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MORNING EVENING
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## Lloyd George's New Weapon.

Lloyd George believes France will drive Germany to a communist state, and ultimately to allegiance with Russia. In his articles, which appear in The Advertiser, the former premier of Britain marshals his facts so pointedly that the London Daily Telegraph refuses publication space, claiming they offend France.

Lloyd George was never known as a mincer of words. He states plainly that France is throwing a foreign yoke on the neck of the German people. He cannot see a restored Germany coming out of the digging of reparation coal with bayonets, or the cutting of reparation timber with swords.

Sane thinkers the world over see, and have seen for months, that the hope of a restored Europe is bound up in the hope of a restored Germany, a restored France, a restored Italy, and a restored Austria.

France is not aiming at German restoration. Therefore, France is not aiming at European restoration. France strikes out for France, and therein she differs from Britain, because Britain was sponsor for a plan that would make the payment of debt go hand-in-hand with an increased ability on German's part to pay.

Lloyd George may be no longer premier of Britain, but he can shake the world just as effectively through the printed page as he ever did on the public platform or on the floor of the mother of parliaments.

## Send Me to Jail.

A young man of 20, well dressed, appeared in court at St. Catharines and asked to be sent to jail until the spring comes. He was given three months.

These cases are puzzlers for a magistrate. This man said he could not find work, and had no money and no friends.

It would be interesting to know how many of this class make any provision for a rainy day when things are going well.

We're getting so used to having other people carry our grips and shine our shoes that dimes and quarters have formed the habit of departing from our pockets.

An injection of real old pioneer thrift would save a lot of people the embarrassment of crying "Kamerad" the first week out of work.

## Types of Newspapers.

The women of southern California have started a crusade to clean up some of the Los Angeles papers. They have mentioned the Christian Science Monitor as being a type of what a newspaper ought to be.

The Ottawa Journal goes into the matter a little deeper and seeks to find out how these model newspapers, of very high literary and moral worth, are supported. For evidence it goes right to Boston, the home of the Christian Science Monitor, and produces the following circulation figures:

| | |
|---|---|
| Christian Science Monitor | 42,000 |
| The Transcript (serious, literary, able) | 33,000 |
| Total | 75,000 |
| The Advertiser (Hearst) | 387,000 |
| The American (Hearst) | 291,000 |
| The Globe (sensational) | 286,000 |
| The Post (yellow and sensational) | 398,000 |
| Total circulation for serious, literary press | 75,000 |
| Total circulation for yellow press | 1,362,000 |

It is perhaps a sad commentary upon the taste of the reading public to be faced with these figures. A newspaper is a commercial proposition, and, in the same way as a store, it must find out what the public wants, and then give it to them.

Of course, there are excellent examples of U. S. papers that are in the "between" class. They are neither yellow nor sensational, nor are they toned down to exclude human appeal and interest. The Canadian field is well represented in this latter class, and it is a fact that Canadian publishers hold with a jealous pride to a standard that is fit for every member of the family to read with interest yet without injury or mental poison.

## We're Not Going Back.

When Premier Drury and Attorney-General Raney have a half-hour off they can always keep busy denying the rumors that they are going to make the O. T. A. less formidable.

The latest is that they have a beer and wine referendum. They have nailed that one down tight.

The Kingston Standard looks over the crime record of that city for three years and notices a decrease in drunkenness, infractions of O. T. A., theft and infractions of motor laws. The Standard concludes that, despite trouble in administration, the general effect has been good—good for the community, good for business and good for the home.

Ontario has no desire to slip back to the conditions from which she was delivered.

## The Price of Success.

Hon. Manning Doherty told the bean growers of Kent how to make a success of their co-operative marketing. His advice is: "An iron-bound contract between the producers and the company."

Very good. The next step is iron-bound quality and iron-bound service to the consumers.

Co-operative marketers in the Niagara district ignored this detail, and did not ship their best fruit when the best was called for.

The result was that they spoiled markets almost as soon as they opened them. They shipped green fruit and small fruit to a market that called for their best.

The measure of service co-operative marketers give to the consumers of their produce will be the measure of success that attends their efforts.

