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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Tuesday, August 14.

THE STOCKHOLM CONFERENCE.

TO any sensible Englishman the Stockholm conference has the appearance of nothing but a German trap. The German Socialists who will attend are either representatives of a very small and helpless minority, utterly despised in Central Europe as futile fanatics, or they stand for the great mass of German workmen, who are pretty well satisfied with the Prussian ambition on the whole, or at any rate thoroughly imbued by schooling and preaching with the Prussian arrogance and brutality towards non-Germans. They may pose as sheep and bleat from flannel-mouths high sentiments of brotherhood, but German labor is a sheep that has been suckled through lambhood at the dugs of the Prussian wolf. And not only have these Teuton Socialists acquired the temper of the drillmaster, but behind them also are the more or less visible strings by which they are pulled from Berlin.

One excuse advanced by ex-Minister Henderson for encouraging British Labor to represent itself at Stockholm was that the Russian delegates might be less exposed to the cunning malice of their German "Kamerads," if wide-awake and patriotic Britons should be present as a safeguard. It is also suggested that the Russians may feel themselves deserted, now that French, Italians and Americans are announced as keeping out, if British Labor also stays away. They might then the more easily yield to the crude blandishments of the enemy.

British workingmen cannot afford for one minute to take the Stockholm scheme seriously. For one thing, the Russian anarchists will seek to act independently of the Government at Petrograd, while not one Briton in a thousand would think it politic to take from Parliament's practiced hands the negotiation of peace. The British do not run after chimeras, nor are they given to more hurry, less speed. The very location of the Conference, again, is sinister. Sweden has been all along no friend of the Entente and democracy. Its capital is in very close communication, economic certainly, with Berlin. Finally, British Labor realizes, with its educated political intelligence, that a precipitate peace leaving out of account the French rights to Alsace-Lorraine, the Italian claims on Trent, at least, and the Rumanian aspirations after racial reunion, not to mention the restoration of Belgium, Poland and Serbia, would be a crime against humanity and treason to our brave Allies. It is obvious that France and Italy would not hold Great Britain guiltless in such a matter. Whatever they say to the Russians, German Socialists at home are as frantic as any Junker in denouncing England and demanding sooner or later her complete destruction. Great Britain must stand by her Allies now if she wants help against the next Hun attack on herself. Not one civilized power can afford to take any chances in dealing with Berlin. They have to stick together to the finish, however irksome it may be now, or else the atrocious intriguers and blackguards who constitute the welding element and inspiration of Germany's millions will destroy all in turn. British Labor sees this with clear eyes, and if it should persist in the purpose of sending delegates to Stockholm, it would be only with the aim of helping Russian Labor to stand on its feet and play the man. But there are signs that, with the exception of some irreconcilables, Russia already has awakened by herself to the realities.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

DISPATCHES from Washington say that it is expected the members of Congress will go on a lecture tour during recess, reaching every district and enlightening the people on the need for vigorous democracy but as a struggle for American rights and preservation.

The idea is excellent and, if carried out, cannot fail to do abundant good. Moreover, it shows that the United States is learning lessons from the failures of her nearest ally and taking advantage of its experiences.

One cannot help thinking over what it would have meant to Canada had the Government instituted such a plan here early in the war. Had Sir Robert Borden called upon his own followers and members of the Opposition to go to their constituencies and address meetings with the purpose of pointing out to the electorate why Canada should do her utmost in men and money to bring about speedy victory, and, had he set the example, it is conceivable that there would never have been any disagreement over conscription in the Dominion, because the question would never have had to be raised.

Both Liberals and Conservatives have declared that the so-called failure of Quebec to do her share is directly traceable to the lack of extensive efforts to enlighten the people on the purposes of the war and Canada's vital interest in it. Had the parliamentarians who represented the people of that province been organized, Liberals and Conservatives alike, to give frequent addresses on these subjects, they might have aroused the same enthusiasm as has been found in London and Toronto military districts. It was especially the duty of the Government to send such speakers into the ridings represented by its Nationalist supporters; speakers representative of the Government to which the Nationalists had given their adherence, but who could speak for the win-the-war part of that Government and not for the lose-the-war element.

But Sir Robert failed in this, as in so many other things. A change in leadership is long overdue.

SIR JOSEPH'S PROFIT?

