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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Friday, July 21.

LONDON AND THE RETURNED MEN.

A NUMBER of returned soldiers in this city have just received their discharges, which means that they are now entitled to a small pension. Beyond the financial support which the pension affords they must shift for themselves. They must find work, and it is said that they are receiving little assistance in their quest from anyone in particular.

London was ignored when it came to the appointing of a soldiers' aid commission, although this city is the head of a military district. There is a member of the soldiers' aid commission at St. Thomas, but there is no man competent to look after the affairs of the returned men in this city.

As a consequence, the returned men have had to look after themselves. They have found it necessary to canvass for employment, and more than one have searched for several weeks without finding suitable employment. The term "suitable employment" is used advisedly, as it is apparent to any sensible person that few of the returned men are able to go back to the tasks with which they were engaged before the war. Few of them, for instance, could take positions as letter-carriers, even if such positions were open to them.

Most of these returned men have been gassed or seriously wounded. Some of them can use only one lung in breathing, and others collapse when they have the slightest overexertion. On the streets they may seem to be physically capable of hard work, but the physicians in charge of them know better, even though they may be discharged as cured.

As this city has no suitable connection with the organization appointed to deal with the returned soldiers, and as the city was ignored in the matter, save for one hurried visit from one official, it would be well if the board of trade or some other local organization would bestir itself and do everything in its power for the men who have given a great service and are now back unable to accept the positions they formerly occupied. They are a splendid lot of men in every way. They do not parade their service, and they discuss matters concerning their future with the greatest reasonableness. They have organized their own association, but it does not seem to be the fair thing to leave the burden entirely upon their shoulders.

The lack of any organization to assist these men should be remedied at once.

CANADA'S PROSPERITY.

THE monthly commercial letter for July issued by the Canadian Bank of Commerce contains a mass of figures which should reassure Canadians if they have any doubt of their capacity to grasp business on a big scale when it is passing along.

The fiscal year ending March 31 has been a tremendous one for this country's industries. The total exports reached $882,872,502, which, after deducting $102,310,473, representing gold coin, was still nearly three hundred millions more than for the fiscal year 1915, and exceeds the exports for the year ending March 31, 1914, before the war clouds gathered, by more than three hundred millions. An encouraging feature lies in the fact that less than five per cent of these exports were of foreign origin, as against eleven per cent in 1915.

There is no joy for the pessimist in these figures. He cannot point to munitions as supplying the bulk of the business, for iron and steel and the manufactures thereof, which would include munitions, represent only $49,713,309 of the total. These figures in themselves are encouraging, showing as they do, a gain of 450 per cent in the output of Canadian foundries in two years. But in view of Sir Sam Hughes' statement at Lindsay on Saturday, that the munitions orders placed in Canada to date amount to $400,000,000, it is clear that the munitions business has so far figured to a comparatively slight extent in the export trade.

The shipments of breadstuffs fell from $163,243,733 in the year ending March 31, 1914, to $116,069,304 in the succeeding year, and in the year just closed reached $233,260,865, the United Kingdom taking 81.42 per cent of the whole. Exports of provisions made a steady increase from twenty-five millions to sixty-eight millions; wood and manufactures from $50,000,000 to $62,700,840; other Canadian produce from $229,000,000 to $469,000,000, in round numbers.

During the past year nearly half a billion dollars worth of Canada's exports went to various parts of the Empire, nearly one-third of a billion to the United States (including gold shipments). The exports to France increased in two years from $3,810,562 to something over $36,000,000; to Russia from less than a million and a half to more than six and three-quarter millions; to Italy from a little over half a million to more than ten and three-quarter millions.

The Bank of Commerce circular points out that textile manufacturers generally are preparing for larger business, by enlarging their plants and erecting new plants.

Is Canada prosperous? At the end of May there was on deposit in the banks $1,177,365,522, representing practically $150 for every man, woman and child in the country.

SONS OF BRUCE.

IF THERE is a battalion in the Canadian forces which deserves to go overseas, and to the front line trenches with its identity preserved and its ranks unbroken, that battalion is the 160th (Bruce), in command of Lieut.-Col. A. Weir.

In the first place, it is without doubt the most representative purely Canadian unit which has been recruited in the province of Ontario. In the second place it is one of the few, if not the only rural battalion which is over strength. In the third place, as is fitting for the county of its organization it is about 75 per cent Scotch-Canadian.

