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The London Advertiser Company, Limited.

London, Ont., Monday, July 23.

O'CONNOR SHOULD FIGHT.

HON. THOMAS CROTHERS, minister of labor, announced on Friday in the House of Commons, that the publication of the O'Connor report was premature.

The minister would have seemed a more courageous person had he backed up his investigator and stood with him for good or ill.

Were Mr. O'Connor and his staff of economic experts an incompetent crew who blundered on, and on and did Sir J. Wesley Flavelle a monstrous injustice?

Mr. Crothers appears to admit that some terrible mistake has been made, but of course Mr. O'Connor is to be heard from. Sir J. Wesley Flavelle has asked for a judicial investigation, and the findings of the investigator who sent a wave of anger over the country are meanwhile shrouded in doubt.

Is it to be a pretty trick of side-stepping with the law's interminable delays? Perhaps it would be well for Mr. O'Connor to resign and "go to the mat" before the grandstand of public opinion. His minister has forsaken him. But the people are willing to give him a fair hearing.

FINLAND.

FINLAND'S declaration of independence, following the Russian revolution, is probably due to Swedish influence aided by German agents. It brings to this northern country an altogether new condition and one which is not likely to contribute to its peace of mind, for as a Russian dependency it enjoyed in recent years not only prosperity but an autonomy in internal affairs such as had not been granted the Russian provinces.

Finland has been a Russian dependency for a little over a century. Together with the Aland islands it was wrested from Sweden in 1809. It had been under Swedish rule for seven hundred years, a fact which the Swedes have not yet forgotten. As an alien country it was a menace to Russia, for its boundary was only thirty-three miles from Petrograd and it divided with Russia control of the Gulf of Finland. Long Swedish domination made Swedish the language of the towns and of the cultured and official classes and helped to maintain a bond of sympathy between the two countries. Since the day when Finland was lost Sweden has been suspicious of Russia, a state of affairs which has militated against Russia's operations in the present war, being responsible in part for Sweden's sympathy toward Russia's enemies. It has made Sweden an inviting camping ground for German agents with the result that supplies of all kinds have been provided Germany and shipments to Russia have been delayed in every possible way.

During the last three years political writers have urged the czar to grant independence to the Finns, not only as a measure of justice but also as a means of palliating Swedish feelings. Yet the fact that the Finnish soldiers were practically the last to join the Russian revolution showed that the country was tolerably well satisfied with its condition. It enjoyed self-government, universal suffrage, and freedom of press and religion, granted by the recent emperor.

As an independent country Finland is certain to cause anxiety in Europe. In area it is about the size of Ontario, new and old, and has a population of a little more than three millions. Its largest city, Helsingfors, has about 150,000 people. It is not favorably situated for either agriculture or manufacture, but has developed large dairying and timber industries. The fact that its trading is chiefly with Russia may offset the influence of Swedish language and customs, and as a buffer state it may relieve Swedish alarm over Russia's designs. On the other hand Russia's new government will have extra reason to fear for the safety of Petrograd, with the protection of the Gulf of Finland and the Aland islands removed. The report that the capital is to be established at Moscow bears double significance. In fact if by any chance the Finns are won over to the Germans the Russian situation would become extremely serious.

HOME CASUALTIES.

THE TRAGEDIES of a summer appear to have accumulated in the first burning-hot Sunday. Four boys are killed by a lightning-stroke while bathing, another is drowned, a prominent citizen is seriously injured, all within a space of a few hours. These home casualties shock more than the grouped slayings of the kaiser on the fields of France. The "domestic" accident which takes life affects us quite as keenly as it ever did. This shows that the war has not made us callous to loss of life by violence. Every casualty among friends or relatives also shows that the wells of human sympathy have not been dried. More than this, the tragic death which comes close to us releases the pent-up commiseration of which our souls are full. Life should be more treasured for the possibility of death, which is ever near.

LIBERALISM TO TRIUMPH.

