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HERE AND THERE IN BELGIUM

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ETCHINGS BY DOROTHY STEVENS

IT was in Dieppe that the spirit moved us to go to Bruges, a place seemingly not far away, if one followed the coast-line on the map. The voice of the spirit must have been loud indeed, for it moved us in spite of the tremendous difficulties that railway transportation put in our way. For it was made clear that the quickest route was to return to London and re-cross the channel to Ostend. We elected to take the only other way left open to us, and this necessitated our spending the night in Paris. The attractions of that city were such that we missed our train, and another day, as well as all our cash, was spent, but at last we arrived at Bruges, in the rain, tired and bedraggled, only to find that our baggage had been left on the frontier. It is true that when we passed the boundary, two individuals in cocked hats had opened the door of our compartment and addressed us volubly in Flemish, but we had paid little attention and had refused to obey their gesticulations and leave the comfort-

able seclusion of the train. However, luggage has a habit of turning up in times of peace, so we sighed to think we had never overcome our objection to hand luggage, and made our way to *L'Aigle d'Or*, where mine host himself took our shoes to be dried by the kitchen fire and brought us afternoon tea and a delicious confection called *biscuit de Bruges*.

We leaned out of our window and looked into the rain-splashed square. I, the scribe, was somewhat depressed at its appearance, but the etcher wanted to get to work at once, for directly opposite was the famous belfry that has watched over the square for six hundred years. This fact, extracted from my guide-book, cheered me. I was also pleased to learn that the bronze gentlemen on the monument beneath us were Peter de Connick, dean of the Guild of Weavers, and John Breidel, dean of the Guild of Butchers, who roused the citizens of Bruges on the famous occasion known at Bruges Matins, and killed two thousand Frenchmen.