

## 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  
L Gunn Newell, killed in action  
F C N Newell  
T Ward  
Alf Woodward, killed in action  
Sid Welsh  
M Cunningham  
M Blondel  
W Blunt  
R W Bailey  
A L Johnston  
R A Johnston  
G Matthews  
C Manning  
W Glenn Nichol  
F Phelps  
H F Small  
E W Smith  
C Toop  
J Ward, killed in action  
C Ward  
F Wakelin, D C M, killed in action  
T Wakelin, wounded and missing  
H Whitsett  
B Hardy

PRINCESS PATRICIA'S C. L. I.

Gerald H Brown

18TH BATTALION

C W Barnes  
Geo Ferris  
Edmund Watson  
G Shanks  
J Burns  
F Burns  
C Blunt  
Wm Anterson  
S P Shanks  
Walter Woolvett  
2ND DIVISIONAL CAVALRY  
Borne 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

H C Crohn  
S Newell  
Macklin Hagle, 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  
Joe M Wardman  
Vern Brown  
Alt 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  
Jerrold W Snell  
Allen W Edwards  
Wm McCausland

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 on May 8th, 1917  
Murray M Forster  
V W Willoughby  
Ambrose Gavigan

142ND BATTALION

Austin Potter

Russ G Clark

GUNNER

John J Brown

T. A. Gilliland  
1st Class Petty Officers,  
ARMY DENTAL CORPS

Edwin D Hicks

H D Taylor

ARMY SERVICE CORPS

Frank Elliot

R H Acton

Arthur McKercher

88TH 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

60TH BATTERY

Chester W Cook

ROYAL FLYING CORPS

Lieut M R James

1ST DEPOT BATTALION

WESTERN ONTARIO REGIMENT

Reginald J Leach

Leon R Palmer

James Phair

Fred Birch

Russell McCormick

Robert Cressley

Leo Dodds

Fred Just

John Stapleford

Geo. Moore

Mel. McCormick

Bert Lucas

Tom Dodds

Alvin Lucas

John Lamb

CENTRAL ONTARIO REGIMENT

Verne Johnston

Chester R. Schlemmer

SPECIAL SERVICE COMPANY

Nelson Hood

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

Children Cry

FOR FLETCHER'S

CASTORIA

## Bett in Bohemia

By M. Ways

Max and Bett lived in Paris, and they were really "a very conventional, humdrum pair," so people said with a yawn. He, a successful journalist, clever, diplomatic, indifferent. She, the usual American woman—with only a pair of expressive blue eyes—but then people didn't know.

To the polite concierge who rented them the little apartments in a one-time chateau, somewhere in the Latin Quarter, they seemed most quiet and business like, asked few questions, didn't concern themselves about the lodgers, and paid the rent on time.

The two, free from old "lynx-eye," as they called the poor concierge, behaved very queerly as soon as they were in their own rooms.

The morning it all happened Max was off on a trip to Fontainebleau to write up some stuff for his American paper. Bett was usually too busy in the morning to indulge in day dreams or curl herself in an armchair for a "grand read," as she called it, but somehow today the sun swept gloriously over the little garden back of the chateau. Even the undergrowth of tangled vines looked fresher than the greenest of French grass, as Bett decided, work or no work, out she had to go for a tramp in the sunshine.

As she bolted the door shut with a bang, down clattered a small but sparsely clad Venus to the floor, and Max's papers, which she had so carefully assorted in a stray mood of tidiness, whirled over the rugs like the settling of a flock of white pigeons.

A year's hard work hadn't worn off the enthusiasm Bett still felt as she strolled along the busy thoroughfare, drawing in that intoxicating atmosphere of Paris one feels but can't define, while weekly, across the ocean, letters went home; wild, crazy letters of their housekeeping in Bohemia, gay evenings at the cafes, jaunts to Versailles, occasionally a night at the opera. They quite forgot to mention Max's midnight work, long after the last reveler had straggled home from the artists' ball at the Ballier or Bett's merry-making despite the slim viands Henri was ordered to bring. Meanwhile the small, black stocking, Bett's National Savings Bank, grew heavier and heavier with money to go home.