LIBERALISM can stand the mocking jeers of Conservative autocrats, because Liberalism is always ready to risk its life for a principle. Liberalism can only live through the pains of disagreement and turmoil, because only machine-made politics is capable of framing a united front which disregards truth for party service.

Liberalism is at its greatest today, when it shows itself a party of free men who refuse to let any man hold the supreme power of decision. Liberalism has triumphed from coast to coast since the war began, because Liberalism is the one policy under which a country like Canada may win its destiny. Liberalism's fair appeal would attract hundreds of thousands to the colors.

Many tremble at the prospect of compulsory service because of the possibilities for an autocratic and partisan application of that principle. If favoritism such as has markel the present administration is to continue, if Rogers is to be the master hand, if an attitude of sending out the press-gang is to be displayed, it is well that an election looms ahead, as a great speaking-trumpet through which the people may cry their verdict in the ears of Borden, Blondin, Rogers & Co.

WELCOME ASSURANCE.

PREMIER LLOYD GEORGE has given assurance that the number of ships built in Britain this year will be four times as great as in 1916, and that there will be as many finished in the last two months of the year as in the whole of the preceding twelve months.

This is most cheering information, not only because it shows how impossible it is for Germany to starve Britain, but because it proves the wholeheartedness with which the workmen of Britain have entered into the task of winning the war. Were there any appreciable number of shirkers, such a speeding up would have been utterly impossible.

Germany had officially admitted that the submarine is the only weapon on which she can base hopes of victory. Even now her chancellor has seen and informed the people that the U-boats cannot starve the inhabitants of Albion, but he counts on them to "impair England's economic life." With this great increase of shipbuilding, not to mention the number of vessels the United States has under construction to help the Allies, the submarine's opportunity is vanishing.

In the whole of Lloyd George's statement there is nothing out of which Germany can take comfort. It is a reiteration of the intention to fight to a satisfactory finish, with a stronger optimistic note than ever before. The contrast between the spirit of Lloyd George's words and those of the German chancellor can hardly fail to impress even the Teutons.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Now that meatless days are almost upon us boarding house hash and meat pies will be quite the vogue.

Parties who neglect to put out fires when camping in woods should be listed along with the fools who rock the boat.

Why is the man who boasts he is training an army in Montreal to fight conscription enforcement not jailed instead of interviewed?

Both first and second prize winners of the baby contest at the Returned Soldiers' picnic were called Cyril. Still they ask "what's in a name."

Spain admits that one ship was sunk by the Germans in Spanish waters, while Britain says there were twenty. Did Germany pay for even one?

Sir Robert Borden and Hon. T. Crothers might hold a conference, with about the cold storage inquiry. Neither advantage, and come to an agreement seems to know the other's plans.

It is peculiarly appropriate that Canadian knights must wear their decorations hung around the neck with baby ribbon. It makes the knighthood a little more ridiculous than before.

There's a fine chance of Britain returning the captured German ships, taken during "a brutal assault on defenceless merchantmen." That's a great phrase to emanate from Berlin.

Conservative papers haye devoted much space to praising Hon. T. Crothers for his courage and honesty in giving out the O'Connor report for publication. Now he goes and spoils it all by expressing regret. It's a shame when his friends had just found something in him they could praise.

Manitoba's Silent "Big Little Man"

Hon. A. B. Hudson, provincial attorney-general, who is expected to be very important in determining policy at the Winnipeg convention in August.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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FIRST ASSIGNMENTS.
By Jane Osborn.

If librarians of the central public library ever have time to wonder at the choice of the books made by the men and women who haunt the reading-rooms, they might have well done so the day that Cecile Dayton called for at least a dozen reference books on football. For there was nothing about Cecile, from the tip of her high-heeled pump to the feather that drooped caressingly at one side of her hat, to indicate that she ever could master the rules of the game. But she actually had stood before the drawer of the card catalogue marked "Food to Forceps" for minutes at a time, searching out such books as "Fine Points on the Great Game," "How to Train for Football," and numerous special articles that deal with the technicalities of the great college game.

