GERMANS POISONED BY THEIR OWN GAS FUMES.

DAILY SKETCH.

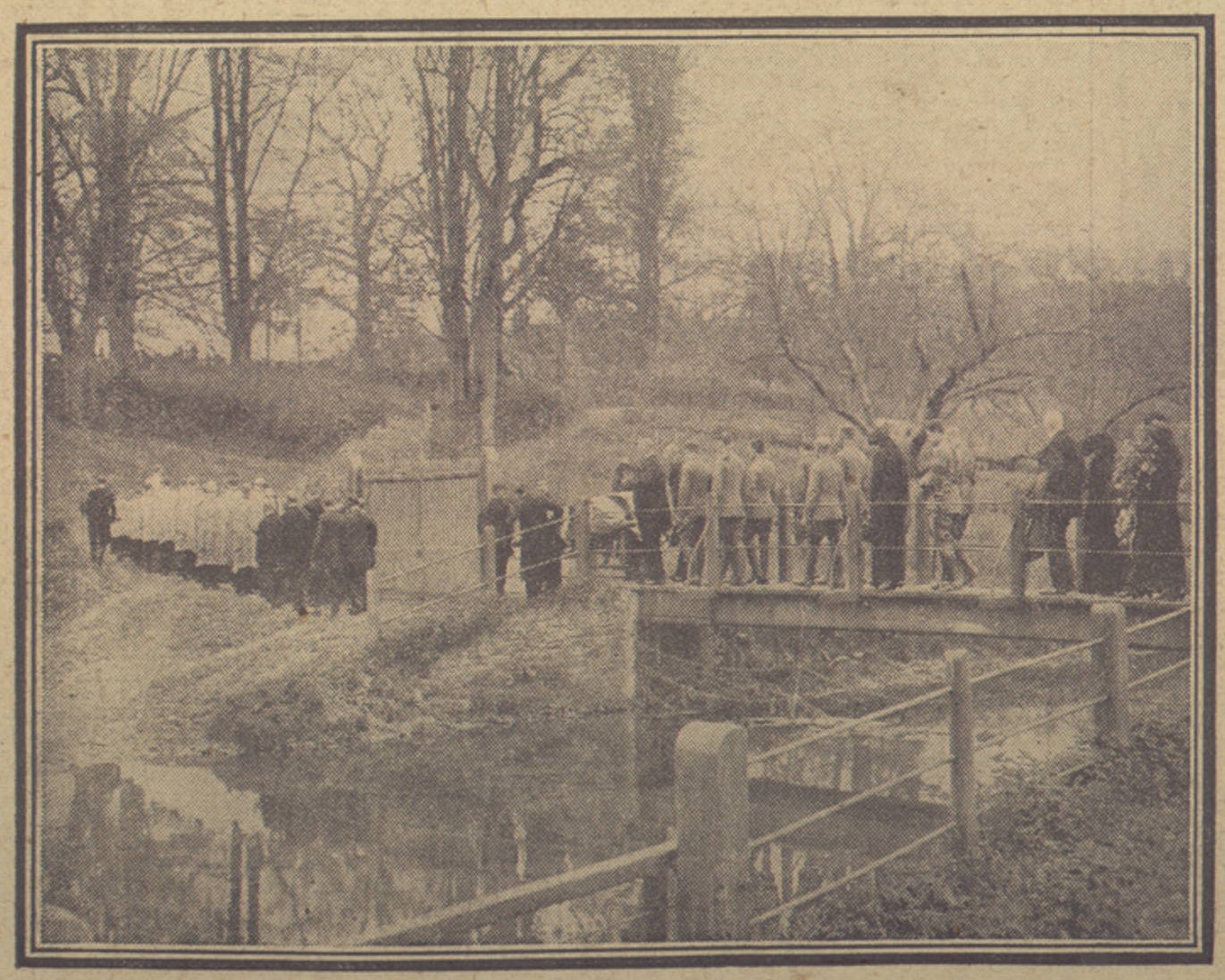
GUARANTEED DAILY NETT SALE MORE THAN 1,000,000 COPIES.

No. 1,921. LONDON, THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1915. [Registered as a Newspaper.] ONE HALFPENNY.

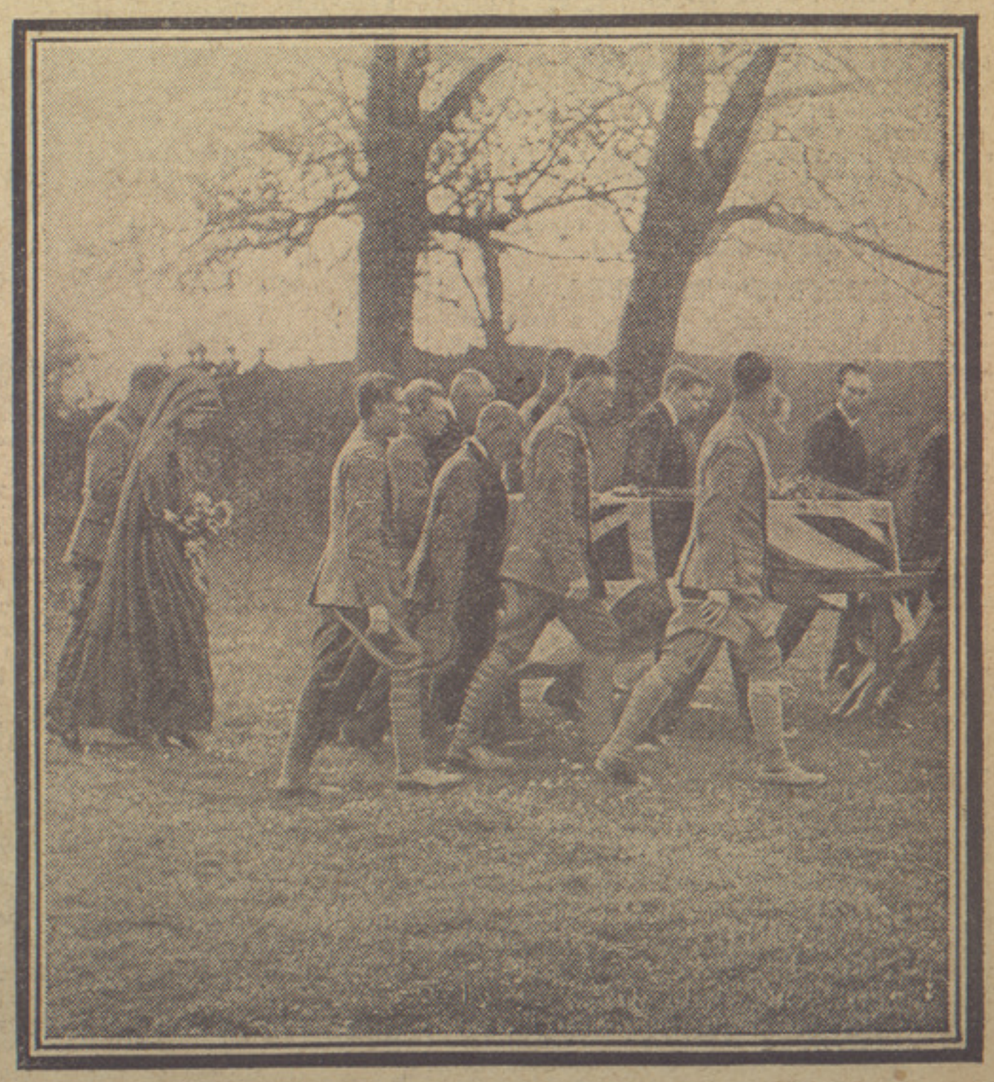
AIRMAN WHO PREFERRED DEATH TO CAPTIVITY.

Leaving the main entrance to Parnham House.

The young widow at the graveside of her gallant husband.



Crossing the bridge. Close by is the site on which the dead airman hoped to build his house.



Members of the Royal Flying Corps carried the coffin.

Second Lieutenant W. B. R. Rhodes Moorhouse, of the Royal Flying Corps, who was killed on active service, was buried yesterday in Parnham Park, the property of his father. The young officer, who was only recently married, was laid to rest on the site he had chosen for his new home. His death was an heroic act of sacrifice. Wounded three times he might have recovered, but he spent his failing strength in reaching the French lines rather than be captured by the enemy.—(*Daily Sketch* Photographs.)

ON A WARSHIP IN ACTION IN THE DARDANELLES.

Watching The Work Of The Guns From The Foretop.

DESTROYER'S GABY GLIDE.

Reconnoitring The Straits With Shells Dropping All Around.

(By E. Ashmead Bartlett.)

EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN, April.

When your ship forms part of the squadron which is off duty, you lie at anchor off Tenedos, and have little to do except to watch the aeroplanes soaring upwards from the aerodrome, and then disappearing towards the Straits, which are only eight miles away.

In the distance you can just see the hulls and the smoke of the battleships which are on patrol duty, and you wonder whether they are shelling the enemy or not, because the sound of the guns seldom travels in this direction. Otherwise you do little except to try to find something to read or something to write about.

Then, one evening, it is your turn for patrol, and you know that for the next forty-eight hours something exciting may happen.

Suddenly someone rushes up the companion ladder, and says, "Have you heard the news?" "What news?" we ask, listlessly. "To-morrow we are to enter the Dardanelles, and go as far as the edge of the minefield, to cover a destroyer, which is to make a reconnaissance."

Immediately, as if by magic, the weary, bored look disappears, and everyone springs to life. You would hardly know you were on the same ship, and amidst the same companions.

When I awoke on the following morning, I expected to find a scene of bustle, excitement, and apparent confusion prevailing everywhere. But not at all.

At eight a.m. the band struck up "God Save the King," followed by the French and Russian Anthems.

"BREAKFAST AS USUAL."

In the ward room I found breakfast going on just as quietly as usual, and many of the officers reading the papers which had arrived the night before.

Suddenly "General quarters" is sounded, and the whole party double off to their respective posts, leaving me to roam about the ship at will.

When I reach the starboard battery I do not see a soul. Everyone has vanished below armour as if by magic, and we are slowly steaming towards the Dardanelles.

I make my way towards the conning tower. The captain is standing outside it, and invites me to enter. I find myself in a little round steel chamber, with an opening about 8in. high, all round at the top. It is packed with eleven officers and men.

One is at a tiny little wheel, which looks hardly big enough to control a Thames launch, but the great ship is responding to every turn.

I then leave the conning tower and make for my final destination, which is the control station on the foretop. The ascent is made by a steel ladder, and before you can enter the fighting top you have to turn a corner, climb out on the shrouds, and then up through a kind of small coal-hole such as you see in any London street.

I hate this climb, which is terrifying to anyone who is not accustomed to climb great heights in a wind on a pole stuck on a moving and very often highly unsteady platform.

On safely negotiating the shrouds and the coal-hole I find myself in a small oblong chamber of thin steel, which would not even keep out a bullet fired at close range. It is open all round at the top, and has a similar thin steel roof.

RUFFLED TEMPERS.

Inside are a lieutenant of marines, a naval lieutenant, two midshipmen, and three sailors, a range-finder, several pairs of glasses, some telescopes, and the eternal voice-pipe, navyphones, and telephones for speaking to the conning-tower, the engine-room, the batteries, and the transmitting station.

We are very crowded, and our tempers are ruffled by the heavy rain. I look out. Over the Dardanelles the weather shows signs of clearing, but the light is bad, which will render shooting very difficult.

A destroyer is rapidly overhauling us to lead us in. She is to make a dash up to the minefield, and we are to cover her with our fire. Five cables astern is another battleship, the Prince of Wales.

We are now well up the Straits, and wondering when the enemy will begin. The destroyer is about 200 yards ahead when someone shouts out: "They're off," just as if it was a race. You hear the whistle of a shell, and a jet of water rises up just astern of her.

At the same moment there is a deafening roar, which makes you spring a yard in the air, and you hear one of our six-inch shells roaring its way through space, landwards.

We watch for the explosion, and, knowing the position of the battery on the chart, we are to signal the proximity of the shot down a speaking tube.

Then we hear the screech of more shells, and more great splashes of water rise up ahead, astern, and at the side of the destroyer.

You can watch her small bridge crowded with officers, for they are taking up some officers to make a reconnaissance.

Our guns now blaze away freely at the Asiatic and European shores, and the noise is deafening.

There is a medley of sounds caused by guns being fired, shells screaming overhead, some hitting the water with a flop, others bursting in the air, and the eternal Gregorian chant of "Foretop to Y Battery," "Foretop to X Battery," from the three sailors.

The enemy's fire is concentrated on the destroyer, whose movements are interesting and instructive to watch. She is writhing about on all sides, as if she had a bad pain inside her, at other times she reminds you irresistibly of one of Gaby's strange dances.

Then it dawns on you that she is engaged in putting the enemy off their aim.

One moment she is steaming slowly ahead and a shell drops astern of her, and she shoots off at full speed towards the Asiatic coast, when another drops in front, which sends her scooting towards the European.

She is no sooner over there than a battery on that side drops some quite close, whereupon she turns suddenly in her own length, and dashes back towards us, which brings the enemy's fire just ahead of our ship.

This sends her straight ahead again, and so on, from side to side, up and down, twisting and turning, dancing about like a mad Dervish.

SHE GOES ON ALONE.

All this time our 6in. guns are blazing away at both shores, the gunners firing at the flashes of the enemy's guns, as it is difficult to pick up their location from the foretop.

The Prince of Wales, astern of us, has also come into action, and fires some rapid salvoes, which cause a terrible disturbance to somebody's property, even if they miss the Turkish guns.

We have now almost reached the point where our instructions have told us to stop, and let the destroyer go on alone, whilst we afford her what protection we can.

She goes on some little distance, with shells dropping all around her, but is in luck and is not hit. Then, having apparently accomplished her mission, she turns and dashes past us down the Straits.

This brings the enemy's guns directly on us, and the shells scream overhead. You imagine that each is coming direct into the foretop, but they miss and either burst short or in the water beyond.

Then we slowly and majestically turn under a desultory fire, and follow her down to the entrance. The enemy's aim is very bad, some of their shells passing right over the Straits and hitting the opposite shore.

The Prince of Wales comes up astern and follows us round, and after a few more shots the "cease fire" is sounded. It has only been a small affair, and we have not been hit, but just as interesting as a big battle to those who have never seen a battleship in action before.

GREY THROUGH THE GERMAN LOOKING-GLASS.

"Sir Edward Grey, your secret fears
From public gaze are hidden.
Only God sees them and your looking-glass—
The public is not bidden.
Outside you walk so proudly in the street
Behind the Roman mask which so dissembles.
And all the world cries out as past you stalk:
'—Sir Edward Grey—the man who never trembles.'"

(From *Der Welt Spiegel.*)

"I SEE NO SIGNS OF APATHY."

Lord Rosebery Pours Scorn On The Armchair Politicians.

Lord Rosebery, presiding as Chancellor at the presentation day celebration of the University of London yesterday, said there had been such an uprising of the nation and such a fervour of patriotic spirit as many of them hardly hoped ever to see in Great Britain again.

We shall have losses, and we shall meet them. We shall have gaps in the ranks, and we shall fill them up.

I cannot endure the talk of those armchair politicians who discourse about apathy of the nation in regard to the war.

