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A SCOUT WATCHING THE ENEMY.



RUSHING THE GUNS INTO ACTION.



OBSERVING THE EFFECT OF BIG GUN FIRE.



LIVE SHELLS FOR THE ENEMY.

# Second Contingent Manoeuvres in Montreal; Snapshots Taken on Field Day of 24th Battalion



SECOND CONTINGENT MANOEUVRES IN MONTREAL: THE 24th BATTALION AT WORK.—A big field day was recently held by this Battalion in the northern part of the Island of Montreal, when tactical manoeuvres were practised on a comprehensive scale. The pictures on this page illustrate various phases of the training to which officers and men were then subjected. The above picture shows a section of the Battalion waiting for orders at the Battalion's first stopping place.

## HOW THE CANADIANS ENTERED THE TRENCHES

THE following vivid description of the manner in which the 1st Canadian Contingent entered the trenches "somewhere in France" was written by Pte. Whitby, a member of the Royal Montreal Regiment and a former resident of Montreal.

"There was nothing spectacular, about the march of the Royal Montreal Regiment to make its debut in the trenches with a British regiment then at the firing line. They trudged away at midnight, each man loaded down in heavy marching order, with great coat, fur trench coat, rations, blankets, rubber sheet, personal kit, ammunition, rifle, accoutrements, mess tin, fire-wood, etc., ingeniously hung about his person.



THE ATTACKING PARTY SIGHT THE ENEMY.—From behind a clump of trees (not shown in the photo) the officers made the discovery that the enemy were strongly entrenched at a farm house.



THE ADVANCE POSITION OF THE ENEMY.—Here a slight rise in the ground and a few rocks made good cover for the men. In an attempt to carry the main position, a hundred yards to the rear of this line, the enemy charged and lost heavily.



AFTER THE BATTLE.—Calling the roll to discover how many men are "missing."—Capt. King Mason is on the horse.

"Communication trenches, being water-logged, are seldom used. As we plodded through the mud the Germans sent up numbers of star shells, just like fireworks, but each one will light an area of several hundred yards. Soon we got within sound of the scattered rifle firing, with a new sound, very much like a pneumatic riveter on a sky-scraper, which our guides explained were machine-guns.

"Bullets now began to whizz across the road, droning like angry hornets. 'Much further through this,' asked someone? 'About 20 minutes,' answered the guide, and it seemed long enough. It certainly was a busy highway, though by no means a safe one. We heard later that seldom a night passed without one or more wayfarers paying toll with their lives. A little farther on we met a lone regular who said he was 'going back to the ruddy trenches to get a bite to eat, I'm bloomin' well starvin'—the food is better in the trenches than anywhere else.

"Then came a party of soldiers, pushing a cart of supplies, and cursing its weight. The last thing a veteran seems to think about is the bullets humming all around. Soon we saw lights, and the front



DINNER-TIME; SERVING OUT THE RATIONS.—Note the long line of men waiting to be served with hot coffee and corned beef.

"Entering the trench we saw by dim moonlight a little graveyard to the rear, where wooden crosses marked previous defenders. I suppose there is not a trench in all Flanders without its extempore graveyard—the most pathetic evidence of this unholy war. Generally a cross made of packing box wood, with a pencil-

months of occupancy. It had frequent traverses and sharp turns, to prevent enfilading fire, and planks were laid along the bottom, knee deep in mud. With heavy barbed wire entanglements in front and sniping pits at intervals, it was very well appointed.

"Later we experienced another

others only 80, and we could hear the enemy whistling and singing. One enthusiastic Teuton would whistle 'Tipperary,' and shout across unseemly remarks in English."

"The Canadians were at once set to work, some on 'listening patrol,' which was nervous work under incessant German sniping,



PREPARING FOR THE BATTLE.—Col. Gunn and his officers keep the cook (at extreme right) busy. From left to right the officers are: Capt. McMurtry, Col. Gunn, Major Hill, Capt. Ross, Lieut. Ritchie, Adjutant; Capt. Jenkins, M.O.

led line, 'Bill Jones, No.—' and perhaps the epitaph 'One of the best,' probably fixed under a hot fire. That is the last of many a good man.

"Our trench was an excellent example. Parapets head high, sleeping quarters dug into the walls, small, but marvels of ingenuity, some timber shored, brick floored, and even fire-place and chimneys—the result of

variety. Instead of excavations there were sand bags, with lean-to shelters, covered with earth to make them 'splinter-proof.' This is necessary because water is struck at so shallow a depth.