But even more would a librarian in an inquiring frame of mind—did librarians ever amuse themselves with such diversions—wonder at the selection of books chosen by the six-foot-two of stalwart humanity who later chanced to sit opposite Cecile in the main reading-room, for delivered to him and carefully concealed as soon as delivered was a volume on "How To Be Beautiful at Forty," and another entitled "Milady's Dressing Table." Tom saw the extremely feminine little woman opposite him with her fair brow puckered in a dozen frowns over the task she was attempting. He looked at her in wide-eyed amazement. At the second look he remembered that somewhere he had met her—a sister of one of his college friends, to be sure. He couldn't remember whether he had ever been really introduced to her or not, but at least he would give himself the benefit of the doubt. So forgetting the formulae for rosewater and vanishing cream before him, he waited for the next raising of the little woman's eyes, when he offered a very grave and dignified smile of recognition. From the girl's perplexed eyes came back an answering smile and then a look of self-pity. Then those eyes wandered down to the title of the book that was open before the man, and a smile that was disconcerting reminded him that he had not carefully covered the title.

In spite of the sign in the reading room that warned readers not to talk, and in spite of the vigilance of the attendants that made infringement of that rule perilous, Tom rose and walked around to Cecile's chair. In his mind his object was to express some sort of excuse for the book he was reading. It seemed all at once as if the most calamitous thing that could happen was to have that blue-eyed little woman there with the drooping feather on her hat imagine that he was the sort of man who would read "How to Be Beautiful at Forty" for his own amusement. It was quite imperative that he tell her on the spot why—although half an hour before he had promised himself never to divulge the secret to any one.

"I didn't know yon at first," he began awkwardly. "You were hidden behind all those books. Did you see the book I was reading? I know you did because I saw you smile"—thus Tom made his explanation. "Well, it's awfully funny how I happened to be reading it. I'd like to tell you the joke, only those guards there might shoot if I talked. Seems funny to have those fellows watching all the time. But I suppose we mustn't talk here if it is a rule not to."

Cecile did not conceal the fact that she was glad the man had come to her rescue. She whispered that she hated to read the book she was reading, but there was a funny story connected with that, too, and then—it was after Tom had brought his detestable volumes over to Cecile's side of the table, he said the light was poor on his side—she put a little note in his hand. "We can talk in the main hall," said the note. "Let's go out and meet for a little chat."

So Cecile and Tom met and compared their troubles.

"You know I wanted to break into newspaper work when I left college. That was two years ago, and so I got a job in the home town on the local paper—reporting first and then city editor. Then I decided to come to the big city. So I got an introduction to old man Jameson, editor of the 'Star,' brilliant man I suppose, but a dreadful bear. Treated me like a schoolboy, and just because I happen to be life sized—he's a shrivelled little fellow with a monkey face—he told me I looked more like a prize fighter than a newspaper man. But he couldn't refuse to honor the letter of introduction—had to give me an assignment. And what do you think it was? Told me to get up some stories for the Sunday women's page on 'How to be beautiful.' And just to show that I can't be bluffed, I am going to do them, oo"

Cecile had listened with amusement and interest. "That bear you spoke of is my uncle, Uncle Ben. Oh, you didn't offend me in the least," she assured Tom when he apologized. "He is a bear, but not such a bad bear when you know him, if you stick to it he will like you. You see, I get so tired of playing bridge and going to parties and winding Red Cross bandages that I asked him for a job. He hasn't any use for girl reporters, I suppose. Anyway, he was almost rude. But I insisted, and he gave me my first assignment. It is to cover the big game on Saturday. It will be first page stuff, he says, if nothing like a cyclone or a king's abdication crowds it out. And I don't know the first thing about football. Of course, I used to go to the games when you and brother were at college, but I never knew what it was all about. And now, in a day, I shall have to understand the whole thing. It is really enough to drive me distracted.

