

## Italians in Capital of British Empire Went Wild With Joy When Their Country Entered the War on the Side of the Allies



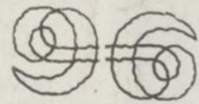
A GREAT WAR DEMONSTRATION OF ITALIANS IN LONDON.—Sons and daughters of Sunny Italy cheering their country's entry into the War in front of the Italian Embassy in London.

UNE GRANDE MANIFESTATION GUERRIERE ITALIENNE A LONDRES.—Les fils et les filles de la radieuse Italie applaudissant à l'entrée de leur patrie dans la guerre, en face de l'ambassade italienne à Londres.



THE GREAT FETE DIEU PROCESSION IN THE CITY OF MONTREAL.—The Feast of Corpus Christi was observed in the commercial metropolis of Canada with great éclat on the second Sunday after Pentecost. Hundreds of thousands either took part in the solemn procession or watched the procession as it passed through the gaily decorated streets. In the above picture the ceremony that took place at the Repository in front of Laval University is perpetuated. At this place a Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by Mgr. Roy.

LA GRANDE PROCESSION DE LA FETE DIEU A MONTREAL.—La Fete-Dieu a été observée dans la métropole commerciale du Canada avec grand éclat, le deuxième dimanche après la Pentecôte. Des centaines de milliers de personnes ont pris part à la procession solennelle ou l'ont suivie des yeux comme elle défilait par les grandes rues décorées. La présente illustration montre la cérémonie qui eut lieu au Reposoir en face de l'Université Laval. A cet endroit, Mgr. Roy, donna la bénédiction solennelle du Saint-Sacrement.



THE GREAT FETE DIEU PROCESSION IN MONTREAL.—His Grace the Archbishop of Montreal (vested in magna cappa and followed by a train bearer), and the Mayor of Montreal (wearing his chain of office), walking behind the Monstrance containing the consecrated Host.

LA GRANDE PROCESSION DE LA FETE DIEU A MONTREAL.—Sa Grandeur Mgr. L'Archevêque de Montréal (re vetu de la Magna Cappa, dont la traine est soutenue par un porteur) et le Maire de Montréal (portant le collier officiel) marchant en arrière de l'ostensoir contenant l'Hostie.



A BIG CROWD ON ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.—Scene at the opening of The Standard's New Head Office, at 177 St. James Street, Montreal, when The Standard's War Souvenir to commemorate the passing of the 62,000 circulation mark, and the opening of the New Offices, was given away to thousands of citizens. Upwards of 50,000 magnificent engravings, three feet long, of Canadian Regiments, were distributed. An enormous crowd, estimated at ten thousand persons, filled The Standard Office and stretched clear across the street to the opposite curb.

UNE GRANDE FOULE SUR LA RUE SAINT JACQUES.—Scene à l'ouverture du nouveau bureau chef du Standard, rue Saint Jacques, No. 177, Montréal, alors que le "Standard" ayant dépassé la marque de 62,000 de circulation, distribua des souvenirs de guerre à des milliers de citoyens pour commémorer cet événement en même temps que l'inauguration de son nouveau local. Plus de 50,000 superbes gravures, mesurant trois pieds de longueur, et représentant les régiments canadiens, furent distribuées à la foule.



BRAWNY HIGHLANDERS RETURN FROM THEIR LAST CHURCH PARADE ON CANADIAN SOIL.—Officers and men of the 42nd Battalion, 3rd C.E.F., entering their quarters on their return from their recent divine service parade to St. Paul's church, Montreal. Lined up on the street are the 5th Royal Highlanders.

LES VIGOUREUX ECOSSAIS DE RETOUR DE LEUR DERNIERE PARADE D'EGLISE SUR LE SOL CANADIEN.—Les officiers et les soldats du 42ème Bataillon, du 32ème C.E.F., entrant dans leurs quartiers à leur retour de leur récente parade au service divin célébré à l'église Saint-Paul, Montréal.

# Most Appalling Railway Wreck in English History Claimed as Victims Scores of Soldiers on Their Way to Fighting Line



CANADIAN SOLDIERS CONVALESCING AT NORTHAMPTON FROM WOUNDS RECEIVED AT LANGEMARCK.—Here are a few of the boys from the Land of the Maple who emerged with their lives from the poisonous gases and awful carnage at Langemarck.

SOLDATS CANADIENS SE RETABLISANT A NORTHAMPTON DE LEURS BLESSURES RECUES A LANGEMARCK.—Voici quelques-uns des gars du pays de la Feuille d'Erable qui ont échappés aux effets mortels des gaz asphyxiants et à l'épouvantable carnage de Langemarck.



THE MOST TERRIBLE RAILWAY WRECK IN THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND.—Beneath the twisted iron in the above picture scores of noble fellows met an awful death while on their way to fight for King and Country at the front.

