Roll of Honor
—Durham and District—

This list is intended to contain the names of all those who have enlisted from Durham and vicinity for service overseas. In it will be found the names of some who have since been discharged as medically unfit, or for other cause. Our object in publishing this list is to show who of our citizens have actually worn the khaki, and we have made no effort to include any who have applied and have been rejected. There will no doubt be mistakes—omissions may have been made, or other errors crept in, and we ask the assistance of our readers, and those who have members of their family at the front to make the necessary corrections. We would like the name of every enlisted man from this district on this list.

Adair, John
Adair, Robin
Aljoe, Capt. R. H.
Allan, Lieut. T.
Allen, Johnston
Atkinson, Herbert
Ayott, Bert

Banks, George
Bailey, Michael
Bailey, J.
Bailey, T.
Baker, Chris.
Baker, Richard
Barbour, James
Basham, A.
Bell, Alex.
Blyth, Cecil
Bolger, John
Borthwick, David
Box, Fred
Bovington, George
Bradley, Thos.
Bryon, J. C.
Brown, R.
Bryon, Percy (killed in action)
Bunce, Frank
Boyce, Revel

Catton, Victor
Calder, Roy
Campbell, W. A.
Campbell, G. W.
Carey, James
Chislett, Chas.
Clark, Campbell
Colville, John
Confrey, D.
Cove, A.
Corkill, Jos.
Connolly, Arthur
Coutts, Jas.
Corbett, Fred
Cross, Roy
Cross, J. H.
Crawford, Chas.

Daniel, Percy
Darby, Wm.
Dargavel, Bryce
Darling, C. H.
Derby, John
Davis, J. A.
Davis, Percy
Davis, Cecil
Dewar, A. C.
Dodsworth, H. W.
Donaldson, Alex.
Drumm, H. G.
Dunbar, Lachlan
Dyre, A.

Eccles, Roy
Edwards, Elmo
Edwards, Ivan
Elvidge, Vernon
Ervin, Harry
Ewen, Robt.

Falkingham, Harry
Falkingham, Wm.
Findlay, Alex.
Fluker, Ray
Findlay, Murray

Gadd, Wm.
Glover, E.
Goleby, Wm.
Grigsby, Frank
Grigsby, H.
Gray, H
Grant, Brock
Gray, Thos.
Greenwood, J. W.
Grundy, Wm.
Grierson, Nathan
Gun, Dr. A.
Giles, R.
Gun, Gordon
Gun, Cecil

Harris, Lillie (Nursing Sister)
Hall, Richard
Hay, Alex.
Hazen, G. C.
Hazen, R.
Havens, Ed.
Havens, Chas.
Hamlet, Jos.
Hartford, S. J.
Hazen, Wm.
Hillis, Sam
Hoy, Murray
Hopkins, W. J.
Hunt, R.
Hughes, Jesse
Hutton, Ed.

Irwin, Duncan

Kelly, Fred
Keith, Robt
Knisley, W. H.
Knight, Major E.L. (killed in ac'n)
Kress, George
Kress, Lieut. H.

Lake, Wilfrid
Lake, Wm.
Laidlaw, A. N.
Lamerson, J. W.
Langrill, James
Lauder, W. A.
Lauder, T. A.
Lawrence, John A.
Ledingham, John
Lloyd, Edith (Nursing Sister)
Ledingham, Geo.
Legge, C. L.
Leeson, Fred
Lindsay, E. G.
Lindsay, R. G.
Lloyd, George
Lloyd, J. A.
Lloyd, Anson
Lucas, J. N.

