

Kipling Among the Wrecks of War.
BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

Crich, the orderly, sat on a campstool cheering Parker, who lay suspiciously quiet. Parker had come from Queensland, via New Jersey, among other places, and the registered voters of Colesberg had shot him across the spine below the shoulders. "My stomach's a trifle out of order," said Parker cheerily. "They can't get it to work. Except for that I don't feel there's anything wrong with me."

Crich looked at me to signify it would be better for Parker if he had a little more feeling. "We're comin' on beautifully, ain't we?" said Crich, and Parker nodded. "I'm the last o' four—all spinal cases—all in this tent, too!" said Parker. "I've seen 'em all go, and here am I hangin' on by my finger-nails. They all went, didn't they?" "Yes," said Crich, his braces round his hips, "an' they all called for me 'fore they went. 'Member Tommy?"

Parker smiled. Sir Philip Sydney smiled very much in that fashion. "Oh, yes. I was on special allowance of brandy, but Tommy, he always looked for a little of mine in his lemonade. Couldn't speak much, but he used to roll his eyes to my bed. Tommy liked his tot o' brandy and lemonade. When did he go, Crich?"

"Yes'day afternoon. You was asleep, Parker. He said, 'Crich, old man, where are you?' he said. 'Right here, in front o' you,' I says, and I went up to 'im, 'cause I knew what was coming. 'I can't see you, Crich,' he says. Then I laid 'old of his arms in my two 'ands. 'That's better,' he says. 'If I can't see you I can feel you,' he says. 'Don't let go, Crich,' he says, and in a minute or two he was off, as quiet as anything. You was asleep, Parker. Oh! yes, they all asked for old Crich to take 'old of when they went off. Parker's goin' to best the lot of 'em." This to me. "Last o' four spinal cases, he is, and he's goin' to Netley, an' he'll be all right in a few weeks. 'Ave some more tomatas, Parker?"

The giant turned his head and raised an arm. He could not quite reach the tomatoes. Crich stepped across the tent, lavishly douched the cut fruit with oil and vinegar, and exhibited Parker in the act of eating.

Then Parker talked of real estate speculations in Orange, N. J., and stock-raising in Queensland, Crich supplying an ever appreciative chorus. I watched the superbly built body, so all alive to the chest line, so all dead below, and it seemed to me unfair that nervous anxiety to make Cape Colony a "little haven of peace" had led a "neutral government" to postpone the ordinary preparations for war till the Colesberg rebels (all registered voters, remember) could conveniently mangle Parker's spinal cord. I laid it upon Crich, the hairy-chested and adequate, that Parker must not die, and Crich, hopefully hopeless, said, out of Parker's hearing, that he would do his damndest.

That was some weeks ago. I have seen Parker twice or thrice since, but today his bed is empty. He has bested the registered voter of Colesberg, all the young doctors who prophesied death, and Crich, who couldn't see any other way out of it.

He has gone home in a steamer to Netley, with the chance of living, half dead, for a year or two, and the ghost of a chance that he may partially recover. This is a load off my mind. For some absurd reason Parker was my war fetish. He held on through the black days ere Ladysmith was relieved; he heard of Cronje's surrender; and now, at Madeira, he will learn that Bloemfontein is his and ours.

The war goes better. With Parker and Bobbsfontein disposed of we can attend to the hospitals. Dinness, the light-moustached sergeant-major of a horse battery, has gone away, but not before he saved the lives of three or four depressed and morbid by his cheerfulness and his yarns.

Dinness has six and twenty years' service. He refused his majority 11 years ago because he was not in his beloved battery, and he is an encyclopaedia of military knowledge—the unofficial brand. I heard him tell his tent confidentially that if he had known what sort of a silly sort of war this war was going to turn out he would have retired on his laurels early in October.

He caught something at Magersfontein which has kept him in bed for a few weeks, but now he is at the front again. He was more or less in charge of the horse battery, out of pure politeness, stood still to take the Boer fire when our naval gun on the left of the line did not see the flag of truce, went on firing, and brought down a fresh Boer fusillade.

Said Dinness:—"Of course, we sat tight, to show it was a mistake, but the shells made our horses skittish, so I said:—'Send a driver to their heads. They're a little shy.' I looked round, an' there weren't any drivers! D'you know what they were doin'? Chasin' rats round a bush! Yiss! Rat huntin' under fire. On my word, I don't believe drivers have souls. No, not one!"

