

Corner Stone of Peace.

BALTIC ENTENTE FORMED.
RIGA, LATVIA. (Associated Press.)—The Baltic "Entente" formed by Poland, Lithuania, Latvia and Finland in a convention held at Warsaw in March is hailed by the Baltic press as a corner stone of peace for this part of Europe. Details of the agreements contained in the convention, supplementing the main points which were called at that time have now been made public. In view of the Russian suspicions that Poland was trying in this way to arrange an anti-Russian military alliance, it is interesting to note that the four states agreed that if one of them was attacked by another state without provocation the other three would observe a favorable attitude toward the state attacked so that essential steps could be taken without delay. Representatives of the four countries mutually agreed that all conflicts and disputes between them should be settled in an amicable manner only. All important questions upon which the four may be unable to agree are to be referred to a court of arbitration in accordance with the rules of the League of Nations. Each of the four contracting states is obliged in future to inform the other three states of the texts of agreements concluded by that state with any other nation. The convention is to hold good for five years and to be automatically renewed thereafter from year to year unless a six month's notice of its abrogation is given. It is said in diplomatic circles that Lithuania may join the Baltic Entente cordate later.

NICKEL GREAT NOVELTY FILM AT THE NICKEL TO-DAY!

Lyman H. How's FAMOUS RIDE ON A RUNAWAY TRAIN. DON'T MISS THIS THRILL.

HENRY G. KELLY, BARITONE.
Sings: (A)—La Spagnola—Va Di Chiara.
(B)—Mother O' Mine.
Kipling—Tours.

ROBERT BRUNTON Presents **J. Warren Kerrigan** and his own Company, in **The Green Flame**
By RAYMOND C. HILL.
Directed by Ernest C. Warde.

NICKEL

"Facts are stubborn things," and here's a fact that should interest you. You can get your life insurance policy at a very low rate by taking out a policy with the **CROWN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA.** Offices: Law Chambers, St. John's.

the Sun Goes Down

THE "RAINBOW" IN NEWFOUNDLAND.
MANNINGSON, In Rod and Gun (for May).
"I guess we'll get 'em," "quit nothing" he replies now we'll get them, but the big ones." A conversation between my friend Gerald S. Doyle and myself on the boat gliding on the waters of "Neary's Pond," a few miles from St. John's, the capital of Newfoundland, during my visit there.

ing during the months of July and August. At the South East Arm of Placentia when the sea trout are running, a good day's sport can be enjoyed without any of the discomforts experienced in some places. There is a fine hotel here, and the proprietor, Mr. Fulford, is an old fisherman and an able guide. Taken all round, Newfoundland is as fine a fishing country as I know of, and it's a wonder to me more Canadian sportsmen do not go over there. Personally, I am looking forward with a great deal of pleasure to my next visit to this country, where the shades of night cannot darken the fisherman's prospects for a big catch.

Mitchell Lewis

A Master Artist In "King Spruce."

HOLMAN DAY'S FAMOUS STORY OF MAINE WOODS GLORIFIES ART OF VIRILE STAL.
Here is the particular type of photoplay you've all been waiting to see, and it's at the Crescent theatre to-day. It's entitled "King Spruce," and the star featured in it is Mitchell Lewis, the best actor of rugged types in filmdom. The plot is the picture version of Holman Day's famous story of the Maine forests. The author has peopled his story with some of the quaintest characters ever seen on the screen—types peculiar to the localities of the story impersonated by artists, who make them appear lifelike in the picture version, and Mr. Day's hero, Dwight Wade, is a perfect fit for Mitchell Lewis, the peer of delineators of such characters.

Miss Betty Donn, the sweet-voiced Soprano sings to-night "Just A' Wearin' For You" and "A Dream." These are two well-known songs, and will doubtless be heard by large numbers.

Express Passengers.

The following first class passengers arrived at Port aux Basques on the S. S. Kyle and are on the incoming express.—Mrs. E. C. Lewis. Mrs. C. Breaker and daughter, Mrs. A. Wall and daughter, T. Mountreson, Col. Nicholson, E. R. Spencer, D. and Mrs. Packett, E. Gardner, James D. Champlain, Mrs. M. Ayra and son, Mrs. T. Butler, W. Cunningham, Dr. C. J. Howlett, J. and Mrs. Harris, Rev. Canon Bolt, B. Ellis, Miss M. Inkpen, P. Sullivan, J. Voight, E. Parsons, M. F. Hayse, Mrs. Horwood, Mrs. A. Cunningham, T. Alexander, Miss E. Thomas, Charles and Mrs. Williams, M. F. Abbott.