LE PLUS TERRIBLE ACCIDENT DE CHEMIN DE FER DANS L'HISTOIRE D'ANGLETERRE.—Sous les débris de fer tordu que rencontre une mort horrible pendant qu'ils s'en allaient combattre au front pour le roi et la patrie.

## THE SOLDIERS' CARAVAN OF AGONY

THE horrors which mark the endless procession of the battlefields in Flanders to the hospitals are thus graphically described by Mr. E. Alexander Powell, an American correspondent at the front:—

"This is the story of what I saw the other day in a little town called Bailleul. Bailleul is only two or three miles on the French side of the Franco-Belgian frontier, and it is so close to the firing line that its window panes continually rattle. The noise along that portion of the battle front never ceases. It sounds for all the world like the clatter of a gigantic harvester, and that is precisely what it is—the harvester of death.

"As we entered Bailleul they were bringing in the harvest. They were bringing it in motor-cars, many, many, many of them, stretching in endless procession down the yellow roads which lead to Lille and Poperinghe and Neuve Chapelle and Ypres. Over the grey bodies of the motor-cars were grey canvas hoods, and painted on the hoods were staring scarlet crosses. The curtain at the back of each motor-car was rolled up, and protruding from the dim interior were four pairs of feet. Sometimes those feet were wrapped in bandages, and



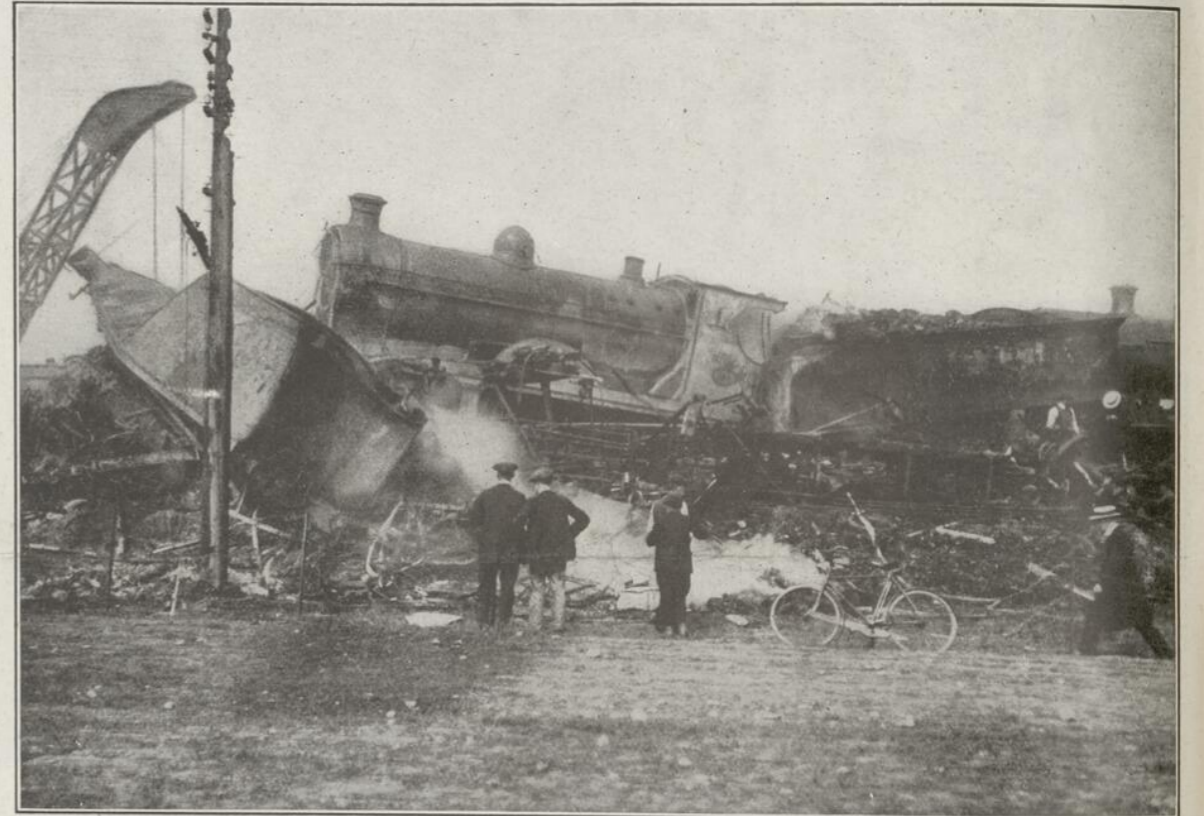
THE FIERY TOMB OF MANY A BRAVE AND HEROIC TOMMY.—In the awful collision that recently took place near Gretna Green between a troop train and a passenger express scores of soldiers bound for the fighting line met with appalling deaths. The troop train took fire and scores of the unfortunates who were pinned down by the wreckage were slowly burned to death.