What nation in history has ever raised over two million men in a few months by voluntary service, and is willing to spend over two millions a day as long as they have two millions to spend in order to fortify their armaments in the field?

Let those who feel the apathy stand forth! I for one see no signs of such in my country.

WOMEN'S SUCCESS IN INDUSTRY.

How They Have Responded To The Country's Appeal.

THE MAN WHO HANGS BACK.

The appeal now being made to men is "Follow your comrades"; the appeal made to women is "Take the place of the men and keep industry going." Within a period of a week or two 50,000 women have given in their names for a register in order that they may be employed in fields of activity to which they have hitherto been strangers.

What a great revolution this is! And we have the word of the Premier that the women have been a great success in armament factories; that there is a very important work that they are performing with great skill. In other industries the women have been taken on in considerable numbers with the best results.

The women have thus shown a noble patriotism in response to the Government's appeal, and through their action large masses of men will be available for service.

A much larger number of men will thus be free to consider the part they shall play. Mr. Coulson Kernahan, the famous writer, who has given valuable service as a recruiting officer, will discuss these matters in a special article written for the next issue of the *Illustrated Sunday Herald*. The title of Mr. Kernahan's powerful article will be "The Man Who Hangs Back."

BELLOC'S CONTRIBUTION.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc, the famous strategist, contributes a striking article on "War's Alarms: Exaggerated Hopes and Fears."

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's remarkable series of articles in the *Illustrated Sunday Herald* have attracted wide attention throughout the United Kingdom. Mr. Jerome's article next Sunday will again be a very vigorous contribution. "Censuring the Censor: England's Friction and Confusion" will be the title.

Mr. Lloyd George is again the man of the week. He will be the subject of a character sketch in next Sunday's *Herald*, written by a politician who has come into close touch with the Chancellor, and who has made a study of his extraordinary personality. The *Sunday Herald* series of character sketches of the men prominent in war-time are recognised as the best ever published.

There will be special articles in the *Sunday Herald* dealing with women's interests, contributed by Rebecca West, Kate Carew, and Patricia Pearson.

WHOSE DOG IS THIS?

Search For The Owner Of A Fox Terrier Found Guarding Dying Soldier.

From Our Own Correspondent.

MAIDENHEAD, Wednesday.

All efforts to trace the driver of the motor-cycle or car that killed Sapper William Lea, of the Royal Engineers, on the road between Henley and Maidenhead have so far failed.

At the inquest to-day no evidence was given that would help to clear up the mystery, and the inquiry was adjourned to allow the police to continue their investigations.

The fox terrier which was found on guard by the dying man, and which no one has yet come forward to claim, was brought into Court. It is a quiet dog, that seems to have been well cared for, but when it was first found near the injured man it savagely tried to prevent anyone approaching.

There were also found a motor spring, nuts, bolts, a lady's broken comb and hairpins. Two of the jurymen who have expert knowledge of motors said the spring belonged to a motor-cycle or cycle-car.

A gardener said just before 10 on Sunday night he found Lea lying in the road. Asked if he was hurt he replied, "No, my chum; I'm quite all right." He got up and walked towards Henley. There was no dog with him then.

SIR LESLIE RUNDLE'S POST.

Remarkable War Service Of The New Commander-in-Chief.

The appointment as General Officer Commanding-in-Chief of General Sir Henry Macleod Leslie Rundle, D.S.O., was announced in last night's *London Gazette*.

When the war began he was Governor and Commander-in-Chief at Malta, and was called home for promotion.

He is 59, the son of a naval officer, and like many other famous generals he is an artilleryman. His record of service since he entered the Army in 1876 is remarkable:—

Zulu War, 1879.	Dongola Expedition, 1896.
Boer War, 1881.	Khartoum Expedition, 1898
Egyptian War, 1882.	South African War, 1900-2.
Nile Expedition, 1884-5.	Northern Command, 1905-7.
Soudan Force, 1885-7.	Malta, 1909-14.
Soudan Frontier, 1889.	

THE SPEAKER'S SON WOUNDED.

Mr. J. W. Lowther, Speaker of the House of Commons, is at Boulogne, where his younger son is in hospital seriously wounded.

SVEN HEDIN, QUITTER.

A Man With A Great Name Becomes A Tool Of Germany.

KAISER WORSHIP.

Goes To "Investigate," But Cringes When He Gets There.

What is happening in Germany? What are the people there doing? What is life like behind that black wavy line which marks the maps the newspapers show us day after day?

Sven Hedin is an explorer—a traveller, rather. He is a Swede, and therefore a neutral.

When the war broke out he saw a chance. He would go to the war and tell the world about it.

He made his arrangements. The German Staff gave him permission, as they have given permission to scores of Americans, to go to the front. But there was a fatal difference. The Kaiser himself signed Sven Hedin's passport, and Sven Hedin bartered his manhood for the concession. A strong enough man to have demanded that he should go and see for himself, he took the other way.

In the language of those American journalists who, one can confidently predict, will hesitate to recognise him as a confrere, he "quitted"—gave up without a fight

A MAN OF NO ADVENTURES.

First he allowed himself to be led about by the German officer appointed to show him—and not to show him—the war, and then, when challenged on his facts, he scurries to his hole and says: "Please, I didn't see that. I am merely writing about what I saw. I didn't see any atrocities. No, please don't think I'm writing about the war. I don't know anything about Louvain or Ypres or Termonde. I'm just a 'umble individual writing about what I saw from a luxurious motor-car when I was not dining with the Kaiser."

Yet after he has declared a dozen times over that he knows nothing at all about the war, he ends his introduction by saying: "My faith in Germany's victory is more unshakable than ever," and "The Germans have shown that they are men capable of defending their culture against, I might almost say, the whole world, and I pity those who thought that by their united forces they would be able to reduce Germany to a second or third-rate Power."

And, worse than this, he publishes a book (or, rather, permits Mr. John Lane to do so for him) containing about 160,000 dull words, and tries to sell it for 10s. 6d. It is a double crime. He ought to be man enough to find some other way of paying for the free lunch he had with the Kaiser—a lunch, by the way, that he could not eat, because he was overcome with adoration.

THE CHARMING CROWN PRINCE.

There are practically no facts in the book. Sven Hedin talks of the Crown Prince's table manners, and says so charming a young man "must win." He says in one breath there are plenty of men left in Germany to do all the work, and in the next talks of staffs being reduced by half all the way round.

He protests "before God that I will not write a single line which is not true." Then he ignores Louvain, breathes hate of Russia, and contempt for England in the next line.

The only thing we can wish for the book is that it shall be circulated throughout the world. There is far too little humour about.

"With the German Armies in the West," by Sven Hedin. (John Lane, 10s. 6d.)

SUFFRAGETTES TO ADOPT WAR BABIES.

Mrs. Pankhurst's New Scheme—For Little Girls Only.

The problem of "what to do with our war babies" looks as if it has been partially solved.

The W.S.P.U. has in view the adoption of a number of these babies who cannot, owing to various reasons, be brought up by their own mothers.

It is understood that the scheme in its entirety will be made public by Mrs. Pankhurst at a meeting to be held at the Palladium on Thursday, June 3, at 2.30.

As far as can be ascertained, the scheme is intended to deal with baby girls only.

They will be placed together in a home, but they will not be reared "institutionally."

Then after the period of childhood is past and they have received a really good general education each child will be given a special training adapted to her particular gifts and inclinations.

SAVED BY HIS MEN'S LOYALTY.

The story of how the life of Lieut. Sidney Hellyer, member of a Hull fishing firm, was saved by the loyalty and devotion of his men is told in a message to Hull.

Lieut. Hellyer, who belongs to the 4th East Yorks Regiment (Territorials), was badly wounded, his left arm being blown away, and his right arm injured by shrapnel. No medical assistance was available, and the battalion was closely confined to the trenches.

For three days the lieutenant had to lie at the bottom of the trench. His men saved his life by taking turns at holding their fingers on a bleeding artery until they were relieved, and the wounded officer could be attended to and taken to Boulogne Hospital.

Paint containing more than 5 per cent. (dry weight) of lead should be prohibited, recommends a departmental committee that has been considering the subject.

SIR JOHN FRENCH REPORTS THE GERMANS ON HILL 60.

POISONERS STILL BUSY ON THE BRITISH FRONT.

Struggle To Retake The Height We Won.

THE WIND HELPS THE HUNS.

Our Artillery Punishes The Advancing Enemy.

From Sir John French.

Wednesday Night.

1. The general situation remains unchanged.

Fighting is in progress on Hill 60, S.E. of Ypres, on which the Germans obtained a footing this morning under cover of poisonous gases, which were extensively used, and favoured by weather conditions.

A feeble attack, also preceded by the extensive use of poisonous gas, was

made east of Ypres, and was easily repulsed, our artillery inflicting severe losses on the enemy.

2. In the neighbourhood of Givenchy the Germans exploded a mine, and again employed poisonous gas.

Four men were poisoned, but otherwise the enemy's effort in this direction failed completely.

"PAINLESS DEATH" LIE.

Terrible Sufferings Of Our Soldiers Who Have Been Gassed.

The terrible effects of the German poison gas are described by an English officer of high rank at the front, whose letter is published in to-day's *Liverpool Daily Post*. He says:—

"Of all the devilish crimes of which the Germans have been guilty since the war started this one is far away the most devilish, and to try to excuse it on the ground that it inflicts a quick and painless death, far different from the tornado of shells we let loose at Neuve Chapelle, is blatant lying.

"We have a lot of the men who have been gassed in our hospitals. Their moans are awful, and they sit up swaying about fighting and gasping for breath. Their faces and bodies are a muddy purple black, their eyes glazed, and foam comes from their mouths.

"Their lungs are turned to liquid, and the doctors say they have the appearance of men on the point of death from drowning. Nurses and doctors work night and day to give relief.

"The way the damnable stuff is worked apparently is by sinking in their trenches cylinders, or something containing the gas. From each cylinder a tube runs up to and through the face of the trench with a nozzle at the end, and when the wind is favourable for their purpose the gas is pumped out and driven over to our lines.

"Will this convince people at home of what the Germans are capable? No law of God or man will hold them in check, and it is mere waste of breath and time to utter protests.

"One was a little inclined to be sceptical about the brutes at the beginning, and to look on the stories of their terrible atrocities as exaggeration, but I can and do now believe everything. If one could only exterminate the whole breed the world would be all the better for it. It's to be hoped that this last phase of culture will at last rouse the slackers of England to a sense of their duty."

"THE ENGLISH CONTINUE THEIR RETREAT."

Germans Claim To Have Inflicted Very Heavy Losses.

German Official News.

Wednesday Afternoon.

The English continue their retreat with very heavy losses in the direction of the bridge head situated sharply to the east of Ypres.

The Van Heule and Eksternst Farms, the castle grounds of Herenthage, and the Het Pappotje Farm were taken by us.

CAUGHT BY FLANK FIRE.

Tuesday Night Battle In Which British Repulse German Attacks.

French Official News.

Wednesday Afternoon.

To the north of Ypres the Germans on Tuesday evening attacked the left sector of the British front. They were repulsed, and, taken in the flank by the French artillery, suffered serious losses.

FRENCH HOLD LIZERNE AND HET SASS.

Our Allies Record Further Progress Near St. Mihiel And In Alsace.

French Official News.

PARIS, Wednesday Night.

In Belgium the day has been quiet. On Tuesday evening we had captured a German trench and pushed forward our lines between Lizerne and Het Sass, which we now hold. The enemy made no counter-attack.

In Champagne, west of Perthes, an attempted German attack completely failed. This was also the case in the Argonne, at the Four de Paris.

Very sharp fighting has occurred between the Meuse and the Moselle. At four in the morning the enemy strongly bombarded our positions at Les Eparges and the Calonne trench. About 10 o'clock he attacked the latter point. His defeat was complete. Our fire stopped him in front of our first line, which remains intact. The losses of the Germans are high. We took a number of prisoners.

In the morning also three regiments combined attacked the positions recently taken by us at the Bois d'Ailly, particularly the eastern part of this wood and the open ground of the ridge to the south-west. This attack succeeded in gaining for the enemy a footing in our first line, but a counter-attack enabled us to reoccupy almost immediately the half of the ridge.

We held our ground there, and at the end of the day we delievred a second counter-attack (the results of which are not yet known) with the object of recovering the remainder of the positions into which the Germans had penetrated.

At the Bois de Mortmare we gained a marked success in the capture, to the east of the positions previously conquered by us near the Flirey-Essey road, of two successive lines of German trenches. We immediately connected them with our lines, and established ourselves there.

Three counter-attacks were made in the course of the day. They were completely repulsed with heavy losses to the enemy in dead and in prisoners.

In Alsace, on the north bank of the Fecht, we continue to gain ground. This morning we captured the hillock east of the Sillakerwasen (Hill 830). Thence we made progress in the direction of the stream towards Steinbruck (900 metres from Metzeral).—Reuter.

BLOND BEASTS MUST BE PUNISHED.

Once more the Premier, in the House of Commons yesterday, declared emphatically that full reparation would be exacted from all prisoners, in whatever position, who could be shown to have violated the most fundamental of all the rules and usages of civilised warfare.

Mr. Bonar Law hoped the country would no longer pay attention to any convention which prevented this war from being brought to an end.

It was worth considering whether, at the risk of losing all British property in Germany, they should confiscate every German article throughout the British Empire.

General Botha reports that the Germans in South-West Africa make a point of poisoning all the wells as they retreat.

Another grandson of the G.O.M. figures in the casualties—Lieut. Charles A. Gladstone, of the Royal Flying Corps, who has been missing since April 30.

POISON GAS BLOWN BACK ON GERMANS.

Enemy's Wounded Perish In The Heavy Fumes.

THE BRITISH RETIREMENT.

The British Eye-Witness here relates the story of the fighting north and east of Ypres, in which, by a continued use of suffocating gas, the Germans have compelled the British to fall back west of Zonnebeke, stubbornly disputing every yard of ground, and, where possible, retaliating by deadly work with the bayonet.

Early on Saturday morning, May 1, the enemy opened a very heavy artillery fire south of Neuve Chapelle, evidently anticipating an attack, and also ejected a quantity of gas from cylinders in their trenches. Its effects were not felt by our men, but it probably caused the Germans themselves some inconvenience, as it hung for some time close to their lines.

A similar attempt was made on Saturday night against Hill 60. The fumes reached our trenches, but owing to a change in the wind they were blown back towards the Germans, who are believed to have suffered, for the whole top of the hill was wreathed in green vapour.

On Sunday the Germans again assumed the offensive north of Ypres. About 5 p.m. a dense cloud of suffocating vapour was launched from their trenches along the whole front held by the French right and our left, from the Ypres-Langemarck road to a considerable distance east of St. Julien.

The evening was still, and the fumes did not carry much beyond our front trenches, but these were to a great extent rendered untenable, and a retirement from them was ordered.

FIGHTING IN THE POISON ZONE.

Between us and the enemy wavered the poison belt, the upper part shredding into thin wreaths of vapour as it was shaken by the wind, the lower and denser part sinking into all the inequalities of the ground, and rolling slowly down the trenches.

In some cases where the gas had not reached our line our troops held firm, and shot through the cloud at the advancing Germans; in other cases the men holding the front line managed to move to a flank, where they were more or less beyond the affected area. Here they waited until the enemy came on, and then bayoneted them when they reached our trenches.

