

# THE DRUMS OF THE FORE AND AFT.

By BUDYARD KIPLING.

[CONTINUED.]

there were distant spurts of flame and occasional casualties, which set the whole camp blazing into the gloom, and occasionally into opposite tents. Then they swore vehemently and vowed that this was magnificent, but not war.

Indeed it was not. The regiment could not halt for reprisals against the franc-tireurs of the country-side. Its duty was to go forward and make connection with the Scotch and Gurkha troops with which it was brigaded. The Afghans knew this and knew, too, after their first tentative shots, that they were dealing with a raw regiment. Therefore they devoted themselves to the task of keeping the Fore and Aft on the strain. Not for anything would they have taken equal liberties with a seasoned corps—with the wicked little Gurkhas, whose delight it was to lie out in the open on a dark night and stalk their stalkers—with the terrible, big men dressed in women's clothes who could be heard praying to their God in the night watches, and whose peace of mind no amount of "sniping" could shake—or with those vile Sikhs, who marched so ostentatiously unprepared and who dealt out such grim reward to those who tried to profit by that unpreparedness. This white regiment was different—quite different. It slept like a hog, and, like a hog, charged in every direction when it was roused. Its sentries walked with a football that could be heard for a quarter of a mile; would fire at anything that moved—even a driven donkey—and when they had once fired, could be scientifically "rushed" and laid out in a manner and an offense against the morning sun. Then there were camp followers who straggled and could be cut up without fear. Their shrieks would disturb the white boys, and the loss of their services would inconvenience them sorely.

Thus at every march the hidden enemy became bolder, and the regiment writhed and twisted under attacks it could not avenge. The crowning triumph was a sudden night rush ending in the cutting of many tent ropes, the collapse of the sudden canvas and a glorious killing of the men who struggled and kicked below. It was a great deed, neatly carried out, and it shook the already shaken nerves of the Fore and Aft. All the courage that they had been required to exercise up to this point was the "O'clock in the morning" courage, and they so far had only succeeded in shooting their comrades and losing their sleep.

Sullen, discontented, cold, savage, sick, with their uniforms dulled and unclean, the Fore and Aft joined their brigade.

"I hear you had a tough time of it coming up," said the brigadier. But when he saw the hospital sheets his face fell.

"This is bad," said he to himself. "They're as rotten as sheep." And aloud to the colonel "I'm afraid we can't spare you just yet. We want all we have, else I should have given you ten days to recruit in."

The colonel winced. "On my honor, sir," he returned, "there is not the least necessity to think of sparing us. My men have been rather mauled and upset without a fair return. They only want to go in somewhere where they can see what's before them."

"Can't say I think much of the Fore and Aft," said the brigadier in confidence to his brigade major. "They've lost all their soldiering, and by the trim of them might have marched through the country from the other side. A more fagged-out set of men I never put eyes on."

"Oh, they'll improve as the work goes on. The parade gloss has been rubbed off a little, but they'll put on field polish before long," said the brigade major. "They've been mauled, and they quite don't understand it."

They did not. All the hitting was on one side, and it was cruelly hard hitting, with accessories that made them sick. There was also the real sickness that laid hold of a strong man and dragged him howling to the grave. Worst of all, their officers knew just as little of the country as the men themselves and looked as if they did. The Fore and Aft were in a thoroughly unsatisfactory condition, but they believed that all would be well if they could once get a fair go in at the enemy. Pot shots up and down the valleys were unsatisfactory, and the bayonet never seemed to get a chance. Perhaps it was as well, for a long limbed Afghan with a knife had a reach of eight feet and could carry away enough lead to disable three Englishmen. The Fore and Aft would like some rifle practice at the enemy—all 700 rifles blazing together. That wish showed the mood of the men. The Gurkhas walked into their camp, and in broken, barrack room English strove to fraternize with them; offered them pipes of tobacco and stood them treat at the canteen. But the Fore and Aft, not knowing much of the nature of the Gurkhas, treated them as they would treat any other "niggers," and the little men in green trotted back to their firm friends, the highlanders, and, with many grins, confided to them "That dam white regiment no damn use. Sulky—ugh! Dirty—ugh! Hya, any tot for Johnny?" Whereat the highlanders smote the Gurkhas as to the head and told them not to vilify a British regiment, and the Gurkhas grinned cavernously, for the highlanders were their elder brothers and entitled to the privileges of kinship. The common soldier who touches a Gurkha more than likely to have his head liced open.

