

IMPRESSIONS OF B G MILITARY CAMP

(Arnprior Chronicle)

To many Chronicle readers it may not be known that a percentage of every shipment of high explosive and shrapnel shell sent from America to the Russian Government passes through the hands of representatives of the Czar at the Petawawa military camp; it may, perhaps not be generally known that huge pieces of Russian artillery of most modern make are now at Petawawa for the express purpose of completing such tests; in fact the extent and importance of the camp may not be fully understood and a brief summary of mental notes made during a recent visit to the camp by a Chronicle representative may prove interesting.

First of all, a motor ride along the ever-winding roadway that connects Pembroke and Petawawa is both exhilarating, enjoyable and enlightening. First down through pretty valleys, breaking suddenly around a bend or a bay of the great Ottawa, then high on some elevation that provides a vista more enchanting than artist could picture; far away on three sides stretches a pastoral scene that is delightful, waving grain and grazing lands typifying peace, contentment and affluence, while far over the silvery ribbon of river on the fourth side one can see under the blue Laurentians the land made famous by Champlain and his voyageurs when they bartered and lived with the Hurons and fought against the savages and cruelties and persecutions of the Iroquois.

One is started out of such a reverie by the outline of a guard-house at a railway crossing, about which a soldier of the king keeps lonely vigil, pacing too and fro by day and into the long hours of the night that no one shall pass there without satisfactorily giving answer to "Who Goes There?" These guardsmen keep open the way of communication that Canadian troops from western provinces, from the mountains of British Columbia, and from the high-ways and byways of the Pacific slope may safely pass on to the long-drawn battle line in Flanders.

Soon the sensibilities of a free Canadian are a little disturbed; first a group of two or three dusky Austrians are met repairing a roadway, later a large group are found cutting away a hill to shorten a roadway, then a great number are laboring briskly on an immense concrete and steel bridge that spans the Petawawa river at a point deep and torrential; but whether the group of workmen be large or small they are accompanied by that grim reminder of war—the guardsman—who paces up and down or stands close by with loaded rifle on his arm and eye and ear alert. Petawawa is a prison camp and the hundreds of Austrians—Austrian Poles for the most part—are compelled, and wisely so, by the military authorities to work and the work they are doing, mainly in improving the leading thoroughfares to the big prison camp, is a credit to those in authority; not only is this so, but the men are humanely treated, they are contented looking, they are well fed and housed and, as in every military camp, the greatest possible emphasis is laid on the absolute need of cleanliness, discipline and sanitation—and perhaps of these is discipline.

The guard at Petawawa is strict, it must necessarily be so; some weeks ago there was a weak spot, a number of prisoners broke camp, stole off under cover of darkness, timber and underbrush and for days and nights an armed posse combed the whole countryside and finally landed their quarry away up at Chalk River; the prisoners didn't know where they were going and they didn't care; they were unanimous in one opinion—a prison camp had no charms for them; they were brought back and informed that the next time they endeavored to take such a holiday they would be taken out at break of day, marched off twenty paces, faced about and they'd never, never see sunny Austria again; they've been real good ever since.

The camp itself is a huge affair, probably thousands of acres; at first glance it reminds one of the headquarters of mounted police, principally because of the lay-out of buildings and their architecture. In a commanding location one finds the Administration Building where Major de la Ronde, camp commandant, rules, not with a hand of iron, as we might suppose a man in high military authority might rule, with a superabundance of egotism, large chest and clanking sword, not at all, he's a kindly, ruddy-faced gentleman who sits before an humble desk in

a bare and humble office, the picture of good-nature and affability; everywhere the scribe went only good words for Commander de la Ronde were heard, and on the assumption that "what everyone says must be true" still holds good, we wrote him down as alright. He appears to have quite a capable staff and judging just by such superficial signs as the hasty click, click, click of a typewriter, or the large and well-assorted stock in the canteen (dry), or the large number of drummers and others who drive up to the commandant's or assistant's office door we should say they were a pretty busy lot. Captain Watson, a genial man of military bearing, banker, philosopher and scholar, is second in command.

Scattered here and there are the various other buildings; the hospital is a place of unusual interest and the visitor cannot but compare it with the descriptions given of quarters allotted the Canadian prisoners in Germany and Austria; here the building is a long one-storey structure and when The Chronicle saw it Dr. Stewart was in charge. The various wards, the clothing and all else is spotlessly clean; the place is cool and airy and the convalescing prisoners might be seen pacing up and down or lazily smoking beneath some shade trees.

