

THE CRESCENT PICTURE PALACE

A LAUGHABLE BUNNY COMEDY, TO-DAY.

"A DEMAND FOR JUSTICE,"

A Kalem Feature.

"THE PRICE OF HIS HONOR"—An Essany photo photo play, illustrating the sacrifices a woman makes to shield a man's honor.

"BUNNY IN DISGUISE"—A laughable comedy with John Bunny and Flora Finch.

"EVE'S DAUGHTER"—A Vitagraph drama featuring Lillian Walker. She marries a wealthy man, he looks with suspicion upon her previous occupation as an artists' model; he learns the truth and pleads for her love and forgiveness.

"SWEEDIE the SWATTER"—A most funny farce. Sweedie Hires as a cook, and cleans out the house and its occupants.

On Friday—"THE GIRL AT THE CURTAIN"—A great 2 Reel Feature.

Mid-Week at The NICKEL!

"BLOOD WILL TELL"

A most beautifully costumed production that carries a story of romance. You will be greatly pleased with this Attraction. Francis X. Bushman featured in three acts.

"POLISHING UP."

One of John Bunny's best comedies.

"ON THE BORDER."

A thrilling melo-drama.

HOWARD STANLEY sings Rose Lloyd's famous number: "Winter Nights."

FRIDAY—THE STRUGGLE EVERLASTING—Produced in 2 parts.

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To-night

FAREWELL TO MR. BARNES OF NEW YORK.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the Great American Play:

"THE THIRD DEGREE" in 5 Reels

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A Survivor of The "Bayano" Writes Home

The following letter which has been handed us for publication will be read with interest, as the writer is the only Newfoundland survivor of the Royal Naval Reservists of the ill-fated Bayano. The letter is written to his mother and is as follows:

Portsmouth, March 11, '15.

Dear Mother,—I suppose you thought I was drowned but I thank God I am not. I was saved from the great disaster that happened on March the 10th to the ship that I was in, the "Bayano". Therefore my whole heart goes out in gratitude to God for saving me in the hour of my greatest danger.

Mother dear, I am the only one from Newfoundland that was saved out of fifteen. There was two hundred on the ship and only twenty-six were saved and thanks again to the Great Deliverer of All I was one of the number.

We left Glasgow on the 6th and were about twenty miles out when we were torpedoed. I was in the Captain's cabin sitting down at the time, and when the torpedo struck her it knocked me clean out of the chair. I jumped to my feet and made for the deck. The Captain was close to me and told me to go on and get the boats out. I went out on the port side, jumped in a boat and just got my life belt on when the ship went down, boats and all. When I came to the surface again I could see nothing but men, crying for help on all sides.

I saw a plank about five yards ahead, I swam for it and got it underneath my stomach. I was there about two hours, when I saw a raft probably fifty yards away; I swam for it and the men that were able to do so pulled me up.

I had a bit of a cold then but when I got in Scotland I got a good warm up.

Poor Joseph Farewell and Ed-

mund Brown went down in her; poor fellows. Give my love to Mrs. Farewell and William Brown.

Some of our men are in the Hospital yet; I am staying at the Barracks now.

It was a wonderful sight, dear mother. If it's God will I never want to see such another again. Just imagine men crying for help and no one to help them. I have a good heart and I had a life belt, and had to fight and fight hard. I was in the water two hours and on the 11th, but it was terrible, and if God spares me to come home I shall be able to tell a story worth listening to.

Tell father to write to me and I shall be glad to hear from anyone at home. Give my love to all my friends and kiss the little ones for me. And now I must wish you good night with love and best wishes to all.

STEPHEN KEATS.

The Whitewashing of A. Kean

(Editor Mail and Advocate)

Dear Sir.—We have watched closely the proceedings of the House of Assembly in the Daily papers during its present session and are very proud of the stand which Mr. Coaker and his colleagues have taken in bringing to light the things which have been hidden in darkness hitherto. It is time for Terra Nova to arise from the Slough of Despond into which the doings of the Government have put her. With regard to the Sealing Disaster and the Commission of Enquiry, we find that Judge Johnson is inclined to exonerate Kean. We hope that this Spring has broken his proud and conceited spirit. Truly we can say of him as it was said of Saul at Gilboa, "How are the mighty fallen!" I might say, Mr. Editor, that

although the Royal Oak Lodge passed a resolution whitewashing Kean and the Grand Lodge endorsed it, that twenty out of every twenty-five Orators in the outposts have signed your petitions asking for Kean's arrest.

Wishing success to the Union Party in the House of Assembly, I am,
Yours truly,
HENRY HOBBS.

President Wilson Urges Calmness

Washington, April 19.—President Wilson urged calmness on the part of the United States during the European crisis, in an address here today commencing the sessions of the congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution. He said that he could speak only in general terms, and that it was indiscreet for him to speak at all.

The President declared that the supreme test of a nation was self-possession, the power to restrain emotions, think calmly, and be absolutely sure of everything it does. The United States, he said, must possess the judicial temperance, not in order to judge others, but in order to judge calmly what it does itself.

He declared that he hoped that every influence in the United States would be used to create a sober second thought on every question which arises, since first thoughts were usually hasty and ill-advised.

The President described the United States as a melting pot of nationalities, and added that the nation was now on its mettle to act righteously.

