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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Monday, October 30.

FOR A BETTER CANADA.

THE SENTIMENTS that welled up from the heart of Sir Wilfrid Laurier came from his lips as pearls of the language are all too rarely uttered. That "faith is better than doubt, and love is better than hate," is a commonplace, because it tells the Christian principle. Yet so seldom do public men think more of their nation's souls than of their bodies that Sir Wilfrid's little "sermon" in behalf of the Christian virtues has aroused more comment than many "sensational" political utterances might have. The nation has been made to feel more kindly, because a good, true man has again said unto a multitude: "Love one another!" There is all too little gentleness in the broad, open world; it is often looked upon as effeminate in the business world to show good impulses, and there are few statesmen who can cast aside partisan issues and appeal to the better nature of the country as Sir Wilfrid did. Faith in ourselves, faith in the nation, faith in the Empire, are all embraced in the epigram of the distinguished Canadian. Of his appeal the Farmer's Advocate says:

"Canadians have faith in the future of their country. There are those who doubt, but they are in the minority. For the most part, Canadians love rather than hate, but there are unfortunately a few who are inclined to hate. At the close of a masterful non-partisan address recently delivered in London, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in one of the finest perorations ever given from a Canadian platform, left this message for all Canadians, whether Liberal or Conservative, regardless of race or creed: 'If you will permit me, after a long life, I shall remind you that already many problems rise before you—problems of race division, problems of creed differences, problems of economic conflict, problems of national duty, and national aspiration. Let me tell you that for the solution of these problems you have a safe guide, an unfailing light, if you remember that faith is better than doubt, and love is better than hate. Banish doubt and hate from your life. Let your souls be ever open to the strong promptings of faith and the gentle influence of brotherly love. Be adamant against the haughty; be gentle and kind to the weak. Let your aim and your purpose, in good report or in ill, in victory or in defeat, be so to live, so to strive, so to serve, and so to do your part to raise the standard of life to higher and better spheres.'

"Regardless of the tongue spoken, no matter whether one casts his vote Liberal or Conservative, no difference to what church one adheres, and without considering position, occupation or every-day work, this message should be heeded by all Canadians. Canada will be a better Canada if all remember that 'faith is better than doubt, and love is better than hate.'"

AN UNFAIR DEAL.

AUDITORS seem to be about as popular with the enterprises of Sir Adam Beck as summer storms on the transmission lines.

Provincial Auditor Clancy showed a number of strange things about the provincial hydro-electric system of finance this spring, and, although Mr. Clancy was a trusted Whitney Conservative, and a man appointed for life because of his reputation for integrity and ability, he was not safe. When he even so much as questioned the methods of the hydro commission as a matter of straight, unavoidable duty, he was regarded by Sir Adam and his followers as a target for attack.

Now it is the newly appointed city auditor of London who is the victim of Sir Adam's wrath. He has been attacked, and thuggishly attacked, because he asked the acting mayor of the city to give him some information and some enlightenment as to certain matters in connection with the audit of the London and Port Stanley board. Mr. Dunlop wisely went to consult the mayor as to the lease given by the city as owner to the board and by the board to the commission. He had been in the city only a few weeks, and he wished to be certain of his facts. Ald. Ashplant happened to be acting mayor, and Mr. Dunlop consulted him. As a result, the newspaper which boasts that it "made Beck" (and is really doing its best to "unmake Beck") attacked the new auditor in a manner that could not for one moment be regarded as gentlemanly. Surely the city auditor, who by the very nature of his office is unable to defend himself, is entitled to the most courteous consideration. To condemn him as being without independence because he did what any man should do is to place a stigma upon the city for not playing fair. Mr. Dunlop cannot possibly have been influenced by any consideration save that of his plain duty to the city. From all The Advertiser has heard of him, he is a man with a province-wide reputation for square dealing and independence. He has, without doubt, commenced his work determined to serve the interests of the city of London, and the board of control and city council should stand behind him to a man, determined that no influence shall hamper him. Citizens as a whole will resent the attack upon him, which was without justification and wholly lacking in decency.

PERSONAL LIBERTY.

