

ROLL OF HONOR

Men From Watford
and Vicinity Serving
The Empire

27TH REGT.—1ST BATTALION
Thos L. Swift, reported missing since June 15th, 1915
Richard H. Stapleford
Bury C. Binks
Arthur Owens
J. Gunn Newell, killed in action
F. C. N. Newell
T. Ward
Alf Woodward, killed in action
Sid Welsh
M. Cunningham
M. Blundell
W. Blunt
R. W. Bailey
A. L. Johnston
R. A. Johnston
G. Mathews
C. Manning
W. Glenn Nichol
F. Phelps
H. F. Small
E. W. Smith
C. Coop
J. Ward, killed in action
C. Ward
F. Wakelin, D.C.M., killed in action
T. Wakelin, wounded and missing
H. Whittit
B. Hardy

PRINCESS PATRICIA'S C. L. I.

Gerald H. Brown

18TH BATTALION
C. W. Barnes
Geo. Ferris
Edmund Watson
G. Shanks
J. Burns
P. Barnes
C. Blunt
Wm. Autterson
S. P. Shanks
Walter Woolvett

2ND DIVISIONAL CAVALRY
Lorne Lucas
Frank Yerks
Chas. Potter

33RD BATTALION
Percy Mitchell, died of wounds Oct. 14, 1916
Lloyd Howden
Geo. Fountain, killed in action Sept. 16, 1916
Gordon H. Patterson, died in Victoria Hospital, London

34TH BATTALION
E. C. Crohn
S. Newell
Macklin Eagle, missing since Oct. 8, 1916
Stanley Rogers
Wm. Manning
Henry Holmes, killed in action Sept. 27, 1916
Leonard Lees
C. Jamieson

29TH BATTERY
Wm. Mitchell
John Howard

70TH BATTALION
Ernest Lawrence
Alfred Emmerson
C. H. Loveday
A. Banks
S. R. Whalton, killed in action Oct., 1916
Thos. Meyers
Jos. M. Wardman
Vern Brown
Al. Bullough
Sid Brown, killed in action Sept. 15, 1916

28TH BATTALION
Thomas Lamb, killed in action
MOUNTED RIFLES

Fred A. Taylor

PIONEERS
Wm. Macnally
W. F. Goodman

ENGINEERS
J. Tomlin

ARMY MEDICAL CORPS
T. A. Brandon, M.D.
W. J. McKenzie, M.D.
Norman McKenzie
Jerold W. Snell
Allen W. Edwards
Wm. McCausland
Basel Gault

135TH BATTALION
Nichol McLachlin, killed in action July 6th, 1917

3RD RESERVE BATTERY, C.F.A.
Alfred Levi

116TH BATTALION
Clayton O. Fuller, killed in action April 18th, 1917

196TH BATTALION
R. R. Annett

70TH BATTERY
R. H. Trenouth, killed in action May 8th, 1917

Murray M. Forster
V. W. Willoughby
Ambrose Gavigan

142ND BATTALION
Austin Potter

Russ G. Clark

John J. Brown
T. A. Gilliland
1st Class Petty Officer,
ARMY DENTAL CORPS

Elgin D. Hicks
H. D. Taylor
ARMY SERVICE CORPS

Frank Elliot
R. H. Acton
Arthur McKecher

68TH BATTALION
Roy E. Acton, killed in action Nov. 3, 1917

64TH BATTERY
C. F. Luckham
Harold D. Robinson
Romo Auld

63RD BATTERY
Walter A. Restorick
George W. Parker
Clare Fuller

67TH BATTERY
Edgar Prentis

69TH BATTERY
Chester W. Cook

ROYAL FLYING CORPS
Lieut. M. R. James
Cadet D. V. Auld

1ST DEPOT BATTALION
WESTERN ONTARIO REGIMENT

Reginald J. Leach
Leon R. Palmer
James Phair
Fred Birch

Russell McCormick
Robert Creasey
Leo Dodds
Fred Jones

John Stapleford
Geo. Moore
Mel. McCormick
Bert Lucas

Tom Dodds
Alvin Lucas
Wellington Higgins

CENTRAL ONTARIO REGIMENT
Verne Johnston
Chester R. Schlemmer

SPECIAL SERVICE COMPANY
Nelson Hood

AMERICAN ARMY
Stanley Higgins
Bence Coristine (artillery)

If the name of your soldier boy does not appear in this column, kindly notify us and it will be placed there.