A French singer recently attended a reception at the home of a lady noted for her parsimoniousness.

The hostess tried to converse with the Frenchman in his native tongue. He noticed that her lack of fluency was embarrassing her, and with commendable politeness exclaimed:—"Pardon, madam; somewhat the French is difficult for you. But I am able to understand your meanness if you will the English speak."

A young man is not justified in taking an eye opener because he is blind in love.

Mr. Condon Writes on Squid Traps and Bait Freezers

(Editor Mail and Advocate)

Dear Sir,—I again ask you space in your valuable paper to make some suggestions with regard to various measures which might prove beneficial to the fishermen of this country. It is the intention of this present session of the House to close, as have all the other sessions in the past, without having done anything in regard to Bait Freezers, etc? An abundant supply of bait is a very important factor in the carrying on of our fisheries, and a good stock of bait fisheries, said if possible, at various points around the island, could not but prove its worth to our fishermen. Cold storage cars, steam and motor boats with cold storage rooms, could not but prove a successful undertaking.

After all, are not all dependent on the success of the fishery for our welfare? I believe that our loss annually on account of want of bait and

proper means of handling fish amounts to not less than a million dollars.

Within the past three months we have imported between \$25,000 and \$30,000 worth of bait from the United States. This has gone to Rose Blanche, Grand Bank and Burin, and represents money being sent out of the country which could have been kept in the country.

Fishermen, it is time for you to wake up and realize your position in this matter. I have made a beginning by shipping squid traps to Bonavista and Catalina. I intended to superintend the operation of these traps during the coming season, and probably ones at British Harbour and Princes ton also.

Yours truly,
M. E. CONDON.
St. John's, April 26th, 1915.

To Bring Back Skilled Workers

London, April 20.—The government has made arrangements under which skilled workmen now at the front fighting can be recalled to England to work in the factories producing munitions of war. Lord Elphinstone made this announcement yesterday at a meeting of the Birmingham manufacturers which had been called by George MacAulay Booth, chairman of the munitions committee. Lord Elphinstone outlined the government's plan for organizing the supplies in the Midlands counties and said what was known as release committees had been appointed and in special cases, where a particular man who had enlisted was wanted back in a factory he could be got back if named and properly identified.

A local committee under the government's organizing scheme was appointed in Birmingham and another has been appointed in Glasgow.

Escape of Some Prinz Eitel's Crew

London, April 20.—"Several members of the crew of the German auxiliary cruiser Prinz Eitel Friedrich have arrived here on board the steamer Hellig Olaf from New York, headed by the second officer," says the Daily Mail's Copenhagen correspondent.

"They were provided with false passports describing them as Swedish subjects. They are bearing secret reports to Germany from the Prinz Eitel's commander."

The Prinz Eitel Friedrich is now interned at the Norfolk navy yard, where she was taken from Newport News, April 9. Under the internment order the captain of the cruiser gave his pledge that neither he, his officers nor men would leave Norfolk.

How scornfully a woman who more-to powder can look at one who paints!

In School Days

Still sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry-vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial!

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a Winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled;
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered;
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
I hate to go above you,
Because,"—the brown eyes lower fell,
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing,
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her,—because they love him.
—Whittier.

The Glory of the Garden

(This poem by Rudyard Kipling is not found in most of the collections of Kipling verse.)

Our England is a garden that is full
Of borders, beds and shrubbery and
Lawns and avenues,
With statues on the terraces and peacocks strutting by,
But the glory of the garden lies in
More than meets the eye.

For where the old thick laurels grow
Along the thin red wall,
You'll find the tool and potting sheds
Which are the heart of all,
The cold frames and the hothouses,
The dung pits and the tanks,
The rollers, carts and drain pipes,
With the barrows and the planks,
The rollers, carts and drain pipes, with
The barrows and the plans.

And there you'll see the gardeners, the
men and 'prentice boys
Told off to do as they are bid and do it
without noise.
For, except when seeds are planted
and we shout to scare the birds,
The glory of the garden occupieth all
who come with words.

Our England is a garden, and such
gardens are not made
By singing, "Oh, how beautiful," and
sitting in the shade,
While better men than we go out and
start their working lives
At grubbing weeds from gravel paths
with broken dinner knives.

There's not a pair of legs so thin,
there's not a head so thick,
There's not a hand so weak and white,
nor yet a heart so sick,
But it can find some useful job that's
crying to be done,
For the Glory of the Garden glorieth
everyone.

Then seek your job with thankfulness
and work till further orders,
If it's only netting strawberries or
killing slugs on borders;
And when your back stops aching and
your hands begin to harden,
You will find yourself a partner in the
Glory of the Garden.

Oh, Adam was a gardener, and God
who made him sees
That a half of proper garden work is
done upon his knees,
So when your work is finished, you
can wash your hands and pray
For the Glory of the arden that it
may not pass away!
And the Glory of the arden it shall
never pass away.

A novel usually ends with the marriage of the hero and heroine; just as if that was their finish.

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Yours faithfully,
(Sgd) PATRICK BRENNAN.

1 Waldegrave St., Dec 28th., 1914.

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turned down top, good as new; cost \$60.00, will sell for \$30.00. Apply to H. SMITH, care New Tremont Hotel (during meat hours.)—mar 6, 14