

WITH A FIELD AMBULANCE AT YPRES

pelle has, of course, been desperate in the extreme, and during the last three days an incessant stream of wounded has been pouring through this dressing-station. Several of our officers have, therefore, been detailed to assist the ambulance people who were ready to drop in their places from utter exhaustion, and we started on our duties this morning.

The whole training of a medical man tends to inure him to unpleasant sights and smells, but I must confess that we needed all our training this morning. The dressing-station was formerly a school, and every room was so packed with wounded, lying on stretchers on the floor, that it was with the greatest difficulty that we could move about. It was literally almost impossible to put your foot down without treading on a wounded man. The condition of the wounds was indescribable, for many of them were two days old, and during that time the wounded men had simply lain out on the battlefield, the furious fighting rendering the evacuation of casualties an impossibility. In this country of heavily-manured soil every wound becomes septic at once, and unless treated thoroughly it soon swarms with the mi-