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pany, Old South Building.THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,  
LIMITED.

London, Ont., Monday, August 9.

### AGRICULTURE A LA MOTOR.

The Belgian Government has hit upon a novel scheme of teaching the farmers of the country better methods of farming. The idea of a school for farmers is not new, but the idea of taking the school to the farmer by means of a motor caravan is certainly novel. The school building consists of three units, one powered with a gasoline motor; in short a building section on a motor truck. With this powered unit go two trailers and the three rolled into position and joined together make the commodious and convenient classroom.

### WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS.

In one of his plays Arnold Bennett makes a successful newspaper publisher say that the method of his success as a news purveyor had been to remember what sort of stories he liked at the age of twelve. That was what the general public liked and he made millions by giving the public "what it wanted."

There may be a lot in this idea. The Children's Newspaper, edited by Arthur Mee, is a raging hit with grown-ups as well as with the minors. Such was the case also with books like "Treasure Island" and Kipling's "Just So Stories." When a preacher manages with rare luck to hold the eye of the boys for a while, you may be sure he is interesting the whole congregation.

And yet, look over the crowded theatres these days. Is there any entertainment there for the "boy of twelve"? Parts of the show may be down, or up, to his level, the pistolades, melees, wild beasts, strong-arm business, but the bulk of the performance seems to be hopeless, dreary, morbid, vulgar material intended to please the sleepy eyes of low-brow, fat women chewing gum or sucking gum-drops. It is as unenlivening as the fashion-plate pages in a ladies' journal. But the crowds keep going and, like Mr. Britling, see it through, with the cheery equanimity of a squirrel exercising on a little treadmill. The boy of twelve? Not his this fat, easy and mechanical happiness. His imagination and energy demand something brighter and healthier. Mr. Arnold Bennett's newspaper man did not say the last word on the nature of "what the public wants."

### WHAT NEXT?

Mr. Winston Churchill's eagerness for war to the knife with Bolshevism recalls Milton's Moloch. In the council in Pandemonium this leader of lost angels declared himself:

"My sentence is for open war. Of wiles, More unexpert, I boast not: them let those contrive who need, or when they need; not now."

"On the other side up rose" Lloyd George. "In act more graceful and humane." He holds out against war, trusting that a renewal of strict blockade and diplomatic pressure will yet save Poland from Bolshevik conquest.

The only danger is that the Bolsheviks, mad with success, may imagine that the time for general insurrection of workers against frantic profiteering and "White Terror," in central or even western Europe, has arrived. They may be foolish enough to fancy that Entente armies will not be sent to Poland's aid, or if they are, that the soldiers will not fight against the Russian revolution. Even in England the Laborites may demand at least nationalization of coal mines as a condition of supporting the League of Nations in Poland. Probably an element in Poland itself is ready to join the Bolsheviks, and in any case a re-conquest of the country when completely overrun, including Posen and Polish West Prussia, would be a big and costly proposition for the League of Nations. Of course if Moscow has gone clean mad over Poland, it may be necessary yet to take Winston Churchill's way. But Mr. Lloyd George seems to be resolved to do first all that diplomacy and reason can.

### EXCAVATIONS.

These are times of excavation. Never before was mother earth so dug for gold, silver, coal, oil and all her treasures. The higher buildings are raised towards heaven, the deeper must be blasted the caves for foundation. Whole mountains are tunneled through and wireless telegraphy needles its way from point to point direct, without troubling to follow the bulging roundabout curve of the globe.

Some of the most interesting excavations in our time are those carried on by archaeologists in the interest of historical knowledge and anthropology. There seems no end to the discoveries made in Egypt, Mesopotamia, Crete and the other Aegean lands. Layer upon layer of barbarism and civilization have been silted over in those regions. Since the present generation studied history in high school some 25 or 30 years ago, ancient history has been revolutionized and stretched backwards over the earlier abyss of time for thousands of years, in which arts and sciences were elaborately cultivated by Cretans, Egyptians and Babylonians, who have left their vestiges in stone, brick and cement. Vigorous wall-paintings in Crete, over 3,000 years old, done in almost the futuristic or post-impressionistic styles of our day, as well as vest, handsome buildings, drainage and sewer systems, cement pavements, tell an eloquent tale in silence.

