

DAILY SKETCH.

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

No. 1,949.

LONDON, TUESDAY, JUNE 8, 1915.

[Registered as a Newspaper.] ONE HALFPENNY.

THE MAN WHO WRECKED THE ZEPPELIN.



The first airman to bring a Zeppelin to earth, Flight Sub-Lieut. R. A. J. Warneford, R.N., is one of the youngest of Britain's flying men. He took out his pilot's certificate less than six months ago, and now he is the brilliant hero of the biggest exploit of the war in the air. Single-handed, and at a height of 6,000 feet, he attacked a Zeppelin in full flight between Ghent and Brussels. He dropped six bombs on the airship which, true to its baby-killing mission to the last, fell on an orphanage below, nuns and children being killed as well as all the crew. This is our airmen's answer to Germany's taunt of British "incapacity" in the air-war.—(Birkett.)

BRITISH AIRMAN DESTROYS A ZEPPELIN WITH BOMBS.

BRITISH OFFICER'S DUEL IN MID-AIR WITH A ZEPPELIN.

Bombs Dropped At Height Of 2,000 Yards On Great Gasbag, Which Was Destroyed By Explosion.

HEROIC PILOT'S MACHINE CAPSIZES, BUT HE ESCAPES SAFELY.

All The Zeppelin's Crew Lose Their Lives; Wrecked Craft Falls On Orphanage And Kills Two Nuns And Two Children.

FROM THE ADMIRALTY, Monday Afternoon.

At 3 a.m. this morning Flight-Sub-Lieutenant R. A. J. Warneford, R.N., attacked a Zeppelin in the air between Ghent and Brussels at 6,000 feet.

He dropped six bombs and the airship exploded, fell to the ground, and burned for a considerable time.

The force of the explosion caused the Morane monoplane to turn upside down. The pilot succeeded in righting the machine, but had to make a forced landing in the enemy's country. However, he was able to restart his engine and returned safely to the aerodrome.

This morning at 2.30 a.m. an attack was made on the airship shed at Evere, north of Brussels, by Flight-Lieutenants J. P. Wilson, R.N., and J. S. Mills, R.N.

Bombs were dropped on the shed, which was observed to be in flames.

It is not known whether a Zeppelin was inside, but the flames reached a great height, coming out from both sides of the shed. Both pilots returned safely.

THE MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Warneford The Grandson of North Country Parson.

Flight Sub-Lieut. R. A. J. Warneford has won the enviable distinction of being the first British airman to destroy a Zeppelin and put her whole crew (understood to number 28) out of action at one stroke.

Let us hope he will have many imitators in the Services.

The son of a Canadian, and grandson of the Rev. Tom Warneford, of Towlaw, Durham, he came to England with the Canadian contingent.

He is related to Mr. W. H. Warneford, manager of the L.N.W.R. works at Crewe.

His achievement would have been a remarkable one for any of our most experienced flyers, but it is an astonishing feat for a man who only entered the Naval Air Service in February and received his certificate last month.

Warneford received his first lessons in flying at Hendon Aerodrome.

The nearest parallel to Warneford's exploit is that of Flight-Commander Bigsworth, who on May 17 attacked off Nieuport the Zeppelin that had attacked Ramsgate.

In that case Flight-Commander Bigsworth dropped four bombs from a height of 200ft. on the Zeppelin, which was severely damaged, but was able to get up to a height of 11,000ft. "with her tail down" and escape.

Flight-Lieut. J. P. Wilson, who with Flight-Lieut. Mills made the successful attack on the Zeppelin shed at Evere, is a Yorkshire county cricketer. He played in the county team in 1911-12, and is a native of York.

He is the son of the late George Wilson, a large property owner, and one time Lord Mayor of York.

In February he married Miss Lou Harrison-Broadley, younger daughter of the late Colonel Harrison-Broadley, M.P., another daughter of whom is married to the Hon. F. S. Jackson, M.P., the world-renowned Yorkshire county player.

In April Flight-Lieut. Wilson took part in a daring attack on German positions in Belgium, starting by moonlight. He reconnoitred over Zeebrugge, and, observing two submarines lying at the Mole, attacked them, dropping four bombs with, it is believed (as the Admiralty stated at the time) successful results. He and his comrade in the raid, Flight-Lieut. Andrae, returned safely.

WAS IT RETURNING FROM A RAID?

It is probable that the Zeppelin was the one that raided the East Coast of England during the night, and was returning home when it was destroyed.

It is learned from an authoritative source (says a news agency) that there is every reason to believe the airship shed at Evere was occupied by a Zeppelin at the time of the attack by Flight-Lieutenants Wilson and Mills.

AIRSHIP'S LAST EXPLOIT.

Nuns And Orphans Killed By The Falling Wreckage.

AMSTERDAM, Monday.

Travellers arriving from Ghent give details of the wrecking of a Zeppelin at 3.20 this morning by British and French airmen at Mont St. Amand, near Ghent.

The airmen succeeded in dropping bombs on the Zeppelin, which took fire and fell upon a convent, killing two nuns in its descent.

The entire crew was killed.

The *Telegraaf's* Sas-Van-Ghent correspondent states that French and British aeroplanes attacked and brought down a Zeppelin over Amans Hill, near Ghent, 28 of the crew being killed.

The airship dropped on an orphanage, killing two nuns and two orphans and wounding many.



Flight-Lieut. J. P. Wilson was married recently to Miss Lou Harrison Broadley, of Welton House, Brough, E. Yorks. Flight-Lieut. J. S. Mills, who, with Wilson, dropped bombs on the Zeppelin shed.—(Bowry and Birkett.)

5 DEAD AND 40 INJURED IN EAST COAST RAID.

Loss Of Life And Damage Caused By Latest Attack.

Yesterday the Secretary to the Admiralty made the following announcement:—
A Zeppelin visited the East Coast during last night.

Incendiary and explosive bombs were dropped, causing two fires and resulting in five deaths and forty injured.

Including the latest raid—that reported above—there have now been 13 incursions of Zeppelins into England during the ten months of the war.

With the exception of three or four these have been on the most exposed points of the coast, and therefore comparatively easy to German aircraft. That upon districts in Greater London was, of course, the farthest distance penetrated inland by the Zeppelins; other inland places reported having been Colchester, Ipswich, and Faversham.

WHAT THE RAIDS HAVE DONE.

In these 13 raids the number of bombs dropped has been very large. For instance, it has been estimated, upon the evidence of eye-witnesses, that in the raids on Southend alone considerably more than 200 bombs were dropped. Ninety was given as the number dropped during the London raid, and the total number in these and other raids cannot have been fewer than 500.

In proportion to this the list of victims has been comparatively small, considering the size of the populations affected—particularly so in the case of London. To put it in exact figures would be difficult, but any way the total population over which the Zeppelins have flown cannot have been far short of 6,000,000.

The total lives lost out of this huge population are 21—including the raid we announce to-day.

WHAT ZEPS CANNOT DO.

Slower Than Aeroplanes And Helpless When Under Them.

The latest Zeppelin can travel 55 miles per hour. The best British aeroplanes can easily fly from 10 to 15 miles an hour faster.

When a "Zep." is attacked by aircraft the captain of the former must get above the attacking aeroplane, otherwise he is in grave danger. The latest Zeppelin, in the ordinary course of events, can rise up from 3,000ft. to 7,000ft. in an incredibly short time—much faster than an aeroplane.

But it is one thing to get above an aeroplane and remain there, and quite another to fight with an aeroplane which approaches at a great height. Once the aeroplane managed to get over the airship she could drop bombs upon it with little chance of reprisals.

This is due to the fact that the Zeppelin guns are placed below the gas envelope, and cannot therefore be trained at an attacker above it.

An attempt was made some time since to mount a gun on the top of the envelope, but there are certain technical difficulties which render this plan unsatisfactory up to the present.

The situation to-day probably is that, although a Zeppelin may beat off an attacking aeroplane rising from the ground, she cannot protect herself against an aeroplane which approaches from a distance at a great height.



MR. LLOYD GEORGE: "DICTATOR."

Parliament Asked To Confer Wide Powers.

TALK OF FORCED LABOUR.

Government's Attitude Towards National Organisation.

From Our Lobby Representative.

The opening Session of the Coalition Government—frankly—inspired a good deal of uneasiness. Many members viewed some of the rather passionate and critical speeches with apprehension.

There is, however, no reason for pessimism. Yesterday's debate afforded members an opportunity to "fire off" speeches they had long been preparing.

It was a safety-valve debate, and it did no harm. The House as a whole is in no mood, nor is the country, to permit either factious opposition or merely destructive criticism. Those who embark on this course are likely to hear more of it.

The Premier looked well, and spoke confidently, but in lower tones than usual. He is obviously keeping much in reserve for his great speech.

Everyone seems to anticipate that the Government will ask for certain powers with regard to industrial compulsion, but will limit themselves to a general warning on the subject of "conscription."

COMPULSION OR GUIDANCE?

Premier Postpones His Statement On Industrial Policy.

Mr. Asquith postponed his reply to questions put to him regarding national organisation as outlined by Mr. Lloyd George at Manchester, but mentioned that there had been a satisfactory response to Lord Kitchener's last call for recruits.

When, however, the House came to discuss the Bill to create the new Ministry of Munitions, the question of industrial compulsion inevitably arose.

It was explained by Sir John Simon, the Home Secretary, that the new Ministry would deal with the supply of munitions alone, leaving the distribution to the fighting departments. It would come to an end within 12 months of the conclusion of the war.

On the one hand, Sir Edwin Cornwall, a Liberal, was disappointed to find that the powers given to the new Minister were not so wide as he had hoped for.

On the other hand, a Scottish Radical, Mr. Pringle, protested that the Bill made the ex-Chancellor practically a dictator. It was even possible for him to introduce compulsory labour by an Order in Council.

Mr. Snowden followed with a threat of "most strenuous and unceasing opposition" to the Bill if there was any attempt "to fasten forced labour on the people."

"FORCED LABOUR" NOT AUTHORISED.

"He can even become a slave driver," was Mr. John Dillon's way of describing the ex-Chancellor's power under the Bill. We should take care, he argued, that while we were crushing Prussian militarism we should not plant it in this land.

Declaring that the country would never agree to "conscript labour," Mr. Crooks said that all the workers wanted was guidance. They realised that this was a war for their liberty, and the man who had to be made to work was not worth finding. "There is one man who could finish the war," Mr. Crooks remarked amid laughter, "that is the man who has not got the job."

Sir J. Simon said there was no intention of securing by a side wind what the Bill did not say. Any lawyer examining the Bill would see that it did not authorise forced labour. If any special power were needed in respect to labour that would have to be asked for specially.

THE ATTACKS ON KITCHENER.

No Action Necessary Against "This Malignant Press."

Attention was drawn in Parliament yesterday to the "boycott" of recruiting and of the attacks on Lord Kitchener by what was termed the "malignant Press."

Mr. Kellaway asked the Prime Minister if he was aware that a group of London newspapers had endeavoured to prevent men joining the Army by refusing to publish Lord Kitchener's appeal for more men, and by violently attacking the conditions laid down in the appeal; whether he was aware that these attacks came from the same source as the recent attacks on Lord Kitchener; and whether the Government had any power of stopping this mischievous campaign.

Mr. Tennant said his attention had been called to the matter. His information was that the action of these journals had appreciably stimulated the response to Lord Kitchener's appeal, and it was believed that the men required would be rapidly available. (Cheers.)

Mr. Kellaway asked whether under the Coalition Government this malignant Press would be allowed to attack the leaders of the nation. (Cheers.)

Mr. Tennant said the fact that these journals had not been successful seemed to indicate that no action was necessary. (Cries of "No, no.")

GERMAN ASSAULTS UPON FRENCH FRONT SHATTERED.

MANY GAINS BY THE FRENCH.

Trenches, Prisoners And Guns Captured.

ADVANCE IN "LABYRINTH."

Enemy Works Held Against German Attacks On The Aisne.

North of Arras, as well as on the Aisne, the French are steadily pushing forward.

In the Arras district they have—

Gained ground near La Chapelle de Lorette; Taken 100 yards in the centre of the "Labyrinth" field fortress near Neuville; Captured on a front of 1,200 yards near Hebuterne two successive lines of trenches, with prisoners and quick-firing guns.

North of the Aisne the French have held their gains at Tracy-le-Mont, where they captured two lines of trenches and enemy works on a front of two-thirds of a mile.

ARTILLERY DUEL BY NIGHT.

French Repulse All German Attacks.

French Official News.

Monday afternoon.

In the sector to the north of Arras the night of Sunday has been marked by an artillery duel of extreme intensity in the district of Lorette, Ablain, the Cabaret Rouge, near Souchez, the "Labyrinth," and Ecurie.