On the extreme left, our supports waited until the wall of vapour had reached our trenches, when they charged through it, and met the advancing Germans with the bayonet as they swarmed over the parapets.

South of St. Julien the denseness of the vapour compelled us to evacuate the trenches, but reinforcements arrived who charged the enemy before they could establish themselves in the position.

In every case the assault failed completely. Large numbers were mown down by our artillery fire; men were seen falling in heaps and others were scattering and running back to their own lines.

Many who reached the gas-cloud could not make their way through it, and in all probability a great many of the wounded perished from the fumes.

It was not long before all our trenches were re-occupied, and the whole line was re-established in its original position.

WHAT OUR RETIREMENT MEANS.

The German offensive has resulted in a considerable gain of ground for the enemy. There is no reason why we should not expect similar attacks in the future.

The primary object of the Allies is to bring about the exhaustion of the enemy's resources in men. Progress must therefore as a rule be judged by the drain caused to the enemy's strength, and not by the extent of ground won or lost.

The present German policy is to achieve as early as possible some success of sufficient magnitude to influence neutrals, to discourage the Allies, to make them weary of the struggle, and to induce a belief among people ignorant of war that nothing has been gained by the past efforts of the Allies because the Germans have not yet been driven back.

NEW DRINK TAXES: LATEST.

The Government will not drop the new liquor duties, but is prepared to submit modifications of Mr. Lloyd George's original proposals.

This, it is understood, Mr. Lloyd George made clear yesterday to two deputations representing the wine, spirit and brewing interests of the United Kingdom, and representatives of the wholesale and retail traders. The proceedings, which took place at the Treasury, were strictly private.

Mr. Lloyd George is understood to have stated that the Government regarded the lowering of the alcoholic standard of beer as necessary.

BE KIND TO GERMANY.—CONTINUED.

PETROGRAD, Wednesday.

On the Prussian frontier the Germans skinned and hacked to the bone the hand and arm of a captured Russian scout, in the vain attempt to extract information from him. They then cut an artery in his neck, and he bled to death.—Reuter's Special.

Extra Late Edition.

DESPERATE FIGHTING IN THE CARPATHIANS.

Russians Retire At Some Points Before Superior Forces.

HUNS LOSE HEAVILY.

Enormous Casualties Result From Fierce Massed Attacks.

While the German official news trumpets "great victories" over the Russians, last night's official report from Petrograd tells quietly of stubborn fighting, in which the Russians, while successful at some places, have been obliged at points in Western Galicia (Carpathians) to fall back on their second lines. Here for the moment the Austro-German Allies seem to have some advantage, but the real value of the loudly-advertised success has yet to be determined.

(Russian Official News.)

PETROGRAD, Wednesday.

An enemy cruiser and other small hostile warships were sighted off Libau (Baltic) to-day.

In the region of Rossieny we are successfully advancing.

In Galicia the fighting between the Vistula and the Carpathians is developing with unvarying stubbornness.

The Germans have brought into the fighting line fresh forces of great strength supported by very numerous artillery.

The enemy, following his old tactics of attacks in massed formations, is suffering enormous losses.

Some of our units fell back to the second line of fortifications after obstinate fighting.

During the night of Sunday-Monday, in the direction of Stry (Eastern Galicia) the enemy recaptured part of the trenches on Mount Makuvka.

The following night we counter-attacked and dislodged the enemy. We captured here over 1,200 prisoners, including 30 officers.

In the region of Angelow on the Upper Lomnitza the enemy on Monday assumed the offensive on a somewhat extensive front, but the movement was barren of results.—Reuter.

REPORTED DESTRUCTION OF TURKISH REGIMENT.

Encampment And Forts Bombarded By Allied Fleet.

Unofficial News—Not Confirmed.

A Paris telegram from Athens states that a Turkish regiment has been annihilated in the course of the operations at the Dandanelles, and that 1,000 fresh prisoners have been taken by the Allies.

The Allied Fleet is bombarding the forts and the Turkish encampments.—Reuter.

CHANAK DESTROYED BY ALLIES.

AMSTERDAM, Wednesday.

An unofficial telegram from Constantinople states that Chanak Kale, at the entrance to the Narrows of the Dardanelles, has been completely destroyed by the Allies' fire.—Central News.

MORE "GLORY" FOR VON TIRPITZ.

Ten Fishing Boats Sunk In North Sea By Pirate Submarines.

Von Tirpitz continues his war at sea on helpless fishermen.

Yesterday's report of his successes includes seven Hull trawlers—the Hector, Coquet, Hero, Progress, Iolanthe, Northward Ho! and Bob White; two Grimsby trawlers, the Rugby and Uxbridge, and one Dundee boat, the Sceptre. All these small craft were sunk by submarines, but the crews were saved and landed safely.

The Huns claim that since Saturday they have sunk £150,000 worth of fishing craft.

The crew of the Iolanthe spent some time aboard the submarine which sank them, and a German officer said to one of the crew: "I wish you had Grey with you."

The fisherman replied: "I suppose you mean Sir Edward Grey?" And the German officer replied in the affirmative, adding again: "I wish he were here."

The German officer, however, did not say what would have occurred to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs had he happened to be on the Iolanthe.

NO COAL FOR ENEMY OR NEUTRALS

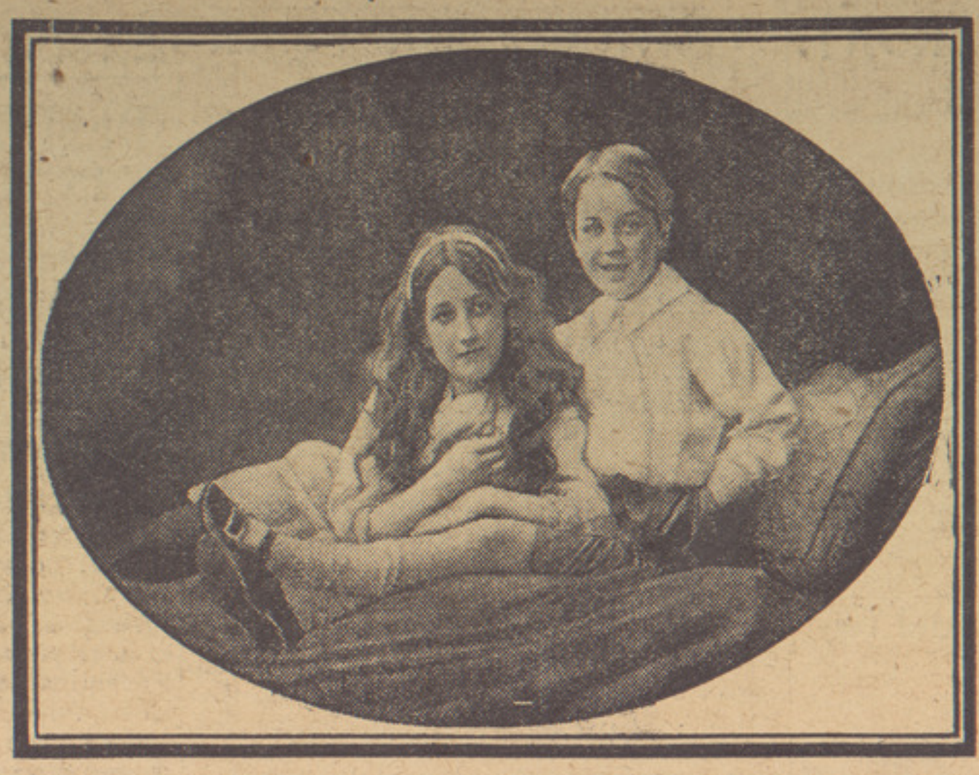
The Board of Trade announces that the export of coal and coke to all destinations abroad other than British possessions, Protectorates and Allied countries is about to be prohibited.

Mr. Tennant stated in the House of Commons yesterday that up to May 2 the Canadian casualties were 252 officers and 6,332 non-coms. and men.

BEREAVED

Lady Victoria Legge-Bourke's husband, a lieutenant in the Coldstreamers, was killed at the front.—(Val L'Estrange.)

CHILDREN OF A V.C. PEER.



Lady Marjorie Murray and her brother, Lord Fincastle. Their father, the Earl of Dunmore, is the only peer to have won the Victoria Cross. He is now serving on the General Staff.—(Lyd Sawyer.)

POPULAR.

Lieut.-Col. J. E. Jameson is commanding the 2nd 24th Battalion The London Regiment. He is very popular.—(Vandyk.)

A PRETTY SCENE IN THE DULL SCHOOL PLAYGROUND.

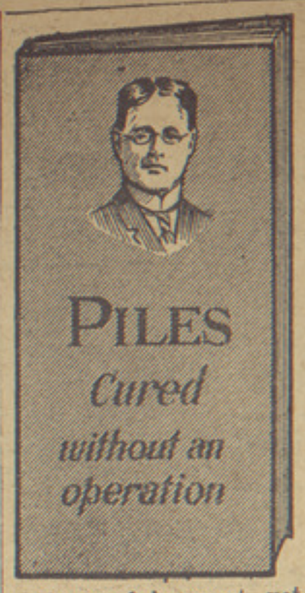
The infants of the Stoke Newington Council School had no beautiful setting of trees and grass for their May Queen's festivals. All the same they made a very pretty spectacle, as this photograph of some of the little ones performing an old English dance shows.—(*Daily Sketch* Photograph.)

A MILITANT PARSON.

The Rev. J. Evans, curate of St. Peter's, Syston, Leicester, has enlisted as a private in the Welsh Fusiliers.

A GALLANT CAPTAIN AND HIS BRIDE.

Captain Wells, R.E., was married yesterday to Miss Gladys Hughes, of Weston-super-Mare. He has been wounded at the front and is one of the officers to have been awarded the new military cross.—(Lafayette.)



PILE BOOK FREE

Write for It TO-DAY.

The information given in this Free Book has saved hundreds from costly operations and years of cruel pain. It is illustrated with colour plates and describes in detail a subject little understood by most, yet of untold importance to anyone having any kind of rectal trouble.

Dr. Van Vleck, ex-surgeon, after forty years' study, found a method of treatment which brings prompt relief to sufferers from **Piles, Fissure, Fistula, Constipation and all Rectal Troubles,** no matter how severe. No knife, no pain, no doctor bills—just a simple home treatment which can be tried by anyone **without risking the loss of a penny.** The publishers of this little book have received hundreds of letters telling of cures by this remarkably effective system after everything else, including costly and dangerous operations, had failed, even after 30 and 40 years of suffering. The milder cases are **usually controlled in a single day.** Send the coupon to-day for this Book, and we will include our regular 4/6 treatment for you to try.

FREE BOOK COUPON

Fill in your address and mail this coupon to F. C. Bagley, AX5, Bangor House, Shoe Lane, London.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Return mail will bring you the Illustrated Book and treatment free and prepaid in plain wrapper.

FREE TO ALL KIDNEY SUFFERERS.

Are you tortured by Kidney Troubles or Rheumatism? Do you suffer the terrible, stabbing torture of Backache? Is your appetite defective or your tongue furred? If so, you can effect a certain and speedy cure if you will just try—without a penny cost to yourself—the most famous of all remedies, Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Doctors say there are no more dangerous disorders than such Kidney troubles. Send to-day, then, for *your* free supply of Dodd's Pills—the original Backache Kidney Pills of over 30 years' repute—the only *natural* remedy that goes right to the seat of the trouble.

Here is a typical letter from a lady who sent for the free supply, and after using a few boxes Mrs. Bourne, Chapel-lane, Littlemore, Oxford, writes:—

"After being under three doctors and being discharged from the Infirmary, Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me."

You will be pleased beyond measure with the marvellous effect of this free trial supply of Dodd's Pills that you can obtain by simply sending name and address and 1d. stamp for postage to the Dodds Medicine Co. (Room H), 35, Sangley-road, Catford, S.E. Afterwards you can always obtain further supplies from any of Boot's Branches, Taylor's Drug Co., Ltd., and from any chemist at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box, or direct post free. Be sure you ask for and obtain D-O-D-D-'-S.

WHEN WOMEN SUFFER.

Antikamnia Quickly Relieves All Aches and Pains.

TRIAL BOXES FREE TO-DAY.

Send your name and address to-day (a postcard will do) to address below, and you will receive free of charge a presentation trial box of Antikamnia Tablets.

With the box you will also receive an interesting booklet which tells how you may quickly relieve all pain due to—

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headaches, Sciatica, Toothache, Gout.

Dr. ROBBINS says—I have found them especially valuable for all kinds of headaches and neuralgic pains. They are especially useful for women, and no remedy gives greater relief than Antikamnia Tablets in all conditions known as "Women's Aches and Ills."

TRIAL BOX FREE.

10,000 boxes of Antikamnia Tablets, with interesting pamphlets, have been set aside for free distribution. If you are, therefore, a sufferer from any kind of pain send your name and address to-day to—The Antikamnia Chemical Co. (Dept. A 6), 46, Holborn-viaduct, London, E.C.—Advt.

MISCELLANEOUS SALES.

A TROUSSEAU, 25s. (worth £5), 24 Nightdresses, Chemises, etc., easy terms.—Mrs. Scott, 251, Uxbridge-road, W.

BABY'S LONG CLOTHES, 82 articles, 21s. or 2s. weekly; home-made garments; worth £4; Robes, etc.; approval free first 2s.—Mrs. SCOTT, 251, Uxbridge-rd., Shepherd's Bush.

BILLIARD TABLES, Second Hand, all sizes. Ask for list. Our O.K. Full-Size New Table, Price 58 Guineas. Guaranteed 10 years. Sent on 1 month's approval. Full particulars, WILLIE HOLT (Burnley), Ltd., Dept. D.S., Burnley

CHINA! CROCKERY! Cheap, and good for Households, Caterers, Bazaars, Shopkeepers, Markets. Bargains in Tea, Dinner, and Toilet Sets. Mixed Crates from 15s. 6d. Packed free. Splendid value at reduced prices. Special Sale List fully illustrated now ready. Write to-day.
PERFECT PLATE CO., Dept. S.L., 25, Burslem, Staffs.

TYPEWRITING.

CIRCULARS, Testimonials, etc., from 3d. 6d. 8d. 100; MSS. from 6d. 1,000 words.—DOWSLEY'S, Typists, Limerick.

PAYING FOR THE WAR.

IN blood and money we must pay dearly for this war. The casualty lists give an index to the toll of men to be taken ere victory is won. Mr. Lloyd George in his Budget speech shows how great the money price will be. It is our national duty now to see that not one man or one penny is wasted. We shall need all our wealth in brave manhood and in good money to win through, and face the situation which will arise after the war.

NOW is the time to place the nation, from the Cabinet downwards, on a war basis of the highest efficiency. An enormous debt is accumulating against us. Only by the best efforts and methods can we meet this debt in the best way. As Mr. Lloyd George pointed out, we have to hold the seas, supply a large land army, and at the same time finance our Allies and provide them with munitions. The money for all this must come out of our national earnings and savings, and to keep in a solvent condition we must continue to earn money by commerce during the war.

NEVER has such an immense task confronted us as a nation and as individuals. A general clear-up is thus necessary, so that every branch of the country's activity be placed on a sounder basis. Old methods must be replaced by better ones. All the hampering influences of party system, conservatism, slackness, inefficiency, slip-shod methods, artificial restrictions and class enmities should be put aside until we finish with Germany.

