

REMARKABLE GOOD BEING DONE

Among Sick Women of Canada by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Here are Four Who Testify To That Fact

Sea View, Cape Breton, N.S.—"By reading the letters in one of your books I understand that a great many women sufferers have got relief by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I can say that my mother has taken it and has given it to me in my younger days for monthly troubles. I was working at service then and could not go to work sometimes for a week at a time, and then felt miserable enough. I could not be in a worse state than I was then. My mother said to get the Vegetable Compound, and I did, and it helped me. I am now married going on to five years and have two lovely children. I recommend the Vegetable Compound to my friends. Mrs. CHARLES A. PATTIE, Sea View P.O., Cape Breton, N.S.

"My Girl Friend Took It"

Ridgetown, Ontario.—"For over a year I suffered from pain and could not drive me almost mad. My mother suggested Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as my girl friend was taking it and told me it would do me good. I took several bottles of the Vegetable Compound and I soon began to improve. I have since taken it again to make me stronger. I will answer any letters I receive asking about the Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. Wm. LANG HALL, R. R. 1, Ridgetown, Ontario.

Admiral, Sask.—"I am sure that any one who gives your medicines a fair trial will receive benefit. I have taken both Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and the Blood Medicine through the Change of Life and I recommend them highly. I had dizziness and a worn-out feeling with loss of appetite for about a year. I saw your advertisement in the papers and took the medicine. My appetite returned and my ambition, and I felt like working again. I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills for the bowels and recommend all the Pinkham Medicines."—Mrs. JOHN JOFFRIN, Box 65 Shaunavon, Saskatchewan.

"Nervous Breakdown"

Felton, N.S.—"About two years ago I took sick and had a doctor called in. I was nervous and did not want to stay alone. He said I had a nervous breakdown. One day a friend called to see me and advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which I did. I felt through my whole body that it was doing me good. I am at the age now when those queer feelings come around and I can say that I am well. I cannot appreciate too highly what the Vegetable Compound has done for me."—Mrs. LAURA M. WILNEFF, 48 Hollis St., Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Sold by druggists everywhere.

SMILING FIELDS WHERE GUNS CRASHED; BUT YPRES PRESERVES HER WAR MEMORIALS

Canadian Gunner Who Took Part In The Battles Of The Salient Gives His Impressions Of A Recent Visit To The Famous Battleground.

(Written For The Canadian Press by Sgt.-Major Percy Buttery, late Canadian Field Artillery.)

There is no need for me here to tell over again the story of Ypres, and of all the memories it holds for Canadian men and women. It was with no small feeling of pride, mingled with sad and affectionate memories of the many personal friends who sleep for ever beneath the hallowed soil of Ypres, that I set out for the Salient for the first time since I was there in mud-soaked khaki—for I was a Canadian soldier in the war days, and as a humble artilleryman in the 3rd Brigade I was privileged to play a modest part in the unforgettable stand at St. Julien in April 1915. Though the articles which I had read on the New Ypres had always interested me, they lacked, I always felt, that personal touch which can only be supplied by a visit to the scenes of those unforgettable events.

the first battle for Ypres in October 1914, began their final evacuation. Terror-stricken men and women rushed from their homes frantically gesticulating, and pleading for help. That was the last they saw of the old houses which for years had been their homes. As I stood at this scene of former desolation and despair I wondered how many of the poor fugitives of 1915 had returned to occupy the neat red cottages which now stand on the sites of the shell-smashed dwellings.

The post war Flemish child is experienced in the art of begging, and he regards the British visitor to the historic battlefields as his lawful prey. Every few yards on the road from St. Julien I was pestered by these urchins for "pennings." A group of these young mendicants had assembled at the wayside memorial—a small block of stone little larger than an ordinary English milestone—situated on the Wietje road to mark the furthest point reached by the Germans in their endeavor to capture Ypres. During a pause to try to visualize the scene as the invader commenced the big retreat which was the beginning of the end of the Great World War, I was relieved of all my small change.