The Germans in the same sector have made two counter-attacks, which have completely failed. One on the sugar refinery of Souchez was stopped by the French artillery. The other on the north part of the "Labyrinth" was repulsed by the infantry.

The French on their side made new progress.

In particular they gained some ground two-thirds of a mile east of La Chapelle de Lorette and in the "Labyrinth" took a hundred yards in the centre of that work.

From 7 o'clock to 5 in the morning the French attacked near Hebuterne the enemy positions in the neighbourhood of the farm called Tout Vent. They took on a front of 1,200 yards two successive lines of trenches, and captured some prisoners and also some quickfiring guns.

North of the Aisne the German made counter-attacks during Sunday night. In these violent conflicts the French kept all their gains, and held on a front of about two-thirds of a mile the two lines of trenches taken during the day.

"SLIGHTLY BURNING LIQUID."

German Report That The French Are Using Incendiary Bombs.

German Official News.

BERLIN, Monday.

The French renewed their attacks on the southern slope of the Lorette Hills during the afternoon and evening. Their attacks broke down completely, however, under our fire.

Further attempts to make an attack during the night were stopped at the very beginning.

Enemy attacked this morning unsuccessfully south-east of Le Burerne (east of Doullen). The battle has not yet come to a conclusion here.

A French attack extending over a large front of Moulin-Soul-Touvent (the east of Soissons) was for the greater part repulsed immediately. In one place only the attack reached our outer trenches, for the possession of which fighting still continues.

Our position at Vauquois was attacked yesterday. Notwithstanding the employment of incendiary bombs, which covered our trenches with a slightly burning liquid, the French did not succeed in penetrating into our positions.

The enemy fled back into his own trenches with heavy losses.—Wireless Press.

DORANDO AT ITALY'S CALL.

Dorando, the little



Italian, who won and lost the Marathon at the last Olympic Games in this country, has offered to serve his country. Dorando lost his Marathon through misplaced kindness; he collapsed a few yards from the tape, past which he was assisted by sympathetic officials. He has volunteered his services with an automobile corps which is starting for the Italian front.

Captain David McLaren Bain, 2nd Gordon Highlanders, the famous Scottish Rugby international forward, has been killed at the front. He represented Scotland eleven times, and was captain against Wales last year.

FRUITLESS SACRIFICES BY THE GERMANS.

Reckless Attacks On French Lines North Of Arras.

FINAL EFFORT TO SAVE SOUCHEZ.

NORTHERN FRANCE, Monday.

The operations of the last two days on the French front from Ablain to Neuville constitute a splendid augury of the final success of the Allies.

They show that the driving of the Germans back to the frontier in this region is not far distant.

The incessant German attacks on the Souchez sugar-refinery and other recently conquered positions in this sector represent the quintessence of German military strength.

Each German attack seems to have been stronger than the one which preceded it; sometimes two attacks have been launched simultaneously against adjoining positions.

The bravery of the Germans has meant the shedding of rivers of blood during the last two days, but to no avail. The French have sandwiched vigorous attacks between the German counter-attacks, fresh troops sweeping down the enemy's trenches, and driving the shattered German forces back on each occasion.

As a result, both flanks of the French front, Aix-Noulette and Neuville, have marked an important advance, facilitating the straightening of the line by the imminent fall of Souchez.

The house-to-house fighting that has taken place at Neuville-Saint-Vaast has been of a particularly sanguinary description.

Often, during a momentary lull in the encounter, the Germans have occupied a house actually adjoining one held by the French, who have thus been confronted with the task of driving their enemy from the village house by house and street by street.—Central News Special.

ANOTHER SCRAP OF PAPER.

Austria Violates The Neutrality Of Liechtenstein.

ZURICH, Monday.

The Austrian Government has notified the Swiss postal service that the principality of Liechtenstein has been placed under the Austrian censorship. No telegrams will be accepted by Austria for Liechtenstein, Vorarlberg and Tyrol.

By thus imposing a postal censorship, and including this country in the Austro-Italian theatre of war, Austria has committed a positive breach of Liechtenstein's neutrality, which was declared when the war began, and announced in Parliament by Sir Edward Grey.

Upon the faith of this declaration the Swiss authorities, with the sanction of France, had been permitting the transport of wheat to Liechtenstein from French ports.—Reuter's Special.

[Liechtenstein's area is 65 square miles; and its population, of German origin, in 1912 was 10,716. The State is in the Austrian Customs Union, and its postal and telegraphic affairs are managed by Austria. There is no army. The reigning prince is John II.]

ITALIANS PUSHING FORWARD.

Austrian Official News.

VIENNA (via Amsterdam), Monday.

In the southern theatre of war minor successful engagements have taken place between our frontier troops and the Italians.

The Italians appear to be pushing forward with strong forces against the Isonzo.—Reuter.

ANGLO-ITALIAN CO-OPERATION.

When Mr. McKenna met the Minister to the Italian Treasury at Nice proposals for the financial co-operation of the two Powers were discussed and arrangements concluded on behalf of their respective Governments.

The conferences (says an official notice) disclosed the complete agreement of the two Governments, and their resolution to co-operate in the use of their financial resources in the same ungrudging spirit as in the employment of their naval and military forces.

SERIOUS RACIAL RIOTS IN CEYLON.

Moslems Attacked And Merchandise Destroyed By Buddhists.

SEVERAL RIOTERS SHOT.

From the Governor of Ceylon.

Monday Evening.

On May 28, the birthday of the Buddha, Moslem shops in Kandy were looted by Buddhists.

The outbreak was quelled in Kandy, but was diffused through the Central Province, where it was repressed by the arrival of a military detachment.

On May 31 there was a later outbreak at Colombo, subsequently spreading south.

Martial law was proclaimed in the Western, Central, Southern, North-Western, and Sabaragamuwa Provinces.

On June 3 the Governor left Kandy quiet, and proceeded to Colombo, where he found the town quiet, but the district perturbed, and he hoped to suppress the disorder in a few days.

The disorder was due to a sudden outbreak of racial and commercial animosity, not directed against the European population or the Colonial Government.

Much Moslem merchandise was destroyed, and there were numerous murders.

Several rioters were shot.

The situation is in hand, and improving.

RAID ON GERMAN COLONY.

Smart Attack By British Naval And Land Forces On Lake Nyasa.

From the Colonial Office.

It will be remembered that in August last the Nyasaland Government armed steamer Gwendolen surprised and disabled the German Government armed steamer Hermann van Wissmann at Sphinx Haven, which is in German territory on the eastern shore of Lake Nyasa.

Further operations against Sphinx Haven have now been carried out.

On May 30 a naval force under Lieut.-Commander G. H. Dennistoun, R.N., supported by a landing party under Captain H. G. Collins, R.F.A., and the 1st Battalion King's African Rifles, attacked the place.

After a naval bombardment and a charge by our troops the enemy were driven out of the town with loss, and a number of rifles, together with ammunition and military stores, was captured by us.

The Hermann von Wissmann was shelled, and has been completely destroyed.

DIED TO SAVE OTHERS.

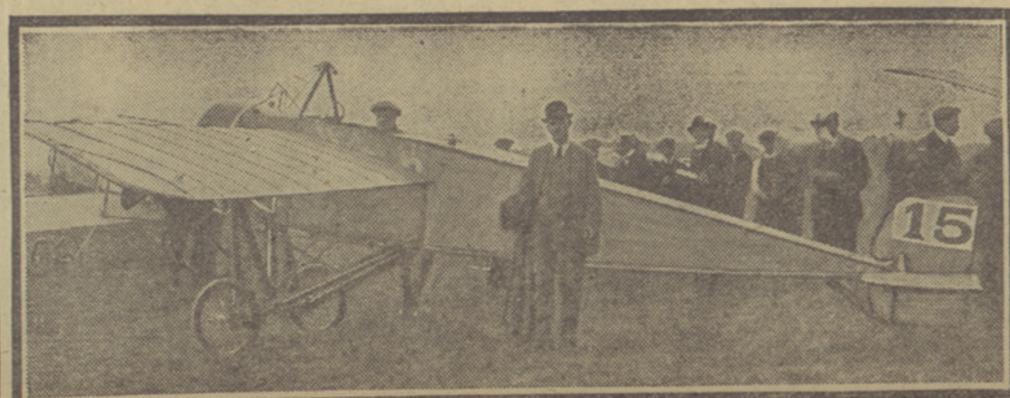
Both were killed while trying to save wounded comrades. Second Lieut. Nott Bower was shot through the head while dragging a wounded man to



Pte. C. Gardner. 2nd Lieut. C. C. Nott Bower.

cover. Gardner, a London lad, was killed instantaneously while attending to wounded soldiers between the trenches. His officers have written letters of sympathy to his parents.

THE LITTLE MONOPLANE THAT DESTROYED THE BIG ZEP.



A racing Morane monoplane. It was from this class of machine that Flight-Sub-Lieut. A. J. Warneford dropped the bombs that destroyed the Zeppelin.

MEN WHOM THE GERMANS COULD NOT BEAT.

British Officer And 10 Men Hold Enemy At Bay For A Day.

ONE MAN PELTS HUNS WITH THEIR OWN BOMBS.

Among many other stories of heroism which are told of the fighting round Ypres (writes "Eye-Witness" at the front) may be mentioned one of an incident which occurred on May 23.

The enemy had attacked our line on the east of the salient, had driven it back for some distance, and had occupied our trenches.

In one trench, however, were an officer and 10 men who refused to fall back in spite of the desperate situation in which they were placed, and fought on throughout the day, almost surrounded and under incessant attacks with hand grenades.

Several times word was sent to the officer authorising him to retire, but in face of what must have appeared certain death he remained where he was, in the hope that we might recover the position by a counter-attack.

It was not till nightfall that the gallant handful withdrew after having kept the enemy at bay all day.

ENTRENCHED IN SHELL CRATER.

During the British attack near Fromelles on May 9 and 10 one of our men had a trying experience, in which he displayed great gallantry and presence of mind.

After having got into the German trench, and finding he was the only survivor of the party with which he had advanced, and that he was being surrounded by the enemy, he managed to crawl into a deep shell crater close by.

The Germans knew where he was, but could not shoot him, and were prevented from approaching him by our rifle fire.

They therefore contented themselves with lobbing hand grenades into the crater where he lay.

All day long the British soldier remained in this hole in the ground, within a few yards of the hostile infantry, picking up and hurling back the bombs with which he was pelted.

At night he managed to crawl back safely to our lines.

"GOTT STRAFE THOSE SNIPERS."

Effect Of Big German Shell On Humorous British Territorial.

NORTHERN FRANCE, Monday.

I have just heard an example of the wonderful pluck and eagerness which characterise the British Territorials fighting on the Yser front.

A boy of 19, who was wounded recently in the fighting on the Menin road, hid the fact and remained in the trenches.

Complications followed the wound, which was in the upper part of the arm, and the plucky fellow had to be removed to hospital in a state which made things look as if amputation would be necessary. Happily this was avoided, and the patient is now progressing well and looking forward keenly to getting back to the firing line.

Humour remains the prevalent note, as in the cold and wet days of winter. The latest story which has amused our sweltering Army concerns a Territorial regiment.

A section of its trenches was struck by a huge shell which laid out seven of the occupants and, blowing in the parapet, buried a score of others.

At one point there was a convulsive heaving of the loose soil.

Comrades hastened to render assistance, and eventually a dirty head and shoulders emerged. The first comment of their owner, offered with comic gravity, was:

"Gott strafe these snipers!"

Snipers, by the way, are now much less of a nuisance than they formerly were. One reason is that the catalogue of tricks of even the slimmest of Hun sharpshooters is now well known to our fellows.

In addition, "night-stalking" has had a considerable deterrent effect upon their activity.—Central News Special.

HOW JACK TAR FACES DEATH.

Dancing And Singing Ragtime On Deck Of Doomed Battleship.

A corporal of Marines, who was on board H.M.S. Irresistible when she was struck by a mine in the Dardanelles, writes to a friend:—

It must have been awful for the Turks in those forts, because what with the Queen Elizabeth and other battleships dropping shells amongst them they must have felt rather warm.

We unfortunately struck a mine and began to sink, which the Turks could see, and they peppered our poor old ship with shells as we were going down.

How we escaped being blown to atoms I don't know.

Everything went off grand. The amusing sight was to see all hands blowing up their swimming collars; and aft and on the quarter-deck the boys were dancing the bunny hug and singing rag-time songs to mouth organ accompaniment.

The shells began to creep nearer and nearer, and our old ship was listing heavily to starboard. We couldn't fire our guns, because the ship was leaning right over almost.

Suddenly a torpedo-boat came full speed down the Dardanelles amongst awful shell fire, and saved nearly all the hands. It is really a marvel to me that she was not smashed to bits.

BEREAVED.



The Hon. Mrs. W. A. Nugent, whose husband, a captain in the 15th Hussars, has died from wounds.—(Swaine.)