Three days later the brigadier arranged a battle according to the rules of war and the peculiarity of the Afghan temperament. The enemy were massing in inconvenient strength among the hills, and the moving of many green standards warned him that the tribes were "up" in aid of the Afghan regular troops. A squadron and a half of Bengal lancers represented the available cavalry, and two screw guns, borrowed from a column 30 miles away, the artillery at the general's disposal.

"If they stand, as I've a very strong notion that they will, I fancy we shall see an infantry fight that will be worth watching," said the brigadier. "We'll do it in style. Each regiment shall be played into action by its band, and we'll hold the cavalry in reserve."

"For all the reserve?" somebody asked. "For all the reserve, because we're going to crumple them up," said the brigadier, who was an extraordinary brigadier and did not believe in the value of a reserve when dealing with Asiatics. And indeed, when you come to think of it, had the British army consistently waited for reserves in all its little affairs, the boundaries of our empire would have stopped at Brighton beach.

That battle was to be a glorious battle. The three regiments, debouching from three separate gorges, after duly crowning the heights above, were to converge from the center, left and right upon what we will call the Afghan army, then stationed toward the lower extremity of a flat bottomed valley. Thus it will be seen that three sides of the valley practically belonged to the English, while the fourth was strictly Afghan property. In the event of defeat the Afghans had the rocky hills to fly to, where the fire from the guerrilla tribes in aid would cover their retreat. In the event of victory these same tribes would rush down and lend their weight to the rout of the British.

The screw guns were to shell the head of each Afghan rush that was made in close formation, and the cavalry, held in reserve in the right valley, were to gently stimulate the break up which would follow on the combined attack. The brigadier, sitting upon a rock overlooking the valley, would watch the battle unrolled at his feet. The Fore and Aft would debouch from the central gorge, the Gurkhas from the left and the highlanders from the right, for the reason that the left flank of the enemy seemed as though it required the most hammering. It was not every day that an Afghan force would take ground in the open, and the brigadier was resolved to make the most of it.

"If we only had a few more men," he said plaintively, "we could surround the creatures and crumple 'em up thoroughly. As it is, I'm afraid we can only cut them up as they run. It's a great pity."

The Fore and Aft had enjoyed unbroken peace for five days and were beginning, in spite of dysentery, to recover their nerve. But they were not happy, for they did not know the work in hand and, had they known, would not have known how to do it. Throughout these five days in which old soldiers might have taught them the craft of the game they discussed together their misadventures in the past—how such a one was alive at dawn and dead ere the dusk, and with what shrieks and struggles such another had given up his soul under the Afghan knife. Death was a new and horrible thing to the sons of mechanics who were used to die decently of zymotic disease, and their careful conservation in barracks had done nothing to make them look upon it with less dread.

Very early in the dawn the bugles began to blow, and the Fore and Aft, filled with a misguided enthusiasm, turned out without waiting for a cup of coffee and a biscuit and were rewarded by being kept under arms in the cold while the other regiments leisurely prepared for the fray.

The Fore and Aft waited, leaning upon their rifles and listening to the protests of their empty stomachs. The colonel did his best to remedy the default of being as soon as it was borne in upon him that the affair would not begin at once, and so well did he succeed that the coffee was just ready when—the men moved off, their band leading. Even then there had been a mistake in time, and the Fore and Aft came out into the valley ten minutes before the proper hour. Their band wheeled to the right after reaching the open and retired behind a little rocky knoll, still playing, while the regiment went past.

It was not a pleasant sight that opened on the unobstructed view, for the lower end of the valley appeared to be filled by an army in position—real and actual regiments attired in red coats and—of this there was no doubt—firing Martini-Henry bullets, which cut up the ground 100 yards in front of the leading company. Over that pockmarked ground the regiment had to pass, and it opened the ball with a general and profound courtesy to the piping pickets, ducking in perfect time, as though it had been brazed on a rod. Being half capable of thinking for itself, it fired a volley by the simple process of pitching its rifle into its shoulder and pulling the trigger. The bullets may have accounted for some of the watchers on the hillside, but they certainly did not affect the mass of enemy in front, while the noise of the rifles drowned any orders that might have been given.

