

WAR AS IT IS TODAY.

Sounds of Modern Battles—How Conditions Have Altered.

What is modern battle?—how does it look?

the field of operation is so extended, the range of modern guns is so great, and the conditions have altered until there is no longer any general "clash of battle," or any possibility of grasping or viewing the engagement from any single point. There is no great resounding noise in war nowadays. One of our big guns loosed three shells away over on the right, and another two miles on the left. If you are near it makes a tremendous noise, yet I have heard one explosion as loud as a good clap of thunder. You hear the guns, the enemy cough far in front of you, and the shells burst within your lines with a louder sound—but not a really great deafening noise by any means. Our guns almost no smoke, though our lyddite shells throw up clouds of dust and smoke they fell miles away. Because the are using old-fashioned powder in their shells there is a small white cloud wherever they fired, and a spurt of red sand where shells dig into the veldt. The smoke is, therefore, and the so-called "roar of battle" are both alike—occasional, scattered, considerable.

The rifle firing has been the principal feature of our battles. It sounds, as I wrote before, like the frying of fat or like the cracking and snapping of green wood in a fire. If you are within two miles of the front you are apt to be under fire, and then you hear the music of the individual bullets. The song is like the magnified note of a whistle. "Z-z-z-z-z" they go over your head, "z-z-z-z-z" they finish as they bury themselves in the ground. This is a sound to be heard when the bullets are very close. You pick up your heels and run a hundred or even fifty yards, and you hear the general crackle of rifle fire in the trenches. The "Putt-putt" of the Nordenfelter gun is able to interfere at a distance of three miles. Its explosions are best described by the nickname of the gun by one regiment: "The door-knocker." Its bullets or shells are as big as the bowl of a large briar-root pipe and slit the air with a sharp sound, exploding when they strike. The firing of the gun was heard all over the field of our battlefields, and the explosions of shells sound a long way because they take place on the quiet outer edge of the field. The whizz that even these shells make in flying, however, is like the answers of a maid in love, only to be heard by the favoured individual who is addressed.

There is not much noise in modern battles. These individual sounds of shells are not loud enough to blend. The groaning, all-pervading noises are those of the guns and the rifle fire, and on the vast spread over a double line of five to ten miles in length, only those that are heard are very loud. The general view of a scene of battle—the general view—is orderly. There may be a devil's damage where a company or two are killed, but level your glass on the hill, and what do you see?—a fringe of fire from the top where the Boers had a lot of our men in khaki rising and falling, and occasionally firing as they moved their way upward. The great general arrangement as methodical as a chess-board. There are several battalions of their faces in two or three long lines. There is a battery in perfect order, with a number of horses at rest near by. Another battery, equally well arranged, as if to

have its photograph taken, is to be seen in the middle field; a third is on the farther side. The cavalry is sweeping across the veldt in perfect rank and alignment. There is no confusion anywhere—nothing is helter-skelter. I remember only two momentary disturbances of the discipline of which I speak. One was in the afternoon during the Modder river fight, when a large band of mounted Boers made a flank movement on our extreme right, and fired a volley at our immense mass of transport and ambulance waggons. The drivers were taken by surprise, and fell to lashing their mule teams and horses, the majority to the accompaniment of high-keyed Kaffir yells. The rout only lasted five minutes or less, and was funny beyond description, because the leading mules climbed over the "wheelers," and the faster the bullets fell the louder the Kaffirs yelled, and the more they plied their enormous whips.

The bravery of our stretcher-bearers is as much beyond question as it is beyond praise. When all of us lesser and immediate historians of the moment have told of the valour of all the generals, colonels, majors, captains and "Tommys" of the army, we shall still have, in common justice, to describe how the chaplains, doctors, and stretcher-bearers go in and out of the most hellish fires, not once or twice, but all through every battle.

It is just without the range of fire that you see and realize the horrors of war. It is there that the wounded crawl and stagger by you; it is there that they spend their final output of energy and fall down to lie until assistance comes; it is there that you see the stretchers, laden with their mangled freight, and the sound ones bearing the wounded on their backs and in their arms. Better yet—if so cheerful a phrase is permissible in such a case—to know the brutality and woe of war, happen upon a kopje which has just been stormed, or a trench which has been carried. Go to such a place today, twenty centuries after Christ came with his message of peace on earth and good-will to men, and behold what you shall see.

"Here," said I to a photographer in such a place—I think it was Belmont—"snap this scene. Look at the wounded all over the ground. Quick! Out with your camera."

"Oh, I can't," said he; "it's too horrible."