TORONTO Saturday Night continues its strong demands for the resignation of Sir Joseph Flavelle. It has gone deeply into the history of the William Davies Company, and recently printed facts from court records to show the enormous profits of this business long before the war, when prices were much below the present quoted values.

The Saturday Night article is as follows:

"An interesting sidelight on the past profits of the Wm. Davies Company is obtainable owing to there being court records. Some years ago there was a friendly action-at-law, brought by the executors of the estate of Mrs. Wm. Davies against several interested parties.

As a result it was shown that the capital stock of the company was then valued at from three to four hundred dollars per share (par value $100) and that the dividends over a period of fourteen years, 1893 to 1906, inclusive, ranged from 15 to 120 per cent, the average over the entire period being a little over 50 per cent, which seems enough under the circumstances.

"A table was placed in evidence, showing the dividends which the stock paid during these fourteen years to be:

"For the year ending March 31, 1893, 65 per cent; 1894, 34 per cent; 1895, 40 per cent; 1896, 45 per cent; 1897, 100 per cent; 1898, 120 per cent; 1899, 82 per cent; 1900, 60 per cent; 1901, 27½ per cent; 1902, 27½ per cent; 1903, 15 per cent; 1904, 30 per cent; 1905, 41 per cent; 1906, 25 per cent.

SIGNS IN GERMANY.

EIGHT thousand miners assembled at Essen, Germany, gave an impressive demonstration in favor of peace by agreement and democratic reforms. They also indorsed the peace resolution of the Reichstag, and requested that body to pursue its policy in the interests of humanity. It is pointed out by a German newspaper that the fact of the meeting taking place at the home of the Krupp works, and the centre of Pan-German propaganda increases its importance.

In addition to this meeting, there are other signs which point to the inevitability of a change in Germany's form of government before long in the direction of democracy, and to the awakening the people to the way in which they are being fooled by the kaiser and his ministers. There are also proofs of the intense longing for peace.

At Mannheim, in Baden, Philip Scheidemann, Socialist leader, speaking to an audience of 6,000 people, demanded an immediate change from the Michaelis Government to one really representing the will of the people. This demand was made "IN THE INTEREST OF PEACE."

Have the words of British statesmen had their effect? It is only a few days since the declaration was repeated in Britain that no peace could be made with the present German Government. Do the Teutons begin to realize the truth of this statement, and the fact that the autocracy is one of the great forces causing a continuance of the death struggle? It would appear that they do.

The Vorwaerts, the Socialist organ, generally careful in its utterances, declares "the present Government must be the last of its kind," and must be succeeded by one of the people and for the people. It says that Michaelis is getting farther and farther away from the Reichstag's resolution, and, therefore, is not acceptable.

In their own somewhat feeble way, these miners, Socialists and writers are working toward the same goal as the Entente Allies, in so far as the policy of the latter affects Germany. All want to see the end of Prussian militaristic rule and the institution of democracy. The methods of attaining the end are widely different, it is true, but if moral pressure does not prevail in Germany, other means, patterned after those employed by the Allies, may be used. Those who know Germany say there will be no revolution until the Teutons suffer some severe defeat. That may be a happening of the very near future, and at least part of the German people appear to be ready for desperate measures to bring peace. Perhaps the end will come all the sooner if Wilhelm and Michaelis pursue their present course and ignore the threatening signs. Their end is in sight, whichever way they choose.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is incredible that Belgian sailors should smuggle rubber and platinum to Germany. If they did they have found the one lower step on the ladder of degradation than that occupied by the Huns.

Russia and we are not now in such straits as last fall and winter. The czarina was then drawing her husband and the kaiser together, and as Shakespeare says, "'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss." Now Russia is free and the United States is with us.

A writer to a Toronto paper declares against any food economy for himself or family "until the Government prohibits the use of all grains and foodstuffs in the manufacture of liquor for beverage purposes." A good many people will sympathize with this view. Perhaps if the card system of rationing should come in, alcoholic drink could be reckoned as a percentage of the bread allowance.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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ADOPTING FRIEDA.

By Jane Osborn.

"Oh, Miranda, will you hold the door open there? I've got a little girl in my arms. You haven't heard of anyone that has lost a little girl, have you?"

