

oppers

gs will make necessary
re a real good Corn

h, made of sheet steel,
erviceable in every way.
partment

E & CO. LTD.
E & KING ST.

Day Becomes a Pleasure
When you install

GLENWOOD

ers not what style you purchase it is sure to
satisfaction. Constructed on the most selective
many exclusive GLENWOOD features.
re handsome in design, economical on fuel, an
akers on the Canadian market today. Just think
Glenwood Ranges in use in St. John, N. B. Every
satisfied customer; every range guaranteed.
our retail store or write for a Glenwood circu-

E & CO., LIMITED
nt and Managing Director.
ST. JOHN, N. B.
ent; HOWARD ROGERS, Fredericton.

and a Sure Shot
C. Rifle and Ctges.

NG COMBINATION

Cartridges are used, to the full extent of the mak-

ER JOHNSON RIFLES and SHOT GUNS.

(Ammunition.)

HER, LIMITED

med Hats
k-End in Millinery Salon

D SALE OF

and Coats

This Morning

WEST AND CUTEST LITTLE COATS
RANGE OF STYLES BEING FEA-

ges ranging from three months to four
that mothers will take great delight in
made and suggesting ideas of much style

ored Cashmere, White and Colored Cor-
nd Colored Broadcloths, White Na
White Lambs' Wool Cloths, etc.

\$1.85 to \$6.50

, the most interesting and varied dis-

SECOND FLOOR.

Fall Suits

no is particular about the style and the
this display will appeal strongest.

ing a little different about these models
shown and we should like to have you
nge.

as you like and welcome.

way from..... \$10 to \$30

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

Allison, Limited

The St. John Standard,

NEW BRUNSWICK, CANADA.

VOL. VI. NO. 158.

SECOND SECTION.

PAGES 9 To 16

PRICE TWO CENTS.

VALCARTIER MARKS EPOCH IN CANADA

CANADA'S FINEST TROOPS SEEN IN HISTORIC REVIEW; A MEMORABLE SABBATH DAY

A Visit To The New
Brunswick Lads
At Camp.

REVIEW BY THE
DUKE & STAFF

A Wonderful And In-
spirational Spectacle
Witnessed By Thou-
sands of Visitors —
Camp At Night A
Beautiful Picture.

Valcartier Camp, Quebec, Sept. 22.
A splendid sky with tiny wisps
of fleecy clouds, a breeze fragrant
with the tonic wine of early autumn,
purple hills save here and there a
blotching splash of carmine, indicat-
ing that the first kiss of frost has
touched the trees, a dull green plain
with dusty roads intersecting at regu-
lar intervals, mile upon mile of white
tents, hardly as snowy as when they
came from stores, and encircling all
the wonderful mysterious Laurentians
—this is Valcartier Camp glistening
in the beauty of a September day.

The location of the wonderful war
city of Canada is not ideal for the
tourist. But it was not intended that
it should be. One does not go to Val-
cartier because it is easily get-at-able,
or because it holds the same attrac-
tion as Quebec to the lover of the
history of early Canada,—such history
can be read in books and studied at
one's leisure. At Valcartier, history
is in the making.

Sure writers will use trenchant
pens to tell of the wonderful assem-
bling of the whole of the hearty whole-
souled Canadian response to the war
call—today we get at the interior
of the history of tomorrow, we see
the representatives of our Canadian
manhood, bravely, cheerfully prepar-
ing themselves for the acid test of
war. It is wonderful, inspiring. Con-
sequently it is no sacrifice to put up
with the minor inconveniences of a
seventeen mile ride in a second-class
railway carriage, dry car wheels
grinding out an ear-splitting dirge the

Col. the Hon. Sam Hughes and Staff

curious are always welcomed.
A bare hour's ride brought us to the
little station, but before it was reach-
ed the camp could be seen, a mass
of white nestling on the plain, thrown
into bold relief by the mountains be-
hind it. Here were the rifle ranges
where, we were told, some exceed-
ingly creditable scores had been march-
ed up by the lads, who a short month
ago, had been balancing ledgers, or
selling groceries or growing wheat, or
pursuing any of the hundred and one
occupations of the Canadian at peace.
Then a few minutes and the station
was reached and we were bundled
into an army transport automobile
made over into a carry-all for the half
mile drive to the camp.

The Army Medical Corps.