## Montreal's Reputation.

The searchlight has been turned on Montreal's methods of dealing with vice. In the year 1921 keepers of resorts to the number of 639 were arrested. Of these, 525, or 84 per cent, were fined costs only or let out on suspended sentence. Sixty-three, or 10 per cent, were jailed, and 84 were dismissed.

Montreal cannot be proud of this record, neither should it be necessary for the province to step in and help clean up the place.

Montreal is Canada's greatest city, and there are enough decent people in Montreal to be so envious of their city's reputation that they will see to it that their authorities act or make way for a set that will.

## Note and Comment

The French may want to dig coal in Germany, but it's a symptom that hasn't been bothering the miners at Edmonton for some weeks.

Here's a bright one from an exchange: "A frog can jump only one way at a time, which is the reason you never hear of a frog being elected to parliament."

France is doing the right thing at the wrong time. Had she invaded Germany any time between 1914 and 1918 approval of her action would have been unanimous.

Lenine and Trotsky, according to a report from Russia, are being paid $12 a week each. The report stops there, and does not state whether they are earning it or not.

Montreal man charged with fraud, says he can make leather from scraps. The man who buys boots for growing boys is quite certain this has been going on for a long time.

Sir John Willison has been appointed to the board of Toronto University, which causes the Winnipeg Free Press to remark that it's an odd day when Sir John isn't getting appointed to something or other.

Coinciding with the holding of the peace conference at Lausanne comes the announcement from Paris that France has turned out a new monster gun of tremendous size and range. This gun, of course, is intended to keep peace in Europe.

Employees of some departments at London city hall talk of forming a union to deal with aldermen who make reckless statements about them. Don't do it, folks. By the time this is attended to and worried over there will be no space left for regular work.

London's bravest men were those five who went into a contest to judge London's prettiest girl. It is worthy of note that Mayor Wenige and President James Gray of the chamber of commerce took care to have it announced that other members of the committee did the actual judging.

The case of the Indians on the reserve near Brantford is taken up at a meeting in Rochester, where the chief protests that they are not allowed to have liquor on the reserve. Canadian laws, he claims, do not apply to the Indians. Hon. Charles Stewart has some children in his family who should be spanked.

On June 22 last year 21 non-union miners were shot and butchered at Herrin, Ill. On January 19, five who were being tried for the murder of these men were acquitted. How far out was Sir Basil Thompson of Scotland Yard when he told United States just a week or so ago that its system of detecting and punishing crime was about the poorest on earth.

## IN LIGHTER VEIN

**Courage, Brother!**

Cheer up, boys! Even the Duke of York had to pop the question three times before the coy malden said "yes."—Halifax Chronicle.

**No Lessons Needed.**

Having tucked away $10,000 by the sale of his wedding picture it will not be necessary to mail any tracts to the former kaiser during thrift week.—Milwaukee Journal.

**Found Liberty at Last.**

We have no doubt that the California man who married twenty-four times and is now in the penitentiary finds himself enjoying more liberty than he has known in years.—New Orleans States.

