

### How Have the Mighty Fallen

(Editor Mail and Advocate.)

Dear Sir.—The letter of Supt. Parsons published in yesterday morning's issue of the Daily News, is very interesting, not for what it does not contain as much as for what it does contain of truth, fact and certain issues verified by a number of citizens who have given forth that truth which comes from men whose aim (at least in this case) is not political.

The report re the Penitentiary and conditions that is bad enough—and must be had enough—when it is placed on record, that conditions there are worse than the living problem of life at the Poor Asylum and the Insane Asylum. Heretofore Superintendent Parsons has ever been thought a man of pure and fair designs. He has ever shone as a man whose views tended towards right and justice and were not to be controlled by the judgments of party seekers. A man, himself, of broad newspaper experience, he should know better than to seek to give forth wrong impressions of a matter that is of vital interest to humanity.

In a word, Mr. Parsons, has disappointed many of his old advocates and supporters, and the thought is bitter—very bitter—that this man who was so popular, so free—let me add—so loved by many—has fortified that position and come down to the small level of little political recognition.

Alas and alas, how men change under the influence of a little and paltry government catering.

Yours truly,

"JUSTICE."

May 17, 1915.

### Imported to Fill a Job

(Editor Mail and Advocate.)

Dear Sir.—The present government have permitted and favored many unpopular appointments, much to the disgust of the country at large. The last case to point—and which we have been asked to write up—is the importing of a foreign article called "Robinson."

This young man who is a brother-in-law of Mr. Hall, the Government Engineer, was called here by the latter gentleman, and a nice appointment found him, and with of course an equally nice salary, which the oppressed taxpayers have to supply.

Mr. Robinson, who expresses all the vices and politics of a "charming cholly" seems to incline towards gardening and flower raising, rather than any branch of engineering, and though he is drawing the people's money every month, he simply loiters about town, or when not in the wing—as a bird of fashion—he is to be found treading Mr. Hall's garden near Robinson's Hill.

If the position that this young importation is supposed to fill, really called for such a person, why was it not given to some local man? Why are strangers beckoned across, and given jobs, which by rights belong to our young men whose fathers have helped to build up this country? This action like innumerable others of the Government, must call for severe criticism.

These things cannot be hidden up. The Government attempts to hide them from the knowledge of the people, but they will eventually out, to the weakening of the whole Morris Administration, and its final defeat at the hands of a justly disgruntled public, who are about sick of fooling the hills.

The next thing we will hear in all probability is that Mr. Robinson has volunteered to resign his job if he does not get a rise in salary.

May 17, 1915.

### Takes the Writer 'Theobald' to Task

(Editor Mail and Advocate.)

Dear Sir.—In the Evening Telegram of Saturday last a writer who styled himself "Theobald" advances the comforting doctrine that there is no such place as Hell and that the belief in its existence is only a superstitious bogey to frighten weak-minded people.

Now, Sir, there are a good many people in the world yet who believe in the existence of a Hell—myself included—and I am sure we would be all delighted to have the good news confirmed, for then we would all be able to eat, drink and be merry, and give free reins to our passions, untrammelled by any fear of future punishment for our misdeeds.

I, myself, would ardently wish that there is no Hell, but my mind is logical enough to know that wishing that there is no Hell and there being no Hell are two quite different propositions. If "Theobald" can make his statement agree with my wish, he will make me happy.

I have read the Bible half a dozen times from Genesis to Revelations, and whilst I came across a score of proofs of the existence of Hell, I could not find one that said there is no Hell. The tradition of the Church on this question confirms in indisputable and unequivocal terms what the Bible says on the subject. Where, then, does our friend Theobald derive his information to the effect that there is no Hell. He ought to submit his proofs before he can hope to get people to believe his statement. For one, I am open to conviction, and if Theobald can prove what he has said, I will be only too willing to be his disciple. Come on now, Theobald, with your proofs. I presume that you believe in the Bible—all that is in the Bible. If not, I cannot argue with you, and your assertion denying the existence of Hell can do no harm, but if you do, I hereby promise to beat you to a frazzle if you care to enter the lists with me. I think, Sir, that you are one of those to whom Pope's couplet admirably refers:—  
"A little learning is a dangerous thing,  
Drink deep or taste not of the Persian spring."