Back-Door Methods

By Helen Gregg

"If you ever expect to make a go as society editor," said the city editor, looking over the top of his horn spectacles and not taking the trouble to take the cigarette from the place where it adhered to his lower lip, "you've got to learn the back-door method. Get the dramatic editor to give you tickets for bum shows that none of us want to see, and hand them out to the telephone operators in some of the swell hotels. In return, they will listen to conversations when the swell dames in their places call anyone up. Kid the ladies' maids in the dressing rooms when you go to charity balls, and get next to the hair-dressers and manneure girls that are employed by the society women who don't have their own maids. Of course, the big-bugs themselves won't take the trouble to talk to you," and there was an emphasis on the "you" that was very belittling to Clarice Daw, newly installed as society editor of the News World.

Sometimes, in spite of the city editor's judgment, the "big-bugs" did talk to Clarice. If they ever mentioned her at all to each other it was to speak of her as a "nice little thing." Very pretty though she was, she managed never to be striking when she attended society functions, and though more than one husband or son would gladly have talked to her instead of the more eligible women of their own set, Clarice knew too much to let them. She preferred the back-door method of getting news. If she were forced to consult the "big-bugs" at all, she had learned that the oldish women when approached with considerable but discreet flattery yielded up the facts she wanted to know better than anyone else. But Clarice had made the discovery that there is no one in the world that is so flattered by the attention of a young and pretty woman as an old woman, especially when that attention is accompanied by complete obliviousness of the existence of that aging one's husband or son.

On the occasion of the big war benefit bazaar that was to be given out at Colonel James Drew's country estate late in the autumn, Clarice was urged to "do her darndest" by the city editor. He promised to give the event the most conspicuous position on the front page, of course, provided there was not another revolution in Russia or a cabinet minister did not resign or something of that sort. "It's to be the biggest social event of the season," he told her, "and, besides, there is a very good reason why we want to have Drew think the News World is the best sheet in town."

"Well, I'm sure there is every reason why he should," protested Clarice whose loyalty to the paper for which she worked was complete.

Clarice cried hurriedly round the large drawing rooms where the various booths had been set up and then roamed through the protected gardens of the old estate and down linden lanes and through hemlock groves and in and out a Japanese garden, where the various money-extracting schemes were established. She noted on the tiny sheets of paper that she held inconspicuously in her hand the gowns of the various distinguished women whose faces had come to be very familiar to her. But, reflected Clarice, gowns wouldn't be enough for a first-page story. She wished that a fire might break out in a wing of the house or that someone would fall into the pool in the Japanese garden so that someone else might make a heroic rescue. But nothing like that happened. Then Clarice remembered the back-door method.

Sheltered in a grape arbor that ran at right angles from the hedge that bounded the kitchen yard was an elaborately set-up bar. Although, perforce, all the drinks there dispensed were of the soft variety. The bar was entirely attended by men, who stood smoking and shivering there in the arbor—apparently their sanctuary from those bottles of ginger ale were some others not listed on the enormous, facetiously worded list of drinks that was fastened conspicuously over the Impromptu bar. Clarice knew, of course, that interesting though such a revelation might be, it would never do to make the interest of her article depend on such information.

What did focus her attention was the presence of two hard-working men in white linen coats who mixed vari-

ous concoctions with all the expertness of professionals. They were the only servants that Clarice had yet been able to discover. She knew that if she could get hold of one of the servants of the Drew household she could extract what information she wanted. She therefore sidled her way over towards the bar in the arbor taking care that none of the dowagers, whose patronage proved so valuable to her, should see her taking steps in the direction of the group where most every one's husband was standing.

She therefore approached the arbor from the kitchen side of the house and was not perceived. The younger of the two barkeeps saw her approach, and, with the intuitive knowledge of her disinclination to draw any nearer to the group of men, slipped to the other side of the hedge.

"I know you are very busy," she said. She realized at once that the man knew who she was and guessed her errand. But then most servants of the large establishments did know her and—perhaps because of the "bum theater tickets"—rather liked her. She had never, that she remembered, had any direct transaction with this one. "Is there anything doing here? I'm looking for a scoop for the News World—you know, something that none of the other papers have. How have your drinks been selling?"

The barkeep smiled knowingly and said: "Yes, madam," and "I'll see, madam." Then, cogitating for a moment, "I don't believe as 'ow the colonel wanted it to be published but the men here patronizing this bar—alright soft drinks, mind you—have pledged two million dollars among them to build a big American hospital in France. It's rather interesting as 'ow it is 'appened at a dry bar with all such men as J. P. Astorbill and Lancaster Stevens a standing out and lanchering here over their lemon pop. It's almost pathetic, Miss, isn't it?" Clarice's eyes showed right away that she scented the germ for a sensational story. The amount of money alone was enough to put it on the first page—and then the grim humor of the chilly arbor and the lemon pop would add the touch of local color. "I could give you all the names of the men as are a-doin' it," suggested the barkeep gravely.