"Were they cockneys, by any chance, Dinness?" I asked.

"Ye may say so. We come from St. John's Wood, London, N."

The tent and the orderlies grieved when

Dinness left, for he had great authority and most persuasive tact. Now, Derby, of the Inniskillings, had no authority. He lived on his tongue and his skill in outflanking orderlies. Derby got it badly in the leg and hopped like a cockrobin in scarlet flannel between the tents. He was marked for England, and the day before he sailed all Rondebosch was too small for his transports.

A visitor came by with pipes and tobacco for the men, and Derby steered him toward a convalescent. "Do you want to buy a pipe?" said Derby, with a serious face. "They're only three-pence, and the baccy's one an' three pence a stick. It's dirt cheap." The convalescent fingered the stock and demanded cigarettes. "I'm sorry," said Derby, "but we're sold out of cigarettes. If you'll give your order, maybe this man will—" Then the convalescent tumbled to the jest, and Derby had to run for it all between the tent pegs. There should be lively times on Derby's boat home, but he is the kindest of souls to an invalid.

The twins are rot on their feet yet. They are both Australians, both have broken legs, they lie side by side, their legs in slings, and one loyally caps the other's tallest yarn. A few days back talked turned on what black fellows could do with a boomerang.

A Fusilier cut to pieces with barbed wire, a Ninth Lancer, and a West Yorkshire man told the twins to draw it mild. Sticks could not twist and turn in that way. It was as absurd as the word Woolloomooloo. Entered then from another tent convalescent Rae, of Manitoba, hit down at Singer's or Arundel.

Rae said he did not understand boomerangs, but things could be made to curve in the air, for all the Ninth Lancer said. For instance, there was a game called base ball. Rae illustrated with his sound arm how a pitcher sends in a curved ball, and the twins, applauding, welcomed him as an ally. They had a file of Australians papers with pictures of boomerangs. Would the Ninth Lancer please get them out from the shelf and they would explain?

So, under the pines planted in South Africa by men from the north, Welshmen, tyke, cockney, and Canadian bent their heads over a Melbourne weekly, while a Queenslandier read the letter-press.

Johnson, of a Highland regiment—he looked very like Alan Break—had tried to stop a shell splinter with his stomach, and it cost him eight weeks' agony. The first time we met he walked crab fashion, his blue eyes alight with pain. Hear, O heaven, and bear witness, O earth, that there was no more South Africa for Johnson and his stomach! A fortnight later we sat in the sun with a whispering guardsman, half of whose larynx had been put out of commission by a down-dropping bullet.

But Johnson was a changed man. He had developed a scheme, and explained it as he sat grasping his ankles and rocking to and fro. They were going to send him to Green Point with other convalescents. The odds were they would send him home, and that did not suit Johnson's revised book. "I'm a saddler by trade. They'll not miss the likes of me when they're repairing collars and harness. I'll not be sent home till the war is over—if I can help it. Surely they'll need a collarmaker. Then I'll be able to get back again."

He went off to draw his kit, walking corkily, and the guardsman whispered husky congratulations.

But there is no spring in McConnell, sergeant of another Highland regiment—nothing but sour disgust. He got it in the hand, round Paardeberg, a rending, shattering bullet, that has marked him for England. And there is what is left of his company to consider, and there is his unpaid debt to the Boer, drawing interest every day, and there is his right hand throbbing and aching in the night watches. His chief interest is the daily paper and the list of the Boer dead. He lies in his corner, smoking, brooding, and meditating how to escape England. But his hand—his right hand, with the iron hard forearm—is useless. He always comes back to that.

Not far from him lies Carter, who went down hill by reason of a fractured thigh and some fever.

Then he got bed sores—two, he told me—and then they got him an air mattress. Carter came near to losing his life, but the story in the ward is that Needle, a graceless Cockney Highlander, bucked him up, precisely as Dinness bucked up the man shot through the lungs.

Anyhow, Carter is spared, which is a sign of grace, and they have taken him out for a small walk in a wheeled chair. "He was kep' askin' us all the way up hill if he was too heavy," said one of Carter's steeds—a convalescent with a head wound. "Well, you see, it's voluntary, not compulsory, takin' convalescents out," says Carter, rather tremulous about the mouth.