With these words Peter Hobson broke the news of his discovery late that memorable night in midsummer. He had been on his weekly trip to the nearest settlement, twenty miles down the valley. Usually on such nights in summer Miranda dozed in her chair with the screen on the front door unhooked; for Miranda had lived alone with her stalwart young brother too many years to fear tramps or thieves on their desolate side of the mountain. And usually Miranda would not wake till her brother had put up his wagon and horses and had let himself in at the screen door. But this night his arms were too full of Frieda—Frieda fast asleep, with her golden curls close and warm against his face, one small warm hand clutching even in sleep to his shoulder and two graceful little legs in white stockings and the daintiest of round-toed pumps dangling in his arms.

"Where in the land of the living did you find her?" was Miranda's not too hospitable comment. But, as Peter carried the sleeping child to the light of the solitary lamp that smoked and flickered in the draught on the living-room table, the sister's weather-beaten, hard-set features softened and a smile broke over her face. "Hadn't you better set her down?" she asked. She was pulling at the ruffled white petticoats which had become crushed in the strong man's arms. "We must wake her up and ask her who she is. Her mother must be worried, almost sick. Peter, isn't she pretty?"

Peter made no comment, but from the tenderness with which he brushed with his big clumsy hands a golden curl that had fallen across Frieda's face Miranda needed not to be told that the big brother of hers had lost his heart to the child he had found.

"I'll set her down," he said, "and wake her up, because she must be hungry, but there's no use asking her who she is or where she came from. I asked her that when I found her, but it didn't do any good. Her name is Frieda, and that is all she will tell you." And while Miranda flew from kitchen to living-room preparing the lavish supper of doughnuts and milk and cold ham that she thought suitable for a child of Frieda's age her brother told her the details of the discovery.

He had heard a cry in the thickest of the woods as he was coming home—about fifteen miles down the road. It was just turning dark at the time. He stopped his horses and followed through the pathless woods for a few rods and then came upon the little girl. She was crouching under the side of a large boulder, and at first seemed too startled to speak. She hadn't had anything to eat for a day or so.

"She started to tell me about herself," Peter explained to his sister. "Did tell me her name was Frieda and then she fainted away in my arms, and I had to bring her around with water from the stream. Then I held her in my arms so she wouldn't be scared, and when she was feeling better I put her in the wagon on the seat at my side with the robes tucked around her. Later I stopped to give her one or two of those crackers you asked me to bring back from the store, and then after a while she went to sleep again there at my side. Maybe when she wakes up she will remember who she is and how she came to be lost."

"Maybe," commented Miranda. "Seems as if she is big enough to remember."

"How old should you judge she is?"

Miranda cast a calculating glance toward the drooping figure of the child in the sleepy hollow chair.

"From the way she is dressed she is a sizable child of nine or ten—can't be any more." Then Miranda got down the silver mug that had been Peter's many years before and that had hung in state on the sideboard ever since he outgrew it. "I suppose, Peter, if we were not able to find her folks, it would be our solemn duty to adopt her?"

"I was just thinking about that myself," agreed Peter. "Perhaps it is the nearest I'll ever come to having a kid of my own."

Just then the little girl waked up, and Peter and Miranda hurried to attention. With a little milk and some of Miranda's good bread—Peter had thought that more suitable than the doughnuts—Frieda regained strength and before many minutes had passed she was laughing merrily and perfectly at ease with her generous host and hostess.

"You are so good to me," she said sleepily. "No one was ever so good to me in the world before." A tear came to Miranda's eyes and Peter swallowed what must have been a sob, though he would not have admitted that fact.

"Now, do you want to try and tell us whose little girl you are?" Peter asked patiently, kneeling down before her.

"No, no, no," she shook her head. "Maybe tomorrow. But this is so nice."

A few minutes later Miranda had shown the little girl to the "spare room," and she and Peter stood outside her door waiting.

"Are you sure she can manage alone?" Peter asked.

"I guess so. She asked me to leave her alone. When she calls out I am to go in and get the lamp. I told her I would."

Then came the little treble call and Miranda stole silently in.

"Peter, just look," she whispered back a second later and Peter tiptoed into the room. Apparently the child was extremely weary, for her eyes were already closed and the disheveled ringlets of golden hair were tossed over the face, pillow and white counterpane that was tucked neatly up to her graceful chin.

