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bor, and those who  
to fill, will show  
y giving returned  
ice in any positions  
ffer. The committee  
ry effort made, and  
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ICE STATIONERY  
high-class work and tell us your  
We can please you.

ting Press PRINTING  
ST. JOHN, N. B.

For the  
Benefit  
of  
**Nurses**  
We have just opened from  
New York a line of **Nurses'**  
**White Canvas Low Laced**  
**Shoes** that surely will appeal  
to that body of self-sacrificing  
heroines. A comfortably shaped,  
low, five-holed Oxford, of  
South Sea Island duck, made  
with pressed white felt soles,  
white rubber heels and white  
kid lining. Surely this is an  
ideal shoe for quiet comfort and  
wear.  
**\$3.00**  
a pair  
**An Ideal  
Shoe**  
**\$3.00** a pair  
**Waterbury & Rising,**  
Limited  
King St. Main St. Union St.

**GAS MANTLES**  
Our Gas Mantles are of superior make  
and more durable than the  
ordinary mantles.  
Gas Burners, Globes, Chimneys, etc.  
Gasoline Mantles.  
**P. CAMPBELL & CO.**  
73 Prince Wm. St.

**OUR COMPETITIONS**  
For Boys and Girls  
**Splendid Prizes**  
A "Sum" Contest

This week's Contest is quite different to any others you have  
previously been asked to compete in, but I am sure nearly every  
reader of the Children's Corner will be having a hard try to win the  
prizes.

Below will be found a simple division sum, but a few of the figures  
are missing. What you have to do is this: Write the complete  
sum out carefully on a piece of paper, filling in the missing figures,  
and forward the result, together with one of the usual coupons cor-  
rectly filled in, to

UNCLE DICK  
THE STANDARD,  
ST. JOHN, N. B.  
2)5\*4\*(4\*  
4\*  
10\*  
4\*  
20\*  
4\*  
20

All entries must reach this office by Wednesday, February 16th,  
1916, and to the Boy or Girl, not older than fifteen years of age, who  
sends in the most neatly written, and correct solution, I shall award  
a beautiful Story Book. A second prize of a Story Book will also be  
given to the sender of the next best attempt. Remember, neatness  
will count a great deal, and also there will be every chance given to  
the kiddie of say, six years of age, as well as to those older. Now get  
busy and let me see how clever you all are.

### Can You Draw a Teapot?

As you have enjoyed the last Drawing Contest, I have decided to  
let you have another. Make a careful drawing of a TEA-POT, either  
in pencil or pen and ink. Send result, together with the usual cou-  
pon correctly filled in, to

UNCLE DICK  
THE STANDARD,  
ST. JOHN, N. B.

This contest is open to all kiddies not older than fifteen years of  
age, and the age will be carefully considered when judging. Attempts  
must reach this office not later than Wednesday, February 23rd,  
1916. To the senders of the best two sketches I shall award two  
beautiful story books.

**STANDARD COMPETITION**  
For Boys and Girls  
Full Name.....  
Address.....  
Age..... Birthday.....

### The Convention of the Farmers and Dairymen's Association and Provincial Seed Fair

will be held in FREDERICTON, February 28th to March 2nd, inclusive.  
Thursday, March 2nd, will be Livestock Day and will be spent at  
the Experimental Farm. The work of the day will be under the direction  
of Prof. Barton, of Macdonald College.  
Delegates attending the Convention will ask for Standard Certifi-  
cates over the I. C. R., and C. P. R.

### NOVEL ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN IN ST. DAVID'S HALL

A Night in Old Kentucky  
proved delightful treat  
for large audience.