"You don't weigh more'n a rat now," is the answer, and then, the voice touched with beautiful tenderness, "Did ye like it, 'Arry'?" Did he like it? After three months he has seen trees and sunshine, and felt the big sky above him. He picked up the good dirt of the earth and let it run through his fingers. Now he is going to sleep.

Don't Chide the Children.



Don't scold the little ones if the bed is wet in the morning. It isn't the child's fault. It is suffering from a weakness of the kidneys and bladder, and weak kidneys need strengthening—that's all. You can't afford to risk delay. Neglect may entail a lifetime of suffering and misery.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

strengthen the kidneys and bladder, then all trouble is at an end.
Mrs. E. Kidner, a London, Ont., mother, living at 429 Grey St., says:
"My little daughter, six years old, has had weak kidneys since birth. Last February I got a box of Doan's Kidney Pills at Strong's drug store. Since taking them she has had no more kidney trouble of any kind. I gladly make this statement because of the benefit my child has received from this medicine."

Just what the good, helpful church member is in church he is at home, with an open heart and an open hand, never content unless his friends are coming and going, never angry unless they will not stay and have a meal with him, never so full of joy as when he is doing a good turn, or going over old days with those to whom he is bound by a hundred ties of kindly words and deeds. As he has dealt with all men, strangers and friends alike, in his church and in his house, so will God deal by him, and for him we may feel sure there will be a hospitable welcome waiting where the churches of earth have changed into Our Father's House. —Ian Maclaren in the Ladies Home Journal.

You Cannot Secure Health, Strength And Happiness Until You Use PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND.

A HOME MEDICINE THAT MEETS THE MOST URGENT CASES.

Reliable! Prompt! Effective!

If up to the present you have failed to get rid of nervousness, sleeplessness, dyspepsia, heart palpitation and unsightly skin diseases that arise from impure blood, it is because you have not used Paine's Celery Compound.

What this greatest of all modern medicines has done for sufferers in your condition may be learned from your friends and neighbors who have been made well by it.

The discoverer of Paine's Celery Compound was no idle theorist. Prof. Edward E. Phelps, M. D., L. L. D., of Dartmouth Medical College, had positive proof of the great virtues of his wonderful discovery before he offered Paine's Celery Compound to his fellow practitioners and to the public.

For absolute reliability in banishing obstinate diseases from the system there is nothing that approaches Paine's Celery Compound. At this season of the year it should be used by everyone who is trying to get rid of nerve and blood diseases, dyspepsia, neuralgia, rheumatism and liver and kidney troubles. If you desire a certain and rapid cure, take nothing less than Paine's Celery Compound.

There is nothing harder for a young mother than to find herself suddenly so placed that she is unable to come and go freely, as was her wont in the early married days before the baby came, while the father comes and goes as ever, and is not tied down at all. The father must be very patient and sympathetic while the mother adjusts herself to this new life of hers, as a sweet woman soon will learn to do, for if he is thoughtless here he is planting seeds of failure which will grow to gigantic proportions. He must keep in touch with the mother in these days, that they may walk together later, and all though even to the end.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Casket of Pearls—Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets would prove a far greater solace to the disheartened dyspeptic if he would but test their potency. They're veritable gems in preventing the seating of stomach disorders, by aiding and stimulating digestion—60 of these health "pearls" in a box—and they cost 35 cents—tested by the people—recommended by most eminent physicians—sure and pure.—Sold by Garden Bros.

When you have anything to say to a male say it to his face.

THE MODERN MOTHER AND HER SON.
She is Too Busy Setting the World Right to Teach Him Great Truths

"A man learns his politics and opinions from his father and other men, but his religion from his mother." Writes An American Mother in the Ladies' Home Journal. "No vicious manhood can quite kill the faith which sprang up in his soul when he knelt, a little child, at her knee every night, or was hushed to sleep on her breast while she sang 'that sweet story of old, when Jesus was here among men.' In earlier times in this country a mother had little work outside of her house and children. She watched her boy day and night to keep him near to God and out of the devil's clutches. It was she who told him of the Babe and the Cross out of the old Book which lay on the table beside her bed. He saw her turn to it when she was happy, when she was wretched, when she was old and dying. So it came that there was nothing so near to God in that man's eyes as his mother, her bible and her Saviour. But that woman is long ago dead and buried. The modern mother talks of her as of some coarse animal whose innober life was starved out in a cage. Her own feet are set in a large room. Her horizon takes in the world. She manages political caucuses, civic affairs, countless domestic and foreign missions. Art, literature, society and helpless humanity claim her. She rises every morning knowing that a botched old world is waiting for her to set it right."