ABOUT a hundred years ago someone with Personal Liberty ideas talked like this. They are proposing to prohibit snuffing! What will they be doing next? There's my grandfather took snuff, and my father and mother are both snuffers, though the one's sand-blind and the other can't tell the taste of an oyster from the suck of a raw egg in the shell. And I like snuff myself, and my sons and daughters can snuff if they want to, for all of me, though they do say it's not so good form for the girls.

The snuff is a drug habit, is it? And it drops on clothes and things and makes some people sneeze? One should carry his snuff as a gentleman, and besides, it's this new adulteration coming in that does the harm. Keep the stuff pure, I say, by sharp inspection. Good, pure, honest snuff will never hurt anybody. It made me sneeze myself and sick when I was a stripling gaffer. Personal Liberty is the thing I stand for.

Next it will be smoking. There are folks already saying that no woman should smoke a pipe. I say myself it's not the thing for a lady; I wouldn't have my wife seen at it. There are limits, of course, and a lady smoking a clay in a smoking-jacket goes too far. Then you can't pass a pipe around so agreeably as a beautiful snuff-box. There is something highly sociable in snuffing. A man or woman either does not seem to be fully socialized without the use and etiquette of the cheerful snuff-box. It's ornamental, too. The abolition of snuff means an end to all the elegancies and artistries of silver, gold, jeweled and inlaid snuff-boxes. The fact is, we won't stand for it. All the virile portion of the citizen body will rise up against the interfering, busybody legislation proposed by a set of whey-faced, puritanical nobodies. Smart society won't submit to it. As soon talk of taking away horse-races. What will there be in life, suppose races, brandy, smoking and snuff removed? Nothing.

A foolish old woman said to me one day that there would come a time when notices would be put up in stage-coaches forbidding a man to spit on the floor. Yankees in the States may use a cuspidore, but here in good old England a man can at least be frank about it and do as he likes. It's these interfering old grannies that will be the undoing of England, if we don't make a stand against them. There's a lunatic poet they talk of, called William Cowper, who makes an ado against public-houses and good drink. They say he wrote about "the cup that cheers but not inebriates," as though tea weren't far too expensive for the ordinary purse and too wishy-washy for a full-sized man.

But let us concentrate against this attack on snuff. What we have, we'll hold. This is a free country, and Britannia could never rule the waves but for snuff. What do we mean by "up to snuff"? Why, man enough for snuff, able to take it without an eye-wink, not to say without a choke. Give it to baby with his bottle; the old man and wife celebrate their diamond wedding with snuff. It's good for aches and ills, clears the mind, wakens you up, or induces sleep; does anything you want. Personal Liberty, snuff and Britannia! We're the race that's up to snuff. All red-blooded people snuff.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Germany would like to conduct a world-massacre; the Allies take life only to save life.

And to think a good engineer was killed by a bomb that might have struck the kaiser!

If some influences are successful the new city auditor will be cast out of Sir Adam's Garden of Eden.

Congratulations to St. Andrew's Church. It is the first London congregation to "brighten up" its advertising and to make its appeal more broad.

What trifling issues the United States makes into "serious violations" of neutrality by Britain, while Germany endangers American lives and gets away with it.

A poverty of ideas, according to Edward Mott Woolley, is causing serious alarm for the future of the moving picture business. The hit-or-miss method of turning out films is causing serious drops in attendance, and many producing companies have gone to the wall.

How much business is lost through petty treatment of customers? Does a customer return to a store when he discovers that he has been "trimmed" of a few cents or by subterfuge induced to spend more money than he wished to spend? Do some clerks seek to increase their "batting average" by running up a record sale sheet without regard to the methods employed? In these days when "service" and business honesty are preached, it is well for businessmen to keep a close watch on the individual's attitude to his store. Big sales may come, but how about making the customer return? The average man who starts as a chance customer is almost certain to return if he is met with courtesy and honest treatment.

HEALTH DEPT. FINDS TYPHOID "CARRIERS"

NEW YORK, Oct. 29.—As a result of nearly two years' work, the bureau of preventable diseases of the health department has completed a list of 35 cases of typhoid carriers, and a report of what is being done to prevent such carriers from spreading the disease. Prior to 1915 the department knew of some half-dozen carriers in the city. It is estimated that in some communities one person in every thousand is a chronic carrier.

