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## ROLL OF HONOR

Men From Watford and Vicinity Serving The Empire

27TH REGT.-IST BATTALION Thos L Swift, reported missing since June 15th, 1915 Richard H Stapleford 15th, 1915 Richard H Stap Bury C Binks Arthur Owens L Gunu Newell, killed in action FCN Newell, DCM T Ward Alf Woodward, killed in action M Cunningham W Blunt Sid Welsh M'Blondel R W Bailey A L Johnston G Mathews RIA Johnston C Manning F Phelps E W Smith W Glenn Nichol H F Small C Toop Ward, killed in action C Ward F Wakelin, D C M, killed in action T Wakelin, wounded and missing T Wakelin, v H Whitsitt

B Hardy PRINCESS PATRICIA'S C. L. I. Gerald H Brown 18TH BATTALION C A Barnes Geo Ferris Edmund Watson J Burns G Shanks F Burns Wm Autterson C Blunt S P Shanks Walter Woolvett 2ND DIVISIONAL CAVALRY

Lorne Lucas Chas Potter 33RD BATTALION 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

Frank Yerks

34TH BATTALION RC 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 Wn Mitchell John Howard 70TH BATTALION Ernest Lawrence, killed in ac. on, Oct. 1 Alfred Emmerson CH Loyeday A Banks SR 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 W F Gocdman Wm Macnally ENGINEERS J Tomlin Basil Saunders Cecil McNaughton

ARMY MEDICAL CORPS TA Brandon, M D
Norman McKenzie
Allen W Edwards

W J McKenzie M D
Jerrold W Snell
Wm McCausland Jerrold W Snell Wm McCausland Capt. R. M. Janes Basil Gault

135TH BATTALION Nichol McLachlin, killed in action July

3RD RESERVE BATTERY, CFA 116TH BATTALION Clayton O Fuller, killed in action April 18th, 1917

196TH BATTALION RR Annett

70TH BATTERY R H Trenouth, killed in action on May 8th, 1917 Murray M Forster V W Willoughby Ambrose Gavigan

142ND BATTALION Lieut. Gerald I. Taylor, killed in action on Oct. 16, 1918. Austin Potter

GUNNER Russ G Clark

RNCVR T. A. Gilliland John I Brown 1st Class Petty Officers.

Surgeon Frederick H. Haskett, Lieut ARMY DENTAL CORPS Elgin D Hicks H D Taylor Capt. L. V. Janes ARMY SERVICE CORPS

Arthur McKercher Henry Thora Henry Thorpe, Mech. Transport. 98TH BATTALION

Roy E Actou, killed in action Nov. 3, 1917 64th BATTERY

CFLuckham Harold D Robinson Clifford Leigh Romo Auld 63RD BATTERY Walter A Restorick George W. Parker Clare Fuller Ed. Gibbs Clare Fuller

67TH BATTERY Edgar Prentis 69TH BATTERY

angler W Cook Lieut M R James Cadet D. V. Auld Lieut, Leonard Crone, killed in action, July 1, 1918. J. C. Hill, mechanic Lieut. J. B. Tiffin Cadet C. Janes

IST DEPOT BATTALION WESTERN ONTARIO REGIMENT.
Reginald J Leach Leon R Palmer
James Phair—Fred Birch
Russell McCormick John F. Creasey
John Stapleford Geo. Moore
Mel. McCormick Bert Lucas
Tom Dodds Alvin Copeland
Wellington Higgins Herman Cameron
Lloyd Cook William Blain
LP bishead Williams Raid of George WESTERN ONTARIO REGIMENT Lloyd Cook William Blain

J. Richard Williamson, died of wounds, Oct. 11, 1918.

### **海**路路路路路路路路路路路

CENTRAL ONTARIO REGIMENT Verne Johnston Chester R. Schlemmer Basil A Ramsay SPECIAL SERVICE COMPANY

Nelson Hood AMERICAN ARMY Corp. Stanley Higgins Bence Coristine (artillery) Fred T Eastman (artillery) AIR SERVICE, A. E. F.