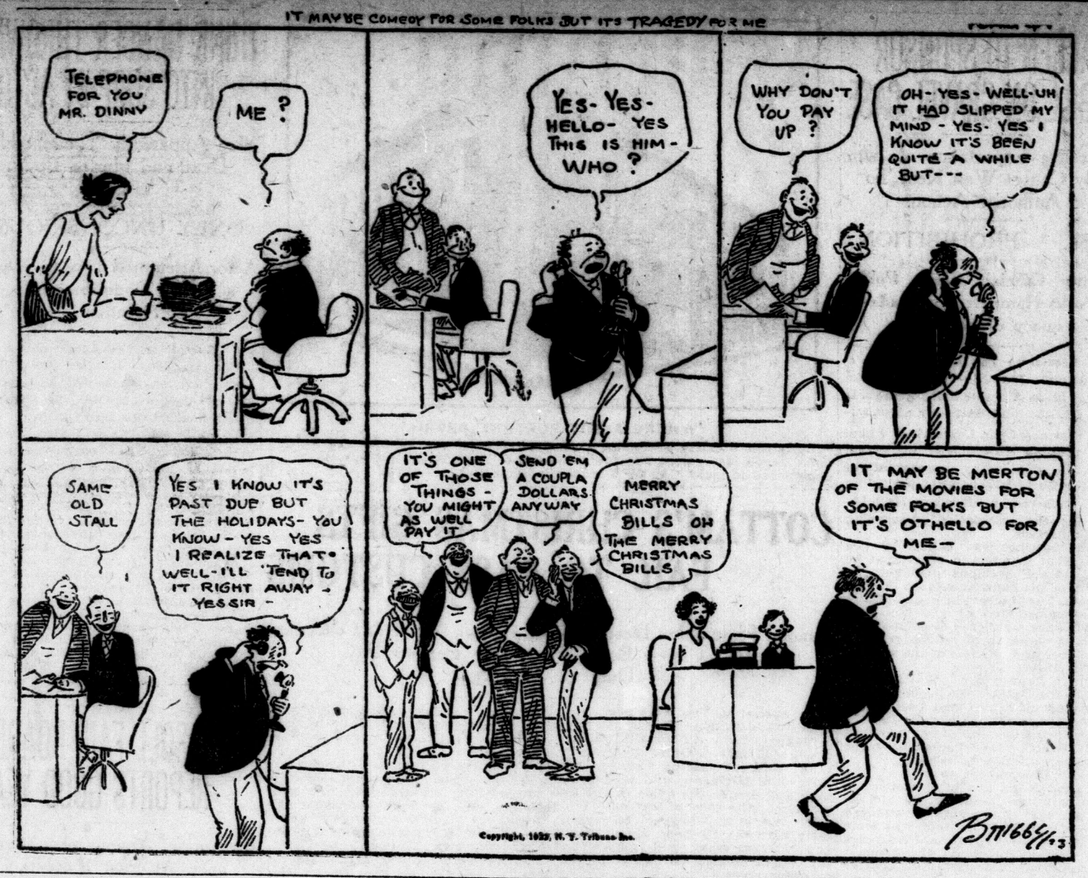
**No Doubt.**

Phone official says only one in 113 persons uses the phone correctly. Perhaps he means successfully.—Reading News-Times.

**She'll Get It Anyhow.**

Nipp—A woman always wants the last word.

Tuck—And a man can save a lot of time by letting her have it.—New York Sun.




## Your Health

**WHAT TO DO TO AVOID REAL OLD AGE AT FORTY-FIVE.**

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M.D., Commissioner of Health, New York City; U. S. Senator-Elect From New York State.

We think of old age as a condition associated with advanced years. Seventy-five or eighty is what we have in mind when we discuss this subject. I once operated on a man for senile cataract who was just past thirty. In reality this patient was an old man.

In the presence of medicine we run onto many old men and women who have had but forty-five birthdays. It isn't the date set down in the family Bible which determines old age. It is the condition of the organs and tissues of the body.

Whether you are old or not depends largely on the state of your heart and blood-vessels. If your pump does its work normally, and if your blood runs through flexible and healthy vessels, you are young.

If your blood-vessels become thickened and hard, if your heart overworks or if it flags in its action, you are old. If your blood-pressure is much too high, or much too low, your body will deteriorate.

It stands to reason that to stay young you must have pure blood, free from the taint of disease. You cannot carouse, take every chance of infection and be indifferent to physical consequence, without paying the penalty.

But it is not alone sinful neglect of your welfare that results in conditions fatal to the retention of youth. There are other factors almost as important, and yet we merely warn against them—we do not preach against them as we do against the moral hazards.

The time will come, I believe, when men and women will be ashamed of their physical lapses. Preventable bad health will be a reason for ostracism, just as other things are now.

Over-eating, over-working and over-worry are the great causes of ill-health. They are the chief factors in the production of old age. Over-eating and over-drinking have been such factors since the beginning, but over-work and over-worry are more recent things so far as universal effects go. The stress and strain of present-day existence are responsible for early old age.

Wrong eating and neglect of the body lead to liver, kidney and intestinal disturbances. These in turn result in the production of poisons which damage the body.

Do you think you can cheat nature? Do you think you can live as you like, do as you please, come and go at will, sleep when you feel like it and live to be one hundred? If you believe this you are on the way to the biggest surprise you ever had! Nature won't be cheated. No matter how smart you are you cannot evade her watchfulness.