The other day when a small guard was turned out, there were 24 "Macs" in line. What do ye ken about that?

The boys of Bruce—farmers, sons of farmers, professional men, lumberjacks, men in 90 different occupations—first heard the call for a county battalion late in December, and early in March the unit was up to strengh. One fine day the church and school bells of the county rang out in chorus to tell the people of the county that the battalion was recruited, and that 250 men were required for a base company. There was something of the cross of fire tradition in the spirit of Col. Weir when he set out to stir the manhood of his native county. There was something of the wild ardor of the Highlands in the response that came to the chieftain's call.

London is proud to have had this magnificent body of men in its midst for a few weeks. They have never marched along in this city without setting the blood of other men tingling. How fine they would look in the kilts! They might claim the right, but perhaps they prefer to be thought of as the hardy, transplanted outgrowth of a great, free race, ever blood-pledged to "lay the proud oppressor low." Well, might these sons of Bruce appropriate for their marching song the battle hymn of Scotland:

Welcome to your gory bed
Or to victory!

RUMANIA TO JUMP?

RUMANIA has a habit of waiting till the moment when she can intervene with crushing force. When Bulgaria had broken the power of Turkey in 1913, and fell to quarreling with her Serb and Greek allies, Rumania took advantage of Bulgaria's exhaustion and embarrassing embroilment with two other antagonists. The Rumanian army, fresh and carefully equipped at leisure for the occasion, marched with scarcely any loss straight upon Sofia, till Bulgaria threw up the sponge.

Does Rumania need to wait much longer at this present time for the weakening of Austria? It looks as though, with the Russians in Hungary, the time is ripe for Rumania's 500,000 troops to throw themselves into the balance. Austria is nearly out and Germany is at her wits' end to meet the new British artillery and the Russian hosts. The stage is all set for a most sensationally effective entrance by the fresh little Danube power.

There is said to be a strong political sympathy between Rome and Bucharest, and if Italy declares war shortly upon Germany, as is predicted, there will no longer be even a pretext for Rumania, with her national ambitions in Transylvania, a parallel to the Italian aims in Trentino and Carniola, further to hesitate.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

When is this Rumor-ania going to emerge from the mist?

Now for third down. Watch Haig's men make their yards right through the line.

If the rain falls on the just and the unjust alike London certainly must be neutral.

The Grand Lodge Masons liked the first chapter of Luke and decided to try another.

The Liberal party is not improving the sweltering hour by holding post-mortems over North Perth.

Hon. Robert Rogers is attacking the Liberals again—a sure sign that Liberalism is on the upgrade and going strong.

South Toronto is the next place to be heard from. There is no pro-German vote on which to blame a defeat in that riding.

Formerly poets, dressmakers, musicians and painters all aimed at beauty. Now the idea is that of the motor horn, to make a startling noise.

Only 20 per cent of the infantile paralysis cases in New York have been fatal, but there are frequently worse results than death, such as crippling for life.

Pointedly, the Montreal Mail (Con.) asks why Sir Charles Davidson's report on war contracts has not yet been brought down. The Meredith-Duff report is promised for next week.

Germany expected to start a Mohammedan holy war against Christendom. It is a holy terror for Germany. Meanwhile the Arabs are making it hot for the Turks around Mecca.

We not only have to stand the heat, but across the way is a phonograph which has a bad attack of "A Perfect Day" and "The Rosary," and every other overdone record. We have an idea it is the place where they test the records and that a double-shift is working. As we write the man who thinks his nose is a speaking trumpet holds the floor.

Jimmy Might Have Gotten in Free If the Doorkeeper Hadn't Suspected That the Rest of the Regiment Were Ready to Advance.

BY FONTAINE FOX

WAIT A MINUTE!
—By J. H. F.

A Philadelphia man left his relatives $100,000, and some charities $10,000,000. He probably figured that his relatives would get in on the big sum later on.

* * *

Old Gen. Humiditly is kicking the well-known stuffing out of a lot of folks in this vicinity right now.

* * *

Ain't it nice of a morning, just after you have tried for five hours to grab a bit of slumber, to have a milkman drop four hundred and ninety bottles on the pavement? Well, Friend Wife has to have asbestos ears.