W. Orville Edwards

Frank R. Crone AMERICAN ENGINEERING CORPS Vernon W. Crone. 15TH CANADIAN RESERVES

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

#### MEN WHO ENLISTED IN 149 BATT. AT WATFORD

Lieut. W. H. Smyth, Headquarters

Lieut. W. D. Swift. Scout Officer.
Lieut. R. D. Swift. Scout Officer.
Lieut. W. A. Williams
Sergt. W. D. Lamb
Sergt. M. W. Davies Sergt. M. W. Davies
Sergt. S. H. Hawkins
Sergt. B. A. Dodds
Sergt. W. C. McKinnon
Sergt. Geo. Gibbs
Sergt. H. Murphy
Sergt. C. F. Roche
Corp. J. C. Anderson
Corp. J. C. Anderson
Corp. J. C. Anderson
Corp. H. Cooper
Corp. C. Skillen
Corp. C. E. Sisson
L. Corp. A. I. Small
B. Q. S. - B. C. Culley
C. Q. S. - C. McCormick
Pte, Frank Wiley. Pte. Frank Wiley. Pte. A. Banks I te. F. Collins Pte. A. Dempsey Pte. J. R. Garrett Pte. H. Jamieson
Pte. G. Lawrence
Pte. R. J. Lawrence
Pte. Charles Lawrence. Pte. C. F. Lang
Pte. W. C. Pearce
Pte. T. E. Stilwell
Pte. A. H. Lewis, Band Pte. G. A. Parker Pte. A. W. Stilwell Pte. W. J. Saunders Pte. Bert Saunders

Pte. A. Armond
Pte. W. C. Aylesworth, Band
Pte. R. Clark, Bugler Pte. S. L. McClung Pte. J. McClung Pte. C. Atchison Pte. H. J. McFeley
Pte. H. B. Hubbard
Pte. G. Young
Pte D. Bennett
Pte. F. J. Russell

Pte. E. Mayes Pte. C. Haskett Pte. S. Graham Pte. W. Palmer Pte. H. Thomas Pte. F. Thomas Pte. B. Trenouth Pte. E. A. Shaun Pte. W. Zavitz Pte. W. J. Sayers Pte. Lot Nicholls Pte. John Lamb Pte. Eston Fowler
Pte. E. Cooper.
Pte. F. A. Conne ly,
Pte. F. Whitman.

Pte. Edgar Oke. Pte. White. Pte. McGarrity. Pte. Wilson Pte. Richard Watson, Can. Engineer Pte. L. H. Aylesworth, Band, Pte. A. C. Williams Pte. William Kent Pte. Fred Adams

#### Made the Supreme Sacrifice

WATFORD AND VICINITY

Lt.-Col. R. G. Kelly Capt. Thos. L. Swift Sergt.-Major L. G. Newell Pte. Alfred Woodward Pte. Percy Mitchell Pte. R. Whalton Pte. Thos. Lamb Pte. J. Ward
Pte. Sid Brown Pte. Gordon Patterson
Pte. F. Wakelin, D. C. M.
Pte. T. Wakelin
Pte. G. M. Fountain
Pte. H. Holmes
Pte. C. Stillwell
Pte. Macklin Harle Pte. Macklin Hagle Sergt. Clayton O. Fuller. Gunner Russell Howard Trenouth. Pte. Nichol McLachlan. Corp. Clarence L. Gibson Signaller Roy E. Acton. Bandsman A. I. Small Capt. Ernest W. Lawrence. Lieut. Leonard Crone Pte. John Richard Willa. Lieut, Gerald I. Taylor Pte. Charles Lawrence Lieut. Basil J. Roche

## 器 器 器 器 器 器

Reduced by Asthma. The constant strain of asthma brings the patient to a dreadtul state of hopeless exhaustion. Early use should by all means be made of the famous Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy, which more than any other acts quickly and surely on the "air passages and brings blessed help and comfort. No home where Asthma is present in the least degree should be without this great remedy.

## 'Dawn"

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

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"No," Dawn said, with regret and finality equally blended with love in her voice, "I love you as much as I am capable of loving any man, but you have not the right to ask me to give up my friends. It is far better that we consider ourselves free."

Harry Barrington looked back at Dawn with pain in his eyes. A pain that was perhaps mixed with a too great darkness of jealousy. He looked all that a man should be in his khaki uniform, and he was sailing away to fight for America's liberty.

He glanced about the cool, home-like studio that was Dawn's home and realized that when he was in the trenches fighting, his sweetheart would be entertaining other men-that she would be sitting down at the little table dining tete-a-tete over a Dawncooked chicken or a rarebit and giving her smiles and her rare glances to some one else.

