

# The Waterdown Review

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NO. 34.

## NOW IS THE TIME

You want good music in your home to help pass away the long winter evenings  
**BUY A BRANTOLA**

The finest toned machine on the market. It has first class diamond point needles

Saturday we will offer a special sale of

**Hot Point  
Electric Irons  
at \$4.90  
SATURDAY ONLY**

**Gallagher's Hardware  
Waterdown**

## Watch This Space

**NEXT WEEK**

**For Extraordinary  
Drug Store  
Announcement of  
Big Cut Rate Sale  
The Biggest Event  
Ever Staged in  
Waterdown**

**W. H. CUMMINS  
The Waterdown Drug Store  
PHONE 152**

## Letters from the Front

**Letters from Our Boys Who Are Fighting for Us**

Nov. 28th, 1918.

Dear Uncle and Aunt,—  
Just a week since I received word from Florence of father's death. It certainly was quite a shock to me. I had built so much on seeing him in the very near future that it makes my disappointment all the keener. Still we must trust Him that knoweth best.

I am now at Mons, in Belgium, we have been here about a week now, and I do not know just how much longer we will be here. We started on our way for the frontier, but have not gotten far across Belgium yet.

To-day was a gala day in Mons, it being the first visit of King Albert since the war began, as this city has been in German control until just recently, when liberated by the Canadians. The demonstration accorded the king certainly proves that he is the most beloved king in this part of the world.

Mons is a very pretty place, and is now rapidly assuming a businesslike air. The stores are getting in their stocks and soon it will be itself again. There is no damage to any of the buildings to speak of.

I saw many British prisoners of war returning home from Germany; many of them have German uniforms on, or I guess anything they could get would be a better way to put it. There are also many thousands of civilians, who were taken back by the Germans, they are also wending their way back to their homes or what was their home in many cases. A good many will find their homes blown to powder when they get there. It is pitiful to see the old folk trudging along.

Belgium is a very fine country, what I have seen of it, the soil would be very hard to beat. The climate is excellent, too, occasionally there is a little white frost, so there is no indication of winter yet. You can easily see that the country has been robbed right and left. There is very little stock of any kind left. The mines have been operated for the benefit of the Huns, also anything in the line of copper or brass is missing.

We are billeted in houses now, and it certainly is fine to be able to live like human beings once more. When on the advance we had to rest and live in cellars all the time, when not on the move. In case of shell fire getting too hot, we would have to pike from one cellar to another. One of those heavy shells certainly makes the bricks and tiles fly, you just see a red cloud for a minute.

Well, I hope that we have seen the finish of this war, and the finish of war forever. The devastation in France is almost indescribable. Coming along the road one day I saw a notice nailed on an old post, "This was Rheincourt." It certainly was a demolished town. Certainly the one who nailed the sign up had a sense of humor, anyhow. It was about there where the Canadians started the drive on the Hindenburg line.

It was a great experience to be the first troops through some of these towns as we advanced. We usually followed our own artillery barrage. Believe me, it is a fireworks display never to be forgotten. Towards the last the civilians did not have time to get out, so there you would find them huddled up in cellars, and at the sight of a khaki-clad soldier they realized that their term of being prisoners was over and relief from the Bosche is something for which they were very thankful, and showed it in no uncertain manner. I could not begin to describe it. I will never forget one old man, who came out and started shoving two slices of black bread in my pocket.

I trust that you may get this letter along about Christmas or New Year's, so I will take this opportunity of wish-

ing you all the good things of the season.

Florence was saying how good you had been to her, after father's death, and I want to thank you all for your kindness.

I am sending a post card of a view in Mons, which may be a little souvenir.

I have no idea yet when we will be coming home, but I am looking forward to a visit east when that time comes, so I will say good-bye for now.

Kindly remember me to all the family.

Your loving nephew,

PTE. C. SHIRIMAN.

STRUTHERS—HAMILTON

Christmas day was the occasion of a very pretty wedding at Terone Terrace, Carlisle, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hamilton, when their daughter, Edith Evelyn, and Mr. William Struthers, of Galt, son of Mr. and Mrs. Struthers, of Waterdown, were united in marriage. The bride, looking very sweet and pretty in white silk crepe de chine, with embroidered veil and orange blossoms, was given away by her father, and the couple were attended by Master Kenneth Hamilton, brother of the bride, as ring bearer. The ceremony was performed at 4 o'clock by Rev. Dr. Morrow, of Carlisle, under an arch of evergreens and white bells, the wedding music being played by Miss Margaret McDiarmid, of Crieff, cousin of the bride. About fifty relatives and friends from Hamilton, Waterdown and surrounding country were present and enjoyed a wedding supper, after which the bride and groom took the train for Toronto and other points. On their return they will take up their residence on the groom's farm near Galt, where they will be at home to their many friends. The happy couple were the recipients of many useful and beautiful gifts, some being from friends at considerable distance.

