

A SICK CAMELS' CAMP.

The interesting pictures which appear on this page were taken at the Sick Camels' Camp near Cairo, where 1,300 camels were under treatment at the time. In this Camp, or rather hospital, it was very interesting—a correspondent writes—to hear of all their ailments. There is an isolation ward with many cases of "camel pox," somewhat like smallpox in human beings, but if anything more gruesome. It will be observed that the face and neck of the "camel pox" patient in our illustration are very much swollen.

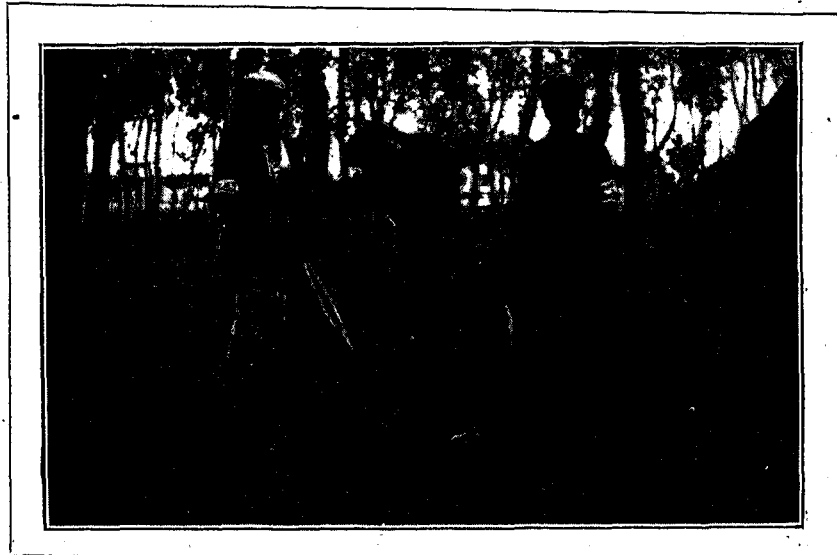
Very little is known of the camel in this country, but it is a most useful and indispensable servant of mankind in the sandy plains and deserts of Africa and Arabia. It can go for many days without water, as it is provided by Nature with an arrangement by which it can store a private supply, and its hump is a mass of fat which is gradually absorbed into the blood when food is scarce on the long desert journeys. It provides its master with milk for food, hair which he weaves into clothing, and hides for sandals.



GENERAL VIEW OF "A" WARD.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

She drifted out of Waterloo Station, a little old woman in a very shabby bonnet and equally shabby cloak. The snow was falling fast and the bitter wind struck her on the face like a knife.



A "CAMEL POX" PATIENT.

She set herself bravely to face the elements for she possessed no umbrella and her boots were thin and ill-fitted for the slushy pavements.

She stopped once in the shelter of a street porch to examine the contents of her purse. She was nearing the hospital gates then, and she had suddenly thought of flowers.

Jim had always liked flowers—not the flowers she saw in the grand florists' shops, but homely flowers such as grew in their own tiny garden at Barton. She bought two bunches of snowdrops from a girl selling them at the hospital doors.

"My son's back from the front," she remarked to the girl.

The girl gave a knowing wink. "Then I'll 'ave ter give 'em to you extra fresh."

"They ain't told me where 'e's wounded," said the old woman.

The girl looked incredulous. "I reckon that's

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