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Bring your list with you and see us before the
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YPRES, SIX YEARS AFTER WAR. STILL FIELD OF TRAGEDY

(The following article was written following a recent visit to the scene of the World War carnage in Flanders by a correspondent who was "in the lines" during the war. It is a graphic picture of Ypres six years after the war.)

The mud of Flanders, particularly in the Ypres sector, still tells the story of the war. On other sectors it has generally been possible to obliterate the scars of the great bombardments; and even where ruined buildings remain, the soil itself is cultivated, or, at any rate, leveled and heaped.

But in the Ypres sector the flat marsh lands remain in many places much as they were left when the armies dispersed. There are whole tracts of ground, between villages whose names are history, still pitted and churned. There are splintered trees and dumps of wire and scrap-iron, and the debris of gun emplacements and dugouts. It is like this round Poelcappelle and Passchendaele, Pilkem and Boesinghe.

I stood on a hummock north of Boesinghe, and tried to send my imagination back to an April day of 1915—that day when, with a steady wind blowing towards the British lines, the Germans launched the first gas attack of the war. The extreme left of our line on the Yser Canal, where the Canadians joined up with the French, received the cloud-attack, before any defense against gas had been dreamed of.

There was that choking smell in the air, and, after a spasm, men dropped in agony. It was before the days when the wobbling sound and the dud-like detonation of gas shells, followed by the white, heavy ball of cloud, were a commonplace of trench life. After that first attack the science of anti-gas measures was born. It began with socks and handkerchiefs and bits of rag dipped in water, and the primitive bottle-respirator.

Closing my eyes, I heard the Strombos horns on the wind, and recalled an alarm at night behind the lines when we sprang up and adjusted our helmets in an evil darkness alive with Fear.

The railway runs once more thru those villages whose names have gathered so much splendor. A man who did not know in what neighborhood he was could sit by a carriage window today and read something of the war, to right and to left of him.

And the name on each station building would give him a thrill. The places themselves, like those on other sectors, are all renewed. Vlamer-tynghe would make the old soldier gasp. Langemarck would puzzle him I had been asked by a friend to locate an estaminet in Poperinghe, and a certain position where the big guns had remained for some time. But I could find no trace of either.

SCENE STILL THRILLS

The thought that one is actually standing on ground so sanctified numbs the mind. There is no step you can take, for miles and miles, without marveling. Those few years ago the very air was every human sensation. Here walked and crawled and lay boys from little village shops, Mayfair bachelors, shepherds, athletes, clerks, their hearts eaten away by longing for home.

Here these were wild courage and sickening terror. Here it was, on the very spot on which I stood, that some weary man flattened his body against the earth, before the tornado, and saw the night rent into great jagged flames. Here last letters were written, crude wills made, laughter and youth offered up at a word, in solemn sacrifice.

I came into Ypres at dusk, and found any number of hotels where everybody spoke English, and catered for sightseers. As this was not the season for sightseers (who all

move in flocks together at a given signal from the calendar) the hotel people were obsequious, and prepared to overcharge me with disarming smiles. But the Muse Clio, whose duty it is to record the deeds of heroes, came down from Parnassus, and led me through the gathering darkness to adventure. Near the Menin Gate I found what had once been the site of gun emplacements, but was now a kind of hotel presided over by an ex-officer.

STRANGE CONTRAST

I went through a yard full of crumpled concrete into a room where they gave me food and wine, and climbed to my bedroom by a staircase that seemed to be suspended between earth and heaven. It ended weirdly on a dizzy platform, on which was a door. Through this I passed to my bedroom. The window looked out across the water at the gashed ramparts. The sky was crowded with stars, and the night was still as though one of those sudden hushes after the fury of the guns had fallen around me. Once more ghosts crowded about me, and my sleep was troubled and left me unrefreshed.

The next morning I went out into warm sunshine to see Ypres; it will soon be a typical show-place. The shops opposite to the Cloth Hall are in the best tradition. Souvenirs are sold, and, as I said before, there are hotels waiting with open doors to receive tourists. But it was not all like that.