## Village Nominations

At an adjourned meeting of rate-payers held in the village hall on Tuesday evening last, the following were nominated to represent the village in Council for the ensuing year:

Reeve (by acclamation) — David Davies.

Councillors, four to be elected—J. C. Langford, R. Smith, A. Dale, John Griffin, Geo. Dougherty and Jos. Markle.

The financial report was read by the Reeve and showed the village to be financially sound. The other Councillors also gave a brief account of their stewardship. At the conclusion of this meeting a citizens' meeting was held. The object was to erect a memorial hall, school, or to establish a scholarship in connection with our local schools, to perpetuate the memory of our noble sons who have sacrificed their lives in defence of a noble cause. Eloquent speeches were made by the following gentlemen present: Rev. R. A. Facey, F. J. Shadle, J. F. Vance, J. C. Langford, C. P. McGregor, R. Smith, C. Richards, Reeve Davies, and others. All were enthusiastic over the proposition and freely expressed their opinion that some memorial building should be erected, or school or scholarship established. A committee was formed and another meeting will be held in the Bell House this Friday evening at 8 o'clock to complete arrangements. A cordial invitation is extended to all citizens to be present.

## Meeting Postponed

The Women's Institute meeting, which was to be held on Tuesday, January 7th, at the home of W. A. Drummond, has been postponed indefinitely on account of the flu.

## BRIEF STORY OF YEAR

**GREATEST EVENTS IN HISTORY OF MODERN WORLD.**

**Thankful Mankind Will Always Remember 1918 as "Peace Year," When Democracy Triumphed Over Autocracy in the Struggle to Establish Liberty and Justice as the Ruling Principles That Are to Control the Civilized Nations.**

DOWN through the ages, 1918 will remain one of the great epoch years of history. Just as the year 1066 changed the entire future of the British Isles, and 1492 altered the progress of civilization, so will the armistice year be connected in the minds of men with a mighty turn in the direction of the affairs of the world. With generations yet unborn Nov. 11th will be a date as glibly stated as it is with us who took part in the celebration of the event. It was the day when the war between two great systems of human government came to an end with the triumph of democracy over autocracy, so 1918 is to remain in the minds of men the dividing line between the epoch when the few ruled the nations and exploited the many and the epoch in which the many ruled "for the greatest good of the greatest number." The democratic idea has not yet been perfected, and mistakes are sure to be made in the future and excesses committed, but at least the trend of the world towards liberty and progress is now assured.

The story of 1918 reads like a romance. Looking back over the outline of the year in a chronological table, one finds not only the greatest day in the experience of living men but also the darkest period of the war. It seems odd now to think that the situation of the Allies was desperate during the terrible days from March 21st onward until Generalissimo Foch launched his great offensive in July. We did not know a year ago that the German morale was nearing its breaking point or perhaps we might have faced the developments of 1918 with a greater feeling of certainty as to the outcome of the struggle. But the German General Staff realized that it had to secure a decision quickly, and von Ludendorff prepared for the great effort that was to smash the co-operation between the British and the French, break through to the Channel ports, capture Paris and end the war with a victory for the warlords. The Allies were not prepared for the magnitude of the German effort. The Huns gathered together the forces released by the Russian collapse and launched their first attack in March against the British. The spot was well selected. Gen. Gough, one of the least efficient of the British commanders, had to meet the offensive with the Fifth British army, which gave way gradually, and the Germans secured one of their greatest successes in the war. The disaster taught the Allies an important lesson. They learned the value of a unified command, and at the end of March, Foch, the greatest military genius discovered in the war, took charge of the entire strategy of the Entente armies in co-operation with the American forces. Five times the Germans struck in the months that followed, but in each offensive the results achieved by them were smaller. Foch was waiting for the psychological moment. Every week added to the size of the American armies and every week increased the exhaustion of the German fighting forces and decreased the morale of the German people at home. During the first week of July things did look very critical for the Allies. The Germans had reached the Marne and counted on the next offensive breaking through to Paris. Then Foch with that peculiar genius which makes a great soldier, selected the hour to strike, not a moment too soon and not a moment too late.

On July 18th, the French delivered the first blow that was to be followed by a series of crashing offensives. Never again were the Germans able to snatch the initiative even for a moment. First the British would strike, then the French, then the British, then the Americans. And at last the famed Hindenburg line crumbled and the end was in sight. Before the end of August, even the most pessimistic person knew that victory was a certainty, though nobody guessed how near it was. When the end came on Nov. 11th, the terms accepted by the Germans staggered the world. They indicated that the pride of the warlords was completely crushed. It was the most ignominious and humiliating surrender in modern history. After the last great effort in the spring, the Central Powers had been too exhausted to postpone the end even until the conclusion of another winter campaign. When Bulgaria, Turkey and Austria collapsed in quick succession, the German people would stand no more.