

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, E.C.M.
 T. Ward
 Alf 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
 F. Phelps
 H. F. Small
 E. W. Smith
 C. Toop
 J. Ward, killed in action
 C. Ward
 F. Wakelin, D.C.M., killed in action
 T. Wakelin, wounded and missing
 H. Whitsett
 B. Hardy

PRINCESS PATRICIA'S C. L. I.

Gerald H. Brown

18TH BATTALION
 C. W. Barnes
 Geo. Ferris
 Edmund Watson
 G. Shanks
 J. Burns
 F. Burns
 C. Blunt
 Wm. Auterson
 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
 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. 1, 1916
 Thos. Meyers
 Jos. M. Wardman
 Vern Brown
 All 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

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 BATTALION, C.F.A.
 Alfred Levy

116TH BATTALION
 Clayton O. Fuller, killed in action April 18th, 1917
 196TH BATTALION
 R. R. Annett

70TH BATTERY
 R. H. Trenouth, killed in action on May 8th, 1917
 Murray M. Forster
 V. W. Willoughby
 Ambrose Gavigan

142ND BATTALION
 Austin Potter
 GUNNER
 Russ G. Clark

R. N. C. V. R.
 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
 Arthur McKercher

98TH BATTALION
 Roy E. Acton, killed in action Nov. 3, 1917
 64TH BATTERY
 C. F. Luckham
 Harold D. Robinson
 Romo Auld

63RD BATTERY
 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
 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 Lucas
 Wellington Higgins

CENTRAL ONTARIO REGIMENT
 Verne Johnston
 Chester R. Schlemmer
 Basil A. Ramsay
 SPECIAL SERVICE COMPANY
 Nelson Hood

AMERICAN ARMY
 Stanley Higgins
 Benice Coristine (artillery)

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

When Khaki Calls

By M. E. Stanton

It was evening and the big office buildings were discharging their quota of humanity, who, though still in workaday garb, stepped forth briskly into the crisp autumn air, conscious that the chains of toil were loosened for a few brief hours and that they were free to play, relax and to take their little parts in the comedies and tragedies of social life.

Ann Donovan was one of a group of animated, chattering girls that emerged from one of these immense beehives of industry. They lingered for a moment on the sidewalk, laughing and talking, then scattered on their various homeward ways.

Ann started off, but had only gone a few feet when a quick step sounded behind her and a pleasant masculine voice said:

"Hello, Ann! What's your hurry?" It was annoying. Why would Tommy insist on waiting for her every evening? Of course he was pleasant company, and all that, but—well, a girl likes to dream sometimes, and that walk home in the evening along the quiet, shaded streets, was the only bit of time out of the whole busy day she might have for herself.

"Good evening, Mister Regan," Ann managed to respond, taking a certain satisfaction in using her most formal prunes-and-prisms tone, usually reserved for impatient salesmen or persistent book agents who invaded the office.

"Why so distant, Acushla? Doesn't Tommy sound good to you any more? That mister stuff doesn't listen natural comin' from you to me." And the cheerful Tommy softly hummed:

"Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag."

And smile, smile, smile!" "Them's my sentiments every time. Fellow that wrote that song must have been a real fellow. One who knows that a smile makes the digging easier, whether you're digging with a shovel, or a pen or a sword."

Tommy's voice faltered a little on the last word, and he gazed a trifle anxiously and uncertainly at his silent companion.

"Er—Ann, there's something I've been wanting to tell you, and I don't see why I mightn't as well tell you now."

Ann was panic-stricken. Why could not Tommy be satisfied with things as they were and not begin treading on dangerous ground. Besides—and this was the real reason—a certain resentment had been lurking in the background of Ann's mind for some time with reference to this same Tommy Regan.

How could he sit tamely behind a desk and watch other fellows, dozens of them, marching away to "carry the starry banner over seas?"

Tommy was a strapping, stalwart youth, clean-cut and pleasing to the eye. Aggressive and intelligent, he had in him the making of a splendid American soldier.

But he had not enlisted when the nation-wide call for volunteers went forth, nor had the long arm of conscription as yet reached out for him. He and Ann had never directly discussed the subject. It was constantly in Ann's thoughts, but a certain hesitancy had prevented her from introducing the topic, and though she had stated dangerously close at times, for all of Tommy's unflinching cheerfulness and apparent willingness to chat on anything and everything under the sun, somehow he had never given her a clue as to his real reason for putting himself in the slacker class.