Why be old at 45, when you might be young at 75? Keep your arteries soft by simple eating, the avoidance of excesses, cheerfulness of mind and the practice of the few rules of hygiene.

The mad rush of modern life must be tempered or the benefits of better living conditions will be lost. With reasonable care there will be no old persons at 45.

**ANSWERS TO HEALTH QUESTIONS.**

Mrs. M. Q. My baby, 5 months old, weighs 14 pounds. Is she overweight?

2. Is she old enough to be given orange juice and if so, how much?

3. She has cradle cap. What is the treatment for this?

A. No, the baby is not overweight.

2. Yes, it is all right to give her a tablespoonful of orange juice in the morning between the first and second feedings.

3. The head condition requires a shampoo of warm water and green soap. Several treatments may be necessary before this is entirely cured.

MRS H. T. P. Q—I have liver spots on my face and would like to know how to get rid of them.

A—These spots are due to deposits of pigment in the skin, and very little can be done to remove them except to correct the constipation which is usually present in this condition. For full particulars on the treatment of constipation, re-state your question and inclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

D. W. Q—I am a girl 13 years of age, height 5 feet 5 inches. Will you kindly tell me what my correct weight should be?

A—For your age and height, you should weigh about 117 pounds.

Mrs. M. C. Q. I am a poor woman 20 years old, and since the birth of my baby, five months ago, I have been troubled with pains in my back around my kidneys. Will you please tell me what to do for this?

A. You should have your back strapped with adhesive plaster and apply heat to the parts. Be careful not to strain your back. It would be advisable for you to have your urine analyzed, as it may show the cause of your trouble.

Reader. Q. Do you approve of X-ray treatment for the tonsils to cure rheumatism?

2. Does this treatment have any harmful effects?

A. Favorable reports of this treatment have been recorded.

2. If properly administered by one who understands its use there is not likely to be any bad result.

MISS X. X. Q—What causes a feeling of pressure in my left arm and hand? I also have this sensation at the base of my head.

A—This condition may be due to high blood-pressure. Have your blood-pressure taken and follow your doctor's advice.

## The Daily Story

**THE TREASURE HUNTERS.**

By Martha McCulloch-Williams.

Thickish mist made the hickory flat a world of faery, as a little earlier frost had made it a world of gold. Nowhere does nature paint a gold so richly, joyously golden as on the big rough leaves that sail down in lazy circles to lie crisping and exhaling the most delicious of all autumn scents. Especially when the leaf-carpet is delicately sodden, and the half-bare boughs above, writhing like ebony snakes, distil big bright drops that plash like clods on dead summer's grave.

Leland had escaped to it with the primal joy of a wild creature loosed suddenly in its native haunts. City-bred, her soul was yet truly sylvan; she loved even the stolid, stately oak woods and the soughing pines, but here in the flat was her true heart's home. She knew every dip and angle of it—the squirrel trails to the most fruitful scaly barks, the deceitful pignut trees that yielded only bitter fruit, but were the happy hunting ground of all the hogs running out—even the hoop-pole thickets, tall, straight limber sprouts from the roots of big trees cut for wagon timbers years and years back. There was hardly a nut to the sapling in the tickets; to make up for that, they were laced richly with wild grapevines heavily fruited. Thus possums made feast in them, coons likewise, and such constant birds as stayed the winter through. Vagrant humans despoiled their verge, but, so plenteous was the spoil, rarely ventured further in. Leland's mind was set on exactly that adventure—she must bring it to pass today, because tomorrow she would be no longer free.

Aunt Helen would come then, panoplied with a wedding gown, a ring, a bridegroom, all of her own choosing, and all of course for her niece. A little later she would whistle in caterers, lawyers, a bishop and such neighbors as were worthy of social recognition, get the wedding over and done with, then make haste back across the sea to her beloved home in England. Thorough expatiate that she was, she had somehow understood the futility of undertaking to match Leland with anything English, or even New English with the Harvard brand. Leland, wilful as any gypsy, threw back to her Carolina mother, whose vivid strain had quite swamped Saltonstall blood. A bit strange, considering that the mother had died at her birth, the father lived on and on until the child was fifteen. He had seen little of her—hating her at first as the source of his bitter bereavement, then coming to regard her with a sort of impatience, as a responsibility unwelcome because thrust upon him. Dying, he had left his daughter and her inheritance absolutely under his sister's control. But Mrs. Manners, born Saltonstall, found out experimentally that there is a difference betwixt control legal and control actual.