Marshall, C. A. (killed in action)
Mountain, Lorne
Mortley, John
Meade, Earl
Munro, Wm.
Morton, Wes.
Mather, T. L.
Matheson, L.
Mort, A.
Mulcock, Arthur
Murray, Geo.
MacLean, J. F.
McAlister, T. W.
McAlister, W. W.
McAssey, F. M.
McComb, Archie
McComb, Alex.
McConnell, J.H. (killed in action)
McDonald, John C.
McDonald, H. H.
McDonald, Ernest
McDonald, John
McDonald, Thos.
McDonald, Norman
McDonald, Philip
McFarlane, D. B.
McFadden, J. R.
McGirr, Wm.
McGirr, E. J.
McGillivray, Neil
McGillivray, Allan
McGillivray, Dan.
McGillivray, Stewart
McGirr, Lance
McGowan, Arthur
McIlraith, Frank
McIlraith, J. H.
McIlvride, Wm.
McKeown, J. J.
MacKay, Frank
McMeeken, Elmer
McMillan, N. J.
McKinnon, Hector
McKechnie, H. C.
McMahon, J.
McNally, Stanley
McNally, Cecil
McVicar, Alex.
Ness, George
Newell, Lewis
Nichol, J. C.
Nichol, Wilfrid
Nichol, C. W.
Nicholson, Noel
Oyns, C. H.
Patterson, G. (killed in action)
Petty, Wm.
Pilgrim, Chas.
Pinkerton, F.
Pinkerton, John E.
Pollock, H.
Pust, J. A.
Pust, Ezra
Ramage, Chas. C.
Ramage, James
Renwick, Edgar
Robb, Robt.
Ross, Clarence
Ross, John
Ross, Percy
Saunders, Alex.
Saunders, Mack
Saunders, Alister
Scheuermann, V.
Seaman, S.
Smith, Flight-Lieut. J. Morrison
Smith, J. Fred
Smith, Andrew
Stedman, John
Stewart, Thos.
Stewart, Corp.
Standen, S...
Styles, Wm.
Torry, Fred
Thompson, David
Thompson, Walter
Thomas, J. E.
Vollett, James
Vollett, Harold
Vollett, Harry
Warmington, James
Warmington, Jos.
Wall, James
Watson, Ferguson
Watson, J.
Webber, George
Wallace, Jas. (died Aug. 30, '16)
Wells, Alex.
Weir, J.
Weir, John (killed in action)
Whitmore, W. N.
White, Alex.
White, E. J.
Willis, Stanley
Willis, B. H.
Wolfe, Capt. C. E.
Wolfe, Esdon
Wright, J.
Wylie, W. J.
Zimmer, Norman

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John Kelly, Manager.

FALL IN LINE

(Mary A. Kilbourne, of the London Collegiate.)

When the sun goes down in "No Man's Land,
When the German star shells shine,
When you clasp a comrade's stiffening hand,
Then it's "Up and fall in line!"

When the bullets whine through the smoke-filled air,
When for home your heart does pine,
When you think of loved ones waiting there,
Then it's "Up and fall in line!"

When you leap with a bound o'er the battered mound,
And you need a cat's lives—nine,
When you sink to the earth with a ghastly wound,
Then it's "Up and fall in line!"

When you're carried back to the rear once more,
When of life there is no sign,
Then you'll hear the Guard at the heavenly door
Say, "Up and fall in line!"

THE MAN WHO COULDN'T SAVE

He spent what he made, or he gave it away,
Tried to save money, and would for a day,
Started a bank account time and again,
Got a hundred or so for a nest-egg, and then
Some fellow that needed it more than he did
Who was down on his luck with a sick wife, or kid
Came along, and he wasted no time till he went
And drew out the coin that for saving was meant.

They say he died poor, and I guess that is so;
To pile up a fortune, he hadn't a show;
He worked all the time, and good money he made,
Was known as an excellent man at his trade.
But he saw too much, heard too much, felt too much here,
To save anything by the end of the year,
And the shabbiest wreck the Lord ever let live
Could get money from him if he had it to give.

Never stinted his family out of a thing:
They had everything that his money could bring;
Said he'd rather be broke, and just know they were glad,
Than rich, and then pining and wishing they had
Some of the pleasures his money would buy;
Said he never could look a bank book in the eye
If he knew it had grown on the pleasures and joys
That he'd robbed from his wife and his girls and his boys.

Queer sort of a notion he had, I confess,
Yet many a rich man on earth is mourned less.
All who had known him came back to his side
To honor his name on the day that he died.
Didn't leave much in the bank, it is true,
But did leave a fortune in people who knew
The big heart of him, and I'm willing to swear
That to-day he is one of the richest up there.

THE BARBER

When your hat will not fit you know something's wrong,
And the reason therefore, your hair is too long;
You hunt out a shop with a striped pole displayed,
Take a seat in a row, just a wee bit dismayed,
For if there's a full house, you're sure of a wait,
And without a good story, you're 'way out of date.
When the call "next" means you, you leap for the chair,
And murmur politely: Just a bit off my hair."
The "barb" takes a sheet, 'neath your chin tucks it tight,
And jerks 'round your head till he has the light right.
He talks while he's clipping, so everyone hears
The recipe which he gives you for wax in the ears.
And if it's a blackhead he chances to spy
He stops to remove it, or else makes a try.
Next, he feels of your jaws, says that you need a shave,
Lays you flat on your back so you have to behave;
Then he mixes a lather of perfume and lye,
Just to make you lie still, drops a bit in your eye.
He lathers your jowls to soften the hair,
And sharpens his blade while you murmur a prayer.
He starts and then stops, the razor near your nose,
To gaze out the window—a mighty fine pose—
But you cannot help thinking if his hair-knife should slip
You'd be minus a smeller, a cheek or a lip.
The next thing in order is a boiling hot towl.
Which is wrapped 'round your face so you can't make a howl,
When he gently informs you—tho' you know it is true—
Your head's full of dandruff and needs a shampoo.
At last, when all's finished, and talcumed and clean,
You know that your top-knot is fit to be seen;
You hand him your shekels, go home to your wife,
And tell her you're glad you escaped with your life.