"You know, dear," he replied, trying to persuade her to his viewpoint, "It is not only jealousy—and Lord knows I am that—but it is just common sense I'm talking. Here you will be while I am away, and though you may be collaborating on stories and working your brain to tatters with Dicky Vane or Ralph Reed, you are still Dawn Conner, and therefore will be tempting both yourself and the other fellow.

You can't help flirting," he added. Dawn blushed, but her eves were steady and enveloped Captain Barrington with a glance that should have told him that she was true as steel,

with all her flirting. "I'm sorry," she said, "but women have gone far past the time when will give up all interests and all men friends for the one man whom they marry. My writing is as great a part of my life as marrying will be —my men friends with whom I collaborate and work in this studio are dear and sincere friends and another big part of my life and happiness. If you cannot be generous enough to let me have my life and fulfill my ambitions just as you do your own, then, dear—we must not marry."

But, Dawn-I love you-I-" "And I love you," she said unsteadily, "but have I ever asked you to stop having your lovely stenographers in your private room for dictation-"That is in business," he put in

quickly. "And so is mine business," Dawn were not working with me, I should still expect to be here and entertaining them in my studio. I want to be trusted by the man who loves me sufficiently to let me lead my life according to my own nature." She very gently slipped the ring from her engagement finger. "I am firm in my philosophy in love and marriage," she said with a swift, if unsteady, little

Barrington gazed long and earnestly at Dawn as he took the ring from her extended hand. Her beautiful satiny arm was as white as the lilies and her shoulders molded for the sheer heauty of art.

Barrington took her in his arms, "You don't love me, Dawn," he told her sadly; "you are perhaps not capa-ble of loving."

"I can't be the slave of love, if that is what you mean," Dawn told him, and she put her lovely arms up about his neck and held him close to her. "Please try to remember, dear, that I love you more than any other woman ever will, but my men friends would be a constant source of unhappiness to you, and in the end to me."

"I am sorry I have disappointed you, Dawn. Life would have been a very beautiful experience with you at my side. There will never be another woman either in my heart or at my hearthstone."

When he had gone Dawn gave way to tears, but after that she braced up, began to readjust her life and tried not to think of the void that Barrington's going had left.

She was neither the clinging vine variety of womanhood nor yet the independent, masculine type. Dawn was merely a good specimen of feminine beauty and brains combined.-She loved Captain Barrington as a weaker nature could never hope to love There were both depth and breadth to her affection and complete trust.

Dawn continued her writing and she made no change in her manner of living. When Dicky Vane came up and their work carried them into the noon or evening hours, Dawn's chafing dish was brought out and savory meals prepared. Then the typewriter clicked while rabbit stewed. Dawn and her

Turned out much tras was worth while in the literary world. If on rare occasions Dawn was brought face to face with the nature of man under trying circumstances, she blamed herself and not the man. Dawn was a flirt, and she knew there was more than a little ground for Barrington's fears. On the whole, she knew, however, that her own way of reasoning had been right-her own philosophy best suited to her success

and happiness. She did not fight attractions in other men. Dawn knew that to live on the surface of love affairs tended to make her great void less deep. She missed Barrington's love, and she never for

a moment thought seriously of her

many flirtations. But in a way her big captain had been right. Life told her that she could easily have succumbed had she been less true to some nearer love. Barrington, along with other men, could perhaps not appreciate that she was not like other women in love. Dawn loved love, but she also loved her work. She was generous and bighearted and unselfish, and wanted oth-

ers to be the same. The months flew past. Dawn reached wonderful heights of fame in her writing and found a very level sense of contentment and happiness. She had many friends and many who would have been more than friends. She began to dress exquisitely. The beautiful arms and shoulders were even more lovely when set off by beautiful gowns.

Then suddenly Dawn knew that Captain Barrington had been brought back home wounded—wounded to the point of being on that terrible precipice that rears itself between life and death.

