Battered Tanks Along the Menin Road Are Reminders of Days When the Allies Drove Teuton Hordes From Their Strongholds

Long Black Toadstools Still Cluster Around the Shellholes and Dugouts of Sanctuary Wood-Hill 60 and Famous "Lover's Lane" Recall Memories of World Conflict

CHAPTER V.

On the next morning we were to vexed by anxious cares and the presence of enemy aircraft. In the comover, the English woman had come sharing the hospitality of the Bel- of dugouts grew long, slimy, black gian. The train was very crowded. and it was hard to find a seat but very fast, so we had a good oppor-

When we got to Ypres we made our pleted a tour of the battlefields and in height stood in a field nearby. were starting for the base. It was hear the news of Montreal.

tunity to look up old landmarks.

car and often a long scramble on foot to reach the cemetery. Again and again a day has been spoilt by the light fading or rain coming on when his destination has been reached, thus

preventing his taking a photograph. Our first stopping-place was Railway Dugouts, where several photographs were taken. Then we went up the road to Sanctuary Wood. The skirts of the wood, now stands alone, because the wood has shrunk in size

The diagraph of the steep sides of the cutting hunting for traces of our old salient which that place affords. Very direction gave a touch of color to the two. Nearly all the crosses were destroyed by shell fire in the last year of the war, but the bodies rest undisturbed in the well-tended God's Acre. In the center stands the stone Cross of Sacrifice with flowers round it. About half a dozen wooden crosses alone remain. The cemetery How One Very Excellent Plumber, Thornton by Name, among the green fields in the slight valley is really beautifully situated and looks most peaceful.

Safe Fat Reduction

Reduce, reduce, reduce, is the slogan of all fat people. Get thin, be slim, is the cry of fashion and society. And the overfat wring their hands in mortification and hepleseness; revolting at nauseating drugs, arraid of violent exercise, drawding the unvelocence and on nauseating drugs, afraid of violent exercise, dreading the unwelcome and unsatisfying diet, until they hit upon the harmless Marmola Prescription and learn through it that they may safely reduce steadily and easily without one change in their mode of life, but harmlessly, secretly, and quickly reaching their ideal of figure, with a smoother skin, better appetite and health than they have ever known. And new comes Marmola Prescription Tablets from the same famously harmless formula as the Marmola Prescription. It behooves you to learn the satisfactory, beneficial effects of this great, safe, fat reducer by giving to your druggist one dollar for a case, or sending a like amount to the Marmola Company, 4612 Woodward avenue, Detroit, Mich. with a request that they mail to you a case of Marmola Preoit, Mich. with a request that they all to you a case of Marmola Pre-ription Tablets.—Advt.

Explored the Old Wood

We left our car by the roadside very our program, and Padre Mul- and determined to explore the old lineux was to meet us at Ypres and wood, which is forever associated take us with him on his rounds. We with some of our bitterest experistarted for Ypres in the train, and ences. It was rough scrambling over from the carriage windows we saw the ground, and as no work had been the well-known objects of the land- done upon the trenches we found dugscape. In war days the men used to outs, machine-gun emplacements, be taken up from Poperinghe to bits of shells and barbed wire. When Ypres on flat cars. Never did I we came to the wood itself, however, dream then that one day I should it was almost impossible to go travel in a comfortable coach un- through it. The shell holes were very deep; many of them had water in them surrounded by bullrushes. partment with us were two ladies, The grass was long and matted, the derstood that the Belgian had shared knotted arms against the blue sky. broken steps of trees held up black, the English lady's hospitality in Bushes and brambles grew in great profusion at their foot, and round out to visit her son's grave and was | many of the shell holes and remains

toadstools which looked like some Satanic growth, the product of war as the journey was not long it did and death. It was intensely internot much matter. We did not travel esting to trace the various trenches and to look under pieces of rusty, corrugated iron resting on rotten sandbags and think of what those way to Menin gate and the Hotel hiding places meant. There were Splendide, which lies beyond. The many "dud" shells lying harmlessly name of the hotel is somewhat mis- here and there. Some of them were leading. It is really a large wooden very large. We saw a small shell structure, consisting of a dining- sticking in the stem of a tree, where room downstairs and presumably it had lodged without exploding. some bedrooms upstairs. At one of When the wood is cleared no doubt the tables we were delighted to find many bodies will be recovered. A some Canadians. They had just com- huge pile of barbed wire many feet