SOLDIER-CLERGYMAN AND HIS BRIDE.



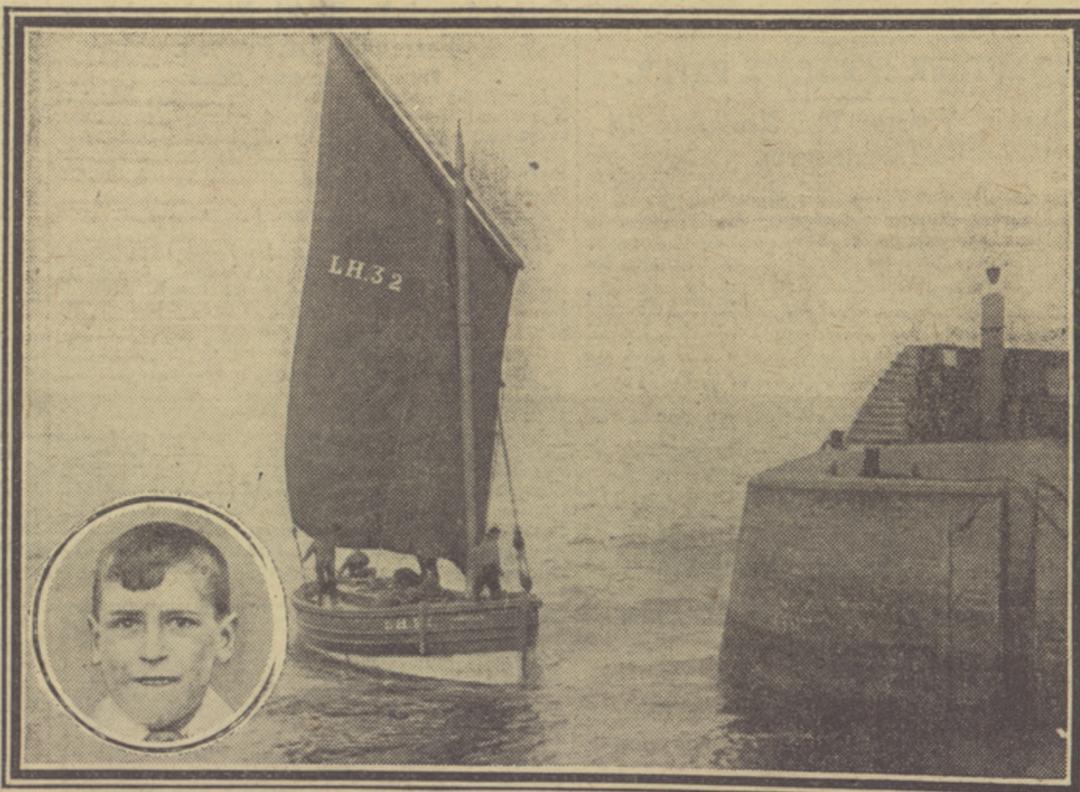
2nd Lieut. the Rev. Basil Evan-Jones, M.A., shortly after the outbreak of war enlisted in the Royal Fusiliers and last January received his commission. He was recently married at Oldbury Parish Church, Birmingham, to Miss Gwendolen Atkinson. The bridegroom's brother, Lieut. H. Evan-Jones, has been killed in action.

FROM THE BUSH.



This is Private J. A. Postlethwaite. When the war commenced he was working in the Australian Bush.

THE HUNS ARE NOT AFRAID OF FISHING-BOATS AND BOYS.



The German submarines destroy for the mere sake of destroying. This is a typical Scottish fishing yawl such as the pirates have lately been sinking. Inset is George Jones, a 12-year-old schoolboy, who has been killed by a submarine while on a fishing-boat.

RECTOR HELPS BOATMEN TO DO THEIR BIT.



The rector of Windermere helping the boatmen of Bowness to make sandbags for our men at the front. In their spare time these boatmen are turning out over a hundred bags a day.



He returned home and rejoined the Liverpool Scottish. He is now with them at the front.

H.P.

SAUCE

is British absolutely

Made in England at the largest Malt Vinegar Brewery. No Sauce just like it—in fact nothing nearly so nice.



Large bottle

6d.

Revelations of a Mysterious Force.

MR. NORMAN BARCLAY'S REMARKABLE BOOK "THE POWER THAT RULES THE WORLD" TO BE DISTRIBUTED FREE TO READERS OF DAILY SKETCH.

Simple Process Quickly Develops Marvellous Power Which Few People Realise They Possess.

In his new book, "The Power that Rules the World," Mr. Norman Barclay has made some startling revelations. The perplexing subjects of Human Attraction, Personal Magnetism, Will Power, Mind Control, Concentration, Memory and the Unseen Forces, have been stripped of much of the mysticism with which they have long been clothed, and a practical understandable explanation is offered. The simplicity of Mr. Barclay's method for the development of Personal Magnetism, force of character, and the art of influencing the thoughts and actions of others, makes a strong appeal not alone to the unattractive, force-lacking ne'er-do-well, but to the intellectual men and women of affairs who realise that success is measured by one's mental status. A special edition of "The Power that Rules the World" has been printed for free distribution. It is a book that should be read by every one—young or old, rich or poor. Only one copy will be sent to each applicant. Our readers are requested to write at once, before the edition for free distribution is exhausted. Address your request, accompanied by stamp for return postage, to Mr. Norman Barclay, 148A, Argyll House, Kensington High Street, London, W.



IN THE TRENCHES.

A Norfolk tradesman has received a letter from his soldier son gratefully acknowledging the receipt of a supply of Andrews' Liver Salt sent out at his request for the benefit of himself and comrades in the trenches.

ANDREWS' LIVER SALT

Tins 4d. and 8d. If you cannot procure from your Chemist or Grocer, send 4d. (and the name of your dealer) for a full-sized tin. We refund your postage.

Scott & Terraer, Ltd. (Dept. S), Newcastle-on-Tyne.

A BLOW AT GERMANY'S HEART.

FIRST blood has been drawn by us in the aerial struggle between aeroplanes and Zeppelins. The scanty news of Lieutenant Warneford's feat in "sinking" a Zeppelin will send a thrill of pleasure through the country, and it will create a cold chill in the German spine. The affair took place early on Monday morning between Ghent and Brussels. On Sunday night there had been a Zeppelin raid on the East Coast, and it is quite possible that the raider was the vessel attacked by Lieutenant Warneford. Lovers of dramatic coincidences would like to believe the fact, but it is of no great importance. One Zeppelin is much the same as another to us, and they must all meet with the same fate.

HOW Lieutenant Warneford happened to be between Ghent and Brussels is a little matter known only to the authorities; but it is well to bear in mind that other British airmen were also abroad on Monday morning north of Brussels, and it is likely that Lieutenant Warneford was of this party, when by good luck he fell in with other game. That he made the most of his opportunity history shows, and he holds the proud distinction of being the first aviator to sink a Zeppelin. Last month another British naval airman all but succeeded in accomplishing the same feat, but evidently he gave the Zeppelin at best only a glancing blow. The airship climbed into the clouds quickly and got away.

THE wreck of the Zeppelin yesterday will have a very salutary effect on the raiders. We pointed out a long time ago that the best plan was to nip the Zeppelins as they returned from England to Belgium, as by that time daylight would have come to render the airman's task feasible. We have a very fine aerial squadron over the water, and now that the light comes so early our men will have many opportunities for dealing with the raiders. When we make it pretty certain that no Zeppelin raider can get away from England then no Zeppelins will come to England. This mode of dealing with the raiders is the most practicable for our aeroplanes, and Lieutenant Warneford has given proof that our men will not fail.

I CANNOT overstate the importance of our successes against the Zeppelins. To destroy a single vessel of this type is to hit German confidence a blow more severe than the loss of a submarine or of a mile of trenches. The Germans have invested hundreds of thousands of pounds in Zeppelins, and they have placed the most grotesque hopes on the work which is to be done by these ships. Every blow we give at the German airships is a blow at the heart of Germany. When we have sunk half a dozen of them the Germans will be sick with fear of their ultimate fate. For, remember, the German is a coward at heart. He prepares well and he bluffs well, but when the game seems up in a fight he often collapses in the most extraordinary fashion.

THE Zeppelin is one of the great mascots of the German people, and when we destroy them and have served their submarines in the same way all the confidence will have dropped out of the enemy. We may expect great things now by land, sea, and air. The really busy period of the war is at hand, and during the coming months several decisive events will occur which will shape the destiny of the war. That these events will be in our favour I have not the slightest doubt. Our men have proved their superiority over the Germans in every element. We are not inferior in quality of guns and equipment. As soon as we have the requisite supplies the war will go strongly in our favour. The time of victory may not be just yet. But come it will assuredly, despite all the efforts of the enemy, and despite the croakings of the pessimists.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Echoes of the Town and Round About.

The Hero Of The Hour.

AVIATORS are born, not made—like the other gentlemen who only make flights of fancy. Otherwise how can you explain the wonderful success of Flight Sub-Lieutenant Warneford, R.N., who destroyed a Zeppelin only a few weeks after learning to fly?

A Discovery.

LIEUT. WARNEFORD may well be referred to as another of those "discoveries" of the war. Until yesterday few people had ever heard his name. All I know at the moment is that he is a Canadian-born, and has a Durham clergyman for his grandfather.

Downing-street Bridge.

MR. HAROLD BAKER, one of the youngest of the new Privy Councillors, is one of the best bridge players in the House of Commons. He often plays with the Prime Minister, who enjoys the game, and the joke in the House is that he has got his title as an order of merit for the clever way he has played his hand at Downing-street. There is no doubt that although he has lost his post he has a future, for he is only 38. In the meantime he will have more spare evenings for the round table in Downing street, where they play for the modest sum of 5s. a hundred.

Lloyd George On "Gentlemen."

I HEARD an amusing story about Mr. Lloyd George in the Lobby yesterday, which certainly illustrates his dislike of pretence or snobbery. He was running through a list of candidates for one of his push-and-go committees with a certain noble lord. "I'll have that man," said Mr. Lloyd George. "But," said the noble lord, "he is not quite a gentleman." "Well," replied Mr. Lloyd George, "I am not a gentleman, and your grandfather certainly wasn't one. If you think that is any objection to merit you have a lot to learn."

Alan Parsons.

ALAN PARSONS is one of those young men to whom fortune has been very kind. I don't suggest that he hasn't abilities on his own account—I know him well enough to know that he has—but he is not without powerful friends in influential quarters; wherefore now behold him a secretary to Mr. McKenna. There was very keen competition for this post, for when once you can creep into this sort of thing, and can keep your head screwed on—well, anything might happen. He has at present only that vicarious fame that attends the domestic circles of stage-favourites. In fact, he is the husband of Viola Tree.

Liberty Ties And Opera.

WHEN FIRST I met Alan Parsons he was a long-haired undergraduate at Magdalen, with a penchant for artistic colours, Liberty-shade ties, and strumming on the piano the works of modern operatic composers. However, he did enough work to pull off a "First." He then had a wedding at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, attended by the Prime Minister and a Duchess or so, and later on he was presented with a small son, with a whole picture-gallery of celebrities for its godparents. No doubt his political career will be equally fortunate.

Brigadier With A Sense of Humour.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE NUGENT, who has fallen in action, was for years editor of the *Household Brigade Magazine*. He wrote practically the whole of it, except the official news, which, as he said, he let the Commander-in-Chief invent. Nugent's skits were hugely appreciated—by a small and select circle, for they usually dragged in men and women under their pet names.

The Old Guards' Pantomimes.

HIS FULL and detailed description "of the 1897 Jubilee" resolved itself into a discussion between two commanding officers' wives in a St. James's-street club-window as to whether "that man Nugent was safe on a horse in such a crowd," and "where on earth he got that tunic." Nugent was the life and soul of the old Guards' pantomimes at Wellington Barracks. He both wrote them and acted in them, his local and topical allusions being always very much to the point.

Etukishook.

FOR THE first time for years (except in "Peter Pan") I've seen a one-armed man with a hook. It was in the East End, and the wearer was making great play with his hook in a very healthy street scrap. Then the police appeared, and *etukishook*.

How To Use An Interlude.

THE HON. NEIL PRIMROSE has lost no time in getting back to the Army. When he was appointed Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs two or three months ago he was serving with the Royal Bucks Yeomanry. He lost the job when the Coalition was formed, and, before a week has passed, is back with his regiment. He made use of the civilian interlude, of course, to marry Lord Derby's daughter.

A Baby.

THIS is a baby—just the young of the genus *Homo*. His mother has been allowed £4,000 for his maintenance, but that doesn't seem to have been sufficient. She has had to add another £200 a year! To cut a long story short this is John Jacob Astor, son of the Colonel who died in the Titanic disaster. Colonel Astor left £600,000 in trust for his child, then unborn. Mrs. Astor (Madeleine Force) in applying to the American Courts for more money says she has not charged the infant with his share of the rent of her summer home, cost of travelling and upkeep of motors! John Jacob doesn't look as if he cared one way or the other, does he?