Past centuries have seen the exploration of the

earth's surface and of the sky above. About a hundred years ago geology turned its eye and spade to the interior of the earth. Mines formerly mere scratches developed into searching tunnels. Buried cities of old have one by one been uncovered to the day. As yet, however, only a petty fraction of the earth's own self has been touched. History, astronomy, philosophy, life's mystery seem to lie deep down there sealed, awaiting discovery by the spade and shaft.

### THE VALUE OF CIVIC PATRIOTISM.

Patriotism as exemplified in devotion to flags, crowns, sceptres, constitutions and other symbols, is being preached with a vengeance from the house-tops, from the marketplace, the pulpit and the press these days. In some parts of the United States manufacturers, for reasons which they probably understand best, are going out of their way to preach patriotism to their employees, and one concern on the Pacific coast has recently posted notices to the effect that any disgruntled employees who object to accepting a free course in Fourth of July pyrotechnics along with their pay envelopes, will be reported to the secret service officials. In Canada some manufacturers found patriotism a profitable business advertisement during the war, and are ardently enthusiastic about it, so long as their war profits are not too noticeably taxed.

Love of state, the form of patriotism, which at present is very much the fashion, is well and good. Love of country, that is, love of one's homeland or native land in a broader sense than that of mere geographical divisions and national symbols, is still better. Love of state is especially strong in the Americans just now. Love of country as differentiated from love of state, may be illustrated in the devotion of the Irish race to the Emerald Isle. Patriotism in age-old form in the case of the Jewish race has persisted in a love of religious and racial traditions, during centuries of homeless exile.

Every single individual is instinctively patriotic in some phase or meaning of the word. The difference between the anarchist or individualist at one extreme, and the imperialist, or internationalist at the other extreme, is but a difference in grading the different kinds of patriotism which almost every individual must experience in some degree.

The imperialist experiences the most ardent patriotism in his love of his empire. His love of his own nation or province within that empire is experienced in a somewhat less degree. But he also loves to varying degrees his county, his city, his own street, and his own home. The nationalist loves his nation above all other nations and above all empires which it may claim to establish, or of which it may be a part. The internationalist loves all nations above any one nation, or professes to do so. His position is a difficult one and frequently breaks down. Even the Russian Bolsheviks are wearing of their professed internationalism and are falling back on an instinctive love within their hearts for their great, misty native land with its endless rivers, snowy steppe and brooding forests.

The socialist, at least the regulation orthodox type of socialist, carries love of state in the abstract to a remarkable degree of fervor and intensity. Nobody else in the world but himself can understand how he is able to maintain such a genuine fire of enthusiasm and devotion on the cold, hard facts and dreary, tedious economic theories of socialism.

The anarchist loves with temperamental impetuosity and burning zeal an imaginary realm of freedom where there will be neither tax-collectors, policemen nor middlemen moral reformers. Everybody will do what he pleases and nobody will interfere with him. The Spencerian individualist also loves his own little invisible territory of personal liberty and independence.

The question naturally arises at what extreme of application one's patriotism should be strongest. Should he love most his own family, and after that his own village or city block? Or, should he start at the other extreme and love first and most fervently his empire, or the whole League of Nations? Patriotism may be either a dividing or a uniting force.

A little, shallow, superficial patriotism may be a dangerous thing. It often inspires mobs to violence, as within recent years in the neighboring republic. But deep, broad, well-founded, reasonable and tolerant patriotism develops great statesmen, world leaders and world benefactors. The patriotism of the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier was of the true and earnest type.

One form of patriotism in which all races, all classes and all creeds can unite is civic patriotism, and no form of patriotism is so deplorably neglected today. Civic patriotism made Greece the glory of ancient history. State patriotism made Rome, vaunting and intolerant, extend her arms too far and eventually fall because she relied on mere external conquest rather than spiritual expansion. Thebes, Athens, Sparta are names that conjure up even today visions of civic devotion, civic patriotism and civic unitedness.

And Athens in her days of glory never was half as large as London, Ont. Shall the influences of the "London-Onters" on history be as glorious as that of the Athenians? Why not? Are Anglo-Saxons less gifted than Hellenes?

True civic patriotism does not depend on idle boastfulness or "boasting," in which the residents and transients of boom towns indulge. True civic patriotism depends on knowing the real advantages of your native or adopted city and always remembering them gratefully. True civic patriotism depends on knowing also the disadvantages, the room for improvements, in your home town, and working to bring about better conditions and better institutions where needed. A city has a soul or social consciousness as well as a nation, and the broader, more tolerant and friendly that social consciousness is, the solidier will be the foundation of enduring prosperity upon which that city is built.

