

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 Mathews
 C Manning W Glenn Nichol
 F Phelps H F Small
 R 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 Autterson
 S P Shanks Walter Woolyett
- 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
 C H Loveday A Banks
 S R Whalton, killed in action Oct., 1916
 Thos Meyers Jos M Wardman
 Vern Brown Alt Bullough
 Sid Brown, killed in action Sept. 15, 1916
- 25TH 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
- GUNNER
 Russ C Clark
- R N C V R
 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 Mc Kercher
- 98TH 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
- 67TH BATTERY
 Edgar Prentis
- 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
- SPECIAL SERVICE COMPANY
 Nelson Hood

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THE TANKS IN ACTION

ONE OF THE NEWEST FORMS OF WARFARE.

Commander of "Land Battleship" Describes His Sensations When Going Into Battle Against the Germans, Who Were Terrified at the Sight of the New Monsters Invented by the British.

COULD the Boche but have seen a snaky line nearly a mile long, composed of tanks following each other up to the jumping-off point, he would have brought all his artillery upon us in no time. Thank heaven it was a pitch-black night.

With my watch in my hand and my heart racing away like mad, I sat waiting. The extreme battery—a 9.2 battery—on the right of the sector crashed out with an awful roar, and then the extreme left 9.2 followed suit. Our barrage had begun.

There was about five seconds' pause, then an ear-splitting row. The Boche trenches looked like a furnace. The whole place was as light as day. Thousands of machine guns were rattling from our trenches, flame-throwers and boiling oil were racing for the Boches. The din was awful.

From the Boche lines frantic S.O.S. signals went up, but no German guns replied.

As I sat I saw our infantry advance with their rifles at the trail at a steady march across no man's land. Then I crawled into my tank, got on my seat and waited for our moving-off time.

"Some barrage that," yelled the driver to me. "Never seen such a glorious sight in all my natural."

The tank, grunting and skidding, crawled out of the shell holes at a snail's pace, and then went forward easily over the rough ground. We crossed the British front line a few minutes afterward and plunged over no man's land through shell hole after shell hole.

A dozen or more prisoners slunk past us in the charge of a wounded Tommy, who waved his hand to us.

Through my periscope I could see tanks on either flank and behind me. There was nothing for us to fear at. The Boche seemed to have disappeared altogether. What were once trenches were now just ugly looking ditches with "pill boxes" (concrete gun emplacements) here and there. Most of these "pill boxes" were shattered or lying on their sides.

The barrage was slowing halting, but was just as fierce as ever. The first objective had been reached and the barrage was a protective one.

I heard a tremendous explosion to my right front and saw a column of earth shoot up. More columns arose everywhere—the Germans had started a counter barrage. On we went. Groups of prisoners, among whom were many Red Cross men, were coming back, carrying and helping both British and Hun wounded.

We arrived at our second objective as our infantry were consolidated and the barrage kept up just in front. As it lifted a company of —shires went forward, and were almost immediately held up by heavy machine-gun fire from a ruin which had once been an estaminet.

This was where we came into play, and charging forward with an exultant mob of Tommies on either side and behind us, we took that emplacement fair and square. I must say that those Boche gunners died like heroes. They kept on firing at the front of the bus until the tank rose over the stone wall and plumped down on them.

The Boches now put up a determined defence, and the tanks smelt blood and went for them like a cat after a mouse. I had a feeling that some one was firing directly at me and almost immediately found my surmise was correct. About a hundred yards away ahead I saw a flash, then felt a crash at the bottom of the tank. It was a shell from an anti-tank gun—the tanks' most formidable enemy.

"Corkscrewing" or "zig-zagging" wasn't the word for it during the following few minutes. With my eye on the sights of my gun I kept an aim on that spot where those flashes came from.

Round after round was being fired at me, and one took effect, hitting the tank on the rear left track. The shell went right through, I afterward found out, but did no damage beyond "putting the wind up" the crew, particularly myself.

At last I was rewarded. I saw a movement at the gun position and let loose a drum of bullets at it. No more shells were fired at us by that gun. To put the gun hors de combat was a very simple matter. A tank can smash anything by going over it.

