

AWAITING THEIR ORDERS TO MOVE TOWARDS BERLIN

Members of the Seventy-Fourth and Seventy-Fifth Battalions, Mostly Toronto Men, Are Anxious to Hear the Command of "All Aboard for Berlin!" Which Is Expected to Come Almost Any Day Now.

BY WALTER G. FESSEY.

ALL ABOARD FOR BERLIN! is the eagerly expected order at Exhibition Park Camp. The 74th and 75th Battalions of infantry contain the lucky boys next in line to hear the soon-to-be-welcome command. Both battalions are largely composed of Toronto men. Credit is due the 56th Foot Regiment for furnishing the nucleus for the 74th Battalion, and for practically raising the 1900 men in its ranks. This took place last summer before the establishment of the Toronto Recruiting Depot. The recruiting for the 74th was conducted from the headquarters of the 56th Foot Regiment, which are located in West Toronto on Dundas street. The 38th Regiment was well represented at the outbreak of the war, and detachments which volunteered for active service with the First Contingent trained at Valcartier. It sent drafts from all ranks with the Second Contingent, and also to Niagara to fill the places of men who went forward in response to overseas calls received early last summer from Canadian regiments in the training camps in England and at the front.

The 74th is under command of Lieut.-Col. R. C. Windover, who is promoted to brigadier-general when Gen. Logie takes command of his overseas brigade. Col. Windover was formerly commander of the 16th Regiment. The senior major of the 74th is Maj. Allan McCausland, formerly an officer of the 38th, and previous to that with the Queen's Own Rifles. The 74th

has an excellent band under command of J. Bonthron. Maj. A. L. Burch, formerly pastor of a Presbyterian Church in Vancouver, is chaplain of the 74th. He was formerly a 38th Foot officer, and when the 74th was authorized he came east to join Col. Windover's new command. Lance-Corporal Bryant is one of the poets of the 74th. This is what he says of his comrades:

"Brave lads, true lads, the lads of the seven and four;
Toronto lads, Canadian lads, British to the core;
Earnest lads, willing lads, could you ask for more?"

The 74th have had a great family gathering in the transportation building at Exhibition Camp, which will be remembered as a notable event of the winter. It included an afternoon entertainment attended by officers and men with their wives, children and friends. This was followed by a monster dinner party in the government building, which was set to accommodate nearly 1500 people. The tables were laden with delicacies, and were arranged by Sgt.-Maj. Hargreaves. When the 75th Battalion entrains it will take with it what is generally recognized as the finest overseas camp band organized during the present season, and some musical authorities say the best brass band ever formed in connection with any Canadian overseas command. It is probably in a class by itself, and sets a new standard for fighting battalion bands. Bandmaster Zealley was presented with a handsome baton by Lieut.-Col. Green on behalf of the Sportsmen's Association in recognition of the splendid services rendered by the 75th Battalion's band at the great recruiting rallies under the auspices of the sportsmen. When the presentation was made Bandmaster Zealley, in accepting the baton, said he intended to use it when conducting the 75th in the triumphal march of the allies when they entered the City of Berlin.

The 75th was organized by the 4th Battalion, which during the past week has been reported as having taken its place in the trenches in Flanders, where it is doing its bit in keeping back the enemy.

Lieut.-Col. S. G. Beckett, commanding officer of the 75th, was at the head of the 75th Battalion, and like his partner, Lieut.-Col. Vaux Chadwick, proved his devotion to the flag by shutting up shop at their architectural office for the period of the war. Lieut.-Col. F. L. Burton was senior major of the 75th Battalion until his recent promotion and transfer to become commanding officer of the 10th Battalion.

Maj. W. L. Baynes-Reed is chaplain of the 75th Battalion. For many years he has been rector of St. John's Anglican church in Norway. He is one of the leading clergymen of the city. Before enlisting for overseas service he was chaplain of the Mississauga Horse. Col. Beckett's command is another of the large number of battalions recruited entirely within the Toronto city limits to attest this city's patriotism at the front. It was recruited in the late summer with its headquarters in a tent south of the armories on University avenue.

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WHITE-CAPPED NURSES REPLACED BY SOLDIERS

Means of the Sufferings in Old General Hospital Building on Gerrard Street Has Given Place to the Hearty Laugh or the Sonorous Snore of the Healthy Soldier.