One should not grumble any more over necessary tax increases for civic improvements than over war taxes, or other taxes for state patriotic purposes. Out in Minnesota farmers who declined to buy Liberty bonds were tarred. But the man who grumbles at paying for a city sewer is usually regarded as a highly respectable citizen.

## THE MIDDLE TEMPLE MURDER

A Detective Story by J. S. Fletcher.  
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"I think," answered Spargo, "that Market Mill-caster folk are considerably slow. I should have had that death bed burial inquired into. The whole thing looks to me like a conspiracy."

"Well, sir, it was, as I say, nobody's business," said Mr. Quarterpage.

"The newspaper gentlemen," said Spargo, "tried to stir up interest in it, but it was no good, and very soon afterward he left. And there it is."

"Mr. Quarterpage," said Spargo, "what is your own honest opinion?"

"Ah," he said, "I've often wondered, Mr. Spargo, if I really have an opinion on that point. I think that there was a good deal of mystery attaching to it. But we seem, sir, to have gone a long way from the question of that old silver ticket which you've got in your purse. Now—"

"No," said Spargo, interrupting his host with an accompanying wag of his forefinger. "No; I think we're coming nearer to it. Now you've given me a great deal of your time, Mr. Quarterpage, and I've made a lot, and first of all before I tell you a lot, I'm going to show you something."

And Spargo took out of his pocketbook a carefully mounted photograph of John Marbury, who had made for the Watchman. He handed it over.

"Do you recognize that photograph as that of anybody you know?" he asked. "Look at it well and closely."

Mr. Quarterpage put on a special pair of spectacles and studied the photograph from several points of view.

"No," he said at last, with a shake of the head. "I don't recognize it at all."

"Can't see in it any resemblance to any man you've ever known?" asked Spargo.

"No, sir, none," replied Mr. Quarterpage. "None whatever."

"Very well," said Spargo, laying the photograph on the table between them. "Now, then, I want you to tell me what John Maitland was like when you knew him. Also I want you to describe Chamberlayne as he was when he died, or was supposed to die. You remember them, of course, quite well?"

Mr. Quarterpage got up and said, "I can show you photographs of both men as they were just before Maitland's trial. I have a photograph of a small group of Markham's neighbors, which was taken at a municipal garden party; Maitland and Chamberlayne are both in it. It's been put away in a cabinet in my drawing-room for many a long year, and I've no doubt it's as fresh as when it was taken."

He left the room and presently returned with a large mounted photograph, which he laid on the table before his visitor.

"There you are, sir," he said. "Quite fresh, you see—it must be getting on to twenty years since that was taken out of the drawer that it's been kept in. Now, that's Maitland, and that's Chamberlayne."

Spargo found himself looking at a group of men who stood against an ivy-covered wall in the stiff attitudes in which photographers arrange masses of sitters. He fixed his attention on the two figures indicated by Mr. Quarterpage, and saw two medium height, rather sturdily built men about whom there was nothing very specially noticeable.

"Um," he said, musingly. "Both bearded."

"Yes, they both were bearded—full beards," assented Mr. Quarterpage. "And you see, they weren't so much alike. But Maitland was a much darker man than Chamberlayne, and he had brown eyes, while Chamberlayne's were rather a bright blue."

"The removal of a beard makes a great difference," remarked Spargo. He took the photograph of Maitland in the group, comparing it with that of Marbury which he had taken from his pocket. "And twenty years makes a difference, too."

"To some people twenty years makes a vast difference, sir," said the old gentleman. "To others it makes none—I haven't changed much, they tell me, during the last twenty years. I've known men change, almost beyond recognition—in five years. It depends, sir, on what they go through."

Spargo suddenly laid aside the photographs, put his hands in his pockets and looked steadily at Mr. Quarterpage.

"Look here," he said. "I'm going to tell you what I'm after, Mr. Quarterpage. I'm sure you've heard all about what's known as the Middle Temple murder—the Marbury case?"

"Yes, I've read of it," replied Mr. Quarterpage. "Have you read the account of it in my paper, the Watchman?" asked Spargo.

Mr. Quarterpage shook his head.

"I've only read one newspaper, sir, since I was a young man," he replied. "I take the Times, and we always took it, even in the days when newspapers were taxed."