"These two types of trenches do not differ, except in their distance from the enemy. That in which the Royal Montreal Regiment made its debut was in places 250 yards from the Germans, in

while others carried fire-wood, bricks, water, etc. All this was done by night, it being unhealthy to expose oneself by day.

"The British regiment to which the Montrealers were attached was a famous one, and had been in action since the beginning. Splendid fellows, quiet, thorough and business-like, willing to give advice, but making no attempt to patronize newcomers. Our re-



THE ATTACK.—In this picture the "British" are endeavoring to get on close terms with the enemy by means of short rushes across an open space.

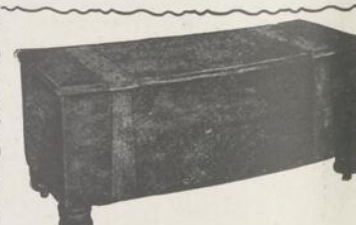


HOME AGAIN!—The boys stepping out for their temporary quarters in Montreal to the strains of "It's a long way to Peel street."

lations, however, were very cordial.

"The Royal Montrealers then put in 24 hours in the trenches, a day of rest, and another 24 hours at the front, this time alone, and with no casualties. Then they were moved to relieve one of the most famous of British regiments, with three days in the trenches, when they learned that shrapnel takes a lot of getting used to."

(Continued on Page 4.)



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—Photos by C. F. Davidson.

# Student Soldiers at Church Parade; A Remarkable Incident in the Life of Toronto University



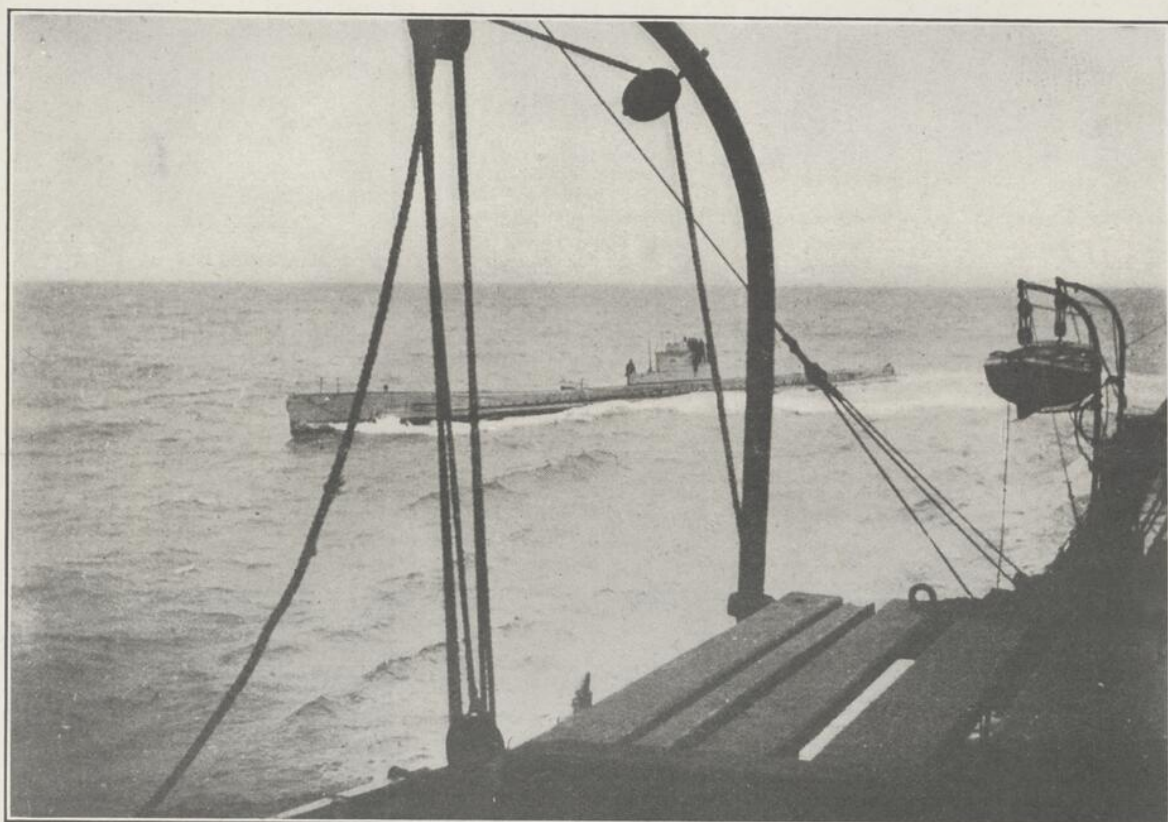
**AN UNPRECEDENTED INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY.**—On Sunday, March 28, an unwonted sight was witnessed in the Convocation Hall of this big Canadian University when the members of the Officers' Training Corps, to the number of 800, attended a special service that had been arranged for their benefit. Upwards of 1,500 undergraduates were present. In the parade were cadets from the University School. Former members of the university in training at the Exhibition camp to the number of about sixty were also present at the service. The University Battalion was commanded by Lieut.-Col. W. R. Lang and there were present upon the platform Lieut.-Col. H. M. Elliott, A.A.G. of the 2nd Division together with the officers of the University Battalion, the heads of colleges, and members of the university faculty. Rev. Dr. Macklem, Provost of Trinity College, assisted President Falconer in the service. The address was delivered by President Falconer, who, in the above picture, is seen standing at the desk on the right. In front and around him are the volunteers and about 1,500 undergraduates and alumni. —Photo by Gleason.

