

The Waterdown Review

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NO. 33.

**A Merry Christmas
and a
Happy New Year
To All Our Customers**

**Gallagher's Hardware
Waterdown**

To Our Customers and Friends

The Compliments of the Season

We wish one and all the good old wish

A Merry Xmas and Happy New Year

We cordially thank those who have during the past favored us with their patronage. We have appreciated this business support and endeavored to in every way to merit the same.

We shall continue during the incoming year to give our patrons a Complete Drug Store service in the different details of the business which will be second to none in the country. Our prices as in the past shall be as low or lower than those of the city stores.

We shall be offering some very Special January Prices. Watch this space for prices.

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

Letters from the Front

Letters from Our Boys Who Are Fighting for Us

Mons, Belgium.
Nov. 29, 1918.

Dear Aunt Clara:

I was very glad to get your letter of October 30th a few days ago, and to hear that you were all O.K. I am feeling fine and dandy myself, and we are not having such a bad time now, since the war finished up.

We are billeted in the city of Mons, which has a population of 30,000 or so, and it is naturally a little more lively than the deserted villages we have been used to for so long. Still there is not much going on here, as far as amusements go. There is one small picture show and one theatre, with room for a thousand or so, but that is only a drop in the bucket among the thousands of soldiers here.

The day before yesterday King Albert made a visit to Mons for the first time since before the war, and the people were out in thousands to welcome him, and they certainly gave him a dandy. I saw him on the street in the morning, and in the afternoon I saw him in the cathedral at a thanksgiving service.

The king is a big, husky chap, over six feet tall, and he would be handsome if he didn't look so gloomy and sad. I don't know whether it is the sorrows of his country that are weighing on him or not, but he don't look very joyful, believe me.

I saw the Prince of Wales a while ago, too; he has been with the Canadian Corps for a month or so. He is a very slim, young-looking chap, and he don't look very strong either. A little hard work would likely harden him up a bit. I have seen a few other celebrities, too, at various times. I saw King George last summer at Vimy Ridge; Sir Douglas Haig and Sir John French occasionally and Premier Clemenceau once. He is a man that takes my fancy more than any of the rest; over seventy years old, but still strong and resolute, he has been named "The Tiger." I think he got that on account of his hatred of Germany, and his untiring energy in working for her downfall. He has brains, too, being largely responsible in stamping out the spirit of Bolshevism in France last year and also for the unity of command which came this year.

We had a pretty strenuous time from about the 1st of October till the war finished up, but there was none of the heart-breaking trench warfare to worry us. When we were advancing it was over good roads and green fields, with the villages practically intact and the civilians eager to welcome us. In the last big advance our company did all the forward area work on the main Valenciennes-Mons road, filling in the craters Fritz had made so freely, building bridges and making the roads passable. We were usually close behind the infantry, and always had good billets, and a warm welcome in every village. It was very different to the deadly monotony of the trench warfare, or even after we got out of the trenches, before we got out of the destroyed area.

I feel sorry for the refugees we see pouring back every day; many of them will find nothing but a shapeless pile of brick and stone, where their homes once stood, and as far as their eyes can see there will be nothing to look at but skeletons of trees, ruined villages and the earth itself with huge shell holes lip to lip for miles—a cheerful prospect—I don't think!

I don't think I would have the heart to go back to some villages I know, to build a home, it would seem a hopeless task, but still I suppose the most of them will rise again from their ashes. In future years though, tourists will still be able to see some of the devastation of war. Old Mont St. Eloi tower still stands, a relic of the Hunnish hordes of 1870, and again under fire in this war. It looks down

on Vimy Ridge, and many a day I have looked up to it and wondered if I would live to see it the next day. In Arras, too, the once beautiful town hall and the great cathedral are being preserved as they are, so that the world may see the work of German kultur. Both are mere piles of rubbish now, but it is good to know that Germany will have to pay for them.

We are doing nothing much now but a little drill, but we are expecting to start any day for the Rhine, where we are to form part of the army of occupation. I would sooner get back to Canada, but it can't be helped I guess.

Well, I must close now, with fondest love and best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

RUSSELL.

November 17, 1918.

Dear Father:

Well, it is some time since I have written, but we have been rather busy up till just lately.

I hope your health is improving and that you will soon be well again. I am enjoying the best of health.

I received a letter from Mother last night dated the 16th of October.

Mother said in her letter that I must be getting quite an expert on the Lewis gun by now. Well, I do not mind saying that I have the best certificate in the battalion on Lewis guns. I got distinguished when I was on the course at the divisional school.

I saw Hughie Robinson yesterday in the famous city of Mons. He is billeted in Mons and I am billeted about four miles from Mons. I guess you will be surprised at me telling you where I am, but we are allowed to now, but cannot tell where we are going.