Peter looked wonderingly for a minute and then tiptoed to his own room. He was very happy, but there was a cloud even in his great happiness. Why, he wondered, has she kissed Miranda good night and then when he stooped down for his good-night kiss had she hidden her face in her arm and turned her lips away? Could it be that the feeling of unhappiness he had was jealousy of Miranda?

The morning brought no news of the lost child's identity. Miranda and her brother had thought she would be able to explain or give some clue as to who she was. But to all their queries she had but one reply—"I don't know—I am so happy. Let me stay." By the end of ten days it seemed so apparent that her identity would never be discovered that brother and sister were making plans for legally adopting her.

It was two weeks after Frieda had first crept into Peter's arms and his heart down there on the mountainside when he opened a New York paper to read this heading: "Movie actress still missing. Film company now planning to make search of mountainside." And then Peter read the article that told that two weeks before a cinema company had been taking pictures for a big feature play along the mountainside. A company of 25 juvenile actresses was included in the scenes. Somewhere one of these girls, who on the day of her disappearance was dressed to impersonate a girl of ten or twelve, had been lost. No one had missed her till the company had been carried back to their headquarters and no search was made for her till they had all returned to New York. As her part was over, it was thought that perhaps she had gone home before the rest. The fact that her street clothes had just been found in the country hotel from which the company started out on the day of her disappearance showed that she had never apparently returned from the mountainside.

The real meaning of this did not dawn on Peter all at once, and even after he began to realize that Frieda was the lost child he did not tell her immediately of his discovery. He waited till he found her alone merrily shelling peas in Miranda's woodshed while Miranda was visiting her nearest neighbor. Peter opened the paper and let the girl read the account. Meantime he watched her face. A glance at teh newspaper account was enough to assure Frieda that her secret was known. She dropped her small hands on the checked gingham pinafore that Miranda had made her and opened her blue eyes and looked at Peter very wistfully.

"I didn't tell you before because it was like heaven here with you and Miranda. I got lost that day with the company, before you found me. There was a thunderstorm and everyone ran to shelter, and when it was over I was alone. I walked through the woods for an age and then you found me. I was going to tell you—but I must have fainted and after that I liked you so much I didn't want to leave you. I tried to make myself believe that I was just the little girl you thought I was. I'm seventeen really. But I never had a chance to be a little girl, so I wanted to stay here."

Peter was sitting beside Frieda and had taken the large pan of green peas from her lap. "Is that why—why you haven't been willing to kiss me good-night?" he asked. The girl in the pinafore shook her head up and down in the affirmative.

"It wasn't because you liked—Miranda—so much better than me?"

Peter stopped short, for two little hands were clinging convulsively to his arm and a sobbing head was laid on his shoulder. "Don't make me go away, please. There is no one in the world I care for the way I do you and Miranda. Please let me stay."

Peter had raised the fair head from his arm. If the little girl in the woods he had first seen had seemed exquisite, now that she had suddenly grown to be a little woman, she was a hundred times more so. If holding her small body against his arm had thrilled him then, now to feel her head sobbing on his shoulder was a thousand times more delicious.

"I have been thinking," he began very awkwardly, "that maybe I'd have a chance to—to marry you when you grew up. But now you are almost grown up already. I won't have to wait so long."

Frieda's tears had stopped. She looked up at him with the happiness that had shown in her face the first night when he had found her. "Oh, Peter, I am so happy," she whispered. And when Miranda came back from the neighbor's an hour later she found her brother and Frieda still shelling the peas in the woodshed.

Wait a Minute!

By J. H. F.

The eulogy of the kaiser has been torn from Chicago school text-books. It will soon be improper to compare Wilhelm with Satan.

* * *

A Philadelphia German says that Germany cannot be beaten with dollars. The silver bullets of Lloyd George seem to be doing quite a nice job at that.

* * *

Somebody has suggested a smokeless day for men. There are no lushless days now. What about a gum-less day for the wrens.

* * *

A Chicago woman lost $5,000 in two years at poker. The women are crowding men ont of everything these days. Tuff world.

* * *

A lot of folks who seem to be fighting for a political and national principle are simply haggling over a word.

* * *

Russia's defeats may be laid to the profusion of whiskers worn by the fighters. How could anybody tell a spy from the real thing when he is covered with a luxuriant foliage?

* * *

Back to the farm should be the duty of every man who can go. There should be more enthusiasm for this work.