## STUDENT SOLDIERS AT CHURCH PARADE

CONVOCAION Hall of Toronto University presented an unwonted sight on Sunday, March 28, when there were gathered together for worship nearly 1,500 undergraduates and alumni of the university, all of whom are preparing themselves for military service. The occasion was one without precedent in the life of the university, and was made use of by President Falconer to urge upon all present the need of making a decision as to their duty in the present time of crisis. In the course of his sermon, Dr. Falconer referred to the words of Christ spoken before His betrayal and crucifixion, "Now is my soul troubled; and what shall I say? Father, save me from this hour. But for this cause came I into this hour. Father, glorify Thy name," the president pointing out that in the decision each man has to make at this juncture these words are peculiarly applicable.

"You have come together," said Dr. Falconer, "not only from the university, but some already on active service; others resolved to go at the first opportunity. Others will go into camp to prepare themselves if the war lasts. Others would like to go, but are restrained by family considerations, by ill-health, or other justifying reasons.

"Whatever your case, you have faced or are facing a decision the like of which you have not known before," the president continued, and pointed out the necessity of facing the decision with a



**A PIRATE OF THE SEA WAITING TO TORPEDO ITS PREY.**—Last week a shudder of horror passed over the civilized world at the callous and inhuman treatment accorded the passengers of the SS. Falaba by the crew of a German submarine, who laughed and jeered the poor unfortunates as they sank to watery graves after the Falaba had been torpedoed. The above remarkable picture shows another of these pests of the sea waiting to torpedo the British steamer Headlands. It was taken from the deck of the Headlands just two minutes before the torpedo was fired. It will be noticed that the crew of the submarine is coolly watching the crew of the doomed ship making hasty preparations to leave the vessel.

real sense of duty, as without this, he declared, men may return from the war brutalized.

"This is war like no other. It is a war between the most highly civilized nations, and men are rushing to war who hate war, driven by a compelling sense of righteousness; men who are not adventurers, but who are drawn on by duty. Think what it means.

The fearlessness of death, in a sense is refined out of men; their sensibilities are keen and they think of the future. Our men hate inflicting suffering on others. They abhor the thought that great issues can be settled by force. Yet they are carried on by an elation that is making them forget these things. Why is it, I ask? Death has never brooded

over so vast an area of the world, yet there is no shrinking, no cowardice. Why is it?

"It will be said that they fight for the British Empire, for the preservation of civilization. This is true, but why do they go to fight for these things? What Britain is it for which they fight? Its homes or its fields, or only for its people? It is not only for

these, though they are included. Suppose that it were possible that every man of generous enthusiasm were to die at the front and leave only the shirkers, only those willing to become the selfish beneficiaries of vicarious suffering. Would the England left with these parasites be worth fighting for?

"There is more in it than that

tific research and in building hospitals to relieve the sufferings of mankind; and on the other hand science making more and more elaborate instruments to destroy life. This seeming irrational conduct, he declared, would indeed be irrational unless it is true that there are spiritual realities that outlast all physical death. The present is a time, he

than death; that there are essential values that may be endangered unless men are ready to face death.

The words of Christ, "Father, save Me from this hour," is the cry that is going up from the troubled souls of men to-day, men who would avoid making the decision. But there is a greater cry, "Father, for this cause came

I into the world. Father, glorify Thy name." The appeal is to the Divine that is in man, and while not urging that all should answer the call by volunteering for service at the front, Dr. Falconer urged that each one should make his decision, and those who remain at home should realize that their duty is also service in one form or another.



