

WITH A FIELD AMBULANCE AT YPRES

the British escort, also mudstained and weary, but plainly the conquerors. It was a sight to stir the imagination. But the populace behaved splendidly. Not a murmur or groan was to be heard from those French people, who had cause to hate the name of German more bitterly than anything else on earth. The moment the prisoners had passed a magnificent procession of British lancers clattered up the street on their way to Neuve Chapelle. There were six or seven hundred of them, with maxims in the rear, and the contrast to the jaded Germans was dramatic in the extreme. I rode in the rear of the lancers, and soon we met horse-ambulances filled with wounded Indians, then a small body of Highlanders, then some French cavalry, then a battery of Canadian field artillery. Truly life is not dull at present.

March 13, 1915.

The lancers and artillery riding out to the firing line is one side of war. To-day I have seen the other side, for I have spent the greater part of the day at a dressing-station attending to the wounded who were being brought in straight from the trenches. The fighting at Neuve Cha-