We were not sorry when we left delightful to meet friends there in the scene of destruction and made those strange surroundings, and to our way back to the car. With joy I heard Mullineux tell the driver to with some of the officers of the 16th and Passchendaele. I could see the At last Padre Mullineux, with his take us next to Hill 60. In the spring Battalion. Of that little company of remains of Sanctuary Wood, Armagh trusty friend and chauffeur, Captain and summer of 1916 this had been a six I am the only one alive today. 1 Wood and Square Wood, and on the Parmenter, turned up. We had lunch favorite resort of mine, and I wished hunted for the battalion headquar- left the modern Ypres and the stagto see it in its modern guise. We ters' dugout, and there in the white nant waters of Zillebeek Lake. What menter's car for a good afternoon's struck a road that was anything but chalk I found it. It had tumbled in, anxious hours have human beings had been captured by the attrainant of the straight and the chalk I found it. good, and our progress was a ven-but I could still see the place where, passed on this hill when the siggraves at various places, photographs ture of faith. At every moment we on my last visit, I had found the O. nallers telephoned messages of life expected the car would have to turn C. of one of our battalions one day and death to the batteries in the rear. rowing hearts in the far-away do- back, but we finally got through and minions. I may say here that, no reached some houses on the German Stories," which he assured me were and, as I sat on the ground dreaming one knows the splendid work, often side of our old front line. This was not fit to be the intellectual pabulum the old dreams again, I thought of sacrifice, which the padre carries on. dred yards was the famous railway The protographing of one grave may cutting known by the name of "Lovinvolve a whole day's journey in a er's Lane," along which we had our dugouts.

> With intense emotion we made our way over the fields which once were No Man's Land until we came to the the companies in the line. I remember having dinner there one night of new vinages which were springing the lighting ground of the Austraber of the sites of the old. Far off lians. I was glad of the opportunity and taking the train the country rose towards Wieltjo of seeing a district which is a sacred journey to Poperinghe.

By STEPHEN LEACOCK.

"Personally," said Thornton, speak-

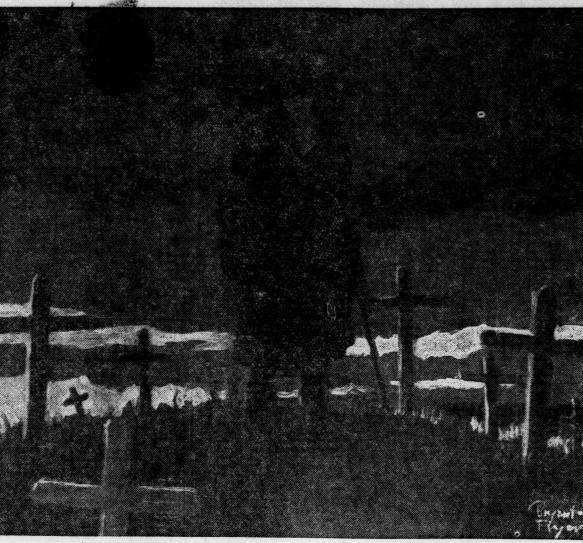
ing for the first time, "I never care

work."

ASPIRIN

UNLESS you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you

are not getting Aspirin at all



"It was still evening. The sun had almost set. A strange impulse which I had had before to speak to these men by name came upon' me.

of a padre.

Views Old Salient.

On the opposite side of the railedge of the cutting and looked down long grass and the tangled brambles, upon a modern railway track on which trains now passed at regular plunged into the bushes, and it was the car, I hurried down the hillside. intervals. The air, the scene, the a desperate scramble up the rugged running the risk of spraining my ankle in the holes which the bushes haunting memories of the past, were like a draught of champagne, and we like a draught of champagne, and we there, once again, as in the old days there, once again, as in the old days

our gallant gunners and their long vigils as they waited for the signal to open fire, if the enemy were making an attack, or for the opening of way cutting, I saw the hill where raid. On black, rainy nights it was had stood the old mill which had been our artillery observation post. It our artillery observation post. It along the skyline the German nare-lights were a constant witness to the fact that, however bad the weather looked so inviting that in spite of the long grass and the tangled brambles, I rose to go, and, seeing my friends

trenches. Where the brick arch had stood a modern wooden bridge now connected the road on both sides. Under the western end of the bridge of t of new villages which were springing the fighting ground of the Austra-

memory in the heart of our sister commonwealth.

