

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
L Gunn Newell, killed in action
F C N Newell, DCM T Ward
A H Woodward, killed in action
Sid Welsh M Cunningham
M Blondel W Blunt
R W Bailey A L Johnston
R A Johnston G Mathews
C Manning W Glenn Nichol
P Phelps H P Small
E W Smith C Toop
J Ward, killed in action C Ward
F Wakelin, DCM, killed in action
T Wakelin, wounded and missing
H Whitsett 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 Autterson
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 Pountain 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 Alfred Emmerson
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

Basel Saunders 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
Basel Gault

135TH BATTALION

Nichol McLachlin, killed in action July
6th, 1917

3RD RESERVE BATTERY, C.F.A.

Alfred Levi

116TH BATTALION

Clayton O Fuller, killed in action April
18th, 1917

106TH BATTALION

R R Annett

70TH BATTERY

R H Trenouth, killed in action on May
8th, 1917

Murray M Foster V W Willoughby
Ambrose Gavigan

142ND BATTALION

Austin Potter

GUNNER

Russ G Clark

RNCVR

John J Brown T. A. Gilliland

1ST CLASS PETTY OFFICERS

ARMY MEDICAL CORPS

Elgin D Hicks H D Taylor

ARMY SERVICE CORPS

Frank Elliot R H Acton

68TH BATTALION

Arthur McKercher

Roy E Acton, killed in action Nov. 3, 1917

64TH BATTERY

C F Luckham Harold D Robinson

63RD BATTERY

Romo Auld

Walter A Restorick George W. Parker
Clare Fuller

67TH BATTERY

Edgar Prentiss

69TH BATTERY

Chester W Cook

ROYAL FLYING CORPS

Lieut M R James Cadet D. V. Auld

J. C. Hill, mechanic

1ST DEPOT BATTALION

WESTERN ONTARIO REGIMENT

Reginald J Leach Leon R Palmer

James Phair Fred Birch

Russell McCormick Robert Creasey

Leo Dodds Fred Just

John Stapleford Geo. Moore

Mel McCormick Bert Lucas

Tom Dodds Alvin Copeland

Wellington Higgins Herman Cameron

CENTRAL ONTARIO REGIMENT

Verne Johnston Chester R. Schlemmer

Basil A Ramsay

SPECIAL SERVICE COMPANY

Nelson Hood

AMERICAN ARMY

Stanley Higgins

Bence Coristine (artillery)

Fred T Eastman (artillery)

If the name of your soldier boy does
not appear in this column, kindly notify
us and it will be placed there.

A Little Child

By

Martha McCullough Williams

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Syndicate.)

"Yes, sir!" Miss Prue said solemnly. "You hear my racket! Som'n is in the wind over to Barton's—shore's I'm knee-high to a grasshopper."

"How come you to be so shore?" Widow Allan demanded, settling her knitting-sheath more firmly against her plump side. Miss Prue half shut one eye—a devout church member of course could not wink—set her arms akimbo, advanced a large foot, and said still with the oracular intonations: "Td tell ye—only I'm main afraid ye'll go strowin' all up and down Bresh Creek neighborhood, and gittin' me the name o' talkin' scandal."

The widow smiled broadly. Miss Prue was known already for the head and front of all gossip—especially of the more lurid sort. "Suit yerself," she said tranquilly. "Toll hit or keep yer mouth shut. I know and you know I can't possibly want to hear things half as bad as you want to tell 'em."

Which was fact rudely stated. Miss Prue magnanimously ignored it. "I know you're a sensible person," she began. "Besides—I r'alely must have somebody ter take counsel of. This yere business is too much for one lone woman ter wrestle with—"

"How many other ones have ye done told a'ready?" the widow interrupted. Miss Prue looked down: "I jest sorter sketched things to Nan Wickfield and Josy Crimes—" she began. The widow threw up both hands, shaken with gusty laughter. "Ye had better wrote hit to the county paper," she said. "But I wonder at yo' choosings. Nan and Joe won't rest tell you've told the whole neighborhood, not leavin' you nobody but me."

"They come in on me in the middle of things—while the young man was here, asking the way—and makin' out like he hung on admirin' my domin-ecker pullets," Miss Prue protested. "They seen him—also heard. So I jest had to tell 'em—partly—the rest."

