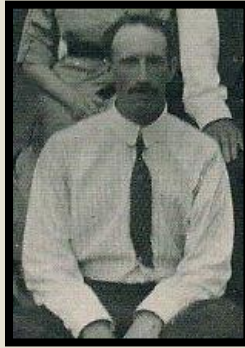




AGAR, JOSEPH MATTHEW



EARLY LIFE

Feb 3, 1882

Born in Nobleton, Ontario to Joseph and Eliza Ann (Kitson) Agar. He was the older brother of *Mary Agar*.

1901 Census

Age 19

Lived in Vaughan, Ontario with Joseph Agar (head of house – father, age 50), Eliza Agar (mother, age 47), Thomas Agar (brother, age 17), William Agar (brother, age 15), Ida Agar (sister, 13), Mary Agar (sister, age 10), Annie Agar (sister, age 7), Margaret Agar (sister, age 4) and Louisa Agar (adopted sister, age 20).

MILITARY SERVICE

Apr 8, 1915

Attested into the Canadian Engineers, 3rd Field Company, 1st Divisional Engineers

**Attestation
Paper**

- **Number:** A4002
- **Next of kin given:** Mrs. J Agar (Mother) in Nobleton, Ontario
- **Trade or calling:** Carpenter
- **Married:** No
- **Previous military experience:** No
- **Religion:** Wesleyan
- **Physical attributes:**
 - **Age:** 33 years
 - **Height:** 6'0"
 - **Complexion:** Fair
 - **Eyes:** Hazel
 - **Hair:** Brown

Jun 6, 1916

Age 34

He was declared missing and his mother Eliza Ann (Kitson) Agar received notice from Ottawa, Ontario.

Jun 14, 1916

Age 34

Sapper Joseph Matthew Agar, age 34, was reported killed in action. On his War Grave Register, he was listed as “blown up by an enemy shell at Zillebeke”. He is remembered at the *Menin Gates (Ypres) Memorial*.

MENTIONED IN NOBLETON TWEEDSMUIR HISTORY

Women's Institute - Nobleton: Book 2 - War Records

WARS.



WORLD WAR I
1914--1918.



In World War I, there was one girl from the Nobleton district who went Overseas, Mary Agar. She spent three years in the Hospitals there. Two of the boys from this district were killed in action, Mathew Agar, and William Chamberlain. The boys who went Overseas from these parts were the following: Mathew Agar; Leonard Atkinson; Walter McCutcheon; Reuben Dobson; Albert Snider; Albert Hill; Lyle Stewart; Wesley Woods; Hugh Sheardown; William Chamberlain; Chris. Chamberlain; Loftus Jewitt; Fred Chapman; and Frank Chapman.

On the return of these boys, a celebration was held in Nobleton. During the day, a Field Day was held at Hills Farm with many in attendance. In the evening a banquet was held for Mary Agar and the returned boys and their parents in the Hall. Also in the evening, a concert was held in the old Skating Rink and watches were presented to the returned folks. Mr. Walter McCutcheon was spokesman for the boys.

Notes by
Mr. Frank Chapman.

IN THE NEWS

Announcement of Sapper J.M. Agar Missing

The Toronto Star

Tuesday, July 11, 1916 pg. 2

Sapper J. M. Agar Missing.

SAPPER JOSEPH M. AGAR has been missing since June 6, according to the official notification sent from Ottawa to his mother, who resides at Nobleton, Ont. Sapper Agar was employed in Toronto when war broke out. He enlisted with the 35th Battalion at the Niagara Camp, and went to England last June with a reinforcing draft. He was later transferred to the engineering section of an "All-Toronto" battalion. Sapper Agar is 33 years old and unmarried. Before enlisting he had been three years in Toronto. Writing to his parents, June 8, he said that he had been ill, and had returned to the trenches.



Spr. J. Agar

Announcement of Sapper J.M. Agar Missing

The New Liskeard Speaker

July, 14, 1916

Sapper J. M. Agar Missing

Official notification to his mother from Ottawa says Sapper J. M. Agar, attached to an engineering section of an "All-Toronto" batt. has been missing since June 6th. He wrote his mother on June 8th, saying he had been ill, but had returned to the trenches. Sapper Agar was a brother of Mr. William Agar, of Thornloe, and lived here four years ago. He went to England in June of last year, enlisting in Toronto. We published several interesting letters from deceased written in Belgium.

LETTERS HOME

Letter from the Firing Line

The New Liskeard Speaker

Friday, October 22, 1915

From Private J. M. Agar

The following extracts are taken from a letter received from another of The Speaker's boys at the front:

Dear Sirs:—Received your favor of July 14th, and must say I appreciate very much your kindness in sending me The Speaker. I have certainly enjoyed reading it..... As I sit writing in a tent that covers a space six feet square, and the ridge is a little over four feet from the ground, a very heavy bombardment is going on a few miles along the line from where I am. It sounds very much as if another battle was beginning. We are hoping that the successes of the past week will be continued.

