

## WHAT'S NEW AT THE MOVIES

HOME - AGAIN CROWDS MEAN CAPACITY AUDIENCES!  
Noted English Artist Today  
**IMPERIAL** Travel Tour - British Soldiers

Valli Valli, One of London's Favorites, Supported by Edward Brennan and Marie Empriss  
— IN THE PULSATING ROMANCE —

**"THE WOMAN PAYS"**  
In which a woman's vanity shapes a man's career.  
A truly great production by the Metro Co.  
Lighting visits a crowded ball-room floor.  
A STORY OF HIGH LITERARY QUALITY

**SEEING AMERICA FIRST**  
Section No. 45  
The City of New Orleans, La., and Along the Mighty Mississippi.  
**PATHE'S BRITISH GAZETTE**  
And Allied News  
The Car Inspects Army, Gen. French, Patriotic Women, Queen Alexandra

**WINTHROP WEBB IN 10-MINUTE MUSICALES**  
MATINEE ONLY  
**"PEG O' THE RING"**  
Twelfth Chapter  
**COMING "MAN AND HIS SOUL" WED**  
Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne

**FRL "THE VALIANTS OF VIRGINIA"**  
Selling Masterpieces  
**MORE BOXING, TENNIS, Billiards, Wrestling, FRL**

How Did Latut, Hope, Cleo and Party Escape From the Sunken Submarine? -- See Friday

Hits Hard Blow at an Evil of Society  
**"The Market Of Vain Desire"**  
**GEM** Today Only

Marriage to obtain a title, and a sale marriage without love in which a girl nearly gives herself to a man unworthy merely to gratify pride and ambition. Fearless clergyman of rich congregation thwarts the unjust project. How it is done makes story of extremely intense interest. Big screen people tell the tale before camera.

**H. B. WARNER AND CLARA WILLIAMS, Stars.**  
**FAY TINCHER**, captivating and comic, in "The Two Clock Train."  
**TWO BIG DAYS** - Wed. and Thurs. Geo. Beban featured in "The Alien," comes to Gem in play of tremendous power and next-to-last chapter of Mary Page serial.

**TODAY - UNIQUE LYRIC - TODAY**  
BEGINNING TWO WEEKS of Famous Stars in Famous Pictures  
**EDNA GOODRICH** in an elaborate adaptation of a celebrated play  
**"THE MAKING OF MADDALINA"**  
Sumptuous Pathetic Impressive  
COMEDY IN ADDITION  
**NO ADVANCE IN PRICES**  
First Evening Performance at 7 o'clock  
Thurs.-Fri.-Sat. - Chas. Chaplin in "ONE A.M."  
Coming - Louise Hull in "Destiny's Toy"

**THE BIG LEAGUES**  
American League Saturday  
At New York - Boston 5; New York 6.  
At Washington - Washington 7; Philadelphia 6.  
At Cleveland - Cleveland 5; St. Louis 4.  
At Detroit - Detroit 3; Chicago 2.  
American League Sunday  
At Detroit - Detroit 5; Cleveland 3.  
At St. Louis - Chicago 4; St. Louis 4.  
American League Monday  
At Detroit - Detroit 7; Cleveland 5.  
At Washington - Washington 7; Philadelphia 1.  
At New York - Boston 7; New York 1.  
At St. Louis - Chicago 4; St. Louis 2.  
National League Saturday  
At Boston - New York 4; Boston 1.  
At Philadelphia - Philadelphia 4; Brooklyn 1.  
At St. Louis - St. Louis 7; Chicago 3.  
At Pittsburgh - Pittsburgh 4; Cincinnati 3.  
National League Sunday  
At Cincinnati - Cincinnati 7; Pittsburgh 6.  
At Chicago - Chicago 4; St. Louis 3.  
National League Monday  
At Boston - Boston 3; New York 2.  
At Philadelphia - Philadelphia 3; Brooklyn 2.  
At Pittsburgh - Pittsburgh 7; St. Louis 0.  
At Cincinnati - Cincinnati 4; St. Louis 0.

## DEMANDING REPRISALS FOR MURDER OF CAPTAIN PRATT



Rev. A. W. Gough, vicar of Brompton and Lieut. Loyson of the French army were among the speakers at a mass meeting in Trafalgar Square. Photo shows the crowd passing a resolution upon the government to take reprisals. It was carried amid deafening cheers.