Leland craved just two things—life and love. Mrs. Manners had played her cards so skillfully, she made her niece understand that the way to both was through marriage. Then she had brought the girl briefly in contact with young Norton, who was handsome, well born, withal fairly well-off, and not offensively masculine. Result, a betrothal decorously tepid. Ever since Leland had been hating herself for it. But she was shrewd witted enough to understand she would gain nothing by drawing back. Also worldly-wise enough to feel that should the bonds prove too galling there were ways of escaping them—and once married, she would have a lot of money, securely her own.

Callous, you say, for barely sweet-and-twenty? In mitigation remember her lack of love, her craving for it. She had hoped wildly she might come to love Norton; instead, she simply tolerated him, as a way of escape.

Thought of him should not taint these last hours of freedom. She raised her clasped hands as though in invocation to the ebony serpent high overhead, then at full run plunged into the breast of the thicket; it gave to her impact, but was so resilient it threw her back clear of itself. Laughing, she plunged again, stabbing the matted mass with her keen scout knife. By help of it she made her way twenty yards in, then stopped short at sight of a gnome-like figure kneeling in a shallow pit. Upon a blanket at the pit edge lay surveyor's instruments and a heavy revolver. Through the soft, dead stillness of the thicket he caught her startled breath, looked up to what appeared a boy in scout raiment and called to it rather gruffly: "Son—It strikes me you have pressing business—somewhere else."

"I doubt it, Little Brother," Leland sent back moving a step nearer. Thus he saw his mistake. With a low whistle he went on: Morning mists are full of surprises; suppose I ask you politely to run along and forget what you are seeing?"

"My memory is—something awful." Leland said plaintively. She had no mind to loose the skirts of adventure now that Fate flung them on her hands. "Only way I can forget things is—to know all about them. You see, they don't bother me after that."

"Stranger here?" he asked.

She nodded, adding: "But all this belongs to me through my mother. That's why I insisted on coming here to be married; but whatever your guilty secret, I won't tell a soul—because there's no soul I know well enough."

"You never heard of the bank robbery five years back?" The girl shook her head—the gnome ran on: "Fine neat job, more gold than a strong man ought to carry vanished from the vault betwixt midnight and morning. How nobody has ever found out, neither who it was that helped on the vanishing. Made a lot of talk, does still in fact. I'm neither a detective nor a clairvoyant, merely a bum surveyor, at your service. A fortnight back I had the job of running your party line, there west of us, and somehow I kept coming into this thicket, when I hadn't the least need of it. This spot stuck in my mind; three nights since then, between sleep and waking, I have seen myself, as you see me, digging hard as dark turns to daylight. Why is a mystery, but the thing got so on my nerves, I came after 2 o'clock in the morning to see the thing through."

"I am so glad; let me help," Leland cried eagerly, kneeling and plunging her knife deep in the rich black earth. The man looked at her with a touch of awe. "You've got grit," he said very low. "But you know you are safe. I'd die rather than let harm come to you."

Again she nodded, smiling at him across the cascading earth and pebbles. They kept at it for an hour, hardly speaking, then the gnome scrambled upright, saying, "My fot's sound asleep," stamping hard as he spoke.

"Again! It rings hollow," Leland all but whispered. The gnome obeyed, then sank down, tearing at the heavy earth with bare hands. Leland stopped him, saying tensely, "Pick and spade," and when he had plied them vigorously a minute or so, "There's a big root; cut it."

It was a big root, spreading wide and flattish over something it could not devour or dislodge. It was iron-black and so hard it almost turned the knife edge, but presently the gnome wrenched it a little way upward with a bellow of triumph. The growing root had forced slightly apart the lid and rim of an iron pot. Pried wholly apart, a matter of leverage and calculation, the lid came off, revealing moldering sacks with gold eagles popping through.

