

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, D.C.M. 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. P. Small
F. 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. Whitsitt 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. A. Patterson
S. F. Shanks Walter Woollett

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. Lowley A. Banks
S. R. Whalton, killed in action Oct., 1916
Thos. Meyers Joe M. Wardman
Vern Brown Alf Bullock
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. Saeel
Allen W. Edwards Wm. McCausland
Basil Gault

135TH BATTALION

Nichol McLachlin, killed in action July 6th, 1917
Alfred Levi

3RD RESERVE BATTERY, C.F.A.

Clayton O. Fuller, killed in action April 18th, 1917

196TH BATTALION

R. R. Annett

70TH BATTERY

R. H. Tremouth, killed in action on May 8th, 1917
Murray M. Forster V. W. Willoughby
Ambrose Gavigan

142ND BATTALION

Austin Potter

GUNNER

Rass G. Clark

RNCVR

John J. Brown T. A. Gilliland

1st Class Petty Officers

Elgin D. Hicks H. D. Taylor

ARMY SERVICE CORPS

Frank Elliot R. H. Acton

89TH BATTALION

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

64th BATTERY

C. F. Luckham Harold D. Robinson

63RD BATTERY

Walter A. Restorick George W. Parker

67th BATTERY

Edgar Prentiss

69th BATTERY

Chester W. Cook

ROYAL FLYING CORPS

Lient M. R. James Cadet D. V. Auld

1ST DEPOT BATTALION

Reginald J. Leach Leon R. Palmer

WESTERN ONTARIO REGIMENT

James Plait Fred Birch

ARMY MEDICAL CORPS

Russell McCormick Robert Creasey

ARMY SERVICE CORPS

Leo Dodds Fred Just

69th BATTERY

Mel. McCormick Bert Lucas

69th BATTERY

Tom Dodds Alvin Copeland

CENTRAL ONTARIO REGIMENT

Wellington Higgins Herman Cameron

SPECIAL SERVICE COMPANY

Verne Johnston Chester R. Schlemmer

AMERICAN ARMY

Basil A. Ramsey

AMERICAN ARMY

Nelson Hood

AMERICAN ARMY

Stanley Higgins

AMERICAN ARMY

Bence Coristine (artillery)

AMERICAN ARMY

Fred T. Rastman (artillery)

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

A Little Child

By

Martha McCullough Williams

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

"Yes, sir!" Miss Prue said oracularly. "You hear my racket! Sompin's in the wind over to Barton's—shore's I'm knee-high to a grasshopper."

"How come you to be so shore?" Widow Allan demanded, settling her knitting-sheath more firmly against her plump side. Miss Prue half shut one eye—a devout church member of course could not wink—set her arms akimbo, advanced a large foot, and said still with the oracular intonations: "I'd tell ye—only I'm morn afraid ye'll go strowin' all up and down Bresh Creek neighborhood, and gittin' me the name o' talkin' scandal."

The widow smiled broadly. Miss Prue was known already for the head and front of all gossip—especially of the more lurid sort. "Suit yerself," she said tranquilly. "Tell hit or keep yer mouth shut. I know and you know I can't possibly want to hear things half as bad as you want to tell 'em."

Which was fact rudely stated. Miss Prue magnanimously ignored it. "I know you're a sensible person," she began. "Besides—I ra'alely must have somebody ter take counsel of. This yere business is too much for one lone woman ter wrestle with—"

"How many other ones have ye done told a'ready?" the widow interrupted. Miss Prue looked down: "I jest sorter sketched things to Nan Wickfield and Josy Crimes—" she began. The widow threw up both hands, shaken with gusty laughter. "Ye had better write hit to the county paper," she said. "But I wonder at ye' choosings. Nan and Joe won't rest till ye've told the whole neighborhood, not leavin' you nobody but me."

"They come in on me in the middle of things—while the young man was here, asking the way—and makin' out like he hung on admirin' my domin-ecker pullets," Miss Prue protested. "They seen him—also heard. So I jest had to tell 'em—partly—the rest."

"Stop beatin' the bushes, fer goodness sake! What is the rest?" the widow demanded. Miss Prue drew a long breath. "Ef I but knowed the whole full of hit; 'twould be wuth money—a heap of money. Five hundred dollars!"—in an awed voice: "Enough to send a missionary clean to China."

"Ef I didn't know folks caint git sunstruck in the late fall, I'd think your head was tetch'd," the widow exploded.

Miss Prue looked at her loftily, severely. "Make light of hit all you want'er," she said, "but that's the reward. Here! Look at the handbill! Didn't you find one like hit in your letter box?"

The widow read, gasping. Sure enough there was a reward—five hundred dollars for information leading to the capture of counterfeiters, double that for capture actual. Followed descriptions—three men, a girl, hardly more than a child, an elderly person, very dark-skinned, a small boy, almost a baby. All pictured in the usual ghastly fashion of "dodgers." Over the widow's shoulders Miss Prue glared down at the alleged portraits. "Them two's at Barton's, shore," she said, her finger on the dark woman with the baby in her arms. "S'manthy told me out of her own mouth they was goin' to board a boy-child and hits nurse till after Christmas. Now I ask you, what would honest folks be doin' sendin' a child to the country s'ack a time o' the year?"