—(L. B. Griffin.)

Military Strand.

THAT DEAR OLD STRAND of ours is getting frantically military. What with the recruiters strung out along the pavements—I think two of them had got mixed in the week-end: they seemed to be recruiting a pretty girl—and the new Civil Service tent next to Short's, and the tin building just up on the old Tivoli site—shall I risk it?—to galvanise the sauntering youth into military activity on their way to Romano's, things are looking up decidedly.

Sunsets—

A FRIEND WHO is interested in nature and things tells me that the sunsets of this week-end—especially the Saturday one—were the most gorgeous he has seen for years and years. They were uncanny, too, nasty Zeppelin-shaped clouds floating across a sea of molten gold.

And Nightingales.

SPEAKING of nature, he tells me that nightingales were heard this year in a little spot near the sea in Dorsetshire, where they had not been heard before, or, at any rate, for years. He believes they are Belgian refugees driven here by the noise of the cannonading and the destruction of their native trees and hedgerows.

A Grand Old Musician.

THE LATE DR. W. H. CUMMINGS, whose death is announced, was a man of such tremendous energy, almost to the very end, that it was difficult to believe that he was 84, that he was in the choir of St. Paul's in 1837, and that he took part in the first performance in London of Mendelssohn's "Elijah." At an age when most men think of retiring, when, in many professions, they are compelled to retire, he undertook the arduous duties of Principal of the Guildhall School of Music, and worked with tremendous enthusiasm in that post until five years ago. He also found time to go in for a good deal of musical, literary and research work.



Link With The Victorians.

DR. CUMMINGS was known only to musical people until some few years ago, when he was defendant in a libel action which lasted many days and caused much stir. It was in connection with voice production, about which, it must be allowed, he knew nearly all there was to know, as for a long time he held the position of chief tenor vocalist of the day, mainly in the field of oratorio. With his death an interesting link is broken with the music of the Victorians.

When Basil Hallam Goes.

THERE ARE still two more weeks of Basil Hallam at the Palace. I see he does not leave till June 21, after all.

Did Anyone Recognise The Hat?

A YOUNG OFFICER, in town on short leave, put up at a Jermyn-street hotel. He had no muff, and a visit to a night-club was a crying necessity. Bedrooms were ransacked, a pair of trousers (too short) were found in No. — and a dresscoat (too long) in No. —. Literally the crowning point was Lord Ribblesdale's hat—a wondrous curly-rimmed thing, as picturesque as its owner.

Flappers Collecting Captains Now.

THE FLAPPERS at one of our south coast towns have been so spoilt by the war that those of them who would have thought it the greatest thing in the world to dance with a subaltern a year ago will not look at anything less than a staff captain to-day. I heard this from one of the flappers in person. She was distressingly frank about the whole business.

"April Fools" In Broiling June.

I MET J. Harold Terry yesterday morning, cool and summerlike in his attire, in the broiling Strand. He had just come from a rehearsal of his one-act farce, "April Fools," due as a *lever de rideau* at the Vaudeville on Friday. Tall, dark, and spectacled, he is one of the band of young men who have arrived at playwriting via the 'Varsity and Fleet-street. I should think "The Man Who Stayed at Home" is bringing him and Collaborator Worrall quite a nice piece of pocket-money.

Author Of "Marie Odile."

EDWARD KNOBLAUCH'S play, "Marie Odile," due at His Majesty's to-night, is one of the simplest productions that have ever been attempted at that theatre. There is no change of scene whatever, and Sir Herbert Tree doesn't appear in it. It has, however, all the beauty of simplicity, and in America, with Frances Stahl in the title-rôle (a nun), it was very successful. I should imagine it would be here, too, because Knoblauch (this is Knoblauch) is a dramatist to whom failure is rather more than less a stranger. "Kismet" and "Milestones" aren't bad to go on with, anyway.



—(Hoppé.)

What Sir Herbert Refused.

ALTHOUGH "Marie Odile" is the first play of Edward Knoblauch's that Sir Herbert Tree has accepted, it is not the first he has read. Sir Herbert had "Kismet" submitted to him, and so impressed was he by the play that he sent for it three times to re-read it. Eventually he decided not to do it, and thus Oscar Asche and Lily Brayton have made another fortune or so.

Fewer Playscripts.

TALKING ABOUT plays, Sir George Alexander tells me that, owing to the war or something, he does not now receive anything like the number of playscripts he was wont to do. "I used to have at least forty MSS. per week," said he, "and between us we read the lot! Now very few scripts arrive." Now then, you—but perhaps that would be unkind to Sir George.

Green Ruin In London.

THE GARDENERS of London squares are breaking their hearts over the ruin that the tramp of armed men has made in their precious green lawns. It is odd that a man should be able to think of the safety of a piece of turf in the midst of a war like this. But the Temple turf is hundreds of years old, and no feet before now have ever been suffered to trample it down.

The Poet In The Trenches.

RIFLEMAN PATRICK MACGILL'S poetic muse does not desert him in the trenches. I have just seen a letter from him in which he says:—

When I get back again I'm going to have a dug-out under the terrace of Windsor Castle (you will remember that he was in the Royal library there before the war started) and invite my friends to tea and tales of war and chivalry. . . . Our Round Table is generally a square biscuit box with a newspaper for cloth. . . . Just over the rim of the trench the flowers are out; the grasses, heavy with dew at dawn, wave backwards and forwards like fairy spears, there is a wind soft as the breezes on the hills of Glenties singing all day long, and the larks and nightingales make merry or mad as the mood moves them.

What's The Answer?

OTHER TIMES MacGill gets positively frivolous, and then he invents questions like this, which he admits has not got an answer:—

If a clean cut cuts the cut-off off, what pull pulls the pull-through through when you've dug your dug-out out?

MR. COSSIP.

STAGE TO ARMY.



Arthur Prince, the famous ventriloquist, exchanges music-hall contracts for the King's commission. He has joined the R.F.A.

THE FARMER'S WAR-HELPERS.



Women are responding readily to the cry of the farmers for helpers. Here are some at work in Norfolk.

GLADSTONE'S GRANDDAUGHTER TAKES HER P

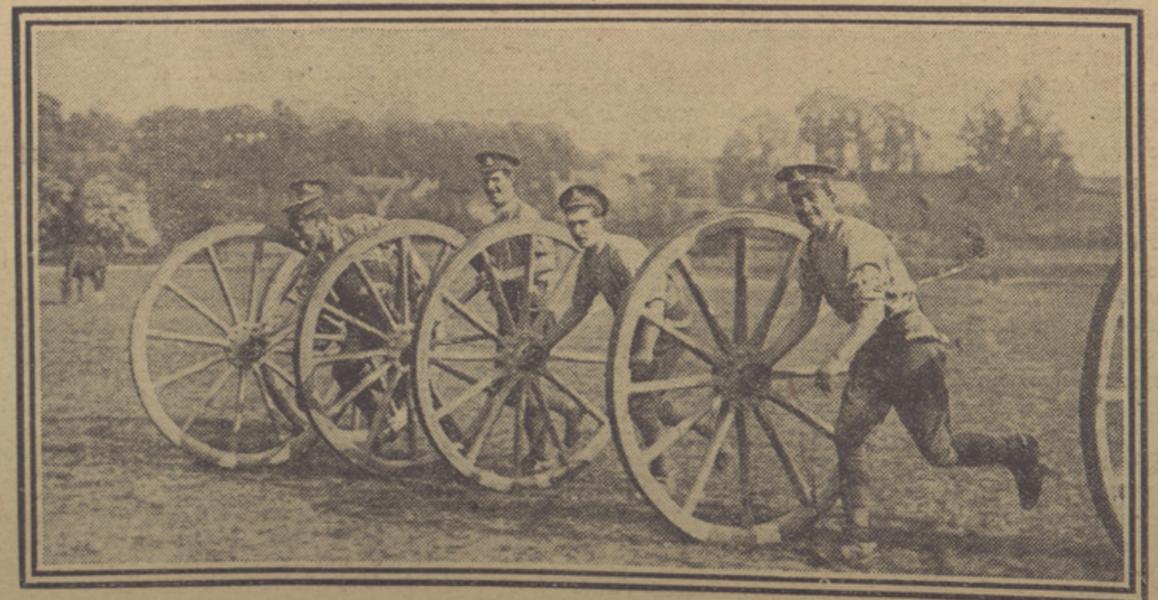


Miss Clarency singing a recruiting song outside the Mansion House yesterday, prior to the big recruiting meeting at which the Lord Mayor presided. It was the call of a woman to men, and many answered it.



Men of the H.A.C. marching to the Mansion House for the recruiting meeting. They belong to a regiment that has done splendid work at the front.

OUR GUNNERS CAN ALSO PUT THEIR SHOULDERS TO THE WHEEL.



Racing the gun wheels is a favourite sport amongst our artillerymen. When occasion requires they can also put their shoulder to the wheel and get their guns over all sorts of obstacles.



The portrait of Kitchener, over Whitehall, still calls.



Mrs. F. Parish, Gladstone's granddaughter, in a recruiting campaign in London yesterday. She is in the King's Civil Service Rifles.

PORT IN LONDON'S BIG RECRUITING CAMPAIGN.

'GET ME MY SWORD.'



The Hon. Mrs. Henley, a Red Cross worker, invalided home from the front, conducted the band of the Civil Service Rifles in Aldwych. She was cheered by the crowd.



Trooper George Bennett, a Mutiny veteran, aged 81, stirred by the war-news, called for his sword, then fell back dead. He is the second figure.



The Lord Mayor, the Lady Mayoress, and General Sir Francis Lloyd watching the recruiting march past from the steps of the Mansion House. It was a great day for the City.

A WOMAN POSTMAN.



A woman letter carrier at Enfield. Many of the regular postmen are now making munitions of war.

WHY NAVVIES ARE USEFUL IN THE ARMY.



To facilitate the supplying of our troops at the front with food and munitions an army of men are constantly kept busy maintaining and building the railways.

Central Recruiting Office at
to the colours.



...ter, led a recruiting cam-
...elp to swell the ranks of the
... Captain F. W. Parish, of
... Rifles.

Bad Nervous Debility

Cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

"Twice now Dr. Cassell's Tablets have cured me," says Mrs. Sheppeck, of 13, Pensonby Buildings, Blackfriars Road, London, S.E.

"First when I was suffering with severe nervous debility. I was extremely weak and shaky, and though I had medical treatment I got no better. I was told I should go away for a rest and change of air, but I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets instead, and it was truly wonderful how they set me up. This last time I had broken down altogether. I was in bed helpless, and really thought I was dying. However, I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets again, and they simply made a new woman of me. I am now as well as ever in my life."



Mrs. Sheppeck, London.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are a genuine and tested remedy for all forms of nerve or bodily weakness in old and young. Compounded of nerve-nutrients and tonics of proved efficacy, they are the recognised modern remedy for:—

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| NERVOUS BREAKDOWN. | KIDNEY DISEASE. |
| NERVE PARALYSIS. | INDIGESTION. |
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| INFANTILE PARALYSIS. | MALNUTRITION. |
| NEURASTHENIA. | WASTING DISEASES. |
| NERVOUS DEBILITY. | PALPITATION. |
| SLEEPLESSNESS. | VITAL EXHAUSTION. |
| ANÆMIA. | PREMATURE DECAY. |

Specially valuable for nursing Mothers and during the Critical Periods of Life. Sold by Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world, including leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa and India. Prices: 10s. 1s. 1d., and 2s. 9d.—the 2s. 9d. size being the most economical. A FREE TRIAL SUPPLY will be sent to you on receipt of name and address and two penny stamps for postage and packing. Address: Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd. (Box L. 32), Chester Road, Manchester.

EAT LESS MEAT.

Board of Trade Advice.

The Board of Trade recently called attention to the great importance of restricting the consumption of meat with a view to economising the national supplies and avoiding an excessive increase in price.

Enormous quantities are required for the Army and Navy, and it is an act of patriotism on the part of the civil population to eat less meat and prevent a shortage that might affect our fighting men.

The public have been advised by well-known food experts to eat more cheese.

Cheese is a most valuable substitute for meat, and is not only cheaper, but contains a greater amount of nourishing and body-building properties.

Now that the weather is warmer it is advisable to eat lighter foods, and there is nothing more suited to the season of the year than cheese.

Certain kinds, however, are not easily digested by a large number of people. They should eat St. Ivel Lactic Cheese, which is specially made to render it digestible.

Although cheese is cheaper than meat, the prices of most varieties have considerably advanced since the outbreak of war.

The price of St. Ivel Lactic Cheese remains unchanged.