* * *

The attitude of a lot of citizens is like that conveyed in an old-time song—"Down on the farm, it makes me sick, it's a darn sight worse than laying brick." It's all wrong, Hector.

* * *

We have a candidate for a hero medal. Dr. W. J. Robinson, superintendent of the Hospital for the Insane, judged over 150 babies at the Irish picnic and never got a wallop. That's some work.

* * *

Some Conservatives in the House of Commons are dissatisfied with Sir Robert Borden. Still, Bob Rogers is as white as the driven snow. Funny people.

MAJOR M'DOWELL, WINNER OF V.C., IS HOME ON FURLOUGH

Will Visit Home in Brockville for Time, Then Rejoin 38th.

QUEBEC, Aug. 13.—After a few years' absence from Canada during which time he rose from private to major, all the while fighting the Germans, Major T. W. MacDowell returned to his native land this afternoon, arriving here on a C.P.R. ocean liner from a British port. He is the proud possessor of the Victoria Cross, the most prized of valor medals awarded in the British army, and the Distinguished Service Order.

Major MacDowell, whose home is in Brockville, went overseas with the 38th Battalion, and is still attached to that regiment, which he will rejoin after his furlough in Canada. He absolutely declined to give any details after his arrival here as to the nature of the hazardous work for which he received the Victoria Cross.

One of his brother officers spoken to stated that he had heard that Major MacDowell received the Victoria Cross for saving machine guns. Another report is that Major MacDowell and one or two others from his battalion captured a part of a trench with 65 prisoners, which they held until reinforcements came.

Major MacDowell left tonight for Brockville.

HOUSE STRUCK DURING BAD ELECTRIC STORM

Residence of Goderich Collegiate Principal Suffers From Bolt.

GODERICH, Aug. 13.—In a violent thunderstorm this morning the residence of J. P. Hume, principal of the Goderich Collegiate Institute, was struck by lightning, and considerable damage done. The bolt struck the chimney, knocked off a few bricks at the top, and lower down in the attic shattered it badly, knocking out one side of it. Part of the bolt seems to have followed one of the rafters to the waste pipe, and gone down this, knocking off a few shingles where it passed through the roof. The main bolt continued on down the chimney, knocking off plaster, making several holes through the ceiling into the hallway upstairs, and blowing out both panes of the window at the back of the hall. Stoppers in the chimney in Mr. Hume's study, where he was seated at the time, and in the cellar, were blown out and soot scattered across the study. Fortunately no one was hurt. Mrs. Hume and her daughter were in the kitchen.

The electric lights in this portion of the town were affected, fuse blocks being blown out or shattered in a number of houses. In fact, all over town the lights went out for a short time. Mrs. Cox, who lives near Mr. Hume's, was stunned for a time, but soon recovered.

Rev. Dr. Meldrum of Cleveland, who is spending his annual holiday in Goderich at present, preached at both services on Sunday at Knox Church. There was a specially large congregation on both occasions to hear the eminent divine. At the evening service Bert Cutt, organist and choir director at Elora, sang "Open the Gates," by request. Mr. Cutt is a Goderich boy, son of R. H. Cutt of town.

LAMBETH.

LAMBETH, Aug. 13.—Sandy Gordon spent the week-end with his parents at Thamesville.

Mrs. E. J. Ludlow returned to Toronto after a two weeks' visit with Mrs. Carley.

Dr. and Mrs. A. R. Routledge and son Donald, accompanied by Dr. and Mrs. Pierce of Detroit, motored to Sarnia on Monday, and will spend two weeks on Lake Huron.

Mrs. Robertson of Toronto returned to her home on Saturday after a pleasant visit with her sister, Mrs. G. A. Routledge.

Miss Beatrice Henderson spent the weeek with her sister at South Delaware.

