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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Saturday, August 11.

THE SECOND GREAT QUESTION.

THE first great question in Canada, in common with the rest of the world, is the war, and the second great question in Canada is Canada's railway problems.

The Hon. George P. Graham delivered a clear speech on the subject in the House of Commons recently. Three courses were open to the Government in acquiring the Canadian Northern, first, through a receiver; second, expropriation; third, purchase of the common stock. The Government had adopted the third course, purchase of the common stock.

The people of Canada are apt at present to underestimate the tremendous importance of this question. The war has dwarfed all other questions, no matter how great. In ordinary times the proposition to buy out the Canadian Northern would have created great interest, and been the subject of much discussion. It will be followed by the acquisition of the Grand Trunk Pacific. Government control but not Government ownership is the desirable course. The railways will not be as efficient under Government management as under private management. It will cost much more to run them and the service will be less satisfactory. It does not appear that further aid to the Canadian Northern was seriously considered by the Government according to the reply of the finance minister. In reply to Mr. German he said although the net earnings of the Canadian Northern were $2,000,000 more this year than the previous year, all were needed for rolling stock and betterments. They could not meet the interest on their debentures and needed at least $20,000,000 more.

The reply of the finance minister suggests one of the most important questions. For years it has been stated that the Canadian Northern was not well built, while the Grand Trunk Pacific was splendidly built. Large sums will be needed to bring the roadbed and equipment up to the proper standard. The Government did not consider a loan of $20,000,000, but preferred Government ownership. The Government has large obligations already incurred on behalf of the Canadian Northern. How much will the country be called on to pay in any event? How much will be required to finish the road? The country is buying a railway in course of construction. Public ownership is not as desirable as private ownership. Public ownership may cost the country far more than assistance from time to time, to keep the road in operation would do.

The Hon. George P. Graham favored leaving the question to the exchequer court. This would be a good course if the court had the assistance of competent railwaymen and engineers. They have the condition of the road from end to end to consider. What is necessary to complete its construction and equipment? How much would it cost to keep it going as a private enterprise as compared with the cost as a Government owned railway? What are the present obligations of the country and how secured? What will be the ultimate obligations of the country and how are they secured?

There should be a long pause on the brink, before taking such a plunge. It may lead to the railways owning the country, and not the country owning the railways. The Dominion Government, Mr. Graham pointed out, has already guaranteed C. N. R. securities for the sum of $400,000,000, and the various provinces for $107,514,441.79, of which the province of British Columbia shares over $40,000,000.

As the principle, of private ownership with public control, is so much to be preferred to public ownership, the questions should be examined and considered very carefully, whether such help as may be needed from time to time, retaining private management, would not be better for the country, and less expensive, than the proposed purchase. The purchase involves changes and questions that cannot be foreseen. Only time would reveal them.

CAUGHT AGAIN.

ARCHIE McCOIG, M. P., has succeeded in laying bare one more proof that the Borden Government cannot be trusted to treat the people fairly and squarely when the interests of the masses seem to conflict with those of moneyed concerns. He has made Hon. T. W. Crothers confess that George F. Henderson, K.C., who has been appointed chairman of the commission to review the report of W. F. O'Connor, K. C., on cold storage corporations, is the same man who defended the Ottawa Dairy Company this year when it was alleged to be charging extortionate prices, and when W. F. O'Connor was the Government commissioner conducting the probe.

The fact that Mr. Henderson had acted for the dairy company is not of great importance in itself; the prosecuting attorney in one case may be the lawyer for the defence in another without exciting any comment. But in this instance the suspicious circumstance is the unwillingness of the Government to admit Mr. Henderson's connection with the dairy inquiry. Mr. McCoig has been trying to obtain the information for some days, his questions all remaining unanswered. He has pressed the point, but without result, until Wednesday.

There can be no doubt that Mr. Crothers and his cabinet colleagues were aware of the facts, so there was no legitimate reason for the hesitancy in replying. It could only be that they were desirous of hiding the truth from the public for their own purposes. Certainly it can never be said of the Borden Government that it was "bold enough to be honest."

PATRIOTIC GIRLS.

LONDON'S civic holiday was the occasion of a patriotic demonstration which was unique and yet so quietly conducted that little attention was given it, except by those who directly benefitted. It was a demonstration without music or speeches, made up of actions which speak "louder than words."