* * *

Adam may have had his troubles, but he did not have to wear suspenders with the temperature about 100 in the shade.

* * *

There is a battalion of soldiers absent from Camp Borden. Of course, these men are bad, you know, and have no feelings. Possibly they figure that they would prefer to have a bad name to battling poison ivy for a spell, and bayonetting murderous mosquitoes.

* * *

Lightning struck a speeding auto in Pennsylvania the other day. Sometimes lightning does the right thing.

* * *

A St. Louis woman has been asleep for 17 years. Her husband is not complaining.

* * *

PARDON OUR BLUSHES.
J. H. F.—An Appreciation.

Have you heard the laugh of him? the chaff of him?
Have you heard his throaty chuckle? seen him smile?
No? Then "wait a minute" till the half of him,
That's dozing in his sanctum, scans the "fyle."

He picks an item from a local daily;
Turns it inside out and, lo! a joke is born;
Its heavy editorial tackles gaily
And holds its ponderous column up to scorn.

He "lamps" the Woman's Page in search of items,
And gleefully observes that shorter skirts
Will enable honest "skeeters" now to bite 'em,
Thus deterring thin-shanked girls from turning flirts.

The time that Henry Ford went on his "flivver"
Our old friend, J. Harry F., went nearly wild.
The "Doc" was called and diagnosed it "liver,"
But J. Harry "beaned" the medico, and smiled—

"Why, Doc," sez he, "how'n blazes can Tin Lizzie
Ever sail across the drink to Amsterdam?"
"A deckload of such "nuts" will drive her dizzy,
And I'm afraid her gears and breaks will jam."

Sez Doc, "My boy, the Flivver's crossed the ocean,
And peace hovers like a turkey o'er the trench,
But you and Ford have got so much lost motion
That I'll specify for both, the monkey-wrench."

Thus Harry flits from topical allusion
To world questions that profoundly move the state,
But in all of it don't suffer the delusion,
That there's anything but brains within his pate.

The reason that he's big around the belt line
'Tis said, is so his little heart has room to beat.
He's an optimist, a laugh-provoker, a tow-line,
To jerk us from the "dumps" onto our feet.

Have you ever heard the laugh of him? the chaff of him?
Have you heard his throaty chuckle? seen him grin?
Wach him thrash King Hardluck and the staff of him—
Sure the way he chases sorrow is a sin.

—GEO. H. HANEY.

London, July 18, 1916.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story
(Copyright, 1916, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The New Dining-Room
By Fanny Gray.

When Mary Clark married Wilfred Ayers, she realized in the depths of her heart that they were miles apart in some ways. But life was lonely for her, and the strength of the big, hulking man had its appeal, to say nothing of the fact that she had only a bit of money laid by, while he had not only a good farm and farm lands, but a tidy sum in the bank, left him by his father.

Mary had lived in a little house on an out-of-the-way street of the village, going out to sew or taking work home as best suited her customers. More refined and sensitive than most of her neighbors, she longed for the good things of life which were denied her, and, in her simple way, had given her humble home an air of gentility not common to Greenville.

When Wilfred first showed a preference for her, she had been inclined to scout the idea of marrying him. But a better acquaintance had proved his sterling qualities, and the nearest thing to love she had ever known for any man had grown up in her heart. Also, she reasoned that his money would allow her to gratify some of her repressed ambitions, and she expected to remodel his views to meet her ideas.

But there are two sides to every question. When the two were married and settled down in their farmhouse, Mary found that the habits of middle age are not so easy to change. You cannot teach an old dog new tricks, at least without a struggle. Wilfred had been brought up by a good and conscientious, but perfectly commonplace mother, who had no ideas of her own, and believed that what had been good enough for her parents was good enough for her.

Wilfred had breathed the atmosphere. He also believed in letting well enough alone. Anything out of the usual, or different from what he was accustomed to was putting on frills, and this he could not stand for.

So Mary had to feel her way. But she was a determined little person, and step by step she brought about changes so skillfully that Wilfred scarcely realized what was happening until the thing was accomplished and then it was hardly worth while making a fuss.