She knew, also, that a considerable amount of skin-grafting was all that might save his life. It was no time before Dawn had made her way de terminedly to the surgeon in charge

of Barrington's case. "And he must never know," she insisted, after having pleaded successfully with the surgeon. The blood test had been perfect. Dawn was permitted to give many, many square inches of skin from her wonderful arms and shoulders that Barrington

might live. The operation was successful. Barrington, being totally unconscious, knew not that Dawn's skin had been grafted on his frightful wounds. Dawn's courage had been marvelous and her spirit felt greatly rejoiced She had done a small bit in the great

fight. No one in her big circle of friends knew why Dawn stopped wearing the lovely gowns that revealed her satiny arms, and no one knew that Capt. Harry Barrington's recovery was entirely due to the skin taken from

those same arms. When the hero was out of hospital given for him. Dawn, of course, was there, and her eyes were steady and held the old light in them when she

and Barrington again clasped hands. "Dawn, Dawn," was all Barrington said. His eyes told her that life had meant nothing to him without her and finally his lips said that he had been wrong, all wrong in demanding

so much of her. Dawn's smile was radiant. She had won the kind of love she had always dreamed of and she could look Barrington squarely in the eyes and tell him she had never wavered from his

Back in the studio after the dinner, Barrington took Dawn swiftly into his arms. Afterward, when a suggestion of calm reached him, Barrington trailed his fingers down over Dawn's

"Why are my satiny, precious arms hidden by this chiffony thing? And why are Dawn Conner's shoulders so modestly under cover?"

Dawn shrank and the color stained cheeks. Barrington had never seen her shrink from his touch. "It's just a little scar or two," she said swiftly; "they will all vanish

some day." Barrington looked hard at her. Love's eyes are overkeen and love's brain intuitive. Her sleeve was swift-iy rolled back and Barrington's heart

thumped madly.

He trembled with her in his arms as he had not trembled when the great shell sprang at him on the battle-

"But I couldn't have any other per son's skin on your arms," she said finally with a little trembling laugh. "It would have worried me-all the

"Dawn-my own wonderful Dawn," was all Barrington said.

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MADE SLIGHT ERROR.

Telegrapher's Mistake Resulted In

Practical Joke. It was at Krasniarsk that we barely missed a good joke on our Red Guard friends. They had received a telegram to prepare to receive sixty barani, which were to arrive on the train that day. Now, barani means "sheep," so the Red Guards made ready wagons and an abundance of hay and feed for the welcome animals. Instead of sheep, however there stepped off the train however, there stepped off the train sixty aristocratic nobles, heavily guarded: They were being sent into exile from the northwest province of Russia. The telegraph operator had made the mistake of reporting barani instead of baroni. But it made good

fun for the crowd at the station. The best insight into true conditions was given me by Izenkin, whom I had known as a soldier at the front, a few months before. I chanced to run across him near Tomsk. I knew him to be a shrewd, pr. sperous peasant, and I took him to get his views,
"Now, Izenkin," I said, after greetings were over, "you're a good Bol-

shevik, or Communist-pardon me! —so tell me about the reforms you're putting through here in Siberia." He comically winked at me with both eye.

"Oh, Gospodin Atkinson, you know very well why I pretend to be Bol-shevik—because it isn't safe to be anything else. Most of us here in Siberia are descended from political exiles, and we've always tried to keep

exiles, and we've always tried to keep up our education a little and be worthy of our ancestors' fight for liberty. And now it seems as if everything had gone to pieces.

"My people tell me that even when Kerensky was in power a lot of low toughs from the Petrograd factories, to say nothing of Siberian convicts, were receiving any form somehody. were receiving pay from somebody to go through all our villages, try-ing to stir up the vilest kind of trou-ble. Deserting soldiers were coming home, so they repeated to our home folk the lies we all used to hear from Germany and the Bolsheviki, all about America and Japan stealing eastern Siberia, and about the 'de-liverers, Lenine and Trotzky,' who were going to keep us from becoming slaves to foreigners.

"Our people didn't believe these stories, nor did they like the way the provocators were acting; so they decided that they'd set up a republic of their own, with the capital near here, as Omsk or Tomsk.

"You know the rest," he continued, bitterly. "Trotzky, while he was talking interpationalism, and the

talking internationalism and the rights of free peoples, sent cannon and guns and ammunition, and a blood-red gang of cutthroats—and what could unarmed Siberia do? Every city fought to the last, but it had to end sometime. Thousands of our soldiers turned traitor and joined the invaders, getting good money for it. Of course, the criminal elements were happy. Some of the women be-lieved the stories of the deserters and thought it was a great battle for their freedom. But most of them are just waiting, like the men, for a chance to throw off the despicable rule of these tyrants!"