

SPECIAL SCHOOL-CHILDREN'S MATINEE
TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY) AT 4 P.M.
ADMISSION 10c.

WEDNESDAY

MAJESTIC

WEDNESDAY

OFFICIAL MOTION PICTURES OF THE BRITISH NAVY FROM AUGUST 4th, 1914, TO THE SURRENDER OF THE GERMAN FLEET.

"The Empire's Shield."

THE OUTSTANDING FILM EVENT OF THE YEAR.

SEE

FACTS!
Cost two million dollars to produce.
Made under the supervision of the
British Admiralty—Direct from England
— IN —
10—REELS—10

A trip through the English Channel during August, 1914, on a 30-knot destroyer.
Launching of new warships.
The final inspection of the Grand Fleet by King George at the Firth of Forth, before sailing out to destroy or capture the enemy.
The bombardment of Zeebrugge and Ostend.
Mine sweeping operations—ships sunk before your very eyes.
Views of the Royal Naval Air Force—with every aeroplane ever made.
10—REELS—10

Lieut. Edwin Smith, M.A., F.R.A.S., R.N.V.R., will give an introductory talk on "The Navy's Job During the War," and explain the various scenes as they appear.

TRUTH

Every scene is the official moving picture of the British Admiralty, copyrighted, and will never again be duplicated on the screens of the various theatres in Canada. If you miss "The Empire's Shield" you may as well stop going to motion pictures.

Views of the latest Battleships, Cruisers and Submarines.
Scenes of the Dardanelles Expedition. H.M.S. Queen Elizabeth in action. Mystery of the Hush-Hush ships and the smoke screen.
With the Grand Fleet at sea—views of the largest battleships in the world.
The Battle of Jutland with all ships in action—the only clash between the fleets of England and Germany.
The sinking of the Vindictive at Ostend.
—10 REELS—10

Secret History of Sinn Fein

(By SHAW DESMOND in London Magazine.)

In the first place, the Easter Rising of 1916 was not something arranged on the spur of the moment, but was being carefully thought out by leading Irishmen when the first gun boomed over Europe in the Great War, and in a more indirect sense for many years before that. The fact, hitherto unknown, is that the Irish Republican Brotherhood, the famous secret society formed seventy years ago, which even to-day has hundreds of thousands of adherents in the United States, had never been suppressed, but had only been driven underground, and had always awaited "the day," which came when England went to war and England was in a tight corner.

The second point is that Sinn Fein, as Sinn Fein, had very little to do with the 1916 Rising. Sinn Fein never had stood out for physical force, which, indeed, of all things is the most futile so far as finally is concerned, and was captained by a man who, taking no part in the Rising, has told me with his own lips that he, Arthur Griffith, like Professor Eoin MacNeill, first chief of the National Volunteers and Chairman of the Dail, was a pacifist! Its tactics were based on "passive resistance."

The men who actually stood behind the Rising itself were Padraic Pearse, schoolmaster and orator, who was its heart, and Jim Connelley, economist and Socialist labour leader, who was its brain.

It was the Irish Labour Party at the Liberty Hall headquarters which actually made the Easter Rising possible. Imagine Mr. Arthur Henderson and the English Labour leaders starting a revolution from the Party headquarters in London!

Where did Ireland get her arms? She got them partly by fighting for them—partly by purchase—partly by cajolery. Of the Howth gun-running which gave Erin a thousand rifles, and without which the 1916 Rising could never have taken place, I am not now permitted to speak, although it is one of the most exciting stories of adventure of our day. It is enough to say here that these guns came from the Continent, were not stolen, and were bought in the open market by a London writer of eminence. They were sailed into Ireland and through the British Fleet by an indomitable woman whose name is entirely unknown to the great world.

It is an amazing fact that Sinn Fein never at any time had any difficulty whatever in getting all the arms it wanted from English manufacturers, who placed pocket before

patriotism. The Irish in America helped to find the money. Vessels from the United States of America did whatever else was necessary.

So far as weapons are concerned to-day, Ireland is more like an arsenal than a country. North and South, she has to-day arms and ammunition for 400,000 men. In the future, this may possibly be a formidable factor with which the British statesmen will have to reckon.