Thousands of these popular little cheeses are sent daily to all parts of the kingdom from the West Country town of Yeovil, in Somerset.

All the leading grocers and dairymen sell them at 6d. each.—Advt.

THE LION LEADS IN CURING.

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It cures without painful operations, lancing or cutting, in all cases of Ulcers, Abscesses, Whitlows, Boils, Fatty or Cystic Tumours, Piles, Fistula, Polypus, Poisoned Wounds and all forms of Skin Disease. Its penetrative power makes it the best application for curing all Chest and Bronchial Troubles.

SEND PENNY STAMP FOR SAMPLE (Colonies 2d.). Sold by Chemists, 7d., 1/1s., etc., or post free for P.O. from E. BURGESS, 59, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C. Advice Gratis.

THEATRES.

CRITERION. Tel. Ger. 3844. TO-NIGHT at 8, MILTON ROSMER and IRENE ROOKE present "THE HILLARYS." At 8.30, Irene Rooke in "Followers." Mat. (both plays), Weds., Sat., 2.30.

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

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

GLOBE, Shaftesbury-avenue, W. MISS LAURETTE TAYLOR in "PEG O' MY HEART." Nightly 8.15. Mats., Weds. and Sat., at 2.30.

HAYMARKET. QUINNEYS. Evenings at 8.30. Mats. Weds., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. At 8, FIVE BIRDS IN A CAGE. Henry Ainley, Ellis Jeffreys, and Godfrey Tearle.

HIS MAJESTY'S.—Proprietor, Sir Herbert Tree. TO-NIGHT (TUESDAY), at 8, and Every Following Evening at 8.30, Sir Herbert Tree will produce

MARIE ODILE. By Edward Knoblauch. The scene is laid in a Convent in the Mountains. MARIE LOHR. BASIL GILL. Helen Hays. A. E. George. Millie Hylton. O. B. Clarence. FIRST MATINEE, SATURDAY NEXT, June 12, at 2.30, and every following Wednesday and Saturday.

Box-office 10 to 10. Tel. Gerrard 1777.

LYRIC. "ON TRIAL." To-night at 8.15. MATINEES WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS at 2.30.

NEW. MR. MARTIN HARVEY. EVERY EVENING at 8.30. MATINEE WEDS. and SATS. at 2.30. ARMAGEDDON. By Stephen Phillips.

PRINCE OF WALES. TO-NIGHT at 8.30. A new play, in 3 acts, entitled "THE LAUGHTER OF FOOLS." Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.30.

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

Box Office (Ger. 3855), 10 to 10.

ROYALTY. Vedrenne and Eadie. DENNIS EADIE in "THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME." TO-NIGHT at 8.15. Mats. Thurs. and Sat., at 2.30.

SAVOY. MR. H. B. IRVING. To-night at 8.45, in "The Angel in the House," by Eden Phillpotts & Macdonald Hastings. At 8.15, "Keeping Up Appearances," by W. W. Jacobs. Mats. Wed. and Sat., 2.30.

SCALA, W. KINEMACOLOR. DAILY, 2.30. THE FIGHTING FORCES OF EUROPE. Including Neuve Chapelle Battle, Italian Army, Dardanelles. NIGHTLY at 8.—BRITONS' DOMINIONS BEYOND THE SEAS. The Empire we have to hold.

SHAFTESBURY. THE ARCADIAN. TO-NIGHT at 8. MATINEES, WEDS., at 2. Mr. ROBERT COURTNEIDGE'S Production. ALFRED LESTER "ALWAYS Merry and Bright." Box Office 10 to 10. Tel. Ger. 6656. Prices, 7s. 6d. to 1s.

STRAND. HENRY OF NAVARRE. TO-NIGHT at 8. JULIA NEILSON and FRED TERRY. Matinee Every Wed. and Sat., at 2.30. Tel. Ger. 3830



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VAUDEVILLE.—ARTHUR BOURCHIER. FRIDAY NEXT, at 8.30 (other evenings 8.45), in "THE GREEN FLAG," by Keble Howard. Also CONSTANCE COLLIER. LILLIAN BRAITHWAITE. At 8 (other evenings 8.15), "April Fools." Matinee Wed. and Sat., at 2.30, commencing June 16.

WYNDHAM'S. TO-MORROW at 8.30. GERALD DU MAURIER and LEWIS WALLER in a new play in 4 acts entitled "GAMBLERS ALL."

VARIETIES. ALHAMBRA.—"5064 Gerrard" (new version). GABY DESLYS, Harry Pilcer, P. Monkman, O. Shaw, J. Morrison, C. Cook, Renée Gratz, A. Austin, B. Lillie, and ROBERT HALE. Revue, 8.35. Varieties, 8.15. Matinee Every Saturday, 2.30. (Reduced Prices).

COLISEUM.—TWICE DAILY at 2.30 and 8 p.m. PHYLLIS DARE, ETHEL IRVING and CO. in "THE CALL." GEORGE ROBEY, RINALDO, JULIEN HENRY and CO., JACK PLEASANTS, 4 SWIFTS, etc., etc. Tel. Ger. 7541.

EMPIRE. WATCH YOUR STEP. Evenings, 8.35. MATINEE, Sat., 2.15. GEORGE GRAVES. ETHEL LEVEY. JOSEPH COYNE. Dorothy Minto, Blanche Tomlin, Ivy Shilling, Phyllis Bedells, Lupino Lane, etc. Preceded at 8 by "The Vine."

HIPPODROME, LONDON.—Twice Daily at 2.30 and 8.30 p.m. New Production entitled "PUSH AND GO," including SHIRLEY KELLOGG, VIOLET LORAIN, ANNA WHEATON, HARRY TATE, GERALD KIRBY, JOHNNY HENNING, LEWIS SYDNEY, CHARLES BERKLEY, and enormous Beauty Chorus, etc. Box Office 10 to 10. Tel. 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 (her last 2 weeks), ARTHUR PLAYFAIR, BASIL HALLAM (last 2 weeks), NELSON KEYS, GWENDOLINE BROGDEN, etc. Varieties at 8. MATINEE WEDS. and SATS., at 2.

PALLADIUM.—6.10 and 9.0. Matinees, Mon., Wed., and Sat., at 2.30. ZONA VEVEY and MAX ERARD, GEO. ROBEY, BILLY MERSON, ELLA RETFORD, ALBERT WHELAN, CLARICE MAYNE and "THAT," BABY LANGLEY & SISTERS, LEO STORMONT & CO., etc.

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

HEALTH RESORTS. LANDUDNO (Immune from war's alarms)—Sunshine, sea, mountains, tours, grand orchestra on Pier twice daily, golf, tonic air. Send 2d. for Guide, D.S. Town Hall.

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MISCELLANEOUS SALES. FRINGE NETS, full size, 1s. 1d. doz.; list free; comings purchased.—J. BRODIE, 41, Museum-street, London.

GASLIGHT POST CARDS. 20 5s. 1d., 50 8d., 100 1s. 3d. Photo Papers and Developers half-price. Enlarging from photo, 6d. Catalogue samples free. Works, July-road, Liverpool.

TENNIS RACKET: full set, good as new; 8s. each. Approval willingly.—Belgrave House, 58, Kingscourt-rd., Streatham.



CREME TOKALON

MAKES MOTHER'S SKIN LIKE BABY'S. The Complexion Cream that is ENTIRELY DIFFERENT. If you have not yet used it a Pleasant Surprise awaits You. Read FREE TRIAL offer below.

Crème Tokalon is absolutely non-greasy, and unequalled for nourishing and rejuvenating loose, lifeless, dried-out, sagging or wrinkled skin, also for preventing wrinkles, removing complexion blemishes and building up sunken tissues. It contains predigested dairy cream, purest olive oil, and other valuable ingredients which give it true tissue-forming qualities. It does not turn rancid nor dry out. Its odour is of exquisitely delicate fragrance. It renders face powder adherent and invisible. It never irritates the skin, and cannot promote growth of superfluous hair. It imparts smoothness and fineness of texture to the coarsest skins. It is always delightfully soothing, refreshing and skin protecting.

A Genuine Imported Parisian Complexion Cream at Moderate Cost.

Price at all chemists, 1s. 3d. Large size, 2s. GUARANTEE.—Every dealer is authorised to refund your money immediately if you are not thoroughly pleased with any Tokalon product.

POUDRE TOKALON.

(Les Fascinations de Tokalon.) The Purest and Best Complexion Powder. Be sure to use powder of a tint which exactly suits your complexion or it will always show and give you a "made-up" appearance. Also, do not use a powder containing pearl white and bismuth, nor starchy substances, which clog the pores and swell on contact with the moisture, thus producing ugly enlarged pores. Coarse Pores due to impure Powders and Creams. FREE TRIAL—A liberal trial supply of Crème Tokalon, also of Poudre Tokalon in various shades, will be sent free, in plain cover, on receipt of two penny stamps for postage.

TOKALON LIMITED (Dept. 59A), 214, Great Portland St., London, W.

FREE—IF YOU HAVE A BAD COUGH OR COLD.

If you are troubled with a harsh racking cough, if your throat is sore and you find it difficult to breathe, if there is a lot of loose phlegm in your throat, if your chest feels tight and every breath gives a stab of pain—if you have a bad cough or cold, you are invited to send at once for

A FREE TRIAL SUPPLY

of the famous remedy—Crosby's Cough Elixir, which heals like magic, and in a speedy, permanent manner effects a lasting cure. "It is wonderful," says one sufferer, Mrs. S. Thompson, Grasmere, Urnston. "I strongly recommend anyone suffering as I did to give Crosby's a trial. I am sure they will be glad if they do so, just as I have been," says another, Miss M. Taylor, 7, Montrose-terrace, Barnoldswick. "I feel it my duty to tell you how much I benefited by Crosby's Cough Elixir," says a third, Miss Steel, 2, Edgar-Street, Hull. These are only three instances out of thousands.

Send to-day for your trial bottle, forwarding name and address and 2d. stamps for postage to the Proprietors (Dept. 23), 10, Darlington Street, Leeds. After you have tried this wonderful remedy free you can always obtain further supplies from chemists, patent medicine vendors and stores at 1/12, 2/9, and 4/6 per bottle, or direct from the above address.—Advt.

SHOPPING BY POST. BEDSTEADS! BEDDING! WHY PAY SHOP PRICES! Newest Patterns in Metal and Wood, Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc. Furniture—Bedroom and general. All goods sent direct from Factory to Home in perfectly new condition. Send postcard to-day for Illustrated Price List (post free). I allow Discount for Cash or supply goods payable in Monthly instalments. Established 26 years. CHARLES RILEY, Desk 3, Moor-street, Birmingham. Please mention Daily Sketch when writing for lists.

CENTURY CHINA BARGAINS.—Household and Individual Services, beautiful designs, from 3s.; Complete Home Outfit, 21s.; 30,000 satisfied customers. Church, School and Catering Profitable Bazaar Parcels, 10s. 6d., name inscribed, 49s. 6d. Catalogue Free. Presents offered. Write to-day.—CENTURY POTTERY, Dept. 390, Burslem.



Dri-ped makes easier the road to Berlin.

"Dri-ped" Sole Leather on thousands of Tommies' feet is playing its part in the war—keeping out the wet, keeping Tommy's feet well and comfortable—that means keeping him fit. And "Dri-ped" wears twice as long as ordinary leather; it's flexible, light, non-squeaking, non-slipping. Boot stores and repairers everywhere sell "Dri-ped" on new footwear and for re-soling.

Send postcard for list of local dealers selling "Dri-ped"—and get free booklet "How to Double Boot Life." True Dri-ped has this mark in purple every few inches.



DRI-PED

THE SUPER-LEATHER FOR SOLES

April 1918

What Women Are Doing:

TO-MORROW'S DOG SHOW—A DAY NURSERY CONCERT—NURSING IN MALTA.

I MOTORED down to Marlow and spent the week-end there, putting up at the Compleat Angler Hotel, so well beloved by the late Charles Frohman. There are some beautiful spots on the Thames, and they are at their very best at this season of the year. Last summer one snatched a few hours off on a Sunday up the river or by its banks and then flew back to town in time for dinner at the Savoy or elsewhere.

To-day people just enjoy the river and its surroundings and return home after a little dinner of simple fare. Sunday brought an enormous crowd of motorists to Marlow, all more or less amusing. The River Girl, who should never exceed the age limit of 19 to really look well in river kit, was, of course, there, accompanied in the most cases by a naval or military officer. The weather was ideal, yet many had enveloped their necks in white furs and carried fluffy lap dogs, much be-ribboned, under their arms, which struck me as particularly unnecessary. There are quite a number of interesting celebrities stationed in the neighbourhood.

Honeymooning By The River.

