

THE NICKEL!---Home of Pictures.

BIG FEATURE PROGRAMME for the Mid-Week.

KLAW and ERLANGER PRESENT

"SEVEN DAYS,"

The world famous comedy, produced in three parts—all Star cast.

"THE FINAL VERDICT,"

A most beautiful story, laid in the early days of the West, when Courts were scarce and Judge Lynch was the only law.

TWO SOLDIERS OF MIS-FORTUNE—
A Slide-splitting Keystone.

HOWARD C. STANLEY, The Syncopated Singer—Big hit. Hear him sing "GOOD NIGHT."

COMING—"Thor. Lord of The Jungle"—A great Selig Wild Animal Feature, in Three Parts, featuring KATHLYN WILLIAMS.

CASINO THEATRE

TO-NIGHT—7.30 and 9—Farewell to the most beautiful Society Drama ever shown in Newfoundland:—

"A Million Bid"

Thursday, Friday and Saturday:—

"Captain Alvarez"

will be introduced to the St. John's public. Everybody undoubtedly will be pleased to see him and give him the warm welcome always given to strangers by Newfoundlanders. He appears in Paul Gilmore's greatest success. A recognized and standard production.

6 REELS! Beautiful photography. Thrilling situations. Admission, 10 cents. Appropriate music. Every night, 7.30 and 9. Saturday afternoon, 2.30.

East End | ROSSLEY'S THEATRES | West End

The most elaborate, up-to-date Theatrical Houses in town. Also the best Orchestra, with Mr. A. Crocker, Leader.

(Under the distinguished patronage of His Excellency the Governor and Lady Davidson)

Mr. BALLARD BROWN and Miss MADGE LOCKE,

GRAND INTERNATIONAL SKETCH

Representing England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales.

Friday Night---GREAT GO AS YOU PLEASE CONTEST.

A night of Fun. Three Prizes—1st prize, \$5.00; 2nd prize, \$3.00; 3rd prize, \$2.00.

Saturday for the little ones. And the finest Feature Pictures ever seen.

NOTE—Mr. Rossley has been asked by scores of people to show the Picture of the 1st and 2nd Contingents, as hundreds did not see it, and to oblige he will show the Picture for the rest of the week. LAST CHANCE.

The CRESCENT PICTURE PALACE

A LAUGHABLE BUNNY COMEDY TO-DAY

"AN INNOCENT DELILAH,"

A great Vitagraph Drama in 2 Reels, the story of a man's fight with a big corporation, and the part his fiance innocently plays to defeat him.

"THE SMUGGLERS SISTER"—A Selig melo-drama.

"FLEEING FROM FLEAS"—A roaring comedy with Ruth Roland and John E. Breman.

"BUNNY BUYS A HAT FOR HIS BRIDE"—A comedy with inimitable John Bunny.

"THE OLD FLUTE PLAYER"—A great Vitagraph 3 part drama on Monday.

DRINK AND "POTATO BREAD" IN THE WAR

A REMARKABLE speech on British war conditions has been made by Lloyd George, Chancellor of the British Exchequer. The war has reached a critical stage for both sides. Mr. George says that this war will be won as it were in the work-shops rather than by the men on the battlefield. What he means is, the equipment, such as weapons, clothing, tools and ammunition is more necessary than anything else. Food can be supplied by other nations, but the immediate need is for the equipment which British workmen must turn out.

Mr. George then goes on to say that the consumption of intoxicating liquor is doing more damage to Britain, and is more to be feared than all the German submarines put together. This is because drink destroys or weakens the efficiency of the workman. He says that Russia has prohibited the sale of vodka, which is the Russian whiskey. The prohibition meant the loss of

\$280,000,000 in yearly revenue, yet this has proved its value again since it has increased the efficiency of Russian workmen from 30 to 50 per cent. Not only so, but it has given encouragement and hope to millions of women and children, the home-makers, and in this way has built up and strengthened the national feeling.

