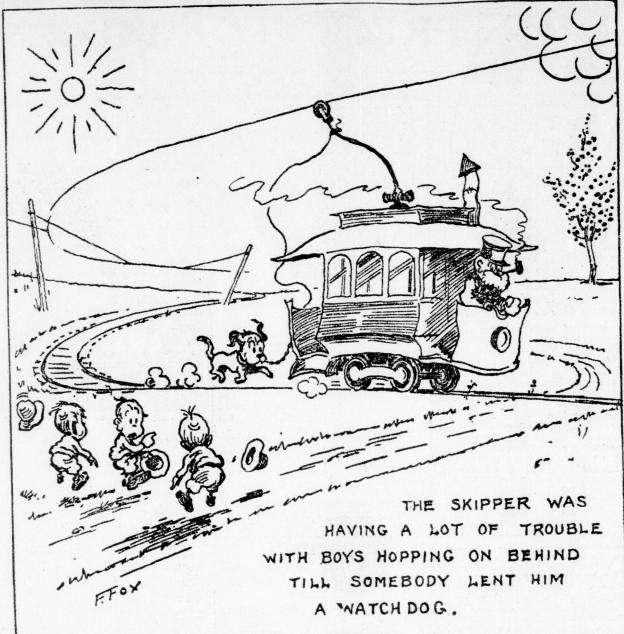
That officially reported horse shortage in Ontario seems to be a myth. There is no difficulty in getting good army horses here, say the buyers.

Hight Mexican bandits and three U. troopers killed in one battle. And in the midst of this fearful struggle for national existence Americans find time

Relatives of some Illinois men lost with the Lusitania are suing the Cukaiser is making news. Every son of nard Company for damages, alleging that vessel grey. That was an invitation

> SAME THING. [Baltimore American.] "Can you play the lyre?" "I can tell a good fish story."

The Toonerville Trolley Which Meets All the Trains



pringht, 1916, by the Dominion Ne ws Bureau, Limited.)

STORIES OF BRITISH NAVAL HEROISM

# Don't Down and Breathe"

Written for The Advertiser by Judge Barron of Stratford

Dedicated to the Boy Scouts of Canada.

So great was the dread of the Allied fleet, that they met with little resistance, if any, when forcing the Straits of Kertch in 1855. On the anniversary of her late majesty's natal day, troops were landed on the beach, between Cape Kamiesch-Bournon and Ambalaki, but the Russians forthwith blew up their own fortifications and then fled before ments, the assertion of the strong finan- the allied forces. Kertch-a lovely little picturesque seacial position of the country is mislead- port town, a miniature Naples in appearance, fell into ing. As proof of this strength, the re- the hands of the Allies, without the loss of a single man. which bank deposits continue, not to encounter took place between an English gunboat and a grow but to maintain their level. The Russian steamer. It was known that this steamer had depreciation of the mark is dismissed on board the treasury of Kertch and its capture was as insignificant, and an attempt made greatly desired, but it managed to gain the Sea of Azoff, to show that it has simply gone the notwithstanding the aid rendered the gunboat by the Fulton and the Mege're, which latter were subject all the while to a heavy fire from the batteries of Yenikale. Finally Yenikale was evacuated, the Russians first of all blowing up the magazines containing 30,000 kilogrammes The shock of this explosion was tremendous of powder. was felt severely by the ships, anchored 10 miles off the shore, and houses were completely destroyed for The commander-in-chief. Vice-Admira Bruat, concluded his report to the French minister as of her money at home, of what use is it follows: "To sum up, the enemy has lost up to the present 160,000 sacks of oats; 360,000 sacks of corn; 100,000 sacks of flour. A carriage factory and a foundry were burnt down; three steamers, one of which was a war steamer, were sunk by the Russians themselves. Some 30 trans port ships were destroyed, and at least as many taken. In the different explosions, about 100,000 kilogrammes of powder were destroyed. A great store of shells and The fact that these vul-'cannon balls no longer exist." nerable points were left undefended proved that Russia's resources were overtaxed. It also convinced the Allies that Russia's merchant vessels had taken refuge in the Sea of Azoff. These vessels then had to be followed and destroyed. The towns upon the coasts had to be burnt, and supplies for the garrison at Sebastopol had to be intercepted and taken. Thus it came about that ten English vessels and four French steamers crossed the straits, entered the Sea of Azoff and steered for Arabat and Taganrog. The rapidity of the movement struck terror into the hearts of the Russians. Merchant vessels were chased and destroyed and four war steamers were run on shore and burnt to the water's edge. From Arabat Capt. Lyons proceeded to Genitchi. At this place the ssians had six field pieces in position with 200 men behind them, while a battalion of infantry, with Cossacks were drawn up further away. With such a force they felt safe in refusing the demand of Capt. Lyons for the immediate surrender of a number of vessels moored in a protected position under the cliff, and thus it happened