"Good God!" said the brigadier, sitting on the rock high above all. "That regiment has spoiled the whole show. Hurry up the others, and let the screw guns get off."

But the screw guns, in working round the heights, had stumbled upon a wasp's nest of a small mud fort, which they incidentally shelled at 800 yards, to the huge discomfort of the occupants, who were unaccustomed to weapons of such devilish precision.

The Fore and Aft continued to go forward, but with shortened stride. Where were the other regiments, and why did these niggers use Martinis? They took open order instinctively, lying down and firing at random, rushing a few paces forward and lying down again, according to the regulations. Once in this formation each man felt himself desperately alone and edged in toward his fellow for comfort's sake.

Then the crack of his neighbor's rifle at his ear led him to fire as rapidly as he could—again for the sake of the comfort of the noise. The reward was not long delayed. Five volleys plunged the files in banked smoke impenetrable to the eye, and the bullets began to take ground 20 or 30 yards in front of the files, as the weight of the bayonet dragged down and to the right arms wearied with holding the kick of the leaping Martini. The company commanders peered helplessly through the smoke, the more nervous mechanically trying to fan it away with their helmets.

"High and to the left!" bawled a captain till he was hoarse. "No good! Cease firing, and let it drift away a bit." Three and four times the bugles shrieked the order, and when it was obeyed the Fore and Aft looked that their foe should be lying before them in mown swaths of men. A light wind drove the smoke to leeward and showed the enemy still in position and apparently unaffected. A quarter of a ton of lead had been buried a furlong in front of them, as the ragged earth attested.

A private of the Fore and Aft spun up his company shrieking with agony, another was kicking the earth and gasping, and a third, ripped through the lower intestines by a jagged bullet, was calling aloud on his comrades to put him out of his pain. These were the casualties, and they were not soothing to hear or see. The smoke cleared to a dull haze.

Then the foe began to shout with a great shouting, and a mass—a black mass—detached itself from the main body and rolled over the ground at horrid speed. It was composed of perhaps 300 men, who would shout and fire and slash if the rush of their 50 comrades who were determined to die carried home. The 50 were Ghazis, half maddened with drugs and wholly mad with religious fanaticism. When they rushed the British fire ceased, and in the lull the order was given to close ranks and meet them with the bayonet.

Any one who knew the business could have told the Fore and Aft that the only way of dealing with a Ghazi rush is by volleys at long ranges, because a man who means to die, who desires to die, who will gain heaven by dying, must, in nine cases out of ten, kill a man who has a lingering prejudice in favor of life if he can close with the latter. Where they should have closed and gone forward, the Fore and Aft opened out and skirmished, and where they should have opened out and fired, they closed and waited.

A man dragged from his blankets half awake and unled is never in a pleasant frame of mind. Nor does his happiness increase when he watches the whites of the eyes of 300 six foot fiends upon whose beards the foam is lying, upon whose tongues is a roar of wrath, and in whose hands are three foot knives.

The Fore and Aft heard the Gurkha bugles bringing that regiment forward at the double, while the neighing of the highland pipes came from the left. They strove to stay where they were, though the bayonets wavered down the line like the oars of a ragged boat. Then they felt body to body the amazing physical strength of their foes. A shriek of pain ended the rush, and the knives fell amid scenes not to be told. The men clumped together and smote blindly—as often as not at their own fellows. Their front crumpled like paper, and the 50 Ghazis passed on, their backers, now drunk with success, fighting as madly as they.

Then the rear ranks were bidden to close up, and the subalterns dashed into the stew—alone, for the rear rank had heard the clamor in front, the yells and the howls of pain, and had seen the dark, stale blood that makes afraid. They were not going to stay. It was the rushing of the camps over again. Let their officers go to hell if they chose. They would get away from the knives.

"Come on!" shrieked the subalterns, and their men, cursing them, drew back, each closing into his neighbor and wheeling round.

Charteris and Devlin, subalterns of the last company, faced their death alone in the belief that their men would follow.

"You've killed... you cowards!" sobbed Devlin and croaked, cut from the shoulder strap to the center of the chest, and a fresh detachment of his men retreating, always retreating, trampled him underfoot as they made for the pass where they had emerged.

I kissed her in the kitchen and I kissed her in the hall.  
Child 'un, child 'un, follow me!  
Oh, golly, said the cook, is he gwine to kiss as all?

