

ROLL OF HONOR

Men From Watford and Vicinity Serving The Empire

27TH REGT.—1ST BATTALION

Thos L. Swift, reported missing since June 15th, 1918. 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
E W Bentley 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, D C M, killed in action
T Wakelin, wounded and missing
H Wuisit 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 Antterson
S F Shanks Walter Woolvert

2ND DIVISIONAL CAVALRY

Lorne Lucas Frank Verky
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, killed in action, Oct. 1, 1918. Alfred Hamerson
C H Loveday A Banks
S R Whalton, killed in action Oct., 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. Jaues

135TH BATTALION

Nichol McLachlin, killed in action July 6th, 1917

3RD RESERVE BATTERY, C F A

Alfred Levy

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

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. Jaues

ARMY SERVICE CORPS

Frank Elliot R H Acton
Arthur McKercher
Henry Thorpe, Mech. Transport.

98TH BATTALION

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 Restorick George W. Parker
Clare Fuller Ed. Gibbs

67TH BATTERY

Edgar Prentis

69TH BATTERY

Walter W Cook

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
McL. McCormick Bert Lucas
Tom Dodds Alvin Copeland
Wellington Higgins Herman Cameron
Lloyd Cook William Blain
J. Richard Williamson, died of wounds, Oct. 11, 1918.

ROLL OF HONOR

Men From Watford and Vicinity Serving The Empire

CENTRAL ONTARIO REGIMENT

Verne Johnston Chester R. Schlemmer
Basit A Raubay
SPECIAL SERVICE COMPANY
Nelson Hood
AMERICAN ARMY
Corp. Stanley Higgins
Bence Coristine (artillery)
Fred T Eastman (artillery)
AIR SERVICE, A. E. F.
Frank R. Crode
AMERICAN ENGINEERING CORPS
Vernon W. Crode.
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. Skilton
Corp. C. E. Sisson
J. Corp. A. I. Small
B. Q. S.—B. C. Culley
C. Q. 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. Aylesworth, Band
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. McFeley
Pte. H. B. Hubbard
Pte. G. Young
Pte. D. Bennett
Pte. F. J. Russell
Pte. E. Mayes
Pte. C. Haskett
Pte. S. Graham
Pte. W. Palmer
Pte. H. Thomas
Pte. P. Thomas
Pte. B. Trenouth
Pte. E. A. Shaunessy
Pte. W. Zavitz
Pte. W. J. Sayers
Pte. Lot Nicholls
Pte. John Lamb
Pte. Eaton Fowler
Pte. E. Cooper.
Pte. F. A. Conne ly.
Pte. F. Whitman.
Pte. Edgar Oke.
Pte. White.
Pte. McGarity.
Pte. Wilson.
Pte. Richard Watson, Can. Engineer
Pte. L. H. Aylesworth, Band.
Pte. A. 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. Ahalton
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. Stilwell
Pte. Macklin Hagle
Sergt. Clayton O. Fuller.
Gunner Russell Howard Trenouth.
Pte. Nichol McLachlan.
Corp. Clarence L. Gibson
Signaller Roy E. Acton.
Bandsman A. I. Small
Capt. Ernest W. Lawrence.
Lieut. Leonard Crane
Pte. John Richard Williams
Lieut. Gerald I. Taylor.
Pte. Charles Lawrence
Lieut. Basil J. Roche

The Terror of Asthma comes like a thief in the night with its dreadful throttling, robbing its victim of breath. It seems beyond the power of human aid to relieve until one trial is made of that remarkable preparation, Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma remedy. Then relief comes with a rush. Life becomes worth living, and if the remedy be used persistently, the disease is put permanently to rout. Take no substitute.

"Group 31"

By Josephine Eleanor Anderson
(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

Group 31 was apporportioned to me as my special charge, and I saw the other man in the office regard me as if I possessed a new sense of importance, interest, pity—I knew not which—as I was handed an envelope containing detailed instructions.

You must know that the juncture had arrived in the affairs of the government when excise, smuggling, counterfeiting ever were relegated to the rear for the time being. Treason seemed to snap in the air at every turn; the public never knew of the tons of seditious literature suppressed and destroyed, of the marked men warned to get out, who got out, of the hidden armaments and explosives traced down, and of what secret work was really doing to undermine the home integrity of the loyal ones.