AS bearing on this matter an interesting point was raised in Parliament yesterday when Commander Bellairs suggested that the Cabinet should be put upon a war basis. At present it has twenty-two members, and every practical man will know that a large committee is a drag upon the efforts of the little group of men who in every committee really do the work. A small War Cabinet would attain greater efficiency, and would ensure a considerable saving in time. The superfluous members of the Cabinet could find other useful work.

NEXT we require to emphasise the business side of this war. Money must be found in enormous quantities. Money must be spent at an unprecedented rate. Surely here is a need for the aid of the experienced business men accustomed to the earning and spending of money. The *Daily Sketch* has urged since the commencement of the war that business men should have been given a far greater share in the administrative work of the Government. I have not hesitated to criticise the Government and all political parties for their neglect of this matter. We have had a considerable wastage of public money because soldiers, lawyers and professional politicians dabbled in business matters which they did not understand. It is satisfactory to find that the Government is waking up to the importance of the matter. It only remains for the public to insist that the business work of the war should be placed in the hands of business men.

THIS is the policy of using the best man in the work that he is best fitted for. It is sound, common-sense policy, and it has been advanced not with the idea of embarrassing the Government, but of helping it. In this respect it differs totally from the venomous and destructive criticism which has been poured upon the Government without providing a better scheme of procedure.

RIGHT through the nation we want the same constructive spirit of reform at work, encouraging and inspiring the British race to put forth its best efforts. God knows, there are many crying evils in our social system. Many cankers have been eating into our national life. By a grand effort we can lay the foundations now for a New Britain, worthy of the price which we have paid in blood and money during this war.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Echoes of Town and Round About

Our Sailor Prince.

IN THE ordinary course of things Prince Albert would have become an acting sub-lieutenant in the Royal Navy next January, when he will be twenty years of age. His Royal Highness, however, has shown such aptitude, especially in gunnery, torpedo and engineering work, that promotion, I hear, will come quicker.

His Optimism.

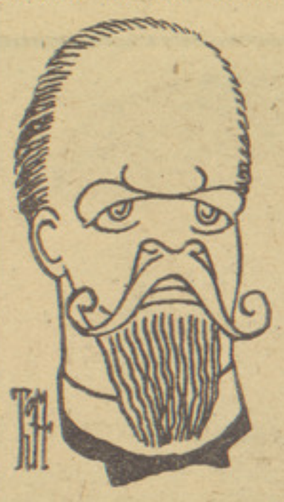
A NAVAL officer who has had every opportunity of watching the Prince's career since he was a middy in 1913, is enthusiastic in his praise. While showing the utmost diligence in his studies, he has always shared the life and rigorous duties of his messmates in the gun-room. There is a story that the Prince, in a recent letter, said some people did not seem to expect a big naval engagement, but he was more *optimistic*.

M.P.s Shadowed By Grievance.

MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT are now being very much worried by an officer who has a grievance, and they spend considerable ingenuity in dodging him. He was elected a member of one of our best-known clubs some time ago, and as a result he is now able to capture people who might otherwise escape him. Up to the present, though, there have been curiously few officers with grievances at the House; a war usually produces many.

Famous Singer In A Cellar.

THE NEWS of Edouard de Reszke, communicated by the American Polish Relief Committee, which another famous Polish musician, Paderewski, is now helping, is particularly sad. The great basso, who at the zenith of his fame at Covent Garden lived in regal style (I well remember his fur coats), is living in a cellar in Poland with a mere prince and princess, and without any fuel, coffee or adequate food. His estates in Poland, as well as those of his intimate friends, the Prince and Princess Lubomirska, have been devastated by the war, and the three are utterly ruined. His brother Jean doubts whether he will survive his hardships.



The Dowager Lady Montagu.

THE DEATH of Lord Montagu's mother recalls the curious fact that the deceased lady never visited Beaulieu, the family seat, after the death of her husband, to whom she had been utterly devoted. She spent most of her time at the house in Tilney-street, which will now revert to her son, the famous motoring peer. Her other son, the Hon. Robert Montagu, is the heir to the title, as Lord Montagu of Beaulieu's two children are girls.

Lord Cunliffe.

LORD CUNLIFFE, who has been elected Governor of the Bank of England for a third year of office, will go down in history as "the man who found the gold" when war broke out and the City wondered what would happen.

The Man Who Found The Gold.

EVERY DAY Mr. Walter Cunliffe, as he was then, was in touch with the Government, and the big problem was tackled. The Bank of England made arrangements for discounting, postponing new bills—a move which relieved many anxious minds. It also had to collect as much gold as possible. On July 22 its reserves were 40 millions, and by August 7 only 27 millions. But Mr. Asquith announced at the Guildhall banquet in November that Mr. Cunliffe had been given a peerage, and that the Bank's reserves were then 69½ millions.

Myself—And Mr. Balfour.

MOTORING through St. James's-square with a dear friend yesterday afternoon, a sombre figure in a dark grey Norfolk jacket and a black felt hat missed the front wheels by one yard. It was Arthur Balfour.

Crown Prince's Birthday.

TO-DAY is an important birthday—to one man anyway—the German Crown Prince. He is 33 to-day, and therefore old enough to know better. This is a striking portrait of him by Hansi, the Alsatian artist who was punished by the Germans for some innocent humorous drawings. Here he has ample revenge. The more you look at the portrait the more you see underlying signs of idiocy. It is believed that the recent desperate efforts of the Germans against the British part of the battle line were designed as a birthday gift. It was at first thought that he was leading this army. If he had been they would have been even less successful.

Sir Edward Carson.

I HAD A CHAT with Sir Edward Carson in the House the other day. Apparently he is taking up his law work again to a very considerable extent, although his health is by no means really good. He tells me he is leaving for Belfast again at the end of this week, but apparently only for a short visit.

Cabinet's Officer Relatives.

THE YOUNG SON of Mr. Ellis Griffith was at the House waiting to see his father. He is one of our new young officers. Most of the Cabinet members now have direct relatives in the Army, including Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, and Mr. Herbert Samuel.

A Storm In A Teapot.

DISCUSSING THE alleged origin of the war with an eminent historian, I was reminded that the origin of the conflagration was certainly more substantial than in many cases. An Emperor of China, for instance, once went to war over the breaking of a teapot! A small boy who threw a stone at the Duc de Guise led to a massacre which brought on the Thirty Years' War. The war between Sweden and Poland in 1654 was caused by a discovery of the King of Sweden that his name in an official dispatch was followed by two "etceteras," whilst the King of Poland had three!

Cranks At The War Office.

SINCE THE outbreak of the war cranks, who describe themselves as inventors, have migrated to London—and the War Office, which now provides them with a happy hunting ground. Hundreds of inventions relating to warfare are dealt with by the War Office each week. The total is now thousands. The very latest invention is one designed harmlessly to disperse the poisonous gases shot from the German trenches.

Censor's Care.

THE CENSOR is very careful about "language." For instance, I am told that in an article of several columns' length submitted all the alteration made was that "bad language" was changed to "trouble," and a phrase about horrible oaths being shouted up and down tubes was taken out altogether.

Whirligigs Of War.

THE KING OF SERBIA has conferred the Third Class of the Order of the White Eagle (Commander) on Captain E. N. Bennett in recognition of the valuable services rendered by him to Serbia as Commissioner of the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John. Mr. Bennett used to be the Turkish Press Censor. Another strange whirligig of war.

The Sling In Character.

I SAW in the City a private in a Scottish regiment who was carrying his wounded arm in a sling made with a material of the same pattern tartan as his kilt. The effect was artistic.

"The Right To Kill."

THE AUDIENCE at His Majesty's Theatre on Tuesday night was, I'm afraid, far more interesting than the play, which I heard a certain critic describe as a mixture of "Lady Windermere's Fan" and "Morocco Bound." Another, more sweeping, was muttering something about "the right to kill the author." I will merely say that I found the pictures of Constantinople exquisitely beautiful. But the play, after all, is melodrama, and rather dull melodrama at that.

My View.

I SAT immediately behind Sir George Reid, and yet managed to see something of the stage. Sir Ernest Cassel was, presumably, unconscious of the fact that Arthur Bourchier was made up exactly like him. It was a sham beard this time (Bourchier's, not Cassel's), for when I saw the bold A.B. at the Savoy a couple of days ago he was as innocent of whiskers as the other A.B. from "somewhere in Shaftesbury-avenue."

"Mind Your Ear."

I MANAGED, by missing the last act of "The Right to Kill," to see a little of the Empire show. I had been to a rehearsal, so it was not quite new to me. It will probably take the town by storm in a literal sense of the word. With its drums and bangs and crashings and shoutings and syncopations, "Watch Your Step" will make London like it by sheer methods of "frightfulness."

Some Eccentric Dancer.

THIS IS Lupino Lane, who made one of the successes of the evening with his eccentric dancing. Lane comes from an old theatrical family. His grandmother was Sarah Lane, of the famous Britannia, Hoxton. He made his first appearance at three, when he toddled on in a Birmingham pantomime, the occasion being Vesta Tilley's benefit. That was about twenty-three years ago. You have noticed that Lane walks with a slight limp. Some people think that the limp is put on. But it isn't. He caught his foot in the revolving stage of the Coliseum. That is why, Lane says, he is not somewhere in Ruhleben.

Kisses For All.

I HATE ragtime so wholeheartedly that I am far too biased to trust myself to talk about it. But I thought George Graves was immensely funny with his gags, and that Dorothy Minto hasn't nearly enough to do. After the show was over there were great scenes of enthusiasm, and all the principals seemed to kiss each other, and even a pallid man in a bowler hat—the "perdoocer," I believe.

On To Ciro's.

ON, OF COURSE, to Ciro's, where there was more noise. Ciro's is altogether charming—food first-rate and surroundings pleasant. But, if I may venture to offer a tip, I should say, "Water down the music a bit." One goes to a place like this not only to dance, but to talk. At Ciro's only the loudest-lunged have a chance. For at one end of the room are many indefatigable black men who bang drums and cymbals, and even sound motor-horns.

How Do They Keep It Up?

THEY ARE doubtless an admirable band, but one has far too much of them, and the brain reels and throbs with their incessant din. As I write I still hear those devilish noise-machines, and my throat is sore from futile attempts to talk. And there are no intervals. I was there for a couple of hours, and I don't think they stopped once.

Those Who Endured.

PHYLLIS MONKMAN, Lee White, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Playfair, Eve Lavallière, Malvina Longfellow, Sir George Grant, Clara Beck, Regine Flory, Arthur Aldin, Teddy Royce—just a list of those enduring the noise.

MR. GOSSIP.

GERMAN OBEDIENCE.—And, above all, don't forget the hospital.

—Well, old fellow, I believe we are there all right.

"THEY SPARED HER LIFE."

In this picture is shown one of the greatest tragedies of war. Seated in her drawing-room, which bears evidence of the Huns' violence, the Frenchwoman realises with horror the infamy that despoiled her of more than the life it spared.—(Reproduced by permission of the Globe Fine Art Co.)

A BRAVE SKIPPER.

George Henry Foote, of the trawler Bob White, which was sunk by the submarine pirates. He spent the night in an open boat.

WE CLIPPED HIS WINGS.

Grand Admiral von Tirpitz, newly photographed in his st
close as his sea-wings have le

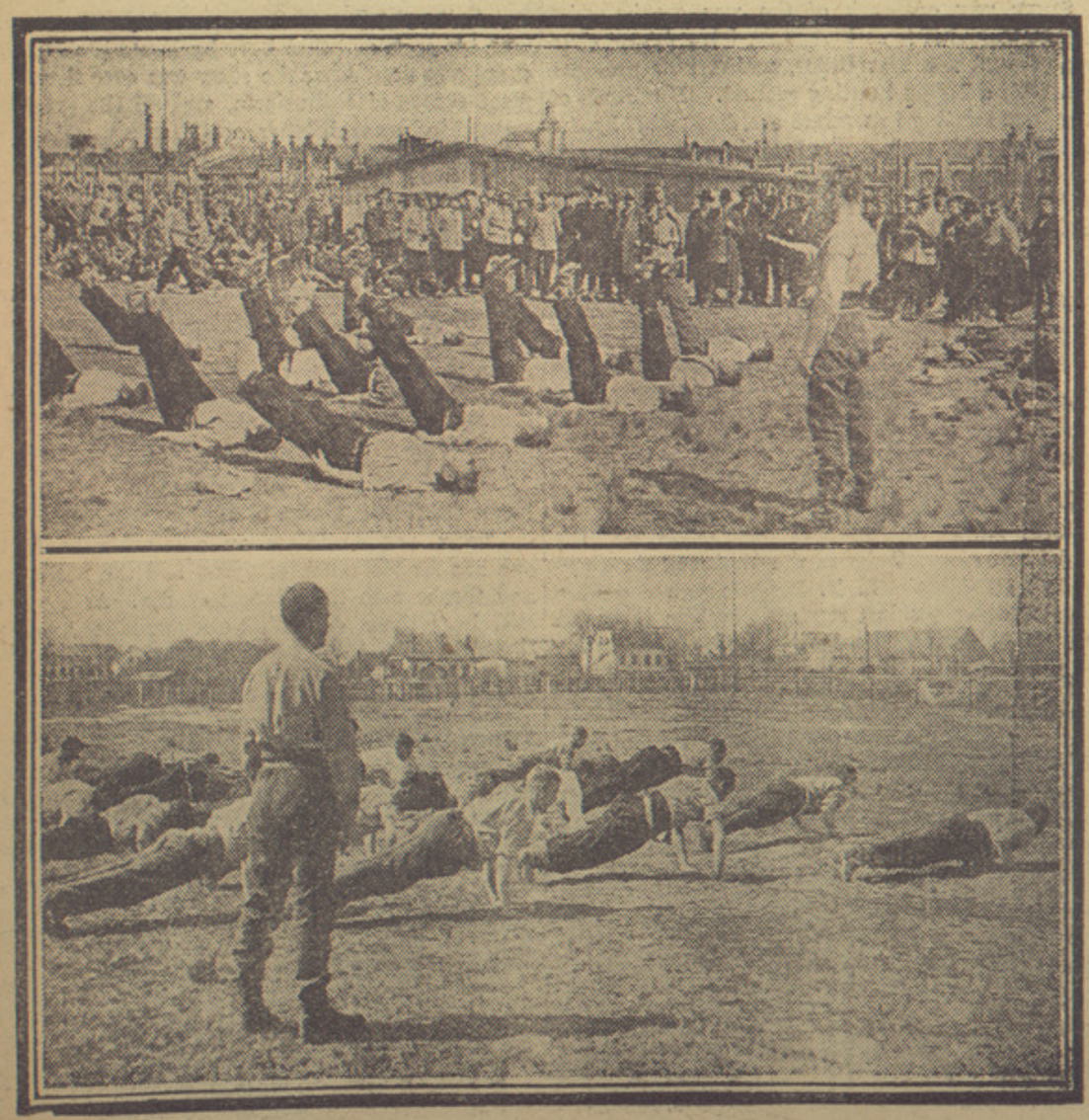
A TERRITORIAL HERO.