From Cape Race.

Special to Evening Telegram.
CAPE RACE, To-day.
Wind W.S.W., light, weather fine; preceded by fog all night; nothing sighted to-day; Bar. 29.88; Ther. 48.

Spent 48 Hours With Maniac Parents.

After striving for two sleepless nights and days to calm and care for her father and mother, both of whom had gone raving mad, 18-year-old Cordelia Poot of Oshkema, Michigan, was relieved April 14 of her terrible burden by Sheriff Putnam, who broke down the door of the Poot farmhouse in order to place the old couple under restraint. Word had come to Kalamazoo officers that the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Poot was dead. Fearing trouble at the home, the sheriff and a Deputy drove to the place. As they approached the house the officers heard screams. Immediately breaking down the door the sheriff rushed into the building, to find the daughter struggling bravely to keep the mother quiet. As the sheriff dashed to separate the couple the daughter sank exhausted, murmuring her thanks to God that help had come at last. The father and husband was found on the streets of Kalamazoo violently insane, and was placed under custody preparatory to being remanded to the State hospital.

The Common Sense of It.

Two ranchers met in front of a cream station in an Oregon village one morning not long ago, and presently, after the usual questions regarding the health of their family and the condition of their crops had been asked and answered, one of them said: "I got the highest test on my milk this morning that I have had yet." The other smiled somewhat ruefully. "I didn't," he said. "There he continued, "I don't understand it. My cows are the same as yours. They are fed the same food under similar conditions. Why does your milk test higher?" The other rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Do you talk to your cows?" he asked, after a moment. "Talk to 'em? I should say not—except when I want 'em to milk." "Do you treat them as if they were human beings—with the same consideration for their feelings, I mean?" "I certainly do not. Why should I? They are not human beings." "Do you bat them occasionally, and permit the children to chase them around once in a while, and run them in for milking at times when you happen to be in a hurry?" "Yes, but they are never abused." "Well, I reckon that is the reason you don't get a high test on your milk. Abuse is a matter of differing opinion. A pastured cow is pretty apt to give pastured milk, just as a pastured man or woman is more than likely to get inferior results from effort. The cows

that hold the big butter fat records of the world are petted cows. It is simply a matter of common sense. The rule that we get out of anything only what we put in applies here. We put in Good and Good comes back to us in the form of butter fat. It is the same with chickens and with swine.

The other man laughed somewhat sulkily. "Sounds to me more like a religious than principle of stock raising. Sort of an odd notion, ain't it?" "Maybe so, but it works. The results are positive. Of course, some know how to be considerate to animals and others do not know how. Those who do not know how should learn how. It is sound business policy. And it makes stock raising and dairying a whole lot more pleasant and enjoyable and aside from the added profit it brings in money." A short time later the man whose cows tested poorly took his check to the bank.

"I'm goin' to begin to bring you in bigger checks pretty soon," he said mysteriously to the cashier. "I-I think it's pretty much tommyrot, but I'm goin' to try it." "Bigger checks—tommyrot." The cashier was plainly puzzled. But before he could ask for an explanation, the farmer had gone out whistling—Our Dumb Animals.

The Country of the Future?

What do you know of it? Learn its present progress and prospective development by attending the Lecture on the Press Tour to-night. Many humorous stories will enliven the recital. Excellent music also. Cochran Street Lecture Room at 8 p.m. may 8, 11

The Author of "Gil Blas"