TO THE POTATO

I knew you when I was a kid, and hear unto my voice, for thou above all other things are favored in my choice. I pray thee, as in dizzy heights, thou soarest in the skies, to look upon my humble self from out those wondrous eyes. Now, don't go hanging any bluff, that you don't know my name, nor nothin' of the village lot from which I sprang and came; nor don't you get so durn stuck up that you won't speak to me, or else I'll get my dander up and shoot harpoons at thee. I knew you when I was a kid, and made pies out of mud, and then, by heck, you know right well, we used to call you spud. You weren't of much account them days, you weren't so very fine, we used to rake your little squibs and toss them to the swine. And then, what's more, when I'm at this, I'll trim you to a peak, for I don't care a hoot just now if you don't care to speak—I used to take a poison can and squirt it on your lugs, for you were always trophied with some 40 kinds of bugs. There ain't a bit of reason for your conceit, by heck, because you're fetchin' these here days about a bone a peck. Why, say, you scabby, sproutin' wart, you make me good and sore, but I can mind when folks who ran the corner grocery store would take you every bloomin' time they sent an oil can out, and jam you, as an ornament, upon the oil can spout. So you don't need to get stuck up and throw on lots of style, because you've got a start on me that looks most like a mile. For things will change, the time will come, you'll grovel in the mud, and folks once more will snort at you, and call you scabby spud.—Guelph Mercury.

MY AUTO, 'TIS OF THEE

My auto, 'tis of thee, short road to poverty, of thee I chant. I blew a pile of dough on thee three years ago, and now you refuse to go, or won't, or can't. Through town and countryside, you were my joy and pride, a happy day. I loved thy gaudy hue, thy white tires new, but now you're down and out for true, in every way. To thee, old rattle-box, came many bumps and knocks, for thee I grieve. Badly the top is torn, frayed are the seats and worn; the whooping cough affects my horn, I do believe. Thy perfume swells the breeze, while good folks choke and wheeze as we pass by. I paid for thee a price, 'twould buy a mansion twice, now everyone is yelling "ice"—I wonder why. The motor has the grip, thy spark plug has the pip, and woe is thine. I, too, have suffered chills, ague and kindred ills, endeavoring to pay my bills since you were mine. Gone is my bank-roll now, no more 'twould choke a cow, as once before. Yet, if I had the mon, so help me, John-amen, I'd buy myself a car again, and speed some more.

THE DOG

The dog has long been a mystery to us. Why does he, of all animals, desert his own kind and attach himself to man, and this not in any one country or at any particular period of time?

From the earliest prehistoric ages where traces have been found of man there also have been signs that he has been accompanied by his dog, and it is the same in all parts of the globe, from the North to the South Pole.

Creatures so different as the tiny griffon, whom you can hold in the palm of your hand, and the huge boar-hound, four feet high, have this same characteristic, that they live with man and adopt him as their master or god. We think there must be some meaning, unknown to us, behind this, and we have sometimes wondered whether it may be that the soul of the dog may need communion with the human soul in order to forward its development and work out its destiny.

But lately we have wondered whether it may not be the other way about—whether the dog is not there in order that men, with their temptation to forget all else in their material lives, may not always have before them an example of unselfish devotion, boundless love, and unswerving faith.—Ernest Bell, in The Animals' Friend.

FLESHERTON

The young people of the Methodist Mission Band held a pie and cake sale on Saturday afternoon, and realized $6.40 to aid them in their work.

Artemesia council had a lengthy sitting on Saturday to get through their work. At the Court of Revision, only two appeals came up in both of which the assessor's roll was sustained.