Worms, these pests of childhood can be readily destroyed and expelled by the use of Dr. Low's Worm Syrup. It is easy to take and contains its own purgative.

CHILDREN OF THE SLUMS.
Depraved Even Before the Baby Lisp Has Left Their Lips.

"Perhaps what I have seen of child-life in the slums has made upon my heart the deepest scars," writes Mrs. Ballington Booth, in the Ladies' Home Journal. "Poor little scraps of humanity, sick, puny and deformed, or what was even worse still, vile and evil in word and disposition before the baby ecvils had left their words! The streets swarmed with them, playing, quarrelling, fighting amid the jostling crowd and traffic until late into the night, and the houses were full of little figures that slept on the floor or crouched in the corners to get away from the drunken and brutal, who delight in abusing the weak. In summer, Death's angel mows them down through the hot season as the scythe cuts the flowers amid the hay, and it has often seemed to me that on such a mission his black robes vanish and he is a veritable angel of light."

Lord Roberts' Sole Aim Now is to Bring the War to an End.

LONDON, May 20.—Mr. Spenser Wilkinson, in reviewing the situation in South Africa for the Associated Press, at midnight, says: "The relief of Mafeking relieves Lord Roberts of an embarrassment. It was probably necessary for him to move north from Bloemfontein a little before he was quite ready in order that his pressure on the Boers should prevent their re-inforcing the besiegers or detaching largely to resist the relief columns. He has now nothing to consider, but the means of ending the war."

"It is a mere matter of time."
"Whether the Boers stand south of the Vaal, on the Vaal, at Pretoria or at Lydenburg, they must be crushed, for they have only between 20,000 and 30,000 men, and Lord Roberts will have, counting his own column and those of Gens. Rundle, Buller, Hunter and Methuen, not less than 90,000 men, all of whom shortly will be ready to invade the Transvaal positions."

"At the date of the first telegrams received Lord Roberts was at Kroonstadt with his mounted troops spread out some 40 or 50 miles on either flank; Gen Rundle was at Clooclan ready to move on to Ficksburg and drive back the Free Staters, who in diminished numbers still hold the field; Hunter at Fourteen Streams, with his advance guard at Ingogo, a day's march in the rear."

"Gen. Buller's advance to Laing's Nek unopposed is important, for it shows that the Boers are demoralized, and possibly means that Gen. Buller will get thru the mountains into the Transvaal without opposition, in which case no resistance can be made to him before he reaches Heidelberg or Middleburg."

Massage for Crow's Feet.

Those depressions which mar the inner angle of the eye, hollowing the eye's cavity and running toward the ear, are entirely induced by illness or impoverishment of the nervous system. Massage for this is an absolute necessity. Here is a receipt for their treatment, which, carefully and patiently followed, is unfailing as a remedy. It is known as wrinkle cream.

Spermaceti, one ounce; white wax, one ounce; oil of almonds, four ounces; rosewater, four ounces. As the mixture melts beat very thoroughly and pour into jars. Massage into the skin night and morning with an upward movement of the thumb and fingers. Do not pierce, but with a gradual, gentle fingering induce warmth of the muscles and tissue. They respond by absorbing the nourishing cream, the oil in which feeds the skin, while

the wax gives it firmness and hardens the relaxed tissues.

Wet a fine sponge in warm milk mixed with as much rosewater. Press the sponge to the crow's feet five minutes. Re-moisten and press again, letting the mixture dry on the skin. Lint soaked in hot milk and rosewater and bound on the tracks or on the entire face will lessen the wrinkles, take out impressions of weariness and freshen up the skin wonderful.

For a stiff Neck.
Everyone who has experienced the usual result of sitting in a draught knows how unbecoming and painful a stiff neck is. Unless remedies are applied it is often several days before the head can be held straight without discomfort. The following simple remedies are worth trying: Wringing a sponge or piece of flannel out of boiling water and apply to the neck, covering it with a bath towel to keep the steam from escaping; continue the fomentations for about half an hour, and after drying the neck have it gently and thoroughly rubbed with a liniment made according to the directions given below, and then let it be wrapped round with a piece of flannel. Twice or three times in the day will not be too often to apply the remedies. For the liniment mix together one ounce of turpentine, half an ounce of camphorated spirits, and half a pint of vinegar; then add to the ingredients one well-beaten egg, and pour the liquid into a bottle and shake from twenty to thirty minutes; cork the liniment, and it will be ready for use.—Ledger.