According to custom nearly all stores in the city closed for the day, and employees were allowed a holiday. The girls who stand behind the counters do not have too many off days in which they may enjoy themselves, and few of those they have are as fine as was Monday. But all were not content to spend the day in amusements at such a critical time. Many decided to give half that day to patriotic work, and early in the morning they arrived at fruit farms in Springbank vicinity and proceeded to pick raspberries until noon. Having done their bit, they then went off for their picnic in the park.

This work was not done for the sake of the money earned; nearly all the girls were amateurs at picking and earned but a few cents. The idea was to help conservation, and the farmers appreciated both the spirit and the deed.

Just as a suggestion, there are a good many farmers near at hand who would appreciate male help on the Wednesday half-holidays during the harvest, and those who spend the rest of the week in shops or factories would find the work just as much of a change as a trip to the lakeside.

CARRYING FISH TO OWEN SOUND.

WHEN the ladies of Owen Sound asked Food Controller Hanna to send his special fish train from the Atlantic coast to the Great Lake city on the shore of Huron, the old paradox of "carrying coals to Newcastle" comes to mind.

Carrying fish to Owen Sound is just like taking fuel to the mines. In the islands within easy reach of Owen Sound are many fishermen who catch the choicest of fish. Now there is not such a distinctive taste to any fish as to make an appeal go up from Owen Sound for cod and halibut when tons of whitefish are swimming within a few miles of the kitchen ranges of the Sound.

But there is some big barrier between the fishermen of the islands and the kitchen ranges of Owen Sound. That barrier is the American fish trust, and it puts the screws on the fishermen "for further orders," so far as price is concerned, and takes good care that little of fine Huron whitefish is sold in the homes of Owen Sound. So that is why the ladies are asking that fish be carried to Owen Sound. Surely Mr. Hanna should be careful about seeming to serve the fish trust. Let us have our share of the fish caught in our home waters, and let a fair price be fixed for fishermen and consumer. Cut out the "American hog" about which our Conservative friends were so voluble in 1911.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Lloyd George's speech has got under the skin of German editors. They grow amusingly abusive when they're angry.

There seems to be no difficulty in getting the delegates to the Irish convention to agree on one point—an adjournment.

Well, going without beef and bacon on Fridays will not trouble some people, who have made this fast a life-long habit.

There is no cause for racial or religious war in Canada. All people should obey the laws, which oppress no race or creed.

The Germans are repulsing many imaginary British attacks. No doubt this tires them out so that they cannot repel real offensives.

Montreal's mayor might show his sincerity by causing the arrest of some of those wild-talking anti-conscriptionists who threaten murder.

When an unarmed British merchantship sinks a submarine, the Empire is interested and could stand more than just the plain announcement of the fact.

A motorist drove from Toronto to Montreal in eleven hours, the distance being 360 miles, and the highest speed attained 55 miles an hour. This was done during the night. Are there no laws against such speeding? No wonder accidents are so frequent.

Russia is again under a czar, but it is a self-made czar. Kerensky is no poor, weak, superstitious noodle, degenerate and ruling by "divine" right. In sovereignty, at any rate, might goes some way to make right. The ruler must first be capable.

Manufacturers, who met in Woodstock to arrange for supplying farmers with help during the harvest, decided that all who volunteered should be paid $3 a day and board by the farmers. This is not too much, but it would be interesting to know if these manufacturers are paying all their own men this wage as a minimum.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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HIS LAST MATCH.

By Isabel Frost.

The professor had noticed his fellow travelers but slightly on the trip to the caves from his hotel at Staunton. He was deep in a description of the famous caverns, and making notes of special features he was anxious to see.

Another thing, the professor was not susceptible to feminine influence, however proximitous. He had been a guest at the Mountain View Hotel for five weeks, jaunting hither and yon on his research work, and never had even the suspicion of romance crossed his path; but just as they reached the end of the road leading to the caves he had closed his notebook, placed it in his inner pocket and glanced up to meet the most interesting eyes he had ever seen, gazing at him questioningly.

There were two persons before him—the owner of the eyes and her companion, evidently a relative. The first was about 20, her traveling suit was a dark brown linen, her hat of close brown straw, her waist of pongee and her eyes and hair were brown. Some vagrant lines from Percy's Reliques crossed the professor's mind.

"Oh, nut brown maid, I met thee wandering,
All clad in woodland brown."

Her companion, the professor noted hastily, was somewhere in the uncertain years of spinsterhood; her felt fedora only accentuated her rather sharp profile and reticent manner. She eyed the professor with reflective, postponed judgment, at the same time noting his interest in the "nut brown maid."

