

A Tidy Battlefield

By H. F. Gadsby
ARTICLE NO. IV.

When the joyriders of the world visit the scenes of the war after this bloody Armageddon is over they will probably divide battlefields into two kinds—untidy, hideously pocked and pitted ones, like Vimy, and tidy ones like Amiens or Arras.

Our Canadian part in the battle of Amiens covered a plot of ground fifteen miles long by five miles wide—seventy-five square miles of French territory relieved of the Hun oppressor,—and when I saw it two weeks after the event it had been neatly brushed and combed and was in good shape to receive company. What I liked about it most was its accessible character—rolling lands, gentle valleys, woods not too thick, no rivers to wade, few trench systems to cross, just enough shell holes to make it interesting, and that devil's week, barbed wire, rolled up and out of the way.

It was such a terrain as Wellington might have enjoyed at Waterloo, firm foothold and smooth going, and at the same time such a terrain as made possible the modernest engineering of war—tanks little and big, and the airplanes hovering low like hawks as they circled above the conflict. The battlefield, which begins some five miles yonder side of Amiens, was in fact one big wheat field, studded with hamlets and villages, before war made it a battlefield, and it still has that gentle aspect. It does not wear the eyes and cramp the heart like the murdered landscape of Vimy and Ypres, where every foot of ground has been killed and re-killed a dozen times. It had not been No Man's Land very long before the Germans were driven back. If it had been the good brown earth would have looked more like a series of confluent rivers than it does now.

Over our five o'clock tea, General Macdonald, of the second division, showed me his little contour map of the action. A very good map indeed—and some day a vivid souvenir for the general's den—but it did nothing more than emphasize the bird's eye view of the battlefield which was already in my mind.

An orderly battlefield, window-dresser, so to speak, for visitors who can tramp over it now without getting their feet wet, their boots muddy or their breeches torn. Under that placid earth which would fain carry in its breast nothing redder than a poppy, lie the ensanguined bodies of many thousand brave men who died for freedom's sake. The Canadians alone overwhelmed four Hun divisions and "took on" sixteen, incurring eight thousand casualties in one short week, so that it must have been a battle of proportions. But what of that? One battle, many hundreds of battles, each with its trumpet tale of courage. Besides the dead men are decently out of sight. It was as little Peterkin's grandfather would say, a glorious victory—the kind of victory we have for breakfast every morning nowadays—so let it go at that. Nature has forgotten it already—she has given us a day all blue and gold and shimmering radiance for our pilgrimage. Let us look about us.

"Here," said Lieut. Robert Watt.

A SLUGGISH LIVER CAUSED Severe Headaches

The duty of the liver is to prepare and secrete bile and serve as a filter to the blood, cleansing it of all impurities and poisons.

Healthy bile in sufficient quantity is Nature's provision to secure regular action of the bowels, and when the liver is sluggish it is not working properly, and does not manufacture enough bile to thoroughly act on the bowels and carry off the waste products from the system. Hence the bowels become clogged up, the bile gets into the blood, constipation sets in, followed by sick and bilious headaches, coated tongue, bad breath, heartburn, water brash, bad taste in the mouth in the morning, jaundice, floating spots before the eyes, etc.

Miss Dian Clark, Myra's Care, Ont., writes:—"I take pleasure in writing you concerning the good I have received by using Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills for a sluggish liver. When my liver got bad I would have severe headaches, but I got better after I had used a couple of vials of your pills."

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills gently unlock the secretion, clear away all waste and effete matter by acting directly on the liver, and make the bile pass through the bowels instead of allowing it to get into the blood.

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25c a vial at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

CUTICURA HEALS ITCHING ECZEMA

So Bad Could Not Sleep, Red With Water Blisters and Burning.

"I had eczema so bad I could not sleep. It first started on my arm, then I had it on my body so that I could hardly wear my blouse, and I had to stay in bed. My flesh was dark red with water blisters, and burning and itching."

"Everything I tried seemed to make me worse, and I had the trouble for nearly two years. I read about Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and I got them. They did me good right away, and now I am entirely healed." (Signed) Mrs. Peter McIntosh, French River, Ont., April 10, 1917.

How often such distressing, disgusting skin troubles might be prevented by every-day use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment for all itcure purposes.

A.D.C., indicating two hundred grim, black mouths, muzzling skyward, "are the guns we took."

The guns have been taken in many poses. Aeroplane photographs have made them familiar to the public, but no picture speaks like the sullen silence of these Hun monsters who will raven no more. They are of all sizes from machine guns to super-howitzers. Two-thirds of the bag fell to the Canadians, but the biggest one of all was the prize of the Australians.

I pointed it out to Lieut. Watt, whose local pride was nettled. "Sheer luck," he snorted. "It happened to be on their side of the railway track."

All captured guns are now under the management of a Trophies Commission whose duties will be largely simplified by the cards that Tommy leaves behind. "The Forty-Second Ontario took this," "Property of the 10th Royal," "This goes to Toronto," and similar instructions crisp and to the point. The one thing that will not happen to captured guns is to be beaten into ploughshares or other warful objects. They will salt the earth with their messages. Every littlest town in the whole white world that fought for democracy will claim one for an ornament and a shrine, to tell the remotest ages what was done in the Great War and who did it. Somewhere about the middle of the battlefield we glimpsed a mired tank.

"Good ground for tanks here," Lieut. Watt explained, "but that fellow struck a soft spot." "Soft spot! Well, rather! Pow, pow. Behemots had simply wallowed into it, smoot down, tall up,—like a plesiosaurus burrowing! It had died a hard death too—all red, blistered, shell term. The tank crews work for twelve hours at a stretch in a temperature of 120 degrees plus petrol fumes so overpowering that men not fully trained could be rendered unconscious in two hours. As it is they are often lifted out unconscious at the end of their day's trick, with their skins as black as coal. They are real salamanders, the tank crew, but even a salamander can't stand up to a German battery, pumping salvos of five pounce nine at point blank range.

Poor old behemoth has got his. I judged from his remains that he received more than one direct hit fair in the bowels, and that the bean fellows inside have been burned to a crisp. Your tank may be a little better than the wooden horse of Troj, but it's no boudoir at that. "How about the whippet?" I asked. "Is it true that a whippet can catch up with a German colonel, galloping hell for leather, and flatten him out like a pancake?" "That sounds wide," said Lieut. Watt, "but some of these German colonels have damned good horses. I should say that the whippet story wasn't more than twelve miles behind the truth."

There had been hard fighting at this spot, and a neat little graveyard of white crosses looked like the harvest. "No," said Lieut. Watt, "these were the German lines for a year, and naturally they developed a little graveyard of their own. There's always a certain number of sudden deaths in the trenches you know. Our own fellows are tucked in further back. All the battle did to this graveyard was to unbury it. "Of course," he added, "we covered them up again. We didn't like to see the poor fellows staring defeat in the face. Besides, they smelt worse than they looked."

And this is the story of every grave in every battlefield. There is no rest for the weary! The dead do not win peace. After life's fitful fever their slumber is more fitful still. At Belcourt we came across our first ruined village—a rubble heap, brick slide, a grey and leprous chaos. Here and there a wall stood up—the ribs of a once happy home. Half the church was gone, but what was left spoke vitely of what the Huns do to churches when they are in a playful mood. They have stabled their horses in it—they had polluted two high altars with unnameable filthiness.

The Cure had once had an orchard and a garden, but the Cure's orchard and the Cure's garden had met the fate of all orchards and gardens in the war zone. The trees, blasted by high explosives, were the livid hue of lying faces. Their naked branches agonized to heaven. Convulsed with pain they had given up the ghost. The torments of their wounds had been more than human.

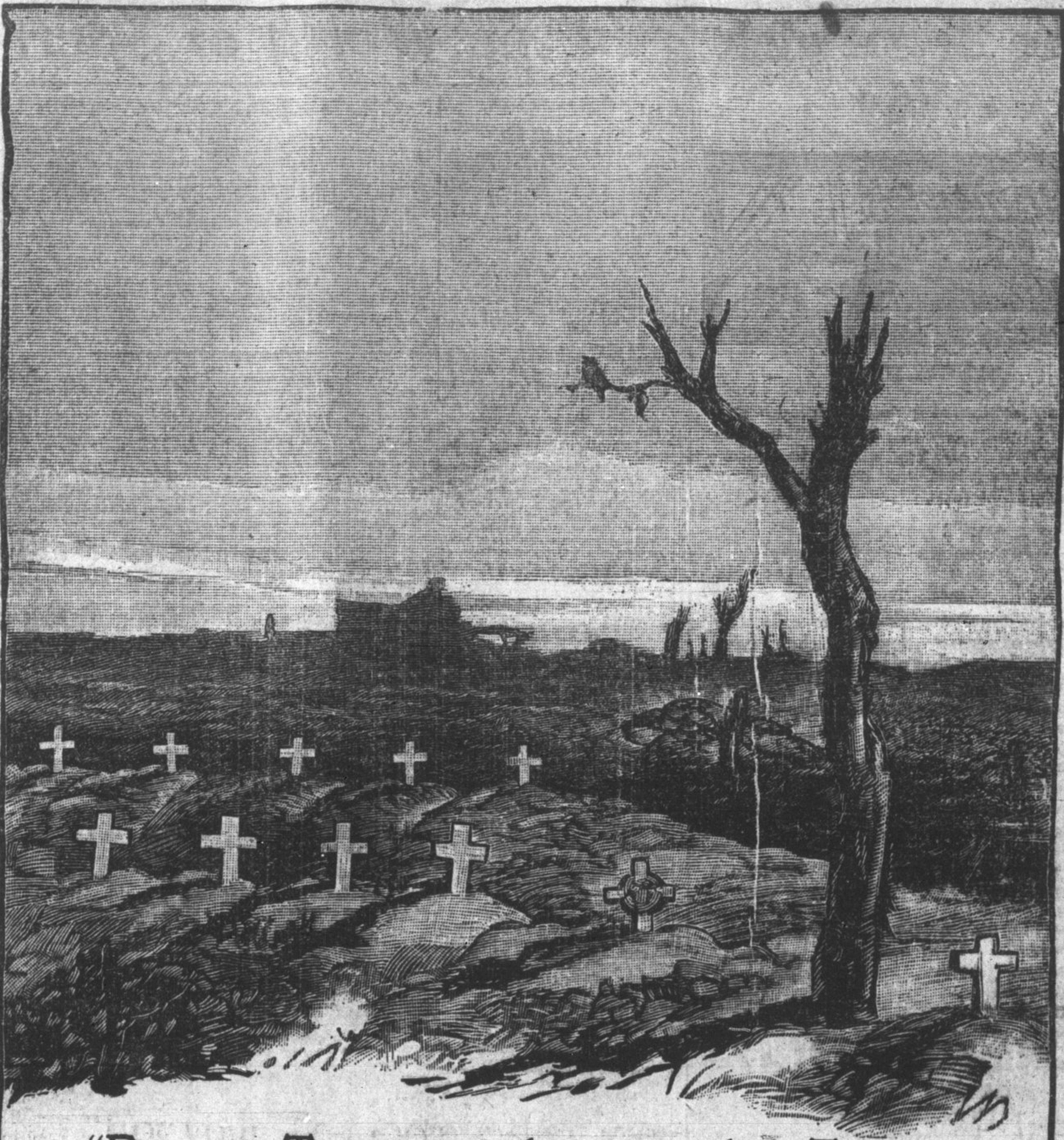
The garden was a trodden mass of battle litter—old boots, old tins, old bottles, old shells—those flowers of evil. But over against the south wall was one little bush and that one little bush flouted a challenge to the sky, a red rose—a Marechal Nell. If I know my roses. A French colonel pondered it sadly.

"A red rose, Monsieur," he said, "not a white one. No flag of peace. Oh, you brave little flower!" And he patted the rose as it were a gallant comrade who had just won the Croix de Guerre.

"Sloot!" muttered Lieut. Watt, who perhaps did not see as far into the French colonel's heart as an older man might. "Next summer," I said, "the Cure will be back in his garden and the rose will have company."

"Please God, yes," said the colonel, raising his cap to his prayers. "I will be back in a nice town," said Lieut. Watt, edging away from sentiment. "I had a rest billet here once. The girls were very pretty and the band played every night except Sunday."

Where are those pretty girls now? Prayers on the charity of France. Sadler than that—perhaps.



"For your To-morrow they gave their To-day"

(Inscribed on a cross in Flanders)

And we who live in tranquillity amid all the comforts of peace and plenty, knowing little of sacrifice, nothing at all of fear of death or violence—are we worthy of the sacrifices those crosses in Flanders mutely remind us of?

Are we doing our duty to our noble dead—those gallant, high-souled boys who interposed their bodies against the assault upon civilization by brutalized might?

Are we living, thinking and acting as people for whom great things are being done, tremendous sacrifices made? Are we accepting in a proper spirit of humility the

bloody sacrifices and the agonies of the battlefields; the sorrows and heart aches of Canadian mothers, wives and sisters whose loved ones lie beneath the poppies in Flanders?

Do we realize that we, each one of us, as individuals have a personal share and interest in the issue for which our boys fight, bleed and die in France.

If we do realize this, then our duty is clear—a duty to ourselves, our country, our glorious fighters, and our heroic dead—to help by every means in our power to bring Victory for our boys in battle.

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all the sudden miscellany of an enemy in swift retreat. Watt, as being once a bombing officer, had to dissect the flares and the other little shells to see how they worked from the inside. I once read a book called Helen's Babes, and those babies were forever taking things apart to see "how the wheels go round." One of those babies, grown to young man's estate, is Lieut. Watt, A.D.C., who will have his head blown off some day through his insatiable curiosity. I declined with thanks his offer of several grenades and bombs "with the stingers taken out"—I have no wish to become an arsenal—but I accepted a German helmet and a German bayonet in be-

The German helmet is camouflaged in brown and green. It is the latest style in German helmets—the nickel-haube with the glittering spike on top having been discarded long ago as a dangerous clue for the enemy. It is a heavy helmet—perhaps five pounds before a battle and a hundred pounds when in flight—and it is awkward to wear. Our own helmet has it beaten forty ways, being light, comfortable, and not unsightly. The best thing about this German helmet is the dint in the spot where the Hun forehead would naturally be. It is our idea of a safe democracy didn't kill him outright it at least knocked hard at the front door of his intellect. I work many of

down pots outside our field hospitals and swung in chains they make neat containers for geraniums and such a sweeter sort of Kultur than anything those helmets harbored before. German shells, searching the woods to our right, cut our visit to the salient dump short. It was plain that Fritz knew just about where his lost goods were and he didn't wait us pawing them over. Not wishing to imitate him, I suggested that on our way to Roseries, where was a metal dump which Heine had left behind on his way back to Hunland. The metal dump was a curious collection—crucifixes, alarm clocks, church bells, horse shoes, old stoves—everything malleable for miles

of material. How the treasures of that metal dump—now in the hands of the foe—had advertised from time to time with a big shell. About every ten minutes he would wallop one over just to show that he parted with that metal dump with the greatest reluctance. One half the house which sheltered the metal dump having taken fire, and a thoroughly dead German under a rubbish heap in a corner doing his best to make the place even more disagreeable, I called a halt to further research and started back for dinner.

Our motor—Sambour—that a name for a ray of hope that goes back on you—seized this opportunity to puncture a tire. Sayers was all for minutes, he said—but into four miles of front line to go and the vesper strafe closing in, I decided that we could wait—or if necessary go on on the rim. Which was done accordingly—but that is another story. At all events it was a tidy battlefield, and by now it must be safe enough to visit. But don't eat your pie with it's smoking. As a shell whined overhead I happened to say to Lieut. Watt, "This war isn't healthy, is it?" "Well," replied that militant young philosopher, "if you come to the front you've got to pay frontage." The man who takes up jobs of room in a street car may not occupy