The British Government, like the world, believed during the fighting from 1919 onwards that Michael Collins was the head and front of the Sinn Fein forces, and that he was Chief of Staff. Mr. Lloyd George, however, knew differently after the clever interception by the British Intelligence of a certain bundle of Irish intelligence correspondence. Michael Collins not only was never Chief of Staff of the I.R.A., but probably scarcely ever fired a revolver during that period. His work was infinitely more difficult and dangerous. "Mike"—now no more—was the Chief of the Irish Intelligence, and it is safe to say that the most brilliant brains of the British War Staff "had nothing on" Mike, Ireland's astute son.

The real "Michael Collins" was quite far from being the dark-eyed, wavy-haired figure of romance which imaginative journalists have loved to chronicle. Collins was a typical "son of the soil," in latter days inclined to double chin and embonpoint, shrewd to the last hair, elusive as only the Irish Celt can be, brainy, resourceful, implacable, but with a sense of humour which one of his friends said "would make any decent man glad to be sentenced to be shot by him."

I have known Michael Collins to be seated with three friends at the Gresham Hotel, which was blown to pieces in the recent fighting, when a British search party entered. At that time Mike's life was not worth the flame of a candle—he was to be "shot on sight," as he very well knew, and no chances were to be taken. The officer in charge of the search party took from his pocket a photo of Michael, held it within a foot of the original, who never turned a hair, and then, saying: "That's not the man," went out.

At one time a young man could be seen riding his bicycle early morning along O'Connell Street, Dublin, his hip pockets bulging suspiciously. Many of the plain-clothes men must have known him well, but let him alone, for they knew that a finger on him in that thoroughfare would have meant, as one of them who, on catch-

ing sight of him went down a side turning, said, "a quick and queer finish." The man was Michael Collins. Collins has been seen standing under the Nelson Column in O'Connell Street, in the trench coat and uniform cap of a British officer, with "tooth-brush" moustache, coolly listening to the conversation of the soldiers about him, any one of whom could have earned a small fortune by his shooting or capture.

Here is the place to lay bare one of the secrets of the Irish Sphinx. It has puzzled the astute brains of Scotland Yard, and in Downing Street, as to how the most intimate plans, made usually only behind the closed doors of Dublin Castle, seemed to be known to Sinn Fein even before they could be conveyed to the men who were to carry them out.

The fact is that Irish Civil Servants were amongst the most loyal servants of the Sinn Fein Secret Service, and the writer has himself known of a prominent Civil Servant who masquerading as a Conservative member of a Dublin golf club, over a period of three years, was one of the cleverest members of the Sinn Fein Intelligence. It should be made clear, however, that almost all the higher officials were pro-British, and strictly loyal to the Imperial connection.

A typical example of this co-operation of the Civil Service was an ambuscade in Kerry, personally investigated by the writer, where a trench was dug and concealed, which resulted in shooting a military lorry into a stone wall, the driver falling on his head. Some of his companions got away and wired to the nearest British station for ambulance and sheets. The telegraphist who sent the wire, seeing his opportunity, added to the list of revolvers, ammunition, and in fact anything he fancied the local Sinn Feiners would like. These were sent at once, and, of course, ambushed by the I.R.A., which captured the lot.

Almost every child in Ireland was at one time a potential agent of the Secret Service. At the height of the troubles, I, myself, found a little yellow-haired girl of four or five as sentinelle over the most "wanted" man in Ireland at that time. Against such a service, no wonder that even Scotland Yard and the army detectives, working as they were under phenomenal difficulties, were powerless.

THE SECRET BRAIN OF THE I.R.A.

There was a man behind Collins who was the most dangerous enemy the British Government had in Ireland—the man who was the secret brain of Sinn Fein—Cathal Brugha. Brugha, whom I knew well, was an indomitable little man, of clean, clergyman-like face, steel-black eyes, and firm jaw, who, implacable though he was, for he is now killed, was beloved not only by every soldier in the I.R.A., of which he was the ruling spirit, but even by his enemies, many of whom owed their lives to him. Of this man, not a single British officer who has come into contact, often deadly contact, with him has other than a good word.