LA TOMBE DE FEU DE PLUS D'UN BRAVE ET HEROIQUE TOMMY.—Dans l'horrible collision qui eut lieu récemment près de Gretna Green entre un convoi de soldats et un train rapide de voyageurs, nombre de militaires en route pour la ligne de combat rencontrèrent une mort lamentable. Le convoi de soldats prit feu et plusieurs des malheureuses victimes qui étaient rivees aux débris du désastre ont brûlé lentement jusqu'à la mort.

on the fresh white linen were bright red splotches, but more often they were encased in worn and muddied boots. I shall never forget those poor, broken, mud-encrusted boots, for they spoke so eloquently of utter weariness and pain. There was something about them that was the very essence of pathos. The owners of those boots were lying on stretchers which were made to slide into the ambulances as drawers slide into a bureau and most of them were suffering terrible agony.

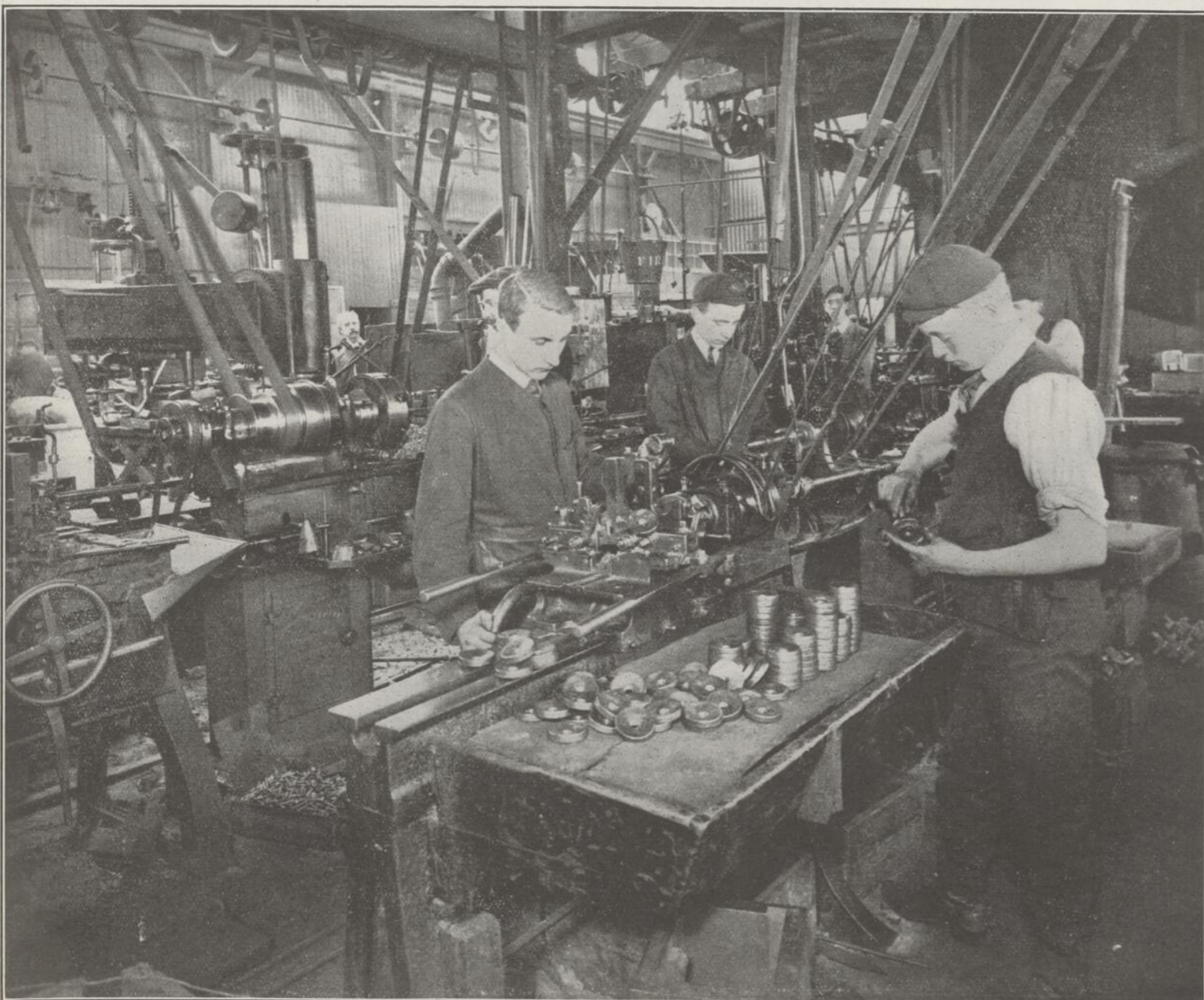
"Sometimes, as the ambulances went rocking by, we would catch a fleeting glimpse of some poor fellow whose wounds would not permit of his lying down. I remember one of these—a clean-cut, fair-haired youngster who looked to be still in his teens. He was sitting on the floor of the ambulance leaning for support against the rail. Both his hands had been blown away at the wrists. The head of another man was so swathed in bandages that my first impression was that he was wearing a huge turban of white and red. The jolting of the

