

STORIA... Castoria... For Over Thirty Years... STORIA

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...

PRINCESS PATRICIA'S C. I.

18TH BATTALION

C A Barnes Geo Ferris... Edmund Watson G Shanks... J Burns P Burns... C Blunt Wm Anterson... S P Shanks Walter Woolvett...

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

K 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, 1915... Alfred Emerson... C H Loyday A Banks... S R Whalton, killed in action Oct. 1, 1916... Thos Meyers Jos M Wardman... Vern Brown Al Bullough... Sid Brown, killed in action Sept. 15, 1916

28TH BATTALION

Thomas Lamb, killed in action... MOUNTED RIFLES... Fred A Taylor... Wm Macnally W F Goodman... J Tomlin ENGINERS... Basil Saunders Cecil McNaughton

ARMY MEDICAL CORPS

T A Brandon, M D W J McKenzie M D... Norman McKenzie Jerold W Snell... Allen W Edwards Wm McCausland... Basil Gault Capt. R. M. Jones

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

RR Annett... 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

RNCVR

John J Brown 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. Jones

ARMY SERVICE CORPS

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

68TH 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 Prentiss... 69TH BATTERY... W Cook

107A BATTALION

Lieut M R James Cadet D. V. Auld... Lieut. Leonard Crone, killed in action, July 1, 1918...

J. C. Hill, mechanic

Lieut. J. B. Tiffin Cadet C. Jones

1ST DEPOT BATTALION

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

CENTRAL ONTARIO REGIMENT

Verne Johnston Chester R. Schlemmer... Basil A Ramsay

SPECIAL SERVICE COMPANY

Nelson Hood

AMERICAN ARMY

Corp. Stanley Higgins... Bence Coristine (artillery)... Fred T Eastman (artillery)

AIR SERVICE, A. E. F.

Frank R. Crone

AMERICAN ENGINEERING CORPS

Vernon W. Crose... 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... Lt. 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. Dods... Corp. H. Cooper... Corp. C. Skillen... Corp. C. E. Sisson... L. Corp. A. I. Small... L. Corp. S. - B. C. Culley... L. Corp. S. - C. McCormick

Pte. Frank Wiley... Pte. A. Banks... Pte. W. C. Pearce... 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. Pearce... 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. H. Clark, Bugler... Pte. S. L. McClung... Pte. J. McClung... Pte. C. Atchison... Pte. H. J. McPeley... 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. F. Thomas... Pte. E. A. Shaunnessy... Pte. W. Zavitz... Pte. W. J. Sayers... Pte. Lot Nicholls... Pte. John Lamb... Pte. Eston Fowler... Pte. E. Cooper... Pte. F. A. Connelly... Pte. F. Whitman... Pte. Edgar Oke... Pte. White... Pte. McGarrity... Pte. Wilson... Pte. Richard Watson, Can. Engineer... Pte. L. H. Aylesworth, Band... Pte. C. Williams... Pte. William Kent... Pte. Fred Adams

Pte. A. R. Kelly... Pte. F. A. Connelly... Pte. F. Whitman... Pte. Edgar Oke... Pte. White... Pte. McGarrity... Pte. Wilson... Pte. Richard Watson, Can. Engineer... Pte. L. H. Aylesworth, Band... Pte. C. Williams... Pte. William Kent... Pte. Fred Adams

Mechanically she turned up the jack. Then she realized what she had heard she listened again. Why, Richard was foreman of the Electric company. What could have happened?

"Oh, Lathrop! die. There is no chance. Don't know just how it happened yet. Nash has always borne a good name, though there has been bad blood between him and Lathrop a long time, I hear. Have your men watch sharp. If he did go on that four o'clock I'll head it off at Saturne. It gets there about four-thirty. If he got off at Ridgerton, which I doubt, he can't have gone far yet. I think he will keep on toward the west. Got it all—five feet eleven, dark, smooth face, well built, brown suit, black derby—all right. Good-by."

Jeannette took the connection down and leaned back in her chair. The bulletins on the board swayed up and down with a horrible, sickening action. The noise of falling plugs grew faint. The hum of voices died in siren fashion. The board seemed an immeasurable distance away.

Then slowly her brain cleared. She had no trouble in realizing now what it all meant. Richard Nash, her Richard Nash, had killed Lathrop.

His face came up before her, clear cut as a cameo, the wise, tender face, the frank, steady eyes. Why, every one had hated Lathrop but Richard. He had only laughed at him. It could not be true. Some one was playing a joke on her.

She looked swiftly down the long line of girls. All were working, still and sober. The monitor paced slowly, back and forth. No. 12 1/2 was writing out trouble reports.

