

WAR : WAR : WAR

Authenticated Motion Pictures from
The Firing Line

SHOWING THE BELGIAN DEFENDERS IN ACTION—THE RUINS OF
THE CITY OR RHEIMS—THE FAMOUS CATHEDRAL AT
RHEIMS DAMAGED BY GERMAN SHELLS.

A Vitagraph Drama—A Keystone Comedy—A
Biograph Melo-Drama.

EXTRA PICTURES FOR THE CHILDREN'S BUMPER MATINEE
SATURDAY. DON'T MISS THE NICKEL TO-NIGHT—IT'S GREAT.

TO-NIGHT'S FEATURES!! AT THE CASINO THEATRE.

KLAW and ERLANGER'S GREAT 4-REEL PRODUCTION!
"CLASSMATES"
An interesting and exciting West Point Military Photo-Play.
PATHE FRERES WONDERFUL 3-REEL SUBJECT:—
"HARDING'S HERITAGE"
will also be shown.

MATINEE SATURDAY, at 3 o'clock.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, the Historic and Magnificent Picture,
"THE BOER WAR," in 5 parts.
A thrill in every move—Don't miss these Features—You can't afford to!!

East End | ROSSLEY'S THEATRES | West End

St. John's leading Vaudeville and Moving Picture Theatre, with finest Orchestra. Mr. A. Crocker, leader.

BIG VAUDEVILLE PROGRAMME—MR. BALLARD BROWN and MISS MADGE LOCKE.
Songs, Dances, Jokes and Costumes, all new.
Great Fun Contest, Friday Night.

Lots of names, lots of novelties. Singers, Dancers, Comedians and Acrobats. 1st prize \$5.00, 2nd prize \$3.00, 3rd prize \$2.00. Great
Vitagraph feature in 2 reels—"A MODERN PRODIGAL"; "THE BLIND BASKET WEAVER," (Kalem); and 4 others, all good.
NOTE—In active preparation, POTTED PANTOMIME, "There was an old woman who lived in a shoe," with the Rossleys, Jack,
Marie and Bonnie, Mr. Ballard Brown, Miss Madge Locke, and Mrs. Rossley's clever pantomime children. Magnificent costumes and
specially prepared scenery. Everything new.

THE CRESCENT PICTURE PALACE

A GREAT FEATURE PROGRAM TO-DAY.

M. J. Delmonico—the man with the double voice—sings "When the Maple Leaves Were Falling"

"THE BOND ETERNAL"

A Kalem masterpiece in 2 reels.

"AN EASTER LILY"—A Sonny Jim feature, an amusing sketch in Black and White. "Sonny Jim's" little heart goes out to his little
colored friend, and so does everybody's else. "THE CHIEF OF POLICE"—A strong drama featuring W. H. West and
George K. Melford. "THAT TERRIBLE KID" and "THE BEST MAN"—Two capital comedy films.

The usual Extra Pictures at the Big Saturday Matinee. Send along the children, the Crescent will take good care of them.

"I was jus' thinkin', sergeant, what
a foine Hun army Lucifer, having
conscripted, could muster after this
war; and 'twould be a foine pickshure
to see himself and the Kaiser sittin'
around a red-hot table plannin' out
another war."
"That would be grim humour,
Mike," said Lacy.
"It's humour belongs to war, Lacy,
just as a handed-down silk hat of
rare vintage belongs to every village
funeral in France."
"Wanst there was a fat dhrunken
Uhlran some Belgian soldiers met
staggerin' along a turnpike road up
in Belgium; he'd been that dhrunken
in a chateau cellar two days his
company had retreated without him.
All his pockets were as full of pearls,
rings, watches, and jewellery as him-
self was of dhrink, and he thought the
Belgians he met were his own sol-
gers, and he was invitin' them back
wid him to the chateau to celebrate
his thievin'. I think they let him off
very easy by carryin' out the sintince
before they tried the case."
"After the war, Lacy, the Huns will
be loike the small society of brewers
who were burryin' the orphan baby
of a late fat brewer that wint wrong
inside himself wid his own dhrink.
The cimtery was four miles away,
and the Sunday was that cold the
society shtopped at every roadside
beerhouse to warm up, and not wishin'
to leave the poor little child out in
the cold carriage they brought the
box in wid them every toime they
shtopped—and they shtopped so often
that when they arrived at the cim-
tery they'd lost the baby in the box
and had nothin' to bury, so they wint
back home wonderin' what had hap-
pened, and whoy. That's Kultur."
"That's Goat."
"Now this aktu-ally happened,
Lacy, and you can tell it on your
knees, it's that thrue. It's mesilf was
sent by the colonel wid a note to the
No. — Welsh Regulars barracks.
The barracks were in the old fish
market, and they had a big shmellin'
goat for a mascot: they brought the
goat in the barracks to dhrive the fish
smell out. The goat was safe inside
his skin, but his flavour outside filled
the air. The stringth of him grew
louder as I walked through the gate
in the brick wall: there he stood in
the cinter o' the big court—braced
like a kitchen table—and ready for
action, but a single word from Major
Apthomas Johns reduced all except
the hum in what I was breathin'.
"When a stranger looked at him he
seemed to grow bigger, but when the
stranger looked again distance had
reduced the size o' both. The next
strongest asset the goat had was his
love for the boys, and he was always
ready to march the night before the
colonel received the order: he could
lift himself or anywan else over a
gate without bendin' a leg.
"Major Apthomas told me that the
ould Irishman who found the Cullinan
diamond stikken out o' the mud-wall
after the rain didn't feel any better
than the goat when he found a Nay-
ger; wanst they locked him up when
they were going on special inspec-
tion, and whin they got to the parade
ground the goat was there to receive
him, and the ladies had moved to the
windy side; and aanother toime they
locked him out in the rain for a wash
and he butted in the head of a full
barrel o' tar to make room for him-
self widout luzin' a hair."
"Billy at the Front."
"Captain Llewellyn Llanfeddr lost
his wolfskin coat wid buckhorn but-
tons, and the whole regiment were
nearly court-martialled for thievin',
while the goat looked them all over
wid suspicion. The goat seemed pin-
ned away for Llewellyn's loss, and a
week later all the officers gathered
round his death bed and watched the
mascot in convulsions cough up a
pipe and the buckhorn buttons, and
Llewellyn himself kissed the goat for
gettin' well, but kept his hand on his
watch."
"Now, Lacy, the goat didn't really
know what fresh air smell like, for