At the entrance to the caves the two went ahead, as the professor lingered, lured by the printed descriptions in the guide books for sale at the door. The old man in charge answered all his queries mechanically. The day was warm, and visitors had been numerous. Yes, the caves were so many miles long, only a certain portion had been explored, some were lighted by electricity, and some by guide torches. There was no danger, if you were pretty surefooted, and didn't go wandering off by yourself. The caves were all natural formation, etc.

The professor received his torch and tucked it under his arm, absent-mindedly, quite as if it had been a baton. He ignored the little box of safety matches held out by the man, and made way into the caves jubilantly.

Far in advance rambled Mollie and Miss Annabel. It was Mollie's first trip in vacation time; in fact, it was her first year as a teacher, and now instead of keeping her mind firmly on Miss Annabel's dissertation on stagmalites and stalactytes, she was wondering whether everyone was interested in such things, whether that nice blond boy with the eyeglasses who had sat opposite to them in the stage really and truly enjoyed going through caves on a midsummer day, when all the beauty of the outside world called to them. She remembered seeing him at the hotel near Staunton and on several of their expeditions. Oh, how tired she was of that word, expedition. To travel, one should have a gypsy cart, and no time schedules.

She hardly caught what Miss Annabel was saying when all at once the lights went out and they were in pitch darkness.

"Thank goodness we have our torches," exclaimed Miss Annabel thankfully. "Be careful where you step. The bottomless lake is just beyond us—or was it the pool of the Gnomes? Do you remember, Mollie?"

"I don't remember anything," replied Mollie desperately, "and I haven't any matches. What do you suppose has happened?"

Just then a guide's voice sounded for at the end of the cavern. Something had happened at the power plant. The lights would be turned on at any instant. Everyone was to stay on the exact spot where they were and move at their own peril. Even as he said this there came a splash. Not a loud one, but just as if a stone had been tossed into the lake, and then a voice almost within a few feet of them.

"It's all right," said the professor, "It was my match safe. I was nervous, and it fell from my hands, but I've one last match left. I think we'll have to risk it for our torches."

"Haven't you any paper?" asked Miss Annabel sharply. "We could twist tapers and conserve the light supply in this way."

The professor shuddered. He had only his notebook, filled with precious data for several magazine articles. He struck the match as a last hope, and it caught the pitch-dipped tow on the end of his torch. The flare of light revealed the two on the rocks below him, and the professor improved every moment of the time they waited. He drew imagery of the past. He was Dante, he said, convoyed by Beatrice and one of her blessed companions through the shades. Come to think of it he would rather be Orpheus seeking Eurydice. Miss Annabel sniffed audibly.

"I don't see," she said, "how you can even think flippantly in a place like this. I feel as if I were buried alive."

The lights failed to go up, and guides came through the caverns to lead all tourists out safely. Miss Annabel went ahead, while the professor aided Mollie. At the entrance he held her hand eagerly.

"I think we're stopping at the same hotel," he said. "I am Professor Winthrop, of Hartsdale College, Monticello, Iowa. Might I call?"

Miss Annabel was visibly impressed, and Mollie disappointed. He had not looked one bit like a professor.

In the last weeks of vacation that followed the professor did his best to overcome the stumbling block, but Mollie had been teaching in a government Indian school in South Dakota, and was thoroughly prejudiced against academic training at close range. And yet the professor was so boyish and youthful! As Miss Annabel said, his appearance was so very much against him.

Mollie listened to her objections, never dreaming that the thrill of romance had been weakened even in her armored breast.

"You see," she told the professor, hesitatingly, the night when he asked her to marry him, "I love romance even if I am a school teacher. If you could give up your chair at Monticello. What do you teach?"

"Forestry," replied the professor.

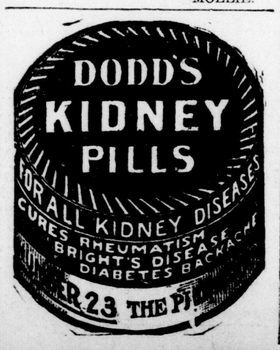
Mollie's eyes sparkled.

"Oh, I love that. If you were only a forest ranger I know I'd say yes."

But the professor persevered, and the morning before they were to have left for the West Miss Annabel tapped at Mollie's door a long while, receiving no answer. She [illegible] a note on her cushion that told the whole story.

"Dear Miss Annabel,—I know you will blame me horribly, but I couldn't bear just to teach school for the next twenty years as you have done. Phil and I have eloped. I hope you will have a pleasant trip back home. Lovingly,

"MOLLIE."