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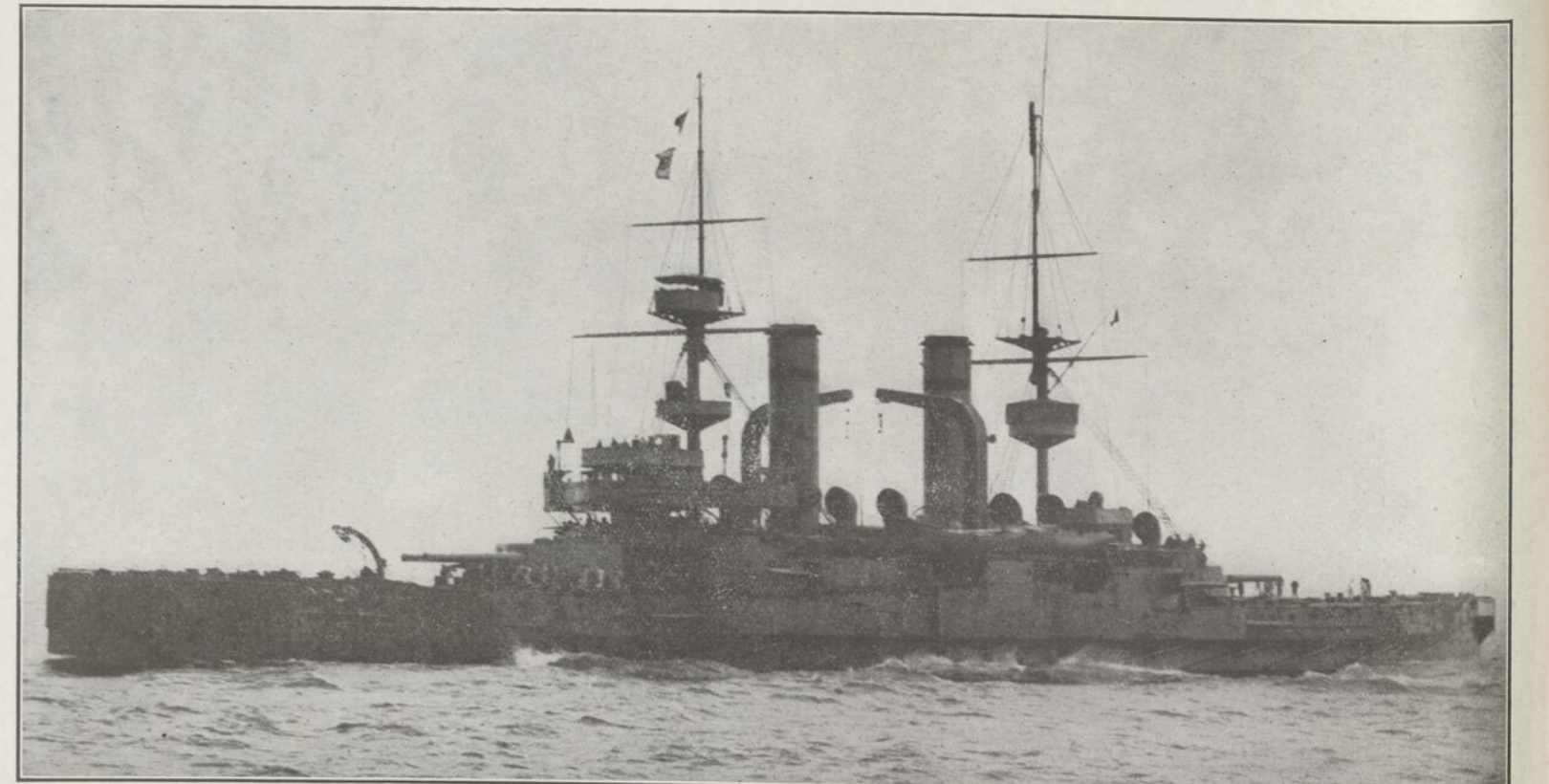
THE RECENT TROOP TRAIN HOLOCAUST NEAR THE SCOTTISH BORDER.—One of the express engines telescoped on top of the wreckage of the troop train.

