

ROLL OF HONOR

Men From Watford and Vicinity Serving The Empire

27TH REGT.—1ST BATTALION
 Thos L. Swift, reported missing since June 15th, 1915
 Bury C. Binks, Richard H. Stapleford
 L. Gunn, Newell, TCM, 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
 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. Whittitt, B. Hardy

PRINCESS PATRICIA'S C. L. L.
 Gerald H. Brown

18TH BATTALION
 C. A. Barnes, Geo. Ferris
 Edmund Watson, G. Shanks
 J. Burns, F. Burns
 C. Blunt, Wm. Anterson
 S. P. Shanks, Walter Woolvett

2ND DIVISIONAL CAVALRY
 Lorne Lucas, Frank Verks
 Percy 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

29TH BATTERY
 Wm. Mitchell, John Howard

70TH BATTALION
 Ernest Lawrence, Alfred Emmerson
 C. H. Loyday, A. Banks
 S. R. Whalton, killed in action Oct., 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

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, Terold W. Snell
 Allen W. Edwards, Wm. McCausland
 Basil Gault

135TH BATTALION
 Nichol McLachlin, killed in action July 6th, 1917

3RD RESERVE BATTERY, C. P. A.
 Alfred Levi

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

196TH BATTALION
 R. R. Annett

70TH BATTERY
 R. H. Trenouth, killed in action May 8th, 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

Arthur McKercher

98TH BATTALION
 Roy E. Acton, killed in action Nov. 3, 1917

64TH BATTERY
 C. F. Luckham, Harold D. Robinson

83RD BATTERY
 Walter A. Restorick, George W. Parker

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 Crensey

Leo Dodds, Fred Just
 John Stapleford, Geo. Moore
 Mel. McCormick, Bert Lucas
 Tom Dodds, Alvin Copeland

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.

A Misunderstanding

By WILLIAM AMORY

"But you are not listening."
 Helen Fairfax turned her eyes back to her lover with a murmured "Forgive me." They were earnest eyes, shining with a tremulous love-light, and she was a clever girl, with keen mind and keener intuition, and he had grown into the habit of talking to her freely of his life, his profession, in a way that surprised himself.

But tonight her attention wandered. Tonight of all nights! Tomorrow he was to step up his great case. Surely a woman should share the self-denial of a man's destiny. Was Helen, after all, like other women—given to moods, absorbed in the subjective—when the veil was lifted? They had been engaged six months; each day had been a fuller revelation of her nature. Was this the nearer view? Ah, no—banish the thought. Helen was Helen—there was no more to be said.

He took up the lines of the argument of his case and stated them to her, clearly, concisely, as though she were a man. This time her eyes did not wander from his face; they deepened, their pupils growing larger as she gazed. How splendid he looked! How alert; how alive!

How could she keep at this wide distance. How incidental and how futile sounded all that rapid flow of words! When would he have done, that she might throw herself upon his breast? "Don't you think so?" he asked her, suddenly.

"Oh, Harold, I did not hear what you were saying."

"Not hear what I was saying? Haven't you been following? I never needed your co-operation more, your intellectual sympathy more, than I do tonight. You know how hard I have been working on this case; you know what a notable case it is. You know also, that the eyes of the legal world are upon me. My summing up tomorrow will be a crisis in the beginning of my career. Could you not follow me—help me by your sympathy—your interest?"

He waited to see the flash of protest in her eyes, for some little lance that she would thrust to cross his own, but instead she nestled her head into the curve of his shoulder and whispered: "Forgive me, I am moody tonight; very moody and absent-minded."

"We have no right to be moody nor absent-minded, dear," he answered seriously, "where another's interests are involved. It is a sign of weakness. And there is something besides love. A strong woman should keep even love at bay when a man has work to do—not lure him nor tempt him with it. I do not like to say it, sweetheart, but I love you—and the wounds of a friend are faithful. I am disappointed at your failure to sympathize with my work tonight."

Two big tears welled in her eyes, but she said no word. Had Harold Ford been a hero, a knight of chivalry, he would not have stopped in his quest until he had found the source of those two tears; he was, however, only a very busy man of today. Not that the two are altogether incompatible, but that the combination is rare, and Harold did not happen to be both in the fullest sense; furthermore, he was deeply absorbed in an immediate practical affair. It was striking 11, and time for him to leave her. Though he said no more, and his good-night salutation lacked nothing outwardly, there was a mental reservation which, to the psychic sense of Helen, robbed it of its fullest bliss.

