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HAD CLOSE CALL FROM EXECUTION BY GERMANS

Rev. Fr. Paul Van Houette of Aerschot, Belgium, who lived for a few years at Fairhaven, Mass., but long ago returned to his native Belgium, recently escaped from German custody in Belgium and is now safe in England, according to the New York Times. The Germans at one time issued an order that Fr. Van Houette should be put to death.

The sentence was revoked when he intimated that he was an American citizen, which, however, he is not. Finally, when the chance came to leave the country, he disguised himself as a peasant and managed to get into Holland and then to England.

Fr. Van Houette in a letter to a friend in this country describes the scene of devastation that he saw when he returned to Aerschot, following the capture of that place by the Germans, and continues:

"I marched along that terrible morning of Aug. 20 not without some personal anxiety and with a fair amount of disgust, in spite of my forced appearance of absolute indifference.

"Hate" showed one of the soldiers who came up to me.

"I stopped and feigned amazement. 'May I pass?' I asked him, and when he said 'No weapons?' I replied that I had none, and I was permitted to pass.

"The bridge across the Demer was, however, too well guarded for me to make any further pretense at indifference, so I simply asked the nearest soldier whether I was allowed to cross. One officer who seemed to be in command, with a wave of his hand better than words could express, ordered my arrest.

"I exhibited my Red Cross papers and pointed to my arm band. He took no notice of them. The next moment I stood surrounded by about a dozen soldiers, and slowly, very slowly, I was marched along in their company, headed by this officer and one of his staff.

"This officer, whom I was just beginning to take for a dumb man, suddenly broke out into accusations against the clergy. They had incited the population to shoot on the troops!" On his arrival at the headquarters he was taken before a German officer, whose attitude toward him, writes Father Van Houette, was "of the despot toward his condemned slave."

"He emphasized his words," Father Van Houette adds, "by pointing to a heap of about 30 civilians who had just been shot. There indeed at a small distance from me lay the dead bodies of the Burgomaster, Joseph Tielmans, his son, his brother, and of a third part of the other civilians who had been arrested the previous night. In the heap lay a priest in cassock, the Rev. Fr. Corette. I was told that the next bullet would be for me."

In that part of his letter, where he tells of escaping execution, Fr. Van Houette says:

"We were conducted a few hundred yards farther up the road, passing the justice's destroyed villa. Our new guard ranged us alongside a ditch. When one soldier ordered his comrades to get ready whereupon these took hold of their rifles. It was at this moment I stepped forward and asked whether any of the company understood English.

"An officer came up and said he did. 'Well,' said I, 'I guess your captain does not know with whom he has to deal. I come from America and, of course, he will be made responsible if I am shot.' This I said in a somewhat careless tone, although you may be assured, I did not care how things turned out. The officer seemed to be startled at this disclosure. I saw my chance and without giving him time to reply, I laid before him a second argument. 'Besides,' I added, 'I am a member of the Red Cross Society!'

look here!' and I handed him my Red Cross papers.

"The above arguments must have appealed to him as very strong, for he bade us all enter the cottage while he went to report the matter to his chief. After about a quarter of an hour the news came that I was free, but that I had first to appear before the captain. I was meditating on the inevitable consequence if the captain called for my papers of American citizenship and found out that I possessed none, for I had lived only two years in the States (Fairhaven, Mass.).

"To my astonishment and delight he who on the previous morning had ordered my arrest, did not now exact any papers from me. In fact, he was quite amiable, and so was the ober-leutenant.

"As I passed the Town Hall I was ordered to enter. When my escort had explained my case I was handed a passport, which reads as follows in English: 'Producer of this piece must be let go. Hayner, Major and Commander of the place. Aerschot, 21-8.'

The Daily Fashion Hint.



Black tulle dance frock. The very full skirt, interlaced with black satin ribbon, has a ruffled tulle edge and is posed over an accordion plaited skirt. Wide satin and tulle swathed girles, forming corsage, with tulle shoulder straps outlined with glistening beads.

PILES
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NO HOME SWEET HOME, BUT BEST POSSIBLE WITH CANNON BOOMING NEARBY

Alvan P. Sanborn, the Boston Transcript's correspondent, and now in the French army, writes in his paper as follows concerning actual conditions on and behind the firing line:

"I have spoken several times before of the indifference of the soldiers—even of those who have never been under fire—to the thunder of the cannon, to the shriek of the shrapnel and the whistling of the bullets. What is more astonishing is that this same spirit is shared by the country folk who have stayed in the war zone.