BY G. E. KENNEDY.

LITTLE DID THE trustees and builders of Toronto's old General Hospital, back in 1854, think of the martial crowds which would assemble on that same ground, and of the use to which its buildings would be put.

Dr. Wm. Clarke of the present General Hospital is the historian of the building on Gerrard street and in his book on its growth and history he describes a few of the vicissitudes of fortune thru which it passed even in early days.

The first block, and central portion, was erected in 1854, the plan for which was drawn up by Mr. William Hay. The design of the hospital was copied from one in Scotland. In the first forty years of its life the hospital suffered so much from lack of funds that in August of 1893 it had to be closed. During that year Archbishop Lynch of the Roman Catholic Church, offered to take it over, on condition that the property was made over to the church, but this move was strenuously opposed by the majority of citizens, and money was finally where needed for its most pressing needs, and the hospital doors were reopened in 1899. The city refused in this year to give any aid to the hospital, and the matter was taken up by local legislation and a government grant was made. Various subscriptions and bequests began to come in by that time, which helped on the work considerably. In 1873 the Andrew Mercer Eye and Ear Infirmary, and the Burnside wing were added, and in 1882 the pavilion was built. This was enlarged later on. Such is a brief history of the building of the old hospital, now a hospital no longer, but a military barracks. In place of the white capped nurses, a healthy, hearty, snoring snore of some few dozen vigorous young men. When the Niagara Camp closed down last summer, military authorities cast around for buildings which would make suitable winter quarters for those men who might be held here. The hospital buildings were then being used as detention quarters for feeble minded cases, and it took a few weeks to put them into the proper shape for such a different purpose as housing soldiers. One of the most sensible and needed additions to the building was the erection of specially wide outside stairways, one each side. With a building of such old construction and the possibilities of an outbreak of fire among such a large number of men, this was a wise precaution.

Two Battalions There

The two battalions now quartered there, the 33rd O. B. and 92nd Highlanders, then divided up the building by mutual arrangement, so that each battalion occupied the quarters of the other in the basement up, the 92nd occupying the original portion of the building, and the 33rd occupying the Burnside wing, and what was formerly the women's quarters. The 33rd have 1065 men and 38 officers, divided up into four companies and it is interesting to an outsider to note how the men are provided for in this building. The officers occupy the quarters which belonged to the 32nd Highlanders on the ground floor; B on the second. Here the paymaster's office is situated, and C Company is on the third floor. Shower baths have been installed in addition to other equipment for the comfort of the men and the 32nd quarters are arranged thru the various wings in double bunks built up two and three tiers high. The ceilings being lofty, admit of plenty of air space. Each man is allowed four warm army blankets. Below, on the first floor, are the kitchens and stores rooms. Here is cooks with five gas

Some Repair Shops

Around on the same floor are the various shops where the men can get practically all the repairs necessary to clothing and general outfit. The shoe shop fixes up boots at a price very near what you see just outside, but in fact, the price just covers cost of material. A tailor shop, armorer's shop where the bayonets are repaired. A shoe shop and shaving place and a repair shop for musical instruments are found within a short distance.

A few steps into the open lead to the recreation building erected specially by the government for the use of the soldiers. Equipment was being delivered here. At one corner a portion of the shed is railed off for a library. This library is much appreciated. A door out of the library corner leads into the canteen, where all good things in the way of drinks and eatables, so near to the heart of boys of all ages and ranks can be purchased. This place is clean and bright and all profits from the canteen are turned in for the good of the battalion.

The Daily Routine

Each company attends one or more lectures a day, given by the commanding officer, on matters of equipment, trench work, or other valuable knowledge, for overseas training. Physical drill, bayonet exercises, sectional and trench digging, platoon drill, route marches and musketry exercise form some part of each day's routine. The daily allowance of food per man is: Biscuits and bread, one pound each; bacon, 3 oz.; flour, beans, rice, or oatmeal, 2 oz.; fresh meat, 1 lb.; cheese, 1 oz.; coffee, 1-3 oz.; fresh vegetables, 6 oz.; potatoes, 1 lb.; sugar, 3 oz.; tea, 1-4 oz.; split peas, 1-2 oz.; jam or prunes, 2 oz.; lima beans, 11-2 oz.; butter, 2 oz.; pepper, 1-35 oz.; salt, 3/4 oz.