After some weeks of effort on Mary's part, the farmhouse took on a new aspect. The "best room" was open all day and every day, with new screens at the windows, and the sun shut out during the heat of the day with awning blinds. A small gas range had been installed in the kitchen beside the big coal stove. Old carpets had been taken away, and cool matting rugs had taken their places in the bedrooms. And, wonder of wonders, there was a brand new bathroom!

How Mary had brought about these changes she scarcely knew herself; but, by the use of persuasion and infinite tact they had been accomplished. She had shed some tears in the process which Wilfred knew nothing about, and it is quite possible he may have used some words not in a general use in polite society when out of reach of the house. But the results stood, and, if truth were told, Wilfred secretly enjoyed the new regime.

However, there was one point on which he stood firm as a rock. Mary had approached it from every angle, but he would not budge. She could not make him give up eating in the kitchen! There was an extra room between the kitchen and the sitting-room, which seemed to serve no particular purpose. It was not large, and, having north windows, had been shut up in winter by Wilfred's mother, and used as a sort of storeroom. Mary had planned to turn this into a dining-room ever since her arrival at the farmhouse, but Wilfred was up in arms at each new attack she made.

He always had eaten in the kitchen, he liked it, it was less trouble for every one, he wasn't going to buy new furniture, and so forth and so on. All through the early part of the summer the eating in the hot kitchen had gone on, with Wilfred in his shirt sleeves at the head of the table. Mary's soul rebelled, but, as it seemed the one thing she could not gain without an open fight, she resolved to bide her time. Her one consolation was the china of old blue Cantonware, brought from overseas by Wilfred's grandfather.

With the beginning of August, the work of taking the heavy loads of garden truck to the nearby city grew greater. Several times a week Wilfred himself drove into town, returning late. And the bank account grew. Meantime, Mary planned her dining-room campaign.

She had resolved upon a bold move. With every preparation made as far ahead as possible, she watched Wilfred one morning as he drove away at sunrise from the farm. By the time she had cleared away the breakfast, the women engaged for the day had made her appearance. The one-time storeroom was emptied of everything in it, the floor was scrubbed, the windows and paint washed.

Then Mary and her helper adjourned to the woodshed, and unpacked the results of Mary's visit to the city the week before. When bagging and excelsior had been removed, there stood revealed a very pretty oak dining table and six chairs. And out of another package came a straw rug. When all had been put in place, and the china moved from the kitchen shelves to the glass-doored, old-fashioned closet, Mary looked around her with satisfaction. She was very tired, but very content. The muslin curtains she had been secretly making were hung, and, as a last touch, she had placed on the centre of the table a bunch of nasturtiums in one of the blue bowls. Truly, the room was inviting and tasteful.

Mary kept her helper to assist in preparing an unusually good supper, and a little before time for Wilfred to arrive she appeared down stairs fresh and smiling in a pretty afternoon muslin.

When Wilfred came, she managed to get him by the closed door and upstairs to change his clothes. As he came down she was putting the supper on the table, and if ever a man had a surprise it was he.

Mary's face paled a little, and her hands trembled as she moved the dishes about. She scarcely knew what to expect, but determined to hold her ground with a smile on her lips. Wilfred stood irresolute, swallowed hard once or twice, then pulled out his chair and sat down, remarking, as he did so, in an embarrassed and semi-jocular tone: "Pretty swell for a farmer, Mary. Must have cost something."

Mary knew that her battle was won. "I paid for the things out of my savings bank account, Wilfred, and I haven't been so happy since I came to the farm!"

Her husband, usually undemonstrative, rose from his chair, went around to his wife's place, and gave her a resounding kiss. Mary's new dining-room was a success.

A SOURCE OF ANXIETY.
[Toronto Star.]

Some of the consulting physicians of the Conservative party are inclined to blame the Dominion Government for the defeat in North Perth. It is not always possible to keep Dominion and Provincial politics apart, and the Ottawa Government is a source of anxiety to its friends.

LONDON TIMETABLES.

Grand Trunk Railway

SARNIA TUNNEL TO SUSPENSION BRIDGE AND TORONTO.

Arrive from the east—*4:53 a.m., *10:23 a.m., *11:05 a.m., 11:50 a.m., z2:47 p.m., 5:30 p.m., *8:25 p.m., *8:53 p.m., 10:40 p.m.

Arrive from the west—*12:24 a.m., x9:30 a.m., 3:20 a.m., *5:40 a.m., 8:50 a.m., *12:15 p.m., *4:12 p.m., 6:25 p.m.