"But we aren't going to give up, are we?" she added after a moment's pause. "I am more anxious than ever to get on the staff, because you and I would be together, and I think between us we could make Uncle Ben get over some of his bearish manners. It is just a pose, in reality."

But Tom had been thinking, and though the near presence of the caressing green feather and the little blue-eyed lady beneath it had charmed him, he had not heeded her last remarks. He was thinking of a plan.

"I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll start a company," he said. "I guess you could get on to this beauty lingo all right. Not, of course, that you ever use any of these things—don't have to—but every girl knows something about powder, I guess. And I'll get the football write-up. I was on the team for two years, you know, so I can cover it all right. I'd insist on your going down with me and letting me tote you around, only I want to spend all my time with the men, getting inside dope, and if you were along I wouldn't see the game, I'm afraid."

It was half past eleven on Saturday night, and Cecile Dayton, with more than usual agitation, hurried from the elevator in the Star building to the arcade that led to the street. According to agreement, Tom Landreth met her there. A half hour before they had met hurriedly in the same place, just long enough for Tom to slip into her hand the typewritten pages that he had just dictated to the stenographer at the hotel that lay between the station and the Star office, containing the glowing account of the great game. Cecile had carried the pages to her uncle. Earlier that morning Tom had quietly carried in the first assignment of the beauty talks.

"What did he say?" Tom greeted Cecile on this latest meeting.

"He said that I didn't write it. He shrieked at me so that all the men on the floor could hear it. That was when he had just read a paragraph; and then he went on and read the rest, and I'll tell you just what he said: 'I know you didn't write it. No woman could have written that. I knew you would fall down on it. So I sent our regular man out, and his copy is on the press now, but this is great—rattlin,' and then he didn't pay any more attention to me, but called a boy and told him to rush this out to the copy man to have him use it instead of the other copy. I was just going when he called me back. I suppose no one is very polite in a newspaper office when the paper is going to press, and uncle is no exception. He fairly grabbed me by the arm and said: 'I don't know who did it, but it is tiptop stuff, and if you can deliver that kind of goods you can tell your accomplice he can have any job he wants on the paper.'"

"Bully, and now I'll tell you what he told me this morning," Tom explained as they hurried from the building. "He said that that was the best beauty dope they ever had. He said it would take with the readers—had human interest and all that sort of thing. He also added that he might have known a man would do it better than a woman, and he told me I could go on with it for double space rates."

Two blocks from the office Cecile met her limousine, where her faithful maid was waiting, sleepy-eyed, to escort her home, and Tom accepted Cecile's offer to "lift him" to his hotel. The maid was too sleepy to hear the words, though her presence gave Cecile the satisfaction of feeling that she was not breaking the rules of propriety even if she was handling her first assignment.

"The only thing for us to do is to go into partnership—business partnership," Cecile explained excitedly, and Tom, who was wondering whether the maid was too sleepy to hear their conversation, stopped wondering and took his cue.

"Yes, let's be partners—but not business partners only. Cecile, it seems years since I saw you first in the library the other day. Let's be life partners—let's get married." And only the sudden awakening of the dutiful maid at that juncture prevented Cecile from doing what no young woman of Cecile's good breeding is ever supposed to do—accepting a proposal the same day it is given.

AERIAL VICTORIES ON WESTERN FRONT WITH NEW ADVANCE

LONDON, July 22.—A British advance near Monchy-le-Preux is announced by the war office. "Patrol encounters resulted in our favor last night northwest of St. Quentin and south of Lens," the statement says. "We advanced our line slightly southeast of Monchy-le-Preux. The hostile artillery was active during the night in the neighborhood of Lens and Armentieres and near the coast."

NON-PARTISAN CALL ISSUED IN TORONTO TO STOP ELECTIONS

John M. Godfry Announces New Convention.