"Stop beatin' the bushes, fer goodness sake! What is the rest?" the widow demanded. Miss Prue drew a long breath. "Ef I but knowed the whole full of hit; 'twould be wuth money—a heap of money. Five hundred dollars!"—in an awed voice: "Enough to send a missionary clean to China."

"Ef I didn't know folks calnt git sunstruck in the late fall, I'd think your head was tetch'd," the widow exploded.

Miss Prue looked at her loftly, severely. "Make light of hit all you wanten," she said, "but that's the reward. Here! Look at the handbill! Didn't you find one like hit in your letter box?"

The widow read, gasping. Sure enough there was a reward—five hundred dollars for information leading to the capture of counterfeiters, double that for capture actual. Followed descriptions—three men, a girl, hardly more than a child, an elderly person, very dark-skinned, a small boy, almost a baby. All pictured in the usual ghastly fashion of "dodgers." Over the widow's shoulders Miss Prue glared down at the alleged portraits. "Them two's at Barton's, shore," she said, her finger on the dark woman with the baby in her arms. "S'manthy told me out of her own mouth they was goin' to board a boy-child and hits nurse till after Christmas. Now I ask you, what would honest folks be doin' sendin' a child to the country such a time of the year?"

"Oh, that ain't nothin'. Town folks has got so silly they don't s'prise no, no matter what they do," the widow commented. "You're hatchin' a mare's nest out of nothing, as usual, Prudence. Your parents ought to a-named ye Im-Prudence—you talk so wild."

"Wait! You ain't heard half," Miss Prue said masterfully. "Two of the men, and the gal, are at Barton's every little while—come an go in a car—always on the edge of dusk else mighty early mornin'. And this other—him come yesterday—he makes up the hull three."

"Are you shore? Did he look like them pictures?" the widow demanded. "As much as anybody else," Miss Prue answered, tossing her head. "But that ain't all I jedge by. He actually offered me one o' his bad bills—a twenty, bran-new—wanted to buy a dozen pullets, and said he hadn't no change."

"You took hit—then you've got the gang dead to rights," the widow said quivering in her eagerness over the unfolding drama.

Miss Prue sniffed. "I didn't do no sech fool thing," she said. "Once is enough for me. I ain't forgot that time I took in a bad dollar so's to sell a dozen aigs—and had the bank man

PILES
Zam-Buk ends the pain, and stops bleed-
ing. Try it!
All dealers, 50c. box.
Zam-Buk

snove it back at me, marked 'count-
terfeit.' I told that thar man I hadn't
no change—he might come again fer
the pullets. I don't believe he will do
it—but if he should—"

"Well, what?" the widow asked as Miss Prue's lips closed like a steel trap. "Oh, nothin'—much," said that lady, "only I've got a telephone and the sheriff's office has done promised me already to come running when I call it."

The Barton house, clean, rambling and comfortable, had an absolute monarch, by name Roy Evers. He was five years old, golden as to hair, blue-eyed, chubby, and dimpled as a Cupid. The young woman who came intermittently in the red car hugged him throughout the most of her visits and left him always with streaming tears. She surely looked too young to be his mother, yet he called her "My mammy," and they were very much alike.

Roy liked the men who came and went with Mammy—especially the tall one with graying hair, whom Mammy addressed as Big Injun. Big Injun had a way that made you mind in spite of yourself. Johnny, the other man, showed that even plainer than Roy himself. As for Mammy, all of them appeared to think the earth ought to turn around for her lightest whim. She being Roy's bond-slave, his kingship followed inevitably, with her as first subject and Anne his nurse for prime minister.

While Miss Prue was expounding her beliefs to the widow, Mammy sat snuggling Roy, and smiling woe-begonely at Big Injun. He had just said: "Make much of today, daughter; it won't be safe to come again before Christmas. Try as we may to blind our trail, that detective hound, Fengele, has picked it up. Fact—never mind how I know it. So be brave, girl, and say good-by to the little man for a while. I shan't be easy in my mind until we have him across the big water."

Mammy hugged so hard she hurt the tender little body. Roy began to whimper. There came a rap at the door. Mrs. Barton opened it cautiously, but seeing a slouching figure with a hat pulled low over the eyes, and a creel of saucy pullets upon one arm, said severely: "Don't you know enough to go round back? Air them the chickens Miss Jones said she'd lemme have?"