"As you please," I said, "but it's what the public wants."

You read, in the writings of those who know nothing about war, about the writhing of the wounded and the groaning on the battlefield. There is no writhing, and the groans are few and faint. There was one man who was simply chewed up by a shell at Magersfontein, and his sufferings must have been awful. He kept crying, "Doctor, can't you do anything?" Another begged to be killed, and the first wounded man I saw in this war kept saying, in ever so low a voice, "Oh, dear, dear, dear! Oh, dear, dear, dear!" But there is much less groaning than you would imagine—very little, in fact. Two things are so common with the wounded as to be almost like rules of behaviour. First, they all beg for water (it used to be cigarettes that they asked for on the Turkish side in the last war in Europe), and next they seem always to be made gentle by their wounds. Men of the roughest speech, profane by second nature, cease to offend when stricken down.

"Well, mate," says one, whose leg is shattered, "you never know when your turn will come, do you?"

And another simply cries, "Oh, dear!"

Now and then you hear, "For God's sake get me taken to an ambulance," but no profanity is intended there.

I have had half a dozen men describe how it feels to be wounded. All who had bones

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 499 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 a drug store. Since taking them she has had no more kidney trouble of any kind. I can't make it a statement because I don't know any child has received

shattered by expanding bullets used nearly the same language to describe the sensation.

"You fell," they said, "exactly as if you had received a powerful shock from an electric battery, and then comes a blow as if your foot" (or arm, or whatever part it might be) "was crushed by a stroke with a tremendous mallet." It is much the same, in a lesser degree, if a bone is struck by a Mauser bullet; but if the smooth, slender, clean little shot merely pierces the flesh, a burning or stinging sensation is the instantaneous result.

"Lying six hours in the broiling sun was pretty bad," said one whose arm bone was smashed, "but the really awful experience was the jolting over the rocks when I was carried off in the ambulance." Another man an officer, whose foot was smashed by an explosive bullet, said, "Look at my pipe. That's what I did to keep from saying anything." He had bitten off an inch of the hardened rubber mouthpiece. That was before his wound was dressed. The relief that is given by the dressing of a wound must be gigantic, for you hear next to no groans or moans after the doctor has given this first attention.

In this army of Lord Methuen's the great majority of the wounds have been in the arms and feet, but other points about our experiences in war are more remarkable. First, the chances of receiving a wound seem not to have greatly increased with the improvements in death dealing implements. There were more than a million shots fired at Modder river, and yet only about 800 men were hit. Second, the number of bullets that hit water-bottles, haversacks, ration-tins, and coat-sleeves has been astonishing. Third, the damage to life and limb by the excessive artillery has been next to nothing. But to return to the field of battle. The armies oppose one another with orderly masses. The staff officers ride hither and thither. The batteries rumble to and fro at long intervals as they are ordered to take new positions, and in the same way the cavalry appears and reappears on the edges of the field. The stretcher-bearers bring the wounded out of the zone of danger, and the ambulances roll up, get their loads, and roll away again, all day continually, as in a ceaseless train. Brave privates bring out the wounded and work their way back into fire again, now running forward, now dropping flat upon the veldt. Skulkers work back to the edge of the field in the same way—a few only—and are gathered up and sent forward in batches by the officers who come upon them. At last the cheer of British victory is heard, and the whole army rushes forward, or darkness falls upon an unfinished fight, and we grope about the veldt, seeking our camps and the food and drink that most of us have gone without too long.

JULIAN RALPH

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THE DISPATCH, Queen Street, Woodstock, N. B.

The Spade in Warfare.

Probably one of the sharpest lessons the British military authorities have learned from the Boers is the remarkable power of the spadesman, as compared with the swordsmen, in modern warfare. Provided they are intelligently placed, the judicious digging of a few trenches, carefully protected by lines of barbed wire entanglement, or hastily improvised abatis, is of incalculable benefit to a regiment acting upon the defensive.

This has long been recognized upon the Continent, the great armies of which are amply provided with entrenching tools. For instance, in the Austrian army ninety-nine, and in the German, one hundred, men per company, carry entrenching spades. In the French infantry each company carries seventy-eight entrenching tools, thirty of which are loaded upon a mule; while twenty axes and eighty spades form the Russian allowance per company.

A favourite dodge is to dig a deep ditch in front of the actual position, and to half fill the excavation with the entangling branches

of trees. The effect of such an obstacle upon a charging enemy is most disastrous, since, the exact range having been previously measured out, the defenders have merely to pump lead into the floundering mass of men and horses until they either retire or surrender.