The Duke of Manchester has a lovely home near the Temple Golf Club, where he was playing a foursome with Joe Coyne and his name-sake, Judge Coyne, and Bertie Hollander. Had-don Chambers has a delightful cottage just outside the village, and is busy writing a new play to be produced in New York shortly, with Billie Burke in the principal rôle. Owen Nares has been down golfing. Mrs. Kennedy (Miss Sylvia Bingham) has been spending her honeymoon at the Compleat Angler. I saw Miss Elsa Maxwell (an enthusiastic oars-woman), Godfrey Tearle and his wife, and Madame D'Alvarez. I also caught a glimpse of Sir Herbert and Lady Tree and their daughter Felicity going Maiden-headwards.

Why The Whip?

Queer uniforms are the order of the day, but the most unusual specimen is to be seen outside a large shop in Oxford-street. A portress dressed in a coaching coat, broad-brimmed bowler hat, high boots, and lo! a riding whip! To beat off small boys or flies—which, I wonder?

A Splendid Work.

I hear that the nursing unit got together by Mrs. Moncrieffe and dispatched to Malta has safely arrived there. The whole of the expenses of the nurses are being borne by Mrs. Moncrieffe and her sisters, Lady Hamilton (who is, you know, the wife of Sir Ian Hamilton), Mrs. Stephen Hungerford-Pollen and Mrs. McGrigor. The medical part of the unit is provided by the Red Cross and Lord Methuen. Mrs. Moncrieffe has not gone to Malta herself; she wished all the money to be used for sending out trained nurses, and she doesn't happen to be one.

Book This Date.

I have told you something about the souvenir luncheon at the Savoy. I will add a little more. The date fixed is July 6. The hosts and hostesses will number 100, and, with the exception of Miss Elizabeth Asquith, will be great painters, musicians, actors and actresses. It will be extremely interesting and an excellent luncheon, so you had better hurry up and buy a ticket soon, otherwise you may have to pay double.

The Rance—And A Piano.

The tea matinées at the Botanic Gardens are, as I predicted, proving a great attraction. On Thursday afternoon her Highness the Rance of Sarawak will play solos on the piano, and other interesting items will be on the programme.

A Boon To Nurses.

Kathleen writes from the British Red Cross nurses' home at Cornetot, the house lent by Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll, of the comfort of this home and how immensely popular it is amongst the nurses. Lady Gifford is taking charge and is extremely good and kind to any nurse who comes on a long or short visit.

Where I Shall Be.

Muriel Viscountess Helmsley, one of the busiest women in London, is giving a concert, at which she herself will speak, in aid of the Douglas Day Nurseries at Hoxton and at St. Clement's, South Kensington. The concert

takes place on Friday at the Steinway Hall, and there is a most interesting programme. Mme. Réjane will recite, and Lila Field's celebrated company of English girls will be seen in a revue "Here We Are" and a Russian ballet.

Where I Should Like To Be.

Mme. André Messenger, who has been in London for several months, is shortly leaving for Harrogate with her daughter. Mme. Messenger is well known as Hope Temple, the brilliant song writer.

In Knightsbridge.

Boots and shoes are irresistible at the moment, and a selection to satisfy the wants of any woman is to be found at Harrod's, Brompton-road, where there is footwear of every colour and design. The white variety attracted the most attention, as being particularly necessary to one's toilet these June days.

For women with slender ankles a high white antelope boot cannot be beaten, if worn with white linen piqué or serge costumes; but they look out of place with a muslin frock. Such a garment requires a low shoe having a neat strap or just a buckle. Nothing looks worse than unsuitable footwear, yet how constantly one hears, "How nice she looks, but what terribly bad shoes." Beware of being unsuitably shod! A neat coat and skirt and a well-balanced shoe make up for a multitude of other defects.

Home To Be Nursed.

Lieut. Wynn, son and heir of Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn, has been removed to London from a base hospital in Boulogne, where he has been seriously ill from wounds received in his right lung and his rib being smashed.

Ladies And Dogs.

To-morrow will find me at the annual show of the Ladies' Kennel Association, held in the Botanical Gardens, for one day only. Queen Alexandra is exhibiting, and I hear likely to be present. Other entries have been made by the Countess of Lonsdale, Lady Sophie Scott, Viscountess Middleton, the Duchess of Newcastle and Gertrude Lady Decies, who is devoted to animals of all kinds. Cairn terriers will be one of the features of the show, and Old English sheepdogs will be prominent, but I want to see the Pekinese.



COUNTESS OF LONSDALE.
—(Lafayette.)

Blankets For Serbia.

Owing to the splendid response to the appeal for wool to make into blankets for the Serbian hospitals the corps has been able to forward over 1,000 blankets. The need, however, is still urgent, and wool will be gratefully received at the headquarters of the Women's Emergency Corps.

Royalty And My Needlework Competition.

A very popular English princess has promised to become a patroness of the Patriotic Needlework Competition. Next time I will tell you all about it.

MRS. GOSSIP.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. C. (Oxton).—Certainly; very acceptable.
MRS. STIRLING (Lewisham).—Shall be delighted to have the socks; we still need them. Thank you so much. Send them to the Daily Sketch Office, Shoe-lane, E.C.
M. ROGERSON (Yorks).—I should advise you to write to the Women's Emergency Corps, 8, York-place, Baker-street, W.
MABEL BARNES (near York).—Write to the above address.
GREEN.—I am afraid you are too young to train as a nurse, but could join a voluntary aid detachment.
MISS M. JACKSON (Sligo).—You had better write to the Women's Emergency Corps, address above.
MRS. A. PAIN (Suffolk).—Write to the Women's Emergency Corps.
DOUBTFUL (Wilson).—Certainly do not hesitate; join at once.
MRS. M. CAVANAGH (Tooting Common).—If you write to Muriel Viscountess Helmsley she will tell you about the day nurseries. She is chairman of the council.
KIRRIEMUIR.—A splendid offer. Write to the Women's Emergency Corps, address above. I will write to them about your friends.
ANXIOUS MOTHER.—Write to Lord Kitchener, War Office, London. You will, I am sure, receive an answer to your inquiry.
A READER.—Inquire at any recruiting office.
DOROTHY CLARKE (East Ham).—Write Miss May C. Beeman, 10, West Bolton-gardens, W.
MISS E. W. (Cape Town).—Write to St. John Ambulance, St. John's-gate, Clerkenwell, E.C.

BEFORE THE MIRROR.

By "JEANNETTE."

"Jeannette," the well-known writer on Beauty Culture and author of "The Book of Beauty," will be pleased to help and advise any reader on matters of the Toilet. Queries should be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope and directed to "Jeannette," c/o "Before the Mirror," 43, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.

These are undoubtedly days of exceptional nervous strain for one and all of us. Anxiety, with its beauty-destroying influence, is casting its shadow over the lives of many of us women, and while, perhaps, a few—the more stoical among us—can avoid worrying over past or prospective events, we may all, with a little care and forethought, succeed in preventing the results of worry from being noticeable in our appearance. To these fortunate few this little chat will, however, be as interesting and instructive as to those who stand in real need of help in toilet matters, and may be the means of bringing to their notice some hitherto unknown method of retaining or regaining that beauty of face and figure which is the birthright of every woman. Some of the ingredients mentioned below are, at present, not generally known to the public, but any good chemist will usually be found to have a small quantity in stock.

A Beautiful Complexion by Natural Means.—The secret of a perfect complexion lies in the continual renewing of the outer cuticle of the skin. This is Nature's own method. The outer skin as it becomes coarse or shrivelled must be removed, and an opportunity given to the finer one beneath to show itself. It is because the old, dead skin is allowed to remain on the face that so many women, and even young girls, suffer from pimples, blotches and sallow, dull skins. To remove, by absorption, the dead outer skin and with it all blemishes, the use of mercolized wax is universally recommended, ordinary face creams being powerless for this purpose. Smear the wax over the face and neck, rub it gently into the skin, and leave it on all night. In the morning, wash it off, using Pileta soap and warm water, when all the dead skin will be removed with the wax. Then apply a lotion to prevent any trace of greasiness being noticeable and to give a peach-like bloom to the skin. A lotion to do this can be made up quite cheaply from the following recipe. Take one ounce of clemite, and dissolve it in four tablespoonfuls of hot water. Place in a bottle, and, when cool, apply to the face with the finger tips, allowing it to dry on the skin.

To Remove Blackheads.—Dissolve one effervescent stymol tablet in a glass of hot water, allow the effervescence to subside, then dip a small sponge into the liquid and mop over the face. Allow it to remain on for a few minutes, then wipe off with a towel, and the blackheads will be entirely removed. To prevent them from reappearing, use a stymol tablet in the manner described, twice a week.

How to Shampoo.—Before shampooing the hair, dip the fingers into a little pure olive or almond oil, and thoroughly massage the scalp. Then dissolve a teaspoonful of stallax granules in a cup of hot water. Fill a basin with warm water into which the ends of the hair can fall, and shampoo the stallax mixture into the roots in the usual way. Then rinse and dry by fanning with a palm fan.

Grey Hair.—To restore the colour of grey or fading hair, take one ounce of concentrated tammalite, and mix it with four ounces of bay rum, apply to the hair for several nights, using a small sponge, and the hair will gradually resume its original colour. When the desired shade has been obtained, the tammalite lotion should be used about twice a week. Apply it to the roots with an old tooth brush.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. B. S.—Yes, that is the trouble with so many of the so-called hair restorers. They almost invariably turn the hair a much darker colour than it originally was. You will find that tammalite, used as directed, has none of these disadvantages. Use it regularly and write me again after a month.

MARY.—I am surprised that you have not been able to obtain the pheninol for removing superfluous hair. All reliable chemists keep it. Ask your local chemist to order it for you and refuse to take the substitute he offers you.

GERTIE.—You are evidently suffering from poorness of blood and should consult a doctor. Take an iron tonic for a couple of months, then write me again.

M. W. H.—Mercolized wax will certainly assist you in removing the freckles of which you complain, for it removes the thin outer skin by absorption, and

in this way removes disfigurements which could not be eradicated in any other way. It should be rubbed into the skin at night, left on till next morning and then washed off with warm water and a good soap.

NURSE M.—No, the use of collindium will not harm the most delicate skin, and is a perfectly natural tint, so that it is quite impossible to detect that the colour is not a natural one.

M. S.—No, I am afraid that you cannot remove the mole yourself. It is far too dangerous an experiment. If you feel that you really want to be rid of it consult a doctor and he will remove it with carbonic snow.

PARKER BELMONT'S LIQUID NAIL POLISH,
18, ALL CHEMISTS.—[ADVT.]

All trace of ACIDITY gone in a fortnight

Messrs. Savory and Moore strongly recommend Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges, of which they are the sole manufacturers, as a remedy for all DIGESTIVE DISORDERS arising from ACIDITY, HEARTBURN, FLATULENCE, GIDDINESS, etc. The lozenges are made from a formula of the celebrated Dr. Jenner, and their value lies in their remarkable property of absorbing acidity. They are pleasant to take, quite harmless, and give speedy and permanent relief, even in the most stubborn cases.

TESTIMONY.—"The Absorbent Lozenges are excellent. The sample box contained sufficient to remove long-standing acid indigestion. I got a large box and took them regularly for a fortnight, when all trace of Acidity was gone. I may say that I never take 'patent medicines,' but Dr. Jenner's name, coupled with that of Savory and Moore, assured me that at any rate I should not be given any harmful drug. I am exceedingly glad that I tried them at last."

Boxes 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. of all Chemists.

A FREE TRIAL BOX

of the Lozenges will be sent to all who write, enclosing 1d. for postage, and mentioning the Daily Sketch, to Savory and Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, 143a, New Bond-street, London.

SHOPPING BY POST.

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

CHEAPER—NOT DEARER—CYCLING! Cyclists! Don't pay advanced prices. Save your money. Many firms, on the plea of War, are raising prices. We are not. Prove this yourself. Send for FREE copy of our Mammoth Buying Guide and carefully compare prices. This big 290-page Bargains Budget consists of 6 profusely illustrated catalogues brimful of wonderful money-saving offers. In tyres, especially, value and variety are positively astounding—36 styles to choose from; all actually below last year's "peace" prices. But get this Monster Guide IMMEDIATELY, and let it show you how to save on all cycling purchases. (If 1d. stamp enclosed you also receive, FREE, trial Packet Puncture Compound.)—MOORHOUSE, LIMITED, 16, Padiham, Burnley.

ORDERS BY POST



Receive prompt and careful attention.

THESE BEAUTIFUL OSTRICH FEATHERS

3/6 each.

Two for 6/- Not a made-up feather.

Orders executed in strict rotation. Illustrated Catalogue (5) post free. Boas, Ruffles, Ruches, Osprey. All goods sent on approval. Remittance returned if not pleased.

THE CAPE OSTRICH FEATHER CO.,
Manufacturers and Exporters,
131, REGENT St.,
LONDON, W.
Showroom on first floor; entrance in Heddon Street.