"Very good," said Spargo, "but perhaps I can tell you a little more than you've read, for I've been working up that case ever since the body of the man known as John Marbury was found. Now, if you'll just give me your attention, I'll tell you the whole story from that moment until now."

And Spargo, briefly, succinctly, retold the story of the Marbury case from the first instant of the silver ticket, and Mr. Quarterpage listened in rapt attention, holding his head from time to time as the younger man made his points.

"And now, Mr. Quarterpage," concluded Spargo, "this is the point I've come to. I believe that the man who came to the Anglo-Orient Hotel as John Marbury, and who was undoubtedly murdered in Middle Temple lane that night, was John Maitland—I haven't a doubt about it after learning what you tell me about the silver ticket. I've found out a great deal that's valuable here, and I think I'm getting nearer to a solution of the mystery. That is, of course, to find out who murdered John Maitland or Marbury. I've known you about the Chamberlayne affair has led me to think this there may have been people, or a person, in London, who was anxious to get Marbury, as we'll call him, out of the way, and who somehow encountered him that night— anxious to silence him, I mean, because of the Chamberlayne affair. And I wondered, as there is so much mystery about him, and as he won't give any account of himself, if this man Ayimore was really Chamberlayne. Yes, I wondered that. But Ayimore's a tall, finely-built man, quite six feet in height, and his beard, though it's now getting grizzled, has been very dark, and in fact, I'm sure he was, was a medium-sized, fair man, with blue eyes."

"That's so, sir," assented Mr. Quarterpage. "Yes, a middling-sized man, and fair—very fair. Dear me, Mr. Spargo, this is a revelation. And you really think, sir, that John Maitland and John Marbury are one and the same person?"

"I'm sure of it now," said Spargo. "I see it in this way. Maitland, on his release, went out to Australia, and there he stopped. At last he comes back, evidently well-to-do. He's murdered the very day of his arrival. Ayimore is the only man who knows anything of him—Ayimore won't tell all he knows, that's flat. But Ayimore's admitted that he knew him at some vague date, say from twenty-one to twenty-two or three years ago. Now, where did Ayimore know him? He says in London. That's a vague term. He won't say where—he won't say anything definite—he won't even say what he, Ayimore, himself was in those days. Do you recollect anything of him—Ayimore coming here to see Maitland, Mr. Quarterpage?"

"I don't," answered Mr. Quarterpage. "Maitland was a very quiet, retiring fellow, sir; he was about the quietest man in the town. I never remember of such a friend of his as this Ayimore, from your description of him, would be at that time."

"Did Maitland go up to London much in those days?" asked Spargo.

Mr. Quarterpage laughed.

"Well, now, to show you what a good memory I have," he said. "I'll tell you of something that occurred across there at the Dragon only a few months before the Maitland affair came out. There were some of us in there one evening, and, for a rare thing, Maitland came in with Chamberlayne. Chamberlayne happened to remark that he was going up to town next day—he was always to and fro—and we got talking about London. And Maitland said in course of conversation that he believed he was about the only man of his age in England—and, of course, he meant of his class and means—who'd never even seen London. And I don't think he ever went there between that time and his trial; in fact, I'm sure he didn't, for if he had I should have heard of it."

To Be Continued.

## Poetry and Jest

KID MCBRIDE OF THE RIO GRANDE  
(Will Ferrell in Kansas City Star.)  
The eerie whirr of a rattler's tail,  
A muffled curse by the cactus trail;  
The thrill of shade the yucca made,  
The "rip" of the wireless, undamped,  
Flinging its notes to the mounted band  
Waiting, in leash, at the Rio Grande.

The "zip" of a Mauser—an oath, low  
blessed,  
From evil lips, as his bullet missed.  
Three thinning belts; three hot can-  
cans;  
The doleful "clank" of their dry can-  
teens,  
Murphy and Garber and Kid McBride,  
Flat in the "coulee," side by side.

A scuffle here and a scramble there,  
Dark-skinned faces everywhere,  
The shallow sun of a desert day;  
The gasping youth at his rubber key;  
The wireless drone—like an angry bee.

A rasping call to the river tow;  
A hurly call at the noonday hour;  
A brief reply to the wireless cry;  
A swirl of dust as the trout ride by;  
Stemming the river's turbid swell—  
Then out on the white hot lids of hell.