Mr. George says that the Russian Minister of Finance told him that any attempt to return to the sale and distribution of this vodka would mean revolution in Russia. France, too, saw the menace of strong drink. She could not defend her national life, and at the same time endure free use of liquor; consequently France has abolished the sale of absinthe by a vote of 10 to one. The British rulers in like manner realize the home danger from drink to be greater than the danger of a foreign foe, and they will take strong measures to prevent the use of intoxicating liquor. Mr. George made another significant statement.

"Look at the way they make bread out of potatoes. That potato bread spirit is something more to dread than to mock at. I fear that more than I do Field Marshal von Hindenburg's strategy, efficient though that may be. What he meant was the fact that the German people were willing to make any sacrifice, go to any reasonable self-denial in a spirit of patriotism and of national feeling.

It is one of the most difficult things in the world to change the feeding habits of a nation, and nothing but the direst necessity will force men to do that willingly. The fact that the German people, in order to preserve the Fatherland and help their country in its hour of need, are willing to substitute potato bread even in part for bread made of grain flour entirely shows a spirit which the British people have not yet been ready to adopt. That was what Mr. George meant; that this willingness to change their eating habits in order to be of service to their country, if need be, was the finest evidence of national spirit that has yet been shown.

We speak of this for a double purpose, to show the nature of the German people, and the strength of their cause when supported by a strong national feeling, and also to point out

Start a Saloon in Your Home

In a recent sermon Dr. Rice, who has spoken at our banquets on several occasions, gave the following advice to the married man who cannot get along without his drinks:

First—Start a saloon in your own house.

Second—Be the only customer. You will have no license to pay. Give your wife \$2 to buy a gallon of whiskey, and remember, there are 69 drinks in one gallon.

Third—Buy your drinks from none but your wife, and by the time the first gallon is gone she will have \$3 to put in the bank and \$2 to start business again.

Fourth—Should you live 10 years and continue to buy booze from her, and then die with snakes in your boots, she will have money to bury you decently, educate your children, buy a house and lot, marry a decent man, and quit thinking about you.

And yet this brilliant prospect will not deter many men from the saloon habit. Strange how the devil can blind men to the final outcome—"Exchange."

Bursting Shells and Blazing Rockets

Light Up the Midnight Gloom of the Battlefield

A Canadian Soldier, in Vivid Language, Describes the Lurid Scene—Tommy Atkins is Cool and Cheerful Through it all

In a letter to a friend here Gunner P. A. Buttery, of the Spectator reportorial staff, who is with the ammunition column of the third artillery brigade, gives an interesting description of experiences on the firing line. He writes in part:

This letter will be sufficient to convince you and all the good folk at the office that I am still in the land of the living, despite the fact that our brigade has just come through a thrilling encounter. Of course you all know that the _____ took part in the big battle which took place here last week, in which the Germans lost 16,000 killed and wounded and 2,000 prisoners. It is a curious commentary on the methods of censorship that we are not allowed to mention in letters the name of the place where the battle took place, despite the fact that you know perfectly well where it was. However, suffice it to say that the Canadians, artillery and infantry, did remarkably well, and were highly complimented at the conclusion of the fight. The casualties in the artillery were only very slight and the infantry, too, were comparatively lucky, for their casualties were nothing like as big as might have been expected. During one period of the battle—for about 16 hours—the firing was terrific. From about 4 o'clock in the afternoon until 8 o'clock the next morning, our guns blazed away furiously, and the Germans blazed just as furiously back at us, but, fortunately, without the same accuracy of aim. It was a particularly dark, moonless night, and the sight, when the battle was at its fiercest, was really a magnificent one. Try and imagine, if you can, shells bursting continuously all along the battle line, each one casting a lurid glow all around, and keeping up a dazzling glare all through the night. Add to this scores of German star-lights bursting high in the air, and illuminating the country for miles around. Then encircle the whole in a huge frame of midnight blackness, and you may be able to get some idea of the grandeur, the gorgeousness of the picture. It was all so wonderful and so magnificent that one never thought of the grim and terrible side of it all. In fact the grimness of the whole business doesn't appeal to anybody out here, and before I proceed any

further I should like to say that I take my hat off to the British Tommy, who is surely the most cheerful, uncomplaining fellow in the world. Since we have been out here we have been in daily contact with soldiers who have been in and out of the trenches for four or five months. They have put up with tremendous hardships and discomforts, but they are just about the most happy and contented lot of men we could wish to see. When they come out of the trenches for a couple of days' rest they spend their time much the same as they would do if they were away from barracks on a few days' leave.

