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WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY, MONTREAL

**LT. DAN McLEOD,
A NATIVE OF P.E. ISLAND,
REPORTED DEAD**

(From a Hamilton Exc.)

Dan McLeod is dead. The world-war, which with grim impartiality exacts an appalling toll of the best and noblest, has claimed as a specimen of Canadian manhood as this city has produced. True gentleman, game sportsman, and brave soldier, Lieut. Daniel E. McLeod has at last given up his life in a cause which he had served so faithfully and well. His mother, Mrs. Christina McLeod, 56 Magill street, was notified in a cablegram from the British War Office yesterday afternoon that he was killed in action on December 1, a few days after his return to the firing line as lieutenant in the Royal Field artillery.

"The best-liked man in the battery," was the unanimous opinion of Dan McLeod's own comrades of the war-scarred Fighting Eleventh, with which, through two years of war, he had served as a sergeant and then as a lieutenant. For several years he was a member of the 13th Royal regiment, but six years ago he transferred to the old Fourth Field battery, where his ability as an artilleryman immediately became apparent. In 1911 he represented his unit in the team from the Canadian Field artillery which went to England and competed for the Prince of Wales cup and other honors. He highly distinguished himself on the occasion, while at the annual camp in the Fourth at Petawawa, he was recognized as the best gunner in the unit.

The call to arms was sounded throughout the empire in August, 1914, and Sergt. Dan McLeod was among the first to sign up for overseas service. He left Hamilton, never to return, on August 26, under Major Carswell, and after a short period of training at Valcartier, went overseas Christmas, 1914, found him at the front.

Although he took an active part in all the fighting in which the Fighting Eleventh was engaged, Dan McLeod never received a scratch until he met his fate. He went through Neuve Chapelle, Ypres, St. Julien, Langemarck, and later through St. Eloi, and the second battle of Ypres without being hit, and his hair's breadth escapes gave him the reputation among his men of bearing a charmed life. On one occasion, while on observation duty, as he was running to cover, a man two yards behind him was blown to atoms by a shell. At another time a Jack Johnson came hurrying through the air and landed in front of his gun with such force that it made a whole in the earth "as big as a cellar," as he afterwards expressed it. The missile didn't explode, however.

FORMER 13TH MAN.

Lieut. Daniel McLeod was born in Flat River, P. E. I. 34 years ago and was the son of Mrs. and the late John McLeod. For several years he was a member of the 13th Royal regiment, but six years ago he transferred to the old Fourth Field battery, where his ability as an artilleryman immediately became apparent. In 1911 he represented his unit in the team from the Canadian Field artillery which went to England and competed for the Prince of Wales cup and other honors. He highly distinguished himself on the occasion, while at the annual camp in the Fourth at Petawawa, he was recognized as the best gunner in the unit.

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WON HIS COMMISSION.

In July this year, following the second engagement at Ypres, Sergt. McLeod was given a commission upon the urgent recommendation of Major H. G. Greer, and proceeded to England to take an officer's course. He received two months' training at Exeter, and was one month at a school of gunnery at Shoeburyness. He took out a commission in the Royal Field artillery, imperial forces, and was then sent with his unit to Athlone, Ireland, in connection with the recent Irish trouble.

On Nov. 15, Lieut. McLeod was ordered to the front at four hours' notice. He reached France on Nov. 20, and the last that was heard of him was a cablegram received by the family, announcing that he had arrived at the base on Nov. 23. He was evidently sent to the firing line immediately.

CLEVER ATHLETE.

It was in the sporting circles of the city, perhaps, that the late officer was most renowned. He was a brilliant ball player in the City league, being formerly of the St. Pats and Westinghouse teams, and had played in the Intercity league against Brantford and other cities. He also took an active interest in football and all other varieties of clean, manly sports.

In local lodge circles Lieut. McLeod was also prominent. He was at the time of his enlistment for overseas service vice-chancellor of Red Cross lodge, Knights of Pythias, and was also a member of Court Oranhyatekha, U. O. F.

Lieut. McLeod is survived, besides his mother, by three brothers, Alex., Harold and John (Bud) McLeod, and

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one sister, Mrs. Post, of this city. The family will receive the deep sympathy of all in their bereavement.