An audience of about five hundred  
people greatly enjoyed the entertain-  
ment given in St. David's church  
school room last night. The entertain-  
ment, which was known as "A Night  
in Old Kentucky," was under the aus-  
pices of the Young People's Associa-  
tion of the church, and was in every  
manner a huge success. Miss Sophie  
Lawson was in charge of the enter-  
tainment, and those taking part in the  
programme were attired in the old  
Southern costumes, and with their  
faces blackened, a happy scene on the  
old plantation was vividly portrayed.  
In addition to selections by a banjo  
quartet, and accordion selections, the  
following programme was successfully  
carried through:  
Chorus—"Dixie Land," by the com-  
pany.  
Song—"Rosebud Babe," Miss Tupper.  
Quartet—"Aunt Dinah's Quilting  
Party," Miss Rose, Miss Lindy, Uncle  
Sam, Uncle Mose.  
Recitation and song—"Lullaby,"  
Lily Mays, Aunt Liza Snow.  
Song—"Don't You Hear Me Callin'  
Carolina?" Miss Marjorie.  
Banjo selection.  
Reading—"The Colored Band," Miss  
Blossom.  
Song—"I'll Make That Black Gal  
Mine," Miss Sue from Othello.  
Quartet—"De Coppin' Moon," Miss  
Caroline, Miss Linda, Miss Tilda, Miss  
Lance.  
Song—"Nellie Grey," Uncle Joe.  
Solo with chorus—"Old Black Joe,"  
Uncle Sam.  
Song, Medley—Mr. Diggs.  
Chorus—Swanee River, Caroline and  
company.  
Solo and chorus—"My Old Kentucky  
Home," Marjorie and company.  
Tableaux—"A Deserted Plantation,"  
Uncle Joe.  
God Save the King

### THE ONLY CURE FOR A WEAK STOMACH

Indigestion and Similar  
Troubles Must be Treated  
Through the Blood

Indigestion can be treated in many  
ways, but it can only be cured in one  
way—through the blood. Purges  
cannot cure indigestion. By main-  
force they move on the food still indig-  
ested. That weakens the whole sys-  
tem, uses up the natural juices and  
leaves the stomach and bowels parched  
and sore. It is actually a cause of  
indigestion—not a cure. Others  
try pre-digested foods and peptonized  
drugs. But drugs which digest the  
food for the stomach really weaken its  
power and makes the trouble chronic.  
The digestive organs can never do the  
work properly until they are strong  
enough to do it themselves. Nothing  
can stimulate the glands and nothing  
can absorb the nourishment from the  
food but pure red blood. And Dr. Wil-  
liams' Pink Pills surpass all other  
medicines in giving that new, rich  
blood, Miss B. E. Johnson, Hamilton,  
N. S., says: "For months I was a  
great sufferer from indigestion; food  
of any kind was distasteful to me, and  
after eating I would suffer much. Nat-  
urally I grew weak and was but a  
shadow of my former self. I was tak-  
ing a doctor's prescription, but it did  
not help me in the least. Then I read  
of a case similar to my own cured  
through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink  
Pills and I decided to try this medi-  
cine. By the time I had taken six  
boxes the trouble had entirely disap-  
peared, and I could eat heartily of all  
kinds of food. More than this I found  
my general health greatly improved  
through the use of the Pills. I can  
therefore strongly recommend Dr.  
Williams' Pink Pills as a cure for in-  
digestion.

You can get these Pills through any  
dealer in medicine or, by mail, post-  
paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes  
for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medi-  
cine Co., Brockville, Ont.

**FUNERALS.**  
Miss Margaret Amos.  
Newcastle, Feb. 13.—The funeral of  
Miss Margaret Amos, who died at the  
residence of her brother, Malcolm  
Amos at Lower Derby, Thursday, was  
held Saturday afternoon. The services  
were conducted by Rev. M. S. Richard-  
son of Newcastle, interment in Lower  
Derby Baptist cemetery. The pall  
bearers were Lorne Dawson, Robert  
Taylor, Thomas Hutchinson, Geo.  
Amos, Silas Russell and Amos Rus-  
sell. Deceased was 77 years of age.  
She was the daughter of the late Jo-  
seph and Catherine Amos of Lower  
Derby, and was a member of Lower  
Derby Baptist church and highly re-  
spected. The surviving brothers and  
sisters are: John Amos, of Bryerton,  
Malcolm Amos, Lower Derby, Mrs.  
Sarah Fowler, Newcastle, Mrs. Hugh  
Ferguson, Bryerton, and Mrs. Annie  
Clouston, Lower Derby.

The body of Miss Elizabeth Connolly  
was taken from the Mater Misericordie  
home at six o'clock yesterday  
morning to Fredericton where inter-  
ment will take place. Rev. F. J. Mc-  
Murray accompanied the body.