A drop fell. It was 270. She took it before the recording operator could reach it, and plugged in on the line. Her voice sounded strange to her as she spoke.

"Toll line."

"Give me police station. Saturne, Captain Briggs to the telephone. And right away quick, to central."

She made out the ticket slowly. Her fingers were stiff and cold. She felt numb all over except her brain. That seemed on fire. She looked down at the small diamond on her left hand. Whether it were true or not, he was Richard—yes—and she loved him.

If Ridgerton had not been able to get a man down to the train in time to search it, after getting Captain Henry's message, there was a small chance for his escape—perhaps she could make it a bigger one, if he were really on that train, as she thought. Could she keep 270 from getting Saturne before the train passed there, a whole half hour yet?

New York was probably his goal. If she could keep the train from being searched before it reached New York, he might escape West, or across the water.

Was he thinking of their walk home at the end of the day, now, she wondered, remorse and fear fighting within him. Or had he had no time to think of her yet?

270 was calling again.

"Can't you get Saturne, Central?"

The Terror of Asthma comes like a thief in the night with its dreadful thrilling, 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.

A Woman Again By JEAN ELGINBROD (Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The rush of the day's work was nearly over in the telephone office. Jeanette Whipple, trunk operator, facing the clock, saw that in a little less than two hours her time would be up. She wondered if Richard was watching the clock as impatiently as she. Such a long, long time to six o'clock and the happy walk home.

She glanced over the local board. The local girls were always busy. Their hands flew as they connected line after line. The drops fell quicker than they could answer them. The chief operator (No. 25 officially) was working back of the board on the Hayes.

The monitor walked up and down, up and down, back of the girls, who hated her nearly as much as they did their chief. She had been 15 years in the business—and showed it. She was reported to have a soft spot in her heart for the young, curly-headed assistant chief operator at the desk.

The messenger boys called him the fellow with the "pretty blue hair." The girls called him "12 1/2," being assistant to No. 25.

Jeannette laughed to herself as she thought of it. Then she turned down a jack to see if No. 270 was still talking to Ridgerton. Captain Henry's big voice boomed in her ear, and she caught the sentence: "—tall and dark, about thirty years old, been foreman of the Electric company six years."

Mechanically she turned up the jack. Then she realized what she had heard she listened again. Why, Richard was foreman of the Electric company. What could have happened? "Oh, Lathrop! die. There is no chance. Don't know just how it happened yet. Nash has always borne a good name, though there has been bad blood between him and Lathrop a long time, I hear. Have your men watch sharp. If he did go on that four o'clock I'll head it off at Saturne. It gets there about four-thirty. If he got off at Ridgerton, which I doubt, he can't have gone far yet. I think he will keep on toward the west. Got it all—five feet eleven, dark, smooth face, well built, brown suit, black derby—all right. Good-by."

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Was he thinking of their walk home at the end of the day, now, she wondered, remorse and fear fighting within him. Or had he had no time to think of her yet?

270 was calling again.

"Can't you get Saturne, Central?"

What is the matter? "Wire is busy. I will call you," she answered clearly. It was only quarter of five now.

She cast a furtive look at the monitor, who was coming toward her. She answered two other calls, and made quick connections. The monitor glanced at her board, then walked slowly away again. Time seemed to stand still, 4:57—4:58—

270 called again.

Captain Henry's voice boded trouble for somebody.

"Why can't I have Saturne? I must have them before four-fifty." Jeanette almost laughed. Her blood was up now. 270 must have—

Captain Henry said so. 270 must not have—Jeanette Whipple said so. Which would win?

"Wire still busy. I will call you," she said.

Captain Henry frowned. Jeanette listened in silence. Then he slammed up his telephone. She watched the clock and waited. 4:55—she drew a long breath, and passed the call. In a few moments they were talking.

Captain Henry gave the same details that he had given to Ridgerton, gave them like a flash. Then having evidently learned wisdom he passed calls to Lakeville, New Burn and New York at the same time.

Jeannette had not thought he would do that. The train did not get into New York until nearly six o'clock. Dared she delay that call so long a time?

She took the calls slowly, making him repeat several times, until his voice was like a cannon roar with anger. Then she set her teeth, folded her arms and waited. Once she made a feat of receiving reports on the calls and after giving the bogus information courteously to Captain Henry recorded it on the back of the tickets.

5:00 N. C. (no circuit). 5:10 By. (busy).

The girl beside her was watching her curiously. How queer Jeanette Whipple was looking.

The fight was on. 270 called every other breath.

Jeannette tried to keep him good natured.

The intense strain was telling on her. She tried to hold herself still and calm that she might think clearly. She began to realize the terrible thing that had happened. The agony of it sank in slowly. Perhaps she would wake up suddenly and find that she had been dreaming.