Halla-halla-halla halla-halla!  
The Gurkhas were pouring through the left gorge and over the heights at the double to the invitation of their regimental quickstep. The black rocks were crowned with dark green spiders as the bugles gave tongue jubilantly.

In the morning—in the morning by the bright light!  
When Gabriel blows his trumpet in the morning!

The Gurkha rear companies tripped and blundered over loose stones. The front files halted for a moment to take stock of the valley and to settle stray boot laces. Then a happy little sigh of contentment soured down the ranks, and it was as though the land smiled, for behold there below was the enemy, and it was to meet them that the Gurkhas had doubled so hastily. There was

much enemy. There would be amusement. The little men hitched their kurris well to hand and gaped expectantly at their officers as terriers grin ere the stone is cast for them to fetch. The Gurkhas ground sloped downward to the valley, and they enjoyed a fair view of the proceedings. They sat upon the bowlders to watch, for their officers were not going to waste their wind in assisting to repulse a Ghazi rush more than half a mile away. Let the white men look to their own front.

"Hi, yil!" said the subadar major, who was sweating profusely. "Dam fools yonder, stand close order! This is no time for close order; it's the time for volleys. Ugh!"

Horried, amused and indignant, the Gurkhas beheld the retirement—let us be gentle—of the Fore and Aft with a running chorus of oaths and commentaries.

"They run! The white men run! Colonel Sahib, may we also do a little running?" murmured Rumbir Thappa, the senior jemadar.

But the colonel would have none of it. "Let the beggars be cut up a little," said he wrathfully. "Serves 'em right. They'll be prodded into facing round in a minute." He looked through his fieldglasses and caught the glint of an officer's sword.

"Beating 'em with the flat—damned conscripts! How the Ghazis are walking into them!" said he.

The Fore and Aft, heading back, bore with them their officers. The narrowness of the pass forced the mob into solid formation, and the rear rank delivered some sort of a wavering volley. The Ghazis drew off, for they did not know what reserves the gorge might hide. Moreover, it was never wise to chase white men too far. They returned as wolves return to cover, satisfied with the slaughter that they had done and only stopping to slash at the wounded on the ground. A quarter of a mile had the Fore and Aft retreated, and now, jammed in the pass, was quivering with pain, shaken and demoralized with fear.

"Get back! Get back, you cowards—you women! Right about face—column of companies, form—you honnds!" shouted the colonel, and the subalterns swore aloud. But the regiment wanted to go—to go anywhere out of the range of those merciless knives. It stayed to and fro irresolutely with shouts and outcries, while from the right the Gurkhas dropped volley after volley of cripple stroped Snider bullets at long range into the mob of the Ghazis returning to their own troops.

The Fore and Aft band, though protected from direct fire by the rocky knoll under which it had sat down, fled at the first rush. Jakin and Lew would have fled also, but their short legs left them 50 yards in the rear, and by the time the band had mixed with the regiment they were painfully aware that they would have to close in alone and unsupported.

"Get back to that rock," gasped Jakin. "They won't see us there." And they returned to the scattered instruments of the band, their hearts nearly bursting their ribs.

"Here's a nice show for us," said Jakin, throwing himself full length on the ground. "A bloomie fine show for British infantry! Oh, the devils! They've gone an left us alone here! 'Wot'll we do?'"

Lew took possession of a cast off water bottle, which naturally was full of canteen rum, and drank till he coughed again.

"Drink!" said he shortly. "They'll come back in a minute or two—you see."

Jakin drank, but there was no sign of the regiment's return. They could hear a dull clamor from the head of the valley of retreat, and saw the Ghazis sink back, quickening their pace as the Gurkhas fired at them.

"We're all that's left of the band, and we'll be cut up as sure as death," said Jakin.

"I'll die game, then," said Lew thickly, fumbling with his tiny drummer's sword. The drink was working on his brain as it was on Jakin's.

"Old on! I know somethin better than fightin," said Jakin, stung by the splendor of a sudden thought due chiefly to rum. "Tis our bloomie cowards yonder the word to come back. The Payltan beggars are well away. Come on, Lew! We won't get hurt! Take the life an give me the drum. The 'Old Step' for all your bloomie guts are worth! There's a few 'o' our men comin back now. Stand up, you drunken little defaulter! By your right—quick march!"