The typhoid carriers listed by the bureau include persons ranging in age from 10 years to more than 60. Nine were handlers of food by occupation, and they have been compelled to find other occupations.

These New Autopeds Should Be Very Popular in the Suburbs

BY FONTAINE FOX

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Just Jane!

By Olivia Roberts.

David Carrick did not mean to be an eavesdropper. He was merely an observer of human nature. And in that capacity it never dawned on him that he might hear or see things that were never intended for other eyes or ears.

Right here I was going to tell you about Jane, but before we get away from David let me explain a little further that because he was good-looking—a fatal quality in a man—and unusually clever and intelligent—a bad thing sometimes for a person—he was getting spoiled. And the consciousness of his superiority, along with his habit of studying other people, had led to a sort of superciliousness in his composition that was rather repelling.

David was week-end guest at the Sterritts'. At dinner Saturday night Jane's name came up, and when a few things had been told, laughed over and discussed, David exclaimed, with interest: "Who is this Jane you're all so crazy about?"

"Just wait till you see her," returned his hostess. "There really isn't anything to tell. She's just Jane; that's all. She's a dear."

"Pretty?" to Sterritt.

"Yes. That is, no—I shouldn't say a beauty, either. Oh, she's just Jane."

"Smart?" to Mrs. Sterritt.

"Yes. I mean—why, I don't know whether Jane is smart or not. She just has a way all her own."

"Sympathetic?" to grandma.

"Why, yes. Of course, I don't mean always. The children love her, though. I can't just say, Mr. Carrick, whether Jane is particularly sympathetic or not. You'll just have to see for yourself."

So Jane was neither pretty, smart, nor awfully sympathetic. What was the secret of her fascination? And, advised by each member of the family to see for himself, he determined to do so—with the odds against Jane.

That night there was a hop at the club, and this gave Carrick the opportunity he craved for studying types. He found the usual specimens, nothing he had not already in his collection of humans. There was the flirt and the prude, the girl who insisted on telling him how popular she was, the one who fished for compliments, the sad one, the merry one, the silly one, the sensible one, the sweet one, and the acid one. Then along came Jane.

She wasn't pretty particularly—not the sort men would fall over each other to meet—yet the long lashes over the grey-blue eyes, and the Cupid bow of her upper lip had a peculiar effect on one. These charms accounted to Carrick somewhat for the spell she had cast over his friends.

He danced two dances with her just to hear what she would talk about. But she didn't talk at all. She danced divinely, smiled adorably and answered reservedly anything he cared to start in the way of conversation, but he realized when it was over that he knew no more about her or what she was like than he had before.

This piqued his vanity. "She's clever enough to keep her mouth shut and keep people guessing as to her mentality," he concluded.

It was then that David decided to eavesdrop. He did not do it deliberately at first—he merely embraced the opportunity when it came. Wanting a smoke, he strolled outside and, finding a bench deep in the shrubbery below the veranda, he sat down. His thoughts were busy and his cigar went out. It was then that he discovered that he was quite near to the end of the veranda that harbored the punch bowl and that he could hear quite plainly the conversation of those making excursions for a sip of its cooling contents.

"What's the matter, Jane?" asked a shrill feminine voice. "Are you tired, sitting out here all alone?"

David pricked up his ears. Evidently there was another bench somewhere that he couldn't see, but that was in full view of the veranda.

"No, but it's too warm to dance. If you stay inside you can't help yourself. Out here you don't have to refuse."

"That sounds conceited," thought David. "I thought so. After all it seems to be the chief characteristic of the feminine gender."

A few minutes elapsed and some new people came along.

"Hello, Jane! Keeping yourself company?" And so on. Then, "What do you think of Sterritt's guest? Has a pretty good opinion of himself, don't you think?"

David sat up and took notice. Here was something unexpected as well as unpleasant, a new sensation entirely. He held his breath for the answer.

"Don't jump to conclusions, Bob. Maybe he's all right. I rather liked him." David's ruffled feathers smoothed themselves considerably.