"Six o'clock tomorrow, dear," he repeated as he went out the door. "Six o'clock tomorrow," she answered. Did her voice quiver, or was it fancy? He was conscious of saying to himself as he passed down the steps: "Are all women alike. I wonder—after all—tears and moods?"

The following afternoon, in the gathering dusk, he mounted the steps again. His attitude had changed. The stress and irritation of an absorbing effort had given place to a buoyant reaction. He had won his case, and won it in so brilliant a way that the triumph was the smallest part of his self-congratulation? Even the judge had said words to make a young lawyer's heart take courage. But what were the words, what was the triumph, what was anything, until he had shared it with Helen? He could see her in the gathering dusk, as he waited, her eyes listening delight! He could hear her vibrant "Harold!" Poor child, had he been harsh last night? Ah, no, only impatient for a moment—and frank—to make her the utmost that she was capable of being. If he had uninten-

YOUR CHILD

will not suffer with sunburn or heat rash if you use Zam-Buk.
 The Superintendent of S. A. Fresh Air Camp at Clarkson's, Ont., says: "We always keep a supply of Zam-Buk at our Children's Camp. We use it constantly for sunburn, insect stings and bites, as well as for cuts, bruises and sores, and believe there is nothing to equal it."
 Zam-Buk is especially suitable for a child's tender skin, owing to its purity of composition. It contains absolutely none of the coarse animal fat or harsh mineral drugs found in ordinary ointments.
 All dealers, 50c. box.

Zam-Buk

tionally hurt her, he knew a potent balm to heal with, to make her rejoice. Why was the servant so eternally slow in opening the door? How long they were making him wait! He rang again.

"Tell Miss Fairfax I am here."
 "Yes, sir." The servant stood silent and awkward.

Harold wanted to quicken him with a shove; what was the matter with the fellow? He walked into the library; the light was burning low; the servant followed him, and closed the door with an air of mystery that gave Harold a mingled shock of impatience and of fear.

"I was to give you this, sir, when you came," and the man held out a letter.

"Is Miss Fairfax not at home?"
 "She is at home, sir."

"Then tell her at once that I am here."

"Yes, sir."

Harold was alone with his letter; he opened it and read:

"It is midnight, you have gone, and yet it seems as though you are still here—so close to me that I can see your eyes and feel your touch—Harold. Forgive me that I was not more as I should have been this evening, but I was a coward. Dear, I have not been well for many weeks and yesterday I saw a specialist. He told me I had a most serious difficulty, and that I must undergo a dangerous operation at once, if I would save my life. Tomorrow is the day appointed. I implored him to wait, but he leaves town in a few days, and if I do not have it done tomorrow it could not be performed for two months, and that is too long to wait, he says; so there was no other way. Tomorrow—our day—when you are to vindicate my pride and hope in you; the day we have waited for so long. There was but one impulse strong within me, almost overmastering—to fly to the shelter of your arms—to seek your sympathy. But how could I tell you when it might imperil your calm, your peace—undo all you have worked for—hamper your ascent, in which tomorrow will be a stepping stone? No, you must not know. Your heart is too tender, I am too much your own for you to stand up in court and plead for legal abstractions when I am lying under the knife. I half hoped you would make me tell you all my heart—but now I am glad you do not know. You will have no shadow on your way tomorrow, and when you receive this it will be all behind us; it will have been over seven hours, for the operation takes place at 11 o'clock. Good-night—good by. I love you—it seems to me that I love you in a new way tonight. Harold—Harold—I must call you back and tell you, and feel your strength to make me strong; but no. I am your love—I must be brave. And then—why should I fear?"

"God's in his heaven—
 "All's right with the world."
 "HELEN."
 He crushed the letter in his hand, and reached the door with one bound, like an animal in chase. She was his own; his place was by her side; no man could keep him from her. As he opened the door he came face to face with her father.

"Harold, my dear fellow—
 "Let me go to her," and Harold tried to pass. Mr. Fairfax put his arm across the door.

"No, you must not, now; the doctors are with her; they will let no one in, not even me, and I am her father. Harold, my boy, we must be brave and stand by each other."