The Westminster Gazette has reproduced a passage from a speech delivered by Daniel O'Connell (the Liberator) at Brandon on November 5th, 1839, on the eve of the marriage of the present Queen. He said:—

"We must be—we are—loyal to our young and lovely Queen. . . . We must be—we are—attached to the throne, and to the lovely being by whom it is filled. She is going to be married (tremendous cheering on the part of the ladies). I wish she may have as many children as my grandmother had—twenty-two. I am a father, and a grandfather, and in the face of heaven I pray with as much honesty and fervor for Queen Victoria as I do for any one of my own progeny. . . . Oh! if I be not greatly mistaken, I'd get, in one day, 500,000 brave Irishmen to defend the life, the honor, and the person of the beloved young lady by whom England's throne is now filled. Let every man in the vast and multitudinous assembly stretched out before me, who is loyal to the Queen, and would defend her to the last, lift up the right hand."

It is interesting to read that the whole assembly responded to the appeal amidst great applause.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

District Passenger Agent's Office,
St. John, N. B., May 9, 1900.
NATIONAL BAPTIST CONVENTION OF CANADA.
WINNIPEG, MAN.
July 5th to 13th, 1900.

For the National Gathering of the Baptists of Canada very liberal arrangements have been completed by the Canadian Pacific Ry. The educational advantages of a trip to Winnipeg, situated in the centre of the Great Canadian Northwest wheat district is well worth all the expense of the journey. The following is an outline of the railway arrangements:—

RATE.—Delegates, wives of delegates and daughters of delegates are to be issued one way first class tickets to Winnipeg at one way lowest first class fare and standard railway convention certificates to be furnished therewith.

GOING DATES.—Tickets to be sold good to go June 26th to July 5th, inclusive, to be limited not good after July 8th.

RETURN TRIP.—Certificates must be signed in Winnipeg by the Secretary of the Convention and on surrender to agent tickets to be issued back to original starting point good till August 15th, as under. If route to Winnipeg has been via all rail, ticket to return the same route to be issued free, or, if desired, ticket to return via Lake route to be issued on payment of \$4.50. If route to Winnipeg has been via Lake, ticket to return the same route to be issued on payment of \$9.00, or, if desired, ticket to return via rail to be issued on payment of \$4.50.

The one way first class limited all rail rates to Winnipeg from the principal points in the Maritime Provinces are as follows:—
St. Stephen, N. B. \$50.50
Woodstock, N. B. 51.00
Fredericton, N. B. 51.20
St. John, N. B. 50.50
Moncton, N. B. 50.50
Truro, N. S. 54.00
Pictou, N. S. 54.75
North Sydney, C. B. 57.55
Halifax, N. S., via I. C. 55.00
Halifax, N. S., via D. A. R. 53.50
Wolfville, N. S., via D. A. R. 53.50
Yarmouth, N. S. 51.50
New Glasgow, N. S. 54.75
Cost of double berth in palace sleeper Moncton to St. John to Montreal \$2.50, Montreal to Winnipeg \$8.00, or double berth in Tourist Sleeper Montreal to Winnipeg \$4.00.

SIDE TRIPS FROM WINNIPEG TO KOOTENAY AND PACIFIC COAST POINTS.

The Canadian Pacific is arranging to give delegates round trip tickets to Kootenay and Pacific Coast point at rate of single fare for the round trip. Tickets will be on sale at close of the Convention and will be limited to reach Winnipeg, returning, so that passengers can reach their original points up to and including August 15th, as named above. Rates from Winnipeg to be about as follows:—
Vancouver, B. C. Tacoma, Wash.
or
Victoria, B. C. . . . \$50.00 Seattle, Wash. . . . \$50.00
Nelson, B. C. 45.00 Revelstoke, B. C. . . . 50.00
Rossland, B. C. . . . 45.00 Greenwood, B. C. . . . 49.00
Banff, Alb. 31.40 Edmonton, Alb. . . . 35.05
Calgary, Alb. 27.35 Moosejaw, Assa. . . . 9.64
For any further information as to routes, train service, berth rates, etc., or for time tables, maps and description, write to,
A. J. HEATH,
D. P. A., C. P. R.,
St. John, N. B.