"Oh, he's all right, I guess, only he made me feel as if I ought to bump my head on the ground every time he comes near. What is he? Lawyer, isn't he?"

"I don't know. I really wasn't interested enough to find out!" answered Jane.

The feathers ruffled again.

Then others came. "I declare if it isn't Jane. Come up and have a drink. No? Say, what do you think of that Carrick? Conceited pup, isn't he?"

Ye gods! Then Jane's voice: "No, he is not! If a man has anything in his head these days he has a right to be proud of the distinction, I guess!"

"Ouch!" ejaculated the offender. "I ought to have known you would get even for the other night, Jinnie. Well, I wish you joy of your Solomon."

David was experiencing conflicting sensations. He was beginning to find that Jane had a spirit. She wasn't the insipid person he had thought her, after all. But why, oh, why, did she feel called upon to defend him? He loved her for it.

But that wasn't all. Another couple came along for lemonade, and the male of the species was mimicking David to perfection.

"Stop that, Nicky," commanded Jane. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"How now! Look who's here! I declare if it isn't Jane. Say, Jane, what do you think of that duffer the Sterritts brought? Isn't he the vain one? And condescending, oh, my!"

"Keep still, Nicky. You really make me tired."

"Now, Jane, you know I'm telling the honest-to-goodness truth."

"You couldn't, Nicky," laughed Jane. "I want you to know I like Mr. Carrick, and you can't make fun of him."

"All right. You'd better tie his glove on your sleeve, little champion. Bye-bye!"

David was pretty well down. His spirits were registered about 40 below zero. Especially after he had heard himself alluded to as "snob," "the kaiser," and the "great Lord Helpus."

He had heard enough. Slipping around he back way he found his motor, and departed.

David thought things over for a week, and in that time he underwent as many changes as a caterpillar. He came out a different person, humble as the dust.

"I'm going back to Jack Sterritt's on Saturday and try to make good with those people. I guess I've been pretty much of a cad. Besides, I'd like to see little Jane."

Jane's eyes widened quickly, then narrowed, when she saw him, and she flushed consciously. "I'm very glad to see you, Mr. Carrick."

"Then I'm repaid for coming," he returned meaningly.

He stayed with her nearly all evening, finding himself unwilling to leave her side. "I know why it is I have taken such a notion to her," he kept explaining to himself. "It's because she is so kind and fair-minded."

That night when Jane looked happily into her mirror she shook her finger at her reflection reprovingly. "You bad girl," she scolded. "You let him stay that night and hear all those dreadful things about himself just to teach him a lesson, and you've posed as a little saint on your own account."

"Now he likes you all to pieces and is getting really sentimental. What are you going to do about it? One thing you are not going to do. You are never going to let on you saw him sitting there that night. And, another thing, you are going to keep him guessing for a long, long time how much you really do care about him."

All of which, if David had known, he would have said proved that the chief characteristic of the feminine gender is duplicity.

DIES FROM SHOCK.

HAMILTON, Oct. 29.—George H. Emslie, 95 Wentworth street south, aged 80, was run down on Saturday night by an automobile owned and driven by Tony Casida, and died a few hours later, supposedly from shock.

WAIT A MINUTE!

—By J. H. F.

The Mexican situation is again critical. It will probably remain so until after the presidential election.

* * *

A Pennsylvania pastor says the village shoemaker is better paid than the village preacher. Case of sole and soul.

* * *

It seems that the unpardonable sin is to have any vulgar common eyes stare on the handiwork of the London Railway Commission. The holy of holies has been violated, it would seem.

* * *

The French have made something of the kaiser's lament: "If it Ver dun, it were better that it Ver dun quickly."

* * *

A gentleman being sued for breach of promise signed one of his letters, "Your big fat fool." Always something funny about a fat person who starts cutting capers.

* * *

If the Germans keep on drowning a few score Norwegian sailors daily, the Norsemen are going to get real mad, by yimminy.

* * *

We read that a man 75 years of age has hit the trail for Billy Sunday. His capacity for evil may have been gone. But better late than never.

* * *

Speaking about the brutality of boxing, about which we have had some commmunications, we doubt that Jess Willard could make a dent in a custard with some of the pillows that are called boxing gloves in London.

