

ABEELE

Frontier village partly in France and partly in Belgium, on the main road from Cassel to Ypres, and about half-way between Steenvoorde and Poperinghe.

Special features—Speed limit, the limit.

ARMENTIERES

A very ancient city on the river Lys. In Roman days *Armentarium* was an agricultural centre and cattle market of importance. During the Middle Ages it earned fame and prosperity by its woollens. Before the war, the population of Armentieres and suburbs was over 50,000. In the autumn of 1914 the Boche left the city and took up a more eligible rural residence upon some hills in front of Lille. Ever since, Armentieres has formed a salient in the German line and has shared with other salients the privilege of being shelled from several sides. There is nothing in Armentieres of superlative beauty and interest, either from an artistic or historical point of view, a fact which has probably saved it from sharing the fate of Ypres or Rheims. The Boche might easily have completely wrecked it, but he has not, and the most cruel part of it is that even those whom he has spared so generously do not love him one little bit.

Special features—Ecole Professionnelle and *Lucienne*.

BAILLEUL

An ancient market town eight miles south of Poperinghe. The oldest monument in Bailleul is the Town Hall. Its belfry was built in the sixteenth century, when Bailleul was under Soanish rule, but the lower chamber dates back to the twelfth century. The church of St. Vaast is gothic and has one of the finest pulpits in Flanders; it was built in the early years of the sixteenth century. St. Amand, or the Jesuits' church, was built a little later, and, although less ornate, is equally interesting. There is in Bailleul a very large asylum for mad women; when he came in the late summer of 1914, the playful Hun let loose all the unfortunate inmates, but he did not remain to enjoy the tragic results of his kultur.

Special features—Very fine antique furniture (Museum) and *Tina* (Cafe du Nord).

SOMEWHERE IN FLANDERS

(By A. L. S.)

BOESCHEPE

One of the most justly cursed villages in Flanders. It lies on the railway from Ypres to Bruges on the Ypres-Furnes canal. It is about two-and-half miles north of Ypres by the bloody road which runs alongside the canal, and where the aforesaid road is crossed by an equally gory one leading from Elveringhe to Langemarck.

CASSEL

An ancient city built upon the highest hill in Flanders. It was the most advanced stronghold that the



Lieut.-General the Hon. Sir Julian Byng,
K.C.B., K.C.M.G., C.B., M.V.O.

Romans held in the country of the Menapii, and the best roads today which lead to and from Cassel were built by the Romans

Special features—The Casino.

DICKEBUSCH

Once a charming rural summer resort, close to Ypres; particularly popular among the industrial classes from the manufacturing towns of the Lys valley. Its greatest attractions were its lake, the work of Robert de Bethune, who dug it in 1320 to supply Ypres with drinking water, and

the eelpies, which were the specialite of the "Vijverhuis."

Special features—The Huts.

HAZEBROUCK

An important market town and railway junction which wakes up every Monday (market day).

METEREN

A village on the main Dunkirk-Lille road. Three nave red brick church with curious carved beams (sixteenth century) and nonagenarian parish priest.

Special features—M.T.

OUDERDOM

A few houses, mostly estaminets, where the Vlamertinghe-Reninghelst road crosses the road from Poperinghe to Dickebusch.

Special features—Coal.

PLOEGSTEERT

Once a peaceful village near a charming wood, the favorite courting rendezvous of romantic lovers. Robbed by the war of its peace, charm, romance and lovers, it became a fashionable rendezvous for members of British and Overseas Suicide Clubs

PONT DE NIEPPE

An industrial suburb of Armentieres.

Special features—Bathes and Vaseline.

POPERINGHE

A quiet market town on the main road from Cassel to Ypres. For some months after he had to leave it in a hurry, the Boche was kind to it; the old place was more animated, lively and gay than it had been for centuries past. British and French troops met and made merry in Pop; maidens were fair and kind; brewers worked overtime. Then the Boche turned nasty; he pushed down a few houses and let in an abundance of fresh air in others. Well-to-do inhabitants, colleges, hospitals and monasteries vacated excellent billets where many less fastidious people soon made themselves quite comfortable. Ever since, the flow and ebb of the khaki tide has swept Poperinghe night and day, regardless of the Boche's titful strafing, and neither the three venerable old churches nor its three-score noisy estaminets have ever

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