**THE CHOIR OF ST. GILES PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, MONTREAL.**—Under the leadership of Mr. J. B. Gatenby, A.R.C.O., this choir has made great progress during the last twelve months. The pastor, Rev. J. R. Dobson, B.A., B.D., and the choirmaster are seated in the centre of the foreground.



**AUSTRALIA'S FINE RESPONSE TO THE MOTHER'S CALL.**—A detachment of troops from the Land of the Southern Cross waiting to be taken to a British training camp. It will be noticed that they are chips of the old block—bright, vivacious, intelligent, brave and dauntless—the natural products of British civilization.



**MISS MARGARET C. McLEOD,** of Glace Bay, N.S., graduate of the Victoria General Hospital, Halifax, and the Military Hospital, Halifax, who is now nursing Canadian soldiers at the front.

added, when values so transcendent are being discussed that the best of civilized men count but as dust if those values can be maintained. It is forced to our notice that there are things worse



**THE MARTIAL SPIRIT IN YOUNG CANADA.**—Jackie Holroyde, aged 4 years, son of John Holroyde, 72 Langside St., Winnipeg.

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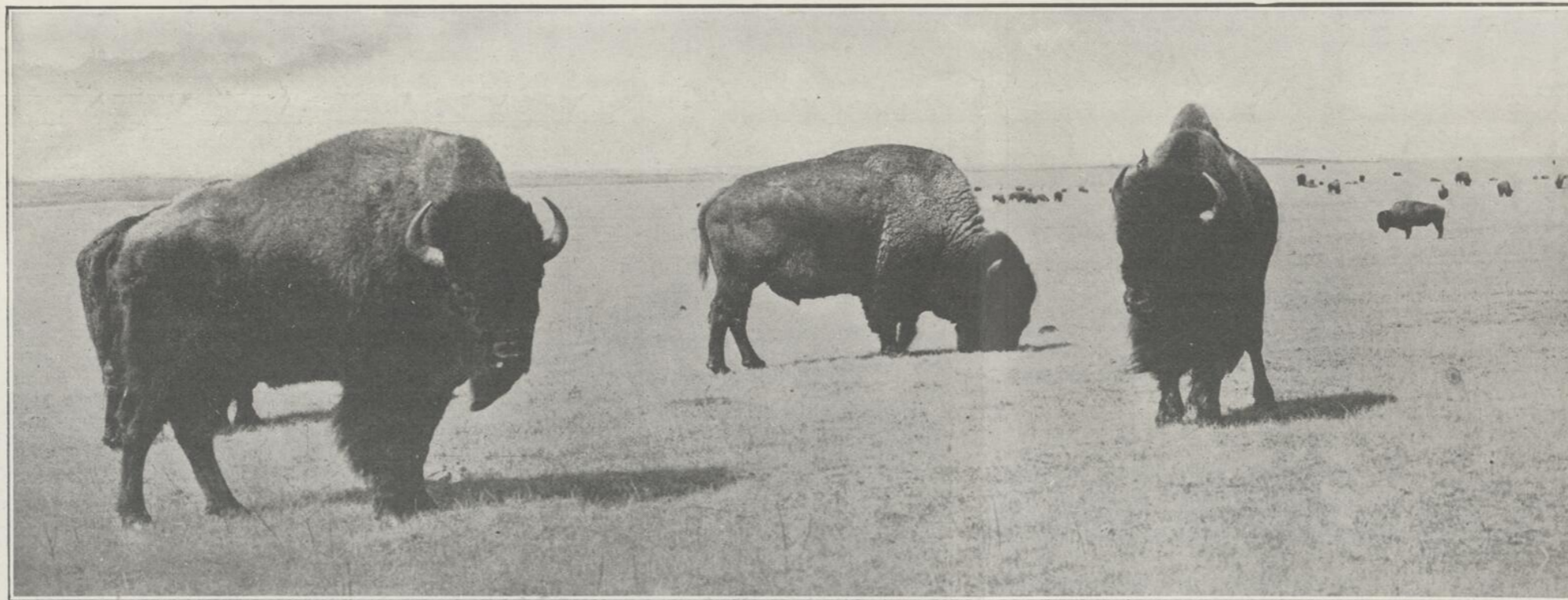