long before it reached him he reached
it. Leeks were his joy in life, but
lettuce was a weed. A few weeks be-
fore the historical bombardment of
Neuve Chapelle and the Huns gave
us a twistier at Glivenchy, the
Welsh Regiment had the goat moved
to the front. There was no need to
fence off the camp after showin' the
goat the thought line, as he wouldn't
forget it any more than a strange
soldier would who tried to cross it.
"Now, if he was allowed to see
the boys; in the trenches wance a
week he was a well-mannered as a
convent girl visiting home for a week-
end, but whin the time came round,
and he didn't start wid a sergeant at
the other end o' the rope, well, you
might as well thry to quite a mule
that had gazed on a wasp nest."
"On this special mornin' the blood
red o' the storm sun couldn't shut out
the murky darkness when the person-
ally conducted Billy and his arom-
atic password set out through the long
infrance sap-head on his first visit to
his boys in the trench."
"His eyes twinkled wid the nearin'
gun crack as the dawn was turnin'
misty grey, and whin the chorus
shriek of a dozen shells put the finish-
in' touch on his anxiety to assist, wid
one bound the rope—leavin' the ser-
geant's hand—shot after him loike a
kite tail, and he was off for the trench
but they caught him at the cook's
dug-out, and, as his own was blendin'
with the fragrant smell of coffee a
stretcher came through the dawn-lit
sap, and a wounded soldier said,
'Hello, Billy.'"

"That one touch loaded him to the
eyes wid somethin' only known to
goats: a bugle sounded, and a dozen
min rushed by him to the trench thirty
yards away. The goat bounded after
them, only to be turned choking in
the air at the end of the rope, which
wouldn't part."
"Another bugle, shots, shouts,
whistling bullets, the clash of steel,
Maxim rattle—the Germans had rush-
ed the trench; the furious fight was at
its height when the goat, with super-goat
strength, lunged again. The rope
parted, and with one bound he was off.
The wounded clogged the trench so he
couldn't pass, but wid wan leap he
cleared the saphead, and in another
second took his bearings; fifty yards
ahead he saw the Germans in all the
fury of close fightin' bein' dhriven
back by his own solgers. Then he
sees them turn in a wild, mad retreat,
and the lasht o' his min leap out o' the
trench and dash after them—pauisn'
only for toime to shoot."
"The goat leaped forward loike
phans of a bridge, and in a minute
bugle sounded for return the goat
didn't hear it; he was after an officer
who had broken away from the rest
and was runnin' for a Hun saphead on
the left."

"The goat evidently thought that
his min could take care o' the bulk,
but that it was his duty to catch the
shtray, and he was after him loike a
fire engine. Just as the officer reach-
ed the sap the goat reached the officer
—and with the buck of a racin' motor
lifted him high in air and he dhropped
like a bomb, head first, back into the
ditch."
"The Message."
"The goat looked round, and could
only see a few of our wounded
climbin' over the parapet two hundred
yards away. The bullet hisses were
thickin' round him whin loike a
witch, he fairly flew for the trench.
The fire o' the Hun guns and steel
grazed round him. In the cinter o' the
seethin' acre he heard a voice say,
'Billy! Billy!' and he stopped like a
rock 'gin a wall and wint back."
"It was Llewellyn, the man he lov-
ed more than the whole population o'
Wales. 'Lay down,' he says, and Billy
did. The captain wrote a note and
bucketed it in Billy's collar—'Shot
through the bone o' both legs—crawl-
in' in to-night.'"
"The wounded man gave an order,
'Billy, right-face, double quick home!'
and, bein' a solger, he bounded on.

