



Dooley (in captured German trench): "Can you read that, Jim?"

Jim (late Champion Cornet Player): "Nope, but I think I could play it!"

By Frederick Garnett

IN BAILLEUL (March 17, 1916)

BAILLEUL is old and not beautiful. Its streets are narrow and its squares are treeless. One can imagine it as being exceedingly stuffy and commonplace in times of peace. When approached from the north it lures one with an irregular and romantic silhouette which promises vague delights—the adventures, the relaxations, the frivolity, and comforts of a city. Alas! these things are not realised here. This is not a city. Yet Bailleul has been in close touch with romance and history for hundreds of years. Centuries ago it was laid siege to by an English Army. I cannot be more definite in this matter of the siege, as the only books near enough to hand for immediate reference are a Field Service

Pocket Book and an English-French Dictionary.

Once upon a time the Three Musketeers rode through Bailleul, clattering over the pavé at a rate that no conscientious A.P.M. would permit nowadays. The old town continues to stand dull and treeless in the midst of history and romance.

On the afternoon of March 17, 1916, in the square across which the converted Hôtel de Ville faces an unconverted and musty hostelry, a French General was ceremoniously received by a Canadian General of equal rank, a French guard of honour was met by a Canadian guard of honour of equal strength, French and Canadian brass bands performed,