

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. Blondest W. Hunt
R. W. Bailey A. L. Johnston
R. A. Johnston G. Mathews
C. Manning W. Glenn Nichol
F. Phelps H. F. 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. Auttersen
S. P. Shanks Walter Woolvett

2ND DIVISIONAL CAVALRY

Lorne Lucas Frank Verks
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

H. 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. K. Whalton, killed in action Oct. 1, 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

Basil 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
Basil 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

196TH BATTALION

R. R. Annett

70TH BATTERY

R. H. Trenchouth, killed in action on May 18th, 1917
Murray M. Forster 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 DENTAL CORPS

Elgin D. Hicks H. D. Taylor

ARMY SERVICE CORPS

Frank Elliot R. H. Acton

68TH BATTALION

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

64th BATTERY

C. F. Luckham Harold D. Robinson

63RD BATTERY

Walter A. Restorick George W. Parker

67TH BATTERY

Edgar Prentiss

68TH BATTERY

Chester W. Cook

ROYAL FLYING CORPS

Lieut. M. R. James Cadet D. V. Auld

J. C. Hill, mechanic

1ST DEVOT 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

CENTRAL ONTARIO REGIMENT

Vern 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 Government Pen

By AGNES L. PRATT

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From my position on a desk by the window I can look out over the green sward, just at present with beds of flaunting tulips and its great fountain, whose jeweled drops scintillate in the sunny air.

The grass is like a square of emerald velvet, bordered along its sides with gray, chiseled granite; and the lacquered iron seats scattered here and there, look inviting.

I, myself, am old and battered, having been busy for months recording the emotions of the human souls that stream in at the revolving doors yonder, and out again, at the one near me. I can see for myself that the building wherein I have an abiding place is magnificent. I behold the massive front of red brick, with costly trimmings of brown stone. Two immense electric lanterns throw floods of light, nightly, through the lace-like iron flagstone that protects them, on the masses of humanity that beat with rhythmic tread the wide sidewalk beneath the window.

In my short life, for the existence of a pen in the service of this great government must of necessity be abbreviated by the democratic handling it receives, I have recorded more than one pitiful life story.

It is not long ago the noble elms surrounding the green were bare and gaunt against a gray sky, that a young man with hopeful eyes leaned over the desk where I was lying, idle for a wonder, and reaching out, grasped me tightly. As I flew, with impatient strokes over the white sheet, I found that I was writing thus:

"Dear Mabelle—I may write—may I not?—what I cannot say, for when I am with you my lips are ever silent. I followed you to the city, dear, I sought and found work—because—I wanted to be near you. And now I find that I want to be near you always, so much so that I am willing to brave your disapproval, which I have often seen growing in your clear, brown eyes—and ask you to marry me, dear—now, tomorrow—next week—any time, only that you will have it some time."

"I am in an awful hurry, or I would say more. But I have an appointment at the quarry and all this means money—and perhaps you—to me. I have stopped here, in the post office, to pen these few lines, with a horribly poor pen, by the way."

"Please answer at once, and say yes—to Jack."

I could forgive him the ill-mannered reflection on my character, when I felt the pace his heart was going communicating itself to me through his fingers.

I hoped she would say yes as I rolled complacently over on my side, when he laid me down, and amused myself watching the gardener raking here and there among the stubble brown grass that clothed the green.

Dipped thousands of times in ink, as I was daily, the foregoing episode had nearly faded from my mind, when presently it was abruptly recalled. A young girl in a jaunty gray jacket, with an aureole of violets shading her sunny brown hair, came hastily to the desk, picked me up, looked at me with disapproving eyes, laid me down, tried another pen, and then returned to her old lover, meaning myself. A struggling sunbeam kissed her shining eyes till they glinted an old-fashioned goldstone and lovingly caressed, with rosy fingers, the chestnut ringlets of hair beneath the violet aureole.

And, as I reposed snugly in the embrace of her gloveless fingers, she moved me rapidly over the paper and inscribed, in graceful characters, an application for a money order.