Visits Polygon Wood. We passed along the roads flanked peaceful wheat fields till we came the famous Polygon Wood which after bitter fighting. The trees of the wood have gone, but a fresh growth is taking their place. On the great German stronghold the Australian monument is erected, and from the spot a splendid view is obtained of the ground over which the

Anzacs made their advance The padre had to take some pho tographs in the cemetery, so after identifying the various landmarks on the landscape, including the old race course, we made our way to the cemtery, near which still stands the old German wooden cross. By this time the weather had changed. The sky had darkened and rain began to fall, and we were glad to take refuge in an old hut built by the Germans. The leaky roof afforded us but scanty protection. Only four years ago tha troops, and we imagined the hymns of hate those old rafters must At last I joined the others and we was succeeded by the war songs of the triumphant Australians.

We parted with the padre at Ypres

and taking the train continued our

her piping.
"But all attempts to draw from the

"Well, then. I had come home particularly tired after a long day and I felt, therefore, none too well pleased girl any clear idea of the symptoms when a little while after dinner the bell rang and Simmons brought word to the library that there was a client in the consulting room. I reminded the fellow that I could not possibly consider a case at such an advanced order. hour unless I were paid emergency overtime wages with time and a half

aspherry vinegar and went on.

during the day of recovery. "Simmons, to my surprise, told me that he had already informed the client of this fact, and that the answer had only been a plea that the case was too urgent to admit of delay. He also supplied the further information that the client was a young lady. I am afraid," added Thornton, looking round his audience with a sympathetic smile, "that Simmons (I had got him from Harvard and he had not yet quite learned his place) even said something about her being strikingly handsome."

A general laugh greeted Thornton's announcement.

"After all," said Fortescue, "I never could see why an Ice Man should be supposed to have a monopoly on gal-

"Oh, I don't know," said Thornton. For my part-I say it without affectation-the moment I am called in professionally, women, as women cease to exist for me.

Beauty in Distress.

"On entering the consulting room I saw at once that Simmons had exag- in the boiler and mash up the furnace gerated nothing in describing my young client as beautiful. I have seldom, even among our own class, seer a more strikingly handsome girl. She was now after half-past eight) and the nature of my mission which gave was dressed in a very plain and me a stimulating sense of adventure simple lashion which showed me at she would, towards the capitalis quarter of the town. We had soon know, something of an observer, and my eye at once noted the absence of heavy gold earrings and wrist dated section of the city, where the bangles. The blue feathers at the bangles. The blue feathers at the side of her hat were none of them



VIOLENT DIAGNOSIS.

buttons on her jacket were so inconspicuous that one would hardly no- and ferocious, and his native ferocity tice them. In short, while her dress was no doubt good and serviceable there was an absence of chic. a lack of noise about it, that told me at and his black clothes lent him a once the tale of narrow circum-

"'Oh, Mr. Thornton,' she exclaimed advancing towards me, 'do come to our house at once. I simply don't

know what to do.' "She spoke with great emotion, and eemed almost on the point of breakng into tears.

"'Pray calm yourself, my dear

young lady,' I said, 'and try to tell me what is the trouble.'

''Oh, don't lose any time,' she said. 'do, do come at once.' "'We will lose no time.' I said re

assuringly, as I looked at my watch 'It is now seven-thirty. We will reckon the time from now, with overtime at time and a half. But if I am to do anything for you I must have some idea of what has happened.' 'The cellar boiler.' she moaned. clasping her hands together, 'the cellar boiler won't work!'

