

"Lest We Forget"

Made the Supreme Sacrifice

WATFORD AND VICINITY

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Pte. Charles Lawrence
Lieut. Basil J. Rodie
Pte. Alfred Bullough

In Memoriam

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF MY COMRADES WHO FELL IN THE GREAT WAR

Chapter 1
"Carry the word to my sisters—
To the Queens of the East and the South.
I have proven faith in the Heritage
By more than word of mouth.
They that are wise may follow
Ere the World's war trumpet blows
But I—I am first in the battle;
Said our Lady of the Snows."

Yes, I shall never forget, that day
in August, 1914, when we marched
to the station at Watford to entrain
for Valcartier Camp—the assembly
camp of Canada's first contingent of
men destined to take part in the
world war, and there were others
came after, and—Glory be to God
for those others as well.
They were happy days we spent at
Valcartier before we started on the
rest of our journey, and it was while
at this camp that the first incident
in the story which I have to tell took
place.

It was the second night I think
after we had got settled in our tent;
and the bed time hour, but there
seemed to be a feeling of uneasiness
prevailing among the lads. Suddenly
something that one of them was fing-
ering caught my eye, in an instant
the reason of the uneasiness dawned
upon me. The lad was playing nerv-
ously with a pocket Bible and there
was something in his eyes that look-
ed like an appeal for help.

I did not ignore this appeal for
help, but instantly rapped out the
words:
"Read it, man, and read it aloud if
you like; I am going to read too."
And so by this came a story per-
haps an old story; but ever new. He
had promised his poor old father,
(his mother had long since passed
away) that he would read a little
from the Word of God at night ere
he slept.

And come to find out he was not
the only one, and those who had not
made any promise agreed that it was
good.
The matter did not rest there but
every night while at that camp be-
fore we retired for the night they
would sing a hymn or two; and
would take it in turns to read from
the Scriptures and then altogether
would say:
"Ours Father, who art in heaven;...
Amen."

Chapter 2.
"Hope and be undismayed."
Then the time came to sail away
on the second part of our journey;
and for a time the party got separ-
ated. I happened to be sharing a
cabin on the ship with a young man
whom I learned in the course of con-
versation with him, regarded his life
as having been an absolute failure,
and he seemed to be convinced that
there was nothing worth while for
him to live for, and he thought that
by going to the front he would be
helping out a little and anyway
would not be missed if he were killed
which he thought he would be. He
seemed to have lost all hope and hard
and long was the task of convincing
him that he was not a hopeless case,
and when he at last realized there
was still hope and life began to look
brighter, he went at the job in hand
as if he meant it and was a fine
soldier.

After a rather long sea voyage we
arrived at our camp in the Old Coun-
try, where we stayed a short while
before going to the trenches; and

once again the party was able to
gather in the tent for the evensongs
and readings as before, and what
satisfaction must have come to the
party when one night just at the
close of the evening, a head was
thrust through the tent door and
some one of our comrades from an-
other part of the camp said:
"Will lads, that was good and it
did me good and I am glad I had the
chance to listen." Surely those even-
ings were worth while if only for
that.

Reach out to your brother
A strong, loving hand;
In life's weary battle
'Twill help him to stand.
A balm for a heartache,
A smile for a tear;
Reach out to your Brother
A hand full of cheer.

Chapter III

"Beneath the camp fires gleaming,
Lies a little boy called 'Taps.'"
The time seemed to move rather
slowly, as that was a very bad fall
and winter in England and it rained
almost incessantly which made it
very uncomfortable. However, the
day came when we crossed the chan-
nel and came to the place we start-
ed out for, the front line, and I will
remember how that our first trip in
the line we went in with other reg-
iments who had been in for some time
and had experience, and it was on
this, our first trip in, that we lost our
Bugler, a little fellow and whom I
believe our neighbors across the bor-
der call Taps. We buried him where
he fell.

After a couple of days in the line
with Old Country regiments we
moved further on to a place where
we were to take over the line our-
selves and I remember the night we
marched up to occupy the trenches,
as we drew near to the trenches a
sergeant, who was close to me, called
my attention to a cloud right over
head the exact shape of a Maple
Leaf, and as we moved up the cloud
moved with us, this was looked upon
as a good omen by all who saw it.

It was while occupying these
trenches that something of the
beauty of nature was revealed. There
stood in No Man's Land what was
left of a tree, a long stump with an
arm sticking out, it of course having
been wrecked by shell fire, and yet
amidst all the carnage and the noise
of war, every morning a thrush
would come and perch on that stump
and warble forth his song of thanks
to Him who marks the fall even of
the little bird and we much enjoy-
ed the visit of the thrush I can
assure you. It was here that we lost
our first officer, he was shot dead in-
stantly, and I believe was the first
officer killed in the Canadian Forces.

A mighty good fellow, too.
Well, having spent some time here,
including a big battle period, we
were ordered to move to another
part of the line and I remember as
we approached this new part of the
line the scene was already full of
signs of human distress, there were
women crying and men whose pale
faces betokened misery, passing by
and some went by in wagons and all
carrying what was left of their pos-
sessions with them. They were fleeing
from the homesteads which were be-
ing obliterated by enemy shell fire,
and from the wrath to come.