TORONTO, July 22.—John M. Godfrey, chairman of the Ontario branch of the Win the War League formed some weeks ago at a conference in Montreal, has issued a statement, which says in part:

"We believe that the conclusions of the Ontario Liberal members and Liberal candidates at the meeting on July 12 do not represent the views of the great mass of voters. At this time no attempt to hunt with the hounds and run with the hare must be permitted, and the inconsistency of the two statements that winning the war is the first consideration and that the coming campaign must be fought under the leadership of Sir Wilfrid Laurier is apparent. This leadership derives its principal support fro melements which not only openly oppose conscription but maintain that Canada has already done enough in the war, and do not support further efforts to increase recruiting."

After stating a coalition of all sincere win-the-war elements in the country is not only possible but necessary, that a national win-the-war government before any election, and that the recruiting should be continued, and not be permitted to delay the passage and enforcement of the military service act, it concludes:

"We believe that the time has mome when the people of Ontario must speak through new non-partisan agencies, and that the patriotism of the country is eager to unite on a level far above that of the old party lines. An open convention will, therefore, be called to be held in Toronto on Thursday and Friday, the second and third of August, of all elements in Ontario which are devoted to the above principles, to bring into active effect a union of the patriotic determination of this province. A formal call for this convention will be promptly nssued."

MEATLESS MENUS FOR CANADIANS, HANNA'S SCHEME

Food Controller Would Restrict Bread and Dinner Courses Likewise.

TORONTO, July 22.—Hon. W. J. Hanna, food controller, yesterday issued a statement, the most important item of which is the suggestion that no meat be served in hotels or restaurants on Tuesdays or Fridays and that no bacon be served on those days, either, and on other days only at breakfast. Also he suggests that at every meal there shall be supplied some substitute for white bread and that no more than two courses may be served for breakfast and luncheon or three courses for dinner with courses to be defined. Printed cards will be distributed setting forth the necessities of the situation and asking every citizen to sign a form of pledge to reduce considerably consumption of bread, beef, and bacon.

Siamese Latest To Join Liberty Cause and To War On Huns

Little Eastern Kingdom Joins With Entente Against Teuton Allies.

LONDON, July 22.—Siam has declared that a state of war exists with Germany and Austria, according to a Reuter dispatch from Bankok. Nine steamers, aggregating 19,000 tons, have been seized.

The object of Siam's declaration is to "uphold the sanctity of international rights against nations showing contempt for the principles of humanity and respect for small states."

All Germans and Austrians, the dispatch adds, have been placed under arrest and their businesses closed.

GERMAN RAIDER OFF SPANISH COAST, SAYS BRITISH FREIGHTER CREW

AN ATLANTIC PORT, July 22.—The presence of a stranger vessel, believed to be a German raider, due west from the Spanish coast, and two-thirds of the way across the Atlantic from Europe, was reported by a British freight steamer which escaped from the unidentified craft and arrived here today.

Officers of the British vessel described the stranger as bark rigged with four masts and a smokestack rising between the main and mizzen masts. She was steering northwest at seven knots when sighted early on July 14 and bore down on the freighter. The latter out-distanced the supposed raider after a brief chase.

ALGONQUIN PARK.
The Highway to Health and Happiness.

No better place could be devised for a real holiday for red-blooded men and women than Algonquin Park, situate about 200 miles north of the city of Toronto. It is an unspoiled territary of nearly 2,000,000 acres, starred with beautiful lakes and intersected by winding streams. No reserve in Canada can approach it in the wealth of attractions it offers to the lover of out-of-doors.

Away up in the Highlands of Ontario, 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, the park is a wonderful spot in which to renew the energies of a tired body or refresh a wearied spirit. Its tonic air filters through hundreds of square miles of pine, balsam and spruce; the days are unusually long, with bright sunshine, while the cool evenings are a time of enchantment. The park is a paradise for the fisherman and canoeist; the excellence of its sport draws anglers from every part of the Dominion, and from every state in the Union, while the canoeist can travel for hundreds of miles in his light craft and be in a veritable kingdom of his own.