Searching Questions, "'Ah!' I said soothingly, 'The cellar

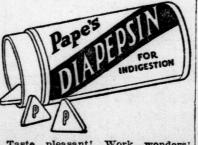
oiler won't work.' "'How's your pressure gauge?"

asked. 'Do you draw from the mains or are you on the high level reser-"It had occurred to me at once that

it might be merely a case of stoppage Bishop, 'I have brought a plumber.' of her main feed, complicated, perhaps, with a valvular trouble in her exhaust. On the other hand, it was clear enough that if her feed was full

IF STOMACH IS

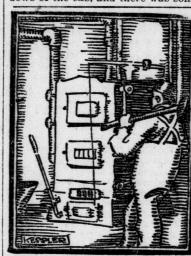
Instantly! End Indigestion, Gas, Heartburn, Acid Stomach



and her gauges working, her trouble was more likely a leak somewhere in

were unavailing. All she could tell me was that the cellar boiler wouldn't work. Beyond that her answers were mere confusion. I gathered enough however, to feel sure that her mair feed was still working, and that her top story check valve was probably in With that I had to be con

"As a young practitioner I had as yet no motor car. Simmons, however, summoned me a taxi, into which I hurriedly placed the girl and my basket of instruments, and was soon speeding in the direction she indicat-It was a dark, lowering night dows of the cab, and there was some



DIDN'T HAVE THE HEART TO. "It was my plain professional duty to take a large hammer, knock holes

pipes."

was now after half-past eight) and simple fashion which showed me at The girl directed me, as I felt sure capitalist class. I am, as I think you sped away from the brightly-lighted streets and tall apartment buildings among which my usual practice lay need not remind those of you who ful place to find oneself after nightfall. The inhabitants living, so it is said, on their scanty dividends and on such part of their income as our taxation is still unable to reach, are people that one would care to

fall in with after nightfall. A Bishop With a Monkey-Wrench "We alighted at one of the most sombre of the houses, and our taxi driver, with evident relief, made off in the darkness.

"The girl admitted us into a dark hall, where she turned on an electric light. 'We have light,' she said, with sees so often in her class; 'we have

Then she called down a flight of stairs that apparently led to the cel-"Father, the plumber has come.

Do come up now, dear, and rest.'
"A step sounded on the stairs, and
there appeared beside us one of the most forbidding-looking men that I have ever beheld. I don't know whether any of you have ever seen an Anglican bishop. Probably not. Outside of the bush, they are now seldom seen. But at the time of which I speak there were a few still and at that moment one of the stewhere and there in the purlieus of the club came and whispered the city. The man before us was tall black beard which he wore in open defiance of the compulsory shaving laws. His black shovel-shaped hat singularly sinister appearance, while his legs were bound in tight gaiters as if ready for an instant spring. He monkey-wrench, on which his finger

were clasped in a restless grip. Firm Tone Has Effect. "'Can you fix the accursed thing?

he asked. "I was not accustomed to being spoken to in this way, but I was willing for the girl's sake to strain pro fessional courtesy to the limit.
"'I don't know,' I answered, 'but if

you will have the goodness first to fetch me a little light supper, I shall be glad to see what I can do after wards. "My firm manner had its effect

With obvious reluctance, the fellow served me some biscuits and some not bad champagne in the dining-room. "The girl had meantime disap appeared upstairs.
"'If you're ready now,' said the

Bishop, 'come on down "We went down to the cellar. It was a huge, gloomy place with a cement floor, lighted by a dim electric bulb. I could see in the corner the outline of a large furnace (in those days the poorer classes had still no central heat), and near it a tall boiler. In front of this a man was kneeling, evidently trying to un-screw a nut, but twisting it the wrong way. He was an elderly man with gray moustaches, and was dressed in open defiance of the law, in a military costume or uniform. 'He turned round toward us and

ose from his knees.
"'I'm dashed if I can make the rotten thing go round,' he said.
"'It's all right, General,' said the A Professional Dilemma.

"For the next few minutes my pro fessional interest absorbed all my faculties. I laid out my instruments upon a board, tapped the boiler with small hammer, tested the tube, and in a few moment had made what I was convinced was a correct diagnosis of the trouble "But here I encountered the great-

est professional dilemma in which I have ever been placed. There was nothing wrong with the boiler at all. It connected, as I ascertained at once by a thermo-dynamic valvular test, with the furnace (in fact, I could see it did), and the furnace quite evidently had been allowed to go out.
"What was I to do? It was my plain professional duty to take large hammer and knock holes in the boiler with it, smash up the fur-nace pipes, start a leak of gas and then call in three or more of my col-

"But somehow I couldn't find it i heart to do it. The thought of the girl's appealing face arose before me How long has this trouble been on?' I asked sternly.