(Continued on page 8)

Notes From Badger's Quay

(Editor Mail and Advocate.)

Dear Sir.—On January 25th the
women of North West Arm, Bad-
ger's Quay, assembled together in
the little school room and decided
to get up a tea, in order to raise
money for the school. They suc-
ceeded in their undertaking and
on Thursday, January 28th, a
large crowd assembled in the
school room where they all enjoy-
ed themselves.

Many thanks are due to our
Revs. H. J. Leggo and J. T. His-
cock for their kindness in making
the tea so successful. Also our
many kind friends from Badger's
Quay who came along and gave us
a helping hand. The grand sum
of \$300.34 was realized which will
go towards the furnishing of our
little school room here.

Before I close I must make a
few remarks about one of the old-
est members in the person of Mr.
William Witcher. After seventy-
seven years of toil and hard work

he has been called from us by the
Angel of Death. He leaves two
sons and five daughters and many
relatives to mourn their loss. He
was laid to rest by the side of his
dear wife in the C. of E. Cemetery
at Pool's Island, April 28th. The
funeral was largely attended. The
Rev. H. J. Leggo officiated. We
are in hopes that he is enjoying
the blessed rest of Paradise.
—E.P.N.
N.W. Arm, Badger's Quay,
May 3rd, 1915.

Obituary GEORGE RUSSELL

(Editor Mail and Advocate.)
Dear Sir.—It is with sincere re-
gret that I have to record the
death of one of our members in
the person of George Russell who
passed peacefully away on the
17th of May. Deceased was one of
our oldest members and leaves a
wife, six daughters and three sons
to mourn their sad loss. Our late
friend was a true Union man and
his example always had a good ef-
fect on our younger members. We

trust that he is now enjoying the
fruits of a life well and faithfully
spent. To his wife and children
we extend our sincere sympathy.
—Chairman F.P.U. Council,
Lethridge, B.B., May 8, 1915.

FRANK GILLIOTT

(Editor Mail and Advocate.)
Dear Sir.—We regret to record
the death of our dear friend Frank
Gilliot, who passed peacefully
away to the great beyond on May
2nd. He was the only child of
John and Susanna Gilliot. In
the bloom of life Jesus has called
him to dwell with Him on high.
We sincerely hope that when the
Lord shall call for us like him we
shall be ready to go. He was laid
to rest on Tuesday, May 4th, in
the Church of England Cemetery.

Where the mourner weeping
Sheds the secret tear,
God his watch is keeping,
Though none else be near.
—LEAH CASSELL.
Green Cove, Herring Neck,
May 6th, 1915.

MIKE CLANCY AND THE WELSH MASCOT

By EDWIN CLEARY
"Express" Special Correspondent

The white steam of the loco's long,
low whistle died in the darkness as
Sergeant Lacy switched off the light,
screened his face at the window, and
glared at the blackness hugging all
the rugged details of the near-by bat-
tlefields, and hiding even the sentinel
stars from the prayers of wounded
men, when Mike said in a whisper:
"Sh-h-h-uh! I know what it is, ser-
geant! We've overtaken a traction
engine!"
"No," said the sergeant. "we are
passing the ambulance train No. —
on the Merville siding. She's full up
to-night, but she'll run lighter to
Rouen, as three cases too badly wound-
ed to travel will be off-loaded at Boul-
ogne."
"But, Mike, you left off where, in
the very first battle of the war, the
long walls of Germans kept rushing
on like ocean rollers, while the guns

of Fort Pontiss and Fort Barchon cut
avenues, streets, alleys, paths, and
even air lines through them, until the
crumbling wall stood dazed, and then
turned back in a mad stampede,
stumbling over the dead-covered
earth."
"Now, tell me this. After the war,
what will the rank and file who do not
fall, and all their kin, think of the
imperial and military masters who
drove them like swine to slaughter,
and when they rebelled or turned
back, shot them down like dogs?"
"Lacifer and his Budds."
"Well," Mike answered, "when the
war's over, Lacy, there'll be so much
debt and shame among the Huns, it's
a dead rat they'll nit in ivery home,
and it'll take a century o' leap-years
before the smel'n' drive the smel'n'
pucker from their faces."
"Now, Lacy, the goat didn't really
know what fresh air smell like, for

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