He slipped the drum sling over his shoulder, thrust the life into Lew's hand, and the two boys marched out of the cover of the rock into the open, making a hideous hash of the first bars of the "British Grenadiers."

As Lew had said, a few of the Fore and Aft were coming back sullenly and shamefacedly under the stimulus of blows and abuse. Their red coats shone at the head of the valley, and behind them were wavering bayonets. But between this shattered line and the enemy, who with Afghan suspicion feared that the hasty retreat meant an ambush and had not moved therefore, lay half a mile of a level ground dotted only by the wounded.

There was a faroff clapping of hands from the Gurkhas and a roar from the highlanders in the distance, but never a shot was fired by British or Afghan. The two little red dots moved forward in the open parallel to the enemy's front.

But of all the world's great heroes there's none that can compare with a low-row-low-row-low-row-row. To the British grenadier!

The men of the Fore and Aft were gathering thick at the entrance into the plain. The brigadier on the heights far above was speechless with rage. Still no movement from the enemy. The day staid to watch the children.

Jakin halted and beat the long roll of the assembly, while the life squealed despairingly.

"Right about face! Hold up, Lew, you're drunk!" said Jakin. They wheeled and marched back.

Those heroes of antiquity. No'er saw a cannon ball. Nor knew the force of powder.

"Here they come!" said Jakin. "Go on, Lew!"

To scare their foes withal! The Fore and Aft were pouring out of the valley. What officers had said to men in that time of shame and humiliation will never be known, for neither officers nor men speak of it now.

"They are coming anew!" shouted a priest among the Afghans. "Do not kill the boys! Take them alive and they shall be of our faith."

But the first volley had been fired, and Lew dropped on his face. Jakin stood for a minute, spun round and collapsed, as the Fore and Aft came forward, the maledictions of their officers in their ears and in their hearts the shame of open shame.

Half the men had seen the drummers die, and they made no sign. They did not even shout. They doubled out straight across the plain in open order, and they did not fire.

"This," said the colonel of Gurkhas softly, "is the real attack, as it ought to have been delivered. Come on, my children."

"Ulu-lu-lu-lu!" squealed the Gurkhas, and came down with a joyful clicking of kurris—those vicious Gurkha knives.

On the right there was no rush. The highlanders, calmly commending their souls to God (for it matters as much to a dead man whether he has been shot in a border scuffle or at Waterloo), opened out and fired according to their custom—that is to say, without heat and without intervals—while the screw guns, having disposed of the impertinent and fort-amentioned, dropped shell after shell into the clusters round the flickering green standards on the heights.

"Cherrin is an unfortunate necessity," murmured the color sergeant of the right company of the highlanders.

"It makes the men sweeter so, but I am thinkin that it will come to a charge if these black devils stand much longer. Stewart, man, you're firm into the eye of the sun, and he'll not take any harm for government ammunition. A foot lower and a great deal slower! What are the English doing? They're very quiet there in the center Ramin again!"

The English were not running. They were hacking and heaving and stabbing, for though one white man is seldom physically a match for an Afghan in a sheepskin or wadded coat, yet through the pressure of many white men behind and a certain thirst for revenge in his heart he becomes capable of doing much with both ends of his rifle. The Fore and Aft held their fire till one bullet could drive through five or six men, and the front of the Afghan force gave on the volley. They then selected their men and slew them with deep gasps and short hacking coughs and groanings of leather belts against strained bodies and realized for the first time that an Afghan attacked is far less formidable than an Afghan attacking, which fact old soldiers might have told them.

But they had no old soldiers in their ranks. The Gurkhas' stall at the bazaar was the noisiest, for the men were engaged—to a nasty noise, as of beef being cut on the block—with the kukri, which they preferred to the bayonet, well knowing how the Afghan lates the half moon blade.

As the Afghans wavered the green standards on the mountain moved down to assist them in a last rally, which was nowise the lancers, clading in the right gorge, had thrice dispatched their only subaltern as galloper to report on the progress of affairs. On the third occasion he returned with a bullet graze on his knee, swearing strange oaths in Hindustani and saying that all things were ready. So that squadron swung round the right of the highlanders with a wicked whistling of wind in the panons of its lances and fell upon the remnant just when, according to all the rules of war, it should have waited for the foe to show more signs of wavering.