A shadow of doubt came over Margaret's face, and she fumbled the small sheets in the palm of her hand. "But if Colonel Drew isn't ready to have it announced?" she faltered. "I don't think I could use it unless he consented."

The barkeep watched her narrowly. "Perhaps as 'ow I could get 'is consent," he said. "I didn't think a reporter of the News World would hesitate just on account of 'ot getting consent. It's gratifyin' now and then to find a paper that has such consideration."

"The News World is that kind of paper," said Clarice solemnly.

So it was arranged between Clarice and the barkeep that she should return at the break-up of the bazaar and in the meantime he would see whether or not the colonel would consent to giving the news. She returned and received a favorable verdict which sent the color to her cheeks and the sparkle of success to her pretty eyes. She asked the barkeep whether she could have the big sign with the facetious list of drinks. She thought their artist could copy it for a cut to go with the story and because it was too unwieldy, the barkeep thought, for her to carry back to the office in the street car he arranged with one of the chauffeurs to let him take out one of the cars in which to motor her back to town. Yes, he, the barkeep—a butler in the house—knew how to manage a car, and when Clarice was quite sure that Colonel Drew wouldn't mind having him take the car she consented to go with him. To refuse might have hurt his feelings and after all why should she—poor, ill-paid society reporter that she was—be too proud to sit beside a butler of the establishment of Col. James Drew? She sincerely hoped that none of the approving dowagers would see her thus conducting herself.

The barkeep helped her out of the car and gave her the poster. And as he left her at the curbstone there was a look—an eager, wistful look as she thanked him for his kindness to her—that made her feel that after all social distinctions were an absurdity. After all, thought she, as she was trying to collect her ideas to write the article that was to scoop the other papers and make for herself a name on the News World—why shouldn't she like a butler—it was a dog's life being a reporter. She was sick of the noises of the

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office. She wondered whether butlers who had wives were permitted to have them live with them on the estate. Perhaps they had snug little cottages. She had heard that Colonel Drew was very generous. Of one thing she was quite sure and that was that the butler would not forget her—"So you got a good story, hey?" the city editor asked her. "I know by your expression. You look so happy about it. How d'ye do it?"

"Back-door method, of course," retorted Clarice, as she arranged the paper in her typewriter.

It was two months later and there had been great excitement in the office of the News World. The paper had been bought by Col. James Drew—a consummation which had been devoutly wished by the editors for some time. A new society reporter had come and the city editor was giving her instructions.

"In general, I'd say the back-door method is the best," he said. "But I don't know. Our last society reporter went right to headquarters. That's how she met Colonel Drew and made him fall in love with her. She told me at the time a barkeep gave her her story of the big bazaar, but bless my heart it was the colonel himself and he even brought her all the way to the office that first day, driving his own car. But then Clarice was a different sort from the ordinary. I always told her to go to headquarters. Anybody would want to talk to a girl like that."

Not in His Diet.

"Your office girl takes two hours for lunch and you take only 30 minutes."

"Yes."

"Why is that?"

"I guess it is because I can get along without a movie for dessert."

DOCTORS A BIG WAR FACTOR

Army Surgeons Cut Death Rates to a Minimum, Disease Being Relegated to Background.

"The doctor has made this world struggle one of the least deadly ever fought in proportion to the numbers engaged. The spade is mightier than the sharpened, the scalpel than the sword, the test tube than the trench mortar. Chlorine saves more lives as Dakin's fluid and bleaching powder than it destroys as poison gas," said Dr. Woods Hutchinson in a recent lecture at the Royal Society of Medicine, notes the London Globe.

Less than one-twentieth of the wastage of wars three years or more ago was due to wounds or death in battle; the other 95 per cent was caused by disease, epidemics and pestilences both in the field and at home.

In the armies themselves the ratio was six to nine deaths by disease to one in battle or from wounds. In this war the ratio has been sixteen deaths in battle to one from disease.

By wiping out epidemics the doctor has actually kept the death rate among the civil populations of the allied countries as low as, and in some cases lower than, it was before the war.

Rent Courts.

Rent courts, used for some years with growing success by German cities to protect tenants against unjust rent increases, have been introduced in Switzerland as a war measure. Every tenant is given the right to appeal to a commission, locally appointed, if he considers a demand for higher rent unjustified.