### STANDARD MAN "INTERVIEWS" HIS FORMER "BOSS" IN PARIS

Meeting between Colin McKay and Lieutenant J.  
Edgar March—A tall tale of adventures in the  
trenches and elsewhere—Some "yarn" whether  
truth or fiction.

Away back in the "before-the-war"  
days Colin McKay was a valued mem-  
ber of this newspaper, and one John  
Edgar March, known to his office as-  
sociates as "Capit," was city editor  
and "bossed" McKay around. Now  
of course anyone who has read mag-  
azine stories of newspaper life will  
realize at once that the "city editor"  
is the one big grievance in the life  
of the average reporter. McKay, how-  
ever, was far above the average, and  
consequently he and March became  
fast friends.

After the war clouds broke these men  
felt the desire to be of service to  
their country. March, a Catholic man  
with a bent for military matters, en-  
listed, passed the necessary examina-  
tions and went to France as a lieuten-  
ant with the "Fighting 26th." He  
has had his share of adventure, been  
wounded, suffered from fever and  
generally passed through more expe-  
rience than usually comes to a man of  
his years.

"Mack," on the other hand  
did not know one end of a rifle from  
another, but he could swim, could  
when occasion demanded it roll  
robust round oaths with the grace  
and nonchalance of an old salt, and  
had spent much of his sweet youth at  
sea. Moreover, he was a competent  
navigator, knew the stars by their  
first names, could classify every  
ship, and apart on a full right ship-  
tie a what-over-it is that no one but a  
sailor ever wants to tie, and held a  
certificate guaranteeing that he could  
steer anything from a raft to a man-  
of-war without running her more than  
three miles out of her course. In  
short, he was a real untamed nautical  
expert, and it was the most natural  
thing in the world that he should  
take service on the steamer St.  
George, bound to the other side for  
transport and hospital duty. He, too,  
has had adventures; nosed out Ger-  
man submarines, jumped overboard to  
rescue a lunatic who had decided to  
take the water route to the hereafter  
—and rescued him too, after what his  
shipmates declared to be a splendid  
exhibition of heroism. Of his own  
doings he said not a word. That was  
the McKay style of doing things, but  
a few days before the last Canadian  
mail dozed he recounted Lieutenant  
March on the street in Paris. Nei-  
ther knew that the other was in the  
French capital, and the meeting was  
some reunion. Quick to see a  
chance, all kind newspaper men  
Mack embraced the opportunity of  
interviewing his former "boss" and  
the following episode received from  
him yesterday is the net result. Colin  
McKay wrote the story and the in-  
formation contained in it is supposed  
to have been furnished by Lieut.  
March. It is only fair to our readers  
to say, however, that in this story  
there exists a great doubt as to  
whether Mr. March ever said the  
things credited to him. It does not  
sound like him, but it does sound very  
much like some of the charming short  
stories Mr. McKay was accustomed  
to dispose of at high prices to sundry  
American magazines in the days "be-  
fore the war." However here is the  
story, take it for what it is worth:

**Strating the Germans.**  
"Strafing the Germans with rifle  
grenades is some sport, believe me,"  
said the bombing officer of the 26th.  
"Sometimes I've spent the best part of  
the night sending rifle grenades into  
the Germans. You take some trouble  
and some risk in the day time getting  
a grenade rifle fixed at the right  
range; then during the night at inter-  
vals you shoot off grenades, so fast as  
you can load and fire. I don't know if  
I ever killed a German. But often I've  
heard a bell ringing behind their lines;  
the ringing of the bell meant stretcher  
bearers were wanted. It has a pleas-  
ant sound when your blood is up. Any-  
way, even if you don't kill any of the  
Germans you keep them worrying."

"The Germans are certainly clever  
fighters, and they can do some stunts  
on their own account. The first Cana-  
dians taught them to eat out of their  
hands, and we've got the beggars in  
front of our trenches pretty tame. If  
we would leave them alone I don't  
think they'd bother us for days. Our  
artillery has the whip hand now. When  
the German artillery starts shelling,  
our artillery starts up and throws