Fire Drills Are Held

Fire drills are, of course, held quite frequently and showing how splendidly the men are trained along this line, it was stated that only five minutes were needed to clear the building of the entire battalion. A short time afterwards the bugles blew for the fire alarm; in three minutes every man of the battalion, cooks, and all mechanics included, were lined up outside the building. The general health of all men at the Riverdale barracks had been good, two deaths only having occurred in the 92nd, one of these from heart failure. Both battalions are well equipped with field kitchens and each one proud of their indoor kitchens and store places. All supplies are ordered from the general headquarters at Exhibition Camp. The 32nd Highlanders have 1165 men and 39 officers, and are up to full strength. D Company occupies the old theatre wing of the main building; B the third floor; C on the second, and A on the first floor. Lt.-Col. G. T. Chisholm is the head of this battalion, with Major G. T. McLaren as second in command.

MAKING SEAMSTRESSES AT PATRIOTIC LEAGUE

Many Women Have Benefitted by Work Started by Miss H. M. Hill.

HAVE ENLARGED SCOPE

From Sewing for Soldiers Work Has Made Women Self-Supporting.

BY EUNICE GUNN RAMSAY.

AN important branch of the work of Toronto's Women's Patriotic League, which should be more widely known and appreciated, is the work done on Sherbourne street, where, during the past 17 months, several hundred women have obtained employment. Miss H. M. Hill is the convener of this department, and the educational and extremely patriotic value of the work done from every point of view reflects great credit upon her foresight and judgment. Not only has the department relieved a great amount of distress among unemployed women, but it has taken in the absolutely raw material and turned out skilled garment makers.

Commenting on shirts for the soldiers, the work has spread to girls' dresses, boys' trousers, and underwear, these in response to an order from the Toronto Teachers' Patriotic Relief. Several hundreds of children's garments have been made in this way. In addition to these orders several hundreds of garments have been sent out for the University Base Hospital and various chapters of the Daughters of Empire, and orders from private families. The work is done in the same way as the work of the League, and a large number of skilled workers in men's, ladies' and children's wear have been turned out. Here is patriotic work in the truest sense of the word, helping these women to independence and raising the standard of work done. Not only has the city hall time supplying a great need in the way of the articles produced.

Find Work in Factory

A number of the workers have found excellent positions in factories thru the knowledge gained in these workshops. One case was that of a young woman who obtained a position as forelady in an out-of-town factory, and yet another who was placed in the same position in a similar factory. The League was asked to send other similar workers to the factory. Absolute accuracy is demanded in all work done, the workers are taught to measure and fit each piece perfectly, and no worker is passed whose garment is not perfect in every detail.

Women Are Paid

The women are paid \$6 per week, and are supplied with teas and various little additions to the luncheons which they take with them. They are working under most ideal conditions of sun and air, in warm home-like surroundings, and the department is never at a standstill for work to employ them. As Miss Alexandra, the head of this workshop put it, "Surely this is an educational work that is worth while." Miss Alexandra is herself responsible for the splendid training of these women, and the purchase of all materials, cutting and distribution is under her direct control.

At present the room is working on the 15,000 order of shirts for the department of militia and defence, having just completed a large order of shirts and pyjamas for the returned wounded soldiers to the order of the Teachers' Patriotic Fund.

DRILLING TORONTO POLICE IN USE OF TRENCH MORTAR

The Man From the Rural Locality Who Came to the City in Response to an Advertisement for Men for the Police Force, Retains Further Information He Gleaned in His Quest for Knowledge of the Workings of the Force.

BY A. MARIPOSA MANN.

HAD about made up my mind that I knew enough to put in my application for one of the vacancies on the police force when my policeman friend left me on being relieved that afternoon, and that I would be able to tell him how I succeeded on meeting him at the appointed time next day. Then it occurred to me that I had always been taught that while experience teaches fools a wise man who would not be willing to profit by the experience of others would be a fool, indeed. He impressed upon me the circumstances of standing out in the hall with his boots off, and I pictured myself in the same position with the sox I had darned myself while sitting by the candle light in the room over the kitchen in the Mariposa farm-house, where I had been hired man. There was no question that if I intended joining the force one of the first things I needed was a pair of sox.