An impressive memorial service was held in the Presbyterian church on Sunday for the late Gnr. Charles McMullen, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. McMullen, who died in France on May 10th from wounds received in action, and the sympathy felt for the bereaved family was shown by the large congregation present. In the course of his address from I Cor. 1:27 to 31, the pastor, Rev. A. McVicar, referred fittingly and comfortingly to the early conversion and exemplary Christian life of the young soldier, who had given his life on the battlefield for freedom and justice. Rev. Mr. McDonald, pastor of the Baptist church, assisted in the service, to which impressiveness was given by the choir's appropriate selections. The pulpit was banked with beautiful white flowers, indicative of purity, and was draped with mourning and Union Jacks, as was also a newly-hung Roll of Honor, containing the names of fourteen members and adherents of the church who had gone to the front...

Mr. Geo. Hopper, who had been ill for some time, passed away at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hopper, 8th concession, Artemesia, on Thursday evening last. The deceased, who was 30 years of age, and unmarried, was a highly-respected young man. He studied piano tuning, and devoted some time to music. The funeral took place to Salem cemetery on Saturday, Rev. Mr. Madden conducting the service.

Mr. and Mrs. John Blackburn are moving this week from the farm to their residence in the village.

A number from this vicinity attended the funeral of the late Peter Thibaudeau, at Markdale on Friday. Mrs. Thibaudeau's numerous friends here deeply sympathize with her in her sorrow.

Mr. John Whitten of Toronto visited over the week-end with his brother-in-law, Mr. Alf. Harrison, and called on numerous old friends in town.

Dr. Murray and Miss Lowndes motored to Bright on Friday and visited over the week-end with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Lowndes.

Miss Millie Wright, nurse-in-training at Shelburne, is home on two weeks' holidays.

Miss Irene Wilson, who was home from Owen Sound hospital on a short visit, was presented with a valuable parasol by the Methodist Sunday school in recognition of her services.

Rev. and Mrs. Robt. Keefer of Elora, formerly of this place, met with an auto accident last week when their car ditched, owing to the breaking of the steering gear. Mr. Keefer suffered a badly sprained wrist, and his wife sustained a scalp wound, with injuries to the back and limbs.

Rev. Mr. Dudgeon continued very ill all of last week with quinsy, but is now improving. Mr. R.J. Woods of Corbetton again took his work on Sunday.

Miss Oldham of Owen Sound was the guest of Mrs. W. J. Boyd over the week end.

Miss Ida Fisher has returned to Toronto, after an extended visit at her home here.

Miss Edna Fisher leaves this week to visit her sister at London.

Lance-Corp. J. Oliver, of the Durham road, who went overseas with the 147th, is reported wounded

Mrs. Samuel Pedlar left on Saturday to spend a couple of weeks with her daughter at Owen Sound.

Mrs. W. H. Thurston visited her son in Toronto last week.

Miss Ludlow of Proton Station was the guest of Miss Addie Wright over the week-end.

Mrs. Frank VanDusen of Chesley was a visitor here over Sunday with her niece, who continues very ill. Miss Celia VanDusen of Toronto is home for this week.

Mr. John Campaigne and bride of Chicago, are visiting Mr. John Brown and other relatives.

Mrs. Wm. Trimble leaves this week to visit her daughter, Mrs. (Judge) Breen, at Cadillac, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. John Nixon and son, of Mono Road, who attended the funeral of the late Peter Thibaudeau, at Markdale, last week, visited relatives here over the week-end.

Mr. Jas. Fisher and family received an interesting letter on Saturday from Pte. Elgin McLean, who formerly made his home with them, but has been for some time at the battle-front in France, without receiving wound. He sent home some prized souvenirs from the clothing of a German prisoner he had taken. Pte. Chas. Adams also writes of having passed through Vimy Ridge battle without injury.

Mr. Chas. Pye of Clarksburg was in town on Saturday, and sold to Mr. D. McTavish the Mrs. Carter residence and lot adjoining the Dr. Carter property, purchased by the Methodist church.

Mr. F. G. Karstedt has purchased a Ford car, delivered on Friday.

Mr. J. Bull and Mr. York, Miss Blackburn and Miss Albright, of Collingwood, paid Mr. and Mrs. T.J. Fisher a visit on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Brown of Stayner, visited the former's father and sister here on Monday.

Mrs. Jos. Blackburn is in Toronto visiting her mother, who is very ill.

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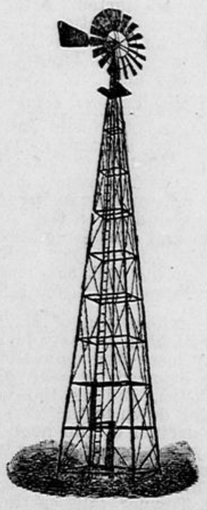

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