Captain Cecil Ingleby, wounded in the charge of the Hull Territorials, is a nephew of Col. Shaw, who was shot dead.

THE AEROPLANE'S VISIT MADE

The French peasants regarded with eager curiosity the Brit
of their village, from which all the

GERMANS TREAT BRITISH PRISONERS AS A WAR SHOW.



British prisoners of war in Germany, although allowed to keep themselves fit by physical exercises, are subjected to the jeers and insults of the unmannerly German public.

THE MAJOR IS WOUNDED.

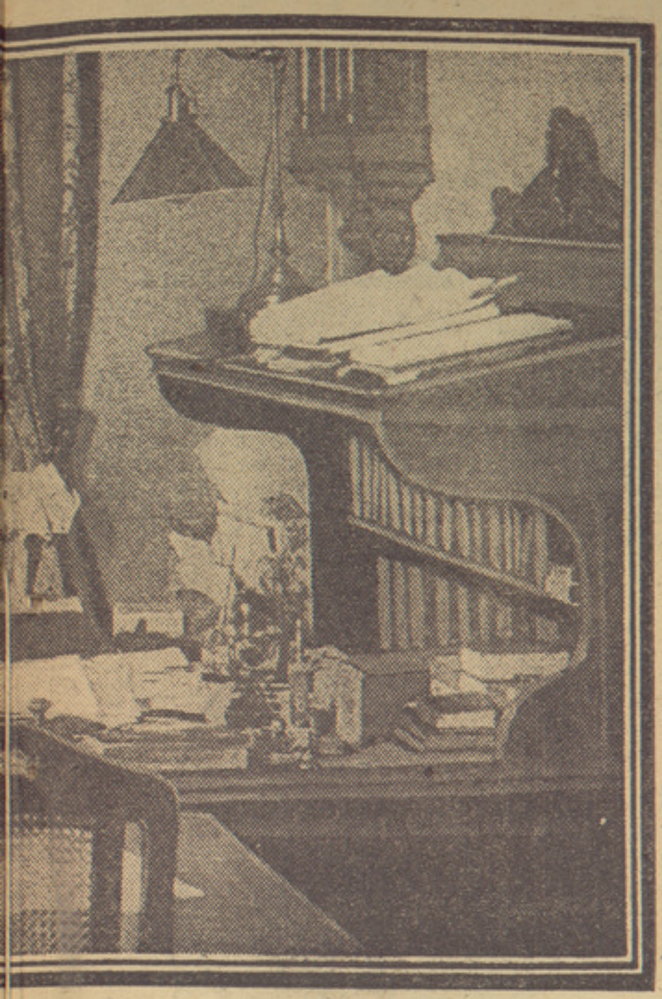
Major Andrew M'Donald is one of the officers of the 5th Royal Scots to be wounded in the Dardanelles.—(Balmain.)

DRESSES THAT DON'T NEED TO BE

Der Welt Spiegel publishes with great pride these photo
to Paris or London for the latest creations?" asks the E
but surely it is asking too much of her to wear such do

ALL THE NEWS IN PICTURES.

HE CUT HIS BEARD.



dy on his naval jubilee, now wears his beard clipped as n by the British Fleet.

KHAKI MARQUIS

The youthful Marquis of Hartington, heir to the Devonshire dukedom, is training in camp with the Derbyshire Yeomanry.

The *Daily Sketch* is an important educational factor in India. By means of its pictures, framed in racks erected on the roadside, the natives who cannot read are instructed in the latest war news and the world's affairs in general.

A STIR IN THE VILLAGE.

sh aeroplane which happened to descend in the vicinity menfolk have gone to the war.

DISPATCH RIDER'S FEAT.

This Belgian dispatch rider saved British staff officers from being ambushed. King Albert decorated him

THE R.N.A.S. IS ONE OF THE CREATIONS OF THE WAR.

The Royal Naval Air Service motor-boats follow seaplanes to give assistance if necessary. As there is a fear of mines the crew always wear life-jackets.

LABELLED "MADE IN GERMANY."

phs of fashions "made in Germany." "Why go n paper. The German woman is an ardent patriot, dresses, even if they are "made in Germany."

MAN OF MANY CAMPAIGNS.

Major-General A. E. Sandbach, C.B., who has been wounded, has fought in nine campaigns and won the D.S.O.—(Elliott and Fry.)

It is wonderful how quickly "Wincarnis" makes you well—and how lasting is the new health that "Wincarnis" creates. The reason is that "Wincarnis" is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-maker, and a Nerve Food—all in one. Therefore, it is

A positive necessity to all who are

Weak, Anæmic, "Nervy," "Run-down,"

because when you are in that condition, "Wincarnis" gives you new strength, new blood, new nerve force, and new vitality. And you obtain this four-fold benefit from every wineglassful. That is one reason why over 10,000 Doctors recommend "Wincarnis." Another reason is because "Wincarnis" does not contain drugs as do some Tonic wines. Therefore, "Wincarnis" can be taken with perfect safety and can be given to the weakest Invalid without creating the dangerous reaction which drugs and drugged wines cause.

WINCARNIS

is the one thing—and the only thing—you need if you are Weak, Anæmic, "Nervy," "Run-down"—if you are a martyr to Indigestion—if you cannot sleep—if you are vainly trying to regain strength after an exhausting illness—or if you are suffering from that terrible weakness following Influenza. "Wincarnis" will give you new health, new strength, new blood, new nerve force and new life—so surely and so quickly. Don't you think you ought to try "Wincarnis"?

"Wincarnis" is wonderful after Influenza

because "Wincarnis" promptly banishes that exhaustion Influenza leaves behind, and replaces it with a wealth of new strength and new vitality.

All Wine Merchants and licensed Grocers and Chemists sell "Wincarnis." Will you try just one bottle?

Begin to get well—FREE

Send the Coupon for a free trial bottle—not a mere taste, but enough to do you good.

Send this Coupon to-day.

Free Trial Coupon

Coleman & Co. Ltd., W 255, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

Please send me a Free Trial Bottle of 'Wincarnis.' I enclose FOUR penny stamps to pay postage.

Name _____

Address _____

Daily Sketch, May 6/15

The Ideal Tonic-Laxative

For Indigestion, Constipation, Stomach and Liver Troubles.

When you feel unable to get up in the morning; when appetite has gone and constipation threatens; when the blood has become impure and the skin has lost its healthy look—nature is warning you! Your digestion is out of order, your whole system has become clogged up with poisonous waste matter. You need Iron-Ox tablets.

Iron-Ox tablets will bring back health and appetite. They will thoroughly cleanse your system, enrich the blood, brace the nerves and tone up the stomach. In a few days you will feel refreshed in mind and body and ready to enjoy life once again. Iron-Ox Tablets have been established for many years, and can be obtained at all Chemists; or from the Iron-Ox Remedy Co., 20, Cockspur-street, London, S.W.

50 TABLETS 1/- 250 TABLETS 4/-

IRON-OX TABLETS

At all Chemists.

NERVY AND SLEEPLESS

Business Man finds New Health in Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

All Out of Sorts and Excessively Nervous.

Indigestion and Disturbed Sleep Sapped His Vitality.

Had Lost Confidence in Himself.

Made Fit as Any Man of His Age by

DR. CASSELL'S TABLETS

The value of Dr. Cassell's Tablets to the over-strained business man, and to all who are run-down or nerve worn from any cause, is well seen in the following interview given by Mr. Wilfrid Poole, a business man, of 60, Infirmary-road, Sheffield, to a representative recently. Mr. Poole said: "Dr. Cassell's Tablets have simply worked wonders for me and I never fail to recommend them to all the run-down or nervous people I meet.

"It was after an operation (about three years ago) that I began to feel I was losing strength and getting into a very low, nervous state. I became so excessively nervous that I would jump at a sound. It was an effort for me to meet people in business. I had lost confidence in myself, and the alertness and business activity I had formerly possessed were gone. My mind would not keep fixed on the work in hand, and generally I was all out of sorts. My digestion was very feeble; after meals I felt as though I had eaten far too much, though as a matter of fact I had had very little, and often there was pain and a choking sensation due to wind. Another trouble was sleeplessness. I used to wake up with a start, with a queer feeling of dread that I cannot properly explain.

"Matters had gone on like this for months. I was getting more and more run-down, and had become almost afraid to go out by myself, or to mount the steps of a tram, when one day I chanced to read of similar cases cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets. I thought I might as well try them, and so I got some, and was surprised to find that almost at once I felt better. Of course, I persevered with the Tablets, and as I did so all my troubles left me one after another. Now I feel as well and fit as any man of my age could wish to be."

Mr. Poole, Sheffield.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are a genuine and tested remedy and in world-wide repute as a cure for Nerve Breakdown, Nerve and Spinal Paralysis, Infantile Paralysis, Neurasthenia, Nervous Debility, Sleeplessness, Anæmia, Kidney Disease, Indigestion, Wasting Diseases, Palpitation, Vital Exhaustion, Premature Decay, and are specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and the critical periods of life.—Chemists and stores in all parts of the world sell Dr. Cassell's Tablets at 10½d., 1/1½, and 2/9, the 2/9 size being the most economical. Free sample sent on receipt of name and address, and two penny stamps for postage, etc. Address, Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd. (Box C38), Chester-road, Manchester.

THEATRES.

ADELPHI THEATRE, Strand.—TO-NIGHT at 8. Mr. George Edwardes' Revival, VERONIQUE. A Comic Opera. MATINEES WEDS. and SATS., at 2. BOX OFFICE (2645 and 8886 Gerrard). 10 to 10.

ALDWYCH. FLORODORA. LAST WEEK. MISS EVIE GREENE as DOLORES. Gallery 6d., Pit 1s. Booked Seats, 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 4s., 5s., 6s., 7s. 6d. Nightly 7.45. Matinee Saturday, 2.15.

AMBASSADORS.—"ODDS AND ENDS" Revue, by HARRY GRATTAN, at 9.10; Mme. Hanako in "Oya! Oya!" at 8.30. MAT. Saturday only this week, at 2.30. To-morrow Evening, Mlle. Eve Lavalliere.

APOLLO. EVENINGS at 8.30. Mr. Charles Hawtrey's Production STRIKING! A Farcical Romance. At 8, Mr. Charles Cory. Mat. Weds. and Sats., at 2.

COMEDY THEATRE, Panton-street, S.W. TO-NIGHT at 8.30. Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS and Miss ELLALINE TERRISS in "WILD THYME," by George Egerton. MATINEES WEDS. and SATS., at 2.30.

CRITERION. Gerr. 3844, Regent 3365. THREE SPOONFULS. Nightly at 9 p.m. Mats. Wed. and Sat., at 3. Preceded at 8.30 and 2.30 by Harold Montague (Entertainer).

DALY'S. BETTY. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES' New Production. TO-NIGHT at 8. Matinees, Sats., at 2. Box Office, 10 to 10. Tel., Gerrard 201.

DRURY LANE. SEALED ORDERS. To-night at 7.30. Mats., Weds. and Sats., 1.45. MARIE ILLINGTON, C. M. HALLARD, EDWARD SASS. Box Office Gerrard 2588. Special Prices, 7s. 6d. to 1s.

DUKE OF YORK'S. TO-DAY at 3.15 and 9. CHARLES FROHMAN presents Mdlle. GABY DESLYS in ROSY RAPTURE. Preceded at 2.30 and 8.15 by THE NEW WORD. Both plays by J. M. BARRIE. MATINEE TO-DAY and EVERY THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.30.

GAIETY. TO-NIGHT'S THE NIGHT. New Musical Play. NIGHTLY at 8.15. Mr. George Grossmith's and Mr. Edward Laurillard's production. Matinee Every Saturday at 2.15.

GARRICK (Ger. 9513). YVONNE ARNAUD. To-day, 2.30 and 8.30. Mats., Weds., Thurs., Sats., 2.30. "THE GIRL IN THE TAXI." YVONNE ARNAUD as "Suzanne."

GLOBE, Shaftesbury-avenue, W. MISS LAURETTE TAYLOR IN "PEG O' MY HEART." Evenings at 8.15. Mats., Weds. and Sats., at 2.30.

HAYMARKET. QUINNEYS. To-day at 3 and 8.30. Mats., Weds., Thurs., Sats. At 2.30 and 8, FIVE BIRDS IN A CAGE. Henry Ainley, Ellis Jeffreys, and Godfrey Tearle.

HIS MAJESTY'S.—Proprietor, Sir Herbert Tree. EVERY EVENING at 8, a New Play, in Four Acts, from the French of M. Frondaie, entitled THE RIGHT TO KILL. Adapted by Gilbert Cannan and Frances Keyzer. Scene—in Constantinople. HERBERT TREE. ARTHUR BOURCHIER. IRENE VANBRUGH. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2. Box-office open 10 to 10. Tel., Gerr. 1777.

KINGSWAY. Liverpool Commonwealth Co. To-night and To-morrow at 8.15. Sat., 2.30 and 8.15. NOBODY LOVES ME, by Robert Elson. Tel. Gerr. 4032. Mon., Tues., at 8.15. Wed. at 2.30 and 8.15. TRELAWNEY OF THE WELLS, by Sir Arthur Pinero.

LYRIC. TO-NIGHT at 8.15. "ON TRIAL." MAT., WEDS. and SATS., at 2.30. Box Office 10 to 10.

PRINCE OF WALES'. TO-NIGHT at 8.45. "WHO'S THE LADY?" Preceded at 8.15 by "The Touch of Truth." MATINEES WEDS. and SATS. (both plays) at 2.15

QUEEN'S THEATRE, Shaftesbury-avenue. POTASH AND PERLMUTTER. Nightly at 8.15. Mats. Weds. and Sats., at 2.30. Box Office 10-10. 'Phone Gerrard 9437.

ROYALTY. VEDRENNE AND EADIE. Box Office (Ger. 3855), 10 to 10. DENNIS EADIE in THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME. TO-DAY, 2.30 and 8.15. Matinee, Thurs. and Sats., at 2.30.

ST. JAMES'S. SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER. Box Office (Gerrard 3903) 10 to 10. Last 3 Nights at 8.30 (Final Performance, Sat. Evg. next) THE PANORAMA OF YOUTH. By J. Hartley Manners.

SAVOY THEATRE. MR. H. B. IRVING. At 3 and 9, SEARCHLIGHTS, by H. A. Vachell. At 2.30 and 8.30, "Keeping Up Appearances," by W. W. Jacobs. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat., at 2.30. Tel. Ger. 2602.

SCALA, W. TWICE DAILY, 2.30 and 8. WITH THE FIGHTING FORCES OF EUROPE, in KINEMACOLOR, including The East Coast Air Raid, Sinking of the Blucher, North Sea Battle, Italian Army, etc.

SHAFTESBURY. Tel. Ger. 6666. Lessee and Manager, Mr. Robert Courtneidge. OPERA IN ENGLISH. TO-NIGHT at 8.....TALES OF HOFFMANN. Friday Evening.....RIGOLETTO (First time). Saturday Matinee at 2.....MADAME BUTTERFLY. Saturday Evening.....LA BOHEME. Box Office 10 to 10. Prices 7s. 6d., 5s., 4s., 3s., 2s., 1s. 6d., 1s.