they didn't get my word. There's the telephone. Maybe it's Helen." She set and then landing parties of jack tars under Lieut. J. F. Mackenzie did the rest. Ship after ship, to the number her bag in the hall and groped her way of 73, were set on fire as well as many storehouses, while through the Russians looked on hopelessly, dazed into the belief that they were too feeble to avenge the insult. But what they couldn't or wouldn't do, the elements

the British drove off the enemy's artillery and infantry,

did for them. Suddenly the wind changed, and blowing off shore saved some storehouses further away that had of the fire. Who now would volunteer to finish the drive, I suppose. Now, where are the not yet become ignited and some vessels out of the way job? Three men jumped forward and offered to go alone. lights?" It was a daring exploit. They had to land, go past the burning stores, reach and set fire to the bigger warehouses off, and then return. In fact they had to run the gauntlet twice and risk capture at any moment, but they did not hesitate. In a small boat they left the ship. "Good-bye, men," said one, and not a man who heard the parting words believed otherwise than that they would never meet again. The night was dark, but the flames from the burning ships lit up the scene for miles around, and it became difficult to avoid being seen. The nearest too, they got to land the further they passed from the protecting fire of the fleet, should it be needed, and the deadly hazardous became the enterprize. With muffled oars and not a word spoken they slowly approached the shore, but too fast none the less, for the keel grated pebbly beach and made a noise: "Lie down and don't breathe." whispered Buckley, and for ten minutes at least-it seemed an hour-they waited, eagerly listening to find if their movements had been discovered. Then rising, they worked their way behind every available shelter until the storehouses were reached. Now came the critical noment, for with flames started in new places, at once the presence of an enemy would be suspected, and so it was. Immediately a musket fire was directed in their direction, out it was too late, for with the first sign of ignition they made a dash for their boat. They were seen as they ran and fired upon, but the glare of the flames made the light uncertain and interfered with the Russian aim. Then along the shore came a band of Cossacks. They thought then they were cut off and it was a race for life, but the Englishmen had the advantage. Had the Cossacks done this at first all chance of escape would have been ended, but the enemy depended upon its fire which, owing to the flickering light, fell harmless. By the time the Cossacks reached the spot the Englishmen were 40 yards away pulling with all their might and main. Even then, however the danger was not passed. Four field guns and musketry within point-blank range opened on them, and then it was that one man was wounded, but all three reached their ship in safety, to get such a British cheer as is seldon even given to monarchy. This is the story of how three Victoria Crosses were gallantly won at the same time, in the same event, one by Lieut. Buckley, one by Lieut. Burgoyne and one by Gunner John Roberts, and the latter was the only man wounded.

AIT A MINUTE

that at 9 a.m. the fight began. The well-directed fire from

"Let Lloyd George do it" is again the cry in Great Britain. And the best part of it is that George can do it.

If Sir Sam Hughes had Judge Hughes gift of sllence, and Judge Hughes some of Sir Sam's gab, both might be better liked in their respective countries.

The drum fish are attacking the oysters. Probably a snare

It looks as if the Persian lamb will soon be led to the slaughter. The British are getting in there.

The Austrian immigration into Rus sia continues. It is exceeding the fondest hopes of the most optimistic western real estate agent.

The Boston Globe says that some of the girls are wearing shoe buckles that cost \$40 a pair. That editor must stand in with some awfully rich folks.

There is one thing about the Russians-when they retreat they set up a few marathon marks, and when they advance it takes a mighty fast motor to get away from them.