LE RECENT HOLOCAUSTE DU CONVOI MILITAIRE PRES DE LA FRONTIERE D'ECOSSE.—L'une des locomotives du train rapide s'abîma sur les ruines du convoi militaire.



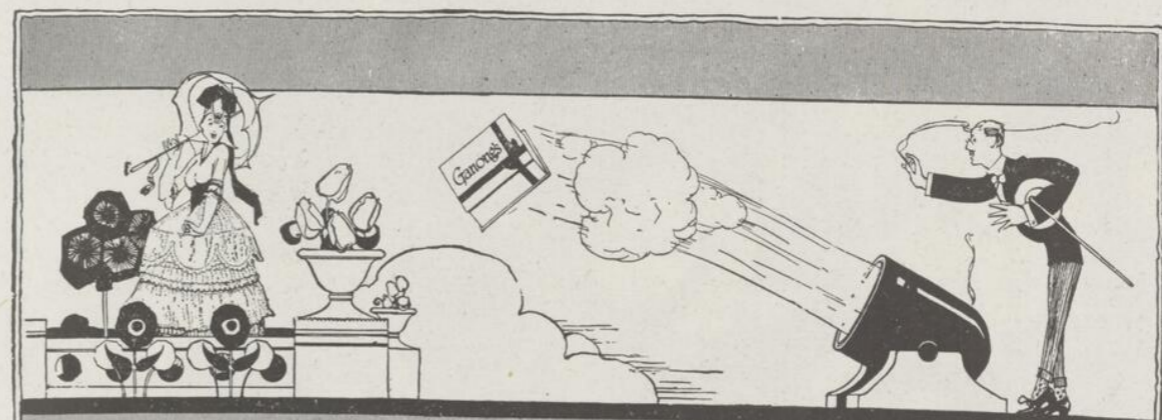
TOO YOUNG TO FIGHT BUT NOT TOO YOUNG TO MAKE MUNITIONS OF WAR.—The boys of Great Britain are responding nobly to Mr. Lloyd George's imperative call for shells. Here are some of them making shell cases at Willesden during their holidays.

TROP JEUNES POUR COMBATTRE, MAIS NON POUR FAIRE DES MUNITIONS DE GUERRE.—Les petits garçons de la grande Bretagne répondent noblement à la demande impérieuse de boulets de canon faite par Lloyd George.

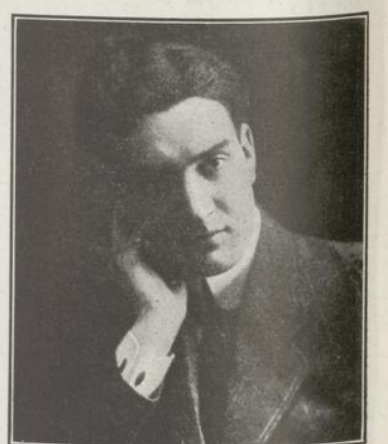


LOST AT THE DARDANELLES.—H.M.S. Triumph, recently torpedoed and sunk in the Dardanelles when about to bombard the Turkish position. Her envelope of torpedo nets offered little or no resistance to the torpedo.

PERDU DANS LES DARDANELLES.—Le "Triumph" du service de Sa Majesté qui a été torpillé et coulé dans les Dardanelles au moment où il se préparait à bombarder les positions turques. Bien que muni de moyens de protection contre les torpilles, il n'a que peu ou point offert de résistance à ces instruments de guerre.



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Many thousands will recognize in the above, Mr. W.B. Scroggie, Head of the Delmar Co., Ltd., and one of Canada's leaders in the composing of sheet music. One of his greatest song hits of the day was, "I Want You" music by Harry Thomas another local musical celebrity. Mr. Scroggie is better known to the musical world as Walter Bruce and signs his music as such.

# Scenes From the War Zone in the Carpathians Where Russians and Austrians Are Desperately Fighting for Supremacy



**INVOKING THE GOD OF BATTLES ON THE BLOOD-STAINED FIELDS OF FAR-OFF GALICIA.**—An Austrian priest celebrating an Easter-Day Mass in the Carpathian Mountains among the Austrian troops.

**INVOCATION AU DIEU DES BATAILLES SUR LES CHAMPS ENSANGLANTES DE LA LOINTAINE GALICIE.**—Un prêtre autrichien célébrant la messe de Paques dans les Monts Carpathes au milieu des troupes autrichiennes.



**FIRST PICTURE FROM THE SAN RIVER.**—Infantry trench in the Austrian lines on the River San in East Galicia. The San River campaign has absorbed the attention of the whole world during the past few months.