The purr of a Curtiss, circling round;  
A glass afloat to the broken ground;  
A view of the river in the desert lap;  
The galloping troops at the mountain  
gap;

A signal flashed from the scouting  
plane;  
A sharp "speed up" and a loosened  
rein.

A sharp exchange in a running fight,  
The desert fades to the sheen of night,  
A shadowy column of mounted men  
Moving northward and—home again!  
Murphy and Garber and Kid McBride—  
The wireless strapped to the homes'  
side.

A "first aid" splint on the shattered  
hand,  
That was pressed for help—at the Rio  
Grande.

Garber's story:  
"He fired with his right and 'sent'  
with his left,  
Holdin' his post in 'r shallow eddy'  
Sizzlin' hot like a blin' pot—  
Swingin' his 'Coit' with a shot fer  
shot.  
They don't make youngsters with  
much 'm' sand  
Than Kid McBride of 'r Rio Grande."

THE DAY IT'S DELIVERED.  
"When will this telegram be deliv-  
ered?"  
"About 2 o'clock," answered the  
operator.

"Yes, but what day?"

THE SIXTH SENSE.  
[Louella C. Poole, in "Our Dumb  
Animals,".]  
I was a stranger in the house;  
The big dog lay before me,  
And eyed me furtively while  
He crouched there quiet on the floor.

He was so silent, grim as death;  
No overtone of friendship made  
Till "I love dogs," he heard me say.  
"Dick's a good dog—I'm not afraid."

"His heart is true, though fierce his  
looks,"  
Thus to his mistress, in his praise,  
I spoke, he listening all the while,  
And fixing on me his clear gaze.

I know he must have understood;  
He rose, and came and licked my  
hand,  
Raising his soft brown eyes to mine  
As though to say, "I understand."

Ah, call it instinct, if you will;  
They have some power that man  
knows not,  
Some psychic sixth sense that divines  
Arise the heart's deep inmost  
thought.

WHAT IS A BOY?  
That was a good answer which was  
given at a Band of Hope meeting, when  
a visitor asked the question, "What is a  
boy?"

The little fellow replied, "A boy, sir, is  
the beginning of a man."

That was a true answer, for every  
man was once a boy. Let us remember  
that what a boy is usually what kind  
of a man he will become.

'TIS SIXTY YEARS SINCE.  
[G. S. B., in New York Tribune.]  
The other day I met Elina Cobb.  
"So-so," the old man said. "I've just  
been down."

To get my paper. Three days out of  
five  
Those drafted mail clerks take the  
papers on  
To Canada or to Sheffield or some  
place.  
Then send them down upon the four  
o'clock train.

And we don't get them until almost  
night.  
There's the scolding watch charms bliz  
as goose-eggs now.  
And fancy socks. It's no use to  
complain.  
Nobody dares say "Boo!" Their votes  
all count.

They do just as they please. Why,  
should they care  
Whether we have seeds get the news  
or not?  
When I hear folks like them make  
constant fuss  
About their wrongs and rights, I  
sometimes think

How Chubb was sexton of the First  
Church, and how he used to be  
in the late fifties, right before the  
war.

I swept the building out and built  
the fires;  
Cleaned, filled, and lit the lamps.  
And rang the bell.

I never missed a service. I received  
five dollars yearly. Abner Esta-  
brook.

The senior deacon, after meeting once  
Called me aside, out in the entryway.  
I wondered what was up. "Bub," Abner  
said.

"Does the committee pay you well  
enough?"

"Yes, sir, I said. (Oh, he was pretty  
smooth.)  
Was Abner?" Well, then, don't you  
think, said he—

He really meant it, too—that you  
can spare  
Something for foreign missions? Yes,  
he said.

"And so, of course, you gave your  
bit?" I laughed.

"What?" asked Elina Cobb. "do  
Abner would say if he came back to-  
day?"

GOES A LONG WAY.  
[Spare Moments.]  
"Where did you get that dreadful  
black eye, Mrs. Hawkins?" asked the  
district visitor.

The lady with the coal-colored optic  
did not try to evade the question.

"It were the result of a slight, hal-  
tation wiv my 'usband, mum," she  
answered.

"How very, very dreadful! What a  
wicked man you 'usband must be to  
treat you so cruelly!"