* * *

We expect some folks to compose a hymn of hate against City Auditor Dunlop, just as Provincial Auditor Clancy was the victim not so long since.

* * *

A Chicago gent says he has a divine right to beat his wife. He should have a good left, too, to get away with it right.

* * *

The story that Carranza is a prisoner should be a warning for Judge Hughes. The Mexican had the finer crop of whiskers.

* * *

Michigan will go dry, it is said, a sad bit of news to thirsty residents of Sarnia and Windsor.

GIRL WINS HONORS IN SPEAKING CONTEST

MELROSE, Oct. 29.—The ever-growing interest in rural school fairs was exhibited on Friday afternoon at S. S. No. 13, London Township. There was a splendid exhibit of grains, roots, vegetables, ducks and chickens, and even dogs. Keen interest was manifested in the display of children's work, which consisted of fancywork, cooking, sewing exhibits and essays, weed collections and insect collections.

A good program of recitations and songs followed, but the notable feature of this part of the fair was a speech-making contest by the pupils along agricultural lines. The coveted prize was carried off by Miss Leta Clare, while Irene MacIntyre, Eric Horton and Harold Jaynes deserve honorable mention.

Interesting addresses were also given by Miss Gladys Ward, a former teacher; Mr. John Alder; the teacher, Miss Bycroft, and the district representative, Mr. Finn, who spoke on the necessity of remodelling the present school curriculum to meet the demands of rural education. He gave a demonstration of the good points of a dairy cow.

Outdoor sports, consisting of such as relay races, foot races, jumping contests and so on, came next.

Refreshments were served by the ladies of the section, and darkness cut short the festivities of Melrose's second successful school fair.

CONSUL-GENERAL DIES.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 29.—Thomas Edward Erskine, consul-general for Great Britain in New Orleans, died here today of heart-failure aged 57 years. Mr. Erskine came to the United States 25 years ago. He had served as consul-general in Chicago, St. Louis and Portland, Oregon.

FURTHER TRENCHES FALL TO BRITISH IN THEIR ADVANCE

Important German Position Is Captured During Week-End.

MORE ADDED SUNDAY

Enemy's Official Statement Recognizes Penetration of His Line.

LONDON, Oct. 29.—The bulletin from British headquarters in France, issued tonight, reads:

"We made a further advance this morning northeast of Les Boeufs and captured another trench. The enemy shelled heavily various parts of our front.

"South of the Ancre and elsewhere, beyond intermittent shelling and trench mortar activity, there is nothing to report.

"Today, despite a strong adverse wind, much useful reconnaissance work was done by our aeroplanes. One machine is missing."

CAPTURE NETTED 140 PRISONERS.

LONDON, Oct. 29.—11:10 a.m.—The British official statement from headquarters in France issued last night reads:

"This morning we carried out successfully a local operation northeast of Les Boufs, where we captured several important enemy trenches. Our artillery bombardment was very effective and the enemy when driven from his position was caught by our rifle fire. We took prisoners two officers and 61 other men.

"During the day the enemy shelled the neighborhood of Eaucourt L' Abbaye and Martinpuich. Our own artillery was active against the enemy front in the Messines, Armentieres, Guinchy, Hohenzollern and Gommecourt areas."

Prisoners taken in operations northeast of Les Boufs were two officers and 138 of other ranks, says the British official statement of the day on operations along the western front. During the night there was nothing to report.

GERMANS ADMIT PENETRATION.

BERLIN, Oct. 29.—By wireless to Sayville.—Heavy attacks were launched yesterday by the British between Gueudecourt and Les Boufs on the Somme front. These were either repressed by the German artillery or repulsed by the infantry, according to today's army headquarters statement. A later attack east of Les Boufs resulted in a penetration of German advanced trenches, where fighting is still in progress.

On the Verdun front there was only artillery activity.

IMPERIAL BUREAU FOR COLLECTION OF "ALL-BRITISH" NEWS

This Is Suggestion of Canadian Press Head.