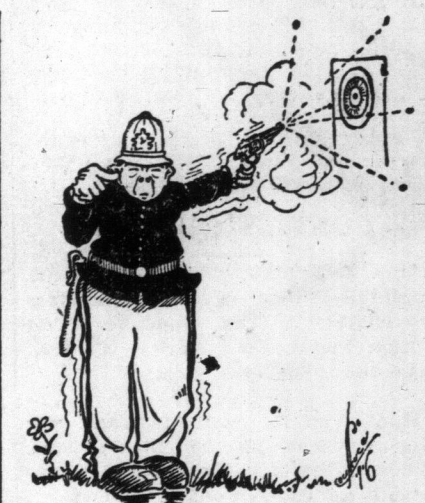
While I was thinking of my needs my thoughts flew away to the men in France and Flanders who were fighting my battles, and I decided that while I was about it I would invest a part of my top buggy money in a few pairs for them. So I got the sox and saw the ones I bought for the soldier boys started on their way to the front. Then I went to the house where I had left my carpet bag and decided to take a bath, the first one for me since the swimming hole up on the farm had frozen over. My, but it was great! I'd been there yet only another officer or got tired waiting and tried to break the door in.

I started out on the next afternoon to meet my friend on the beat. But I didn't wear those new sox. No, Sir! I was keeping them for the big show. I wanted them to delight the eyes of the chickens parading the city hall corridors while I stood outside the chief's door waiting to be measured up.

"Well, how did you make out?" queried my policeman friend when I arrived at the part of the city that he kept guard over. I told him that I had not yet applied, and then noticing that he wore a nice Persian lamb cap I asked him if the commissioners supplied them. He replied "Yes, but we pay for them." I didn't understand what he meant, but I decided that as I had found out where the chickens paraded the city hall corridors while I stood outside the chief's door waiting to be measured up.

Getting His Numbers

"All yer outside clothing is free," he said, "wid the exception of yer boots. Ye get yer overcoat, cloth tunic, serge tunic, summer and winter pants, not forgetting the numbers on yer tunic. That rounds me of a man who sint in his resignation the other day after being on the force for twelve years. He is going to join the soldiers in order that he may do his bit, and would ye believe it? He charged that man for the number that goes on his collar because he had them soldered together to keep him straight. After a man has been on duty for a year he gets a new tunic and he likes to keep his new one for day duty, and use his old one for nights. He only gets one set of numbers, and in order to facilitate the change from one tunic to another he has them soldered together. If they treat a man like that when he is sacrificing such a lot, what chance will he have of getting back on the force when the war is over, and he comes back over the age of thirty, when the law is



Getting some practice with a trench mortar.

that no man is taken on over the age of thirty." I observed that it looked very much like red tape. "Red tape me bhoys!" he exclaimed. "The police are using red tape that had long grey whiskers on at the Crimean war."

Just then he left me and walked hurriedly away a few paces. He soon came back, however. A Necessary Trip "I got a scare that time," he remarked. "That car had a policeman on front along wid the motorman, and I thought it was the sergeant. I done probation in that policeman's division, and was out at night wid him for a number of times. They are supposed to give ye an insight into the work. He told me something I will never forget. He told me never to sit down on a warm night no matter how sleepy I was, as I would be sure to go to sleep. But if ye do sit down," he said, "be sure and take out yer handcuffs and rest yer elbows on yer knees so that yer fingers barely touch each other when the handcuffs are held up by them as ye start to sleep."

"Then, just as soon as ye start to sleep the handcuffs will fall, making a noise that will wake ye up. Now, if any citizen sees a policeman sitting in some quiet spot wid his hands up, he will see it on his fingers in the above way he may know he is yet awake. And don't bustle like this. Ye may have been relieved at 7 a.m., got a bite to eat, appeared at court at 10 a.m., perhaps stay there over two hours and then go home and have to appear at 3 p.m. for measurement and clothing inspection, and ye never know when ye are thru, and perhaps an ambulance lecture next afternoon."

I changed the conversation at this point by remarking that I noticed that the man who relieved him had carried a revolver.

