

## 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  
I/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 Mathews  
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 P Burns  
C Blunt Wm Auttersen  
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 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  
CH Loyday A Banks  
S R Whalton, killed in action Oct., 1916  
Thos Meyers Jos M Wardman  
Vern Brown Alf 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 Trenchouth, killed in action on May 8th, 1917

Murray M Forster V W Willoughby

Ambrose Gavigan

142ND BATTALION

GUNNER

Russ G Clark

RNCVR

John J Brown T. A. Gilliland

1st Class Petty Officers,

ARMY DENTAL CORPS

Elgin D Hicks H D Taylor

ARMY SERVICE CORPS

Frank Elliot R H Acton

Arthur Kercher

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

69TH 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 Creasey

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

## Miss Doane's Mealer

By J. L. Harbour

Mrs. Semira Doane was out in her front yard counting her Shirley poppies and admiring their almost infinite variety.

"No two of them seem to be exactly the same tint, and I never had such a lot of them out at one time before," said Miss Semira. She loved flowers and nearly every foot of her small front yard was laid out in beds and mounds. There was not a weed to be seen, and her plants looked thrifty and bore evidence of care. The little white house back of the flower garden had plants in the two front windows, and climbing vines completely covered the small, green lattice-work porch over the front door. All of the flowers and plants were of the old-fashioned varieties. Miss Semira did not care for "novelties." She liked her four-o'clocks and ragged robins and lady-in-the-green and bleeding hearts better than any "others" she had ever seen.

Miss Semira was so small and fragile looking, with such delicately tinted pink cheeks, and such fluffy yellow hair that she looked quite like a flower herself as she moved about in her little garden in a blue lawn dress with little white flowers in it, and her lace-trimmed snowy white apron in which there was neither spot nor wrinkle. She was stooping over picking a dead leaf or two from one of her geraniums when a shrill, rasping voice startled her by saying:

"How nice your flowers do look, Miss Semira; an' how sweet they smell. I can smell them clean over to my house when it's still or when the wind is blowin' in that direction. You allus have such good luck with 'em. Flowers grow better for some folks than for others."

Miss Semira looked up and saw a tall, gaunt woman in a chocolate-colored calico dress and green and white checked gingham apron standing at her gate. A red and white tennis cap perched on one side of her iron-gray head gave the woman a grotesque look.

"O, Mrs. Sampson, is it you?" said Miss Semira. "Come in, won't you?" "No, it ain't wuth while little time as I've got to stay. Then I've left some ginger bread in the oven. I want to know if you wouldn't be willing to take a meal."

"A meal, Mrs. Sampson?"

"Yes. You see I've got a chance to let my big front room upstairs if I can find a place for the person that wants it to take their meals. I can't undertake to give anyone their meals with my rheumatiz pesterin' me the way it does, an' Sampson havin' it when I don't. Then I ain't no cook, anyhow. But I do want to let that big front room, an' I want the person that take it if I can find a mealin' place near by, an' here you are right across the road an' livin' all alone, an' you as much of a born cook as you are a born flower 'ser. An' I've heard you say, that you sometime got dreadful tired o' takin' your meals all by yourself."

"Who is it wants your room?"

"Well, it's a gentleman—but there, you needn't look so scared. Miss Semira, for it ain't a young gentleman nor a middle-aged gentleman, but a real nice, fatherly-lookin' old gentleman that there'd never be a mite o' talk 'bout you givin' his meals to. He must be old enough to be your father, an' I don't know when I've seen a nicer appearin' man. I'd a sight ruther have him around than nine out o' ten fussy, fault-finder wimmen. Don't you say no until you think it all over."

Miss Semira thought it all over with the result that two days later Mr. Jared Lyster found himself seated at Miss Doane's daintily set table. Miss Semira had often been heard to say:

"I don't mind any part of living alone so much as I mind eatin' my meals all by myself. If I just had someone that was interesting and pleasant to talk to at meal-time I wouldn't mind the rest. I would take a meal if I got a good chance."

Mrs. Sampson had gone a trifle beyond the truth when she had said that Jared Lyster was a "real fatherly looking old gentleman." Miss Semira's mental comment when she saw him was:

"Why, I don't believe that he is a day over fifty-five."

Miss Semira's own years numbered forty-five. She had expected her meal to be a man of at least sixty-five and possibly seventy years of age, but she did not voice her surprise to Mrs. Sampson. She accepted the situation

in a manner that manifested her good sense, and she said to herself:

"There's nothing for people to talk about. If he isn't as old as I thought he was, I have lived in this town too long for anyone to gossip about me. He certainly is a very well-favored, gentlemanly person, and there's nothing in me givin' him his meals that should set any one's tongue to waggin'."

Jared Lyster was a childless widower who had purchased a small store in the town. He was a quiet, gentlemanly man of domestic taste who, it must be confessed, had no intention of sear through life homeless. Like most men he had a fondness for good meals well served and he liked to live in an atmosphere of cleanliness and order. He found this atmosphere in Semira Doane's pretty and well kept little home, and the meals she served were to his entire satisfaction.