There are a thousand and one interesting features about Petawawa. Its bath houses, its huge gravitation water service installed by prison labor, its vast area, and so forth, but The Chronicle's especial interest centered in a long greyish unpretentious building of one-storey set upon a hill with a splendid view of the river below; the knock at the door was answered by a lusty and cheery "Come Right in" uttered by Mr F. A. Hutchinson, a rotund gentleman with large experience of the world, who is the Petawawa representative of the Canada Car and Foundry Co., which huge corporation has the contract for the bulk of Russian high explosive orders being manufactured outside of Russia. The interior of the building resembles some quaint oriental hall; at one end there is a massive brick fireplace, in the centre of a polished floor is a huge rug, there are books and magazines aplenty, and long, wide windows afford ample light and a wide view on two sides—here is the temporary home of the Russian men who are to test the heavy ammunition, and 'tis said a larger and more palatial house is to be erected in Emperor Nicholas' domain; 'tis said, also, that the wives of these four Russian gentlemen are soon to cross to Canada, consequently one concludes that these allies of England expect to remain for a few years at least. On one wall of this oddly-shaped and beautifully-situated room there hangs a great map of Russia on which may be found marked even some of the villages of that country. Pins stuck here and there on the map indicate that these Russian soldiers have been following closely the fortunes of both armies in the struggle around Warsaw. The Chronicle's visit was shortly after the fall of that city and to the question as to whether the entry of that city by the enemy was a very great surprise to Russia they replied that it was no surprise at all. It had been foreseen ever since the Kaiser turned his attention to the far eastern side of the campaign that Warsaw could not be held against a determined bombardment by modern artillery. Russia had little or no heavy ammunition, very little heavy artillery and Russia, like the other allies, had to begin almost at the beginning and prepare for war along the same lines as Germany had prepared. With this end in view every available factory in the land was set to work making ammunition and among other contracts sent abroad was the one with the Canada Car and Foundry Co. for 83,000,000 shells, and this will no doubt be increased. This immense order has been sublet in nearly all the largest cities of the United States, shipment is to be made every week and out of every 10,000 shells sixty are to be sent to Petawawa and there tested in Russian guns; should the sixty prove up to the standard the whole shipment of 10,000 will be released at once, this to continue indefinitely. The Russian guns are about three miles away from the targets; away out on the firing grounds log houses have been erected, facing in the same direction as the guns fire; the top and the rear of the log houses have been piled a hundred feet high with heavy sand and these Russian soldiers may sit or stand in the doorway and witness the shells explode in front of them; should a shell fall short and land on the observation house the sand will quickly minimize the danger from explosion.

Many of us have a mental picture of the average Russian—gaunt, be-whiskered, awkward; things are not always as we picture them, fortunately. Count Cykoski (our own spelling) is a nobleman of the Czar; another of the four holds the Cross of St. George for conspicuous and expert artillery work, the other two are probably in some way distinguished. The Chronicle didn't wait to find out; but they are young-comely, the very soul of wit and good humor, they are cultured and suave and they bow unusually low to the stranger; they are optimistic to a surprising degree and they appear to find more cause for worry about getting just the correct brand of tobacco for their cigarettes than they do about the outcome of the war. They are firm in the belief that the German army will never surround the Russians, the Russian territory is too large to allow of such a thing, and they prophesy that while the enemy might perhaps take the port of Riga and other strongholds, they will unquestionably pay dearly for it—and subsequent events prove that they were correct.

Kidney Trouble?

The waste material which the Kidneys are intended to remove from the blood, if allowed to accumulate in the system, poison the blood and thus produce deleterious effects.

If from over-work, exposure to cold, or some local injury, the kidneys become congested or inflamed and cannot perform their functions, the system becomes filled with uric poisons.

Whenever a dull, heavy pain is felt over the region of the kidneys for any length of time, accompanied by a sallow complexion, loss of appetite, decrease of weight, and a puffiness under the eyes and in the ankles, a chronic inflammation of the kidneys must be suspected, and if not relieved promptly chronic Bright's Disease will certainly develop.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt, sold everywhere at 25c and 50c which is a Diuretic as well as an Aperient, will carry out of the system the poisonous material which the kidneys cannot get rid of, and will relieve the congestion of the kidneys.

BOX'S DRUG STORE