It was this very morning, the same that Bett's upward spirit would prowl around the Luxembourg (or take a peep for the fiftieth time at the Nike Apteros, with the luxury of a lunch at the cafe) that at 4 o'clock to her dismay, she remembered Max was to return an hour earlier and she had quite forgotten her promise to copy his "correspondence," that must get off in the outgoing steamer, and poor Max would be so tired, Bett thought. With her usual impetuous rush she ran wildly after a vanishing train, finally landing on the step. In close relationship to the astonished conductor, whose little black moustache curled up higher than ever when he discovered a very flushed and pretty young girl flung suddenly his way. The chateau soon came in sight and still rushing Bett ran up the dark old stairway, three steps at a time—when thud!—down the stairway with a terrific noise clattered a curiously black mass which never stopped bumping till the ground floor was reached. Bett stood paralyzed and then with a grasp of fright hurried down. There, between dismay and surprise, she picked up a man. A strange man in the chateau, and Max had never told her, thought Bett in an agitated way. While she called for the concierge and lifted him as tenderly as she could to an old couch, there flashed through her mind visions of a slenderly clad pink-robed damsel who careered over the house frequently by day, but more frequently by night, peering out of the various windows, sometimes hauling fruit up from the street with a rope and basket, not to mention such unromantic things as a beefsteak, onions or carrots. Then how she did walk around in all the unused rooms and—horrors—she and Max sometimes would roar and sing coon songs far into the night, or Max would harangue an imaginary audience with criticisms on his last brilliant novel. All these wild carousals and she never knew there was a soul in hearing distance.

Aided by the distracted concierge they carried him as best they could to his rooms—Bett mentally noting she had been in this room on several occasions—where he lay groaning for days with a broken arm, which to Bett was anything but soothing as she had

knocked him down the steps. There never was a better nurse than Max; day and night he stayed with the unknown lodger, never tired of reading or writing for him, lifting him with the ease of a child, caring for him as a life-time friend might have done.

Bett, with a very low ebb of moral courage, hung on the outskirts of the sick room, usually planning her vigils when he was too fast asleep to see the destroyer of part of his anatomy.

Max and the victim of the "back-stair plot," as Bett always called the invalid, had many a laugh at her expense, for with daily protestations she vowed she was growing thin with re-

morse, and confided in Max her dread of seeing the maimed lodger face to face.

Summer had come. The chestnut trees along the Champs-Elysees had long ago blossomed and now stood in all their wealth of green; up and down the Seine steamed the crowded mouchas and hirondelles, through the Rue de Rivoli thronged happy tourists on great shopping expeditions, the Louvre too, overflowed with eager-eyed students, art lovers and pessimistic connoisseurs. Even the Avenue de l'Opera groined with creaking cab wheels, moving pedestrians, sightseers and the insistent stream of street vendors. The titled, the rich, those for their health and those without health had all left Paris—still Max and Bett worked, played, lived and loved on, in this gay little Bohemia of their own making, and at home, their little Maryland home, fabulous checks "from those children" kept the small household together.

It was now June, throbbing fragrant, green June—only Paris has it, only a dreamer can feel the delight of it. Max's invalid stood at the vine-covered balcony looking out toward the Isle de la Cite, just a glimpse here of Notre Dame's trim spires, a dash there of the new Hotel Dieu—a break between some house unfolded the bright colors of the flower market—such a glowing Paris, beautiful, sublimely, lovable.

He had grown used now to listen for Bett's hurried step on the landing, and listening, often smiled as he laugh rang through the house. He knew just where two early strands of hair ought to lay on Bett's forehead as she shook her head like a child to brush them back. He often wondered at Bett's unconsciousness of herself, her childish ways, and vague charm, he felt, he knew and envied Max his fair little companion.

Then, it all faded from his eyes—the spires, the red house tops, the slender trees, as he heard Bett's voice long before she came in the open door. "Isn't it too bad, mon ami, Max has gone away for the day, but he told me to come up and stay the whole time with you. Aren't you glad? Think of it. I am to amuse you, read to you, and if you're good perhaps I'll talk a little—well don't look so serious. Don't you think Max was lovely to spare me when I had just lots of work to do for him—so Bett talked on, hardly seeing the strange look on his face. For a long time she stood watching some children in the street playing. Then she picked up some blossoms to throw across the room to tease him, but he had fallen asleep. It was only a pretended sleep to hide from her curious young eyes, the pain, the keenest pleasure he felt just to watch her roaming over the room, looking at his pictures, touching a book here and there, with that queer little raising of her eyebrows when she seemed surprised—it all meant to him what wounded his honor, weakened his self-respect to acknowledge—he was in love with Max's wife.