**PREMIERE VUE PHOTOGRAPHIQUE DE LA RIVIERE SAN.**—Retranchement de l'infanterie autrichienne sur le riviere San dans la Galicie orientale. La campagne de la riviere San a absorbe l'attention du monde entier durant les quelques mois derniers.



**MAY BE QUEEN OF ENGLAND SOME DAY.**—H.R.H. the Princess Elisabeth, daughter of the King and Queen of Roumania, whom many Britishers would like to see the bride of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

**APTE A DEVENIR LA REINE D'ANGLETERRE UN JOUR.**—Son Altesse Royale, la princesse Elisabeth, fille du roi et de la reine de Roumanie que nombre d'Anglais aimeraient a voir fiancee avec Son Altesse Royale, le prince de Galles.



**WOULD FIGHT FOR THEIR KING IF THEY WERE OLD ENOUGH.**—Some of the boys who participated in the recent Boy Scout Rally on Fletcher's Field, Montreal.

**ILS COMBATTRAIENT POUR LEUR ROI S'ils ETAIENT ASSEZ AGES.**—Quelques-uns des petits patriotes qui ont pris part au recent "Boy Scout Rally," sur la Ferme Fletcher, Montreal.



**AN HEIR APPARENT THAT MAY SOON BE IN THE FIGHTING LINE.**—H.R.H. the Crown Prince Carol of Roumania, whose mother, the Queen of Roumania, is a cousin of H.M. the King.

**UN APPARENT HERITIER DU TRONE QUI PEUT ETRE BIENTOT SUR LA LIGNE DE COMBAT.**—Son Altesse Royale le prince heritier Carol de Roumanie, dont la mere, la reine de Roumanie, est une cousine de Sa Majeste le Roi.

(Continued from Page 2.)

car had caused the bandages to slip. If that man lives little children will run from him in terror and women will turn aside when they meet him in the street. "Tearing over the rough cobbles of Bailleul the ambulances came to a halt before some one of the many doorways over which droop the Red Cross flags, for every suitable building in the little town has been converted into a hospital. The one of which I am going to tell you had

been a school until the war began. It is officially known as Hospital Number Eight, but I shall always think of it as Hell's antechamber. On the afternoon that I was there eight hundred wounded were brought into that building between the hours of two and four. "As I entered the door I had to stand aside to let a stretcher, carried by two orderlies, pass out. Through the rough brown blanket which covered the stretcher showed the vague outlines of a human form, but the face was

covered and it was very still. In a week, or two weeks, or a month, when the death lists are published, there will appear the name of the still form under the brown blanket, and there will be anguish in some British home. In the hall-way of the hospital a man was sitting upright on a bench and two surgeons were working over him. He was sitting there because the operating rooms were filled. "The surgeons in charge took me upstairs to the ward which contained the more serious cases. On a cot beside the door was stretched a young Canadian. His face might have been stepped upon by a giant in spiked shoes. "Look," said the surgeon, and he lifted the woollen blanket. The man's body looked like a field which has been gone over with a disc harrow. His feet, his legs, his abdomen, his chest, his face, were furrowed with gaping, angry wounds. "He was shot through the hand," explained the surgeon. "He made his way back to the dressing station in the reserve trenches, but just as he reached it a shell exploded at his feet." I patted him on the shoulder, and told him that I too knew the land of the great forests and the rolling prairies, and that before long he was going back to it. And though he could not speak he turned that poor torn face of his and smiled at me. He must have been suffering the tortures of the damned, but he smiled at me, I tell you—he smiled at me!

"In the next bed, not two feet away—for the hospitals in Bailleul are very crowded—a youngster from a Highland regiment was sitting propped against his pillows. He could not lie down, the surgeon told me, because he had been shot through the lungs. Over by the window lay a boy with a face as white as the pillow-cover. He was quite conscious, and stared at the ceiling with wide, unseeing eyes. "Another shrapnel case," said a hospital attendant. "Both legs amputated, but he'll recover." I wonder what he will do for a living when he gets back to England. Perhaps he will sell pencils or bootlaces on the flags of Piccadilly and hold out his cap for coppers. A man with his head all swathed in strips of

linen lay so motionless that I asked if he was living. 'A head wound,' was the answer. 'We've tried trepanning, and he'll probably pull through, but he'll never recover his reason.' Cannot you see him in the years to come, my friends, this splendid specimen of manhood, his mind a blank, wandering, helpless as a little child, about some English village? "I doubt if any four walls in all the world contain more human

(Continued on Page 4.)



**CANADIAN TOMMIES MAINTAIN THEIR GOOD SPIRITS EVEN IN THE LAND OF THE HUNS.**—The soldiers in the above picture are prisoners of war waiting for their dinner rations at one of the camps for British prisoners in Germany. Are they downhearted? Not a bit!