It might be easily said that the Austrians are divided into two classes, the

quick and the dead.

JUST BAIN sing no song of politics, Conventions only give me pain When every day, from six to six,

breakfast is not ready."

There's rain. Bill Bryan is behind Wilson. In dampened atr I rise at dawn

any moral situation.

modern civilization.

Adam and Eve story.

dancing to his music.

\* \* \*

A writer says the German-

American support of Judge

Hughes may be his Potsdam-

An apple a day may keep the doctor

away, but an apple one day seems to

have started the human race on all its

woes and sorrows, according to the

Judge Hughes likes to play

crazy about the Daylight Sav-

ing thing, we hear. One said:

'I have to stay up until the

old man wants to go to bed, and

then I have to get up two hours

before he is ready, so he will

not grouch himself sick because

The Germans, evidently, are

women folks are not

nation. Rather bright that.

supper, and I do want to change into A man, coatless, in white in the doorway staring unwinkingly a he candles. His face was flushed, his eyes were unusually bright, and his hair was in sad disarray over his fore-I'll believe it-do you hear? Why, man living can make No. 6 hole in three. Why, it's the longest hole on the course—and—and—\_" steadily on his feet. the girl, scrambling to her feet. But the motion attracted no attention from the man. His eyes remained fixed and unwinking. Something in his manner struck the girl as exceedingly peculiar.

'Bill, you tell Jimmy Dale he's a lia He struck his fist into his palm with a orce that made her jump. By this time he was out in the hall and turning up I. A. B. the stairs. She followed, fascinated. "He's asleep!" she gasped. "Stark, And shudder as I hear again So long as he is far enough bestaring, sound asleep. Goodness! He'll Upon my overmoistened lawn fall! I'd better waken him. Mr. Howhind, it will not matter so much. The rain. ell! Cousin-er-Robert! Stop! Wait a They are arguing about the moral Umbrellas drip in every car But Laurie proceeded on his way situation of Detroit. Never knew it had Upon the "L" or subway train, She caught his sleeve and pulled gen-tly. "Cousin Robert! Wake up!" An-

E'en underground you cannot bar A New York Judge had three boys fined, and their finger prints taken be- It permeates my mackintosh; Through my chapeau it soaks cause they dared to play ball on the streets. And yet we hear a lot about

need no Croton, for I wash The movie heroine appears A-dripping on a desert plain, Don't sigh, beholder! That's not tears

It's rain! Don't blame the mother of the calf If very thin the milk you drain. The weather, sir, has made it half Just rain!

The poets who would lilt of spring Now suffer water on the brain, And everyone's compelled to sing Of rain.

The baseball bugs, with minds de throned. In padded cells we now detain, And on the walls they write, "Postpone By rain!"

O love by moonlit skies evoked!

Deserted is the Lovers' Lane,

Since couples on their walks are soaked By rain. Pooh! for the flood from Noah's sky!

'Twas but a mist upon the pane When it is truly measured by OUR rain!

fended Laurie. "She may have my din-There is no sun! To look is vain. There is no moon; no skies remain. ner any day." 'Here's a handkerchief with hand-There's only rain, rain, rain, rain, rain, worked initials, 'M. M. R.' It's exquisitely fine and has no scent, Laurie, Rain, rain! -John O'Keefe.

Laurie wandered over the cool, big your burglar is a lady!" declared Marhouse with the feeling of peace that jorie.

"I told you she was a little peach!"

comes with the knowledge that re- The young man, now wideawake, felt sponsibility has for the time being a keen sensation of regret that he had been defrauded of his opportunity. taken wings, and that no one in the world expects anything at all of one. That was all-until a week later. The girls had gone motoring, mother The moon had grown and was lookand dad were away, and the two maids ing benignantly down upon the rose

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1916, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

She Arrives

By Ernestine Sisson

were out.

pleased.

part of a summer day.

Laurie slept. The telephone

slept sounder than ever.

gravel path to the house.

out flowers."

girl to see the house.

sound of the bell.

light flashed on.

tion, and it must be that they didn't. What a delicious smell! This is Helen's place, all right. She couldn't live with-

The little crescent of a moon was away in the west, but enough of the long summer twilight remained for the

"Not a light! It's perfectly evident

have the wrong number. Good-bye."