What was it Bett was saying as she turned from the window—she hadn't been listening—she was talking of Maryland, her mother and father, the war, her little sister at school and Max (of course he thought)—great, brave, strong Max, whom she loved with all her heart, who had come across the ocean to put his talents to better use to return sometime, somewhat richer to keep the little Maryland home. Her brother? Could she have said that? She and her brother—God, how had he mistaken all this time; why hadn't he asked—what made him imagine them to be husband and wife, neither of them ever said so!

Bett was standing again by the window, leaning her head on two hands high on the sash. Tired of staying indoors she was wishing Max would come back. Looking out over the city, looking, but seeing nothing. She turned wearily to find her invalid standing beside her, his honest grey eyes looking straight into her soul, and as she looked back her eyes fell—

for she knew.

IT IS A LIVER PILL.—Many of the ailments that man has to contend with have their origin in a disordered liver, which is a delicate organ, peculiarly susceptible to the disturbances that come from irregular habits or lack of care in eating and drinking. This accounts for the great many liver regulations now pressed on the attention of sufferers. Of these there is none superior to Par-melee's Vegetable Pills. Their operation though gentle is effective, and the most delicate can use them.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children  
In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

### IN NO MAN'S LAND.

Vivid Description Given by Soldier at the Front.

Lieut. Coningsby Dawson, who is serving with the Canadian Overseas Forces, tells the following personal experience in "No Man's Land," in Good Housekeeping:

"My major told me that I was to be ready at three-thirty next morning to accompany him up front to register the guns. In registering guns you take a telephonist and linesman with you. They lay in a line from the battery to any point you may select as the best from which to observe the enemy's country. This point may be two miles or more in advance of your battery. Your battery is always hidden and out of sight, for fear the enemy should see the flash of the firing; consequently the officer in charge of the battery lays the guns mathematically, but cannot observe the effect of his shots. The officer who goes forward can see the target; by telephoning back his corrections, he makes himself the eyes of the officer at the guns.

"It had been raining when we crept out of our kennels to go forward. Everything was dim, and spectral. At the hour of dawn one isn't at his bravest.

"We entered a trench. Holes were scooped out in the side of it just large enough to shelter a man crouching. Each hole contained a sleeping soldier who looked as dead as the occupant of a catacomb.

"Some of the holes had been blown in; all you saw of the last occupant was a protruding arm or leg. At best there was a horrid similarity between the dead and the living. It seemed that the walls of the trenches had been built out of corpses, for one recognized the uniforms of Frenchmen and Huns. They were not out of them, though whether by design or accident it was impossible to tell. We came to a group of men, doing some repairing; that part of the trench had evidently been strafed last night. They didn't know where they were, or how far it was to the front line. We wandered on, still laying in our wire. The colonel of our brigade joined us, and we waded on together.

"The enemy shelling was growing more intense, as was always the way on the Somme when we were bringing out our wounded. A good many of our trenches were directly enfiladed; shells burst just behind the parapet, when they didn't burst on it. It was at about this point in my breaking-in that I received a blow on the head—and thanked God for the man who invented the steel helmet.

"All of a sudden we halted, making ourselves as small as could be. In the rapidly thinning mist ahead of us men were moving. They were stretcher-bearers. The odd thing was that they were carrying their wounded away from, instead of toward us. Then it flashed on us that they were Huns. Almost at that moment we must have been spotted, for shells commenced falling at the end of the trench which we had entered. Spreading out, so as not to attract attention, we commenced to crawl toward the other end. Instantly that also was closed to us, and a curtain of shells started dropping behind us. We were trapped. With perfect coolness—a coolness which, whatever I looked, I did not share—we went through the corpses and shell-holes in the direction of where our front line ought to be. After what seemed an age, we got back. Later we re-entered the guns, and one of our officers, who had been laying in wire, was killed in the process.

"On the way out, when we had come to a part of our journey where the tension was relaxed and we could be less cautious, I saw a signalling officer lying asleep under a blackened tree. I called my major's attention to him, saying: 'Look at that silly ass, sir. He'll get something that he doesn't want if he lies there much longer.'