Another Hamilton sportsman has given his life for the great cause. Word was received yesterday that Lieut. Dan McLeod had been killed in action, but it will be some days before the details of how he met his end will be known here. There was no more popular young man in local sporting circles than Lieut. McLeod, and he was one of the first men in Hamilton to answer humanity's call. He had been a member of the 4th field battery for years, and when that unit mobilized for overseas service he was the first in uniform and after going through the thick of the fray with the famous "Fighting Eleventh," he was called back to England and given a commission. Dan was an ardent supporter of clean sport, and managed the Rowing club baseball team in the Niagara district league two years ago. Previous to that he had managed the Westinghouse team in the City league and was also manager of the Eskines in the City league. He played centerfield for two or three seasons, and filled the position with credit. He also managed the junior Aleff football team for a season, and was prominent in various indoor baseball leagues.

(Lt. McLeod is a nephew of Mrs. A. J. Ross, Pinette; Mrs. D. C. Campbell, Flat River; and Mr. D. E. Ross, Flat River.)

Q.—What is that which flees high, low, has no feet, and yet wears shoes?
A.—Dust.

WITH DICKENS AT THE CHRISTMAS HEARTH
(By Richard Burton.)

I. Before the Christmas hearth I muse alone, And visions for the past for grave and gay, Rise from the ruddy coals. Outside, the moan Of homeless winds is hidden by the lay Sweet, sung by children who keep holiday, Making the season's mood their very own.

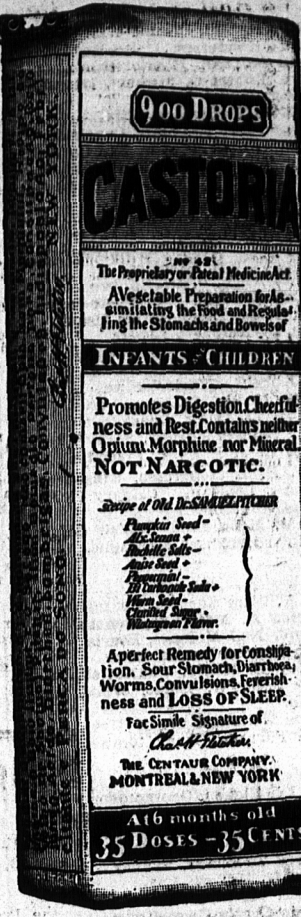
II. And slowly, while I gaze and dream and grow Less lonesome, do the sights and sounds of earth Fade, and my fancy wanders to and fro With a great Master of lament and mirth Who waved his wand to gild the Long Ago.

III. A wonderful Company! Micawber smiles In spite of poverty; and little Nell, Too frail a flower, travels her weary miles, A-tremble, till he harks the Christmas song Of Love, and knows that spite and greed are wrong, And how that charity is more than these.

IV. Master of human hearts! No Christmas tide Whose chants are not the sweeter and whose cheer Is not more blest since Dickens lived and died! The savor of his teaching makes each year Richer in homely virtues, doth endear Man unto man; hence, shall he long abide. Then falls on sleep; and David tries to tell The trials of the young; now Pickwick's spell Makes laughter easy; on a pinnacle Of sacrifice sits Carton, 'midst war's whiles.

V. Now the air sweetens, for those brothers twain, The blithesome Cheerybles, have preached their creed Of kindness; honest Tapley hails again A world too pleasant; while their horses speed, The Wellers make the welkin ring indeed; Lo! Dedlock House looms darkly through the rain.

VI. And look! the tiny dressmaker flumps by; And she, eternal type of faithful-ness, Dorrit, whom prisons do not daunt; her eye



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Is for her father; next, in seaman's dress Quaint Captain Cattle lifts his hook to bless His darlings; Barkis at low tide must die.

VI. Drolls, villains, gentle folks of all degrees, Make populous the air, an hundred strong; Last comes, as fits the season, Scrooge, his knees

POLITE GERMAN BEGGAR

When Johannes Schroder, charged at Old street yesterday with begging, was first before the Court he spoke like an educated foreigner and behaved so politely that the magistrate ordered inquiries. Yesterday an officer from the Mendicity Society proved a number of convictions for begging against him. Prisoner, he said, was of German nationality (his father was an eminent doctor in that country), and was once wealthy, but had run through £20,000 in 15 years. The Magistrate (Mr. Wilberforce): And so this country allows him the facilities of a citizen. The officer belived prisoner was a man of considerable attainments. He claimed to be the inventor of several valuable processes in connection with medicine and ophthalmics. Mr. Wilberforce sentenced him to six weeks in the second division; on which prisoner bowed cheerfully and exclaimed, "Thank you, my Lord, thank you!"

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Sussex. LT.-COL. C. CREWE-READ.

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Lakefield, Que., Oct. 9, 1907.