"Not at all, mum—not at all," re-  
ported the other, assuming a dignified  
manner. "Awkins is 'asty, but he's a  
puff gentleman at 'eart. I can as-  
sure you that after 'e'd give me this  
black eye 'e 'ast holdin' a 'cold tryin'-  
pan to it for 'upwards of an hour  
't'ryin' to reduce the swellin'." A little  
hastening like that goes a long way  
towards makin' married life 'appy,  
mum, as I d'ussy you've found yerself,  
mum.

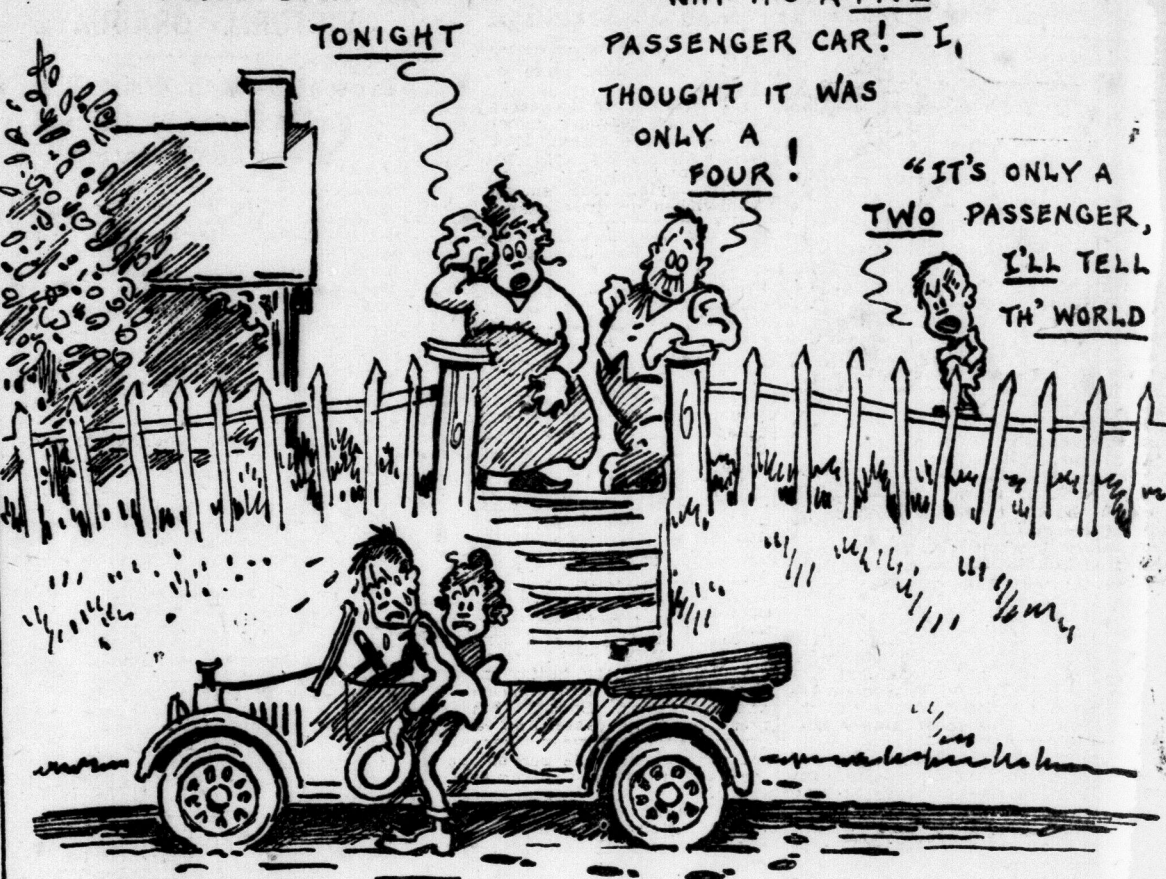
POPLARS.  
[Witter Byner.]  
Poplars against a mountain  
Seem frequently to me  
To be little windmills of cities  
And sun-waves on the sea.

Perhaps dead men remember  
The becomings of fire,  
Waves that have often crumbled,  
And windows of desire.

Another year and someone,  
Standing where I now stand,  
Shall watch my tree rekindle  
From ancient sea and land—

The becomings of an ocean,  
The becomings of a town,  
Till the sun's behind the mountain,  
And the wind dies down.