It is now over two months since we first arrived in the trenches, and we have had neither attack to make or charge by the Germans to repulse during that time, along the line we have been holding. During last week, while the Battalion I am in was in the trenches, we kept on the alert all the time, ready for either an attack by the Germans or to charge their position. We all knew that the drive of last week, by both French and British was going to be made. I don't think there was much expectation of the enemy making a charge, but there was a chance of us going after them. We are in reserve at present, and hope that the Germans may be pushed back now along the whole length of the line, our section included.

Beginning with the first week in September we had three weeks of beautiful fine weather. It ended a week ago and we have been getting some very disagreeable wet weather since. It is showing some signs of clearing again tonight. We would certainly like to see the mud dry up for a while yet.

The soil in Belgium reminds me very much of the New Ontario clay, also the lay of the land. The water does not go into the ground, but follows the course of least resistance on top. I have noticed in the trenches where tile drains have been crossed a considerable number of broken drains, and if the broken tiles are not replaced when the trenches are done with and filled in, it will be quite a serious matter for the farmer in whose land the drains should be in proper working order. However, this probably only one of the small troubles the Belgians will have as a result of the war.

We know that the people at home are intensely interested in us, and about the most cheering news, next to hearing that the Germans are on the run, is a letter from Canada. It does us good to be reminded that we were not always soldiers. I heard a joke at a concert given by members of the 2nd Field Ambulance which expresses a feeling most of us have at times, I think. I should have said "minstrel show" instead of concert. After a song "Take me back to Alabama" one darkie got up and said he did not want to go to Alabama. When asked where he did want to go he said "Just put me off the train anywhere between Halifax and Vancouver." I remain,

J. M. Agar.

Letter from Belgium – Letter from Friday, November 26, 1915

The New Liskeard Speaker

Friday, January 7, 1916

Letter from J. M. Agar

Belgium Nov. 26 1915.

Dear Brother and Sister:

Your letters of Oct. 31 came about a week ago and I enjoyed them very much. It will most likely be winter with you now. Here in Belgium they are still ploughing. I saw some beets to-day still in the ground, although there are not many now but what are pitted, or put away somehow. There were a few days last week which were cold. It froze hard at night and did not altogether thaw out in the day time, it has been milder since, some showery weather. It is freezing to-night again. I would prefer some dry cold weather to the raw damp air we are getting now.

I am still with the engineers. To-day was the first this week, that I was away from the yard where our billet is. Half a dozen of us went out four or five miles on a wagon this morning, to do a little job, I enjoyed the trip out. It was through apart of the country I have not been over before. We passed a town about the size of New Liskeard. It was a pleasure to see a place of that size where people are living, and where the buildings are intact, instead of being all piled in a heap of ruins.

I have been on one night job. It is over a week ago now. I saw one of the large guns which supports the Canadian infantry. It was a twelve inch. There is certainly a weight of metal in the gun, and the carriage it rests on.

It is like looking at a mogul rail-road locomotive. I also saw a number of the shells it fires. They are twelve inches in diameter, and a few inches over three feet long, and weigh between six and seven hundred pounds each. I was told that when they are fired from the gun they rise to a height of five thousand feet into the air, in their course from the gun to their mark. They are usually fired at a mark several miles from the gun, perhaps from about three to five miles. It was very interesting to see how the gun is operated, also the way

the shells are handled. They have a small truck at the rear of the gun on which is a derrick. The gun can be swung so as to cover a large front and the truck, on which a number of shells can be placed, is on a track so that it can be kept immediatly behind the gun. The shells are lifted one at a time, with the derrick, and placed on a little carriage which moves them forward to the breach of the gun. The noise of the shell after it leaves the gun, is a little like the distant rumbling of thunder, especially if one is anywhere near their course through the air overhead.

It was a pleasant ride out to the job this morning. It was clear for a while. It had been raining and snowing earlier before day light. The country, reminds me very

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It was a pleasant ride out to the job this morning. It was clear for a while. It had been raining and snowing earlier before day light. The country, reminds me very

much of New Ontario in many ways. I have noticed, when travelling along the roads here, that there are the same long gradual slopes as in New Ont. I was on a hill some time ago from where I had a view of the country on every side for miles. This morning I found we had got on to a high part of the country from where we had a fine view. We could see several villages, and the town I spoke of. I could also see the hill I had been on a week or more ago. It was white with snow, and made a fine view against the sky. There is considerable timber on the slopes of the hill some evergreens near the top, and also one of the old fashioned Dutch windmills. I used to think when I saw a picture of one of those windmills, that some one had

drawn the picture from their imagination, but I have been inside one of the towers, the wheel with its four arms is mounted on, and was very much surprised to find how powerful they are. They grind the wheat for flour with the old fashioned stones, as well as grind grain for feed with different styles of crushers.

I will enjoy the houcey when it comes. I hope it reaches me all right. Will close for this time with best wishes for a Merry Christmas to all you all up there.

Your brother,
J. M. Agar.