But it was a dainty charge, deftly delivered, and it ended by the cavalry finding itself at the head of the pass by which the Afghans intended to retreat, and down the track that the lances had made streamed two companies of highlanders, which was never intended by the brigadier. It detached the enemy from his base as a sponge is torn from a rock and left him ringed about with Cre in that pitiless plain. And as a sponge is chased round the bathtub by the hand of the bather, so were the Afghans chased till they broke into little detachments much more difficult to dispose of than large masses.

posel, but men who stand or fall by the errors of their opponents may be forgiven for turning chance into design. The bucketing went forward merrily. The Afghan... as were upon the run—the run of wearied wolves who snarl and bite over their shoulders. The red lances dipped by twos and threes, and, with a shriek, up rose the lance butt, like a spar on a stormy sea, as the trooper, cantering forward, cleared his point. The lancers kept between their prey and the steep hills, for all who could were trying to escape from the valley of death. The highlanders gave the fugitives 200 yards' law, and then brought them down, gasping and choking, ere they could reach the protection of the bowlders above. The Gurkhas followed on their own account, for they had penned a mass of men between their bayonets and a wall of rock, and the flash of the rifles was lighting the wadded coats.

"We cannot hold them, Captain Sahib!" panted a ressidar of lancers. "Let us try the carbine. The lance is good, but it wastes time."

They tried the carbine, and still the enemy melted away—fled up the hills by hundreds when there were only 50 bullets to stop them. On the heights the screw guns ceased firing—they had run out of ammunition—and the brigadier groaned, for the musketry fire could not sufficiently smash the retreat. Long before the last volleys were fired the litters were out in force looking for the wounded. The battle was over, and but for want of fresh troops the Afghans would have been wiped off the earth. As it was they counted their dead by hundreds, and nowhere were the dead thicker than in the track of the Fore and Aft.

But the regiment did not cheer with the highlanders, nor did they dance en-outh dances with the Gurkhas among the dead. They looked under their brows at the colonel as they leaned upon their rifles and panted.

"Get back to camp, you! Haven't you disgraced yourself enough for one day? Go and look to the wounded. It's all you're fit for," said the colonel. Yet for the past hour the Fore and Aft had been doing all that mortal commander could expect. They had lost heavily because they did not know how to set about their business with proper skill, but they had borne themselves gallantly, and this was their reward.

A young and sprightly color sergeant, who had begun to imagine himself a hero, offered his water bottle to a highlander whose tongue was black with thirst.

"I drink with no cowards," answered the youngster huskily, and turning to a Gurkha, he said, "Hya, Johnny! Drink water got it?" The Gurkha grinned and passed his bottle. The Fore and Aft said no word.

They went back to camp when the field of strife had been a little mopped up and made presentable, and the brigadier, who saw himself a knight in three months, was the only son who was complimentary to them. The colonel was heartbroken and the officers were savage and sullen.

"Well," said the brigadier, "they are young troops, of course, and it was not unnatural that they should retire in disorder for a bit."

"Oh, my only Aunt Maria!" murmured a junior staff officer. "Retire in disorder! It was a bully run!"

"But the, came again, as we all know," cooed the brigadier, the colonel's ashy white face before him, "and they behaved as well as could possibly be expected—behaved beautifully indeed. I was watching them. It's not a matter to take to heart, colonel. As some German general said of his men, they wanted to be shot over a little, that was all." To himself he said "Now they're blooded, I can give 'em responsible work. It's as well that they got what they did. Teach 'em more than half a dozen rifle firtings that will—later—run alone and bite. Poor old colonel, though!"