**THE BUSY HEART OF AN EMPIRE THAT IS NOW WAGING THE GREATEST WAR IN ITS LONG AND GLORIOUS HISTORY.**—In the very centre of London is a fine though circumscribed group of buildings that have loomed big in the annals of the British Empire. One of them, the Royal Exchange, is shown in the above picture. Close by are the Mansion House (the official residence of the Lord Mayor) and the Bank of England. The first Royal Exchange was erected and presented to the city by Sir Thomas Gresham (1565-1570), but it was destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666. The present building has an imposing Corinthian portico, and encloses a court surrounded by an ambulatory adorned with historical paintings by Leighton, Seymour Lucas, Stanhope Forbes, etc.

(Continued from Page 2.)

"Casualties," writes Pte. Whitby, "are taboo, but they have not been unduly heavy, and the general health of the men is excellent. The R.M.R. has already won a high name out here for steadiness, discipline and efficiency. The grand advance will undoubtedly give Montreal good reasons to be proud of her regiment. Officers and men alike are in good spirits. Lt.-Col. Meighen, the C.O., is indefatigable, in and out of the trenches, looking after the welfare and efficiency of all ranks, and has their entire confidence and esteem. Lt.-Col. Burland is seldom out of the trenches, and is always on the spot in an emergency."

"Field Marshal Sir John French



**LORDS OF THE CANADIAN PRAIRIES.**—The Dominion of Canada now possesses the finest herd of bison in the world. The buffalo are thriving well in their beautiful home at the National Park, Wainwright, Alberta, and are among the attractions of the Grand Trunk Pacific's transcontinental line. In nine years this herd has increased from 600 to 1649 head, a truly remarkable increase. The bison on the North American continent are said to have numbered four million head at one time, but the destruction of these heavy harmless beasts was one of the tragedies which accompanied the advance of civilization in the West.

handed the Royal-Montreal a bouquet the other day when inspecting the Regiment. He is a thick-set man of medium height, with a very florid face and snowy moustache. He looks and moves like a man in the pink of condition, and his enormous responsibility is apparently none too heavy for him. After looking the regiment over very carefully (frequently glancing at the men's boots) he said: "If the Royal Montreal Regiment fights as well as it looks I am indeed sorry for the Germans. The R.M.R. would hate to disappoint the General."

**THE GERMAN SPIKED HELMET.**

Nearly everyone imagines the German soldiers as fighting in their heavy brass spiked helmets, and, indeed, if you ever see a drawing of a German soldier it is always with the famous head-piece. The soldiers of the Kaiser, in the



**COL. J. W. BRIDGES**, officer commanding No. 2 Canadian General Hospital, 1st Contingent.



**TWICE DECORATED FOR KULTUR.**—A wounded German wearing a couple of the iron crosses which the Kaiser has so generously distributed since the war began.

The spiked helmet of the Germans has gone, indeed, from practical warfare, as has the Sam Browne belt of the British officer, and the beloved red trousers of the French soldier.

**RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.**

Much has been said and written lately, of blockades and blockade runners, but very little as to what happens to the latter if caught.

When a blockade has been declared against any particular country or strip of coast, no ship, whatever its cargo or whatever flag it is flying, is allowed to enter the ports that are blockaded.

Thus the Germans would be perfectly justified in catching any ship of any nationality that attempts to enter Great Britain, for they have declared a blockade of that country. But the blockade must be an effective one before it is recognized by international law.

A ship that is caught must be taken before a Prize Court—not torpedoed—and its cargo confiscated in the proper manner. It's the sinking of merchant vessels that is against international law. If Germany can capture the ships and take them into her own ports she is at perfect liberty to do so—if she can.



**LAST HONORS TO CANADIAN AVIATOR HERO.**—The funeral of the late Lieut. W. F. Sharpe, the Canadian aviator who was accidentally killed some weeks ago in England, took place recently at Prescott, Ont. In the above picture the gun-carriage bearing the body and escorted by officers from the 50th Rifles, is seen on its way to the cemetery.

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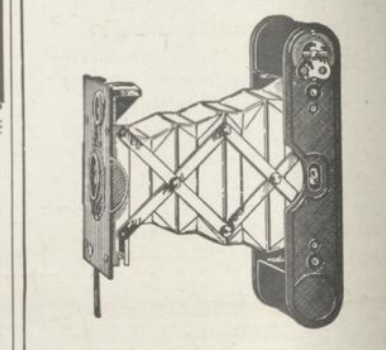
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