She found a switch finally, and a

a lovely room! Now for the dining-

The dining-room produced nothing,

however, but the breakfast-room re realed a table set daintily for one.

'Well, someone's expected, that's sure,

and who else, if not me myself? I'll try

the icebox, too!" Fresh delicacies being

revealed therein, the girl lighted some

candles she found on the buffet and

cousin-in-law is like? I was away when

Helen was married, so I've never seen

him. There comes somebody now, thank

goodness! I'd never dare to appropri-

ate a sleeping-room, as I've done my

ousers and wrinkled silk shirt, stood

e's got to let me see him do it before

"Cousin-in-law's drunk," concluded

"Bill!" The man mumbled something

"Jimmy Dale!" Laurie turned his

staring eyes full upon her. She shrank

back, but not in time. "Jimmy Dale,

don't touch me. You are a liar!" And

caught her on the side of the head,

which fortunately was partly protected

by her soft straw hat. She staggered

an instant, then ran, and in her flight

she picked up her traveling bag in the

"I'm not going to stay alone in that

house with a madman," she gasped.
"I'll go to a hotel and ring up Helen

Laurie wakened with the blow. He

saw a remarkably pretty girl in a blue

hat and skirt and jacket, with chic little white collar and cuffs, give him

one terrified look over her shoulder

"What's her hurry, I wonder?" he

said, coming down the three steps he had ascended. "And, how, pray, do I

happen to be here instead of in the

swing, and why are the lights on? Is

it night? Blame it, do you suppose

I've been walking in my sleep again?

Thought I'd outgrown all that. I'll bet

that girl was scared. She looked it.

But who the deuce can she be, and

how did she get here? Gee!" he yawn-

And just then the girls came in to discover, with their hungry brother,

that the unknown visitor had already

"I don't care, she was a peach!" de

disposed of his meal.

"I'm hungry. I'd better eat my

he struck out with all his might.

or a moment and then turned to go.

other tug at his sleeve.

and run.

"Bill," he said, "you tell Jimmy

"Nice house! I wonder what my new

proceeded to enjoy herself.

mething cool. Mercy!"

I can find some bread and butter."

the darkness toward the

"That's better. What

buddie, dear. Now be a good boy."

"Biggs-come here, Biggs!" Laurie "Maggie will leave everything fixed had followed the dog that had chased the cat into the flowers. for your supper," Marjorie had explained, as she tied on a pink motor "Kitty-here, kitty!" called another veil. "We won't be home until late, voice from the adjoining garden

and I told her there was no use com-"Where are you, puss?" ing back to get dinner for just you. Then Laurie recognized her. It's too hot to eat, anyway. You'll "You!" he said. "I began to think find the table in the breakfast room I had dreamed you. Are you a really all set, and there's salad and sandwiches and fruit and all the fixing truly person or have the moon and

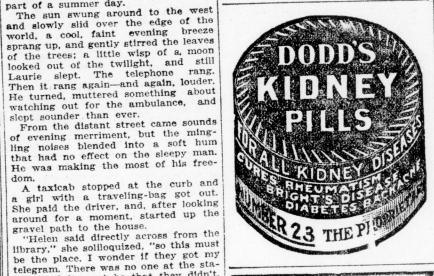
in the refrigerator. You'll get along, roses gone to my head?" "I hope I'm real. But it does seem like fairyland, doesn't it? Are you Laurie had played tennis until four. Then he came home, had a shower quite sure you are awake now?" she and put himself into fresh white linen laughed.

"I'd hate to think this was only clothes. After which, he wandered over the house with the delightful dream, too! Why did you run away sensation of having several precious the other night?" hours ahead in which to do as he She evaded the question.

pleased.

He got a book. Not that he wantcame to visit my cousins, the Howells, ed to read; that was the one thing and mistook the house. I got into yours he was most unlikely to do. Then he by mistake and ate your supper." "Give me a chance to atone for my chose a secluded corner of the vineatrocious conduct, won't you?" covered veranda, pulled a smoking stand within reach and threw himself begged. "Till do it if it takes a lifedown on the cushions of the swinging time.