Needless to say, the great art in all entrenching is to render your diggings invisible to the enemy until he is right beneath your guns, an art, by the way, which the Boers appear to have mastered to a nicety.

Perfect Worm Medicine.

"I have given Dr. Low's Worm Syrup to my children with excellent results and I find it the most perfect worm medicine, as you are not required to give any Cathartic with it. Mrs. Daniel Smith, P. O. Box 56, Lunenburg, N. S.

Good macaroni is of a yellowish tint, does not break readily in cooking and swells to three or four times its bulk.

A spoonful of vinegar added to the water in which meats or fowls are boiled makes them tender.

A RHEUMATIC CRIPPLE'S RELEASE!

"jury" of doctors, specialists and medicine vendors decreed that James Smith, of Grimsby, Ont., would spend the rest of his days in the agonizing chains of rheumatism,

COMMON SENSE AND MODERN MEDICAL SCIENCE PRODUCED REBUTTAL EVIDENCE AND PROCURED HIS RELEASE.

Great South American Rheumatic Cure turned the pain in hours and healed, and freed.

of pain produced by Rheumatism, of whatever form, an essay on its causes, its symptoms, and its action, are idle; the one desirable objective point with the sufferer is the shortest cut to relief from the pain and the surest cure from the distressing, wracking, burdensome ailment.

No medicine of modern times has proved half so effective in giving almost instant relief, or has made so many cures bordering on the miraculous, as the great South American

Rheumatic Cure. So often has it proved its efficacy in cases that were placed on the "no cure" list by doctors and specialists, that many of the most eminent lights in the profession have been frank enough to make confession that South American Rheumatic Cure without discussing its formula at all, has proved the most efficacious of remedies, and to back up their convictions, are prescribing it daily in practice; and doctors have always been the slowest to convince of the merits of any proprietary remedy.

South American Rheumatic Cure is powerful, potent, but harmless. It is a specific for all phases of Rheumatic Ailments; it goes directly to the seat of the troubles, dissolves and eradicates from the system the foreign matters which cause the excruciating pains which stiffen and swell the joints. It acts quickly and surely, and as proof of it there is

ample testimony to show that in cases of many years' standing, where the patient was almost helpless, bed-ridden and so acute was the suffering that it was necessary to turn the victim in sheets, because it was torture to have even the gentlest touch of the hand on the body. In twelve hours after the first dose was taken all pain was gone, and inside of three days recovery was so marked that that the patient walked without assistance. Many have had a similar experience and have testified to it.

James Smith, a dairyman of Grimsby, Ont., was a great sufferer from sciatica and rheumatism. He had tried any number of remedies, and been treated by almost innumerable doctors without any permanent help. He began using South American Rheumatic Cure. In a few hours the pain left him; in a few days he threw away the crutches and has never had a touch of the trouble since. You are at liberty to write him about his own case. No need for an hour's suffering. South American Rheumatic Cure can do as much for you as it has done for thousands.

South American Nervine is a wonderful tonic for the stomach. It cures all disorders of the digestive organs, repairs exhausted nerve-power, puts on flesh, and is a general health builder.

South American Kidney Cure is a liquid specific; it cures Diabetes, Bright's Disease, Inflammation of the Bladder and all disorders arising from imperfect working of the kidneys. It gives relief in six hours.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

C. P. R. TIME TABLE.

In effect October 2nd, 1899.

DEPARTURES—Eastern Standard Time.

(QUEEN STREET STATION).

6.20 A MIXED—Week days—for McAdam Junction, St. Stephen, St. Andrew, Fredericton, Saint John and East, Bangor, Portland, Boston.

8.35 A MIXED—Week days—for Aroostook Junction, Presque Isle, etc.

11.28 A EXPRESS—Week days—for Presque Isle, Edmundston, and all points North.

1.55 P MIXED—Week days—for Fredericton, M. etc., via Gibson Branch.

3.20 P MIXED—Week days—for Bath and intermediate points.

4.18 P EXPRESS—Week days—for Saint John and East, Vancorbo, Sherbrooke, Montreal, and there with IMPERIAL LIMITED for all points West, Northwest, and on the Pacific Coast, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.

8.05 P MIXED—Week days—for Debec Junction and Houlton.

ARRIVALS.

7.40 A. M.—MIXED—Week days, from McAdam Junction.

11.28 A. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Saint John, St. Stephen, St. Andrew, Boston, Montreal, etc.

12.15 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Fredericton, etc., via Gibson Branch.

1.30 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Presque Isle.

4.18 P. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Presque Isle, Caribou, Edmundston, etc.