Ann herself was an ardent patriot. Fifteen dollars a week is not a munificent sum, but when a girl lives at home the stretching qualities of even a meager fifteen dollars are remarkable. So by dint of wearing her last season's suit, by studiously keeping her head turned the other way when passing an ice-cream parlor, by sundry small economies and self-denials constantly practiced the world over by thousands of working girls, she was able to buy a Liberty bond, to join the Red Cross and to contribute her mite to various special funds for the benefit of "Our Boys."

She was even now learning to knit in the "From Potatoes to Knitting Needles" class recently launched at the office.

So when Tommy announced in that serious tone that he had something to tell her, she mentally besought her patron saint to ward off the imminent proposal without hurting the lad's feelings or destroying their friendship.

For, after all, thought Ann, they had grown up together as neighbors, and there had always been a friendly feeling between the two families, though of late years the social intercourse had been confined chiefly to the young people save for an occasional "cross-the-fence" chat between Mrs. Regan and Ann's mother.

They were on a quiet side street now and her prayer seemed hopeless when, just as Tommy started to resume his confidence, the heaven-sent interruption occurred. The interruption was just a pair of lovers strolling along arm in arm—a scene old as the ages, yet ever interestingly new to observers as well as to observers. The youth

was clad in khaki and he carried himself with a jaunty, conscious air of pride that found eager reflection in the admiring maid at his side.

Ann and Tommy turned to look after them. Who can resist a backward glance at a pair of lovers?

"Oh!" sighed Ann, "doesn't he look splendid?"

And then valor twinkled discretion's ears and rushed into the fray.

"How can you stay at home and let folks call you a slacker, when all these brave fellows are giving up their homes, their work—yes, even their lives, to make our homes, our work and our lives safe? You've told me before that you loved me, but I don't want to hear you say it again, for I'll never marry a slacker. Never! Oh, how I wish I had been a man!"

And to Tommy's consternation Ann started to cry. He waited until her sobs had ceased, then said:

"But look here, Ann, I want to tell you—"

"Oh, what's the use of arguing about it now?" queried Ann wearily. "There's only one way for a man—a strong, healthy young fellow like you—to prove his patriotism. If you won't do it, your friends can't force you to."

This was the proper cue for a dignified exit, and as at this precise moment they reached the front gate of Ann's home she murmured a brief "good night" and left him abruptly.

Tommy's voice, still maddeningly cheerful, called after her: "If you happen to feel like the movies tonight, darlin', don't forget my 'phone number."

And Ann could hear him tramping up his own front steps whistling: "Keep the home fires burning."

"Yes, you'll keep them burning all right," she spitefully apostrophized him, as she entered the house and slammed the door with a vigorous bang that brought her mother hurrying from the dining room, where supper was just sending forth its savory invitations.

"Why, dearie, you came in like a cyclone. No villain pursuing you, is there?" And Mrs. Donovan laughed expectantly, for she and this only daughter of hers were chums and shared a sense of rich Irish humor.

"Nothing, mother. I'm just a little tired and hungry, I guess, and supper smells so good. I'm ready, if it is."

"All right. But, Ann, did you hear about Tommy Regan? His mother was over this afternoon and told me about it. She cried and cried, but she's so proud of him, and she says he's so anxious to go, and—"

"What, mother? Tommy hasn't?" "Enlisted! Yes, he has," exclaimed Mrs. Donovan, dabbing at a furtive tear with the corner of her apron.

"That's just what Tommy has gone and done. She told me all about how he's felt ever since this war started; how it hurt him to see the other fellows marching off when he had to stay at home."

"Well, why did he have to stay at home?" interrupted Ann. "Of course I know it would leave his mother alone, but Mr. Regan must have left quite a lot of money when he died."

"But he didn't," exclaimed her mother. "Everyone thought so, but it appears that he speculated heavily, not only with his own money, but with some that had been entrusted to his care. His sudden death was a result of the shock of losing everything, and Tommy, who was just starting out to make his way in the world, promised his father that he would see that the funds which had been misused were replaced, though it took years of self-denial on his part. His mother says he has stuck manfully to his promise and has done everything possible to restore his father's honor, but it seemed such a hopeless task."

Mrs. Donovan paused for breath. "Go on, mother," prompted Ann. "Well, what do you think? Some of that mining stock has turned out to be valuable after all. There wasn't any gold in the mines, but they have found something else—tungsten, I believe."

