

ROLL OF HONOR—CONTINUED

TORONTO FACTORY

NAME  
**Attfield, Wm.**  
**Bassett, N.**  
 Bellchamber, W.  
 Boniface, W.  
 Boseham, A.  
 Bunston, M.  
 Callaghan, J.  
 Caterer, W.  
 Challands, B.  
 Clinton, Geo.  
 Coats, T.  
 Cole, J.  
 Croxford, J.  
 Davies, T.  
 Ego, H.  
 Felice, P.  
 Fisher, D.  
 \*George, J.  
 Gow, Alex.  
 Hardy, J.

NAME  
 Harris, C.  
 Hawkes, H.  
 Hay, J.  
 Hexford, Chas.  
 Hirons, F.  
 Howarth, T.  
 Jackson, R. E.  
 \*Johnson, Geo.  
 Jordan, James  
 Lawrie, A.  
 Lee, A.  
**Manson, David, Corp.**  
 Markham, E.  
 Merchant, W.  
 Millett, L. S.  
 McNaughty, —  
 McNiff, J.  
 McFarland, W.  
 Munro, R. D.

NAME  
 Munns, A.  
 Nichol, J.  
 Neal, E.  
 Oakley, W.  
 Oakley, L.  
 Parker, T.  
 Pearson, H.  
 Pettie, H.  
 Relf, J.  
 Richards, J.  
 Roberts, M.  
 Shaw, W. H.  
 Sheridan, T.  
 Spence, A.  
 Stephenson, J.  
 Stokes, R.  
 Telford, Wm. G.  
 Watson, W.  
 Wearing, Thos.  
 Welton, Frank

MARITIME BRANCH

NAME  
 Bingham, Abram

NAME  
 Beaverage, A.

YORKTON BRANCH

SWIFT CURRENT BRANCH

NAME  
 Fearey, E. A.  
 Fines, R.

NAME  
 Hesford, L.  
 Humphreys, W. J.

NAME  
 Radley, P.

SASKATOON BRANCH

NAME  
 Bolan, Fred  
 Callin, J. E.  
 Cavanaugh, Geo.

NAME  
 Dobie, Milton  
 Dobie, M. J.  
 Henning, R. M., Capt.

NAME  
 McClung, Alex.  
 Tisdale, O. L.

THE BOYS

Ah, 'tis lonesome in the homestead  
 While the lads are far away;  
 And the hearts they've left behind them  
 Can but quietly wait and pray.  
 Keeping still the old lamp burning  
 And the latch loose on the door,  
 For the welcome ones returning  
 When the weary war is o'er.

And the lads themselves are thinking  
 Of the faces ever dear,  
 And Remembrance, in the darkness,  
 Brings the loved ones very near;

And the dismal hour of vigil  
 Loses more than half its pain,  
 For the thought, like prayer, within it  
 Of the coming home again.

So in stillness of the evening,  
 Or when stirs the call of day,  
 To our God in highest heaven  
 May our spirits ever pray,—  
 That He'll bring our boys back to us  
 When the time of pain is o'er,  
 Or lead us, where they shall wait us,  
 Clothed in victory, evermore.

*Lauchlan MacLean Watt.*