STRAND. THE ARGYLE CASE. TO-NIGHT at 8. JULIA NEILSON and FRED TERRY. Mats. Wed. and Sat., at 2.30. Tel. Ger. 3830.

VAUDEVILLE. BABY MINE. Evenings at 8.45. Mats., Weds. and Sats., at 2.30. WEEDON GROSSMITH. IRIS HOEY. At 8.15, Miss Nora Johnston in Musical Milestones.

WYNDHAM'S. "RAFFLES." Every Evening at 8.30. GERALD du MAURIER as "RAFFLES." Matinee Every Wednesday and Saturday, at 2.30.

VARIETIES.

ALHAMBRA.—"5064 Gerrard!" THE New Revue. LEE WHITE P. Monkman, O. Shaw, J. Morrison, C. Cook, A. Austin, B. Lillie, and ROBERT HALE. Revue 8.35. Varieties, 8.15. Mat. Sat., 2.30. (Reduced Prices.) MATINEES Daily at 3 (except Sats.). Sir Douglas Mawson's Moving Picture Story, "THE HOME OF THE BLIZZARD."

COLISEUM.—TWICE DAILY at 2.30 and 8 p.m. MLLE. GENEE in "Robert Le Diable"; JAMES WELCH and CO. in "JUDGED BY APPEARANCES"; LENA ASHWELL and CO. in "THE DEBT"; SUZANNE SHELDON; G. H. ELLIOTT, etc., etc. Tel. Ger. 7541.

EMPIRE. WATCH YOUR STEP. Evenings, 8.45. Mat. Sat. Next, 2.15. GEORGE GRAVES. ETHEL LEVEY. JOSEPH COYNE. Dorothy Minto, Blanche Tomlin, Ivy Shilling, Phyllis Bedells, Lupino Lane, etc. Preceded at 8.10 by "The Vine."

HIPPODROME, LONDON.—Closed for Rehearsals of the gorgeous new production "PUSH AND GO," Which will be produced Monday next, 10th, at 8 p.m., and then twice daily. Star Cast and Mammoth Beauty Chorus. Box Office, 10 to 10. Ger. 650.

MASKELYNE AND DEVANT'S MYSTERIES.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Oxford Circus, W. DAILY at 2.30 and 8. BRILLIANT PROGRAMME. "THE CURIOUS CASE," etc. Seats, 1s. to 5s. (Mayfair 1545).

PALACE.—"THE PASSING SHOW of 1915," at 8.35, with ELSIE JANIS, ARTHUR PLAYFAIR, BASIL HALLAM, NELSON KEYS, GWENDOLINE BROGDEN, etc. Varieties at 8. MATINEE WEDS. and SATS., at 2.

For other Amusements see Page 9.

PALLADIUM.—6.10 and 9. MATINEES MON., WED. and SAT., at 2.30. MARIE LLOYD, GEO. ROBEY, BILLY MERSON, IRMA LORRAINE, BERT COOTE, BABY LANGLEY and SISTERS, etc.

For other Amusements see page 9.

What Women Are Doing: *Maytime Weddings . . . A Notable 'First Night' A Splendid Philanthropy*

THERE are several interesting May weddings taking place this week, but for the remainder of the month very few have so far been arranged. But in these days this is only the usual course of events, for special licences are always to be had in a short time, when the bridegroom is able to obtain leave from official duties.

On Saturday, at Hanworth Church, Norfolk, Major Gerald Bullard, of the Norfolk Yeomanry, son of the late Sir Harry Bullard, weds Miss Eugenia Barclay, eldest daughter of Colonel Barclay, A.D.C., and Mrs. Barclay, of Hanworth Hall.

A Charming American.

I was bidden to a delightful American tea party the other afternoon to meet Mr. and Mrs. Covington, the American playwright-actor, and his charming wife, Rose Wilber, who is playing with her husband in "Three Spoonfuls" at the Criterion.

MISS ROSE WILBER. —(Hugh Cecil.)

Mrs. Covington, who was born in Saratoga, was looking very attractive in a little velvet pork-pie hat with hanging veil and moleskin wraps. She told me how much she liked being in England. "Although I have been on the stage about 16 years I've never been to London before, and I just love it and you English!" she said.

"I find the English audiences so quick to see the humorous side of things, and it does me good to hear the roars of laughter in "Three Spoonfuls.'"

Replying to my inquiry whether she liked playing the character of Sylvia Relyea, or cared for more serious parts, Mrs. Covington said: "I love every kind of acting, but I prefer more serious parts. My husband is at present writing a new problem play, which we hope to produce in London after the run of 'Three Spoonfuls.'

"Zellah—that is my husband's name—it's queer, isn't it; but it is mentioned in the Bible—is a very rapid and spontaneous writer, but about the plot, I am afraid that must be kept a secret for a little while.

Helping The Professional Classes.

There is a wonderful home at 13 and 14, Prince's Gate, lent by the generosity of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan rent free for the period of the war, to assist those of the professional classes who have benefited little from the funds of institutions during the war.

This home is open to ladies who are about to become mothers, and whose position has been seriously affected by the war. The house has been fitted up, furnished, and fully equipped, even to a perfect layette for each little baby born there. Everything has been given, and a lady can enter and be splendidly nursed by a qualified staff of voluntary nurses and matron under the most perfect surroundings.

Those who are unable to pay any fee are treated just as well as those who are able to pay from £1 to £4 per week. I had the great pleasure of going round the home and being introduced to three lovely baby boys, all about a week old. Seventeen cases can be treated at the home at a time.

Donations of eggs, cream, chickens and jam will be very gratefully received if sent to the above address.

A Real Japanese "Butterfly."

Madame Tamaki Miura, the Japanese prima donna, has been chosen to undertake the title rôle in Puccini's famous opera, "Madame Butterfly," of which there will be special performances in Italian during the coming season of the Russian and French opera at the London Opera House.

The season opens on Saturday, May 22, with Tchaikovsky's "Pique Dame," and there will be popular prices.

Lady Tenterden's Matinee.

The matinée organised by Lady Tenterden in aid of the French Red Cross at the Grafton Galleries was very well attended.

Lady Tree, wearing a chic gown of black and white striped taffetas and a flat sailor hat, recited a Kipling ballad, and a new poem, "Are you Coming, Mr. Atkins?" which was received with marked approval. Mlle. Delysia, handsome in marine blue, with a green belt and a very French hat, gave us a recitation—also very French.

Miss Constance Drever sang, Mr. Henry Ainley recited, and so did Miss Fortescue, while Miss Marie Dainton gave some extremely clever imitations.

Lady Tenterden looked very well in Nattier blue silk, and was busy superintending the concert. Among the audience I saw Dora, Lady Chesterfield, Lady Inchcape, accompanied by two daughters, Lady Stern, the Hon. Mrs. Fitzroy Stanhope, Lady Newnes, in black with touches of gold and fine pearls, and Lady de Rutzen.

"The Right To Kill."

The scenery at His Majesty's was simply perfect, Irene Vanbrugh's frocks were a dream, Arthur Bourchier's "make up" was immense—but "The Right to Kill" was, to my mind, decidedly disappointing.

As I predicted, the house was filled with celebrities.

Mrs. Lloyd George was in a box with the Lord Chief Justice, and Mr. Lloyd George also joined the party.

The Duke and Duchess of Rutland—the latter had enwrapped her hair in black and gold—brought their pretty daughters, the Marchioness of Anglesey and Lady Di Manners, who had followed the maternal example, winding a silver and pink scarf above her brows.

Lady Tree, who was in the opposite box, smiled and bowed to her many friends. She also had her daughters with her.

Lady Arthur Paget, wearing black and superb pearls, Lady Alexander was gracing an exquisite gown, Priscilla Countess of Annesley looked beautiful in black, with a tiara of jet round her hair, and the Marchioness Townshend was becoming in white. Sir Edward Carson, who got an enormous reception from the audience, brought his wife, and others present included Lady Randolph Churchill, Lady Tenterden, the Hon. Charles Russell, Miss Olga Nethersole, in chinchilla wrap, Miss Constance Collier, Mr. Isidore de Lara, Mr. Haddon Chambers, Miss Lily Elsie, adorable in a vivid green velvet cloak bordered with chinchilla, Mr. Hall Caine, Miss Norma Whalley, and Mr. Robert Loraine, who was greeted with great enthusiasm, and who was wearing a moustache!

A Proud Young Mother.

Congratulations to Lady Rachel Sturgis, who has just had a little son. She was married last July at Wortley to Mr. Mark Russell Sturgis, eldest son of the late Mr. Julian Sturgis, of Guildford.

LADY RACHEL STURGIS. —(Lallie Charles.)

Lady Rachel Stuart-Wortley, as she was before marriage, is a very beautiful girl, just 21 years of age. She is the second daughter of the Earl of Wharncliffe, and her wedding last year was one of the prettiest and most interesting events of the season.

New Revue At The Empire.

Supping afterwards at Ciro's I met Kitty, who reported favourably of the new revue at the Empire, "Watch Your Step."

Ethel Levey's frocks were pronounced good and her "fox trotting" excellent.

The audience Kitty described as "dressy," white satin and gold tinsel brocaded cloaks being much in evidence, while she admired Miss Edna May, who came with her husband. She also caught sight of the Grand Duke Michael and the Countess Torby with the Countess Zia and Countess Nada.

Lady Curzon, looking lovely, was in the stalls, Miss Ella Russell, in black and vieux rose cloak, Madame Delysia in white, and Mr. and Mrs. George Pinckard, the latter wearing a most becoming head-dress, were also of the audience, and Miss Levey's daughter came with Elsa Maxwell especially from her Eastbourne school to admire her clever mother. Mme. Lavallière, Mme. Flory and Miss Longfellow were also there.

Canteens For Soldiers.

Lady Sybil Smith has arranged the musical programme for the reception which is to be held to-day by the executive committee of the Women's Emergency Corps, of whose work Lady Aberconway will give a short account.

Miss Huchitt will, I hear, relate her experiences with the canteens, which have been such a successful feature of the operations of the corps in France.

MRS. COSSIP.

THE BEST HEALER.

SOOTHING & ANTISEPTIC.

OF ALL CHEMISTS.

WHAT a beautiful, bright Bath-Room! Thanks to MANSION POLLY, the Busy Bee. And she is anxious to make your Bath-Room beautiful and bright! With her new and superior preparation,

MANSION POLISH,

she immediately imparts a lasting lustre to every article of woodwork in the Bath-Room, and makes the Linoleum look like new. She also preserves, renovates, and prevents finger-marking.

Mansion Polish is obtainable of all Dealers: in Tins, 1d., 2d., 4d., 6d. and 1/-.

THE CHISWICK POLISH CO., LTD., LONDON AND MANCHESTER.

VARIETIES.

PHILHARMONIC HALL, Gt. Portland-st., W.—PAUL J. RAINEY'S AFRICAN HUNT; entirely new and unique motion pictures of Wild Animal Life. Daily, at 3 and 8.15 1s. to 5s. 'Phone Mayfair 3,003.

EXHIBITIONS.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—Daily, 9 till sunset. Admission: Sundays Fellows and Fellows' Orders only; Mondays & Saturdays, 6d.; other days, 1s. Children always 6d.

CAMPING.

CAMPING.—Ladies or Gentlemen; Camp Review Free.—C. K. PATTIE The Derwent Holiday Camp, Keswick.

SHOPPING BY POST.

BABY'S LONG CLOTHES; 50 pieces, 21s.; surpassingly beautiful; perfect work; sumptuously full; marvellous bargain. Instant approval.—Mrs. MAX, The Chase, Nottingham.

PRETTY FERN POTS (Silver-Plated), 3 inches high, 2s. 9d. pair. Plate Co., 5, Great Titchfield-street, W.

MONEY TO LEND.

IMPORTANT TO INTENDING BORROWERS.

WHY PAY FEES and waste time replying to misleading advertisements offering money at bank rates without security? Responsible persons should apply to a firm of 50 years' repute for fair dealing, with unlimited funds, and any sum applied for will be promptly advanced, repayable as convenient. Write (in confidence) London and Provinces Discount Co., Ltd., 78, Queen Victoria-st., London, E.C. Wire, "Loprodos, London."

A.A.—BORROW BY POST Privately from Mr. Sawers. All classes (male or female), on own signature. Interest now 1s. in the £. Repay from 2s. 6d. monthly.—Write to Manager, Mr. Birrell, 1, Hillend-gardens, Hyndland, Glasgow.

A LOAN by post at 6d. per £ int. to workmen and all classes from £2 to £500.—Apply M. ISAACS, East Parade, Leeds.

MISS EDITH MAITLAND, The Firs, Richmond Park-road, Bournemouth, continues to advance by post at 5 per cent.

£5 TO £5,000 Lent; interest, 1s. £. Special Ladies' Dept.—Call or write. B. S. LYLE, Ltd., 89, New Oxford-st., W.

HARE HILL A GOOD FIRST IN CHESTER CUP.

Pollen, The Favourite, Down By Two Lengths.

MEETING OF DERBY HORSES TO-DAY.

The receipts for the first day at Chester were a good bit below those of the corresponding day a year ago, but a marvellous crowd turned up for Cup day.

Not the least interested spectators were wounded soldiers, who were in high spirits, despite their bandages.

Several had trophies of war which had been captured from Germans, and one soldier in particular looked like the Kaiser with his turned-up moustache and German helmet.

Audby, a stable companion of Wardha, won the City Selling Plate all the way, the favourite, Tatrman, being only a moderate third.

Lady Isabel was fielded against in the Badminton Plate, but she won easily from Potamides filly.

HOW HARE HILL WON.

Robinson then proceeded to improve his record by saddling the winner of the Chester Cup. His representative was Hare Hill, about whom there were all sorts of rumours in the early part of the day.

Every second person one met knew there was something wrong with the horse and that he would not run, but the trainer was emphatic that there was nothing whatever the matter with the horse.

In spite of this he was always fielded against, and after 7 to 2 and 4 to 1 had been taken, he was knocked out to 11 to 2.

Pollen was always favourite, though there was plenty of money for Wardha, who was backed from fives to 7 to 2.

Dick allowed Pollen to stride along from the start, and so well did he travel in the lead that he was still a long way in front with only half a mile to go.

Then Hare Hill started to make up leeway, and he was in a challenging position at the entrance to the straight.

Only for a few strides did Pollen look like holding the Challenger at bay, Hare Hill striding along in the straight to score quite comfortably in the end.

A FAST RACE.

It was a very fast race, and though, as usual, many were found to blame the second jockey for adopting such forceful tactics, I thought the jockeys on the first and second each rode a good race.

Parrot stayed on into third place, just in front of Wardha, who looked like taking a hand in the fighting at the last turn, but could not keep up the spurt.

Frustration and White Lie each ran well for a long way, but the pace told on them with quite half a mile to go

Willaura never got into the argument at any stage.

Frank Hartigan supplied his third favourite of the meeting in Drucilla in the Dee Stand Selling Welter, but a same fate befell her as attended the efforts of McKinney and Tatrman. The race fell to Maybud, who won cleverly from Baker's Pride.

No one thought of Foolish Fancy for the Prince of Wales's Welter Handicap. The last race fell to the Duke of Westminster's Earlock.

THE DEE STAKES.

The concluding day at Chester does not promise anything out of the ordinary, and fields certainly will not be large.