It sure is a great relief to know that we can walk around and not have someone taking a shot at us or shells bursting around us. It sure puts new life in a man.

The Belgian people sure are using us fine. They cannot do enough for us. Of course, this part of the country was under German rule for over four years, up till last Monday, so I expect they were glad to be rid of them. It is the happiest day of their lives when the Allied armies march into the towns that the Germans have been holding for so long.

I am very sorry to hear about Billy Tuck, as I always thought him a fine fellow.

You seem to be having a lot of Spanish influenza around there now.

Where is Doug McGregor now, did he come back over here or not?

I am sorry to hear about Miss Minter, for she was a fine woman, but I guess she is better off where she is than suffering the way she did.

Mother asked me for Hughie Robinson's address. It is: No. 117512, Pte. H. Robinson, Headquarters Co., 2nd C. M. R. Battalion, E. E. F., France.

Mother was putting some questions to me in her letter. Tell her I got the photographs all right, also the papers.

I saw Vernon Willis lately, in fact, have seen him quite often this last week. He looks fine.

The weather has been good lately, but is getting rather cold, but we can expect that at this time of the year.

We are going on a long march, beginning any day now, so I may not have a chance to write very much while we are on it, but I will do the best I can, although if you do not hear from me very often in the next month your mind will be relieved, as the fighting is finished.

Well, I will close for this time, with love to you all.

Your loving son,

C. L. MOUNT.

P.S.—I hope to be home by my next birthday (May 5th).

The Old St. Lawrence

ONE of the interesting changes brought about by the war is the reversal of the St. Lawrence's role in history. Since its discovery by the French explorer-adventurers, the "river without end" has been a broad highway along which the French have sailed to establish themselves in the new world. At first timidly, then boldly, the explorers made their way as far as the Great Lakes, dropping a settlement here, a legend there, founding cities, building churches and establishing farms, and gradually dotting the whole course of the river with Breton and Norman names. The St. Lawrence thus, for many decades, was identified with French achievement, with deeds of French heroism, and with sacrifice endured by a brave race that never flinched before the task of pioneering the way along the watery wastes, and founding a new empire in an unknown part of the earth.

The tide of these striking human events always ran counter to the current of the great river. But now, for a time, a great change has been effected. The human tide is moving the other way. The descendants of the pioneers, and those who share with them the responsibility of empire, are moving with the stream in thousands to the sea and to the shores of the land which was the original starting point. No one of the Canadian soldiers proceeding to France from the heart of Canada can altogether avoid this former natural path of the explorer, the settler, the missionary, or the courtois de bois. If he cross the lakes, he is upon the mighty pools which are the actual sources of the river, if he entrain from the west to journey by the trans-continental line, he must follow the course of a tributary, the Ottawa. No matter how he may travel, by ship, by train, or by road, he must, the moment he reaches the Great Lakes, proceed in the wake of the pioneers, of Cartier, Champlain, Frontenac, or La Salle, and traverse that Canada

Sprung of the saint and the chevalier.

In realizing what the St. Lawrence owes to its French associations, it is perhaps a bit startling to think that, had the pioneer in the Canadian primeval wilds been the Anglo-Saxon instead of the Frenchman of that romantic age of the Louis, the purely human associations of the river might have failed to capture men's imagination in the way they do now. One might, for instance, have had a highly plausible but prosaic account of seismic or other disturbances to account for the delightful island resorts which form an international playground at the very beginnings of the river. But instead, Gallic esprit and Breton tradition and legend have woven a story of naive beauty around the Thousand Isles, and, in the place of practical geological data, there is the picturesque, if unconvincing, legend of their formation from the flowers which fell upon this spot as the Garden of Eden was being transported through the air. And so it is everywhere along the giant river. No matter where one looks along its banks, one is always being invited to set aside prosaic facts and to employ the imagination to touch the river with its beauty.

To go back to the world war and the changes it has wrought, these new meanings and new values which have been imparted to everyday things will not be lost upon the Canadian soldiers who journey to France by the St. Lawrence. By a singular coincidence, the early course of the river's channel is indelibly associated with the founding of that Red Man's League of Nations known as the Five Nations. Was it not on the St. Lawrence that the two young men of the Onondagas saw the mysterious white canoe propelled swiftly and silently by him who pronounced that sacred word which proclaimed him Hiawatha, or Manitou, of all the fair realm of lakes and islets? And was it not Hiawatha who foretold the coming of war, and who counselled the union of nations in a common bond of protection? To-day the young men of the Canadian nation are going forth at the call of war. By a strange coincidence, too, they are helping to form another league of five related nations, to knit, in short, the bonds which shall indissolubly unite Canadians with Britons, Australians, New Zealanders, and Afrikanders.

Wife-desertion is a habit. epidemic in Calgary, the Associated Charities reporting thirty-nine families abandoned by their respective heads during the month of September.