Those Trench Mortars

"A revolver did ye call it?" he exclaimed. "He sure did have a revolver pouch. But as for a revolver? In rotation checked back the words until I feared he was about to have a stroke. Finally he found his tongue. 'As near as I can figure it out the right name for it would be a trench mortar. Of all the weapons that ever was put in to a man's hand that is the worst. The last week or two that a man is on probation the instructor and he is a good one—gives ye revolver drill. He

shows ye how to clean them and how to stand, wid yer trench mortar, in sections for inspection. He can teach ye all that. But no instructor who anyone else can teach ye how to hit anything wid them. There is only one way to do it and that is to be the object against the muzzle as they done with the Sepoys in the Indian mutiny, or ye might possibly hit it by throwing yer trench mortar at it. "But there's one thing about it. No person ever gets wounded with one of them and lives. Ye talk about yer German gas, yer dum-dums or yer poisoned bullets! For a deadly pill the bullets from the police force trench mortars have them all beat a mile. "Well, do I remember the day they first presented me wid a mortar. I looked it over carefully, always keeping the muzzle pointed towards the other fellow. But you should have seen the bullets! They were covered wid a green moss, that is what I mean when I say that they never wound anyone. A man that gets hit wid a bullet that color never lives. But how anyone ever gets hit wid them no person can tell. Some say it is accident, and after seeing all the men shoot wid them at practice I believe that theory about right. I've never seen the target hit yet."

At Firing Practice

"I remember when I, along with a lot more of the force, got orders to appear at the firing practice. Another man who, like myself, had not been long out, but was from England, challenged me that, whoever made the poorest score should get for drinks. I accepted the challenge partly because I was dry, and partly because I thought I could shoot. Some other members of the force hearing the challenge came to me and said that William Archibald was on day duty, and his gun held the championship, and had won the lieutenant-governor's cup. I make an intentional mistake and took William's gun, firmly believing that the other fellow would have to pay. But I did not know what I was getting into. "Well, we went down to Riverdale and, altho there had been many shooting before us the target was unhit. My opponent's name was called out, and we expected he would uphold the honor of the division. But our expectations were vain. He went out to the firing line dragging the mortar after him. Grasping his weapon in one hand and pointed it skyward he stood on one leg and twisted the other around it. Then he exclaimed: 'My grandfather drew a good bow at Hastings, but he was never asked to handle anything like this. He was called a hero, best, however.' He took deliberate aim and missed. Again he aimed and hit in the same place, and in the words of the men who were called out to shoot thru our drill, he continued the motion. He returned to his billet. Had Dutch Trial "By this time I was getting very dry. I thought that with William Archibald's champion revolver, the holder of the cup I had him beat. My ancestors never drew a bow at Hastings, but I had often heard it said they fought catch pikers. I did not get anything for I feared they might call me a piker. My name was called. I walked up to the firing line, took deliberate aim and fired. I gave the mortar a good shake to see, but they shook their heads. I continued firing, but do ye know that champion revolver failed to come back I aimed it all right. But I hear any other man could tell where the bullets went. And the drinks. We went and had a Dutch treat. "What's that?" I asked. "We went into a nice quiet hotel on the way home, and each paid for his own. However, the officers are now supplied with revolvers that will break a pop bottle at thirty paces. It's always the way. The people that least need them get them, like the officers who spend much of their time in the station with their feet on the radiators, while the men who have to hot-foot it on the beat for eight hours at a stretch each night are supplied with trench mortars that are only good for indirect fire."

Just then the sergeant was observed looming up in the office, and I left with the promise of more information soon.

NEW FORM OF JOCKJAW DEVELOPS IN WOUNDS

Makes Its Presence Known After Fifty Days and Serum Doesn't Help It.

A LATENT form of tetanus (lock jaw) hitherto practically unknown, has been described to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, by Professor Laveran, from observations made by Dr. Bazy, who has been studying it. The tetanus appears from 10 to 50 days after the patient has been wounded, whether a precautionary serum injection has been given or not.

The mortality is unusually high. Dr. Bazy concludes that the injection of serum should be repeated every week.

KING CARRIES CROWN WHEREVER HE GOES

Ruler of Italy Has to Do This According to Traditions of His House.

THE KING OF ITALY carries his crown with him wherever he goes, and frequently does it when he reviews his troops on ceremonial parades. This is in accordance with the custom and traditions of his house.