Arrived at the camp the party was
permitted to walk through the lines.
The first tents to attract attention
as they were the first to be reached
were those given over to the Army
Medical Corps. Even if the name of
the corps had not been set out on a
diminutive board sign at the entrance
to their lines it would have been easily
identified by the rows of field ambu-
lances, each bearing on its sides the
red cross which has spelled merciful
relief on many a battlefield.

Captain J. L. Duval, of West St.
John, is in charge of the St. John sec-
tion of the Medical Corps and an en-
quiry for him, of a very erect and im-
portant looking young orderly, brought
the word, "In his tent, sir." Captain
Duval was busy, and after a hand-
shake and a terse "glad to see you,"
sit down for a minute he turned to
a waiting soldier and asked "where
were you this morning?" "Standard
guard tent, sir," was the reply. "As
a prisoner?" "No sir." Then the
captain handed the soldier a neat lit-

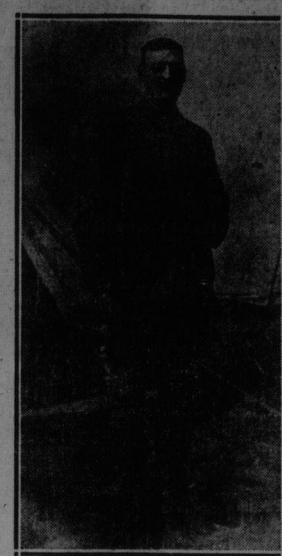
The Other New Brunswickers.

Down in the artillery lines were
found Major Frank C. Masee, who has
been appointed to the command of the
heavy artillery, Major McGowan
and the other St. John artillery offi-
cers, all very busy and businesslike,
preparing their men for the review
in the afternoon, the great event of
the day. In the infantry lines we
found Col. McLeod, Major Guthrie,
Captain McAvity, Captain Sturdee,
Lieutenant Morgan and Lieutenant
Welch with the scores of others all
well known about town. With one ac-
cord they declared they were well and
happy, waiting only for the word that
would send them out to do their part
in the struggle of the Empire.

The review in the afternoon was
probably the most wonderful spectacle
of the kind ever seen in Canada. With
the full camp strength was not on
parade it is estimated that at least
20,000 men were in line and half as
many more detailed for various duties
about camp. There was a brisk breeze
and a great number of visitors. No
restraint was visible anywhere in
camp. Visitors were permitted to wan-
der about at will and in almost every
tent, before review, could be seen sol-
diers surrounded by groups of friends.
Probably, when the distance is con-
sidered, no city in Canada was repre-
sented better than St. John. There
were at least a score of visitors who
had made the trip especially to see
the review. And they were not dis-
appointed, for the memory of that splen-
did array of men and horses will ling-
er long in their minds.

Gay Trappings of War Conspicuous By Absence.

There was not so much of the pic-
turesque in the appearance of the men.
At ordinary militia training camps
there is much color, the scarlet coat-
ed infantrymen, the blue and scarlet
of the artillery, the dashing cavalry
uniforms, all these combine to make a
kaleidoscopic melting of color very
pleasing. In Valcartier this is missing.
What one sees is wave upon wave of
khaki clad men equipped to the last
button, but seriously equipped. That
"gay trappings of war" are conspicu-
ous by their absence. This is a work-
aday garb in which our soldier lads
are clad and its purpose is utilitarian
not ornamental. South Africa taught
Britain the lesson that khaki, more
than any other material, possesses the
peculiar faculty of rendering its wear-
ers inconspicuous, no inconsiderable
advantage when one remembers what
an excellent mark the scarlet or gold-
braided uniforms of our fathers were
make for a modern enemy. Conse-
quently all soldiers in Valcartier are
they in place when from every side



Lt.-Col. McLeod of the N. B. Battalion

khaki clothed. Officers are distinguish-
able from men only by the minor dif-
ference of shoulder decorating or a
thread of cuff braiding, but at fifty
yards it is impossible to distinguish
officer from private.

The Parade.

The review was timed to commence
at three o'clock. Long before that hour
thousands of visitors in automobiles,
private and military, carriages, mili-
tary wagons and on foot had chosen
positions along the line fronting the
immense parade ground on which the



Capt. Ronald McAvity

manoeuvres were held. The hour of
waiting soon passed. Mounted military
police galloped up and down keep-
ing with sedulous care the spectators
back behind an imaginary line drawn
between the reviewing stand and the
army. It was the original intention
of the organizers to have the review
take place in the afternoon, but the
rain, which fell in the morning, made
it inadvisable to postpone the review
until the afternoon. The review was
held at three o'clock.