Pony Jackets Are Worn.

Pony jackets are almost as popular as Eton jackets. The pony jacket falls in straight lines to the hip, whereas the Eton is chopped to just above the waistline. With the pony one wears a low girdle or sash, showing on the hip, below the jacket edge; with the Eton the sash is a girdle, snug and trim about the normal waistline. Pony jackets look well with the new long-waisted blouses, ending in a low belt or sash at the hip. Some of these blouses are of satin with bead embroidery on the front, and the bright touch of color is very effective under a pony jacket of dark serge; the jacket, of course, matching a serge skirt on straight and slender lines.

A hand operated, one man machine has been invented that digs holes in the ground, inserts small plants that are to be set out and waters packs the soil around them almost as rapidly as its user can walk.

Many mothers have reasons to bless Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, because it has relieved the little ones of suffering and made them healthy.

THE WEATHER IN FRANCE.

Some Comparisons With Temperature In the Dominion.

Canadian soldiers on the battle fronts in France probably escape our Canadian torrid spells of summer and our blizzardy winters, extremes of heat and cold in France being less severe. They experience, however, periods of sustained cold in the trenches, cold of the moist, penetrating character peculiar to the continental climate of Northern Europe, but in general no startling change from weather conditions at home.

An exhaustive study of the subject shows that winter in Northern France is not so severe from the standpoint of low temperatures, but there is a consistency of moderately cold weather which is not usually experienced in Canada. Rather low temperatures sometimes occur there, but such extremity of cold weather about zero, Fahrenheit, to 10 degrees below.

Summer in Northern France is cool as compared with most parts of Canada, the average temperature for July and August, the warmest months, being 63 to 65 degrees. Moderately hot weather sometimes occurs, but extremely high temperatures, such as occasionally are experienced in Ontario and Quebec, are unknown in France. Temperatures as high as 100 never have been reported in France, but they are very rare and they do not have the 90 to 100 spells that are common here.

With the transition from winter to spring the rapid warming up, familiar to residents in most sections of Canada, is not so noticeable in France, the average temperature for March being only 2 to 4 degrees higher than for February. April and May are moderately cool and not unpleasant, while rainfall is comparatively light, although occurring rather frequently.

The summers are pleasant as compared with much of Eastern Canada, the day temperatures being mostly moderate and the nights cool. Occasionally hot weather is experienced, but the heat is not so excessive and the heated periods are usually of short duration.

Fall also is usually pleasant, especially in September and October. The rainfall usually becomes heavier, however. Along the northern coasts of France temperatures are very similar to those of our Pacific coast, the monthly average at Dunkirk, France, and Vancouver, being identical for nearly half the months of the year and differing only slightly for other months. Over the lowlands of Northern France snow is fairly frequent and may be expected from November to April, inclusive, although it rarely attains any considerable depth on the ground. At the higher elevations of Eastern and Southern France, particularly in the mountains bordering on Germany, where the winters are long and cold, snowfall is more frequent and much heavier.

Profit in Pine Trees.

Twenty-one per cent. of the Kingdom of Norway is covered with forest—that is, about 17 million acres. Of that, about 13 million acres is productive forest. The Government owns about two million acres. The commercial forests under Government supervision comprise about one million acres. The rest, or about 12 million acres of productive forest, is private property. Seventy-five per cent. of the timber is spruce (Picea excelsa), and pine (Pinus silvestris) in about equal quantities, as well as some oak, ash, elm and basswood. Birch is found everywhere. The annual forest growth or increment per acre is about 21 cubic feet. Nearly all the cut timber is hauled on sleds to the river in the winter and floated to the coast in the spring. The felling is now nearly all done by piece work, which has proved to be a great success.

The value of forest products exported is about \$30,000,000 annually. Until recently the export consisted chiefly of logs and staves, but pulp, planks, boards, doors and windows, etc., have now come into prominence. The pulp represents about 50 per cent. of the export value.

The people have awakened to the importance of improved and conservative methods, and planting in the coast districts has also been encouraged. Most of it is done by school children. Douglas fir, imported as seed from the Pacific coast and raised in nurseries, is being planted quite extensively in some parts of Norway. Forestry is taught in all public schools and instructors give lectures in the country districts.—Canadian Forestry Journal.



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Chicago Express, 13.....1 16
Accommodation, 93.....6 44

GOING EAST
Accommodation, 80.....7 32
New York Express, 6.....11 16
New York Express, 15.....2 52
Accommodation, 112.....5 16

C. Vail, Agent, Watford.