**LES "TOMMIES" CANADIENS CONSERVENT LEUR BONNE HUMEUR MEME SUR LE TERRITOIRE DES HUNS.**—Les soldats representes dans cette illustration sont des prisonniers de guerre attendant leurs rations du diner, a l'un des camps de detention pour les prisonniers anglais en Allemagne.



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Bottom Row—Left to right: Nursing Sisters Reynor, DeLacy, Fearon, Lamplough, Hollands, Mowat, Cameron, McDonald, Aitken, McLean, Forbes, Maguire, Cookson, Floyd, Stammers, Moody, Hamilton, Bell, Whitteck, Morrice, Seely, Jukes, Latimer. Top Row—Left to right: Nursing Sisters Benire, Campbell, Barton, Beatty, Mitchell, Code, Whelan, Best, Templeman, Watson, McLaughlin, Brady, Murton, Telford, Walter, Sampson, McKenzie, Taylor, Glasgow, Ruddick, Howard, McDermott, Refoy, Groves.

(Continued from Page 3.)

suffering than those of Hospital Number Eight at Balleul, yet of all those shattered, broken, mangled men I heard only one utter a complaint or groan. He was a fair-haired giant, as are so many of these British fighting men. A bullet had splintered his spine, and, with his hours numbered, he was suffering the most awful torment that a human being can endure. The sweat stood in beads upon his forehead. The muscles of his neck and arms were so corded and knotted that it seemed as though they would burst their way through the sun-tanned skin. His naked breast rose and fell in sobs of agony. 'O God! O God!' he moaned, 'be merciful and take me... it hurts, it hurts... it hurts me so... my wife... the kiddies... for the love of Christ, doctor, give me a hypodermic and stop the pain... say good-bye to them for me... tell them... oh, I can't stand it any longer... I'm not afraid to die... but I just can't stand this pain... O God, dear God, won't you please let me die?'



BROTHERS IN NAME AND BROTHERS IN ARMS.—Pte. Alber Dolphin and Sgt. Charles Dolphin (sitting) and Sgt. James Dolphin (standing) who went to the front with the 24th Battalion (Victoria Rifles), Montreal.

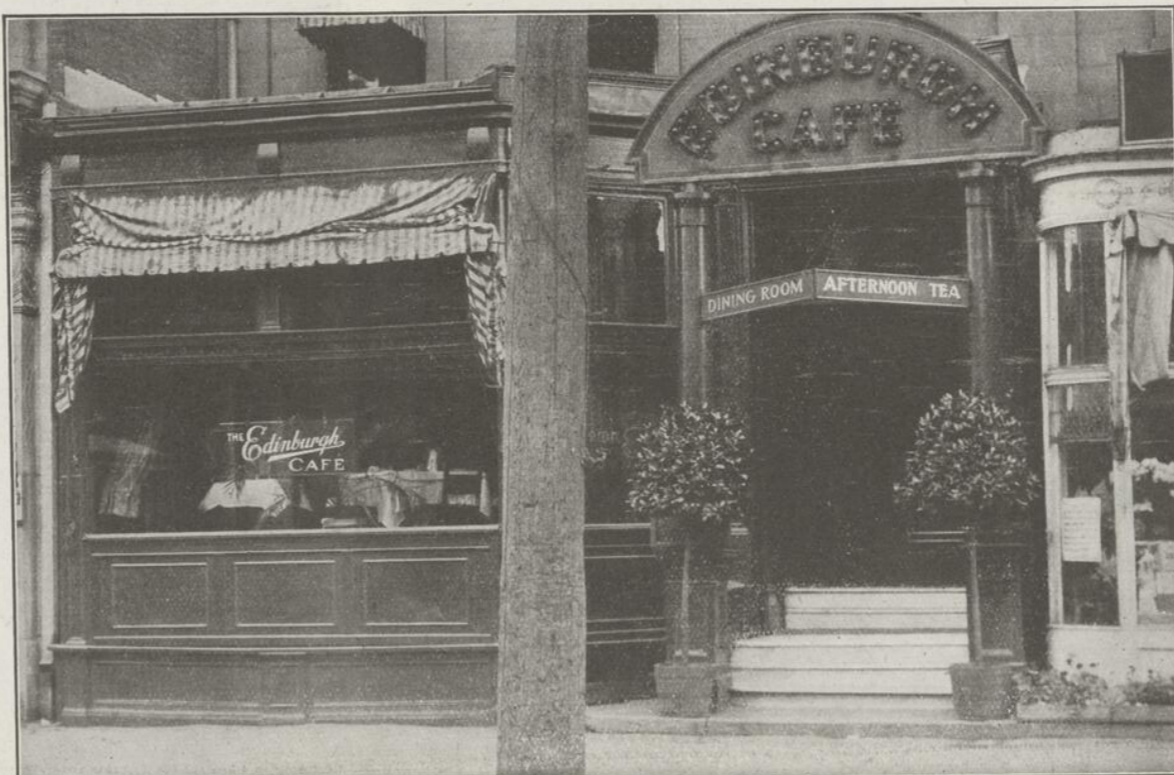
vester garnering its crop of pieces. But he begged us to leave him in the open air. We are sending him on by train to Boulogne tonight, and then by hospital ship to England.' I walked over and looked down at him. He could not have been