Wait a Minute!

By J. H. F.

One of our well-known citizens is getting rather bald, noticeably so, and he is not altogether proud of the fact. However, the other day he took his boy, a bit of a youngster, into the barber shop to get his hair cut. The boy was placed in the chair, and the facetious barber asked, "What kind of a haircut do you want, my boy?" "Just the same as daddy's—wif a hole in the top." Good, that.

* * *

Bob Rogers may go to England. He is certain to go to that political bourne from which no one ever returns. Good-bye, Bob.

* * *

Hugh Guthrie, M.P., may not be opposed for re-election. "I always hit the feathers; I never hit the hay," is a sweet little thing being warbled by Hughie.

* * *

These reporters are the versatile cusses. The other day Bailiff Ryan, Toronto, was in the city to take a flock of birds from the county jail to the Burwash Industrial Farm. The chain gang was duly hitched, but the bailiff had no man to lead the procession and prevent the herd from stampeding down the place. The Advertiser reporter (our own Pinkie) was questioned. Would he lead the merry men of sin? Would he? Well, rawther. He was taken out into the open in order to give him room enough to throw out his chest, and started saying, "Come, rascals!" and off he started. The parade to the station had anything beaten in London to a frazzle, or words to that effect. Ceasar, leading his legions, had nothing on our demon side-kick. He resembled Ed Walsh, the former ball player, who could strut without moving. That's our boy. When he got them seated, chains and cuffs, and all that, he waved them a touching farewell from the station. Then, conscious of duty well and nobly done, he marched back to the office. Next thing we know one of these reporter persons will be made a chaperon to homeless ducks. They're the boys. We do not wish to give his name, but he is the regular Beau Brummel of this staff, and a regular killer with the ladies.

* * *

Dr. Michael Clark will now recite "The Retreat From Winnipeg." Touching.

* * *

Dr. Michael Clark did not sweep the West of its feet. He swept the West off his feet.

* * *

Some politicians tried to isolate Quebec, with the result that Ontario looks a trifle lonesome just now. Toronto politicians, please note.

* * *

The Irish had a big picnic on Thursday. Fighting each other has been forgotten at these functions.

* * *

PRUDENCE.

He's cautious, is old Hiram Sass,
He won't go out at night;
But some day he'll blow out the gas
Or fool with dynamite.
—Luke McLuke.

Full many a chance must Hiram run,
As is above forboded;
Perhaps he'll trifle with a gun
He doesn't know is loaded.
—Detroit Free Press.

But everything will be all right
With Hiram, I would note;
Unless he goes to row some night
And starts to rock the boat.
—Peoria Journal.

But he will live out all his life
And all his days be pleasant;
Unless he tells jokes on his wife
Some time when she is present.
—Houston Post.

He will not live out all his days,
Nor half of them, indeed;
Unless he mends his foolish ways
Of speeding up his speed.
—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Poor Hiram up the golden stair
Has climbed—he's up to stay;
He shed his winter underwear
The thirty-first of May.
—Nebraska State Journal.

Yes, Hiram will live long and be
Successful as a sticker;
Unless, alas, he makes too free
With bad, blind-tiger licker.
—Birmingham Age-Herald.

But if he leads a double life,
And then talks in his slumber;
It won't be long before friend wife
Gets poor old Hiram's number.
—Springfield (Mass.) Union.

* * *

Somebody tried to blow up a newspaper proprietor in Montreal. It is hard to blow up a newspaperman. That's their game.

* * *

Women are to wear trousers, a dispatch says. In many homes they have been doing that for lo these many years.

* * *

A circus midget has been arrested for beating up the fat man and the wild man. Seems they got the wrong wild man. Still, it isn't much of a job to beat up a fat man.

* * *

Bill Taft has indigestion. Well, he has a lot of room for that complaint.

* * *

Bill Hanna is going to order two beefless and two baconless days. The average man will add that he is having sleepless nights. Bill should get some gasolineless evenings also.

* * *

Lemons bring out hidden beauty, says a face doctor. Some women must be glorious on this lay, judging from the husbands they plucked.

* * *

A Tennessee sect has started a back-to-Eden movement. Must have a bathing beach there.

* * *

There are spots on the sun. However, they are no improvements made for Germany's place there.

* * *

Ex-Czar Nick has broken his leg riding on a bicycle. He would be safer in the trenches provided he could keep ahead of the mob running home.