"We did really find a treasure," Leland cried gayly. The gnome smiled at her enchantingly, despite his grimy face., "I have found two," he said significantly. "My name is Joe Herbert. My uncle the bishop will vouch for me when he comes——"

"But—but how do you account for it, your dreaming, and all that?" Leland interrupted.

"It may account for itself any way it likes," said Herbert. "My Scotch great-grandmamma had second sight; maybe a little of it came down to me."

By grace of his flivver Joe got the treasure safe to the bank around 12 o'clock. As he swung into the president's room with the bulging blanket, clay-marked and damp, on his shoulder, that excellent gentleman fell in a dead faint, from which happily he never recovered. The gold went back into the vaults with no flourish of trumpets, but in strict privacy. Young Mr. Herbert was paid the standing reward of five thousand dollars. But since great bodies function slowly, that was a bit after he came home from his honeymoon. Of course he married Leland, Aunt Helen and young Norton to the contrary notwithstanding. And nobody has ever said they did not live happily ever after.

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## EMBRO

Special to The Advertiser.

Embro, Jan. 22.—Mrs. D. Murray is the guest of Lakeside friends.

The annual meeting of Knox Church was held Wednesday afternoon. Rev. W. P. Lane presided. The following officers were elected: Secretary and treasurer, Mr. Columbus Ross; chairman of the board, Mr. John Day; board of managers, Frank Thomson, Alex. Pelton, H. W. Sutherland, George Wadland, Robert Mathison, Duncan Hossack, Charles Mathison and John Masters; auditors, Walter Ross and R. J. Murray. The reports showed good work during the year.

Mrs. W. W. Murray and Miss Graeme McDonald attended the Presbyterial meeting at Brantford.

The U. F. O. egg circle paid 43 cents a dozen last week for eggs. The Maple Leaf egg circle paid 47 cents a dozen.

Miss Ena Gordon has returned home after spending three weeks at the home of her brother, Mr. J. W. Gordon, in Toronto.

Mr. Arnold of the Royal Bank staff here has been moved to Ingersoll. Mr. Hill of Hamilton takes his place.

The W. M. S. of Knox Church here staged the "Pill Bottle" at Kintore. Solos were rendered by Miss Margaret Smith and Mr. Fred Peat, quartets by Mrs. Lane, Miss Smith, Mr. Peat and Mr. John McDonald. Miss Heiney, who rendered several selections during the evening, was the organist. Proceeds amounted to $60. Subsequently the Kintore people served a generous supper.

## MILK DEALERS WILLING TO ABIDE BY TEST LAW

There are no delinquent milk dealers in and around London, reports Dr. C. S. Tamlin, inspector of dairies and herds.

The inspector refers to the famous tubercular milk test bylaw passed last year by the city council, and explains that while there are several milk producers in the district, who have not subjected their cattle to the required test, they have expressed willingness to abide by the law, without further protest, just as soon as the authorities can make the necessary arrangements.

Latest reports show, Dr. Tamlin states, that milk now coming into the city is of an excellent quality.

## STORK GOES ON STRIKE IN THE CITY OF TORONTO

Canadian Press Despatch.

Toronto, Jan. 22.—Toronto's birth-rate is decreasing. During 1922 there were 846 fewer babies born in this city than in 1914, the first year of the war, and 619 fewer than in 1913.

This is significant, in view of the fact that in 1913 the city's population was 445,575, and in 1914 it was 470,141, while the 1922 total is 529,000.

## TO THE EDITOR

**ABOUT HYPNOTISM.**

Editor Advertiser:

Sir,—I cannot say how glad I was to see a little of truth concerning autosuggestion in your paper. I, too, have been an unwilling sufferer from this cause. I would like to say that it is only through having a complete knowledge of the whole thing that victim has any chance of emancipating himself from the evil influences of hypnotism, alias autosuggestion alias spiritualism, etc., yet when it comes to making the facts public, there seems to be a certain amount of moral cowardice. I would just like to explain to your readers exactly what autosuggestion is. It is made up of three things, mental telepathy, suggestion and the victim's own imagination. Mental suggestion and visible suggestion starts the victim's mind to work, and his own imagination enlarges on them, when by a constant succession of suggestions, both visible and mental, the victim can be kept living in an unreal world for weeks together, and may even become a permanent crank. People have been made to imagine that they were detectives, V. C's, prophets, heirs to thrones, etc., and sometimes the victim will take a suggestion not intended for him and commit suicide and other crimes.