At CHAPMAN'S
WEDNESDAY MORNING

Just In
New Arrivals of Interest To Holidayers

—**White Habutai Silk Waists**, beautiful washable quality, with large sailor collar, hemstitched; sizes 36 to 42. Offered at $2.50

—**White Wash Silk Waists**, finest imported wash silk, made with the new pointed wing collar, long sleeves; sizes 36 to 44. On sale at $2.00

—**Ladies' Cashmerette Hose**, fine finish, deep garter top; sizes 8½ to 10; just in. Per pair 35c

—**Children's Ribbed Cashmere Hose**, fine rib, in white, scarlet and black, sizes 5½ to 8. Priced according to sizes ..... 40c to 60c

—**Brushed Wool Sweaters**, for the cool fall days, in rose, tan, copen and helio; new styles. At...$7.50, $8.50

—**Girls' and Misses' Middies** for the coming school days, stripe and sport effects; also all white with pink, blue or red collars. Prices ..75c to $1.50

And a complete range of sizes in Coat Middies at $1.25

Mill Ends

—Still a number of mill-ends of White Muslins, in checks and spots. Clearing at, per yard 10c

Toweling

—White Roller Toweling, with red border, 18 inches wide, regular 15c per yard. Wednesday morning ..... 8 yards for $1

Girls' Dresses

—White Embroidery Dresses for girls of 6 to 14 years. All fresh and clean, beautifully trimmed with lace and embroidery; also ribbon run through beading. Regular $3.00 and $4.00 values. On sale at $1.50

—Late summer leaves many broken lines in its wake which are regrouped and listed for quick clearance Wednesday morning.

$1.75 White Voile Waists at $1.29

—All sizes in these Pretty White Voile Waists, embroidery fronts, long sleeves with cuffs trimmed to match; regular $1.75. You'll want one of these waists at the reduced price $1.29

85c Table Damask at 69c Yard

—Choice of three patterns in this Fully-Bleached Table Damask, 70 inches wide; regular 85c value. Wednesday morning only at, per yard 69c

White Wash Skirts at $1.00

—White Gabardine Wash Skirts, tailored style, with pockets; were $1.50. Wednesday morning special at $1.00

Shepherd Checks

—Three pieces Black and White Shepherd Check Dress Goods, suitable for school dresses, which will soon be needed. Choice of three sizes in checks; 35c value. On sale, per yard 25c

White Lustres

—One piece Priestley's Cream Lustre, fine finish, 45 inches wide; regular value $1.00. On sale Wednesday morning, per yard 55c

—One piece White Sicilian, Priestley's make, silk finish, 54 inches wide; value today not less than $1.50. On sale Wednesday morning, per yard 95c

Dress Goods

—Seasonable materials for school dresses; tweeds, cashmeres, poplins and serges. Values 75c and $1.00. On sale, per yard 50c

Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats
Half Price

—Wednesday morning, 100 Trimmed and Untrimmed Straw Hats, in black, rose, copen, tuscan, gold and white. Were $1.50, $1.75, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00, $3.50 and $3.75. At exactly half-price.

Underwear

—Women's Summer Knit Combinations, lace yokes, tight knee. On sale Wednesday morning, per suit.....47c

Undermuslins

—Corset Cover and Drawers combined, made of fine white cambric, trimmed with embroidery. This splendid garment comes in sizes 36 and 38. On sale Wednesday morning 79c

Corset Covers of white cambric, embroidery and lace trimmed, sizes 36 and 38. On sale Wednesday morning at 19c

Wednesday Morning

—For the earliest buyers 6 only White Voile Dresses, trimmed with rose or green. Were $9.00. On sale Wednesday morning, each $3.69

—Also 4 only Spot Voile Dresses, newest style of the season. Were $7.50. Wednesday morning, each $3.50

Second Floor

J. H. Chapman & Co., 239, 241, 243 Dundas St.

JOY RIDERS' CAR RAN INTO DITCH NEAR DORCHESTER

DORCHESTER, Aug. 13.—A party of joy-riders, including three men and two women, came to grief Saturday evening on the sixth concession of North Dorchester, when their auto ran into a deep ditch. The men escaped with a severe shaking up, but Dr. Doan of Harrietsville had to be called to attend to the injuries of the women. The cause of the accident or the names of the occupants could not be ascertained. The car was brought to Dorchester garage for repairs, and the party then returned to the city.

A car of coal, the first to be shipped to the village since last March, has arrived, and is being sold quickly. The fuel problem is causing considerable anxiety here, many residents worrying about not getting in their winter's supply.

At the last meeting of the quarterly board of the Methodist Church it was decided to raise the salary of Rev. G. W. Rivers $100, making the yearly stipend $1,100. The work done by Mr. Rivers during the last fourteen months has been greatly appreciated.