"Once I was standing with a whiz-  
bang in one hand and a sausage bomb  
in the other, wondering which would  
go off first. I thought I had that part  
of the trench to myself when up comes  
the brigadier. 'And what are you  
there?' he said. I told him, thinking  
he would tell me to throw them out of  
the trench. He said: 'Take them to  
pieces, and send me a written report  
on them as soon as possible.'  
"And he passed on, cool as you  
please, as if ordering a man to ex-  
periment with whiz-bangs was the most  
matter of fact thing in the world. The  
sausage bomb didn't bother me; I'd  
seen a few of them before and knew  
what to do with it. But the whiz-bang  
got my goat; it was a new one on me.  
Heard and read about it in course of  
instruction; but that didn't seem to  
help me much just then. I started to  
uncover the cap—the I thought: if I  
take another turn the thing may wake  
up; and a whiz-bang makes a mess of  
a man—not to say a trench. Well, by  
some strange chance an artillery  
sergeant came along just then. 'Hoor-  
ay!' says he. 'Take this to your  
captain and tell him the brigadier  
wants it taken to pieces, and a report  
sent to him at once.'  
"The sergeant took the whiz-bang,  
looked at it for a few moments, then  
tucked it under his arm and went off.  
Believe me, I took some breaths of  
relief.

**Trench Warfare Monotonous.**  
"On the whole this trench warfare is  
a bit monotonous; but you have to do  
various stunts that give you more than  
a bit of excitement. Going out on pa-  
rol duty is certainly an adventure.  
When you are told you have to go over  
the parapet at a certain hour of the  
night—well, I guess the most of us are  
some nervous during the intervening  
time. As the appointed time approach-  
es you have some sensations and your  
knees get a bit wobbly. But once you  
get over the parapet and start crawling  
into the mystery of No-Man's Land, all  
you think of is doing your job as well  
as it can be done. When the flares go  
up, or bullets pass, ping, ping, right  
over you, you flop flat—maybe into  
mud foul with stretch of rotten car-  
cases. No matter, it's all in the  
right's work. . . .

"Once I was out with some of the  
boys, covering a reconnaissance party.  
We were crawling cautiously along  
some of a sudden I saw a dart of flame  
from a little rise hardly 20 feet in front  
of me. I hugged the earth. Then I  
saw the head and shoulders of a Ger-  
man sniper. He didn't see us, and we  
lay there. It was out of the question  
to try to crawl up to him, and do him  
on the quiet. Marvel, he hadn't seen  
us. And we weren't shot him. A flash  
of flame from one direction and the  
Germans—they're very watchful—  
would have been quartering the ground  
with machine guns, and getting the re-  
connaissance party, as well as us. So I  
lay there, watching that chap sniping  
away at long intervals at something be-  
hind us. At times I was scared enough,  
but mostly I was quite composed. . . .

"The Germans have some fine ma-  
chine guns, and they know how to  
place and use them. Now and then

they'll loose off and rake your para-  
pet, chewing off the tops of the sand  
bags. When one gun stops another  
will begin, taking up the raking game  
where the other stopped. Apparently  
each gun has an arc of fire, covering  
connected portions of the parapet. A  
machine gun makes a sound as if you  
were knocking rapidly on wood. . . .

**War Is**  
"The Germans are as clever as they  
are unscrupulous—no doubt about it.  
We can beat them right enough, but  
unless the navy is permitted to starve  
them—put off their supplies of food  
or war material or both—it's going to  
be a long job.

"What do I think of war, anyway?  
Well, it's sure some hell. I've seen  
some awful sights. Shell fire, bombs,  
make mangled horrors of men. Often  
I think that if I get back home and  
talk about what I've seen, they'll think  
I'm a liar. And I've only seen a little  
of this war. But when you've seen the  
havoc the Huns have wrought—the  
ruins of peaceful towns and villages,  
the men and women crazed by horror,  
the little girls who have been outraged  
—then your blood boils, and you . . .

"No, I can't say I really hate the  
Germans—that is ordinarily. One does  
not hate mad hearts. He only has a  
desire to exterminate them. After that  
affair of Oct. 18th, when we lost over  
100 men in an hour or two, we had a  
rather personal grievance against the  
Germans—a fierce desire for revenge.  
That day I saw men horribly mutilat-  
ed—it was sickening and maddening.  
That night our men would have gone  
over the parapets and charged the Ger-  
mans, reckless of consequences; and  
if we had got into their trenches . . .  
"It's an awful feeling—that you have  
when you have seen your dead and  
wounded horribly mutilated. You go  
wild. . . .

