

**W. C. T. U. Notes.**

**DOMINION W. C. T. U. TRIP TO BELGIUM AND FRANCE.**

By Mrs. Gordon Wright.

On the twenty-sixth of April the greater number of our Canadian delegates joined the British White Ribboners who were going to visit Belgium and France—the battlefields of course being the culminating point of sacred and infinitely sad interest.

At Dover we took boat for Ostend and we were grateful to the capricious "Straits" for treating us all in kindly fashion. We were able to enjoy the scenic beauty throughout, starting with the historic "white chalk cliffs of Dover."

At Ostend we entrained for Bruges which we reached in the mellowing sunlight of the waning afternoon—which seemed to invest with mystic beauty the quaint old city with its many spires tipped and burnished with the April sunshine.

We of the Canadian delegation counted ourselves privileged to be entertained at the "Reunion Verriest"—once an old monastery—with quaint flowered fruit garden and during almost the entire period of the war used as Headquarters for part of the German Army. Here the ex-Kaiser stayed for a short time and we saw the room he occupied.

Bruges is the chief city in the Province of West Flanders the "See" of a Bishopric, and preserves in a marked manner the impress of the Middle Ages. Our first visit was to the Cathedral of St. Saviour, built on the site of a church which dates from the seventh century—the crypt of the present structure being erected in the tenth century. The rich stained glass windows, Gobelin tapestries, carvings and richly chased brass, almost bewilder the onlooker with the splendor of their richness. A wonderful old painting with the colors mixed in white of egg—painted about 1390—is here on exhibit. Every face and figure in this painting stands out with realistic vividness.

We visited the church of Notre Dame with its spire 385 feet high. This church was built at different periods ranging between the 10th and 14th centuries. Like the cathedral this church of majestic appearance contains many paintings and objects of art belonging to the Flemish, Dutch and Italian schools.

This meagre description of Bruges would be utterly incomplete did we not speak of its wonderful old belfry—once a light-house when "the redeemed land" upon which Bruges is built was all sea. This Belfry, Longfellow delightfully visualizes for us in his pretty poem:

In the market-place of Bruges  
Stands the belfry old and brown  
Thrice destroyed and thrice rebuilt;  
Still it watches o'er the town.

This Belfry is 278 feet high and contains the mighty bell of triumph and weighs nineteen thousand pounds, requiring eight men at least to set it in motion. Its rich, vibrant tones became delightfully familiar to us during our stay in Bruges. During the German occupation of Bruges they decided it should be set a ringing to celebrate their victories. But, no Belgian could be found who understood (?) the manipulation of this mighty bell and the Germans assayed to set it in motion. This they succeeded in doing on the occasion of one of their temporary victories, but the effect was the opposite to what they desired. The Belgians tell us; all the German bell-ringers could produce was a weird and solemn dirge, which sounded so much like a requiem, the German General gave orders the bell must not be meddled with again. But on the day the Germans were compelled to evacuate Bruges, there were Belgians a plenty found, who knew the bell's secret—and how to produce an ecstasy of jubilant sound and long before the Germans were out of earshot, indeed before they had cleared the confines of Bruges the old belfry-tower was vibrant with the bell's pean of victory.

On April twenty-seventh we left Bruges by motor car to visit some of the Flemish battlefields. The drive for miles was along a tree-lined road and through quaint Flemish villages bearing no apparent taint or touch of war's rude ravages. We could almost fancy oneself back in England with its hawthorne hedges abloom at whose base nestled sweet poppies—not crimson, but pale yellow and white. The crimson harvest comes later. Our first stop was at Thourout, nest at Polcapelle—already immortalized as "the grave of the tanks." Germans blew up and buried over twenty at this place. The ground was churned with mine-craters and torn and devastated beyond description. A number of British soldiers of the "Army of Occupation" were busy hunting shell-holes and mine craters for bodies of the Allies to give

them decent burial: twelve of which had been recovered that morning.

Near Polcapelle are the heights of Paschendaele, already crowned with a fine monument to commemorate the splendid heroism of the Canadian and Australian troops. St. Julien which our lads also immortalized and Kemmel Hill also adjacent.

We reached Ypres at noon-tide and the clear April sunshine only intensified the desolation indescribable and indeed unspeakable. At one time Ypres was a

most flourishing populous city and boasted 150,000 inhabitants.

It is a city of stately ruins but must ever live in the memories of all true Canadians, for the heroic stand taken there by our heroic troops in the face of fearful odds. We climbed the ramparts of Ypres which was never in the possession of the Germans, though they razed and destroyed every other part—but our Canadian boys held the ramparts.

Near Ypres we visited a large British

cemetery. Some four thousand quietly sleep their long, last sleep, amid what will one day be beautiful surroundings. Roses and flowers of all descriptions are being planted. Every grave has its plain wooden cross and inscription. We noted here the names of different Canadians. Everywhere were cemeteries, each in process of cultivation and evidencing careful attention.

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**To Become Wealthy**

*Is an Ambition that is Cherished by Many.*

BUT OF 100 MEN—



ONE only will be wealthy—



FOUR will be well-to-do and able to enjoy comfort and recreation—



FIVE will still be working for a living with no prospect of relief from drudgery—



THIRTY-SIX will have died in many cases leaving families enduring hardship—



FIFTY-FOUR will be dependent upon friends or relatives or charity.

You, perhaps, have the same ambition. At least, you want to be well-to-do later on, and able to enjoy life in comfort and independence:

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Experience shows that of 100 average healthy men 25 years of age the following will be true at 65:

- 1 only will be wealthy.
- 4 will be well-to-do.
- 5 will be compelled to go on working for a living.
- 36 will be dead.
- 54 will be dependent upon relatives, friends or charity.

**Facing These Facts—**

can you afford to go along in a haphazard way without a definite plan of saving and investment; uncertain whether you will be well-off or an object of charity.

**The responsibility rests with You**

It depends upon how you save and invest. There need be no such uncertainty about your future if you adopt the safe and definite plan of setting aside a deposit regularly each year for a Canada Life "Endowment at 65".

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**It is a Certainty**

The full amount of your policy will be paid in any case, whether you live or die. Other investments may depreciate in value or fail. We offer you a certainty. The guarantee will take care of your home, or your business, or your personal interests, as nothing else can.

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If the profits be allowed to remain at your credit each year instead of being withdrawn, the face of the policy will be payable to you before you reach 65.

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