"Oh, that ain't nothin'. Town folks has got so silly they don't s'prise use, no matter what they do," the widow commented. "You're hatchin' a mare's nest out of nothing, as usual, Prudence. Your parents ought to a-named ye Im-Prudence—you talk so wild."

"Wait! You ain't heard half," Miss Prue said magisterially. "Two of the men, and the gal, are at Barton's every little while—come an go in a car—always on the edge of dusk else mighty early mornin'. And this other—him come yesterday—he makes up the hull three."

"Are you shore? Did he look like them pictures?" the widow demanded.

"As much as anybody else," Miss Prue answered, tossing her head. "But that ain't all I judge by. He actually offered me one o' his bad bills—twenty, brand-new—wanted to buy a dozen pullets, and said he hadn't no change."

"You took hit—then you've got the gang dead to rights," the widow said quivering in her eagerness over the unfolding drama.

Miss Prue sniffed. "I didn't do no sech fool thing," she said. "Once is enough for me. I ain't forgot that time I took in a bad dollar so's to sell a dozen aigs—and had the bank man

PILES
Zam-Buk ends the pain, and stops bleeding. Try it!
All dealers, 50c. box.
Zam-Buk

snove it back at me, marked 'counterfeit.' I told that thar man I hadn't no change—he might come again for the pullets. I don't believe he will do it—but if he should—"

"Well, what?" the widow asked as Miss Prue's lips closed like a steel trap. "Oh, nothin'—much," said that lady, "only I've got a telephone and the sheriff's office has done promised me already to come running when I call it."

The Barton house, clean, rambling and comfortable, had an absolute monarch, by name Roy Evers. He was five years old, golden as to hair, blue-eyed, chubby, and dimpled as a Cupid. The young woman who came intermittently in the red car hugged him throughout the most of her visits and left him always with streaming tears. She surely looked too young to be his mother, yet he called her "My mammy," and they were very much alike. Roy liked the men who came and went with Mammy—especially the tall one with graying hair, whom Mammy addressed as Big Injun. Big Injun had a way that made you mind in spite of yourself. Johnny, the other man, showed that even plainer than Roy himself. As for Mammy, all of them appeared to think the earth ought to turn around for her lightest whim. She being Roy's bond-slave, his kingship followed inevitably, with her as first subject and Anne his nurse for prime minister.

While Miss Prue was expounding her beliefs to the widow, Mammy sat snuggling Roy, and smiling woe-begonely at Big Injun. He had just said: "Make much of today, daughter; it won't be safe to come again before Christmas. Try as we may to blind our trail, that detective hound, Feugle, has picked it up. Fact—never mind how I know it. So be brave, girl, and say good-by to the little man for a while. I shan't be easy in my mind until we have him across the big water."

Mammy hugged so hard she hurt the tender little body. Roy began to whimper. There came a rap at the door. Mrs. Barton opened it cautiously, but seeing a slouching figure with a hat pulled low over the eyes, and a creel of saucy pullets upon one arm, said severely: "Don't you know enough to go round back? Air them the chickens Miss Jones said she'd lemme have?"

For answer the man dropped the creel, darted past her into the big south room where the strangers were assembled—grabbed the whimpering child, lifted him high on his shoulder, saying hoarsely to Mammy: "I can't take you forcibly, May, no matter how much I want you—but I will have our child."

Mammy crumpled in a sobbing heap. Big Injun got gray-faced—Johnny sprang at the newcomer, but was pulled back by the other man, crying: "Remember the child!"

"I say that! Why don't ye remember him? All of ye!" Nurse Anne cried, darting to the side of the intruder. "Ain't he got no rights, the angel? Rights to father, mother, home! I tell ye, Master," to Big Injun unwinkingly: "There's been packs and stacks of lies told—as I found out—never you mind how. Roy's pappy was lied to, same as his Mammy—by two that had thar own game to win—you know how hard that Pascal girl tried to get Mr. Haughton tangled in her net—and her cousin Peter wanted Miss May and her fortune jest as bad. When I found out thar game—I wrote Mr. Haughton—that's how he comes here now. Not for his own sake nor Miss May's—they're big enough to know better. But I won't stand it no longer—havin' Roy ask me after he says his prayers: 'Why don't God send me back my daddy?'"

Nurse Anne stopped short, swallowing hard. Through the hush, they heard Roy cooling, his hands locked tight in the stranger's hair: "My daddy! My daddy! I love my daddy."