Rev. Mr. McRoberts of Corinth conducted the Orange service Sunday afternoon in the Methodist Church.

Rev. John Agnew of Clinton while here recently succeeded in landing a 32-inch pike.

SHIPPING CATTLE FROM HYDE PARK TO NEW YORK

London Buyer Picks Up 180 Prime Beeves for American Consumption.

HYDE PARK, Aug. 13.—In the death of Miss Rebecca Morris another of the pioneers of the village has been removed. Miss Morris had been a continuous resident of Hyde Park for many years. She died at the home of her brother after a long illness.

The funeral, which was private, was held to Mount Pleasant Cemetery. Rev. Mr. Bartlett, Methodist Church, had charge of the service. The pallbearers were: C. V. Morris, Percy Morris, R. Watson, G. Routledge, A. Roberts and C. Fortner.

Miss Morris is survived by one sister, Mrs. Green of London, and one brother, C. V. Morris of Hyde Park.

John Hall of London shipped 180 prime fat cattle on Saturday from the local Grand Trunk depot to Buffalo.

Joseph Winter has recently purchased the hotel in this village from Mr. Shane. He will take possession on October 1st, when he will open a temperance hotel and general store.

Hugh MacIver of Rodney and John McGill of Detroit motored here last week inspecting the different farms which have been offered for sale. They intend to purchase property in the vicinity of Hyde Park.

Rev. Mr. Deil of Florence, Ont., a former rector of Hyde Park, preached in the church of the Hosannas on Sunday evening.

Miss Vera Rossiter of Mossley, Ont., public school teacher of Hyde Park, made the second inspection of the school gardens today.

BRITISHERS BOMB XANTHI.

PARIS, Aug. 13.—The French official statement from Macedonia says:

"Army of the east, August 12: Patrol encounters have been reported in the Struma valley. The cannonade has been rather spirited all along the front, especially in the Cerna bend. British aviators have bombed enemy hangars and Xanthi, and French aviators have bombed the region between Malik and Ochrida Lakes."

LIBERAL CAUCUS IS CALLED IN MANITOBA TO GET WAR POLICY

Results of Recent Convention Not Satisfactory to Local Members.

WINNIPEG, Aug. 13.—A caucus of the Liberal members of the Manitoba Legislature to discuss the vital questions of war policy and the impending general elections, will be held this week, it is expected, probably Thursday evening. The results of the recent convention are not satisfactory to many of the members, it is stated.

George McDonald, M.L.A. for Turtle Mountain, declared tonight that he, too, voted against Laurier while attending the Liberal convention at Winnipeg. He also voted for the Turriff amendment. Reports from outside points indicate that the whole country is much stirred over the situation and a number of "win-the-war" mass meetings are being arranged.

WELL-KNOWN INGERSOLL RESIDENT PASSES AWAY

William Wallace, Head of Ingersoll Packing Company Shipping-Room, Dies.

INGERSOLL, Aug. 13.—The death of William Wallace, one of the town's best known residents, occurred today at his home, Bell street. He was in his 69th year and his death was not unexpected as he had been confined to the house for several months. For many years he was in charge of the shipping department of the Ingersoll Packing Company, all the while meriting the highest esteem of the firm and his fellow employees.

Besides his widow, he is survived by two sons, Mac, of Ingersoll; Morrison at the front, and Mrs. H. B. Muir, of London. The funeral will be held Wednesday afternoon to the Ingersoll Rural Cemetery.

GREECE NOW AT WAR WITH CENTRAL POWERS

LONDON, Aug. 13.—In reply to a question in the House of Commons today, Foreign Secretary Balfour said Greece was now definitely at war with Germany, Austria, Turkey and Bulgaria.

In a statement at the time of the reassembling of the Greek Parliament last month, Premier Venizelos said Greece was in the war with the Entente. No formal declaration to this effect was considered necessary, the Venizelos Government established at Saloniki before the deposition of King Constantine having declared war, and placed troops in the field.

PREVENTS BLACKLISTING.

MINNEAPOLIS, Aug. 13. — Judge Booth of the United States district court today handed down a final decree enjoining the Northwestern Lumbermen's Association from issuing blacklists, and following other alleged practices which would restrain lumber manufacturers and wholesalers from selling direct to consumer.