Everywhere you find a violent contrast. While one-half of the town seems to be tricking itself out to capture sensation-hunters, the other half is trying to build something out of the tragedy of shattered houses and streets. All day long there is the chime of pick and hammer and the rasp of saw and shovel.

I walked round the ramparts, going slowly by the little groups of crosses and looking out across the flat lands to Dickebusch and Kemmel beyond it, where there are still German dugouts; to St. Eloi, Hollebeke, and Mesines Ridge. I watched the men at work below, and could see the new Ypres being shaped and chiseled. "For all the ghostly, gasping ruin of the Cloth Hall and cathedral," said I to myself, "something of all this murdered holiness will surely cling to the new red bricks." What a ground to build upon!

THE LONELY CROSS

In the spring sunlight the men hummed and whistled, and on the ramparts birds sang above desolation; and I could have sat there all the long day, drinking good wine as an accompaniment to thoughts too deep for speech. But I went on presently, back to the Menin Gate, from the Lille Gate, and walked out along the interminable road that leads through Hooze and Gheluvelt, each with its inheritance of violence and valor.

On these roads of the war the mind takes on the old pattern and is bathed in the old atmosphere. Forgotten gestures return; phrases, strong curse words, peculiar intonations in a comrade's voice; and, most of all, the songs—the jaunty, arrogant songs that cock their feathers, the mournful, dirge-like songs that partially hide rare humor under a transparent grouse: "I don't want to die," "Pack up your trouble," "We are Fred Karno's Army," "My old man's a fireman," and the beautiful tune of "Après la guerre," with its quaint, unlicensed words set to the old air of "Sous les ponts de Paris."

A hundred shades of emotion succeed one another in an hour. Tears and laughter are mixed in the mind as it remembers, and finds how nearly it had forgotten.

But there is little enough laughter in these rambles, although Sanctuary Wood is at peace and Hell Fire Corner jidied up. And I think of all

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that I saw I was moved most, not by ruined cathedrals or medieval buildings in tatters, not by dead trees or old walls laid low, not even by cemeteries—no, not even by the nameless graves in the cemeteries. Of all I saw I was torn most by a single lowly cross of wood, with no name upon, standing crooked and weather-stained in a field near Poelcappelle—in a field all gay with the sunshine of a new spring. The world's next poet might be moved to an epic by a lesser thing.

THE MAN WHO ROSE FROM NOTHING

Around the world the fame is blown Of fighting heroes dead and gone; But we've a hero of our own— The man who rose from nothing.

He's a magician great and grand; The forests fled at his command; And here he said, "Let cities stand" The man who rose from nothing.

And in our legislative hall He towering stands alone, like Saul, "A head and shoulders over all," The man who rose from nothing.

His efforts he will ne'er relax, His faith in figures and in facts, And always calls an axe an axe,— The man who rose from nothing.

The gentleman in word and deed; And short and simple in his creed; "Fear God and help the soul in need" The man who rose from nothing.

In other lands he's hardly known, For he's a product of our own; Could grace a shanty or a throne,— The man who rose from nothing.

Here's to the land of lakes and pines On which the sun of freedom shines, Because we meet on all our lines The man who rose from nothing.

Alexander McLachlan, author of these verses, though not a Canadian by birth, was loyal to the country of his adoption, and won distinction among Canadian poets. He was born in Renfrewshire, Scotland, in 1818, and came to Canada at the age of twenty-two. His poems are mostly lyrical. He died at Orangeville in 1896, being one of the oldest of Canadian poets.

The flaxen-haired Scandinavian called a the county office and stammeringly asked for a license. "Hunting license?" inquired the clerk. "Oh, no," said Ole, "I ban hunting long enough. A want to be married."

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12.20 p. m.	Ar. Fredericton	Lv. 5.30 p. m.
1.30 p. m.	Lv. Fredericton	Ar. 5.25 p. m.
5.10 p. m.	Ar. St. John	Lv. 2.05 p. m.

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