I had joined the secret service because abruptly the whim, prejudice or perversity of Anson McLeigh had thrown me squarely upon my own resources. Briefly, I had fallen in love with Edna Warren, "only a stenographer." Uncle Anson referred to the fact just once. "Drop the girl, or me." "I shall marry Miss Warren some day," I told him firmly. "As firmly he ordered me never to darken his doorway again."

I fancy Uncle Anson did not miss me much. The great foundry plant he owned had been turned to an immense profit in making munitions, and he was a hide-bound money-grabber. It was new business to me, and at the start the pay was that of a novice. As, however, I was graduated into more important work than running down mail complaints, I became interested in my task. For over a month I had been attending secret meetings of certain clubs where it was suspected the sympathies of the crowd were with enemies to the country.

Two shops had mysteriously gone up in flames, some barges blown up and three large steel plants. There seemed to be some system to these doings of the vandals. It was decided that some twenty different "groups" in as many locations should be placed under strict surveillance. I knew something about Group 31. Their leader was a man named Brosul. He had been an expert blast furnace worker and was not a citizen, and for over a year had spent most of his time in saloons frequented by a low-down foreign element. Opening my instructions, I found a number and knew that there was some record of him I was to consult at the identification bureau.

An odd character had charge of that department, an old man named Durke. He was absorbed in his work from morning until night, and was famed as one of the best-posted men in his line. As I gave him my instruction number, his hand moved as if mechanically in the direction of one box among the thousands in a cabinet covering one whole side of the room. He drew out a picture and handed it to me. On its back was written in ink the criminal record of the man—burglary, arson, manslaughter.

"When you nail Brosul," observed old Durke, "if you nail him, see to it that I have a chance to interview him." "They say red-hot pincers cannot influence him to speak one incriminating word," I said.

"I'll make him speak. Once," and a retrospective look came into Durke's eyes. "I was a traveling mountebank, you wise fellows would call it. Not so. I made a specialty of hypnotism when public exhibitions of such were new. Very well, then. Of all subjects I hired, the one most impressive was this Brosul. If it comes to what he might tell, land him here, will you?"

"Yes, if I can ever find enough against him to warrant an arrest," I agreed. "So far he has been the slickest of the crowd."

I made up for a typical representation of the down-and-out man, and ate free lunch in the saloons which Brosul and his cohorts favored as meeting places. Trailing him to his possible den of refuge, I was completely baffled. Brosul made turns and windings and false leads that threw me completely off the trail; but the fourth night I landed him, and the next afternoon I prepared to find out why he had chosen a top room in an old, half-occupied factory building as his place of shelter.

a side corridor was a sink. Brosul came out to get some water in a tin pail. As he was out of view for the space of half a minute I glided to the half-open door of his room. The one I entered was where he ate and slept. Beyond it, guarded by a heavy steel door, just now ajar, was a small den of a place, with no ventilation except a small 12 by 12 window from which the sash was missing. There was some soft coal, a hatchet and some kindling-wood in a corner.

The room partook of the construction of a vault, in a measure. I believed that upon his person or secreted in his den this man had documents, plans, some evidence that would incriminate him and his fellow plotters, and be of value and assistance to the government. I dodged behind a curtain that screened a cot where Brosul evidently slept. From there I watched him.

Brosul did some puzzling and interesting things. He picked from a table a tiny bow made of thin whatebone and strung with a strand of fine wire. I saw him put himself in range of the little window. He lifted out its sash. About fifteen feet across a narrow court was a high warehouse. One of the windows on the top floor was open for ventilation. Beyond it some bales showed. Abruptly the truth flashed upon my mind. The building opposite, I recalled distinctly, was a storage house for government hospital supplies.

Brosul fitted a headless piece of metal to the bow. He aimed it across the court. It went through the open sash. It was only a test. He picked up another arrow. This one had a great mass of black sulphur attached to the head. I saw the scheme in process. The second arrow, striking the bales, would ignite, and millions of dollars' worth of government stores would be destroyed.

"Drop it!" I ordered, but the arrow had left the bow. However, my interference had disturbed the delivery. The inflammable arrowhead struck the window sill, splattered and fell to the court below. There was a struggle. It was well that Brosul was smaller than I. He made a desperate resistance, discerned that I would finally overpower him in the melee, kicked shut the iron door, seized the key, threw it out through the window, and, as I bound him hand and foot, viewed me savagely, but with a sort of specious triumph.