BY APPOINTMENT.
PURVEYORS OF JAMS TO H.M. THE KING

Chivers' Strawberry Jam

Choicest Home-Grown Fruit and Refined Sugar only
MADE IN SILVER-LINED PANS
ASK YOUR GROCER FOR CHIVERS' WITH THE GUARANTEE OF PURITY ON THE JAR
Chivers & Sons, Ltd., The Orchard Factory, Histon, Cambs.

THE HARD CASE OF THE MARRIED OFFICER

And The Big Sacrifices He Makes To Serve His Country. THOSE AT HOME WHO SUFFER.

Case In Point That Shows Need For Government Action.

Widespread interest in the hard lot of the young married officer has been aroused by the article which appeared in the *Daily Sketch*, in which details were given showing how the national service is handicapped through the inadequate payment made to men with home ties who are sacrificing assured business incomes in order to take up commissions in the Army.

Yesterday we received many letters on the subject, all of which go to prove that the wife and children are heavily penalised for the husband and father's desire to serve the nation.

The letter of one writer may be given as illustrating the entire case. It comes from a young married man who was formerly holding a responsible post in the City, but is now serving as a 2nd lieutenant and is due to go "somewhere in France" in a few days' time.

Referring to the point of the Government making separation allowances for the wives and families of officers, he says:—"Hang on to it until the Government do the right thing and make the separation allowance benefits apply for married 'subs.'

MADE £1,000 A YEAR.

"For over 12 years," he goes on to say, "I served as Volunteer and Territorial—my income from my own business was never below £1,000 a year—the annual fortnight's camp even always cost me hundreds of pounds in loss of business. I am married and have a little daughter, and my home has always been a comfortable one.

"When mobilised last August I was ranked as sergeant in a famous regiment, and, at first, hoping the war might soon end, endeavoured to continue my business; but as weeks extended to months that became impossible, and, further, the nature of the business was vitally affected by war conditions, and I decided to accept the inevitable, and wound up at the greatest loss.

"I was then mainly dependent on the profit rental of my home, which I sublet, and small interests in other directions—merely pence compared to previous pounds—my pay became of vital interest, and as sergeant, with no expenses, and given the separation allowance, my wife very bravely faced the altered situation, and retreated to modest lodgings as her share of the sacrifice service of country demanded.

WHAT IT COSTS.

"My special training and knowledge soon led to suggestions being made to me in respect to accepting a commission, but, knowing the financial difficulties and the loss of the valuable separation allowance, I long refused to be promoted.

"Recently, as the demand and necessity for officers in my branch of the service became more and more pressing and my colonel suggested it was my clear duty, I gave in and accepted a commission.

"I had by this time only a small bank balance behind me, and much of that went to pay for the additional items of kit that the Government allowance does not cover—in fact, in every possible way my essential expenses increased—travelling, the restaurants one could dine at, travelling, etc., for my wife and child when accompanying me at times—and as to my messing, my servant, my groom—all essentials for me.

"They alone eat up my meagre pay—hence, even with a tiny income added to my pay and with every possible economy, it is impossible; though my wife now pines in a bed-sitting-room at a few shillings a week rent, and my little girl is transferred to a cheap local kindergarten from the good college she was at before.

PLEA FOR THE FAMILY.

"My greatest appeal is on account of the great hardship it inflicts on the officer's wife and kiddies. They won't demand luxury; but, oh! do spare them enough for just decency. We will give up everything personally and suffer just whatever our duty demands, most willingly and even gladly, but do ease the lot of our dear ones, on whom the sacrifice we make falls so heavily.

"Remember these suffering wives of officers are surrounded and stung by the continued and even increased luxury, ease and comfort of those friends, neighbours, and acquaintances whose husbands are of that noble band of slackers or fat parasites, feasting on the country's needs while in this sore trial."

The call of the countryside is being well emphasized by the Underground railways. They have just brought out a new selection of original posters, including a series of 12 very charming nature and flower studies by Mr. E. C. Tafani.

TO DEVELOP THE BUST.

A simple, safe, and harmless way in which any lady, no matter how thin or old, can increase her bust development from two to five inches in a few weeks is to take 20 grains of phormoid, a standard concentrated food product, just before each meal. For convenience, it is best to ask your chemist to supply you with the standard phormoid tablets, which contain 20 grains each. For 3/9 you can get enough to last you two weeks, during which time your bust should develop from one to two inches. Many ladies report five inches development in four weeks, and at the same time marked improvement in the general health. Phormoid is pleasant to the taste.—Adv't.

ALL ANXIOUS TO DO THEIR "BIT."



Lots of men are anxious to do their "bit" if they can find a position which in all respects meets with their approval.

RAID AFFECTS STOCK EXCHANGE.

Busy Rumours Prevailed Until Facts Became Known.

There was little business doing in the Stock Exchange yesterday, and rather a dull tone prevailed, rumour being busy regarding the latest air raid, the particulars of which were not published until after the "House" was closed.

The War Loan fell to 94, and the Scrips of new Loans were inclined to droop, a notable exception being Union of South Africa 4½ per cent. Debentures, which were in demand at ½ premium on the issue price.

As we expected, there has been a poor response to the Grand Trunk Note issue, underwriters having to take up about 55 per cent. As a result the Scrip has fallen to 1 discount.

Underground Electric Railways Income Bonds continued to be offered. On the other hand there was a sharp recovery in Brazilian Traction shares.

Among Home Railway stocks North-Western attracted a few buyers, and was dealt in up to 112½. Kaffirs were quieter, but well supported as a whole.

LIVERPOOL COTTON.—Futures closed steady; American, 5 to 6 up; Egyptian, 3 to 7 up.

IS EVERYBODY HARD UP?

Is everybody hard up? One is prompted to ask the question by the deplorable condition of our Cigarette Fund, which is wobbling about like a cork in rough water, though, fortunately—like the cork—it still keeps afloat. But the *Daily Sketch* wants it to do more than float, we want it to forge right ahead, showing a distinct increase every day, and if all our readers will make a little effort this could soon be effected.

To-day's list is as follows:—
 £1 6s.—Mrs. Vaughan Birk, Carsack Grange. £1.—E. W. P. Barrow, 10a.—The Misses M. and A. Duckworth, Blackburn; Engineer-room Artificers, Ship's Steward and Electricians, H.M.S. Pactus (36th con.). 5s.—Valois, Maghull; Chas. Roberts, Totland Bay. 4s.—Anon, Roxburgh. 3s. 2d.—Chadburn's Four Woodheads (20th fortnightly con.). 3s.—Mrs. Hard and Family, Harrogate. 2s. 6d.—L. M. B., Worthing. 2s.—Sligo; J. W. Simpson and W. H. Roberts, Chesterfield. 1s. 6d.—E. A. Needham, Cadol, near Mold (39th con.).

GIRLS' FIRE BRIGADE.

In response to numerous inquiries the editor of the *Daily Sketch* wishes to state that the photographs of the Girls' Fire Brigade, which appeared in Saturday's paper, were taken at Messrs. Edmonds Bros., Drapers, Wood Green, N.

£20,000 TO £200 GOLF WAGER.

A Chair Of Surgical Research Against 10 Shares In Philadelphia Club.

Mr. Charles H. Geist, a wealthy gas manufacturer, of Philadelphia, who paid £50,000 for the construction of the golf links at Sea View, N.J., has (says the Philadelphia correspondent of the Central News) wagered £20,000 to £200 that he can beat Dr. Edward Martin, a member of the surgical staff of the University of Pennsylvania Medical School, at golf.

The game is to be played in the autumn after each has had time to practise.

According to the terms of the wager Mr. Geist agrees if he is defeated to give £20,000 to endow a chair of surgical research in the University medical school, the money to be paid into the treasury of the University before January 1 next. If Mr. Geist wins Dr. Martin is to buy ten shares of the Sea View Golf Club's stock at £20 a share.

MULLINGAR RESULTS.

1.30—(English 1.55)—Clonhugh Steeplechase Plate.—ULSTER, 12-0 (Hogan), (4 to 1), 1; G.O.C., 10-11 (Hawkins), (4 to 5), 2; DALMATIUM, 10-8 (Mr. Manley), (7 to 1), 3. 6 lengths; 8 lengths. Nine ran.
 2.0—(2.25)—Newbrook Plate.—ORMACHUS, 11-13 (Mr. Brazzon), (4 to 5), 1; BELLE O' THE HUNT, 11-1 (Mr. Coghlan), (20 to 1), 2; MORE RAIN, 10-7 (Ward), (100 to 8), 3. 2 lengths; 3 lengths. Eight ran.
 3.0—(3.25)—Directors' Steeplechase Plate.—SILVER DART, 12-7 (Brown), (7 to 1), 1; FLEETING PEACE, 11-7 (Hogan), (7 to 1), 2; HONEY BOY, 9-7 (Harty), (9 to 2), 3. 3 lengths; 8 lengths. Eight ran.
 3.30—(3.55)—Railway Plate.—INCONSTANT GEORGE, 9-5 (C. Barrett), (5 to 1), 1; LIDA, 7-13 (Williams), (10 to 1), 2; GENERAL FROST, 9-3 (C. Hawkins), (5 to 1), 3. ¼ length; 5 lengths. Six ran.
 4.0—(4.25)—Clonhugh Steeplechase Plate.—THE LAST, 12-0 (Hogan), (4 to 5), 1; CREGGS, 10-6 (Lynn), (4 to 1), 2; FLYING HILDA, 10-6 (Taitel), (20 to 1), 3. 12 lengths; 2½ lengths. Seven ran.
 4.30—(4.55)—Westmeath Plate (steeplechase)—NEWSHAM, 12-3 (C. Hawkins), (6 to 4), 1; ALL SORTS, 10-7 (Lynn), (6 to 4), 2; THOMAS BROWN, 12-3 (Mr. S. K. Gwyor), (20 to 1), 3. 25 lengths; bad. Five ran.

THE NEW DERBY MARKET.

11 to 10 Pommern (6 and 6), 10 to 1 King Priam, Danger Rock (4 to 0), 100 to 6 Le Mellor (4 and 0).

At the Ring yesterday afternoon Fred Delaney (Bradford) beat Trooper Eddie Elton (Rough Riders) in the sixth round. Frank Moran (America) and Gordon Sims (Portsmouth) will contest 20 rounds at catch-weights at the Blackfriars Ring on Monday, June 28.

The death is announced in Belfast of W. R. J. Kirkpatrick, who was a member of the Irish Football Association Council and County Antrim Association.

E. T. Hanney, the centre-half of Manchester City, who on leaving the Army first played for Reading, who transferred him to his present club, has enlisted in the 17th Middlesex (Footballers' Battalion).

WAR ON FISHING VESSELS. Six More Lives Placed To The Account Of Under-Water Pirates.

Six more lives have to be placed to the account of the U pirates.

Four were those of members of the crew of the Boston steam trawler Arctic, and two those of members of the crew of the Russian schooner Adolf.

Both vessels were sunk in the North Sea without warning.

The skipper and mate of the Arctic were making a haul when the submarine fired. The shell burst between them and killed both. Then a second shell was fired into the hull, and sank the vessel, which carried two deck hands down with her.

Five survivors were in an open boat for ten hours before being picked up.

Other vessels reported sunk yesterday were SUNLIGHT, barque, of Liverpool.

STAR OF THE WEST, trawler, of Aberdeen.

So far as is now known, enemy submarines have sunk 16 British fishing vessels in three days.

ANOTHER HEAVY CASUALTY LIST, Black Watch, Seaforth Highlanders, Rifle Brigade And Yeomanry Losses.

The names of 32 officers and 3,300 warrant officers, non-commissioned officers and men are given in lists of casualties respecting the fighting in France.

The rank and file details are:—

Killed	29	90	19
Died of wounds	36	53	42
Wounded	—	152	—
Suffering from gas-poisoning	29	170	—
Missing	54	200	126

And the units which suffered severely are:—

	Dead.	W'nd'd.	M's'ng.
Essex Yeomanry	29	90	19
Leicestershire Yeomanry	36	53	42
Lincolnshire Rgt. (2nd Batt.)	—	152	—
Worcestershire R. (1st Batt.)	29	170	—
The Black Watch (1st Batt.)	54	200	126
The Black Watch (2nd Batt.)	9	—	—
The Black Watch (4th Batt. T.F.)	24	106	—
The Black Watch (5th Batt. T.F.)	23	97	—
Sherwood Foresters (1st Bat.)	—	207	—
Shropshire Light Infantry (2nd Batt.)	23	130	5
Seaforth Highlrs. (1st Batt.)	100	—	—
Seaforth Highlanders (4th Batt. T.F.)	60	77	—
Royal Munster Fusiliers (2nd Batt.)	45	—	—
Rifle Brigade (1st Batt.)	35	385	—

THREE WINNERS THIS WEEK.