It was a prosaic culmination of my ardent and romantic desires, but I had only to wait a few moments when something followed. Without hesitation, though each stroke of my rusted tip was cutting through two quivering hearts, she indited the following:

"Dear Jack—I know what you will say when you read this—you will say I am hard-hearted, that I do not care—that I ought to leave all and cling to you, if I love you—but I cannot do what you wish me to. And Jack, dear, I do love you, too. But they, my parents, need me—need my help. I have left them up there, in the country home, while I go battling with the cruel world, so that I may be of use to them, who did for me as long as they were able. You know the whole pitiful story, Jack."

"A breath just now from the newly springing grass on the green brought it back to me, and I have half-closed my eyes so the tears should not fall on my letter. Father blind, mother his only attendant, and feeble herself,

ZAM-BUK

is the best remedy known for sunburn, heat rashes, eczema, sore feet, stings and blisters. A skin food!

All Druggists and Stores—50c.

With only my arm—Jack, my woman's arm—between them and want. You would say, if you were here and I was talking now instead of writing this, that your arm was stronger than mine and you could do for them and me. But think, there would be four of us then, and could you do for four—and you a young man, with such prospects as you now have? Could you weight yourself with your own burdens and mine, too? No, it can never be.

"Better for both of us that we should put such thoughts far away from our hearts. This is a cruel old world, Jack, and diamonds, not hearts, are trumps. I must not marry while they live, unless—Jack is a cruel, but I must sell myself for gold if I marry at all."

I was glad when she finished abruptly and laid me down where I could watch the streets pouring their seething masses of human beings, God knows where—I do not. Back and forth ebbs this ceaseless tide, but from what diversified sources it has come, and to what it is going, I know not. In a few days he came in again, and I wrote for him a few words, a pitifully brief message:

"I am going to the Philippines. You have made it impossible that I should live here, and I care not whether I live elsewhere or not. A worthless life is best offered up on the altar of my country's service, and mine will be only another name to add to the list of poor devils already killed by pestilence or the bullet of a Tagalo."

There was nothing else, only his name. It was quite time that I should be replaced with a new pen. I had outlived my usefulness—but I continued to be overlooked and many a day and night have I lain there quietly on the desk by the window and thought of that brave fellow, off there, fighting where no glory could ever be his, crawling through tropical undergrowth and searching out the treacherous foe—to be finally wasted and killed by insidious disease—denied even the honor, doubtful, perhaps, of dying by the hand of the enemy.

It was only the other day, I know, the brilliant bloom had just burst from the beds in front of my window, and great crystal drops from the fountain were blown by the madcap breezes of the spring when my soldier came in and stood near me. He had returned, and there was a happy light in his eye, a flush beneath the rich bronze tinting of his cheek. Evidently his enlistment and service had done him no harm.

He gave one quick glance across the rainbow brightness that crossed and recrossed the velvet greenness of the turf outside, grasping me, his old friend, he wrote hastily:

"Dear Mabelle—I have come home for good. My time is up, and I have great news for you, for while out there, fighting natives and sickness, and dreaming of you—my fortune here was being made. Something I had done in the old life—journalism—it seems attracted the attention of the great ones in power, where formerly I was almost an unknown quantity. So that I returned to find the struggle ended and a sure place waiting for me, at a salary that will suffice for all of us, and your dear ones shall never know want while I live. I have written this to your old address and am not quite sure where I shall find you. A line will bring me to your side; and dear—let it be soon, please."

My heart sang with his joy and I was glad that it was spring, glad the grass was soft and green, the flowers bright and the birds singing. For somewhere, up in the branches of the great elms, some birds were riotously chanting a greeting to all things new and beautiful.