For answer the man dropped the creel, darted past her into the big south room where the strangers were assembled—grabbed the whimpering child, lifted him high on his shoulder, saying hoarsely to Mammy: "I can't take you forcibly, May, no matter how much I want you—but I will have our child."

Mammy crumpled in a sobbing heap. Big Injun got gray-faced—Johnny sprang at the newcomer, but was pulled back by the other man, crying: "Remember the child!"

"I say that! Why don't ye remember him? All of ye!" Nurse Anne cried, darting to the side of the intruder. "Ain't he got no rights, the angel? Rights to father, mother, home! I tell ye, Master," to Big Injun unwinkingly: "There's been packs and stacks of lies told—as I found out—never you mind how. Roy's pappy was lied to, same as his Mammy—by two that had their own game to win—you know how hard that Pascal girl tried to get Mr. Haughton tangled in her net—and her cousin Peter wanted Miss May and her fortune jest as bad. When I found out thar game—I wrote Mr. Haughton—that's how he comes here now. Not for his own sake nor Miss May's—they're big enough to know better. But I won't stand it no longer—havin' Roy ask me after he says his prayers: 'Why don't God send me back my daddy?'"

Nurse Anne stopped short, swallowing hard. Through the hush, they heard Roy cooing, his hands locked tight in the stranger's hair: "My daddy! My daddy! I love my daddy."

"May," young Haughton said low and entreatingly. She lifted her eyes, her arms; with a quick spring she was beside him, held against his heaving heart, close to her boy. So the sheriff found them, when, answering Miss Prue's summons, he descended upon the homestead. Explanations followed—here were no malefactors, only actors in a domestic drama that had verged on tragedy, but was ending happily, as all dreams should. The handbill turned out to have been a practical joke played on Miss Prue—perhaps by some one who had suffered from her inquisitions. It was fifteen years old at least and undated—its

mention of a woman and child had perhaps incited the joker to fit it to the folks at Barton's. Fate, which is called Chance, had done the rest. And Miss Prue took a lot of credit for the happy outcome—hadn't her chickens really served Haughton as a card of entry?

Formation of the States.

From the beginning of our history the tendency has been toward territorial expansion in the formation of new states. Of the 13 original states seven contained less than 10,000 square miles, as Vermont, 9,564; New Hampshire, 9,341; Massachusetts, 8,266; New Jersey, 8,224; Connecticut, 4,965; Delaware, 2,370; Rhode Island, 1,248. New York contains only 45,264 square miles. The middle western states were considered of great size when formed. Ohio, 41,045 square miles; Indiana, 36,384; Illinois, 56,365; Michigan, 57,980; Wisconsin, 56,006, but they are small compared with the far western states of California, 158,297 square miles; Montana, 146,997; Arizona, 113,956; Nevada, 110,390, and Colorado, 103,948. Texas, with her 265,896 square miles, would almost make six states as large as New York.

Service Flag for Grief.

Service flags are displayed all over the big city, and it appears to be quite the patriotic thing for large corporations to outdo each other in showing the largest number of employees engaged in the war game. There are four corporations in New York with a vague sort of community interest, each of which, though entirely independent, insists on placing on its service flag a star for every employee of the four corporations now in service. But a saloonkeeper has the star service banner. It hangs before his saloon, and he has patriotically placed upon it a star for every one of his customers gone to the front.

DRIVES ASTHMA LIKE MAGIC. The immediate help from Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy seems like a magic. Nevertheless it is only a natural remedy used in a natural way. The smoke or vapor reaching the most remote passage of the affected tubes, brushes aside the trouble and opens a way for fresh air to enter. It is sold by dealers throughout the land.

Clerk's Notice of First Posting
of Voters' List

VILLAGE OF WATFORD

Notice is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in Section 9 of the Ontario Voters' Lists Act, the copies required by said Act to be transmitted or delivered of the said list, made pursuant to said Act, of all persons appearing on the last revised Assessment Roll of the said municipality to be entitled to vote in the said municipality at Elections for members of the Legislative Assembly and at Municipal Elections; and that the said list was first posted up in my office at Watford, on the 12th day of August, 1918, and remains there for inspection.