There are some villages completely devastated, where not a single inhabitant is left, and where mournful desolation reigns supreme. It literally breaks one's heart to see the little homes, which but lately sheltered happy and prosperous families, standing without doors, opened to the four winds. I remember particularly one house in which nothing was left but the family photographs on the mantelpiece, a sad memory of a very remote past, no matter how recent it seems according to our calendar. In the fields and barns about these villages, the grain which has not been destroyed by the invaders, moulds away unthreshed. (We have often made our beds out of oats, or barley, or fine wheat on the stalk in place of our simple regimental straw). And the beets, the chief produce of this region, are rotting in the ground.

But there are other villages where the sound of cannon may be clearly heard, and which even undergo occasional bombardments, where the ordinary routine of country life has scarcely been interrupted. The great threshing machines still do their accustomed work (the only difference being that the majority of operatives are women) and the farmers and peasants nonchalantly till the soil, just as if they were sure of their next crop. With the aid of horses that have not been requisitioned. The small merchants—bakers, grocers, etc.—go coolly about their business, carrying on a better trade, in fact, than any they had ever dreamed of, thanks to the presence of the soldiers who are several times more numerous than the normal population. And were it not for the distance and the difficulties in changing and replenishing their stock they would make veritable fortunes. These good people almost all have sons with the colors who are in constant danger. They themselves are taking the chance of pillage in a sudden invasion, or of having their houses blown to pieces in some bombardment, but they remain indifferent and quietly serve their customers in as tranquil a manner as though the Germans were two hundred instead of six or seven kilometres away.

In the Soldiers' Hostelry.

The wine merchant, perhaps, is producing most from the region, and truly, he is said without paradox, the wine merchant is a blessing to the soldier. The soldier goes to the wine merchant to drink, but to share his warmth and light which is destined to be in the barn where he is quartered. Before a real table where he can play cards and above all write a letter to his mother, his sister, or his wife, an affectionate letter which he can never write on the back of a cigarette.

One becomes quickly acquainted with the patron, his wife and family, and with the few civilians who make one's mer habitues; and one makes one's nest perfectly at home in every part of the house, especially in the kitchen (which is another way of saying "in the Sanctuary").

There you sit, beside the stove, and dry your wet clothes, change your socks and put your heavy military shoes in the oven. Then you light your pipe with a live coal, or a bit of paper (in order to breathe the savory odor of the dishes which are cooking, and sometimes you can persuade the patron to share his meal with you for a very moderate price.

To the house of the kindly wine merchant you carry the boxes sent by your family in order to eat with a glass of wine or bear the dainties which they contain. You also cook your tea there, or the chocolate which you have carried in your knapsack since leaving Paris. And you sometimes make arrangements with the host for cooking a few eggs, or potatoes, or a bit of meat, which you have managed to purchase. Or when you have no more money you carry in your bit of soup and warm it on the stove, if only to have the pleasure of eating near the fire in a homelike atmosphere, a thing which is most of all in our hard life of enlisted vagabondages.

There is no drunkenness. Less because the hours and places of recreation are carefully regulated by military authorities than because the soldier has no need of becoming drunk for the sake of diversion; doubtless also because he is often short of money and because his favorite drink is coffee, or coffee flavored by a few drops of brandy.