Away to my right was a trench from which a salvo of bullets greeted me. There was no need for me to give an order. The bus right-hand gunners got on to that trench in no time and emptied a few drums of ammunition into it from their machine guns.

The bridge over the river on the old main road to the village I was certain would be a total wreck, but when I got down to it I saw it was almost intact. It was a strong-looking stone

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

bridge and about twelve feet wide and the same length. Only one shell had hit it, and had knocked off a corner of the side of the bridge. "This," I yelled to the grinning driver, "is a bit of luck. Right over with her!"

We had scarcely crossed when we were all violently flung off our seats by a tremendous explosion. The tank seemed as though it was soaring upward. The bridge had been mined. She met the ground with a crash, and we were all again sent sprawling. Then she just went on forward as if nothing had happened. We all thanked our lucky stars that the explosion hadn't come off before we were actually over; otherwise—

The barrage again lifted, and I could see the infantry, plodding slowly through the river. Salvo after salvo of bullets greeted us as we rolled into the remains of the village and went down the shell-pitted main street.

The place suddenly became alive with screaming Boches, who ran toward the tank with their hands up-lifted. Fear was written large all over their features, and many of them fell down shot. The gunner was in clover.

I could see that the Boches were absolutely terrified, and out of pity for them I threw a spanner at the gunner and gave him the sign to "cease fire," stopping the tank. I yelled out in English that they were all to fall in and come up one at a time in front of the tank and empty their pockets. My order was understood all right. Personal correspondence, jewelry, water bottles and gas appliances I let them keep, but other things I made one of the men pick up and throw into a shell hole.

We got back to the rallying point after nine hours' hard and hot work, and found that two other tanks of my own section were already there. The other two tanks had not arrived, and one tank commander was positive that he saw "poor old Jimmy and his bus go sky high." He alluded to me.

We had held all the captured positions and had won the day. Just another British advance—that's all.—Harold Rutherford.

The Russian Peasant. Thus far Ivan of Russia has lived in the middle ages, religiously. He knows almost nothing of an inner struggle, knows still less of the social aspect of religion, of the beauty, the self-sacrifice, the idealism, the groping for the truth which the Christian mind now and then grapples with in the west. He still dreads his old gods far more than he loves his Christ. Yes, say what you will, he is still the pagan child of nature in all that chilling picturesqueness and forbidding ugliness. To him Christianity means a number of fasts, a still greater number of saints and demons—a detailed knowledge of which must be left to wiser heads than his—but it is his business to conciliate them, propitiate them, and keep them from swooping down on him.

Ivan's whole existence is out of joint. He is born in a world of earth and wood, where his life is circumscribed by a log cabin that is thatched in fall, when it assumes an appearance of tidiness, but becomes a huge harp for the March winds to play their woeful dirges on. The thatch is fed to the few starving animals, and the dispensable wooden props and decorations used to cook dinner with long before the approach of spring. Here between the unplastered, undecorated walls he lives with his horse, his pig, his hens—always provided he has any—under the same roof, glad of their sociability and animal warmth, being much in need of both. His home is one of the mazes of zigzag, lopsided, weather-beaten, broken down izbas that stand huddled together, freezing in God's solemn peacefulness and uncanny dreaminess. Enchantingly idyllic on a canvas, but a dreadful place to live in.

Ivan's diet is to all intents and purposes vegetarian—not from choice, however. It is the coarsest and simplest of the poorest man on the face of the earth. Day in and day out Ivan sees nothing on his rickety table except black bread, made of rye flour, often mixed with weeds, acorns, and oak bark, and ground in his own quern. This is moistened and washed edown with tschee, which is made of finely cut cabbage, and, in season, bits of cucumbers. Add potatoes, not always plentiful, and his menu is made up for every week day in the year.

Crass poverty is usually accompanied by gross ignorance. Ivan is so blissfully ignorant of the outside world that it were a safe bet that the greater majority of his brethren do not know whether Canada is right next to Germany, on the continent of Africa, or mayhap in the moon.

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