It also tends to make a person self-conscious and imagine that everything said or done is a suggestion intended for him. I should like to say that all the good that can be got out of this kind of thing can be got just as well if the patient has full knowledge of the whole business.

Undoubtedly all spirit mediums, and other persons, who have come under the influence of this kind of thing should have it all explained to them by a doctor. Hoping you will see fit to publish this in the interest of sanity, I remain yours, truly

S. WOOD,
230 McKay avenue, Manor Park.

## MAN KILLED, 18 HURT IN AUTO-RADIAL CRASH

### Chicago Electric Train Derailed Plunges Into Ditch After Striking Motor.

Associated Press Despatch.

Chicago, Jan. 22.—One man was killed and eighteen persons were injured, when a three-car, Chicago-bound, Aurora and Elgin electric train was derailed after striking an automobile at a crossing just outside Chicago today.

The man killed and four of the injured persons were passengers in the automobile. The train crashed into the car with such a force that all three coaches, including a heavy diner, were thrown from the rails and plowed along the ties for some distance before plunging into a ditch.

As the heavy coaches toppled on their sides, the screams of the injured brought farmers living nearby to the scene. Rescue squads were hurriedly called, and ambulance summoned from Chicago to take the victims to hospitals.

## TWO KILLED WHEN PLANE CRASHES INTO OCEAN

Associated Press Despatch.

San Francisco, Jan. 22.—E. C. David, pilot for a commercial aviation company, and William Trapper, student flier, were killed here yesterday when the airplane in which they were flying plunged 300 feet into San Francisco Bay.

## BLAZING DWELLING REVEALS TRAGEDY

### Newport Fireman Find Man Dying, Wife Dead, With Battered Skulls.

Special to The Advertiser.

Newport, R. I., Jan. 22. — Their skulls crushed and their bodies badly charred by flames, apparently kindled by an unknown slayer to destroy traces of their murder, Fraser McLeish and his wife, Madeleine, were found Sunday by firemen in a blazing gardener's lodge on Brenton's road, near Newport.

Church-goers, passing the lodge, which is in an aristocratic summer colony on an estate owned by Mrs. Paul Fitzsimmons, observed smoke issuing from windows. Firemen found McLeish, still breathing, on the bathroom floor. Mrs. McLeish's body lay on the lower end of a bed, which had partly fallen through the burned floor. Both her legs were burned, the right nearly consumed.

Her body was taken to police headquarters, while the man was hurried to the Newport Hospital. He died en route Autopsies by two physicians indicated that nothing had fallen on the victims' heads accidentally, but that apparently they both had met death by "external violence, with murder suspected."

Awakened by smoke bursting up from the kitchen below, according to a police reconstruction of the crime, McLeish apparently staggered to the bathroom, before he was felled by a blow. Thus far no motive has been advanced by investigators.

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and particularly good in the ORANGE PEKOE QUALITY, fine to the taste and economical in the pot.

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| Read Down | | | | Read Up |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 11:45 a. m. | Lv. Detroit | (M.C.R.R.) | Ar. | 3:55 p. m. |
| 1:55 p. m. | Lv. Toledo | (Big Four) | Ar. | 1:43 p. m. |
| 8:10 p. m. | Lv. Cincinnati | (So. Ry.) | Ar. | 7:15 p. m. |
| 6:30 a. m. | Ar. Chattanooga | " " | Lv. | 9:00 p. m. |
| 11:25 a. m. | Ar. Atlanta | " " | Lv. | 4:00 p. m. |
| 3:10 p. m. | Ar. Macon | " " | Lv. | 1:45 p. m. |
| 11:30 p. m. | Ar. Hampton | " " | Lv. | 5:25 a. m. |
| 5:30 a. m. | Ar. Tampa | (S.A.L. Ry.) | Lv. | 11:10 p. m. |
| 7:55 a. m. | Ar. St. Petersburg | " " | Lv. | 8:40 p. m. |

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