The accommodation in the park is such that the most varied tastes can be pleased. There are hotels for those who want to be in the wilderness—yet enjoy all the comforts that good service and social companionship can bring; there are groups of log cabin camps, comfortably furnished and ideal for family parties, with central lodges containing recreation and dining rooms, where you may dine and find everything ready for you on your return from the tramp; or if you have planned to camp under your own canvas you may step into a canoe at one of the little railway stations, and after a short paddle find a site unmarred by the hand of man yet within easy reach of the park outfitting stores.

Many families now go into the park expressly for the camping, making their headquarters at the hotels long enough to get supplies and camping outfit ready for the trip. Then in canoes, and with guides or without them, they launch out into the deep woods, camping where fancy prompts.

A handsome illustrated publication telling you all about this famous park is issued by the Grand Trunk Railway, and a copy can be had free on application to C. E. Horning, Union Station, Toronto, Ont. July 31.

"Does better all things a tube is meant to do"

A tube is meant to hold air—well—as long as possible; to resist air leakage.

The fulfilment of this purpose lies in the word "laminated." Lamination is a quality-giving process that marks the line between the best tubes and substitutes.

For we take the best rubber and roll it out tissue-thin for inspection eliminating all sand holes and air bubbles. Then we build up, layer on layer, an extra thick, extra good tube. To finish with we vulcanize in the valve patch, instead of sticking it on.

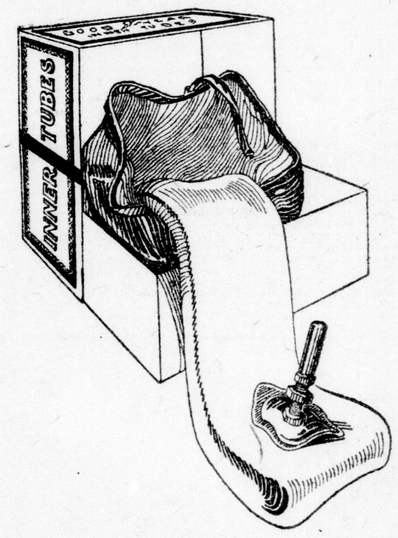
A costly process—yes. A cost that we pay. But we pay it gladly for it but follows our fixed policy to put the name Goodyear only on quality products.

When tubes are suggested, for your tires' sake, say "Goodyears."

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. of Canada, Limited

Goodyear Tubes, along with Goodyear Tires and Tire-Saver Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

GOODYEAR
MADE IN CANADA
TUBES



Saturday's Session Heat of Physical Type and Not Verbal Kind

OTTAWA, July 22.—Parliament had a quiet sitting in a hot chamber on Saturday.

The Government promised to explain why it prohibited the circulation in Canada of the book, "The Fiddlers," which describes the liquor traffic in the motherland.

The prime minister promised also to consider the issuance of a statement of the war tax paid by various firms. The information was asked by Mr. Carvell, who said that a partial list had been given by Mr. Middleboro in a speech to the House, and he thought that it might be well to give Parliament the whole thing.

Bill for the protection of migratory birds, and for the protection of furbearing animals in certain seasons, were advanced.

LIGHTNING CAUSES HEAVY LOSS TO ZURICH FARMER

ZURICH, July 22.—During a heavy thunderstorm here, lightning struck the hogpen on D. Gingerich's farm, and it was burned to the ground, together with nine small pigs. With the assistance of neighbors, the large barn adjoining the hogpen was saved.

The local flourmill has signed up for 50 horsepower with the hydro commission, and will install a motor at an early date.

The wiring for the street lights has been nearly completed.

Zurich public school showed up well in the results published of the entrance and junior graduation exams. In the latter class all passed with honors, and one of the pupils, Jean Campbell, secured the highest marks in the county, 848.