## Russian Author Writes of The Canadian Soldiers In Belgium

(London Times Petrograd correspondent.)  
The following is a translation of an article contributed by the talented young Russian author, K. Chukovski:  
Hanging out an incredibly long tongue which dangles like a wet rag, a shaggy dog is drawing along the road a small cart wherein sits a microscopic girl with an umbrella and a lilac-colored faded prayer-book; she must be going to the cemetery; there are now not a few of them on the way.  
"Here we are in Belgium, sir," says the chauffeur to me suddenly.  
In the distance looms the sort of little church. Past us soldiers are returning from the positions in a two-wheeled motor bus, their feet hanging in hobnailed boots. They are mud-spattered and tired, but not sad; they punctiliously touch their caps to the Belgian children who salute them.  
We have passed Poperinghe, the Vlaenderinghe, and here we are approaching Ypres. How strangely bitten out, as though with teeth, are these morsels of roadside houses! Here is a restaurant under a signboard—  
Pleasant News  
Merry Meeting of Friends  
and a German shell, taking away a good third of it, has left only the signboard; the small house seems like a laughing corpse.  
After passing a water-tower of which the skeleton alone remains intact, we left the motor bus at the suburbs and proceeded on foot to the town of Ypres. It is not a town but a wound. I have never known that ruins could inspire equanimity. It was as though we were in a hospital among mangled bodies. House-cripples, house-caricatures surrounded us. From one of them the ribs had been torn out with the flesh; another had been crushed like a cockroach with a boot. The pavement was all in pits and sores from 42 cent. shells. And it was impossible to make out where was the pavement and where the inferno of the houses and churches; all was confounded into a labyrinth of chaos.  
About the town, glittering like silver, soars a barely visible aeroplane.  
A German Bombardment  
"Now look out," says our colonel. "The Germans have spotted us." We thought that he was jesting, but speedily the pavement began to shake. Thunder rumbled, and my comrade Egypt at two paces distant from himself picked up a still warm fragment of shell.  
"How shall we return home in the motor?" The enemy aimed will see us from above and point us out to their batteries! The other day on this same road from Ypres the motor car of Vasili Danchenko was shelled. So says our colonel.  
In a neighboring street a shell again rattled. We have left a scrap of the wall. It was fortunate that the shell left the spot. I delve among the bricks and find a wire entanglement with a fractured skull, without arms. The work of shells is fantastic. In one place a window remained, on the second floor; it holds on by a miracle and threatens to fall at any moment. Above the window is indicated the date of construction—1884; while on the window is depicted a Virgin of plaster with an elegantly raised hand in benediction. In many windows are exhibited statues of Christ and Madonnas—that is all the Belgians could oppose to the 17-inch German guns! They cling to their native ruins and did not wish to abandon them till the last moment, but suddenly, on April 22 (i.e. exactly a year ago), into distorted, sweat-covered, greenish-yellow faces, bloody froth oozing from their lips, and by signs explained that all was over and that there was no hope. Soon it was ascertained that the Germans had driven them from their trenches with the celebrated asphyxiating gas. The Ypres were suffocated by it and those who were not suffocated fled and left their prisoners 50 guns and a long line of trenches.  
Meeting With the Canadians  
About all this I learned afterwards, but then I simply walked and gazed. Sandbags in three or four rows covered the floors of every semi-intact building; down there in the cellars people are living.  
From a vault an English soldier dived out, taking me for an officer, saluted. "I ought to have saluted you!" I thought hurriedly.  
We entered the spacious building of the Law Courts which is almost preserved; only a few walls are destroyed, and here and there a ceiling is lacking. In the hall burnt a small candle, and a clergyman gazing through a large hole pierced by a German shell seemed as though conversing with God, persuading Him and reasoning with Him. Behind stood soldiers with very naive faces, eagerly looking through the hole. As though expecting thence a miracle. It was strange that this should be reality and not one of the pictures in one of the Christmas numbers.  
"German airmen this winter threw four bombs here," somebody whispered to me. Look!  
But I do not look; I flee. The mutilated buildings are repulsive to me. It seems to me that the world has gone mad, and is capable only of defiling, spoiling, breaking, like an incompetent, dull-witted idiot. Who was inconvenienced by the fact that on this quiet canal stood a retired town so devoted and discreet, and that for a little Flemish girl at Easter her grandfather bought a doll at the market? Where is that little Flemish girl, now? Perhaps her skull too has been shattered like that of the doll which for some reason or other I am carrying somewhere. Beyond the town, not far from the college, we saw fresh cemeteries.  
"Not long ago a shell fell here and dug up a corpse from a grave," I hear an explanatory whisper, and without looking I flee to the motor cars.  
Poperinghe.  
We drive by roundabout ways over footpaths so as to avoid shells. Here again is Poperinghe. A hospital. At the threshold in a feather jacket stands a handsome Sister of Mercy and with half-dressed eyes gazed at the spring sun.  
"Here gas-poisoning cases were sent," says an officer. "Their bodies were as black as they were in death."  
Convolutions. Their eyes started from their sockets. The poisonous liquid soaked into the lungs and when they died we buried them there.  
He pointed to a field where amid wooden crosses was visible an entire forest of crosses. Here by the side of the Christian Canadians were interned the Muslim Turks. On each cross was the inscription:  
On others were wreaths of yellow branches. In order to tear myself away from the Muslim graves, I asked a Canadian. "Quite like Russians," I said to the Canadian general.  
A Russian Canadian.  
"Thank you for the good word! As a matter of fact we are several Russians among us. Only yesterday one of them of his own free will, nobody forced him, crept into the German positions and destroyed the wire entanglements. 'It's dull sitting in the trenches,' he told his comrades. 'I asked a Russian blood has flowed! Was it necessary for the Cossack son to journey beyond the Dnieper to Hudson Bay in order to die for the emancipation of Belgium!'  
I remember him (said the lieutenant). He chattered up only with the redskins. And are there redskins among you? Rather! Of course there are. We have frontiersmen as well. We had declined to take them because there were no frontiers in the cavalry, and they wished to join the cavalry. But they engaged a train at their own expense and came to Ottawa with their horses. 'If you don't take us to the war,' they declared, 'we shall immediately equip a cargo steamer and go to fight for you!'  
And who is this Princess Patricia? Where does a princess come from in Canada?  
A rich merchant, Mr. Hamilton Gault, of Montreal—a millionaire—fitted out an entire regiment at his own expense and sent it to fight for Europe.  
But what has the Princess Patricia got to do with it?  
She is the Honorary Colonel of the regiment. She's the daughter of our Governor-General.  
And what about the merchant? Did he send soldiers to the war and himself trade in Montreal as before?  
Oh no! He also went to the war.  
And what then?  
He was wounded at Ypres, here and there. Apparently by shrapnel fragments. And all his regiment perished. And how about the families of the soldiers? Did the merchant take care of them?  
Of course. Every man was insured by him in case of disablement and death. Each man received an insurance policy for \$500.  
We are sitting in the officers' club. The general converses about something with Egorov. I drink tea, and as before feel