At night they will go to the estam-et (which is the French name for saloon) and grumble at the weak, watery beer which is served up, but they will drink it just because there is nothing else to drink. But the British Tommy doesn't want to talk about the war. All he wants is to exchange a few spicy stories, get up a sing-song and let himself go much the same as if he were at home. In this way he beguiles the time until he has to return to the trenches, which he does with a cheerfulness and an optimism which are admirable. He does not pause to think of the probable duration of the war, but he is firmly convinced he is on the winning side, and now power on earth will make him alter his conviction. In Britain lately I read a good deal of the coolness, courage and determination of the British soldier, but after seeing him daily at first hand I can honestly say that no tribute I have read has been too high. You will be glad to know that already the Canadians have shown the same qualities, and even though they have been in the fighting zone only a short time, they have already established a name for themselves as a rare fighting force. It makes a man proud to belong to an empire which is built up of people like these, and I should think that after this campaign nobody will ever again prate of the decline of British manhood.

WET or DRY

Which Shall It Be?

Large Class of Respectable Citizens Satisfied With "Wet" Conditions.

While the Country rings with temperance discussions, many abstemious completely forget one class of respectable citizens who are satisfied with "wet" conditions. They are honest, industrious, SOBER. They treat their wives and families well. HUNDREDS ARE TOTAL ABSTAINERS. Why are they satisfied?

Because they wear "Bear Brand" Rubbers. The man who wears them is as well satisfied with WET as with DRY roads.

They are the only rubbers on sale to-day in Newfoundland that carry with them the guarantee of the sellers.

CLEVELAND TRADING CO.,
St. John's,
ap22,w,th

The Steel Company Of Canada, Ltd., MONTREAL,

Manufacturers, at right prices, of Bolts and Nuts, Horse Shoes, Railway Spikes, Bar Iron, Barbed Wire and Staples, Mild Steel, Galva, Telegraph Wire, Galva, Bar Iron, Pig Iron, Lead and Waste Pipe, Iron Pipe, Fences Wire, Tacks of all kinds, Shot and Pully.

ADVERTISE IN THE MAIL AND ADVOCATE FOR BEST RESULTS

Gambo Railway Station

(Editor Mail and Advocate)

Dear Sir,—I desire to draw the attention of the Reid Ntd. Co. to the disgraceful condition of the waiting room at Gambo station, and the lack of interest in the public welfare on the part of their agents there.

I left my home in Hare Bay last Tuesday and on arrival at Gambo with other travellers we found the waiting room filled with goats and dirt of every description. There was no fire in the place, the only appearance of fire was about 2 inches of ashes scattered around the stove. Neither was there any light in the place. I took a tree top and went out the place so as to make it fit to stay in. No sooner had I cleared the room up when a lot of "boys" who were hanging around the place threw all the dirt back again.

We stayed in this place all Wednesday and you can picture the pleasant time we spent there. Reid's men took no steps whatever to keep these boys away from the place. I suppose Sir we are only fishermen and should not expect to be treated as human beings. When we were boarding the train at the station some of those young fellows, to have sport for themselves, pushed one of our party under the car.

Is this the kind of treatment we Newfoundlanders must expect from Reid? Do they know that these conditions exist at Gambo? Surely they can not? We expect Sir to be treated as human being not as dumb cattle.

Yours truly,

MARTIN FORD,
Of Hare Bay,
St. John's, April 20th, 1915.