Wounded Stratford Soldier "Enlists" To Harvest Crops

STRATFORD, Aug. 13.—After having played his part in the front line in France, having been severely wounded and rendered unfit for further service at the Somme and later sent home, F. H. Taylor, 153 King street, is not satisfied. Being home from London on a month's leave, he has decided to do something to hold the front-line trenches at home, and so has enrolled with the farm labor battalion for a month.

This action of devoting his month's leave to this urgent work has won warm praise, and should prove an incentive to civilians to join in this movement.

DISTRICT CASUALTIES

KILLED IN ACTION

SEBRINGVILLE.
Pte. P. G. Max Kruspe.

GAS POISONING

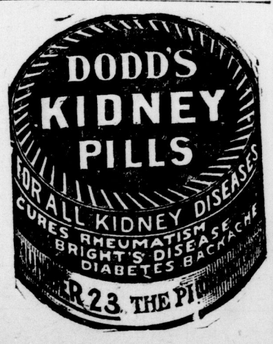
GUELPH.
Pte. Herbert Waterhouse.

WOUNDED

LONDON.
Pte. K. S. Stewart.
Pte. D. W. Hughes.
GUELPH.
Lance-Corp. L. Smeltzer.
BEACHVILLE.
Pte. Wm. Knott.
MOUNT BRYDGES.
Pte. L. R. Humphrey.
BEECHWOOD.
Pte. Wilfrid Holland.

TAFT LEAVES FOR CANADA TOMORROW IF ALL IS WELL

CLAY CENTER, Kas., Aug. 13.—William Howard Taft today continued his rapid improvement from an attack of intestinal indigestion, according to his attending physician, who declared his patient would be able to leave here for Canada Wednesday providing no complications arise.



HORSE KILLS BABY BY KICK, PARENTS FINDING DEAD BODY

Instant Death Results From Blow on Forehead by Hoof.

GALT, Aug. 13.—William Lloyd, the little four-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Lloyd of Sprague's road, a few miles from this city, was intsantly killed Sunday afternoon by a kick in the forehead by a horse. The little tot was playing in the yard with a dog when last seen. When he was missed he was noticed lying in a field, where the horses were pasturing. When his parents found him he was dead. The funeral was held this afternoon to Trinity Anglican Cemetery.

VETERANS' TAG DAY.

GALT, Aug. 13.—In connection with their celebration, the war veterans today held a tag day, which was in charge of a number of ladies and girls, who were on the streets all day, and hardly a person was allowed to go untagged. This scheme also realized for the veterans a substantial sum.

The proceeds from the celebration and tag day are to be applied to the relief fund of the War Veterans' Association, which is used to give assistance to returned men and soldiers' families.

UKRAINE COUNCIL WOULD REORGANIZE ALL RUSSIA

PETROGRAD, Aug. 13.—The Central National Council of the Ukraine has decided to convene on August 28 at Kiev a congress of delegates of all nationalities, with a view to the political reorganization of Russia on the basis of a federal republic.

THOUSANDS OF MEN REQUIRED FOR HARVESTING IN WESTERN CANADA.

Thousands of men are required to help in the great work of harvesting the western crop. Arrangements for transporting to the west this great army of workers have been completed by the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Excursions from points in Ontario to Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta will be run, and special trains operated, making the trip in about 36 hours, without change or transfer.

Going trip west, $12 to Winnipeg.

Returning trip east, $18 from Winnipeg.

Consult C.P.R. agents regarding transportation west of Winnipeg.

Going Dates.

August 21 and August 30—All stations in Ontario, west of Smith's Falls, up to and including Toronto, on Lake Ontario Shore Line, and Havelock-Peterboro line, also from stations between Kingston and Renfrew Junction inclusive, and from stations on Toronto-Sudbury direct line. From stations on Sault Ste. Marie branch. From stations on main line, Beaucage to Franz inclusive. From stations, Bethany Junction to Port McNicoll and Burketon-Bobcaygeon.

August 23 and August 30—From stations west and south of Toronto, up to and including Hamilton and Windsor, Ont. on Owen Sound, Walkerton, Teeswater, Wingham, Elora, Listowel, Goderich, St. Marys, Port Burwell and St Thomas branches, and stations Toronto and north to Bolton, inclusive.

Further particulars from any C.P.R. ticket agents, or W. B. Howard, district passenger agent, Toronto, Ont. A25.