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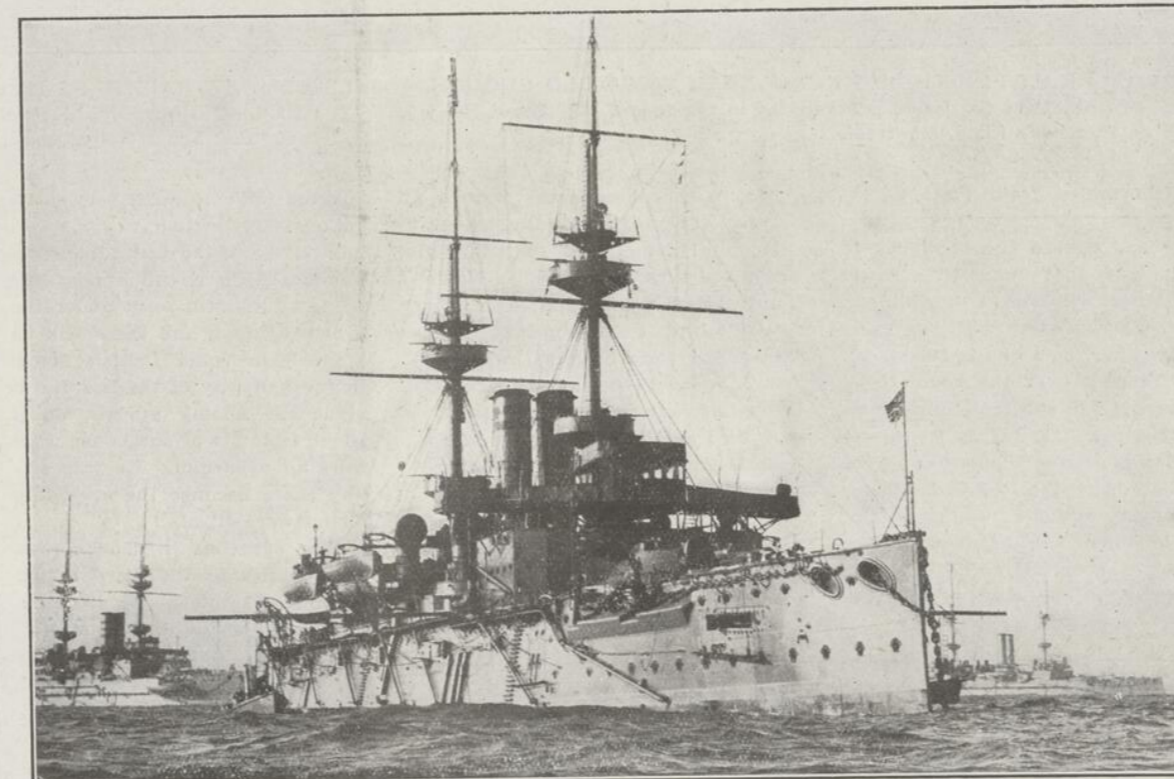


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LOST IN THE DARDANELLES.—H.M.S. Majestic, the oldest battleship on the active list in the British navy, which was recently sent to the bottom of the Dardanelles by a Turkish torpedo. The Majestic had been supporting the Allied Army in its operations on the Gallipoli Peninsula.

much more than eighteen—just such a clean-limbed, open-faced lad as any girl would have been proud to call sweetheart, any mother son. He was lying very still. About his face there was a peculiar greyish pallor. I beckoned to the doctor. 'He's not going to England,' I whispered. 'He's going to sleep in France.' The surgeon, after a quick glance, gave an order, and two bearers came and lifted the stretcher and bore it to a ramshackle outhouse which they call the mortuary, and gently set it down at the end of a long row of other silent forms.



MONTREAL'S MUSICAL HEADQUARTERS AND THE HOME OF SHEET MUSIC.—All musically inclined will here recognize the Delmar Company, Limited, 273 Bleury St., four doors south of St. Catherine St. formerly on St. Catherine Street. A feature at this establishment is the newest attraction, the Little Wonder Gramophone Records at 15c, exclusively handled here, all the latest songs and marches, etc.

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