"OH, DEAR! I BELIEVE  
AN AUTO RIDE IS THE ONLY  
THING IN THE WORLD THAT  
WOULD COOL ME OFF  
TONIGHT"



THE YOUNG LOVER WHOSE SWEETHEART'S  
FOLKS FOLLOW HIM DOWN TO THE FRONT  
GATE WHEN HE CALLS TO TAKE  
HER MOTORING.

Pathetic Figures

## THE DOMINION of CANADA Guarantee & Accident INSURANCE COMPANY HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO

ONE-THIRD of a century ago  
this institution was founded—  
upon an ideal.

We set out to give protection  
through insurance to Canadians and  
Canadian business against loss  
through the hazards, accidents and  
risks of everyday life.

And to give this service through  
a company that was purely Can-  
adian.

Pioneers among Canadian  
casualty insurance companies, to-  
day our organization is Dominion-  
wide. Just as we were first in ex-  
istence, so we rank first in strength.

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with Dominion Government prac-

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Our surplus to policyholders exceeds  
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95 per cent. of these were paid within  
one day after receipt of proof. We  
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and three-quarter million dollars.

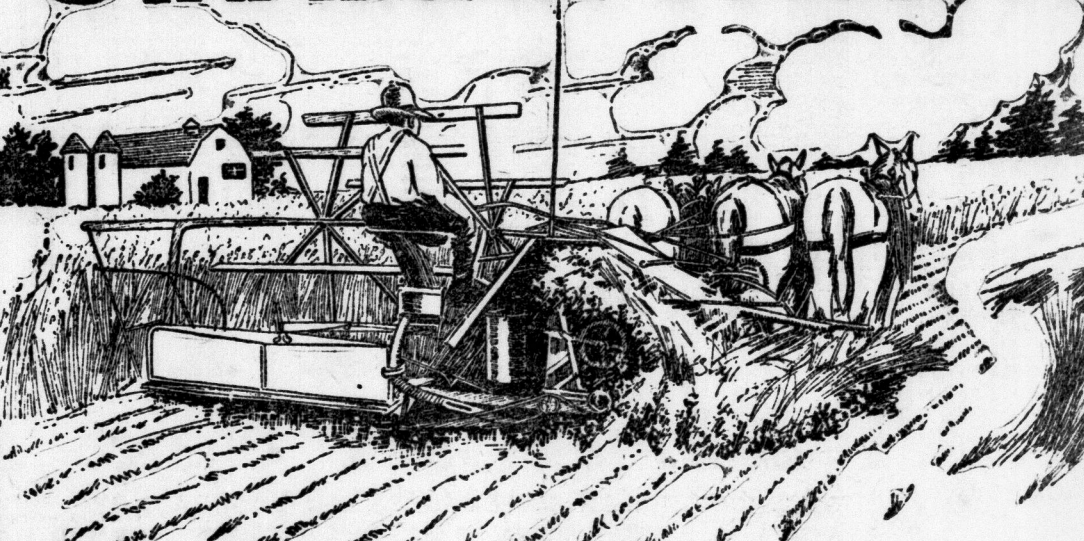
Among the risks we cover are—  
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See what the "Dominion of Can-  
ada" agent can offer you before  
you decide!

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## CANADIAN PACIFIC



## FARM LABORERS WANTED

"Fare Going"—\$15 to WINNIPEG.  
½ cent per mile Winnipeg to destination.

"Fare Returning"—\$20 from WINNIPEG.  
½ cent per mile starting point to Winnipeg.

| GOING DATES                     | TERRITORY                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |
|---------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| AUGUST 9,<br>and<br>AUGUST 16.  | From Stations in Ontario, Smith's Falls to and including Toronto on Lake Ontario Shore Line<br>and Hawke's Bay-Peterborough Line.<br>From Station Kingston to Renfrew Junction, inclusive.<br>From Stations on Toronto-Sudbury direct line, between Toronto and Parry Sound inclusive.<br>From Stations Dracott to Port McNicoll and Burckhead, to Bobasgon, inclusive. |
| AUGUST 11,<br>and<br>AUGUST 18. | From Stations South and West of Toronto to and including Hamilton and Windsor, Ont.<br>From Owen Sound, Walkerton, Teeswater, Wingham, Elora, Listowel, Goderich, St. Mary's,<br>Port Burwell, and St. Thomas Branches.<br>From Stations Toronto and North to Bolton, inclusive.                                                                                        |

SPECIAL TRAINS FROM TORONTO  
Full particulars from Canadian Pacific Ticket Agents. W. B. HOWARD, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.