Miss Semira, on the other hand, found the society of Jared Lyster to be more agreeable than she would have dared confess. She would not acknowledge even to herself how much she valued his presence when he had been her "meal" for three months. But she found herself studying his tastes and cooking the dishes she knew he liked. She found herself also putting a red ribbon bow in her hair nearly every day after he had casually remarked that red was his favorite color and that he liked to see the little bow of red in her hair. She found herself watching for his coming and he did not know that she often stood behind the lattice work on her little porch watching him out of sight. Nor did she know what his thoughts were as he walked away. He did not know how tumultuously her heart throbbed one evening at the tea table when he said as he slowly and carefully folded his napkin back into its original creases:

"Well, Miss Semira, I think that I must tell you that I have decided to make a change."

"In your business?" she asked with her eyes fixed on her plate.

"Well, yes; the change I have in mind will give me a partner in my business. But what I was going to speak to you about was a change in regard to my meals. It isn't altogether convenient having my room in one place and taking my meals in another. Moreover, I do not quite like being a meal."

"Of course, if you wish to make a change you are at liberty to do so. I could not promise you any better meals than I have been giving you even if you stayed with me."

"I wouldn't want any better meals any place."

"O, thank you."

"The meals are all right, but I never before was what they call in this town a 'meal' and I don't like it. I would enjoy my meals a good deal more if they were served by—well, by my wife. There! Semira, don't look so frightened! It is what I have been wanting to say for a long time, almost from the first meal I ate with you! Let me stop being a 'meal' and let me be your husband instead."

He had reached across the little table and taken her by both hands and was looking into her face with shining eyes. Her eyes met his in a moment and he must have seen something of hope and encouragement for him in them, for he was by her side in a moment with his arm around her waist and his cheek to hers.

The next day Miss Doane received a call from Mrs. Sampson, who said:

"Well, Semira, its turned out just the way Sampson an' me have been sayin' for two months that it would turn out, an' I'm glad of it even if I have lost a corner. Anyhow, you gained a meal for life. I wish you joy, I really do."

## IRON HADES IN SOUTH WALES

Molten Metal Rolling Down Side of Invisible Wall Turns Heavens Into Great Blaze.

The first night spent by a visitor in South Wales, in the center of the great iron country, is marked by a wonderful impression, says the London Daily Mail.

In the daytime the iron works seem only an ugly cluster of tall chimneys and uneven roofs, seen through gray smoke. More insistent are the shrill voices of ragged children and the huddling cottages of the workmen, at whose doors stand careworn women with anxious eyes. And the dim mountains, sometimes half hidden by sweeping rainstorms and sometimes a clear greenish color, every lonely tree on their bare sides silhouetted in a darker hue, force themselves upon the eye with the tragedy of their impotence against the defiling hand of man. When one stands right beneath the tips they stand out against the sky like monstrous caricatures of Swiss peaks. There is something about this place desolate and infinitely depressing.

But at night when all is dark the sky is suddenly lit with a red glare, from the window the stranger sees a

## Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

ruddy light touching the billowing clouds and glimmering away to blackness between them. He sees roofs and chimneys standing out in startling solidity against the flaming background; the furnaces are opened, and it is as though the lid of hell were lifted. Then, on top of one of the tips, but appearing as though isolated in the sky, comes a stream of brilliant gold rolling down the side of the invisible wall in molten fire.

## Hospital for War Boots.

The war girl is again setting new records in a factory near the east end of London. Here, however, it is not shells, but boots which she is turning out. It is more like a surgery for boots than a factory because, within 40 minutes, a pair of boots from Flanders thick with mud and hardly recognizable are completely restored to strength and soundness. The boots are scrubbed in warm water, dressed with castor oil, the heel and tap is stripped off, then the outer skin of the upper part is taken off with a machine invented during the war. The sole and heel are renewed, the whole blocked into shape and finally restrained, polished and made ready for use again in the army; all in 40 minutes. About 300 girls are working in this boot hospital.

## LARGE HAT FOR SPRING



If this model is a sample of the next season's trend in hats, it is pretty certain that conservation of materials is not going to apply to hats. The designers don't care how large they make their creations, and if all their results will turn out as pretty as this charming hat, few will wish to curtail them. Though designed for spring, this exquisite hat is just the thing for those who intend to spend the rest of the winter far below the Mason-Dixon line. It is of black and white voile, with a brim of black straw.

## SURPLICE JACKET A NEW ONE

Coat is Already in America, but France is Sending Over Various Applications of the One Idea.

Cheerit is showing short jackets with fronts cut into long ends that cross below the bust, slip through slashes in the underarm seams and come out again to tie at the back. This coat is already in America, according to a fashion writer, but France is sending over, later, a dozen or more applications of the one idea.

There are short zouave jackets with ends that do not go through any slashes in the underarm seams, but frankly form a girdle and tie in a flat bow at the back of the waist. If this jacket is of dark blue serge or gaberdine, as it frequently is, it has these ends tipped with bright scarlet broadcloth or Angora cloth, to match the short, military collar taken from the English uniform.

Angora cloth is used by France on the best coat suits. A piece of a time-worn sweater, for instance, would provide an attractive accessory on a new suit under the ruling of this law.