'Quite a time,' answered the Bishop. 'It began, did it not, General, the same day that the confounded furnace went out? The General here and Admiral Hay and I have been working at it for three

'Well, gentlemen,' I said, don't you see that the whole trouble is because you let the furnace out. The "The upshot was that in twenty ninutes we had the whole thing put

about a furnace and yet one want one's boiler going for one's hot water, and that sort of thing, what would

one do?'
"'In that case,' I said, 'you couldn' run your heating off your furnace; you'd have to connect in your tubing

with a gas generator. "'Ah there you get me rather beyond my depth, said the Bishop.

"The General shook his head,
'Bishop,' he said, 'just step upstairs
a minute; I have an idea.'

a minute, I have an idea.

"They went up together, leaving me
below. To my surprise and consternation, as they reached the top of the
cellar stairs, I saw the General swing he door shut and heard a key turn in the lock. I rushed to the top of the stairs and tried in vain to open the door. I was trapped. In a moment I realized my folly in trusting myself

n the hands of these people.
"I could hear their voices in the hall, apparently in eager discussion.

"But the fellow is priceless,' the General was saying. 'We could take him round to all the different houses. and make him fix them all. Hang it Bishop, I haven't had a decent tap unning for two years, and Admiral Hay's pantry has been flooded since

st March.
"'But one couldn't compel him?'
"'Certainly, why not? I'd compel "'Certainly, why not? I'd compel him bally quick with this."
"I couldn't see what the General referred to, but had no doubt that it. was the huge wrench that he still carried in his hand.

We could gag the fellow,' he went on him from house iouse and make him put everything "Ah, but afterwards?" said the

Bishop.
"'Afterwards,' answered the General, knock him on the head and bury him under the cement in the cellar. Or for that matter, I imagine

could easily use the furnace itself to dispose of him Indescribable Horror.

"I must confess that my blood ran "'But do you think it right?' objected the Bishop. 'You will say, of course that it is only killing a plumber; but yet one asks oneself whether it wouldn't be just a leetle

"'Nonsense,' repeated the General, come along and get Hay. He'll make "I heard their retreating footsteps and then all was still.

"The horror which filled my mind as I sat in the half darkness waiting for their return I for their return I cannot describe My fate appeared sealed and I gave myself up for lost, when presently I heard a light step in the hall and the key turned in the lock.
"The girl stood in front of me. She

was trembling with emotion.
"'Quick quick, Mr. Thornton, she Quick quick, Mr. Thornton, she said. 'I heard all that they said. Oh, I think it's dreadful of them, simply dreadful. Mr. Thornton, I'm really ashamed that father should act that

vay.'
"I came out into the hall still half

dazed. "They've gone over to Admiral Hay's house, there among the trees. That's their lantern. Please, please, ion't lose a minute. Do you mind not having a cab? I think really you'd prefer not to wait. And look, won't you please take this —she handed me a little packet as she spoke—'this is a piece of pie; you always get that, don't you, and there's a bit of cheese with it, but please run.'

from the door into the darkness. A wild rush through the darkened streets, and in twenty minutes I was afe back again in my own consult-

ing room. The Sequel to the Story. Thornton paused in his narrative, mething in his ear

He rose. "I'm sorry," he said, with a grave face. "I'm called away; a very old client of mine. Valvular trouble of the worst kind. I doubt if I can do Please don't let me break up your evening however

With a courtly bow he left us. "And do you know the sequel to Thornton's story? asked Fortescue

ith a smile.
We looked expectantly at him. "Why, he married the gir!," explained Fortescue. "You see, he had to go back to her house for his wrench. One always does."

"Of course," we exclaimed.

"In fact, he went three times; and

the last time he asked the girl to marry him and she said 'yes.' He took her out of her surroundings, had er educated at a cooking sch had her given lessons on the parlor organ. She's Mrs. Thornton now. (Copyright. Printed by arrangement with the Metropolitan Newsaper Service.)

BOILS Made Him Sick and Miserable

Mr. Richard Zalenzoski, McLean, dask., writes: "I had been suffering continuously with boils for three years, and during that time I tried many different remedies without any success whatever. In spite of all my efforts I was compelled to go to the hospital. This was in the fall of the year and right in the busiest time of the season. Upon my return home it just took about two weeks until my neck and arms were again occupied by the boils which made me feel very sick and miserable.

One day one of my friends advised me to try Burdock Blood Bitters, and after I had used less than two bottles I was very much surprised at the result.

It is now over two years since I got in touch with B. B. B., and I have had no bother with boils since. I will recommend it to all persons suffering from any defect in the blood." B. B. is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, To-

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Pain, Pain

trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manu'acture of Mo of Salicylicacid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Ba to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Comp

Come to His Rescue. understood. But we were talking as only a group of practicing plumbers -including some of the biggest men

Would Have Been Doomed to Fix All the Taps in All the

Houses Had Not the Daughter of the House

Manages to Escape an Anglican Bishop and Life-long Toil

to take a case that involves cellar in the profession-would talk. With the exception of Everett, who We were sitting, a little group of had a national reputation as a Conus, around about the fire in a com- sulting Barber, and Thomas, who was fortable corner of the Steam and Air a vacuum cleaner expert, I think we Club. Our talk had turned, as always all belonged to the same profession. happens with a group of professional We had been holding a convention, men, into more or less technical and Fortescue, who had one of the channels. I will not say that we biggest furnace practices in the were talking shop; the word has an country, had read us a paper that offensive sound, and might be misafternoon-a most revolutionary thing-on External Diagnosis of Defective Feed Pipes, and naturally the thing had bred discussion. It was in the course of this that Thornton interrupted with his remark about never being willing to accept a cellar

Naturally all the men turned to look at the speaker. Henry Thornton, at the time of which I relate, was at the height of his reputation. Beginning, quite literally, at the bottom of the ladder, he had in twenty years of practice as an operating plumber raised himself to the top of his profession. There was much in his appearance to suggest the underlying reasons of his success. His face, as is usual with men of our in it, but the bold set of the jaw common kind. Three times president fled. They had made an entirely are welcome to it. So if you will just

"You never go into a cellar?" asked

sibly can. I send down my solderist, of course, but personally, unless it is absolutely necessary, I never go

as well as I do that you get case after

w," Fortescue cut in, "but you know us."

a most interesting thing,"-he turned was particularly pleased, inasmuch ; to the group of us as he spoke-"a calling, had something of the dreamer double lesion of a gas pipe under a indicated determination of an un- colleagues had been absolutely baf-

IS DISTURBED BY A CLIENT.

"Simmons brought word to the library that there was a client in the

of the Plumbers' Association, Henry false diagnosis, operated on the dining fill up your glasses with raspberry Thornton had enjoyed the highest room floor, which they removed and vinegar, you may have the tale for honors of his chosen profession. His carried home, and when I was called what it is worth." book on Nut Coal was recognized as in they had just obtained permission the last word on the subject, and had from the Stone Masons' Protective been crowned by the French Acad- Association to knock down one side of the house. After we had finished the whole operation-I forgot to say young fellow fresh from college, very Fortescue. "But hang it, man, I don't that we had thrown the coal out on proud of my Plumb B., and inclined the lawn to avoid any complication- to think that I knew it all. I should "Well, I do avoid it," answered the proprietor quite broke down. He mention that at this time I was not Thornton, "at least as far as I pos- offered us to take his whole house married, but had set up a modest and keep it. But, gentlemen, I feel apartment of my own with a consult-

must be a story behind it. I think

I have long felt that Thornton as "Not much of a story, perhaps, said Thornton, "but such as it is you

gestion and Thornton continued. "It happened a good many years ago at a time when I was only a that when Mr. Thornton says that he ing room and a single man servant. never goes down into a cellar there Naturally I could not afford the services of a solderist or a gassist and "That's all very well, my dear fel- we should invite him to elate it to did everything for myself, though Simmons, my man, could at a pinch

be utilized to tear down plaster and

We gladly complied with the sug-

of indigestion and disordered stomac

Your stomach needs this harmless help. Get relief for a few cents. Mil-lions of dyspeptics and stomach suf-ferers never bothered any more. Any

Taste pleasant! Work wonders! boiler itself is all right, but you see, The moment you chew a few tablets gents, it feeds off the furnace.' of Pape's Diapepsin all the misery