Miller's Worm Powders act mildly and without injury to the child, and there can be no doubt of their deadly effect upon worms. They have been in successful use for a long time and are recognized as leading preparation for the purpose. They have proved their power in numberless cases and have given relief to thousands of children, who, but for the good office of this superior compound would have continued weak and enfeebled.

have it is called—that is worth nearly as much. Anyway, they can pay off all their debts and Tommy will know that his mother is well taken care of, even if he's away off in France. She said after he made sure he didn't waste a minute getting down to the recruiting headquarters."

Ann started for the telephone. "Where are you going?" asked her mother, with the kindly inquisitiveness of those near and dear.

Ann looked around the cozy living room with a speculative eye. "Tommy wanted me to call him up. But I wonder if we wouldn't rather stay at home than go downtown tonight? I'm kind of tired of the movies myself."

Honesty and Carelessness.

There are so many ways in which to be careless with the things that belong to others. Most of us seldom think of these small sins of commission and omission. We would not, for anything in the world, knowingly trespass on the rights of others. Yet, day after day, because we do not think, we do things that are really destructive, and verge very closely upon dishonesty of act, if not intention. Dishonesty is an ugly word. But it is better to face the fact that the careless person is really the dishonest person, for only by admitting a fault can it be cured. Are you careless? If so, look to it that your carelessness does not work harm to yourself and to those about you.

The Eye for an Eye. Mother (to curate)—And do you really pray for your enemies? Ethel (overhearing)—I do, mummy. Curate—And what do you say in your prayer, my child? Ethel—I pray that they may be beaten.—Punch.

Building Ships in Canada. The war has taught Canadians many things they did not realize before. One of these is that Canadians can build ships. A few years ago a great many of us were inclined to think that it was not practicable for Canada to enter upon construction of steel ships on a large scale. With a remarkable admixture of modesty and caution—or was it lack of confidence?—we were inclined to the view that we lacked the skill, experience and material necessary to build ships on an ambitious scale. The war has shown us that we were wrong. In the House of Commons, recently, Hon. C. C. Ballantyne, Minister of Naval Affairs, not only assured us that we are already building and are going to keep on building steel mercantile ships in Canada, but went on to say that we had also constructed war craft "equally as well as they could have been constructed in the Old Land."

Aviators as Rangers. The St. Maurice Forest Protective Society has engaged two aviators, who, with hydroplanes, will patrol the wilds of Northern Quebec and other forest territories for the prevention and discovery of forest fires. This mode of protecting forests in Quebec will be introduced this summer.

Large Baskets. Some of the California Indians store their corn supply in willow baskets, which are as large as the rooms of a house.

The Goose That Walked. A Canadian soldier, whilst serving on the western front, received a parcel containing amongst other eatables, portions of a cooked goose as a special luxury. By an error the parcel was sent on to Italy to another section of the same unit. In the fullness of time it was returned to France, having been some weeks on the trip. The soldier, writing home recently, said: "I had a big surprise today . . . for the parcel you posted to me in November last turned up in great style, having performed the latter part of the journey on foot. When I summoned up enough courage to open it the noble bird simply formed fours and departed at the double. . . . I should say it had quite an exciting journey round Italy and France."

Limited Choice of "Stinks." The late Father Stanton, one of the most loved Anglican priests of the latter part of the nineteenth century, once entered into a conversation with a visitor to St. Alban's, Holborn, who had attended the service for the first time. Mr. Stanton asked him what he thought of the service. The stranger replied that he liked it very well except the incense, to the use of which he strongly objected.

"I am sorry for you, my friend," said Mr. Stanton. "The other, not unnaturally, asked 'Why?'"

"Well, you see," said Mr. Stanton, "there are only two stinks in the next world—incense and brimstone—and you must take your choice between."

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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 Lamb ton.

Whether the corn be of old or new growth, it must yield to Holloway's Corn Cure, the simplest and best cure offered to the public.

The available water power of the United States, not including the power that could be conserved by waterfalls, has been estimated by the geological survey at from 38,000,000 to 66,500,000 horsepower.

Some kinds of meat bones, especially beef ribs may be sprinkled with salt and cayenne pepper and broiled over a clear fire until brown.

Save the water in which vegetables or rice are cooked for a soup foundation. Many mothers have reasons to bless Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, because it has relieved the little ones of suffering and made them healthy.

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TIME TABL

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GOING EAST Accommodation, 80.....7 New York Express, 8.....11 New York Express, 18.....2 Accommodation, 112.....5 C. Vail, Agent.