

LONDON, Ont., Feb. 3.—Paddy Denvir thumped with his cane on the polished floor of Ward 7 of the Victoria hospital when asked if he remembered crawling out under fire at the second battle of Ypres to get the fish that had been rolled up to the bank of the Yser canal by the German shells.

“Remember? Do I remember? Ask me if I remember my mother. Ask me if I remember Ireland. Don’t ask me if I remember those fish!”

Paddy paused—the exertion of pounding the cane had given his wounded back a wrench—and he winced even while a grin slowly spread over his plain, honest Irish face. The grin was partly for me, and partly for Private Baines, the First Battalion man who had drawn up a chair beside us. Paddy is wounded in the left foot, the right hand and the spine. Baines wears a bandage about his jaw.