"One thing the 26th has done; it  
has buried all its dead, except Sergeant  
Oster. We know he was dead, but his  
body disappeared. The Germans took  
it."

**The Cause of Appendicitis  
Now Definitely Known**  
The commonest cause of appendi-  
citis is constipation. Every doctor says  
so. When you require physic, don't  
use a cheap drastic pill—get Dr. Ham-  
ilton's Pills, which are made from the  
private formula of one of the greatest  
physicians. Dr. Hamilton's Pills  
strengthen the stomach, regulate the  
bowels and prevent any tendency to  
appendicitis. In one day you feel the  
tremendous benefit of Dr. Hamilton's  
Pills. By purifying the blood and  
cleansing the system they prevent  
headaches, lift depression and drive  
away weariness. No medicine so  
successful as Dr. Hamilton's Pills.  
Sold every where in 25c. boxes, with  
yellow cover; get the genuine.

**The West Side Protections.**  
J. V. Russell, commissioner of  
wharves and public lands, announced  
last night that the fence surrounding  
the west side wharves has been com-  
pleted. This fence is eight feet  
high and owing to it, and a very large  
number of guards, access to the  
wharves and sheds is practically im-  
possible except for those who  
hold a pass; and those who have passes  
will be forced to show them to the  
sentries each time they pass in or out.  
Sgt. Kilpatrick is in charge of the city  
guards.

**Belgium, Then and Now**  
Do not forget the trip through Bel-  
gium, conducted by Mrs. E. Atherton  
Smith, at St. David's hall tonight. The  
proceeds are for patriotic purposes  
and the lecture is well worth more  
than the price of admission.

**SUNLIGHT SOAP**

**Purity! Purity! Purity!**  
The one dominating note that runs  
all through the making of Sunlight  
Soap is Purity. The \$5,000 Guar-  
antee you get with every single bar  
is not a mere advertisement. It  
marks a standard set for the buyers  
who select the choice Sunlight Soap  
materials—for the soap boiler—for the  
expert chemists—for the girls,  
even, who wrap and pack Sunlight.  
All are mindful of the Guarantee  
—it is a source of gratification to  
all the Sunlight workers.

**Sunlight  
5¢ Soap**

they'll loose off and rake your para-  
pet, chewing off the tops of the sand  
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is not a mere advertisement. It  
marks a standard set for the buyers  
who select the choice Sunlight Soap  
materials—for the soap boiler—for the  
expert chemists—for the girls,  
even, who wrap and pack Sunlight.  
All are mindful of the Guarantee  
—it is a source of gratification to  
all the Sunlight workers.

**Sunlight  
5¢ Soap**

**If You  
Suffer  
From Piles**  
no matter how long or how bad—go  
to your druggist today and get a 50  
cent box of Pyramid Pile Treatment.  
It will give quick relief, and a single  
box often cures. A trial package  
mailed free in plain wrapper if you  
send us coupon below.

**FREE SAMPLE COUPON**  
PYRAMID DRUG COMPANY,  
200 Eyre Road, Montreal, Mich.  
Kindly send me a Free sample of  
Pyramid Pile Treatment, in plain wrapper.  
Name.....  
Street.....  
City..... State.....

**For Strength,  
Purity,  
Flavor**

in Bread, Buns and  
Biscuit, hundreds  
of householders  
prefer

**LaTour  
Flour**

milled by special  
Sanitary Process,  
from Cheicest  
Manitoba Hard  
Spring Wheat.

Ask Your Grocer For It

**Painless Dentistry**  
We extract teeth free of pain,  
only 25c. We do all kinds of den-  
tistry. Call and see us. No charge  
for consultation.

**Boston Dental Parlor**  
527 Main St. 245 Union St.  
Cor. Brussels. Phone 683.  
Open 9 a. m. until 9 p. m.

**DR. J. D. MAHER, Proprietor**

The funeral of Jeffrey J. Starr, of  
Rothsay took place yesterday after-  
noon from his late residence. Ser-  
vices were conducted by Rev. Canon  
Daniel and interment was made in  
Fernhill. Jeffrey Jervis Starr was the  
second son of the late William Jer-  
vis Starr. He was only seventeen  
years of age and a great favorite with  
all. Being ill only about three weeks  
his death came as a severe shock to  
his family and numerous friends.