Adam Rene Le Sage, was born at a village near Yvernee in Brittany, on May 8, 1688, is known to posterity pre-eminently as the author of "Gil Blas," admittedly the best example extant of the so-called picaresque novel. With the appearance of the three first volumes of the future world's classic, his reputation was raised to the highest pitch and secured upon an immovable foundation. But both before and after publication of "Gil Blas," Le Sage was a prolific author and had achieved a remarkable success with "Le Diable Boiteux," the immediate precursor of "Gil Blas. Both were produced midway through his career, when he was over forty, and had busied himself for long with many kinds of literary work, including plays, translations, and other book work. Afterwards he continued to write and to compile industriously until 1740, but it would be superfluous to recite the titles of opuscles long ago forgotten. Of his personal history there is not much to say. Throughout his career, his circumstances, although always moderate appear to have been sufficiently easy; and his domestic life quiet and happy. In his old age, he settled at Boulogne where one of his sons was Canon of the Cathedral and there he died at the age of 78. An epitaph placed originally over his tomb is reported to have declared in different verses, that he was the friend of Virtue rather than of Fortune, and certainly it can be claimed for him that, although he chose to assail vice with ridicule rather than with reproach, he never exalted and never pandered to it by wanton indecency of description. Nor is it possible to conceive that while wit and satire continue to attract oblivion ever will become the lot of the author of "Gil Blas."

GREAT FEATURE SHOW AT THE "CRESCENT" TO-DAY.

Betty Donn,
IN SONG INTERPRETATIONS
Sings (a) "Just A'wearin'"; (b) "A Dream."

MITCHELL LEWIS
IN
"KING SPRUCE."
A picturization of Holman Day's famous story of the Maine Woods.

Dr. Mosdell Addresses St. Mary's Bible Class.

Yesterday afternoon, the two Bible Classes of St. Mary's met in the church to hear an address by Hon. Dr. Mosdell. The service was opened by the rector, Rev. A. B. B. Billing, who made some highly complimentary references to Dr. Mosdell before calling on him to address the fine gathering of young people. If there was one thing worth emulating in life, said the rector, it was the example of a man who, refusing to be daunted by lack of means or other obstacles to true success, made his own way to the high places of learning, the professions of public life. He presented Dr. Mosdell as a son of the people who was an outstanding credit to his country. The speaker announced that he intended to review the progress of medicine from the earliest times concerning which traditions or records exist. Though the scope of his subject forced him to confine his remarks to bare outlines of the general theme, yet he gave his hearers a splendid review of medical progress through the ages, dwelling eloquently on the high lights of the great events and the great men of the profession. The huge debt of humanity to the medical profession was clearly presented by Dr. Mosdell, who pointed to the self-sacrificing efforts of doctors and surgeons through the ages as examples to be followed by all men and women whatever their walk in life. Altogether the hour spent listening to Dr. Mosdell was a good investment on the part of the members of the Bible Class of St. Mary's Church, a fact to which Mr. Paine, leader of the Young Men's Class bore testimony as he closed the service of the afternoon.

Criticizing.

It becomes a habit, just as appreciation is after all a matter of habit. There are some who, in dissecting a fellow man, can complete the operation in five minutes and be ready for a fresh victim. Shakespeare might have applied his lines to living men as well as the dead. The evil that men do live after them. The good is oft interred with their bones. He who has the habit of disparagement can bury the good name of a fellow man whilst he is still alive, so you would think the victim has not a single redeeming habit. The pity is it can be done, and is done nine cases out of ten, without any compunction, to say nothing as to remorse—though here we hope we are mistaken. Granted that it is tolerable to inventory our fellow man's mistakes; what is there to forbid our mentioning also his strong qualities, his manliness, his hard work, his unselfishness and his industry—his endeavor? Even so. Let us be fair. Perhaps it is too much to suggest: Let us be silent. May we suggest: Let us be generous.

Good People Everywhere

The study of geography, and of foreign languages, on which I have insisted in season and out of season, cannot fail to teach that the more you travel, and the more kinds of people you see, the more you are convinced that there are good people everywhere, and that they are very much like us. Calling people froggies, wops, dagoes, ago forgotten. Of his personal history there is not much to say. Throughout his career, his circumstances, although always moderate appear to have been sufficiently easy; and his domestic life quiet and happy. In his old age, he settled at Boulogne where one of his sons was Canon of the Cathedral and there he died at the age of 78. An epitaph placed originally over his tomb is reported to have declared in different verses, that he was the friend of Virtue rather than of Fortune, and certainly it can be claimed for him that, although he chose to assail vice with ridicule rather than with reproach, he never exalted and never pandered to it by wanton indecency of description. Nor is it possible to conceive that while wit and satire continue to attract oblivion ever will become the lot of the author of "Gil Blas."

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By Gene Byrnes