MONTREAL, Oct. 29.—An imperial press association, for the collection and dissemination of the news of the Empire, was the remedy proposed by E. F. Slack, president of the Canadian Press, Limited, for the present position of the news gathering situation, in the course of a statement made to the Dominion royal commission here Saturday.

Mr. Slack suggested the establishment of a central news clearing house at London, where the news of Great Britain and the whole Empire could be collected, collated, edited, and distributed throughout the Empire, each portion bearing its share of the expense according to its population and wealth—adapting the system of the American Associated Press to the service of the Empire. This would have the desirable effect of drawing the bonds of Empire closer, he claimed.

With reference to the American Associated Press, Mr. Slack said its news was not colored, but it was collected entirely for American readers, Canada being merely allowed to come in on it. Emphasis was placed on news of little interest in Canada, while news of great importance to the Dominion and the whole Empire was neglected, as of little interest in the United States.

The Canadian Associated Press, Mr. Slack said, was too narrow in its scope, dealing with merely Canadian interests, instead of British and imperial affairs.

Asked as to the advisability of Government subsidies in connection with his suggested improvement of the service, Mr. Slack said he personally did not favor the idea.

TINO'S BROTHER TO STAY IN LONDON

ATHENS, Friday, Oct. 27, via London, Oct. 29.—The recent report that Prince George of Greece, brother of King Constantine, was to return to Athens from London, where he has been for some time representing the views of the Greek court, is untrue.

Prince Nicholas, military governor of the interior zone is expected in Athens within a few days.

German "Peace" Men Demanding Sharper Submarine Warfare

BERLIN, Oct. 29.—By wireless to the Associated Press, via Tuckerton, N. J.—The so-called "independent committee for German peace" Saturday decided to suspend its agitation for a sharper submarine warfare, and to leave the decision as to submarine methods to be employed to the supreme military and naval command, in which the committee expresses its utmost confidence.

At a largely-attended meeting, held by the committee in Berlin on Oct. 15, it was declared that an unrestricted submarine war must and should begin immediately. Count von Reventlow was one of the prominent speakers.

SAYS INVASION OF BRITISH ISLES MORE THAN SUPPOSITION

FIELD MARSHAL FRENCH.

LONDON, Oct. 29.—Field Marshal Viscount French, commander-in-chief of the armies in the United Kingdom, addressing the volunteers at Derby today, said that an invasion of the British Isles was not a mere supposition, but a possibility. This they must be prepared to meet.

Four Norwegian Vessels Added To Score of "Subs"

Destruction Is Announced by Lloyds — British Collier's Crew Reported Landed.

BERLIN, Oct. 29.—Wireless to Sayville.—A dispatch from Christiania to the Overseas News Agency quotes the Aftenposten as reporting the arrival of a German submarine at Honningsvaag with the crew of the British steamer Polo, comprising 23 men, on board. The Polo, the report adds, with 3,500 tons of coal on board for Alexandrovsk from Newcastle, was sunk by the submarine 30 miles off North Cape.

The British steamer Polo, of 1,899 tons gross, was last reported as passing Dover on October 4 on her way to Hull from Almeria.

FOUR LISTED SATURDAY.

LONDON, Oct. 28.—The sinking of four more steamships and one sailing vessel is announced by Lloyds. Three of the vessels were Norwegian, one Swedish and one British. The neutral vessels sunk were the Norwegian steamers Pan and Dan, the Norwegian sailing vessel Kathrinka, and the Swedish steamer Jonkoping. The sinking of the British steamer Sparta was attended with the loss of four members of her crew.

ANOTHER NORWEGIAN.

LONDON, Oct. 29.—The Norwegian sailing ship Regina of Skien was set on fire by German submarine U-34 while the ship was on her way from Norway to England, and two members of the crew were drowned, according to a Reuter dispatch from Ymuiden, Holland, today.

This news was brought to Ymuiden, according to the dispatch, by the Dutch steamer Hector, which arrived at that port with the captain and ten members of the crew of the Regina on board. These sailors were taken aboard the U-34, from which they were transferred to the Hector.

TWO MORE GONE.

LONDON, Oct. 29.—Lloyds announces that the Danish steamer Clf, of 105 tons gross, and the Russian three-masted schooner Ingersoll, of 239 tons, have been sunk.