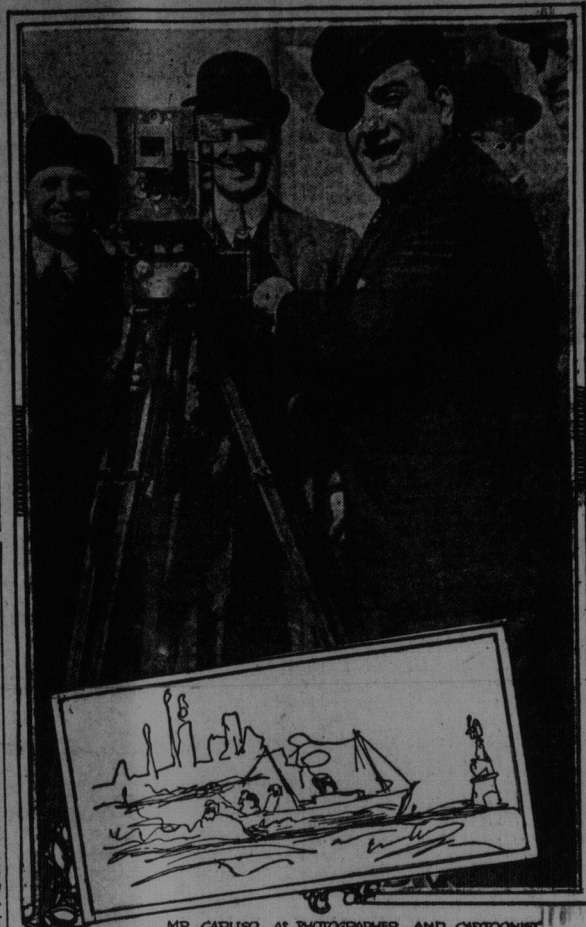
As you see, one becomes reconciled to this army life so that one is not always unhappy. Hope that you over there appreciate the peace which prevails in America. It is necessary to have passed through a war to realize the true beauty of life in times of quiet.

Sunshine in the Trenches

(Written from the trenches)

Here at last is the sun! Under these leaden clouds we had almost forgotten that there was a sun in the world. Welcome to the good friend who falls from the sky and suddenly throws into relief enemy's trenches, the loop-holes of the and the snake-like curves of which we can see very clearly, which shows us the long line of hills that forms our horizon and the regular row of poplars which border the canal that our trenches are defending. It adorns with a new and mosaic the fields of weeds, destined to perish without being gathered, and gives a deep violet hue to the few stalks which remain on the battered roofs of the abandoned houses. We quickly repair as best we can with the tools and material at our disposal the washes and other damage done by the rains of the last few days. We set

NOTED TENOR HAS FUN WITH CAMERA MAN AS HE STARTED FOR EUROPE.



Here is Mr. Caruso, the famous opera tenor, turning the tables on the motion picture man who went to make "movies" of him as he started for Europe; also his own impression of himself passing lower New York on his way to Monte Carlo. The improper number of stacks in his sketch of the walkway may give some idea of his hazy recollection of time and place and the incidents of his farewell for the season. The anguish denoted in his face is true to life, for he declared that he was "very, very, sad."

posts and place beams to prevent as much as possible the return of similar mishaps. We also scrape the bottom of the ditches throwing out the liquid mud, through which we have walked—clean, alas, only for a little while.

The enemy assumes himself occasionally by bombarding the houses, especially the one which shelters our commissary. Just now he has succeeded in demolishing all of the chimney which extends above the roof and we are trembling, not without cause, for the security of our day's rations.

Spies on the Firing Line

Does he know that in this house we have our only means of sustenance? Perhaps.

At any rate there is an old woman who insists on staying in her wretched home, whom we very much suspect of being in communication with the enemy, for we have noticed that some of her actions are invariably followed by a bombardment, which always her dwelling intact. This espionage in almost every community at the front is a veritable plague.

When we first entered the trenches we were forbidden to speak loudly, because the Boches, whose trenches are scarcely fifty-five metres from ours, were using the ground, and the sound of our voices might serve to direct them in their work. Was this true or was it only a resource of our leaders to prevent our speaking loudly, which might be of use to the enemy, who had perhaps thrown out pickets still closer to us than their nearest lines? I do not know. In any event the minutes of the trenches takes place often enough, and with the bursting of shells stands as one of the gravest dangers of this new sort of warfare, and we are so impressed by this that we never raise our voices.

Fighting in the Dark.

One of the greatest inconveniences we suffer in the trenches is the almost total absence of artificial lights during the long winter darkness, for this is not only an underground life, but a life in the shadows. Though there are certain places where one may light lamps and candles, and even fires, freely enough, there are others (and these latter are by far the more numerous) where the innocent glow of a match would serve the enemy as a point of direction, not only for rifle fire, which is comparatively inoffensive, but for cannonades and murderous discharges of shrapnel. Thus in such trenches as these one must possess or rapidly acquire eyes like a cat, or at least train the sense of touch as a substitute for sight, one expects to find and use his ammunition and equipment in time of need.

In our barracks life as in the life in the trenches this question of lights plays an important part. Our barracks often without windows, we are forced to pass whole hours in a half light, or at least we must buy our own candles, and candles are very expensive.