"May," young Haughton said low and entreatingly. She lifted her eyes, her arms; with a quick spring she was beside him, held against his heaving heart, close to her boy. So the sheriff found them, when, answering Miss Prue's summons, he descended upon the homestead. Explanations followed—here were no malefactors, only actors in a domestic drama that had verged on tragedy, but was ending happily, as all dreams should. The handbill turned out to have been a practical joke played on Miss Prue—perhaps by some one who had suffered from her inquisitions. It was fifteen years old at least and undated—its

mention of a woman and child had perhaps incited the joker to fit it to the folks at Barton's. Fate, which is called Chance, had done the rest. And Miss Prue took a lot of credit for the happy outcome—hadn't her chickens really served Haughton as a card of entry?

Formation of the States.

From the beginning of our history the tendency has been toward territorial expansion in the formation of new states. Of the 13 original states seven contained less than 10,000 square miles, as Vermont, 9,564; New Hampshire, 9,341; Massachusetts, 8,266; New Jersey, 8,224; Connecticut, 4,965; Delaware, 2,370; Rhode Island, 1,248. New York contains only 48,264 square miles. The middle western states were considered of great size when formed. Ohio, 41,045 square miles; Indiana, 36,384; Illinois, 56,285; Michigan, 57,680; Wisconsin, 56,906, but they are small compared with the far western states of California, 158,297 square miles; Montana, 146,997; Arizona, 113,956; Nevada, 110,390, and Colorado, 103,948. Texas, with her 265,896 square miles, would almost make six states as large as New York.

Service Flag for Grief.

Service flags are displayed all over the big city, and it appears to be quite the patriotic thing for large corporations to outdo each other in showing the largest number of employees engaged in the war game. There are four corporations in New York with a vague sort of community interest, each of which, though entirely independent, insists on placing on its service flag a star for every employee of the four corporations now in service. But a saloonkeeper has the star service ban-

WHEN USING
WILSON'S FLY PADS
READ DIRECTIONS CAREFULLY AND FOLLOW THEM EXACTLY



Far more effective than Sticky Fly Catchers. Clean to handle. Sold by Druggists and Grocers everywhere.

When you want something
real nice and good in
ICE CREAM
and
REFRESHING DRINKS
TRY
LOVELL'S

Canada Food Board
License No. 5-1784.

BREAD, CAKES AND



For Sale by

M
SurLondon Toronto
St. John, N.B. Calgary

House

MASON & RISCH

PIANOS,

STRING

INSTRUMENTS,

MUSIC BOOKS,

SHEET MUSIC,

RECORDS

LIBRARY

Comfort.

Value are f

noted for.

No Big

Our price

with reliab

Let us sho

HARP

FINE FURNITURE

T RENO

Flour, Oatmeal, C

Flaked Wheat

Feed, Grain, S

We Ca

INTERNATIO

FOR HORSES, CATT

CALDWELL'S

AND THREE DIFFERENT

ALL KINDS OF G

Crapping and R

TIME TABLE

Trains leave Watford Station as f

GOING WEST

Accommodation, 75.....8 44

Chicago Express, 13.....1 16

Accommodation, 112.....6 44

GOING EAST

Accommodation, 80.....7 32

New York Express, 6.....11 16

New York Express, 15.....2 52

Accommodation, 112.....5 16

C. Vail Agent, Wa

COMPLIMENTARY addresses are

ed for at five cents a line. Mi

50c. The report of the proceed

news and is not charged for.

errors or omissions corrected according to law.
Dated this 31st day of July, 1918.

N. HERBERT,
Clerk of Warwick

Operated by a gasoline engine or electric motor a portable scoop conveyer has been invented that enables one man to load a wagon in far less time than the work could be done with a shovel.

To test textiles an Englishman has invented a machine to pass fabrics under a microscope while at the same time they are subjected to powerful electric lights above and below their surfaces.

For automobile tourists a fireless cooker refrigerator, vacuum bottles and dishes and silverware for six persons have been combined in an outfit that can be carried on a car's running board.

Scientists in Europe who have tested the effect of various food plants containing iron on the human system have succeeded in making some vegetables absorb more iron from the soil than normally.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

published in the "ONTARIO GAZETTE" in the issues thereof bearing date the 6th, 13th, 20th and 27th days of July, 1918.

And further take notice that in default of payment of the taxes in arrears upon the lands specified in said list together with the costs chargeable thereon as set forth in the said list so being published forth in the Ontario Gazette before the day fixed for sale of such lands, being the 12th day of October, A. D. 1918, the said lands will be sold for taxes pursuant to the terms of the advertisement in the Ontario Gazette.

And further take notice that this publication is made pursuant to Assessment Act Revised Statutes of Ontario 1914, Chapter 195, Section 149, sub-sec. 3.

Dated at Sarnia this 8th day of July, A. D. 1918.

H. INGRAM,
Treasurer of County of Lambton.

10-0-11

Australian wild turkey hens lay their eggs in common nests that hold half a bushel or more cover them with soil and decaying vegetable matter and leave them for the best of decomposition to hatch.

Spaghetti and tomatoes cooked together make a cheap and filling dish.