Girdles are made of this Angora cloth, as well as cuffs, and some short coats are edged with a band of it. In green, scarlet and blue, it is exceedingly popular.

Writing of sweaters, the newest one brought from France is made from baby ribbon in bright colors. It is the top notch conservation sweater. Not an inch of worsted is used. France has launched it as the successful novelty of the season, and it bids fair to catch the popular American taste, just as did those knitted silk sweaters and caps that were launched by Chanel in Deauville the summer before the war.

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.

## TIME MAKES CHANGES.

Descendants of "Rebels" Won Glory In France.

Three young Canadians have furnished a stirring page in Canada's illustrious war annals. The blood in their veins was "rebel" blood. They sprang from sires who, nearly a century ago, were laying the foundation for the most notable and dramatic uprising in the country's history. In 1837 William Lyon Mackenzie, Louis Joseph Papineau, and Samuel Lount rose against Britain in their battle for responsible Government. When the present-war broke out their seions hastened to her defence for civilization and human liberty.

Recent British cables carried another list of gallant Canadians decorated for distinguished war service. That list included Major Samuel Kenyon Lount, who received the bar to his previously-won Military Cross. Major Lount enlisted at the outbreak of war as a private, and went overseas with the 76th Battalion. Having secured his commission he proceeded to France in a reinforcement draft, and was despatched to the fighting front. He was wounded on the Somme. On his recovery he returned to service, and has shared in every engagement in which his new battalion took part. At Vimy he won the Military Cross and his captaincy. At Passchendaele he won his bar and his majority. At present he is in a military hospital "worn out."

Major Lount is the only surviving son of the late Samuel Lount, registrar at Barrie. In that town his widowed mother and sister now live. He is also a grandnephew of Samuel Lount, one of the outstanding figures in the stirring times of 1837, who chosen to reveal the names of those who took part with him in that historic rising.

Major Lount is the third link in the blood tie that binds the "rebels" of that uprising to the patriots of the great war of to-day. Major Charles Bethune Lindsey, D.S.O., son of Mr. G. G. Lindsey, K.C., who won his decoration on the fields of France, is the great-grandson of William Lyon Mackenzie. Major Talbot Papineau of the Princess Patricia's, who won the Military Cross, was more than once mentioned in despatches, and finally gave his life in heroic service on the battlefield, was the grandson of Louis Joseph Papineau.

It is to the glory of these young Canadians—descendants of the men of the historic yesterday who fought Britain in the cause of responsible Government—that they were among the first to spring to her defence in the cause of liberty and justice. The names of Mackenzie, Papineau and Lount loom large in the history of the past. The names of their young descendants add lustre to the new pages being written in the stressful present.

## Soldiers Voted Union.

"The result of the elections in Canada has given the greatest satisfaction, and has created the greatest enthusiasm among all ranks of the corps," according to Lt.-Gen. A. W. Currie, officer commanding the Canadian Corps in France, in a letter to Mr. Norman Somerville, president of the Empire Club. The letter was an acknowledgment of a resolution to him recently passed at a general meeting of the club.

"There were many who professed that they were very nervous as to the outcome," he continues, "but to those of us who have daily witnessed for the past three years deeds of the noblest valour, have seen men sacrificing all, even life itself, for the love of home and country, the result was never in doubt. We knew that fathers and mothers of Canadian heroes would keep faith with the living and with the dead as well. Fully 98 per cent of the corps voted, and I am quite certain 90 per cent of those cast their vote for the Union Government. We have every confidence that a Government so thoroughly endorsed by the people of Canada would appreciate to the full its responsibility."

## At Sea.

On the trip to France the rough going produced that feeling among troops which made it a matter of absolute indifference to them when the world came to an end, just so it came quick. On an army transport was a steward named Terry. Before the mess call sounded, Terry always visited the different staterooms. Pushing the door ajar he would say to the officers: "Gentlemen, do you wish me to throw your luncheon overboard, or will you do it yourselves?"

## The Change.

When the old-fashioned wife With her hubby had strife, "I'll go back to my mother," she's sob.

But the spouse of to-day Doesn't threaten that way, She says: "I'll go back to my job."

## Fighting Farmers.

Three thousand three hundred members of the Saskatchewan Grain Growers are in the Canadian expeditionary force; 470 have made the supreme sacrifice.

NO

HOW AI

TO HEA

NEX

HC

H

If you

IN THAT

summer,

price.

HEADQ

Pumps, C

and Fitti

and Rep

No job t

Prices Right

C. H.

PHONE 85-2

CHAN

SHORTHORN

SH

Will buy ar

good grade L

ings for imm

ery, write or

ED. de GEX

INS

J. F.

FIRE, ACCID

Five Old and

If you want y

call on J. H.

—A

P. R. Teleg

Loa

Ticket Agen

to all pol

and British Co

THE

Farmers'

an

(B)

JOHN W. K

JAMES SM

ALBERT G.

THOMAS LI

GUILFORD

JOHN PETE

JOHN COW

J. F. ELLI

ROBERT J.

ALEX. JAM

P. J. MCFE