The ruins of the Cloth Hall in the famous square at Ypres remain much as they were, but the rebuilding of the Cathedral of St. of the Square is a row of restaurants and cafes where one can get an excellent meal if one had enough money to pay for it, but the charges are about three times as much as they ought to be.

Next day I was in Ypres again, and went at once to the Menin Gate. Surely this is the finest memorial of its kind in the world. On each side of the massive arch are galleries approached by stair-cases on each side. On the walls are the Martin as nearly as possible like the original is preceding. The side of the Square outside the Cloth Hall is occupied by cheap and flashy-looking souvenir stalls and a sort of fair, complete with roundabouts, etc., the owners of which live in caravans. It was something of a shock and surprise to see the washing of these caravanners hanging from a clothes-line stretched between the walls of the famous ruins which are forever to stand a mute witness to the horrors of modern warfare. On the opposite side of the arch, complete with roundabouts, etc., the owners of which live in caravans. It was something of a shock and surprise to see the washing of these caravanners hanging from a clothes-line stretched between the walls of the famous ruins which are forever to stand a mute witness to the horrors of modern warfare.

A walk of nearly a mile from Poelcapelle station brought me to Poelcapelle village. Soon I found myself on the road to St. Julien and Ypres, and was soon on familiar ground, for the roads have been preserved, and, except that they have been repaired, are the same as they were before they were ripped open by the German shells. Flanked on either side by fields of ripening corn, and passing Langemark, I was soon at the little village rendered historic for all time by the great Canadian exploit. It was with mixed feelings that I entered the beautiful grounds of the memorial to the 2,000 Dominion soldiers who fell there in resisting the gas attack. These 2,000 brave souls lie buried beneath a huge stone slab from the centre of which rises a column, simple in its grandeur, surmounted by the figure of a Canadian soldier with bowed head, who looks sorrowfully upon the grave of his comrades. In the road outside was a young woman selling picture postcards. She told me her father was a soldier in an Ontario Regiment and that he fell at St. Julien. So now spends most of the year at the Memorial, earning a meagre living by the sale of her postcards.

My sensations as I walked along the road from the Memorial to Wietje were far different from those which assailed me when I last traversed a part of it in 1915. For when the gas attack opened, but after replying for some time we were forced to fall back. No part of the surrounding country of course was recognizable, but I remembered the direction of that retirement so well that I needed no guide. I was able to locate approximately all three of our gun positions. I had no difficulty in identifying the road beyond St. Jean and Ypres, across the Canal to the Brielen road (where our ammunition column was located), along which we had to dash at top speed with food for the guns. Passing along this road, now so calm and peaceful, it seemed impossible that a few short years ago it could have been such a shambles. I remembered too, how, when the battle of April 22nd began, those residents who had remained during



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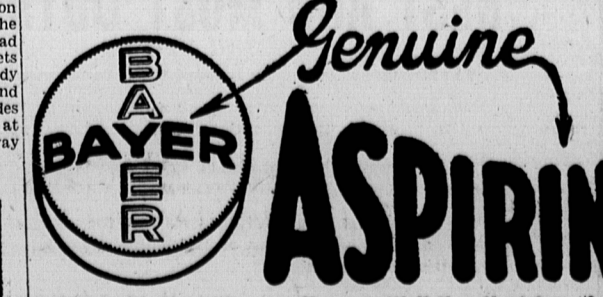
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wait for a party of visitors. Then they begin to dig for all they are worth, and at the proper moment the British Government to be maintained for ever as a memorial to the British and Dominion soldiers who fell there. Beyond the fact that trenches have been filled in, dug-outs blown up, and a memorial to two British regiments erected, nothing has been done to repair the squalor left by four years of war. Men are still digging around the Hill for those long-posted as missing. I was told by the Englishman in charge of the Hill that when a body is found, the finder is given a reward of ten francs. There is a small army of men digging near the summit of the Hill, apparently searching for souvenirs, but these men, the Englishman told me, are an old bayonet or scabbard, a few regimental buttons and badges, and



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