## OPERA HOUSE

TONIGHT - TOMORROW MATINEE AND NIGHT  
**KLARK-URBAN CO.**  
**7 KEYS TO BALDPATE**  
THURSDAY AND FRIDAY NIGHTS:  
"MY LADY'S GARTER"  
From the famous novel by Jacques Futrelle  
SATURDAY MATINEE AND NIGHT:  
"WITHIN THE LAW"  
Orchestra, 50 and 35 cents. Dress Circle, 35 cents. Balcony 25 cents. Gallery, 10 cents. MATINEES - Lower Floor, 20 cts. Balcony, 10 cts.

## CANADIANS PLAY BALL IN AID OF DISABLED SOLDIERS



There was an enormous attendance, estimated at 20,000, at the naval and military sports carnival, which was held at Stamford Bridge, Chelsea, Eng. This picture from the London Daily Mirror service, gives it as an incident in the carnival. "Trying for a catch, baseball," is the way the English writer describes it.

## SPORT NEWS OF THE DAY HOME AND ABROAD

**RING** Welsh Gets Decision  
Freddie Welsh retained his title of champion lightweight pugilist of the world yesterday at Colorado Springs, when Robert Billy Rockwood of New York gave the decision to Welsh in his twenty round bout with Charlie White, of Chicago. Welsh was awarded the decision on points. The bout lasted the twenty rounds. The decision appeared unfavorable to the spectators, the referee having to be taken to his auto by the police and fringed. The bout was a poor exhibition of boxing.  
**RING** Kilbane Defends Title  
In less than eight minutes of fighting Jimmy Kilbane, of Cleveland, spoiled the hopes of George Chaney, of Baltimore, for the world's featherweight championship at Cedar Point, Ohio, yesterday. At the last of the third round Kilbane, caught Chaney with a right smash in the jaw and settled the battle.  
**BASEBALL** Shamrocks and Thistles Split Even.  
A series of five games was opened yesterday morning on St. Peter's baseball grounds, between the Thistles and the Shamrocks. Two five inning games were staged in the morning and two in the afternoon. Each team has two games to its credit, necessitating a fifth game to decide the winner.  
**TURF** Good Races at Moonepath  
Some interesting races were held at Moonepath yesterday and seven hundred people attended. The match race between Billy the Kid and Bingen Hund was exceptionally good and was the race of the day. Billy the Kid won in three out of four heats. Little Jimmy won the free-for-all in straight heats. An auto race also proved of interest. Three cars started, owned by George Lawson, Eldon Wilson and Thomas Jones. Jones won the race and Wilson was given second place.  
Free-for-All—Purse, \$100.  
Little Jimmy (Hayes-Hayes) 1 1 1

Several young men were rescued from almost certain death in the reversing fall on Saturday evening when their motor was snatched from the rapids by George D. McCuskey who effected a gallant rescue from his motor boat. The young men were unable to start their engine and the craft was drifting towards the falls when Mr. McCuskey with his father, W. T. McCuskey, and members of their family, who were returning from a trip on the river, saw their plight. In making fast to the disabled craft the tow line caught around George McCuskey's leg and broke both bones near the ankle. Despite the accident, the rescue was completed and the other boat towed to shore.

15c. each, 2 for 30c. or \$1.75 the dozen.

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**TOOKE COLLAR**  
Admitted the Best Quality and Best Fitting in Canada.  
**TOOKE BROS. LIMITED, Montreal**