And I hereby call upon all voters to take immediate proceedings to have any errors or omissions corrected according to law.

Dated this 12th day of August, 1918.

W. S. FULLER,
Clerk of Watford.

Clerk's Notice of First Posting
of Voters' List

TOWNSHIP OF WARWICK

Notice is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in Section 9 of the Ontario Voters' Lists Act, the copies required by said Act to be transmitted or delivered of the said list, made pursuant to said Act, of all persons appearing on the last revised Assessment Roll of the said municipality to be entitled to vote in the said municipality at Elections for members of the Legislative Assembly and at Municipal Elections; and that the said list was first posted up in my office at Warwick, on the 31st day of July, 1918, and remains there for inspection.

And I hereby call upon all voters to take immediate proceedings to have any errors or omissions corrected according to law.

Dated this 31st day of July, 1918.

N. HERBERT,
Clerk of Warwick

Operated by a gasoline engine or electric motor a portable scoop conveyor has been invented that enables one man to load a wagon in far less time than the work could be done with a shovel.

To test textiles an Englishman has invented a machine to pass fabrics under a microscope while at the same time they are subjected to powerful electric lights above and below their surfaces.

For automobile tourists a fireless cooker refrigerator, vacuum bottles and dishes and silverware for six persons have been combined in an outfit that can be carried on a car's running board.

Scientists in Europe who have tested the effect of various food plants containing iron on the human system have succeeded in making some vegetables absorb more iron from the soil than normally.

**Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA**

WHEN USING
**WILSON'S
FLY PADS**
READ DIRECTIONS
CAREFULLY AND
FOLLOW THEM
EXACTLY

Far more effective than Sticky Fly
Catchers. Clean to handle. Sold by
Druggists and Grocers everywhere.

When you want something
real nice and good in
ICE CREAM
and
**REFRESHING
DRINKS**
TRY
LOVELL'S

Canada Food Board
License No. 5-1784.
BREAD, CAKES AND
CONFECTIONERY—THE BEST.

FALL TERM
opens Sept. 3rd in

The Elliott Business College
Young and Charles sts., Toronto.
Our courses of training are unexcelled in
Canada. The demand for our graduates
is more than five times our supply.
Write to-day for catalogue.

CHANTRY FARM
SHORTHORN CATTLE and LINCOLN
SHEEP SOLD OUT

Will buy any number of registered or
good grade Lincoln ram lambs or year-
lings for immediate or September deliv-
ery, write or phone.

ED. de GEX Kerwood

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Painter and Decorator

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WATFORD - ONTARIO

GOOD WORK

PROMPT ATTENTION

REASONABLE PRICES

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

ESTIMATES FURNISHED

RESIDENCE—ST. CLAIR STREET

COUNTY OF LAMBTON

Treasurer's Notice as to Lands

Liab. For Sale For Taxes,

A. D. 1918

TAKE NOTICE that the list of lands

in the County of Lambton liable for sale

for arrears of taxes by the Treasurer of

the County of Lambton has been prepared

by me and that copies thereof may be

had in the office of the County Treasurer.

And further take notice, that the list

of lands for sale as aforesaid is now being

published in the Ontario Gazette in the

issues thereof bearing date the 6th, 13th,

20th and 27th days of July, 1918.

And further take notice that in default

of payment of the taxes in arrears upon

the lands specified in said list together

with the costs chargeable thereon as set

forth in the said list so being published

in the Ontario Gazette before the day

fixed for sale of such lands, being the

12th day of October, A. D. 1918, the said

lands will be sold for taxes pursuant to

the terms of the advertisement in the

Ontario Gazette.

And further take notice that this pub-

lication is made pursuant to Assessment

Act Revised Statutes of Ontario 1914,

Chapter 195, Section 149, sub-sec. 3.

Dated at Sarnia this 8th day of July,

A. D. 1918.

H. INGRAM,

Treasurer of County of Lambton,

d-octri

Australian wild turkey hens lay their

eggs in common nests that hold half a

bushel or more cover them with soil and

decaying vegetable matter and leave them

for the heat of decomposition to hatch.

Spaghetti and tomatoes cooked to-

gether make a cheap and filling dish.



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GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY