

WITH A FIELD AMBULANCE AT YPRES

From there I rode on to the little town of Estaires, where I found several great gaps in the church roof, as the Germans had been shelling it during the night. No sooner had I entered the place than I saw that something was afoot, for every one was running towards the market place. When I arrived there I was just in time to see a great spectacle. The square was lined with French soldiers in their picturesque blue tunics and red breeches, with fixed bayonets; here and there were British staff officers; on the balconies and at the windows there was a sea of faces; while over everything there hung a general air of expectation. Suddenly, away *in the distance, could be heard the sound* of marching feet, and as the sound grew nearer a great hush fell upon the waiting multitude, till round the corner of the square came a column of men, bedraggled, covered with mud from head to foot, many of them wounded with heads swathed in bloody bandages and arms suspended in slings; some dejected, others apathetic, but all utterly weary with the weariness of defeat. It was a column of four hundred German prisoners, captured that morning at Neuve Chapelle. On each side marched