Depart for the east—*12:29 a.m., *3:25 a.m., *5:45 a.m., 7:25 a.m., 9:00 a.m., x9:35 a.m., *12:20 p.m., 2:00 p.m., *4:25 p.m., *7:08 p.m.

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

LONDON AND WINDSOR.

Arrive—10:23 a.m., *4:00 p.m., *7:05 p.m., 11:05 p.m.

Depart—6:35 a.m., *11:35 a.m., 5:32 p.m., *9:10 p.m.

STRATFORD BRANCH.

Arrive—*4:20 a.m., 11:15 a.m., 1:45 p.m., 5:25 p.m., 7:50 p.m., 11:20 p.m.

Depart—*6:05 a.m., 7:20 a.m., 12:30 p.m., 2:45 p.m., 5:00 p.m.

LONDON, HURON AND BRUCE.

Arrive—10:05 a.m., 6:15 p.m.

Depart—8:30 a.m., 4:40 p.m.

Trains marked * run daily. Those not marked, daily except Sunday; z Mondays, Wednesdays, Saturdays; x Tuesdays, Fridays, Sundays.

Canadian Pacific Railway.

Arrive from the east—4:30 a.m. daily, 10:45 a.m. daily, 11:15 a.m. daily, 5:35 p.m. daily except Sunday, 7:15 p.m. daily, 9:50 p.m. daily.

Arrive from the west—5:10 a.m. daily, 1:20 p.m. daily, 7:50 p.m. daily, 8:30 p.m. except Sunday, 1:30 a.m. daily.

Depart for the east—5:20 a.m. daily, 6:30 a.m. daily except Sunday, 9:00 a.m. daily, 1:25 p.m. daily, 5:10 p.m. daily, 7:55 p.m. daily.

Depart for the west—4:43 a.m. daily, 8:00 a.m. daily except Sunday, 11:20 a.m. daily, 7:23 p.m. daily, 10:00 p.m. daily.

Traction Company.

London to St. Thomas and Port Stanley: 7:30 a.m., 9:30 a.m., 11:30 a.m., 12:30 p.m., and hourly to 7:30 p.m., 9:15 p.m. Last car at 11:15 p.m., to St. Thomas only.

Sunday service, 9:30 a.m. to 9:15 p.m., p.m.

Michigan Central.

Trains leave St. Thomas:

For East—*2:38 a.m., *8:33 a.m., 9:35 a.m. (except Monday), *12:40 p.m., †3:10 p.m., *7:25 p.m., *9:25 p.m., *10:00 p.m., †11:30 p.m.

For West—*2:53 a.m., *5:51 a.m., *6:23 a.m., †7:30 a.m., *11:40 a.m., †3:25 p.m., *4:20 p.m., *7:10 p.m., *11:21 p.m.

St. Clair Division—Leave, †6:30 a.m., †3:15 p.m. Arrive, †10:40 a.m., †6:40 p.m.

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday.

Pere Marquette.

Trains leave St. Thomas (Kains street depot) for Chatham and Walkerville, 7:05 a.m., 6:16 p.m. connecting with L. and P. S. cars leaving London 6:20 a.m.

Trains arrive St. Thomas from west at 11:55 a.m. (noon), 8:50 p.m. connecting with L. and P. S. cars arriving at London 12:48 p.m. and 10:02 p.m.

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Sunday service commences at 6:20 a.m., commencing June 19, 1916.
Special car leaves London 4:55 a.m., arrives Port Stanley 5:43 a.m., Beach 5:45 a.m., stops only at St. Thomas. Returning, leaves Beach 5:50 a.m., Port Stanley 5:55 a.m., arrives London 7:00 a.m. Makes local stops. Daily, except Sunday.

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$12.00 TO WINNIPEG

Plus Half a Cent per Mile Beyond.
Return Half a Cent per Mile to Winnipeg plus $18.00.
Special Trains will be Operated From Montreal and Toronto to Winnipeg.

CANADIAN NORTHERN ALL THE WAY

See Later Announcements for Train Service and Excursion Dates.

For full particulars apply to nearest C. N. R. Agent, or General Passenger Department, Montreal, Que., or Toronto, Ont.
CANADIAN NORTHERN
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