There will, however, be an interesting race for the old-established Dee Stakes, though I hear Costello and Gadabout will not run. That is a pity, as the latter is a very promising colt, and one with an outside chance in the Derby.

At the same time two other Derby colts may be seen in opposition—Manxman and Achtoi—while additional interest centres round the race through Brown Ronald having put in an appearance.

I am afraid Manxman will not get the distance, popular as his victory would be.

Achtoi stays, but I doubt if he can give the weight to Passport.

SELECTIONS.

1. 0.—Kitty O'Hara.
1.30.—Lesto.
2.0—Evett.
2.30—Passport.
3.0.—Fakir III.
3.30.—*Dalnacardoch.

Double.

Passport and Dalnacardoch.

Gimcrack.

The BEST COUGH SYRUP IS EASILY MADE AT HOME.

COSTS LITTLE AND ACTS QUICKLY.

This recipe makes one half-pint of Cough Syrup and saves about 8s., as compared with the ordinary Cough Medicine. It stops obstinate colds and coughs—even Whooping Cough—quickly, and is splendid for Influenza, Croup, Hoarseness, Throat and Lung troubles.

Mix one breakfast cup of granulated sugar with a ½ pint of hot water and stir for two minutes. Put 1oz. Parmint (double strength), which can be obtained from any chemist for about 2s. 6d., in a large bottle and add the sugar. Take one dessertspoonful every two hours.

Tastes good and never spoils. Children like it.

This takes right hold of a cough and gives almost instant relief. It stimulates the appetite and is slightly laxative—both excellent features.

It will break up the most severe cold in the head, chest, back, stomach or limbs often within 24 hours. The low cost and the quick results obtained have made this recipe immensely popular.—Advt.

THE AMATEUR CRITIC BOOM.

TO-DAY AT CHESTER.

1.0—WYNN 2-y.-o. SELLING PLATE of 200 sovs; 5f.

House Full	9	0	Sealskin	8	11
Aquatint	9	0	Pantomime Girl	8	11
Dunskey	9	0	Kitty O'Hara	8	11
Jaquette f	8	11			
The above have arrived.					
Hilderstone	9	0	Love Blink f	8	11
Queen's Bridge f	8	11			

1.30—COMBERMERE HANDICAP of 200 sovs; 7f.

Evett	4	9	9	Beth	4	7 10
Lesto	a	9	0	Hill Fox	4	7 5
Duralium	4	8	2	Sir Bold	a	7 1
Menio	6	8	0			
The above have arrived.						
Young Pegasus	6	10	8	Halberd	6	8 2
Matter	5	9	9	Nancy O'Neil	3	7 0
Pip Pip Pip	3	8	4			

2.0—GREAT CHESHIRE HANDICAP of 400 sovs; 1m. 120yds.

Outram	6	9	5	Nihilist	4	7 10
Evett	4	9	0	Madame Louise	4	7 8
Soliste	5	8	7	Black Kite	3	7 6
Bed Time	4	8	1	Florican	3	7 0
Daly Girl	4	8	1			
The above have arrived.						
Bonbon Rose	6	8	10	Colonel Bogey	4	8 3
Talana Hill	6	8	7	Turbulence	4	7 8
Per Annum	4	8	4	China Blue	3	7 5

2.30—DEE STAKES of 1,000 sovs; 3-y.-o.; abt. 1½m.

Manxman	9	10	Sybarite	8	7
Apothecary	9	6	Wordsworth	8	7
Brown Ronald	9	0	Passport	8	7
Achtoi	9	0	Russley	8	7
Dragoman	9	0			
The above have arrived.					
Costello	9	6	Gallant Jack	8	7
Gadabout	9	3	Druid	8	7
Ministrello	9	0	Ulpio	8	7
Prince Rufus	9	0	Resister	8	7
Clever Dick	9	0	Bidevor	8	7
Miletus	9	0	Noceur	8	7
Sir Thomas	9	0	Llanvala	8	4
Demeter	8	11	Pequenina	8	4

3.0—EARL OF CHESTER'S WELTER HANDICAP of 200 sovs; 6f.

Velociter	a	10	7	Fakir III	3	8 10
Oneida II.	5	9	2	Parvus	4	8 4
Foolish Fancy	3	9	0	Oscillator	3	8 0
The above have arrived.						
Matcho Paani	4	9	10	Michigan	3	8 8
Topic	3	9	4	Harwood	3	8 0
Sixpenny	3	8	13	Citizen	3	8 0

3.30—ORMONDE STAKES of 5 sovs acceptors, with 200 sovs added; 2-y.-o.; 5f.

Ali Bey	9	8	Hortense	8	9
Marchetta f	8	12	Berry	8	9
One	8	12	Kiss in the Ring	8	9
Dalnacardoch	8	9			
The above have arrived.					
Louviers d'Or	9	1	Sea Swallow	8	9
Marc Simon	8	12	China Ware	8	9
Seance c	8	12	Agnes Aislabie	8	9
Knight of Kilcash	8	12	Yarm	8	9
Siriol	8	12	Bridge of Sighs f	8	9
Dark Danger	8	9			

In his presidential address at the annual meeting of the M.C.C. Lord Hawke said that about 75 per cent. of cricketers generally had responded to the call to the colours, and athletes of all classes, with one notable exception, had done their duty.

YESTERDAY'S RESULTS.

2.0—City Selling Plate.—AUDBY, 9-3 (Foy), 1; SIKH, 8-11 (Crisp), 2; TATRMAN, 7-8 (Donoghue), 3. Also ran: Prim Simon, Crack o' Doom, Torero, Caledonian. Betting: 6 to 4 Tatrman, 9 to 2 AUDBY, 11 to 2 Prim Simon, 7 to 1 Crack o' Doom, 8 to 1 Sikh, 100 to 8 others. 3 lengths; 2 lengths.

2.30—Badminton Two-Year-Old Plate.—LADY ISABEL, 9-4 (J. Clark), 1; POTAMIDES F, 8-11 (Childs), 2; SAGITTA F, 8-7 (Lancaster), 3. Also ran: Slim Lady f. Betting: 5 to 4 Potamides f, 6 to 4 LADY ISABEL, 8 to 1 others. 4 lengths; 6 lengths.

3.15—Chester Cup.

Mr. C. Bower Ismay's HARE HILL, 7-10	S. Donoghue	1
Mr. J. L. Dugdale's POLLEN, 7-3	D. Dick	2
Mr. J. Dunkerley's PARROT, 7-0	P. Jones	3
Mr. D. J. Jardine's WARDHA, 7-7	C. Foy	4
Mr. E. de Mestre's Willaura, 8-3	F. Rickaby	0
Colonel Hall Walker's White Lie, 7-3	H. Robbins	0
Mr. J. de Rothschild's Broadwood, 6-13	E. Fozard	0
Mr. P. Broome's Frustration, 6-11	P. Allden	0
Mr. J. Kenny's Grecian Maid, 6-10	E. Crickmere	0
Mr. L. Booth's Nihilist, 6-3	Collis	0

Betting: 5 to 2 Pollen, 7 to 2 Wardha, 11 to 2 HARE HILL, 6 to 1 Willaura, 100 to 8 Frustration, 100 to 7 White Lie, Parrot, Grecian Maid, Nihilist 33 to 1 Broadwood. 2 lengths; 4 lengths.

3.50—Dee Stand Selling Welter Handicap.—MAYBUD, 8-13 (Wing), 1; BAKER'S PRIDE, 8-9 (Killean), 2; WARDEN, 7-12 (Herbert), 3. Also ran: Luxor, Cathay, Black Pirate, Volo, Move On, Drucilla, Sybarite, Dunkippor, Short Hours. Betting: 2 to 1 Drucilla, 3 to 1 MAYBUD, 6 to 1 Move On, 8 to 1 Luxor, Cathay, Dunkippor, 100 to 8 others. 1½ lengths; 3 lengths.

4.20—The Stewards' Three-Year-Old Maiden Plate.—SWEET DUCHESS, 8-11 (Saxby), 1; ARDATH, 9-0 (Dick), 2; ALPINE, 9-0 (E. Huxley), 3. Also ran: Jugurtha, Wordsworth. Betting: 5 to 2 Alpine, Wordsworth, 11 to 4 Ardath, 9 to 2 SWEET DUCHESS, 10 to 1 Jugurtha. Neck; 3 lengths.

4.50—The Prince of Wales's Welter Handicap.—FOOLISH FANCY, 7-10 (R. Stokes), 1; FAINE II., 7-11 (Donoghue), 2; DAN RODNEY, 7-11 (R. Jones), 3. Also ran: Wynbury, Winnaretta, Happy Louie, Ronaldo, Oneida II., Parvus. Betting: 5 to 2 Winnaretta, 9 to 2 Ronaldo, 6 to 1 Wynbury, Happy Louie, 8 to 1 Dan Rodney, Oneida II., Parvus, 10 to 1 Faine II., 25 to 1 FOOLISH FANCY. Length; 1½ lengths.

5.20—Stamford Two-Year-Old Plate.—EARLOCK, 8-4 (F. Bullock), 1; PRINCIPAL GIRL, 8-6 (Clark), 2; PRINCE MOHAMID, 8-4 (Whailey), 3. Also ran: Gladys, Milly's Troth. Betting: 11 to 10 Principal Girl, 3 to 1 EARLOCK, 9 to 2 Prince Mohamid, 11 to 2 Milly's Troth, 50 to 1 Gladys. 2 lengths; 4 lengths.

MARKET MOVEMENTS.

THE DERBY.—6 to 4 Pommern (t and o), 100 to 15 King Priam, 100 to 6 Sunfire (t and o) 20 to 1 Fitzorb (t and o).

Draughtsman was struck out of the Kempton Jubilee at 9 a.m. yesterday.

Corporal Pat O'Keeffe, the middle-weight boxing champion, noting the confidence of Bandsman Blake with respect to their contest on Monday next, told the *Daily Sketch* yesterday at Warlingham, where he is training, that he is particularly fit, and regrets the bout is not for the championship, so that he would have the opportunity of making the Lonsdale Belt his own.

DESMOND (*Umpire*):—*7 19 11 10 1 12–3 12 20 5 22 4 4 15–14 7 10 10 22 16.

GALLIARD (*Sunday Chronicle*): *2 5 22 25 5 11 5 15 2 23 11 13–23 7 26 15 5 1–5 11 13 26 23 24.

TETRARCH (*Illustrated Sunday Herald*): 6 9 13 24 6 9 13–6 9 22 4 17 7 21 21 9 26 25 15 15 18.

UNDERGROUND SHARES SOLD.

Result Of Uncertainty About Working Arrangement With L.G.O.C.

The Stock Markets remained very dull yesterday, but there was a little relief at the absence in the Budget statement of any tax on war profits.

It does not necessarily follow, however, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has altogether dismissed such a tax from his programme, and we may yet hear something of it in the next few weeks.

Gilt-edged stocks were inclined to droop, and the War Loan was again on offer at 94¼. Home Railway stocks receded slightly in a few cases.

American securities tended to improve in the afternoon, when Union Pacific shares were bid for at 135 and Southern Pacific at 95¾. Amalgamated Copper closed buyers at 77¼, and Steel Common at 61.

There was some selling of Underground Electric shares and Income Bonds, consequent upon uncertainty as to a new arrangement for a working agreement between the railways of this group and the London General Omnibus Company.

Canadian Pacific shares recovered to 168, and Brazilian Traction shares were better.

Rio Tinto shares had a sharp recovery, but Broken Hill Mines came on offer owing to the opposition of the Treasury to the new smelting scheme.

Among Kaffirs Van Ryn Deep changed hands at 52s., and Meyer and Charlton were a good market.

LIVERPOOL COTTON.—Futures closed barely steady; American, 4 to 7 down; Egyptian, 1 to 2 down.

TOMMY WANTS MORE SMOKES.

A reader writes: "I have sent you a 1s. P.O. to be spent on cigarettes for a soldier at the front. I only wish it was in my power to send more, but I trust it will be accepted."

It will be accepted with thanks, and in the hope that the writer's example will be more generally followed. Small donations are always welcome.

Yesterday's list:—

£1 2s.—22 Footballers of Wrexham Garden Village. £1—Tom Johnson, of Brazil, per W. L. 15s.—Sergt. Hayes, R.A., Australian Camp, Salisbury Plain. 10s.—Lowther Parish (6th monthly contribution). 5s.—Mother, Terenure. 4s.—J. G. and friends, Heaton; Employees, Pharmaceutical Department, Parke, Davis and Co. 2s. 6d.—Cissy Sinclair, Eyemouth. 2s.—Mrs. Starke, Shouldham; A. A. A., Dublin (2nd contribution). 1s. 6d.—E. A. Needham, Cadol, near Mold (34th contribution). 1s.—A Friend, Penarth; N. Laurence, Merton.

THE WIVES WHO ARE WAITING.

Soldiers' wives are taking a deep interest in the *Daily Sketch* Patriotic Needlework Competition. The work on their entries occupies the dreary time of waiting, and there is satisfaction in the thought that their needlework will help the wounded.

The *Daily Sketch* is offering £1,000 in prizes for the best needlework done by its readers. There is no entrance fee, but each entry must be accompanied by twenty-four coupons cut from the *Daily Sketch*. These coupons are now appearing in each issue, and will do so until November 6.

After the judging, which will be done by experts under the auspices of the Royal School of Art Needlework, all the work will be exhibited in a suitable hall in London. All those competitors who wish to do so may offer their work for sale in aid of the Red Cross Society and the St. John Ambulance Association.

All interested in the scheme must send a large stamped addressed envelope to Mrs. Gossip, Needlework Competition, *Daily Sketch*, London, E.C., for full particulars of classes and rules.

COUPON for

DAILY SKETCH £1,000 PATRIOTIC NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION.

WHAT THE THIN FOLKS SHOULD DO TO GAIN WEIGHT.

Physician's Advice for Thin, Undeveloped Men and Women.

Thousands of people suffer from excessive thinness, weak nerves and feeble stomachs who, having tried advertised flesh-makers, food fads, physical culture stunts and rub-on creams, resign themselves to life-long skinniness, and think nothing will make them fat. Yet their case is not hopeless. A recently-discovered regenerative force makes fat grow after years of thinness, and is also unequalled for repairing the waste of sickness or faulty digestion and for strengthening the nerves. This remarkable discovery is called Sargol. Six strength-giving, fat-producing elements of acknowledged merit have been combined in this peerless preparation, which is endorsed by eminent physicians and used by prominent people everywhere. It is absolutely harmless, inexpensive and efficient.

A month's systematic use of Sargol should produce flesh and strength by correcting faults of digestion and by supplying highly concentrated fats to the blood. Increased nourishment is obtained from the food eaten, and the additional fats that thin people need are provided. Leading druggists supply Sargol, and say there is a large demand for it.

While this new preparation has given splendid results as a nerve tonic and vitaliser, it should not be used by nervous people unless they wish to gain at least ten pounds of flesh.—Advt.

"A BRIDE OF THE PLAINS"

By the Baroness Orczy, Author of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," "The Elusive Pimpernel," "I Will Repay," "Beau Brocade," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

"I Put The Bunda Away Somewhere."