EAT'S GILLET'S
CLEANS
LIVE
DISINFECTS

French aeroplane which took an entire afternoon to reach a point where it could obtain the information which it was seeking. For hours it advanced and retreated under the fire of the machine guns, until it had accomplished its mission, when it retreated to the French lines and descended in triumph. So violent was this duel that we forgot all about the trenches of the enemy, and if he had taken it into his head to profit by our distraction and attack us, he would, I think, have found it easy work.

THE DOMINION OF CANADA AND THE FORD.

Thirty thousand automobiles made by one Canadian factory in one year—in Canada, by Canadian labor and with Canadian material—that, in brief, summarizes the achievement and characterizes the standing of the Dominion's greatest motor car factory, the Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, of Ford, Ontario.

It may fairly be asserted that this company has been a large factor in the Dominion's industrial awakening and has played one of the principal roles in the commercial development that has characterized the last decade. The modern spirit of industrial achievement, as broad and comprehensive as the sweep of the Dominion itself from one great ocean to another, is typified in the brief history of the Canadian Ford, for within ten years it has grown in business from an output valued at \$100,000 to one reaching approximately \$10,000,000 (in 1914) and before this season is over the year's business will reach close to \$18,000,000.

Thanks to the spirit of confidence which creates such results and which permeates the Dominion from the Maritime Provinces in the east to the great granaries of the far west, Canada has come into her own and is able to stand on her own feet. "Made in Canada" can now symbolize a movement of the greatest significance.

Few Canadians realize the magnitude of the Canadian Ford in its present development. The company was organized in August, 1904, and shipped its first car by express in February, 1905. The entire sales for 1914 totaled \$11,000,000. This year's production schedule calls for 30,000 cars and is already far advanced although the active selling months are yet to come.

The Canadian Ford is located where it was first established in 1914—one-half mile east of the Walkerville Ferry on the Detroit river and directly opposite Detroit's beautiful Belle Isle. The town is now known as Ford. The location of the factory is a happy one, for it not only is of practical value, but is also extremely beautiful. By the doors of the factory pass in constant parade the vast shipping vehicles of the Great Lakes.

The officers of the Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, are Henry Ford, president; James Couzens, vice-president; G. M. McGregor, secretary, treasurer and general manager. Naturally with the growth of the factory and the output the number of employees has increased. The plant at Ford, Ontario, now employs about 1,700 Canadian workers. In addition to all this the company has many employees at the branches in Toronto, Winnipeg, Montreal, Hamilton, Vancouver, London, Calgary, Saskatoon, and St. John, and Melville, Alberta. Including the men employed in these branch plants Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, now has on its payroll nearly 2,100 men.

The production of 30,000 cars this year is divided among five different body styles all built on one single chassis model T. It means an average standard of 100 cars per day. In seconds, not minutes, the parts go into place in the final assembly. It is surprising to see how quickly the experts can assemble a car. Like Aladdin's magic castles, they grow out of chaos to completeness before your eyes.

It means purchasing in the Canadian market in maximum quantities of all material, parts and accessories with cash in hand for payment. For this year's output alone, 120,000 wheels and an equal number of tires are necessary. The only way the wheels can be painted fast enough is by spinning them in a tank of paint. One tire operator has so specialized in his work that he can put on 200 tires a day. Nearby are compressed air tubes for inflating the tires.

A hundred and fifty thousand lamps have to be purchased and thirteen thousand, five hundred tons of steel, and spot cash is always ready for payment—no notes, no mortgages, no promises, no delays—spot cash. One cannot measure such a tremendous influence in its effect on price.

These are the facts in which Ford Motor Company, of Canada, Limited, bases its claim as a vital factor in Canada's industrial awakening, in Canada's industrial strength and in the Dominion's patriotic movement on behalf of commodities "Made in Canada."

FOODSTUFFS EXPORTS FROM CANADA SINCE BEGINNING OF AUGUST

Ottawa, Feb. 25.—A statement of exports of foodstuffs to various countries since August 1st, was given to the House today. Few large totals occur throughout the list, except in regard to the wheat, of which values up to \$132,515 went to Denmark; \$292,802 to Holland and \$23,995 to Norway. Foreign wheat, amounting to \$40,000, went to Germany, while foreign wheat, valued at \$599,963 was exported to Italy.

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