Farmers are busy harvesting the hay crop. The yield will be much heavier than expected.

In a hotly-contested game of baseball played on the Clinton diamond, Zurich won out in eight innings by the score of 9 to 6. The Zurich intermediate team defeated the Dashwood boys on the local diamond on Thursday night by the score of 5 to 2.

Much damage is reported in this section as a result of the heavy rainstorm. Whole fields of beans are a total loss, and the damage will run into thousands of dollars. Many culverts were washed out in the township.

DISTRICT CASUALTIES

DIED OF WOUNDS

GUELPH.
Gunner W. Pearson.

DIED

LONDON.
Pte. P. A. May.

WOUNDED

Gnr. H. A. Innes.
LONDON.
Pte. J. Barnett.
Pte. T. Lindfield.
Pte. J. W. Anderson.
Corp. J. Faulkner.
Pte. J. Sherlock.
Pte. A. Sherlock.
GODERICH.
Pte. J. H. Bates.
WATERLOO.
Pte. E. Bish.
STRATFORD.
Pte. W. Pike.
Pte. R. Clarke.
SIMCOE.
Pte. W. P. Richmond.
INGERSOLL.
Corp. J. A. Cross.
WOODSTOCK.
Pte. J. E. Brandow.
HESPELER.
Pte. D. McQuail.
CHATHAM.
Pte. F. R. Burnie.
PRESTON.
Pte. W. C. Little.
GALT.
Pte. C. W. Holden.
Pte. W. Dewar.
SHAKESPEARE.
Sapper A. D. Fraser.

NOT KILLED

WOODSTOCK.
Pte. G. B. Kipp.

ILL

WINDSOR.
Pte. A. Keeler.

WOUNDED AND GASSED

OTTERVILLE.
Gnr. R. W. Paterson.

FUNERAL OF MRS. RAMSEY.

LOBO, July 22.—The funeral of Mrs. Marion Ramsey was held from her residence Tuesday, burial at the Friends' Burying Ground, Coldstream.

Miss Florence A. Brown has been engaged to teach the coming year at Lobo school.

Miss Ada B. Marsh, who recently underwent an operation at Victoria Hospital, is doing nicely, and will soon be home again.

The weather has been very unfavorable for hay-making.

Miss Ethel Bycraft is expected home shortly from England, where she has spent the past year and a half.

MOTHER AND CHILD HAD ARMS BROKEN IN RUNAWAY AT HENSALL

HENSALL, July 22. — Mrs. Herman Walters of Hay Township had her arm fractured and her little son also had his arm smashed when a horse Mrs. Walters was driving ran away after the bit had been taken from its mouth in order to let it drink. Mrs. Walters tried to save her little girl from injury by throwing her from the buggy. She landed in a ditch and was stunned. The horse ran until the buggy landed in the ditch and upset.

Last evening during a severe storm the barn of Colin Moir, a little over a mile northwest of this village, was struck by lightning and completely destroyed, together with some hay and a few implements. The outbuildings, the more valuable, were saved by the crowd which quickly gathered.

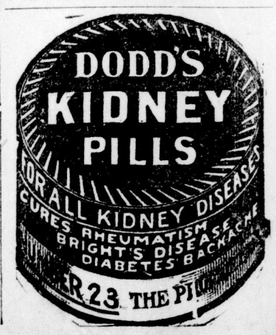
A large number from here attended the garden party held at Brucefield on Friday evening.

A congregational meeting of Carmel Church will be held on Monday to see if the congregation are prepared to give a call to a minister.

NEW WESTERN SENATOR

Lindrum McMeans Appointed From Manitoba to Upper House.

OTTAWA, July 22.—Lindrum McMeans has been appointed a senator from Manitoba.

DROWNING AT HAMILTON.

HAMILTON, July 22.—Spencer Stone, 18 years old, of 72 Stanley avenue, was drowned in the bay, back of the Bay View Hotel this afternoon.