The next day—yes, it was only the next day—she came again, but how changed! More beautiful, if anything, but something subtle had departed from her personality and had been replaced by another something that I could not define, but only feel. And she, too, lifted me and presently she wrote:

"Dear Jack—Dearest now, because impossible by my own wickedness. Your letter came to me last night, after following me about all day. I am glad you have come back and that you were not killed out there, as I was afraid you would be. I have watched the papers and my heart has ached; but Jack, dearest Jack, I have gone and spoiled all the beautiful happiness that life had in store for me—on the

eve of its appearance. Last month I married—married for the gold I have needed so much—and for them—a man I did not love, a man who is old enough to be my father—and who is not like you, Jack. And in less than two weeks, only two weeks ago—and it seems a lifetime to me—they were both gone—gone, Jack, to where they could never want what I had sold my soul and your love for. Mother went suddenly. Father just failed and then—he was gone. They held out their hands to me, he said to me, one day—and he went to them. I have forged my chains, beautiful fetters they are, of solid gold and jewelled—but they burn into my flesh like fire, and they bind till, from very agony, I must groan. Pity me, Jack. If you are unhappy what must I be? Oh, wait for me—wait for me—Jack, perhaps—he is older than I—and perhaps some time—Forgive me, Jack, and forget me.—Mabelle."

I turned and looked out across the velvet green. Through its cool tree-shaded walls the throngs still surged, each heart knowing its own burden, carrying it silently and cursing or praying as was its nature.

The fountain sparkled in the sunlight, the flowers held their cups to catch its spray, great trees bent their heads as the fleecy clouds rolled above them; and only the song of the birds was wholly happy.

Her Specific Instructions.

The sex that Robert W. Chambers made famous is the same that delivers telephone messages to spouses something like: "A man called you up today—I think his name was Smith or Jones; no, it wasn't them—something like that, anyway; no, he didn't leave any message; he said you were to call him up at—now when did he say? Well, I forgot just when, but he left his number; wait a minute, I put it down on a piece of paper—just wait till I get it; Oh, dear, I remember I mislaid it somewhere now; well, anyway, he said you were to call him up."

DRIVES ASTHMA LIKE MAGIC. The immediate help from Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy seems like 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.

Canadian National Exhibition

Aug. 26 TORONTO Sept. 7

300,000 admissions sold first day of advance sale. Come with the crowds to the greatest Exposition in the 40 years' history of the C. N. E.

"The Heroes of Britain"

A production of tremendous force and beauty, with 1200 participants. All the colorful paraphernalia of romance and history in the making. Inspiring, dramatic—a spectacle every Canadian should see.

MOVEMENT - LIFE SLENDOR

A Patriotic Thrill in every scene

Giant livestock and agricultural display—Government exhibits—demonstrations of vocational training by 50 crippled heroes—farming on factory lines: colossal exhibits of labor-saving devices—Government patriotic food show—Creator's world-famed band—Allies' exhibits of fine arts—AND A WORLD OF OTHER SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS.

Price of admission is unchanged 25 cents

Consult your local agent regarding railroad fares

Haunted houses may be curtains and still have shades.

Part of the art of doing things is to attempt but little at a time.

Some men haven't troubles enough of their own, so they want to get married. Nothing swells a man's head so much as to have a pretty girl ask him for information.

When a girl gets hold of a young man's heartstrings she proceeds to tie them in a bow knot.

For the first time in history of Leland Stanford university women graduates outnumbered the men in the 1918 class. Miss Ethel M. Sayer is considered one of the most successful business women in England. Twenty-one years ago she began her career as a private secretary to the head of a large firm of advertising contractors and in January she was made a director of the firm.



Clean to handle. Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and General Stores.

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 yearlings for immediate or September delivery, write or phone.

ED. de GEX Kerwood

A. D. HONE

Painter and Decorator

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GOOD WORK

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REASONABLE PRICES

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

ESTIMATES FURNISHED

RESIDENCE—ST. CLAIR STREET

COUNTY OF LAMBTON

Treasurer's Notice as to Lands Liable 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 publication 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.

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Before beginning to wait for a dead man's shoes, it might be well to induce some easy mark to board you while you wait.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA