

# The Waterdown Review

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## XMAS SPECIALS

Gentlemen's Gloves from **\$1 to \$4**  
Children's Gloves **35c and up**

**Kiddies Sleighs and Wagons at reduced Prices**

Silver Knives and Forks  
Tea Spoons Berry Spoons  
Desert Spoons Pocket Knives  
Razors, Hones and Strops

**Full Line of Granite and Tinware**

The week before Christmas we will sell  
Coal Oil at Xmas Prices, 20c per gal. in 1  
to 100 gal. lots.

**Gallagher's Hardware  
Waterdown**

## CUMMINS

Can save you money on many lines in his stock  
suitable for Xmas Gifts.

**Perfumes from 25c to \$3**

Xmas Cards, Seals, Tags and Booklets, Pocket  
Knives, Gillett's Auto Strop, Durham, Gem and  
Ever Ready Razors, Razor Strops, Shaving Brushes  
Mugs, etc. Choice Boxes Writing Paper, Rubber  
Water Bottles Stone Pigs, Hair, Clothes, Hat and  
Tooth Brushes, Soap Boxes, Tooth Brush Cases,  
Ebony Brushes, Combs, Pocket Combs, Manicure  
Files, Mirrors, Thermos Bottles, Thermos Kits.

**Ever Ready Flash Lights**

Toilet Goods of all descriptions. Boxes of Cigars  
Pipes, Toilet Soaps and Toiled Waters.

**Nielson's Chocolates in lovely  
Holiday Boxes 35c to \$2**

We honestly believe if you can make a choice  
from our stock we will easily save you 25c on each  
dollar over city prices.

It pays at All Seasons to buy from Cummins

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

### Letters from the Front

Letters from Our Boys Who Are  
Fighting for Us

Longres, Nov. 17th, 1918.  
Dear Mother, Father and all:  
Well, here I am writing this letter  
from Longres, Belgium, and I am glad  
to say that I am well and have been  
having a pretty good time in the last  
two or three days, as I am out of the  
German's hands and am at the present  
time staying at a civilian's house  
waiting for our boys to come up, and  
believe me, my pal and I have been  
treated like king's since we came to  
this town, as we are the first Cana-  
dians that have ever been here and  
nothing is too good for your Uncle  
Dudley, not after being a prisoner of  
war in the German's hands, but I am  
getting ahead of my experiences, so  
I will start from the first.

I went over the top on the 27th of  
September (my initiation of shell  
fire), and I was picked out as runner  
for my platoon officer, and as luck  
would have it, he got wounded and I  
didn't and then we stayed in supports  
for three or four days and I was made  
section commander, and believe me,  
I didn't like the job of leading my  
section over the top on the 1st of  
October, as there were some boys in  
the section who had been in France  
for two years, and they knew more  
about it than I did, but an order has  
got to be carried out, so I obeyed, and  
now I am the only one out of the sec-  
tion that isn't wounded or killed.

Well, I think I will tell you some  
things about a prisoner of war (my-  
self, for example). I was captured  
on October 1st near Cambrai, and be-  
lieve me, I will be able to write a book  
when I get home, as I kept a diary  
since I was captured, so I won't tell  
you much in this letter, as I will ex-  
plain things more fully when I am  
home.

I was a prisoner long enough to  
know what it was like to live on  
Fritz's quarter loaf of bread and a  
bowl of soup a day, and work some  
days on a munition dump and then  
go back to camp and get soup and  
sauerkraut, but however, I have lived  
through it, so I am not going to cry  
over spilt milk. I have just had din-  
ner, real soup, potatoes, beef boiled  
in onions, and believe me, it was good.

I suppose you will wonder how I got  
out of Jerry's hands. Well, he was  
marching us to Waremme, a town 17  
kilos from here and we met some of  
our boys who had been ditched by  
the Germans who had no bread for  
them, so we refused to go any fur-  
ther with him, as we would get more  
to eat if we were alone (so we ditched  
him), and four of us came to Longres  
and we told the burgomaster and he  
said some of the civilians would keep  
us until the English arrived here, and  
my pal and I are with some Flemish  
people who are very well off, as the  
old boy owns a brewery and there is  
beer on the table every day.

Well, mother, I am still a non-  
smoker (who said I couldn't keep my  
word, eh, "not me").

I guess I will have to close as the  
boss is going to post these for us.  
Tell Papa not to work too hard as I  
will be home soon. Hoping you all  
are well, as this leaves me.

I am, your loving son,

AUSTIN TUDOR.

The Corn Club were successful ex-  
hibitors at Guelph fat cattle show.  
They succeeded in capturing two firsts  
and the blue ribbon with their two-  
year-old Durham and three-year-old  
Pole Angus bulls. These animals are  
very valuable and it is the club's in-  
tention to exhibit them extensively at  
the principal fairs next year. They  
are pronounced by experts to be the  
finest specimens of cattle shown this  
year at any of the fall and winter fairs.  
Photos of these fine animals now  
adorn the walls of the club's office.

### The Late William E. Stock

An Appreciation

I feel that I would be remiss in my  
duty to the friends of the late W. E.  
Stock were I to allow his very sudden  
departure from our midst to pass with-  
out a few words—in memoriam—of  
appreciation of a life so full of help-  
fulness and service.

For the past ten years Mr. Stock  
was farm superintendent of the Hospi-  
tal for Insane at Mimico, and dur-  
ing part of this period his duties in-  
cluded, also, the oversight of the  
Prison Farm at Guelph, both of which,  
under his charge, gave very gratify-  
ing results.

His whole life previous to this was  
spent in East Flamboro Township,  
where he was a prominent and fami-  
liar figure. A son of a pioneer, it is  
not to be wondered at that his fellow  
electors elected him to the Municipal  
Council for several terms, during two  
of which he was Deputy Reeve, be-  
sides being called upon to act in many  
of those semi-public positions which  
only a man of intelligence and good  
judgment can successfully fill.

When his country called for volun-  
teers to repel the invader during the  
Fenian raid, the subject of this sketch  
shouldered his rifle and stood ready  
to defend Canada's honor.

As an agriculturist, he achieved  
much success, and for many years at  
the fall fairs he was a very success-  
ful exhibitor. In the eighties he won  
the Canada Company's prize of \$100  
for the best 25 bushels of wheat, and  
at that time this was a much coveted  
honor.

But he excelled in other and grand-  
er spheres. His life was a life of ser-  
vice, selfishness was absent. If a  
neighbor sent out a distress call, no  
night was too dark or hour too late  
for Mr. Stock to go to his assistance.  
His hand was always ready to help  
the poor and afflicted.

He served his country well, society  
well, and lastly, but not leastly, he  
served his church well. He was in  
his pew on the Sabbath morning  
regularly.

For many years he was an elder in  
the Presbyterian Church, both at  
Waterdown and Mimico, and up to  
quite late in life was connected with  
the Sabbath School at Waterdown and  
was its treasurer for twenty-two  
years.

He was a man of many activities,  
being connected with various organiz-  
ations, and his urbanity, his bright  
cheerful disposition and good business  
ability brought inspiration to many a  
meeting. And when the writer re-  
members how anxious he was to help  
on every good work that would give  
society an uplift and how he refused  
to hold himself aloof from the ills of  
the world, it can be truly said of him  
that, in his relationship to the wel-  
fare of humanity, he was a lifter and  
not a leaner.

The speaker at his funeral said:  
"We are met to-day to do honor to a  
good man," and the words found a  
responsive echo.

A word as to the example Mr. Stock  
was to every young man.

He had splendid self-control and  
was a total abstainer both from liquor  
and tobacco.

He was moderate in his speech and  
was a firm believer in the old maxim,  
"early to bed and early to rise."

His home life was pure and con-  
genial and his family entertain the  
most precious memories of a faithful  
husband and a kind and indulgent  
father.

Thy years are spent, thy work is done,  
No longer dwell midst toil and fears,  
Thy home is yonder with the Son,  
Where vanish all our cares and  
tears.

WILLIAM ATTRIDGE.

### Charter Presented to Navy League

A meeting of the Waterdown branch  
of the Navy League of Canada was  
held in the Bell House on Saturday  
evening. The charter was formerly  
presented to the local branch by the  
Rev. L. J. Leake. Mr. J. F. Vance,  
vice-president, receiving it on behalf  
of the League.

Mr. Leake referred to the high hon-  
or conferred upon him in asking him  
to make the presentation, which gave  
him great pleasure in doing so. He  
fully realized the great value to the  
nation of the great British navy. The  
good work done by them in the war  
in transporting men, provisions and  
protecting commerce was a great  
achievement. Without its aid it would  
have been impossible for America to  
have participated in the war. He be-  
spoke success for the local branch.

Mr. Vance, in accepting the charter,  
thanked Mr. Leake for his kindness  
in presenting the warrant. He point-  
ed out the great benefit to be derived  
for the young and old in joining the  
Navy League, which was formed for  
the purpose of carrying out all the ob-  
jects of the Navy League of the Em-  
pire, and in particular the following:  
First, a thoroughly organized educa-  
tional campaign in matters pertaining  
to the navy and mercantile marine, by  
lectures, by circulation of literature,  
by placing readers in public schools,  
to raise funds for the relief of British  
and Canadian sailors and their de-  
pendents, for sailors' homes, institutes  
and hospitals in Canada and through-  
out the Empire; to encourage volun-  
teer Naval Brigades for boys and  
young men, in which they can receive  
practical and theoretical instruction  
in seamanship to prepare them for  
service in our mercantile marine.

It shall be a fundamental principle  
of the League that its objects, mem-  
bership, management and conduct  
shall be absolutely unconnected with  
and free from all party politics, and  
from every organization connected  
with party politics.

The charter will be framed and  
hung in the Council chamber. Any-  
one wishing to join the League can  
secure membership badges from the  
secretary, Mr. A. Davidson, or the  
treasurer, Mr. C. P. McGregor.

### Phobe Catharine Potts

Our people were sorry to learn on  
Thursday, Dec. 12th, that Mrs. Phobe  
Catharine Potts, relic of the late  
Charles D. Potts and mother of our  
esteemed townsman, George Potts,  
had passed away at her daughter's,  
Mrs. Long, home, in Lynden, where  
she had gone on a visit a short time  
before. While there she had the mis-  
fortune to fall, breaking her hip, and  
no doubt this painful accident hasten-  
ed her death. Deceased had been a  
resident of our village for the past ten  
years, making her home with her son  
George. She was widely known and  
highly respected by all who had the  
pleasure of her acquaintance. De-  
ceased was born in the township of  
Glanford on April 9th, 1843, and was  
married to Charles D. Potts on Feb. 7,  
1865. They moved to Clappison's  
Corners twenty years ago, and re-  
mained there up to the time of Mr.  
Potts' death, which occurred ten years  
ago, when Mrs. Potts removed to  
Waterdown and has since made her  
home here. Deceased was in her 76th  
year at the time of her death and  
leaves to mourn the loss of a kind and  
loving mother, five sons, George of  
Waterdown, Elgin of Paris, and John,  
William and Amos of Hamilton, and  
two daughters, Mrs. H. Long of Lyn-  
den, and Mrs. Golden of Amherstburg,  
all of whom have the deepest sym-  
pathy of the whole community. The  
funeral took place on Sunday after-  
noon last from her son's home here to  
Grace church for service, thence to  
Glanford cemetery for interment, ser-  
vices at the house and grave being  
conducted by the Rev. L. J. Leake,  
rector of the church. The pallbearers  
were her five sons, George, Elgin,  
John, William and Amos, and her son-  
in-law, Mr. H. Long, of Lynden.