"My major turned his head, and said briefly, 'Poor chap, he's got it.' Then I saw that his shoulder-blade had burst through his tunic and was protruding. He'd been coming out walking freely and feeling that the danger was over, just as we were, when the unlucky shell had caught him. 'His name must have been written on it,' our men say when that happens."

READY-MADE MEDICINE.—You need no physician for ordinary ills when you have at hand a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. For coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchial troubles, it is invaluable, for scalds, burns, bruises, sprains it is unsurpassed, while for cuts, sores, ulcers and the like it is an unquestionable healer. It needs no testimonial other than the use, and that will satisfy anyone as to its effectiveness.

### THE FRENCH BATTERIES.

General Ludendorff Pays Them an Unintentional Compliment.

General Ludendorff regarded by the Entente allies as the master-mind of the German army, pays an unintentional compliment to the accuracy of French artillerymen in a memorandum issued to the troops early this year, which has just been made available to the correspondent of the Associated Press.

In this document he admits that the French gunners by their counter-battery fire destroyed in one German army alone in the course of a month eight-three German field guns and seventy-two heavy cannon, while they seriously damaged and put out of action also 382 field guns and 213 heavy cannon, as well as ninety-one field guns and fifty-nine heavy cannon slightly injured but capable of being repaired and used again in a short time.

To these imposing figures of artillery losses caused by the French gunners the same German army in the same period of time had the mortification of adding an almost equally large number of losses brought about by the wearing out or bursting of guns. In this way seventy-three field guns and twenty-one heavy cannon were destroyed; 164 field guns and 129 heavy guns seriously damaged and 177 field guns and ninety-one heavy guns slightly disabled.

The memorandum was issued to the German army by General Ludendorff because his artillery officers had argued repeatedly in favor of making counter-battery work secondary to attacks on infantry and communications. They asserted the French artillery directed their guns more generally against the German batteries than against the German infantry and lines of communication and supply, and that they do this successfully.

General Ludendorff, in concluding his memorandum, points out that by counter-battery work not only is the enemy's artillery destroyed or put out of action, but the opponent is forced to a considerable extent to turn his attention away from the doings of the enemy's infantry which is thus able to manoeuvre with greater ease.

Kaiser Well Protected.

So closely is the German Emperor guarded when he travels by rail through Belgium that his movements are kept even from the railroad officials handling his train up to the last possible moment, according to a correspondent of the London Chronicle, who has several times witnessed the Emperor's arrival, says the Associated Press.

"Whenever the passage of the Imperial train is to take place the fact is not known to the chief railway official until the same day, and to his subordinates not until a quarter of an hour before the arrival," the correspondent says. "In the station the lines are all kept free."

Describing one such arrival of the Emperor's train the correspondent says: "All workmen, on this occasion, whether Belgian or German, were dispatched outside, and access to the station was forbidden. This applied to all passengers as well. The military guards occupying parts of the station and environs were ordered to leave their posts and pile their arms. The only persons allowed on the platform were the station master, his employees appointed to work the signals, and the military chief. There was no guard of honor, no manifestation whatever."

"This clearing of the station takes place at every station through which the train passes, which it does at the maximum regulation speed. At Brussels detrainment took place opposite the Place Rogier, which is a military post since the occupation. "The space in front of the station, which is always forbidden ground to passengers, was occupied by several motor cars. As soon as the Emperor entered his car the small fleet ran swiftly to the Parc Rue Royale, where the Kaiser stayed several hours."

"During the presence of the Kaiser the officials always display the utmost nervousness in fear of anything 'taking place,' and they always breathe a sigh of relief when their master is gone. The fact that even the military are obliged to retire and pile their arms seems to suggest a distrust of his own army."

Wise experienced mothers know when their children are troubled with worms and lose no time in applying Miller's Worm Powders, the most effective vermifuge that can be used. It is absolute in clearing the system of worms and restoring those healthy conditions without which there can be no comfort for the child, hope of robust growth. It is the most trustworthy of worm exterminators.

"I want to tell you," said the newly-married lady to a girl friend, "about a most awful fright I got at the church on my wedding day." "You needn't," remarked the friend, "I was there and saw him."

Salt dissolved in a little ammonia will remove grease spots.

The Portuguese language is used by about 30,000,000 persons.

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