Capt. Sturdee and Captain McAvity

rival of the reviewing party, the Vice-
Regal car, containing the Duchess of
Connaught, Princess Patricia and the
ladies in waiting rolled along. Another
distinguished visitor was Hon. C.
J. Doherty, Canadian Minister of Jus-
tice.

An Inspiring Sight

Meanwhile things were happening
on the parade ground. Far across
the plain, through the fringe of scrub,
one caught a glimpse of moving men
barely discernable, another evidence
of the efficiency of khaki. Finally
they emerged from cover and de-
veloped into the open, a regiment of in-
fantry marching splendidly and moving
with mechanical precision to the po-
sition assigned to them. Hardly were
they in place when from every side

WHERE THE WHELPS OF THE LION PREPARED TO WRITE PAGES OF EMPIRE HISTORY



Company Butchers Cutting Meat

came masses of men, artillery, caval-
ry, departmental corps and the High-
landers, the bright colors of their
kilts effectually masked by an ugly
khaki apron. A review of the plain
showed the various regiments waiting
an open space between each, but
seemingly thousands upon thousands
of them. Officers trotted busily to
and fro and all the while the ubiq-
uitous military policeman, good nat-
ured, courteous, but inflexible, was
gently urging the visitors to "stay be-
hind that line please."

The Highland Brigade.

Down at the lower end of the im-
mense parade ground is a knot of
mounted officers. In the centre of
the group proudly floats the Royal
Standard of England, evidence that
somewhere in the party is the ac-
credited representative of our King,
and bless him, come from his palatial
Ottawa home to inspect and say good
bye to the men who in a few days
will be speeding on their way to up-
hold the traditions of Crecy, of Agin-
court and Poitiers, of Waterloo and
Quatre Bras, of Alma, Inkerman and
Sebastopol, of Paardeburg, Ladysmith
and Pretoria; sturdy, clean-limbed
and clean-minded Canadian Imperial-
ists; the whelps of the lion with their
flashing blood roses.

A canter, a brisk trot, a gallop, up
the line to the reviewing stand passed
the group. His Royal Highness the
Duke of Connaught, Governor-General
of Canada, grizzled, grey and distin-
guished, holding his saddle with the
easy confidence of the cavalryman,
Col. the Hon. Sam Hughes, Minister
of Militia, alert, business-like and ev-
ery inch the soldier; then the glori-
ous flag, majestic, grand, typifying
that wonderful combination of domi-
on and liberty which has made the
British Empire; Col. Williams, camp com-
mandant and a host of other officers,
all looking their appreciation of the
importance of the occasion and their
own part in it.

After reaching the reviewing stand
the party trotted leisurely up and
down the lines of soldiers on a brief
but comprehensive inspection, then
back to the stand and the march-past
commenced.

Not a Spectacular Triumph

There was no music, nothing in the
nature of a triumphal spectacle in
that passing of thousands upon thou-
sands of fighting men. It was just
what it purported to be, a review for
business purposes of a force of men
grin business bent. And how they
marched. On viewing them one could
easily imagine the sentiment which
prompted the writing of that well-
known immortal song descriptive of the
old brigade; "steadily shoulder to
shoulder" they came down the line
and swung past the stand in precise
ranks every arm, every body moving
in the rhythm of perfect harmony.
Truly the whelps of the lion showed
worthy of their parentage.

The troops marched past in column
of half battalions. It was the original
intention to circle the ground twice,
once in column and the second in
quarter column by companies, but the
immense parade ground was taxed to
accommodate the large number of
men manoeuvring and it was deemed
advisable to march once and then per-
mit the various units to return to the
camp.

Kisses for Germany.

First in the line came the Royal
Canadian Horse Artillery, regular
troops, with their guns and equipment.
Splendidly businesslike and efficient
they looked, the crack corps of the
camp, and as they passed the review-
ing stand one could have drawn a line
across the gun muzzles, without devi-
ation of an inch.