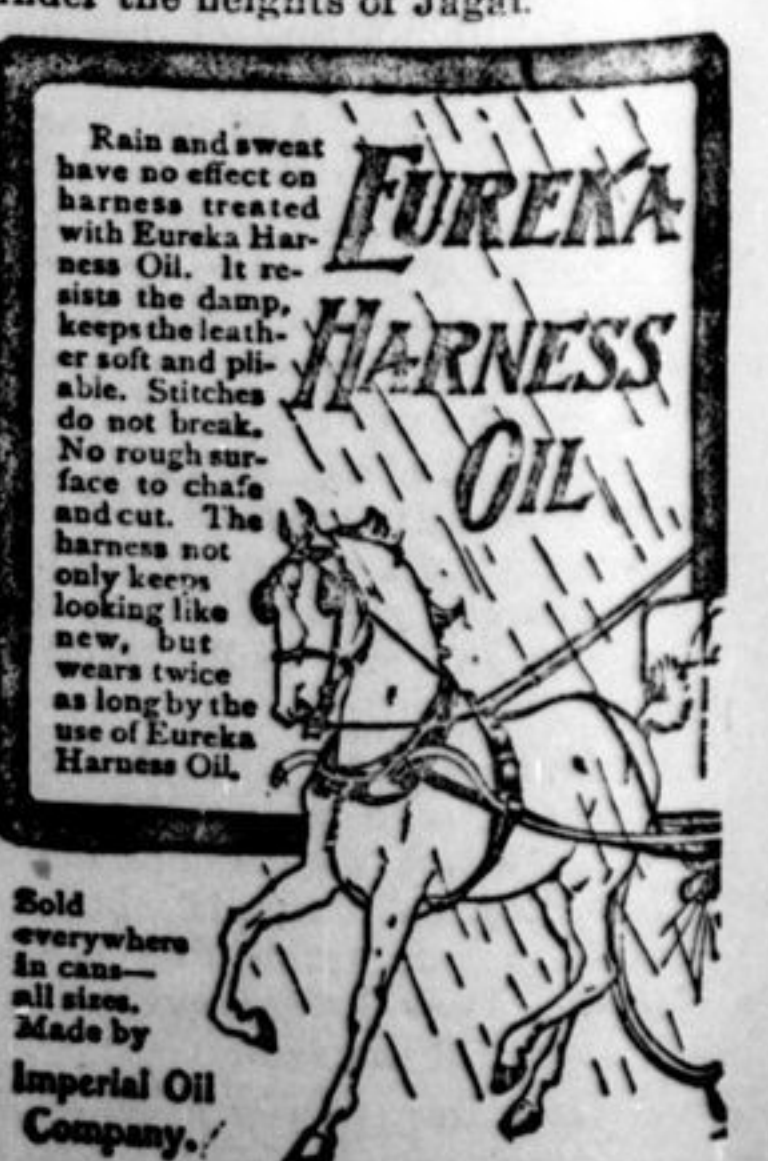
All that afternoon the heliograph winked and flickered on the hills, striving to tell the good news to a mountain 40 miles away. And in the evening there arrived—dusty, sweating and sore—a misguided correspondent who had gone out to assist at a trumphy village burning and who had read off the message from afar, cursing his lack of the white.

"Let's have the details somehow—as full as ever you can, please. It's the first time I've ever been left this campaign," said the correspondent to the brigadier, and the brigadier, nothing loath, told him how an array of communication had been crumpled up, destroyed and all but annihilated by the craft, strategy, wisdom and foresight of the brigadier.

But some say, and among these be the Gurkhas who watched on the hillside, that that battle was won by Jakin and Lew, whose little bodies were borne up just in time to fit two gaps at the head of the big ditch grave for the dead under the heights of Jagai.

Rain and sweat have no effect on harness treated with Eureka Harness Oil. It resists the damp, keeps the leather soft and pliable. Stitches do not break. No rough surface to chafe and cut. The harness not only looks like new, but wears twice as long by the use of Eureka Harness Oil.

Imperial Oil Company.



THE DURHAM CHRONICLE. PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING AT THE CHRONICLE PRINTING HOUSE, DURHAM, ONT.

SUBSCRIPTION The CHRONICLE will be addressed, free of postage, to the following: BATES... year, payable in advance... For sale, etc.—50 cents for each subsequent insertion... THE JOB: ... DEPARTMENT... W. IRWIN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Medical Director: Dr. Jamieson. OFFICE AND RESIDENCE... J. G. Hutton, M.D. MEMBER COLLEGE... Arthur Gun, M.D. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON... Dental Director: Dr. T. G. Holt, L.D.S. OFFICE—FIRST DOOR... W. C. Pickering, D.D.S. HONOR GRADUATE OF... Legal Director: J. P. Telford. BARRISTER, SOLICITOR... G. Lefroy McCa... BARRISTER, SOLICITOR... W. S. Davidson. BARRISTER, NOTARY... A. H. Jackson. NOTARY PUBLIC... Miss Margaret G... HONOR GRADUATE... JAMES BROWN, IS... HUGH MacKAY... JAMES CARSON, DURHAM...