"I suppose the moon is responsible seat. And just because he had so much time to enjoy, to do exactly as he pleased, he elected, manlike, to fail walker," she laughed. "Come over toasleep immediately and waste the best morrow and we'll talk it over."



# **Traction Company**

Cars leave London 7:30 a.m. hourly to 10:30 through to Port Stanley. Last car 11:15 p.m. to St. Thomas. Sunday 8:30 a.m. hourly to 8:30 p.m. to Port Stanley, 9:30 and 10:30 p.m. to St. Thomas.

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 dinutes 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 commences at 6

a.m., commencing June 19, Special car leaves London 4:55 a.m. rrives Port Stanley 5:43 a.m., Beac 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.

#### MICH COMPANY TRANSCONTINENTAL ROUTE WESTERN CANAD 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, laska, Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle and San Francisco. Splendid roadbed and the best of everything.

Timetables and all information from any Grand Trunk, Can. Govt. Rya., or T. & N. O. Railway Agent. \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

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leaves Fort Stanley
11 p.m. every Tuesday, Thursday and
Saturday. A r r i ve s
Cleveland 6:30 following morning. FARE
FROM LONDON, one way, \$2.75; round
trip, \$4.75. Saturday excursions, \$2.75,
round trip. Good returning Monday round trip. Good returning Monday night. H. L. Garner, C. P. A., corner Dundas and Richmond streets.



MONTREAL TO LONDON FROM MONTREAL. \*T.SS. Ascania ...... About July 1 \*T.SS. Ausonia, cabin only .... July 15

Montreal to Avonmouth Dock "Hello! No, this is not Ogden's. You (Bristol.) "I'll just make myself comfortable tSS. Nuceria ..... About June 30 until they come back. It's lucky they †SS. Ardgarroch ...... About July 6 left the door open. They're out for a Steamers marked (†) freight only. \*Cold storage and cool air.

Passenger steamers call at Falmouth. For Information apply Local Ticket a lovely room! Now for the dining-room. I'm nearly starved, and maybe room. I'm nearly starved, and maybe room. I'm nearly starved, and hutter."

Agents or The Robert Reford Company, Limited. 50 King street east, Toronto. June 30.

To From Montreal Corinthian...June 21 London Scandinavian June 24 Liverpool Carthaginian.June 29 Glasgow Gramplan....July 8 Liverpool Pretorian.... July 8 Glasgow Sicilian.....July 15 Liverpool Scandinavian. July 29 Liverpool Corinthian ... July 29 London

For full information apply local agents or THE ALLAN LINE 85 King St. West, TORONSO



No. 620 No. 630 No. 636 No. 634 No. 632 No. 22 P.M. P.M. A.M. \*5.10 \*9.00 \*1.25 St. Thomas ...... 8.37 9.39 Woodstock .. ..... 2.85 8.14 \$6.33 10.29 2.55 8.38 . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Guelph Junction .. ..... 9.12 10.60 8.40 8.20 West Toronto ..... 10.20 Parkdale .. .. ...... \*9.00 \*11.10 \*12.15 \*8.40 †10.30 Toronto .. .. .....

## WESTBOUND

	No. 629	No. 21	No. 631	No. 633	No. 19	No. 635
Toronto	A.M. *7.00 7.10	A.M. *8.00 8.10	P.M. †1.30 1.40	P.M. *4.00 4.10	P.M. *6.30 6.40	P.M. *11.50 11.59
Parkdale	7.20	8.20	1.50	4.20	6.50	A.M. 12.10 1.34
Guelph Junction	8.27 9.02 9.22	9.21 9.50 <b>x</b> 10.08	3.00 3.41 4.01	5.20 5.50 6.06	7.49 8.17	2.16
Ayr Woodstock	44 64	10.36	4.41	6.36	9.10	3.30
St. Thomas		†12.00		†8.05		

London ..... \*10.45 11.15 †5.35 \*7.15 \*9.50 \*4.30 (t)-Flag stop Sunday only (†)—Daily except Sunday. (§)-Flag stop for passengers for Guelph Junction and Toronto. (x)-Stop at Ayr to let off passengers from Montreal.

Further particulars from Canadian Pacific Ticket Agents. H. J. McCALLUM,

W. B. HOWARD, District Passenger Agent

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