Then came the Royal Canadian
Dragoons and Strathcona Horse,
words bared to the sun, veterans of
South Africa most of them, and show-
ing the effect of careful painstaking
drill under conditions as nearly as
possible approximating war time. The
alignment of the Horse Artillery and
the cavalry detachments was perfect;
not a horse's nose was out of line
and the men rode as one. Following
came battery after battery of field
artillery, the gunners riding on the
gun carriages, arms folded, and mili-
tary looking. Then the ammunition
column and field engineers with full
equipment and wagons.

Then down the line passed the word
that the infantry were coming. There
is always something inspiring about
a foot regiment. One's mind goes in-
stinctively to deeds of valor in which
the naked steel played an important
part, consequently it was the infantry
column that the visitors desired most

Miles of Tents Hous-
ing 32 Thousand
Soldiers.

A CITY OF
CHOSEN MEN

Our Boys Tenting On
Historic Ground —
Description of Camp
—Arrangements Per-
fect In Every Par-
ticular.

Valcartier Camp, Quebec, Sept. 22—
Stretching mile upon mile until, in the
monotonous beauty of glistening tents,
vision is lost on the purple haze of
the hills, the mobilization camp of
Canada's greatest military movement
has made the hitherto unknown way-
station of Valcartier a familiar name
from coast to coast. What only a few
months ago was uncultivated farm
land, a sandy plain on an almost for-
saken branch railroad, is today a popu-
lous city, teeming with life, but for
the time being the busiest spot on
the continent and containing more
enthusiasm to the square foot than
has ever before, in this land at least,
honored the old flag so proudly war-
ring on Headquarters Hill. It is a city
of soldiers, a city of men, chosen from
all paths of life and who, forgetting
their former individual ideals are shap-
ing their lives in accordance with the
best traditions of the British army
all paths of life and who, forgetting
so they have created in the Valcartier
camp conditions which must reflect
the greatest credit on all and are the
cause of entire satisfaction to those
on whom devolved the duty of asser-
ting the first Canadian contingent.

An Ideal Location.

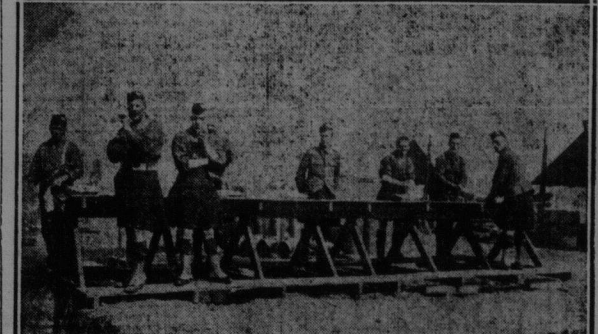
The ground chosen for the mobiliza-
tion camp is ideal. Seventeen miles
from the city of Quebec, within sight
of the lake whereon Wolfe and Mont-
calm recognized each other's heroism
and won undying fame, one of the
spots in Canada where every foot of
earth breathes a memory of history-
making days, there was found a
stretch of country lending itself ad-
mirably to the purposes for which
it was desired. Immediately front-
ing the little Lake St. John railway
station is an open field some three
or four hundred yards square. This,
reached by a siding, formed a splen-
did location for the commissariat de-
partment, as goods unloaded from the
trains could be placed in readiness for
easy handling with the least possible
trouble. Beyond this field the ground
slopes gently upward to a height of
perhaps forty feet and on the summit
of this ridge stands an old farmhouse
now the headquarters of the Canadian
army. This ridge falls to the east-
ward, and extending more than five
miles to the Valcartier hills in the
distance, there lies a plain, flat as
a table, of sandy soil and commanded

Company Cooks at Work

men on parade was estimated at not
more than 20,000 and yet to the lay-
man their numbers appeared wonder-
fully large; it required one hour and
five minutes for the procession to pass
the reviewing stand, and at that the
men were marching smartly. From
the showing one could glean a slight
idea of the terrible force required to
fight a war with the present one.
Twenty thousand men, more than
most of the visitors to Valcartier had
ever seen together before, and yet, but
as a mere grain in the scale with
which the future of Europe is being
weighed. Seeing twenty thousand, one
wondered what fifty thousand, or one
hundred thousand would look like, but
it was impossible to visualize them.
And as they marched what must
have been the thoughts of those splen-

(Continued on page 16)

(Continued on page 16)



Washing at One of the Troughs—Pacific Coast "Kilties"