It was this little man who was the chief of the I.R.A., all unguessed by the great world. It was he who planned the larger ambushes, who did all the active work, and whose slightest word was law in Ireland. The story that he told me with his own lips in a tiny Dublin room of how step by step, plan by plan, he, with others, developed the scheme which finally brought to nothingness the really

amazingly clever plan for the demoralization and defeat of Sinn Fein, excels anything that Conan Doyle or Eugene Sue ever conceived. He had been shot literally to pieces in the 1916 Rising, and it is an open secret that he was released because it was believed that he never more could be any good for anything. Yet he lived to send more British soldiers to their deaths than any other Irishman.

The cunning by which Sinn Fein masked its really dangerous men was extraordinary. Eamonn de Valera, who kept the wires of the world red-hot, was never one of the really "dangerous" Sinn Feiners like Collins or Brugha. He was a figurehead—although a picturesque and inspiring figurehead—and his phantom visit to the United States will live as long as Irish history. There has been much talk about his parentage, but in the last conversation I had with him at the Sinn Fein headquarters, he told me that he was born within a few hundred yards of the Great Central Station, New York, his mother being an Irishwoman, a Miss Coll, and his father died when he was two, and at two and a half he was sent to Ireland to his grandmother, and was brought up in a County Limerick cottage.

The "underground railway" by which he was transported to America has long puzzled the world, which always quite erroneously believed that he vanished into the bowels of an engine-room. As a matter of fact, what the world never realized was that in some of the big liners a majority of the deck-hands are Irishmen, and usually Sinn Feiners, and if the men of a certain 30,000-ton liner cared to speak, they could tell the story of the de Valera disappearance, transportation, and materialization. But although some two hundred of them knew and knew the story, they have never told.

Nor did the British Intelligence ever discover the former president's hiding-place after his return from his successful American visit. He was actually hidden in Cathal Brugha's house in Dublin, and was once intensely amused to hear a devoted woman admirer declare to his friend in the next room: "Of course you can't deceive me. I know 'Dev' isn't in Ireland. I'd know it if he were within a hundred miles of me!"

(To be continued)

Those well known and justly famous teas served by the Ladies' College Aid Society in the Methodist College Hall on Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 27, 41.

Blouse jackets of contrasting material are charming.

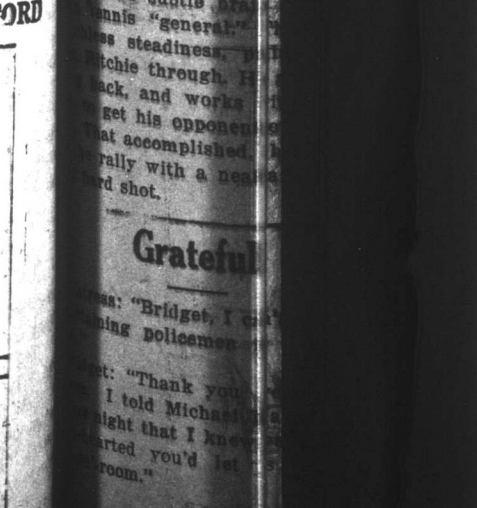
Why Corns?

Just say
Blue-jay
to your druggist

The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. A touch stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in a colorless clear liquid (one drop does it) and in thin plasters. The action is the same.

Pain Stops Instantly

BILLY'S UNCLE



Too Bad His Memory Wasn't Worse

By BEN BATSFORD

SECURE YOUR
Xmas Confectionery
IN TIME.

The following lines now in stock:

MOIRS' XXX BLUE BOXES.
MOIRS' CHRISTMAS PACKAGES.
MOIRS' 1's asstd., & Nut & Hard.
MOIRS' 1/2's asstd., & Nut & Hard.
JELLY BEANS—Pails.
BARS of all kinds.
LOWNEY'S BARS.
LOWNEY'S 1/4-lb. Bxs. CHOCOLATES

C. P. EAGAN,

2 Stores:
Duckworth Street & Queen's Road

Just Folks.

By EDGAR A. GUEST.

THANKSGIVING IN THE COUNTRY

I suppose out in the country they are pillin' up the stuff.
The jellies and the cookies, makin' And the women in the kitchen are as busy as can be.
With their baking and their stewing, and in fancy I can see
The old man in the doorway dressing Mister Turkey Cock.
Who was proud up to the minute that he visited the block.