And as the troops marched along
they sang, yes, the old songs and the
new, but as they neared the little
village, close by which they would
halt, there rang out this song:
"The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood red Banner streams afar,
Who follows in his train."
A glorious band the chosen few,
On whom the spirit came,
Twelve valiant sons there hope they
know.

And mocked the cross and shame.
They braved the tyrants brandished
spear,
The lions gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to
feel.
Who follows in their train."

Chapter IV
"Come read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.
And the night shall be filled with
music,
And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

Time goes on, ever on, and again
and again the front line is entered.
Some have entered for the last time,
and some for all time.
He was a good lad and with more
of his comrades was detailed to hold
a supporting point, but the enemy
took a dislike to it and one day open-
ed up with heavy artillery on it
knocking it west and crooked, yet
amidst it all he sat and played on his
flute which he always carried; the
songs of home, the love songs, and
the jolly songs as well, and his com-
rades joined their voices in the song,
for it cheered them as they stuck to
their post in that terrible blast of
hell. But all in a moment his life was
snuffed out and he passed on to play
his flute in peace where the fires of
hell are no more known.

Then there was another chap, a
big rough and ready fellow, who
loved the ribald song and to look up-
on the wine when it is red. He was
what the world would call a tough
un, but beneath that outward rough-
ness there beat a heart of gold. It
was my privilege to talk with him
when his soul desired quietness which
did happen once in a while, and I

The Crusade for Good Health



The Canadian Red Cross Society is one of thirty-one National Red Cross Societies engaged in a world-wide Crusade for

- The improvement of health
The prevention of disease
The mitigation of suffering.

This movement is endorsed by

- The Governments of Thirty-one Nations;
The League of Nations;
Medical and Public Health Experts Meet-
ing in International Conference at
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May 22-28

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To help create public opinion in favour of sound health measures.

You may enroll with your Local Red Cross Branch or Enrollment Com- mittee or, if there is no organization in your community with THE ONTARIO PROVINCIAL DIVISION, 410 SHERBOURNE ST., TORONTO.

Canadian Red Cross Society Ontario Division.

learned to love this big rough fellow,
And did he love anyone? Yes, he lov-
ed his mother for one, she was his
emblem of purity, his guardian angel
and guiding star, and even as I
watched the tears come to his eyes as
he talked of her, I knew that he
fought many a hard battle within
himself as to whether it was worth
the sacrifice of leaving her he loved
so dearly to join in the struggle
against the would-be oppressor. I
remember well his final words as he
spoke of her.

"Siddy," he said, "It's got to be
done. Pray God that we gain the vic-
tory."
Shortly after he fell mortally
wounded. He was hit by shrapnel as
he stood hurling defiance in all the
language he knew at the whole lot of
them.

Chapter V
"Lead kindly light, Amid the en-
circling gloom,
Lead thou me on;
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and
torrent till
The night is gone."

There is no doubt that a feeling of
loneliness must come to one who is
passing away on a comfortable bed
surrounded by loved ones, but I
fancy it would be as nothing com-
pared with that of one lying on the
field of battle and his life blood ab-
sorb- ing fast away. All around him noth-
ing but death and destruction, pools
of blood and an awful stench and
covered by an absolute loneliness and
the knowledge that he is far away
from all he loved so dear. Oh how
slow must seem the moments to one
who lays waiting for the life blood to
flow away.

I shall never forget one night as
we moved up to the trenches, we
were passing through a communica-
tion trench, and laying on one side
was the body of a young lad terribly
injured, and it looked as if just be-
fore he died he had managed to crawl
there in a last desire for protection.
He was young, it was clear, and I
fancy must have raised his age in
order to serve his country, but you
will forgive him for that. It gave one
a sad feeling at heart, as they
thought of some one far away who
must be thinking of their boy, yet
not knowing that he lay there cold in
death, and the picture came to me of
what his last moments must have

been. The cry of anguish as his soul
cried out to the Master.
"Jesus Savior, I have given all for
them, no I have not been all I should
have been in my short life, but I
have given all for them even as you
did for me."
And I fancy then I hear the Mas-
ter say,
"Y'es, Laddie, I died for you and

behold me now alive forever more.
Come and I will give thee the Crown
of Life, and thou shalt live forever
more."
"And with the morn, those angel
faces smile,
Which I have loved long since and
lost awhile,
Lead thou me on."

S. O. S. Help Save the Home!

TO PRINCIPALS AND TEACHERS, SCHOLARS AND PARENTS:—

We will send "Home Inspection Blanks" to the teaching staff throughout Ontario for distribution among their pupils.

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The inspection is planned to take place throughout the Province during the week of May 2nd. The primary object of this inspection is to draw attention to hazardous conditions in the homes and have the fire menace removed or corrected by the house holders.

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In Affiliation with Ontario Fire Marshal's Office
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