Kapus Irma went out after supper to hold a final consultation with the more influential matrons of Marosfalva over the arrangements for to-morrow's feast. Old Kapus had been put to bed on his palliasse in the next room, and Elsa was all alone in the small living-room. She had washed up the crockery and swept up the hearth for the night; cloth in hand, she was giving the miserable bits of furniture something of a rub-down and general furbishing-up—a thing she could only do when her mother was away, for Irma hated her to do things which appeared like a comment on her own dirty, slatternly ways.

Cleanliness, order and a love of dainty tidiness in the home are marked characteristics of the true Hungarian peasantry; the cottages for the most part are miracles of brightness, brightly polished floors, brightly polished pewter, brightly covered feather pillows. Kapus Irma was a notable exception to the rule, and Elsa had often shed bitter tears of shame when one or other of her many admirers followed her into her home and saw the squalor which reigned in it—the dirt and untidiness. She was most ashamed when Béla was here, for he made sneering remarks about it all, and seemed to take it for granted that she was as untidy, as slovenly as her mother. He read her long lectures about his sister's fine qualities and about the manner in which he would expect his own wife to keep her future home, and made it an excuse for some of his most dictatorial pronouncements and rough, masterful ways.

But to-night even this had not mattered—though he had spoken very cruelly about the hemp—nothing now mattered any more. To-day she had been called for the third time in church, to-morrow evening she would say good-bye to her maidenhood and take her place for the last time among her girl-friends; after to-morrow's feast she would be a matron—her place would be a different one. And on Tuesday would come the wedding and she would be Erös Béla's wedded wife.

Nothing Matters Now.

So what did anything matter any more? After Tuesday she would not even be allowed to think of Andor, to dream that he had come back, and that the past two dreadful years had only been an ugly nightmare. Once she was Erös Béla's wedded wife, it would be no longer right to think of that last morning five years ago, of that final csárdás, and the words which Andor had whispered; above all, it would no longer be right to remember that kiss—his warm lips upon her bare shoulder, and later on, out under the acacia tree, that last kiss upon her lips.

She closed her eyes for a moment; a sigh of infinite regret escaped through her parted lips. It would have been so beautiful, if only it could have come true, if only something had been left to her of those enchanted hours, something more tangible than just a memory.

Resolutely now she went back to her work; for the past two years she had found that she could imagine herself to be quite moderately happy, if only she had plenty to do; and she did hope that Béla would allow her to work in her new home and not to lead a life of idleness—waited on by paid servants.

She had thrown the door wide open, and every now and then, when she paused in her work, she could go and stand for a moment under its narrow lintel; and from this position, looking out toward the west, she could see the sunset far away beyond where the plain ended, where began another world. The plumed heads of the maize were tipped with gold, and in the sky myriads and myriads of tiny clouds lay like a gigantic and fleecy comet stretching right over the dome of heaven above the plain to that distant horizon far, far away.

Elsa loved to watch those myriads of clouds through the many changes which came over them while the sun sank so slowly, so majestically down into the regions which lay beyond the plain. At first they had been downy and white, like the freshly-plucked feathers of a goose, then some of them became of a soft amber colour, like ripe maize, then those far away appeared rose-tinted, then crimson, then glowing like fire . . . and that glow spread and spread up from the distant horizon, up and up till each tiny cloud was suffused with it, and the whole dome of heaven became one fiery, crimson, fleecy canopy, with peeps between of a pale turquoise green.

Bela And The Jewess.

It was beautiful! Elsa, leaning against the framework of the door, gazed into that gorgeous immensity till her eyes ached with the very magnificence of the sight. It lasted but a few minutes—a quarter of an hour, perhaps—till gradually the blood-red tints disappeared behind the tall maize; they faded first, then the crimson and the rose and the gold, till, one by one, the army of little clouds lost their glowing robes and put on a grey hue, dull and colourless like people's lives when the sunshine of love has gone out of them.

With a little sigh Elsa turned back into the small living-room, which looked densely black and full of gloom now by contrast with the splendour which she had just witnessed. From the village street close by came the sound of her mother's sharp voice in excited conversation with a neighbour.

"It will be all right, Irma néni," the neighbour said, in response to some remark of the other woman. "Klara Goldstein does not expect our village girls to take much notice of her. But I will say that the men are sharp enough dangling round her skirts."

"Yes," retorted Irma, "and I wish to goodness Béla had not set his heart on having her at the feast. He is so obstinate; once he has said a thing. . . ."

"Béla's conduct in this matter is not to be commended, my good Irma," said the neighbour sententiously; "everyone thinks that for a tokened man it is a scandal to be always hanging round that pert Jewess. Why didn't he propose to her instead of to Elsa, if he liked her so much better?"

"Hush! hush! my good Mariska, please. Elsa might hear you."

The two women went on talking in whispers. Elsa had heard, of course, what they said; and since she was alone a hot blush of shame mounted to her cheeks. It was horrid of people to talk in that way about her future husband, and she marvelled how her own mother could lend herself to such gossip.

Irma came in a few minutes later. She looked suspiciously at her daughter.

"Why do you keep the door open?" she asked sharply. "Were you expecting anybody to come in?"

"Only you, mother, and Pater Bonifácius is coming after vespers," replied the girl.

"I stopped outside for a bit of gossip with Mariska just now. Could you hear what she said?"

"Yes, mother. I did hear something of what Mariska said."

"About Béla?"

"About him—yes."

"Only Tittle-Tattle."

"Hej, child! you must not take any notice of what folks say—it is only tittle-tattle. You must not mind it."

"I don't mind it, mother. I am sure that it is only tittle-tattle."

"Your father in bed?" asked Irma, abruptly changing the subject of conversation.

"Yes."

"And you have been busying yourself, I see," continued the mother, looking round her with obvious disapproval, "with matters that do not concern you. I suppose Béla has been persuading you that your mother is incapable of keeping her own house tidy, so you must needs teach her how to do it."

"No, mother, nothing was further from my thoughts. I had nothing to do after I had cleared and washed up, and I wanted something to do."

"If you wanted something to do you might have got out your father's bunda" (big sheepskin cloak worn by the peasantry) "and seen if the moth has got into it or not. It is two years since he has had it on, and he will want it to-morrow."

"To-morrow?"

"Why, yes. I really must tell you because of the bunda. Jankó and Móritz and Jenö and Pál have offered to carry him to the feast in his chair just as he is. We'll put his bunda round him, and they will strap some poles to his chair, so that they can carry him more easily. They offered to do it. It was to be a surprise for you for your farewell to-morrow, but I had to tell you, because of getting the bunda out and seeing whether it is too moth-eaten to wear."

While Irma went on talking in her querulous, acid way, Elsa's eyes had quickly filled with tears. How good people were—how thoughtful! Was it not kind of Móritz and Jenö and the others to have thought of giving her this great pleasure?

To have her poor old father near her, after all, when she was saying farewell to all her maidenhood's friends! And what a joy it would be to him—one that would brighten him through many days to come.

Ungrateful To Be Unhappy.

Oh! People were good! It was monstrously ungrateful to be unhappy when one lived among these kind folk.

"Where is the bunda, mother?" she asked eagerly. "I'll see to it at once. And if the moths are in it, why I must just patch the places up so that they don't show. Where is the bunda, mother?"

Irma thought a moment, then she frowned, and finally shrugged her shoulders.

"How do I know?" she said petulantly; "isn't it in your room?"

"No, mother. I haven't seen it since father wore it last."

"And that was two years ago—almost to a day. I remember it quite well. It was quite chilly, and your father put on his bunda to go down the street as far as the Jew's house. It was after sunset, I remember. He came home and went to bed. The next morning he was stricken. And I put the bunda away somewhere. Now wherever did I put it?"

She stood pondering for a moment.

"Under his palliasse?" she murmured to herself. "No. In the cupboard? No."

"In the dower-chest, mother?" suggested Elsa, who knew of old that that article of furniture was the receptacle for everything that hadn't a proper place.

"Yes. Look at the bottom," said Irma placidly; "it might be there."

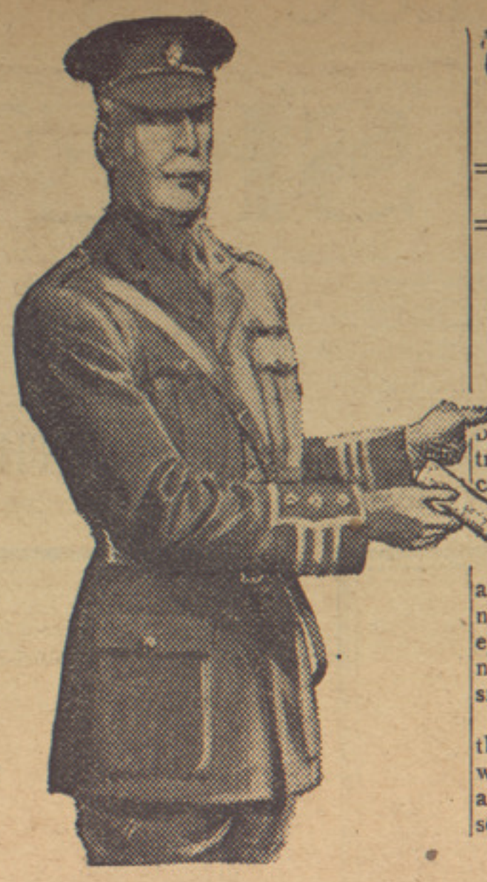
It was getting dark now. Through the open door and the tiny hermetically closed windows the grey twilight peeped in shyly. The more distant corner of the little living-room, that which embraced the hearth and the dower-chest, was already wrapped in gloom.

Elsa bent over the worm-eaten piece of furniture, her hands plunged in the midst of maize-husks and dirty linen, of cabbage-stalks and sunflower seeds, till presently they encountered something soft and woolly.

"Here is the bunda, mother," she said.

"Ah, well! get it out now, and lay it over a chair. You can have a look at it to-morrow—there will be plenty of time before you need begin to dress," said Irma, who held the theory that it was never any use doing to-day what could conveniently be put off until to-morrow.

(To be continued.)



The Evening News

LONDON.

SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1915.

NERVE STRAIN NURSING AFTER SHELL FIRE.

By A PHYSICIAN.

The devastating effect of the constant bursting of huge shells over men in the trenches, even when no actual injury is caused by flying projectiles, is one of the many unexpected results of modern warfare.

Although none of the three men was actually hit, they suffered for a varying number of weeks from loss of memory, from eye trouble, ranging from blindness to dimness of vision, loss of sense of taste and smell, and other physical upsets.

Scores of men, both in the ranks and among the officers, while apparently fit to the outward eye, were nevertheless suffering in a marked degree from what can best be described as "nerve fatigue."

ARMY FORM, C 348

Church Street, Gainsboro'

April 10, 1915

To Messrs. Ashton & Parsons, Ltd.

The Colonel Commanding the 1/7th West York requests you to forward at your wholesale price for Cash 1100 2/9 bottles of Phosferine. The sustaining and strengthening properties of your excellent Tonic are well known to him, and he is desirous of supplying each man in his Battalion with a supply for use with the Expeditionary Force. The medicine in the tablet form is preferred, as these will be easy to carry and of small compass. Early attention will oblige,

E. BOOTH, Major.

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Nervous Debility	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Backache
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Phosferine has a world-wide repute for curing disorders of the nervous system more completely and speedily, and at less cost than any other preparation.

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THE RED CROSS HOSPITAL AT THE FRONT IS USING PHOSFERINE, DOCTORS KNOW IT KEEPS FIGHTING MEN FIT.

SPECIAL SERVICE NOTE

Phosferine is made in Liquid and Tablets, the Tablet form being particularly convenient for men on **ACTIVE SERVICE**, travellers, etc. It can be used any time, anywhere, in accurate doses, as no water is needed.

The 2/9 tube is small enough to carry in the pocket, and contains 90 doses. *Your* sailor or soldier will be the better for Phosferine—send him a tube of tablets. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, etc. The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.

PROPRIETORS: ASHTON & PARSONS, LTD., LUDGATE HILL, LONDON.

"OH DEAR, IT'S STUCK!"

Just when you want to polish the boots, or the floor, or the metal, you find you can't open the tin! Why don't you use the "Tins with Tabs" instead? You just pull the tab outwards and upwards to loosen the lid. The tab is fitted to Day and Martin's Boot Polish, Floor Polish, Grate Polish, and Paste Metal Polish

And get a far better polish, too, made by the famous old British firm of Day and Martin. The "Tins with Tabs" are an exclusive speciality of Day and Martin's. Send a penny stamp for one of the "Tins with Tabs," stating the polish you need, or four stamps for the set of four, to Day and Martin, Ltd., Daymar Works, Carpenters Road, Stratford, London, E.—Advt.

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MATRIMONIAL CIRCLE, hundreds genuine advts., sealed envelope, 6d.—EDITOR, 18, Hogarth-road, Earl's-court.

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£5 TO £5,000 on Note of Hand in a few hours, no sureties, easy payments; distance no object.—ARTHUR G. WHITEMAN, 229, Seven Sisters-road, Finsbury Park, N.

BIRDS AND LIVE STOCK.

TALKING PARROTS on month's trial, my risk. Full particulars post free.—Parrot Aviaries, Morecambe.

HILAIRE BELLOC ON WAR ALARMS:

See ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY HERALD This Week-end.

DAILY SKETCH.

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TO OFFICERS AND MEN.
Send your snapshots to the Daily Sketch, the great picture paper which pays the best prices. **£1,200** may be won this week by amateur and professional photographers. Send your plates or films now.

THE RECONCILIATION.

Major F. E. Smith, the brilliant barrister-soldier, talking with Mr. John Redmond in the park yesterday.

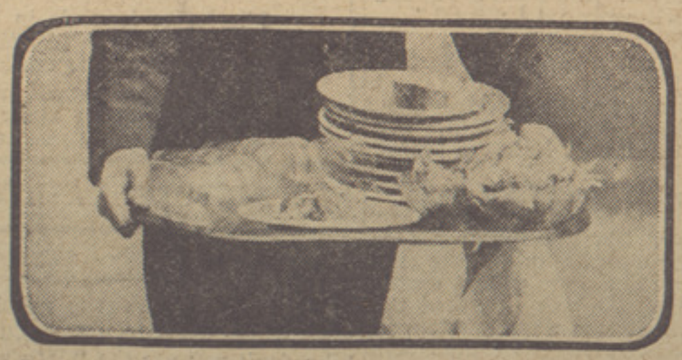
HIT BY THE PIRATES.

Edward Doody, second mate of the Vosges, wounded by the submarine pirates, discharged from hospital yesterday.

THE HUNS WOUNDED THESE FOUR CHILDREN.

These four innocent children were wounded when the Huns shelled Ypres. The youngest is only six weeks old. The Germans never miss a chance of terrorising women and children.

HOW WE TREAT OUR PRISONERS.



The captured German naval officers who gave evidence in the case of the Ophelia yesterday were supplied with salmon and lager beer for luncheon. They, at all events, will be able to tell how we treat our prisoners.

HER SOLDIER HUSBAND.

Lieut. Robert Rodger Glen, Queen's Own Glasgow Yeomanry, leaving St. Saviour's Church, Walton-street, yesterday with his bride, Miss Doreen Leith-King.

Printed and Published by E. HULTON and CO., LIMITED, Shoe Lane, London, and Withy Grove, Manchester.—THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1915.