Yours truly,  
PATRICK SULLIVAN  
St. John's, May 17, 1915.

### That Seal

Oh readers dear and didn't you hear  
The news that's going around,  
About Victor Martin and his crew,  
Belonging to this town.

It was only a few weeks ago,  
And April was the month  
When Mr. Martin and his crew,  
For birds went in their punt.

This morning just at break of day,  
Outside the Heads they rowed,  
The only men that they did see  
Was the "shepherds" from the Cove.

For slack ice did blockade our Bay,  
And lakes of water seen,  
And on the edges of the ice  
A scattered seal had been.

At half-past nine upon that day,  
To their sight so very nice,  
A fine young seal, a Beater too,  
Tried to get upon the ice.

Mr. Martin takes his gun,  
Now what do you think of that,  
Puts two loads into the seal  
And turns him over flat.

Martin takes his seal on deck,  
So proud of the one he got,  
When Shepherds came down on the seal,  
Chimed it was the one they shot.

CITIZEN.

### The Best Show For Some Time at THE NICKEL.

#### "Our Mutual Girl."

Margaret meets Irving S. Cobb, the great American humourist, and relates the story of her disappearance.

#### "GOOD-BYE SUMMER"

A power two-part Vitagraph social drama. Norma Talmadge is featured.

#### "THE ROYAL WILD WEST"

A two-part Vitagraph comedy with Sidney Drew. An Englishman's idea of the American picture Cowboy—very clever—deucedly wild, and extremely funny.

#### "MABEL'S BLUNDER"

A Keystone comedy, with Mabel Normand.

GOOD SONGS! GOOD MUSIC! REALISTIC EFFECTS!

COMING—"THE MILLION DOLLAR MYSTERY"—in 30 REELS.

Story by Harold MacGrath—one episode of two reels will be shown each week.

### MASTERPIECE FILMS ONLY

#### At The Casino

MONDAY, TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY—TWO SHOWS EVERY NIGHT  
7.30 and 9—ADMISSION 10 CENTS.

Kalem's greatest picture play—

#### "THE BOER WAR"

Produced in 5 parts—based upon the historic struggle between Britain and Boer. Said W. Stephen Bush, the world's reviewer: "It seems difficult to believe that this is not War but only the image of War. As a military spectacle, surely this feature has never been equalled."

SPECTACULAR DRAMA—WONDERFUL INCIDENTS—THRILLING ACTION—BEAUTIFUL STORY—ABSOLUTELY THE VERY GREATEST WAR PICTURE MADE—DON'S MISS IT.

Coming---QUO VADIS, in 8 Parts.

## East End | ROSSLEY'S THEATRES | West End

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

MR. BALLARD BROWN and MISS MADGE LOCKE in NEW SONGS and DANCES, including a Laughable Absurdity,

#### "A MARRIED MARTYR."

GREAT FEATURE PHOTO PLAY,

#### "THE GIRL WITH THE LANTERN"

And several others—ALL FEATURES.

#### Empire Day, Potted Pantomime, "The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe."

With Jack Rossley, Marie Rossley, Mr. Ballard Brown, Miss Madge Locke, Miss Bonnie Rossley and Pantomime Troupe. All New Costumes, Stage Settings, Electrical Effects, Dainty Numbers and Novelties. Another Great Contest Friday night. Reserved Seats on sale all the week at Rossleys.

## THE CRESCENT PICTURE PALACE

Presents a Broncho Billy feature to-day.

### "BRONCHO BILLY AND THE SHERIFF"

A Western Drama with G. M. Anderson.

"THE DAINTY CASE"—A Vitagraph special feature in 2 parts. Through an innocent mistake, a young girl is intimidated by a rascal to commit theft, fortunately she is saved from his hand and the seriousness of her weakness. A splendid story pictured by George Ridgwell.

