

Fletcher's

RIA

and which has been
borne the signature of
a made under his per-
fancy.
but
th of
nt.

oric,
ains
Its
has
acy,
ing
ids
dep.

AYS

ock

arp

E

17-3

D.

D.

L

AL

it

y finest quality.

WEDDING

INVITATIONS

ANNOUNCEMENTS

VISITING CARDS

ide-Advocate

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, DCM 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
Ward, killed in action C. Ward
F. Wakelin, DCM, killed in action
T. Wakelin, wounded and missing
H. Whitsett B. Hardy

PRINCESS PATRICIA'S C. L. I.

Gerald H. Brown

18TH BATTALION

C. A. Barnes Geo. Ferris
Edmund Watson G. Shanks
J. Burns F. Burns
C. Blunt Wm. Auttersson
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

R. 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

29TH BATTERY

Wm. Mitchell John Howard

70TH BATTALION

Ernest Lawrence, killed in action, Oct. 1, 1918 Alfred Emerson
C. H. Loveday A. Banks
S. R. Whalton, killed in action Oct. 1, 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 Cecil McNaughton

ARMY MEDICAL CORPS

T. A. Brandon M. D. W. J. McKenzie M. D.

Norman McKenzie Jerrold W. Snell

Allen W. Edwards Wm. McCausland

Basil Gault Capt. R. M. Jones

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

Lieut. Gerald I. Taylor, killed in action on Oct. 16, 1918

Austin Potter

GUNNER

Russ G. Clark

R. N. C. V. R.

John J. Brown T. A. Gilliland

1st Class Petty Officers.

ROYAL NAVY

Surgeon Frederick H. Haskett, Lieut.

ARMY DENTAL CORPS

Elgin D. Hicks H. D. Taylor

Capt. L. V. Jones

ARMY SERVICE CORPS

Frank Elliot R. H. Acton

Arthur McKercher

Henry Thorpe, Mech. Transport.

Roy E. Acton, killed in action Nov. 3, 1917

64th BATTERY

C. F. Luckham Harold D. Robinson

Romo Auld Clifford Leigh

63RD BATTERY

Walter A. Restrick George W. Parker

Clare Fuller Ed. Gibbs

67TH BATTERY

Edgar Prentiss

69TH BATTERY

Walter W. Cook

1ST DEPOT BATTALION

WESTERN ONTARIO REGIMENT

Reginald J. Leach Leon R. Palmer

James Phair Fred Birch

Russell McCormick John F. Creasey

Leo Dodds Fred Just

John Stapleford Geo. Moore

Mel McCormick Bert Lucas

Tom Dodds Alvin Copeland

Wellington Higgins Herman Cameron

Lloyd Cook William Blain

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

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. R. F.

Frank R. Crone

AMERICAN ENGINEERING CORPS

Vernon W. Crone

15TH CANADIAN RESERVES

W. Orville Edwards

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

Ottawa.

Lieut. R. D. Swift, Scout Officer.

Lieut. W. A. Williams

Sergt. W. D. Lamb

Sergt. M. W. Davies

Sergt. S. H. Hawkins

Sergt. E. A. Dodds

Sergt. W. C. McKinnon

Sergt. Geo. Gibbs

Sergt. H. Murphy

Sergt. C. F. Roche

Corp. W. M. Bruce

Corp. J. C. Anderson

Corp. J. Menzies

Corp. S. E. Dodds

Corp. H. Cooper

Corp. C. Skillen

Corp. C. E. Sisson

L. Corp. A. I. Small

B. O. S. B. C. Culley

C. O. S. C. McCormick

Pte. Frank Wiley

Pte. A. Banks

Pte. 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. McFoley

Pte. H. B. Hubbard

Pte. G. Young

Pte. D. Bennett

Pte. F. J. Russell

Pte. E. A. Shannessy

Pte. C. Haskett

Pte. S. Graham

Pte. W. Palmer

Pte. H. Thomas

Pte. F. T. Thomas

Pte. B. Trenouth

Pte. E. A. Shannessy

Pte. W. Zavitz

Pte. W. J. Sayers

Pte. Lot Nicholls

Pte. John Lamb

Pte. Eston Fowler

Pte. E. Cooper

Pte. F. A. Comeley

Pte. F. Whitman

Pte. Edgar Oke

Pte. White

Pte. McGarity

Pte. Wilson

Pte. Richard Watson, Can. Engineer

Pte. L. H. Aylesworth, Band

Pte. 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 Hagle

Sergt. Clayton O. Fuller

Gunner Russell Howard Trenouth

Pte. Nichol McLachlan

Corp. Clarence L. Gibson

Signaller Roy E. Acton

Bandman A. I. Small

Pte. John Richard Williams

Lieut. Gerald I. Taylor

Lieut. Basil J. Roche

Reduced by Asthma. The constant strain of asthma brings the patient to a dreadful state of hopeless exhaustion. Early use should be by all means 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

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"No," Dawn said, with regret and finally—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 Dawn-cooked 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 eyes 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 they 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 stated, "but even if my men friends 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 laugh.

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 beauty of art.

Barrington took her in his arms. "You don't love me, Dawn," he told her sadly; "you are perhaps not capable 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 that 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 big-hearted and unselfish, and wanted others 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 determinedly 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 and able to attend to a big dinner was 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 love.

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 arm.

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

Dawn shrank and the color stained her 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 swiftly 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 battlefield.

"But I couldn't have any other person's skin on my arms," she said finally with a little trembling laugh. "It would have worried me—all the time."

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

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children