But 270 was grim reality. He was calling again.

Then for over an hour she stubbornly fought every inch of the way. Captain Henry was a big man and a smart one, but he could not manage something he did not understand. He had been obliged to wait for busy wires before this. It was nothing new nor surprising. He never even dreamed that this peculiar combination of busy wires, with other technical terms that sounded perfectly proper, even familiar, was due to a slip of a girl, one-quarter his age, in the central telephone office just four blocks up the street.

The numbers danced before her tired eyes. Her face was hot with the excitement. But when six o'clock came she had just put up the connection between 270 and New York. She had won. She had done all she could to save the man she loved.

She stumbled out of her chair. She was so rigid she could scarcely move. She put on her hat and cloak with stiff fingers. The girls seemed to shun her, or was it her fancy? They must know it, too. Everybody must know it. Why, the world was full of it. Richard was a murderer, flying for his life, and yet, so strange and untrue it seemed that, even as she said it, she writhed at the street door a minute for his familiar figure. Then she started home alone.

Oh, to know he was safe! She caught her breath sharply and hurried on.

It had evidently been raining. The dark was coming early. The mist clung to her skirts and dampened her hair. The electric light flickered on little pools of wind-swept water in the road.

Susan met her at the door, her kind, sisterly face placid and smiling. Then she started.

"Why, Jeannette dear, what has happened?"

Who was Susan talking to? A man's voice answered.

"It does look like it," he said. "She

WEAK CHESTED PEOPLE

and elderly people particularly, who are so subject to ailments of the breathing tubes and lungs, are frequently difficult to prescribe for owing to their frail constitutions. For all such people Peps are the safest remedy for coughs, colds, bronchitis, asthma, etc., as Peps contain absolutely no harmful drugs.

Peps

has been over a block ahead of me all the way, going like a race horse. "Richard!"

She turned back to the door and tried to call his name, but it was only a gasp. Then he caught her.

"Sweetheart, has someone been frightening you? Why, Jeannette—Why, Jeannette—"

With a great effort she struggled out of the darkness that threatened to engulf her.

"The murder, Richard, you—"

He lifted her up into his arms and, carrying her in, set down in the big, old-fashioned rocker with her.

"There, there, child. It's all right, Jeannette. Nash Farnsworth shot Lathrop, but he is not going to die, though they thought he was at first. Did you get it wrong? It was mixed at first, in the excitement. Did they tell you it was Richard Nash who did it? His first name being my last one, and description being rather alike, did make a little bother. He got away, I guess. I imagine he got that four o'clock train. Why, little girl, you could not think it was I who shot him, could you?"

And in the hush, while Susan got supper, and the light from the fire played on the walls, the rocking chair swayed gently with its burden, while she told him how she had played the part of Fate to a man she never saw.

After she was quite herself again, he looked at her solemnly and shook his head.

"It's just as the poets and philosophers always tell us," he said. "A big door hangs on a little hinge. It takes a woman to fool a man, every time, and to save one, too, God bless her, even if it did not happen to be me."

KNITTED SUITS AND MANTELS

Skirts, Capes, Separate Coats, Stockings and Hats Among the Popular Hand-Made Apparel.

Women who have now supplied all the soldiers and sailors of their acquaintance will all the knitted garments they can use, and have also contributed to the Red Cross and similar organizations their full quota of knitted articles, may now turn with a light heart to knitting for themselves and their families, for in the vogue of knitted garments there is no lessening, declares a correspondent in New York Herald. Every week or two sees some new knitted article appearing to challenge the interest of the skillful knitter.

Entire knitted costumes are more than ever popular in France, and will, of course, take possession of American fancy in due time. Knitted skirts, suits, capes, separate coats, which are really jackets and not sweaters in disguise, and of course stockings and hats are to be seen at French country places where the mode is followed at all carefully. For children the knitted frocks, coats, hats and suits are also seen. The skirts are short and some of them are box plaited, while many are made in stripes, white and a color, and are extremely vivid and jaunty. Coral-colored knitted garments are highly popular. In fact, all hues may be said to be in vogue, the more brilliant the better.

Remember the Laundering. When you start out to buy a new bit of neckwear do remember that one advantage of the lovely neckwear that we have nowadays is that it can be changed often enough so that the fabric coming about the neck is always immaculate. So buy neckwear that can be sent to the laundry whenever necessary without being hurt. Some of the prettiest bits of neckwear, it must be admitted, are too elaborate to be cleaned in the laundry, and some lose all its charm of freshness with its first tubbing. But, nevertheless, unless you have a personal maid and a big dress allowance, the kind that can be tubbed is best.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children In Use For Over 30 Years Always bears the Signature of Dr. H. H. Plummer