"THE TEST OF COURAGE"—A strong Drama presented by the Lubia Company. "BUDDY'S DOWNFALL"—A whole reel of fun.

M. J. Delmonico—the man with the double voice—sings "That's an Irish Lullaby," Chauncy Alcott's latest hit.

### Strange Conduct of Empire Agent

(Editor Mail and Advocate.)

Dear Sir.—Will you kindly publish the following and oblige the downtrodden men of Roddrickton and Englee.

The Kaiser agent for Empire Co. is gone from bad to worse. Civil men as they go to get paid for their logs can see a loaded revolver before they see their money. He is still reeking vengeance on the helpless. There are families in a starving condition, men begging him for work, but the answer is "Go to Hell," "Starve and

But now dear gentle readers, I would not like to say whose seal it was that had been shot upon this April day.

Success attend you gentlemen.

Next Spring we'll truly tell what man will stand upon the bridge of Bowling's Florists.

BOOBY HATCH.  
Catalina, May 7th, 1915.

be D.—" with no reason only these men tried to get more than \$3.75 for their logs. He has sent outside to get men who have plenty to come and cut logs so that he can have his spite out on the starving ones. Did Empire Company know this crazy man or did they get the worst man they could get? Last Fall when the supply came to the mill the men's lives were in danger. Manager Gibbons was shooting bullets through the wall of the store, came nigh shooting one man. He then went to the house and started shooting through the wall of the verandah. Mr. Young, the man that lived in the house with him, went and advised him not to shoot that way as a path came close to the corner and someone always walking that way. He got in a rage and ordered Mr. Young to clear out. He took an axe and broke up the shooter and threw the pieces out in the water. It was borrowed from Mr. A. Rowse. He had trouble getting payment for it.

Mr. Young and Mr. Rowse will answer to their names if called on no doubt. We don't know if he

was full of rum or if he was really trying to shoot some one. This is a very bad statement, but it is true.

Still worse and more sorry to relate that the man we thought was the poor man's friend is with this man and, against the poor starving men, women and children. A written notice from his hand posted at Roddrickton goes to prove who he was in favour of out of his own mouth and with his own words he must be judged.

This is the man that got permission from the Government to cut on the fishermen's limit under a pretense to feed the people so that the Government would not have to send relief. This man has an in-land claim scarcely touched yet. This great man has teased this claim to Empire Co. who has put an agent there that would starve the poor men who tried to get the worth of their labors. For fear some other person would buy logs and give the cast ows a chance to live, this great man posted the above notice to frighten the poor men threatening fine or imprisonment, and in the meantime, nobody knows where his claim is

as there is no line or posts to show boundaries.

Believing you to be our true friend, we remain, yours truly,

Down-Trodden Underdogs of Englee and Roddrickton.  
Englee, Apr. 4, 1915.

### Russia Struggling For an Outlet

In this struggle, apart from the strange reversal of verdicts which has ranged the two mighty democracies of Europe to shoulder with its most powerful autocracy, is the astounding spectacle of these democracies fighting for the destruction of the very barriers which they have built up by force of arms to restrain that autocracy from dominating the world. Great Britain, which in 1877 had cleared decks for action in a determined effort to prevent Russia from approaching one step further toward the forbidden straits, is hurling its sea forces at the forts which Turkey has erected in its endeavours to conserve its existence and carry out the mandates of Britain in the past. France, which precipitated the Crimean war because she could not tolerate even the prospect of Russian mastery in

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And these operations have been undertaken at this stage of the general war because of a commercial necessity, the same necessity which has been the real motive beneath all the sentiment, religious and political, that has actuated the perpetual southward pressure of the Colossus of the North.

The guns of the allied fleet are beating down the barrier that is keeping the Russian wheat crop of last year cooped up in the Black Sea. It is the argument of bread, the most powerful of all arguments, that is directing the fire of the gunners and the policies of their Governments in the great assault upon the Dardanelles. It is precisely the same motive—the motive of self-preservation—that has vitalized and perpetuated Russia's ambition to outlast her flag over the towers of Constantinople.

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