I saw then I would find it absolutely impossible to get out of that room unaided, for the iron door was set solid and he counted on my being unable to escape until some of his expected confederates arrived. That might be at any moment. In going about the room I discovered a written sheet holding four addresses. They were the warehouse next door and three plants making munitions. These were evidently doomed structures. I saw the importance of getting this information and my man to headquarters speedily.

Finally an idea of calling aid struck me. Just outside the little window was a giant electric feed cable. I reached out with the keen-edged hatchet and gave it a mighty cut. It spluttered, shocked me but half parted. Within fifteen minutes, as I calculated a repair crew located the break. One of them was suspended from the roof.

"Call the police. Reach this room at once," I ordered.

"Did you cut that cable?" demanded the repairer.

"Yes."

"Pretty risky business, fooling with the public service," he growled.

"Worse for you, if you don't act as I tell you for the government service." In an hour my prisoner was at headquarters. He never spoke or winced until confronted by Durke.

"Well, Brosul, shall we try some of the old hypnotic stuff?" queried Durke.

The man paled. He was a desperate man, but true blue to his group. I noticed him fumble in his coat and then quickly pass his hand across his month. The incident had no significance to me at the time, but we soon knew that to evade giving away his secrets he had taken an instantaneously fatal dose of poison.

"All ready?" spoke Durke, making a pass at Brosul, and then paused. "He's beat us!"

He had. The man sat facing us with staring eyes was stone dead, the engulfing shadow of a defiant smile on his face.

One of the four places to be blown up was my uncle's munition plant. We arrested the others in time to prevent the plot. My uncle learned of my share in the case, and there was a reconciliation.

Edna, my fiancee, became my wife.

STOP THAT COUGH

Peps will end it. Dissolve Peps in your mouth when the cough is troublesome, and the medicinal vapor that is liberated is breathed to the remotest parts of the air passages and lungs. It soothes and heals the inflamed membranes, thus ending the irritation and stopping the cough.

Peps are equally good for bronchitis, sore throat and laryngitis. All dealers, box, or Peps Co., Toronto.

PEPS

and the restored indulgence of my uncle enabled us to begin married life with both income and a home of our own.

Making Tapestry Brussels.
Tapestry Brussels carpet is a poor imitation of the real Brussels. Many colors are used in it. The design is made first on squared paper, the scheme of color in each pick of the pattern is studied out, and the succession of it sent to the printer. The skeins of yarn to be used for the loops on the surface of the carpet are wound on a large cylinder, attached to which are troughs of color which come in contact automatically with the yarn and print it according to the succession of colors indicated in the design. The skeins are taken from the cylinder, showing crosswise streaks of varied color, and are carried to the steam chest to have the dye set. When the carpet is woven, the pattern is complete, but has a less distinct outline than the real Brussels.

Discouraging Appreciation.
The mayor of the town had been asked to assist in the annual entertainment given to the inmates of the parish workhouse. He consented with great complaisance, and went made up as Mephisto. For a time his antics and pranks were the delight of the company. A scrap of conversation he chanced to hear, however, put a damper on his enjoyment. "Aln't he enjoyin' of hisself?" remarked one old man to another. "Wut a treat it is for the likes of he! But why can't they let all the loonies out on a night like this?" "Well," replied the other, "mebbe they ain't all so harmless as this'n"—Yorkshire Post.

New One-cent Coin.
The Minister of Finance is considering the design for a new one-cent copper coin. The present one-cent piece while of excellent design is of so large size as to make it inconvenient to carry more than two or three in the pocket. The new coin will be slightly larger and slightly thicker than a ten-cent piece so as to be readily distinguishable to the touch. It will take some time to have the die made and the coins issued for circulation.

Flights With Sudden Death.
James Drysdale, driver for a Leithbridge fruit firm, was delivering bananas a few days ago when what he thought to be a ripe banana dropped down his neck. He reached and retrieved a yellow-and-green snake three feet long, which he held in his hand while he examined it thoroughly. It was a copperhead, whose bite is instant death. That the snake was numb with cold was probably his salvation.

Crew Was "Flu"-struck.
The Gloucester schooner Athlete, Captain Berhan, succeeded in making a Cape Breton, N.S., port with her entire company victims of the influenza. One of the crew died on the passage from Gloucester, which was made under heavy handicaps.

No Man's Land.
In the north of the Province of Quebec there are still 250,000 square miles of unexplored country, making, with the 642,000 square miles in western Canada, a total of 901,000 square miles.

Speed of Car.
A new automobile attachment makes a permanent record of the speed of the car during the entire trip for the purpose of preventing speed disputes with authorities.

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