NO WAR TAX FOR BOYS IN KHAKI

This May Come, as Provincial Government is Considering It.

TORONTO, Oct. 28.—The question of permitting all soldiers in uniform to enter places of amusement without buying war-tax stamps is before the Government and Provincial-Treasurer McGarry expects that this favor will be granted some time next month.

TURN OVER ASYLUM FOR WAR HOSPITAL

TORONTO Oct. 28.—It is understood that arrangements have been practically completed for the turning over by the Ontario Government of the hospital for the insane at Whitby to the military hospitals commission for the treatment and care of returned soldiers during their period of convalescence. It is considered that the institution will be able to take care of 1,200 men.

GIVE VENIZELOS MORE FINANCIAL BACKING

Entente Allies Lending His Government $2,000,000.

LONDON, Oct. 29.—The Entente Allies have decided to lend the Saloniki government 400,000 pounds sterling, according to an Athens dispatch to the Observer. The Government at Athens, the dispatch adds, has agreed to place no obstacle in the way of reinforcing the national army at Saloniki, recognizing the Saloniki movement as solely anti-Bulgarian in aim.

The Saloniki Government is headed by former Premier Venizelos and other Greek leaders favoring Greece's participation in the war. Recent dispatches from Greece have reported that the followers of Venizelos were forming an army.

CABINET MEMBERS REVIEW WESTERNERS

See 136th and 196th on Parliament Hill.

OTTAWA, Oct. 29.—Two remarkably fine overseas battalions—the 136th from New Westminster, B.C., commanded by Lieut.-Col. J. D. Taylor, and the 196th Composite Battalion from Universities of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia, under Col. McKay, were reviewed on Parliament Hill this (Sunday) morning by Sir Robert Borden, Sir Sam Hughes and Hon. Messrs. Rogers, Burrell, Cochrane and Crothers.

The prime minister in a felicitous address referred to the justice of the cause the troops were going to fight for, and wishing them godspeed, expressed the belief that they would fully live up to the traditions established by those who have preceded them.

Traction Company

EFFECTIVE SEPTEMBER 17.

To St. Thomas and Port Stanley—7:30 a.m., *9:30, *11:30, *1:30 p.m., *3:30, *5:30, *7:30, *9:15 p.m.

To Tempo, 4:30. To St. Thomas, 6:15 p.m. and 11:15 p.m.

Sunday cars marked with a star.

LONDON AND PORT STANLEY RAILWAY

EFFECTIVE OCTOBER 1.

To Port Stanley: 6:20, 8:20, 10:20 a.m., 1:20, 3:20, 5:20, 7:20, 10:20 p.m.

To St. Thomas: *5:20, *6:20, 7:20, 8:20, 9:20, 10:20, 11:20 a.m., 12:20, 1:20, 2:20, 3:20, 4:20, 5:20, 6:20, 7:20, 8:20, 9:20, 10:20, *11:20 p.m.

Heavy type denotes no local stops between London and St. Thomas.
*Daily, except Sunday. tf

CUNARD LINE

CANADIAN SERVICE.
MONTREAL TO LONDON
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OCT. 14 .....ASCANIA..... OCT. 31
Nov. 2 ..... Ausonia ..... Nov. 21
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For information apply Local Ticket Agent or The Robert Reford Company, Limited, General Agents, 50 King St. East, Toronto. Oct. 30, 31

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Lv. London. Lv. Montreal.
Oct. 7 Corinthian Oct. 29
Oct. 24 Ionian Nov. 11
Oct. 28 Sicilian Nov. 16
Lv. Glasgow. Lv. Montreal.
Oct. 21 Scotian Nov. 9
Nov. 3 Pretorian Nov. 19

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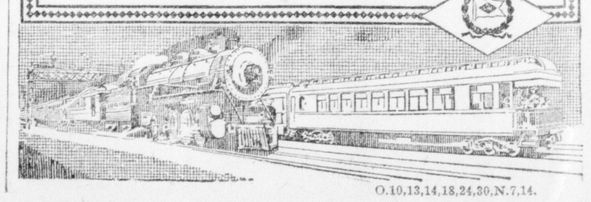

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