A withering quiet, like a blight, fell upon Harold. It seemed to paralyze his powers of motion and of speech. After a moment he heard himself saying, in a voice that sounded like a stranger's:

"What do they—the doctors—say?"

Mr. Fairfax looked at him pityingly, his own anguish stamped white upon his face.

"Don't lose heart, Harold," he said gravely. "We are hoping for the best, and McKenzie, the doctor who performed the operation, says the chances are in her favor."

REMINDER OF PAST DAYS

Author's Depiction of "Tourist" Printer Will Be Recognized as Drawn From Life.

Thrilling adventures of the old journeyman printers are contained in "These Shifting Scenes," by Charles Edward Russell. These wanderers roamed from town to town, denouncing everything outside of New York as unfit for consideration, and returning by way of freight trains once a year for a visit to that Mecca of journalists. Mr. Russell describes a typical member of the guild, one "Scotty."

"This solid and sorry ragamuffin had so often escaped violent death that he was convinced of a destiny to die of disease and was far more fearful of drinking contaminated water than of riding on car trucks. Once as he clung to the bumpers of a freight car a mad or intoxicated brakeman had fired five revolver shots at him and every shot had clipped or gone through Scotty's hat. Whereupon the brakeman, probably convinced that he had seen a ghost, leaped from the train and was killed."

"Several times Scotty had been in train wrecks. Once the car was on fire and he was pinned down by a pile of joist, but two brakemen worked with frenzied zeal until they freed him and saved his life; and then pursued him down the track pelting him with coal for stealing a ride."

"His walking experiment was made in 1874 when business was depressed and the country was full of tramps. He joined a colony of these and so great was the terror they inspired that the farmers used to come every morning with presents of chicken and milk; but as a matter of fact the tramps were the most harmless of men. One had been a clergyman and used to improve the others for swearing."

LIQUIDATES DEBT TO FRANCE

In Sending Prune Trees to Devastated Country, California Is Repaying an Obligation.

California is generously sending a million and a half two-year-old prune trees to help in restoring the French orchards, and enough seed beans to plant 60,000 acres. Canada is undertaking the planting of thousands of Canadian maples in France. It is pleasant also to know that there is to be no lack of outside help for the devastated towns, observes Christian Science Monitor, in stating these facts. English and American architects are at work on plans for new buildings to replace those razed by the guns, both in Belgium and in France.

The Indianapolis News sees sentiment in the prune tree transaction. It says: "These trees are expected to convert 15,000 acres into bearing orchards in two years. It was France which, in 1856, gave to California her first prune trees. The prune, which since then has filled many a gap on the table of the American boarding houses, and has borne the brunt of many a jest, keeps right on proving its worth."

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

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.

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.



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

-thank you

Our thanks are due all those who have responded to our appeal for the settlement of unpaid subscriptions. It is our desire that each subscriber on our list be paid up to date. Will you help us? We think you will. THANK YOU.

—THE GUIDE-ADVOCATE

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If you purpose taking a business college course during fall or winter months, write now for our free catalogue.

W. J. Elliott, President. D. A. McLachlan, Principal.

Many mothers have reasons to bless Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, because it has relieved the little ones of suffering and made them healthy. People seldom improve when they have no model but themselves to copy after.

We should not worry ourselves and others with those things that cannot be remedied. He who has the truth in his heart need never fear the want of persuasion on his tongue.

It often pays to postpone decision until to-morrow, but it rarely pays to postpone action.

Even heroes become very commonplace when you're living under the roof with them.

It is an injustice to set up our own standard of right and wrong and judge people accordingly.

NOTICE

HOW ARE YOU TO HEAT YOUR HOME NEXT WINTER HOT WATER OR HOT AIR?

If you are going to IN THAT BATH ROOM summer, don't fail to price.

HEADQUARTERS Pumps, Cylinders, Sins and Fittings, Eavestros and Repairing of all. No job too big and no too small.

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GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY TIME TABLE

Trains leave Watford Station as follows:

GOING WEST
 Accommodation, 75..... 8 44
 Chicago Express, 13..... 1 16
 Accommodation, 6 44

GOING EAST
 Accommodation, 80..... 7 32
 New York Express, 6..... 11 16
 New York Express, 18..... 2 52
 Accommodation, 112..... 5 16
 C. Vail, Agent, Watford.