* * *

Americans think that one of the best things that has come out of the war is the silence of Bill Bryan. This Thanksgiving should be a joyful one for the Yanks.

* * *

New York flat dwellers should make good soldiers. The noise of the shells will be music in their ears.

* * *

Bob Rogers is not now singing that beautiful ballad, "My Political Home in the West."

POLICE ARREST ONE OF THE DYNAMITING GANG

Montreal, Aug. 10.—Col. Percy Sherwood, chief of the Dominion police, arrived here this morning with a couple of his officers to probe the dynamite outrage at the summer home of Lord Atholstan, Cartierville, yesterday morning. So far nothing has been discovered except the capture of one of the gang, that would lead in any way to the discovery of the dynamiters.

Several meeting places of recently formed organizations are being closely watched, police officers admit, but so far there are no arrests and none in sight.

NEWS OF HER DEATH SHOCK TO SISTER

The report from Chicago, published in The Advertiser a few days ago, that Miss Helen Lindley had died there, came as a complete surprise to her sister, Mrs. Proshaw, of this city, who had not heard any news of her death.

Inquiries have since been made by The Advertiser, but the reply received from the hospital at which she was supposed to have gone for an operation, was that nothing was known of her whereabouts, but that the officials there did not think that she was dead.

Mrs. Proshaw received a letter from her sister about the end of July stating that she had undergone an operation, and that she was about to have another operation, and in the meantime she asked Mrs. Proshaw not to write to her until she heard from her again. This was the last news she received of her death until the report published in The Advertiser announced her death.

WILL NOT ATTEND.

London, Aug. 10.—The Belgian and Italian Socialists have resolved not to attend the International Socialist Conference at Stockholm, according to a dispatch from the Swedish capital to the Exchange Telegraph Company.

Stomach Cramps COLIC

These are very painful, and their attacks are often sudden, and sometimes fatal. The principal seat is in the stomach and bowels, producing severe twisting, cramping pain, and often accompanied by vomiting. If you are troubled in this way, there is only one remedy to cure you, and that one is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It has a record of cures extending over 72 years, and we have yet to hear of a case where it has failed to either relieve or cure.

Beware of imitations and substitutes sold by unscrupulous dealers for the sake of greater profits, as these no-name, no-reputation, worthless preparations may prove dangerous to your health.

Mrs. H. Miller, 735 Mark street, Fort William, Ont., writes: "Last summer my husband came home from work, and could hardly straighten up for cramps. The first thing I gave him was a dose of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and I hadn't repeated it very long until he was all right again. It is the only remedy I give my children in the summer for cholera or cramps in the stomach. I have never been without it in the house for the last two or three years."

Price 35c. Put up only by The T. Milburn Company, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Traction Company

Cars leave London as follows, Sunday cars being marked with a star: 6:15, 7:30, *9:00, 10:00, *11:00 a.m., *1:00, *2:00, *3:00, *4:00, *5:00, *6:00, *7:00, *8:00, *9:00, *10:00, 11:00 p.m. Cars at 9:00, 10:00 and 11:00 p.m. run to St. Thomas only. Extra accommodation cars to St. Thomas only at 1:30 and 6:15 p.m. Fares to St. Thomas and Port Stanley and return daily 20c; children half-fare.

LONDON AND PORT STANLEY RAILWAY

Timetable Effective June 1, 1917.

To Port Stanley—*5:20, 6:20, *7:20, 8:20, *9:20, 10:20, *11:20 a.m., 12:20, *1:20, 12:20, *3:20, 4:20, *5:20, 6:20, *7:20, 8:20, *9:20, 10:20 p.m. Saturdays only, July and August, 11:20 p.m.

To St. Thomas Only—2:21, 6:21, 11:20 p.m.

*Limited. †Local on Sunday. Heavy type, daily, except Sunday.

2:20 and 6:20 p.m. cars are local between St. Thomas and Port Stanley.

Incline Railway, Port Stanley, operates daily, 6:30 a.m. till 11:30 p.m.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Harvest Help Excursions

$12 to Winnipeg

August 21 and 30—From Stations Lyn, Ont., and west to Toronto inclusive.

August 23 and 30—From Stations Toronto and west in Ontario.

For particulars as to tickets west of Winnipeg, etc., apply to R. E. Ruse, C. P. and T. A., "Clock Corner," Dundas and Richmond streets. Phone 80.