Thanksgiving in the city yearly comes and goes to us.
And we've little time for planning and we're not inclined to fuss.
But Thanksgiving in the country means a week for making plans.
With the clatter of the dishes and the rattling of the pans
And the sweeping and the dusting and the baking of the pies
For the visitors who're coming with real hunger in their eyes.

It's a time for hallelujahs and a day for being glad!
It's a family reunion with nobody feeling sad.
With a table set for twenty, piled with every sort of treat
And more good stuff provided than a regiment could eat.
With the children most impatient to be set upon the food:
Oh, it's there there is real meaning in a prayer of gratitude.

I suppose out in the country they are working hard to-day.
Getting ready for the children who have grown and gone away.
And are coming back Thanksgiving with a dim and misty eye.
I can see a dozen barnyards where the turkey fashers fly.
But we're living in the city, and we've now no place to go
For the old-time glad Thanksgiving which the country people know.



Your Friends' Opinions.

You value them highly. Friends judge you by your thoughtfulness. In the selection of a Christmas Gift there is room for a very fine display of good judgment and culture. By selecting Richard Hudnut's Perfumes and toilet requisites, you unmistakably show not only a sense of good taste but a sound sense of economy, for Hudnut's Perfumes, last longer, and give a fragrant odor until the last tiny drop is used. You can select Hudnut's Perfumes and Toilet goods at Drug Stores and Toilet Counters.

You show good taste when you select Hudnut's. -m.w.f.

The newest blouses are combining white and colors.

Strips of felt, shading from brown to beige are darned together into a wide-brimmed hat.

An overcoat of green mousseline with a scroll design in silver is worn over a slip of silver tissue.

SHOPKEEPERS ATTENTION

108,000 Willard's Bars Sold in Newfoundland during October

and repeat orders coming in daily. Shopkeepers who stock Chocolate Bars, Novelties, General Bulk and Boxed Chocolates should stock

WILLARD'S CHOCOLATES

and get the best values obtainable.

The CLEVELAND RUBBER CO.

Distributors

166 Water Street St. John's, N.F.
nov27,m.w.f.

The semi-fitted bodice and bouffant skirt are attractive features of some smart Parisian dance frocks.

Dainty handkerchiefs which would make delightful Christmas presents, have colored applique borders.

The long-skirted coat and the built on mannish lines compare each other in popularity.

A bandeau of white velvet with interesting by bias bands of brocade across the velvet.

Dried

in our last... markets... could be... fact, if any... source by re... Newfoundland... shipments to... fish markets... of 90,000 qu... world condit... there is a... than there... is said to... quanta in... at on the other... Labrador has... this year... million and... a year. Prob... estimated the... day at Newf... last year. The... kingdom... and... buy within a... of be... is being flood... the Argentine... American exch... is now more... purchase of d... as much as... of quanta... denying that... like Brazil wh... half the cost... beef of course... in the... have gone for... from Newfoun... to the shippe... there are likely

there still has... of codfish to... if markets we... go early to get... the returns from... \$50 per quintal... are not am... in moderate... the dist... of the West... of business to... the above is t... But it may have... conditions... estimates relat... of Europe's... which seems... could make for... at many... Other changes... of South America... changes in turn... the purch... the South Ame... therefore things... to-day, there... that they will... A few months... quite a different... not be a great... the man who... the best we have... —Martime

the Liniment... men—I have... and have... After the exper... will shaken up... of bruises and... the King... healed the sores... me much relief... as the King... the pain almost... ad in the M... decided to f... I am not se... with that I am... done all it claim... as much more... the best ad... 1914. That is my... you will agree... Yours very... (Signed) ALFRED... 184 Agric...

Interest to... Tennis... (Canadian... old Man of Tennis... celebrated his... into the final... Court... a... as the entry... "Ritchie"... wonderful vetera... and English... plan to tour... tically, every... on it, every... that a man in... strenuous exer... and besta, good... as Junior, but... the subtle... "general"... was steadiness... chle through... back, and work... get his opponen... at accomplish... rally with a nea... shot.

Gratefu... "Bridget, I... police... "Thank you... I told Michael... that that I had... and you'd be... room."