Keen Competition Among Amateur Photographers.

There was such a splendid lot of pictures sent in by amateurs competing for our £100 weekly prize last week that it has been decided to divide the prize between three successful competitors.

A prize of £50 is awarded to the sender of the picture used in the *Daily Sketch* of June 4, which showed the damage done by a submarine to the American liner Nebraskan. This was the first picture published showing damage done to a liner by a submarine.

A prize of £25 is given for the picture taken in the trenches showing our brave lads about to use the bayonet after the guns had ceased firing. The photograph appeared June 4, on the front page, "After the Guns—the Bayonet."

A third prize of £25 is awarded to the sender of the picture, "The First Foothold in the Dardanelles," which appeared on the front page on May 31.

Will the winners of the prizes mentioned above forward the films of their particular photographs to the *Daily Sketch*, and cheques will be sent to them?

MAGNESIA FOR DYSPEPTICS.

SPECIALIST RECOMMENDS IT INSTEAD OF DRUGS.

"Only those in constant touch with sufferers from indigestion and dyspepsia can fully realise the harm done by the improper use of drugs and artificial digestants," remarked an eminent specialist recently. "Personally I rarely advocate the use of drugs in the treatment of digestive or stomach troubles, for in practically every instance I have proved the underlying cause to be excessive acidity of the stomach and consequent fermentation of the food contents. Therefore, in place of the once widely-used drugs I invariably recommend the use of magnesia to neutralise the acidity and stop the food fermenting, and the wonderful results I have obtained during the past three years convince me that there is no finer treatment for indigestion, dyspepsia, etc., etc. It must, of course, be clearly understood that I do not employ or advise the use of such forms of magnesia as citrates, acetates, sulphates, etc.—these would often do more harm than good; nothing but pure bisurated magnesia—the form prescribed by physicians—should ever be used to neutralise stomach acidity. This is not at all difficult to obtain—in fact, I find that most chemists now stock the preparation in tablet form in addition to the ordinary powder. Half a teaspoonful of bisurated magnesia in powder form or two compressed tablets taken with a little water after meals will usually be found quite sufficient to instantly neutralise the acidity and prevent food fermentation, thereby ensuring painless, natural digestion for even chronic sufferers."

BISURATED MAGNESIA can now be obtained of all Chemists in mint-flavoured or effervescent tablets as well as in the ordinary powdered form.—Adv't.

"A BRIDE OF THE PLAINS"

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

Was It Wrong To Rejoice?

"No, no, of course I understand. There are the proprieties and all that . . . you were tokened to that blackguard and . . . Oh! All right, I am not going to say anything against him," he added quickly as he saw that words of protest and reproach were already hovering on her lips. "I won't say anything about him at all except that he is dead now and buried, thank the good God! . . . And you . . . you still care for me, Elsa," he continued, whilst a wave of tenderness seemed to sweep all other thoughts away. "No, no, don't say anything—not now—it is too soon, of course—and I've just got to wait till the time comes as best I can. But you mustn't mind my talking on at random like this . . . for I tell you I am nearly crazy with joy—and I suppose that you would think it very wrong to rejoice like this over another man's death."

His talk was a little wild and rambling—it was obvious that he was half-distracted with the prospect of happiness to come. She sat quite still, listening silently, with eyes fixed to the ground. Only now and then she would look up—not at Andor, but at the paralytic who was gazing on her with the sad eyes of incomprehension. Then she would nod and smile at him and coo in her own motherly way, and he would close his eyes—satisfied.

And Andor, who had paused for that brief moment in his voluble talk, went rambling on.

"Some Day I Will Marry You."

"You know," he said, "that it's perfectly wonderful . . . this room, I mean . . . when I look round me I can hardly credit my eyes. . . . Just a week ago . . . you remember? . . . I sat just there . . . at the opposite corner of the table, and you had your low chair against the wall just here . . . and . . . and you told me that you were tokened to Erős Béla and that your wedding would be on the morrow . . . well! That was little more than a week ago . . . before your farewell feast . . . and I thought then that never, never could I be happy again, because you told me that never, never could we be anything to each other except a kind of friendly strangers. . . . I remember then how a sort of veil seemed to come down in front of my eyes . . . a dark red veil . . . things didn't look black to me, you know, Elsa . . . but red. . . . So now I am quite content just to bide my time—I am quite content that you should say nothing to me—nothing good, I mean. . . . It'll take some time before the thought of so much happiness has got proper root-hold of my brain."

"Poor Andor!" she sighed, and turned a gaze full of love upon the sick man. Her heart was brimming over with it, and so the paralytic got the expression of it in its fullest measure, since Andor was not entitled to it yet.

"But just tell me for certain, Elsa . . . so that I shouldn't have to torment myself in the meanwhile . . . just tell me for certain that one day . . . in the far-distant future if you like, but one day . . . say that you will marry me."

"Some day, Andor, I will marry you if God wills," she said simply.

"Oh! But of course He will!" he rejoined airily, "and we will be married in the spring—or the early summer when the maize is just beginning to ripen . . . and we'll rent the mill from Pali bácsi—shall we, Elsa?"

"If you like, Andor."

"If I like!" he exclaimed. "If I like! The dear God love me, but I think that if I stay here much longer I shall go off my head. . . . Elsa, you don't know how much I love you and what I would not do for your sake. . . . I feel a different man even for the joy of sitting here and talking to you, and no one having the right to interfere. . . . And I would make you happy, Elsa; that I swear by the living God. I would make you happy and I would work to keep you in comfort all the days of my life. You shall be just as fine as Erős Béla would have made you—and, besides that, there would be a smile on your sweet face at every hour of the day . . . your hands would be as white as those of my lady the Countess herself, for I would have a servant to wait on you. And your father would come and live with us, and we would make him happy and comfortable, too; and your mother—well! your mother would be happy, too, and therefore not quite so cantankerous as she sometimes is."

"There Could Be No Sin In That."

To Andor there was nothing ahead but a life full of sunshine. He never looked back on the past few days and on the burden of sin which they bore. Béla had been a brute of the most coarse and abominable type; by his monstrous conduct on the eve of his wedding day he had walked to his death—of his own accord. Andor had not sent him. Oh! he was quite, quite sure that he had not sent Béla to his death. He had merely forbore to warn him—and surely there could be no sin in that.

He might have told Béla that Leopold Hirsch—half mad with jealousy—was outside on the watch with a hunting-knife in his pocket and murder in his soul. Andor might have told Béla this and he had remained silent. Was that a sin, considering what a brute the man was, how his action that night was a deadly insult put upon Elsa, and how he would in the future have bullied and brow-beaten Elsa and made her life a misery, a veritable hell upon earth?

Andor had thought the problem out; he had weighed it in his mind, and he was satisfied that he had not really committed a sin. Of course he ought before now to have laid the whole case before Pater Bonifácus, and the Pater would have told him just what God's view would be of the whole affair.

The fact that Andor had not thought of going to confession showed that he was not quite sure what God—as represented by Pater Bonifácus—would think of it all; but he meant to go by and by and conclude a permanent and fulsome peace treaty with his conscience.

In the meanwhile, even though the burden of remorse should at times in the future weigh upon his soul and perhaps spoil a little of his happiness, well! he would have to put up with it, and that was all!—Elsa was happy—one sight of her radiant little face was enough for any fool to see that an infinite sense of relief had descended into her soul. Elsa was happy—freed from the brute who would have made her wretched for the rest of her life; and surely the good God, who could read the secret motives which lay in a fellow's heart, would not be hard on Andor for what he had done—or left undone—for Elsa's sake.

CHAPTER XXX.

"Kyrie Eleison."

But the daily routine of everyday life went on at Marosfalva just as it had done before the double tragedy of St. Michael's E'en had darkened the pages of its simple history.

The maize had all been gathered in—ploughing had begun—my lord and his guests were shooting in the stubble. The first torrential rain had fallen and the waters of the Maros had begun to swell.

Gossip about Erős Béla's terrible end and Leopold Hirsch's suicide had not by any means been exhausted, but it was supplemented now by talk of Lakatos Pál's wealth. The old man had been ailing for some time. His nephew Andor's return had certainly cheered him up for a while, but soon after that he seemed to collapse very suddenly in health, as old folk do in this part of the world—stricken down by one or other of the several diseases which are engendered by the violent extremes of heat and cold—diseases of the liver for the most part—the beginning of a slowly-oncoming end.

He had always been reputed to be a miser, and those who were in the know now averred that Andor had found several thousand florins tucked away in old bits of sacking and hidden under his uncle's straw palliase. Pali bácsi was also possessed of considerable property—some land, a farm and the mill; there was no doubt now that Andor would be a very rich man one of these days.

Mothers with marriageable daughters sighed nevertheless in vain. Andor was not for any of them. Andor had eyes only for Elsa. He had become an important man in the village now that his uncle was so ill and he was left to administer the old man's property; and he took his duties very earnestly in the intervals of courting Kapus Elsa.

As to this no one had cause to make any objection. They had loved one another and been true to one another for five years; it was clearly the will of the good God that they should come together at last.

And now October was drawing to its close—to-day was the fourth Sunday in the month and one of the numerous feasts of our Blessed Lady, one on which solemn benediction is appointed to be sung in the early afternoon, and benediction is followed by a procession to the shrine of the Virgin which stands on the roadside on the way to Saborsó, some two kilometres distant from Marosfalva. It is a great festival and one to which the peasantry of the countryside look forward with great glee, for they love the procession and have a great faith in the efficacy of prayer said at the shrine.

The Blessed Virgin's Banner.

Fortunately the day turned out to be one of the most glorious sunshiny days which mid-autumn can yield, and the little church in the afternoon was crowded in every corner. The older women, their heads covered with dark-coloured handkerchiefs, occupied the left side of the aisle; the men crowded in on the right and at the back under the organ loft. Round about the chancel rail and steps the bevy of girls in gayest Sunday dresses looked like a garden of giant animated flowers. When the sexton went the round with the collecting bag tied to the end of a long pole he had the greatest difficulty in making his way through the maze of many-hued petticoats which, as the girls knelt, stood all round them like huge bells, with their slim shoulders and small heads above looking for all the world like the handles.

The children were all placed in the chancel to right and left of the altar; solemn and well-behaved, with one eye on the schoolmistress and the other on the Pater.

After the service the order of procession was formed inside the church: the children in the forefront with banner carried by the head of the school—a sturdy maiden on the fringe of her teens, very proud to carry the Blessed Virgin's banner. She squared her shoulders well, for the banner was heavy, and the line of her young hips—well accentuated by the numerous petticoats which a proud mother had tied round her waist—gave a certain dignity to her carriage and natural grace to her movements.

Behind the children came the young girls—those of a marriageable age whom a pious custom dedicates most specially to the service of Our Lady. Their banner was of blue silk, and most of them were dressed in blue, whilst blue ribbons fluttered round their heads as they walked.

Then came Pater Bonifácus under a velvet-covered dais which was carried by four village lads. He wore his vestments and carried a holy relic in his hands; the choir-boys swinging their metal censers were in front of him in well-worn red cassocks and surplices beautifully ironed and starched for the occasion.

In the rear the crowd rapidly closed in; the younger men had a banner to themselves, and there were the young matrons, the mothers, the fathers, the old and the lonely.

(To Be Continued.)

Most of life's mistakes
are made when one
is constipated.

A false decision, a hasty word, a moment's impatience . . . and things "are never the same again."

All because your brain and nerves, and outlook on life, were poisoned for an hour or two,—by the wastes lingering in your blood-stream.

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in your life. They always came without warning. There is no way to know of them in advance.

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£1,000 is offered in prizes for the best pieces of needlework done by *Daily Sketch* readers. There is no entrance fee, but each entry must be accompanied by 24 coupons cut from the *Daily Sketch*. These coupons will appear daily until November next, when the competition closes.

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FROM THE DARDANELLES TO EPPING FOREST.



"This is better than tea in the trenches," the Australians said.



Convalescents climbed with glee the old oak which is the pride of the Forest.



The Australian Light Horse embarked as infantry when leaving for the Dardanelles. Wounded Australians who had lately arrived from the Dardanelles were taken on a motor trip to Epping Forest, where they were entertained to tea. The famous haunt of holiday-makers never sheltered in its leafy glades a happier party than these heroic sons of Empire, whom it was their hosts' delight to honour.

"NO MAN'S LAND." THE LITTLE STRIP THAT DIVIDES THE ALLIES FROM THE GERMANS.



This is "no man's land"—the 30 yards strip that divides the trenches of the British from the trenches of the enemy. There is no sign of life—even to venture a peep into the forbidden territory means death. Only when night has fallen can the soldiers venture out to rescue their comrades who fell when under cover of darkness an attempt was made to capture an enemy trench.—(Daily Sketch Exclusive Photograph.)