Aug.11,15,18,22,25,29

CUNARD LINE

PASSENGER SERVICE
BETWEEN
MONTREAL AND LONDON
Calling Falmouth to Land Passengers.
AND
MONTREAL AND BRISTOL
For particulars of sailings and rates apply to local agents, or to The Robert Reford Company, Limited, General Agents, 50 King street east, Toronto.

Aug.31

FIGHTING FOR HAPPINESS

When you get into a frame of mind that makes life seem one tiresome duty after another, with no pleasure in it; when ill-health seems to take all the joy out of life and you worry over things that are really not worth worrying about, then your nervous system is becoming exhausted, and you are on the way to a general breakdown in health. In this condition your health and happiness is worth fighting for, and good, rich, red blood is what your system needs. It is a hopeless task to try to restore your health while your blood is deficient either in quantity or quality. And remember that no medicine can be of any use to you that does not build up your weak, watery blood.

To build up the blood and strengthen the nerves there is one remedy that has been a household word for more than a generation—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It is the actual mission of these pills to make new, rich, red blood, which strengthens the nerves and tones the entire system. They give you a new appetite, make sleep refreshing, put color in the lips and cheeks, and drive away that unnatural, tired feeling that oppresses so many people. If you want to experience new health and happiness give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial.

You can get these pills through any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

CANADIAN NORTHERN

36,000 Harvesters Wanted

$12.00 TO WINNIPEG

Plus Half a Cent per Mile beyond to any Station East of Calgary, Edmonton or Burbank, Alta.

Return Fare Half a Cent per Mile to Winnipeg till November 30th, 1917, plus $18.00 to Original Starting Point.

EXCURSION DATES

AUGUST 23 and 30

SPECIAL TRAIN SERVICE

LEAVES TORONTO 10 P. M.

The Best of Equipment and Lunch Counter Cars
Special Accommodation for Women.

For Tickets and for Leaflets showing number of laborers required at each point apply to F. B. CLARKE, Agent, London, or write General Passenger Dept., C.N.R., Toronto, Ont.

43 tf-ywt

The TRANSCONTINENTAL

Lv. TORONTO 10.45 P. M. TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY
Ar. WINNIPEG 4.30 P. M. THURSDAY, SATURDAY AND MONDAY

Connecting at Winnipeg for all Western Canada and Pacific Coast Points

HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS to WESTERN CANADA

EVERY TUESDAY UNTIL OCT. 30th, 1917.

Low fares in effect and tickets good for two months.

Time Table and all information from any Grand Trunk, Canadian Government Railways, or T. & N. O. Railway Agent.

Aug. 31 ty

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

MANY THOUSAND FARM LABORERS WANTED for Harvesting in Western Canada

"Going Trip West"—$12.00 to WINNIPEG. "Return Trip East"—$18.00 from WINNIPEG

GOING DATES

August 21st and August 30th	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 McNicholl and Burketon-Bobcaygeon.
August 23rd and August 30th	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. Mary's, Port Burwell and St. Thomas branches, and station Toronto and North to Bolton, inclusive.

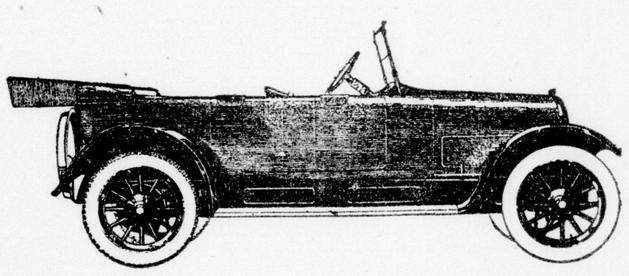
SPECIAL THROUGH TRAINS

Further particulars from Canadian Pacific Ticket Agents. W. B. HOWARD, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

See our Exhibit in the Transportation Building, Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, Aug. 25th to Sept. 10th

Overland

Model Eighty-Five



The Car Ahead

HERE IS the Overland Model Eighty-Five—the low-priced quality car that has been the choice of thousands.

Drive where you will, you are sure to see an "Eighty-Five" and more often than not it will be pointed out as the car ahead. For this Overland Eighty-Five has power and plenty of it.

Moreover, it is a smooth-running, easy-riding family car, one that will accommodate five people comfortably without crowding.

You can have your choice in this model of either a four cylinder engine or a six. The wheelbase of the Four is 112-inches—the Six 116-inches. Both are exceptional values.

A demonstration will convince you.

For those who like smaller cars there are
THE OVERLAND LIGHT FOURS
Touring
Roadster
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