

£250,000,000 More For The War: This Is The Chance For The Stay-At-Home To Pay Up And Look Cheerful.

DAILY SKETCH.

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LONDON, TUESDAY, JUNE 15, 1915.

[Registered as a Newspaper.] ONE HALFPENNY.

BEFORE THE ALTAR AT THE EDGE OF THE BATTLEFIELD.



As devout in religion as they are gallant in arms, the Belgian soldiery reverently kneel before the primitive altar which their priests have erected on the very edge of the battlefield. It is only a crude affair of boxes raised on end, flanked by flower-pots and surmounted by tapers that flicker in the wind. But it realises for the worshippers the Faith in which they are fighting to win back their ravaged homeland.

THE NATIONAL CABINET AT WORK.

Mr. Lloyd George Discusses Munitions With The King. NO COMPULSION—YET.

Important New Measures To Be Announced This Week

To-day.—Prime Minister to ask for 250 millions for the war and to explain policy of Coalition Government.

To-morrow.—Mr. Lloyd George to make his first speech in the House of Commons as Minister of Munitions.

Hitherto there has been no opportunity of making a general statement on the policy of the new National Government, partly because the policy had not been formulated.

A Cabinet meeting yesterday evening, following a prolonged audience which Mr. Lloyd George had with the King, helped to define the situation in important respects.

Mr. Lloyd George's visit to Buckingham Palace was the first he has paid as Munitions Minister. He remained with His Majesty nearly an hour.

These circumstances lend special interest to the Prime Minister's speech and that of Mr. Lloyd George. The *Daily Sketch* understands that Mr. Asquith will confine himself to a general review of the situation, leaving to Mr. Lloyd George the discussion of actual proposals for speeding up the prosecution of the war.

The Cabinet is understood to be prepared to apply compulsion without hesitation if it is found necessary to fill the ranks of the Army or of the war-workers. But no measure of the kind will be introduced as long as voluntary measures are providing all that is needed.

£250,000,000 MORE WAR EXPENDITURE.

Loans To Our Allies, The Dominions, And Local Authorities.

A supplementary estimate of £250,000,000 to defray the expenses of the war was issued yesterday, bringing the amount raised so far in the year 1915-16 up to £500,000,000.

A Treasury memorandum explains that the Vote of Credit is intended to cover not only the direct cost of the war, but also such indirect expenses as:

Payments under guarantees given by the Treasury for the restoration of credit, the encouragement of trade and industry, and to facilitate the raising of funds by the Colonies, as well as direct Colonial loans or grants.

Loans or grants to Allied Powers and local authorities.

Temporary loans to provide funds which would otherwise be raised by the issue of securities guaranteed by Parliament.

It is intended to meet the expenses of the war until the latter part of September.

"COWARDLY SHELL-SPOILERS."

Boilermakers' Secretary Sneers Bitterly At Amateur Muniton Workers.

Mr. John Hill, general secretary of the Boilermakers' Society, in his June report, strongly resents "the attempts of politicians to malign, humiliate, and terrorise workmen." He says:—

The workers have laboured night and day, and have increased the output by ten, twenty, or thirty fold; this with three millions of the very best men absent. The workers are laying down their lives in thousands while the sons of the middle classes especially are rushing from the Universities to the armament works to spoil shells and wear cowards' badges, whilst the useful trained men are in the trenches.

SUCCESS IN NIGERIA.

German Stronghold Surrenders To Anglo-French Force.

From The Colonial Office.

A telegram has been received from the Governor-General of Nigeria reporting that Garua, the attack on which commenced on May 31, surrendered unconditionally on June 11 to an Anglo-French force commanded by Colonel F. H. G. Cunliffe, the commandant of the Nigeria Regiment, West African Frontier Force.

Garua was an important German station on the Benue River, and since the repulse on August 29 of the first British attack it has been considerably strengthened.

CROWN PRINCE RUPPRECHT ILL.

NORTHERN FRANCE, Monday.

It is reported that the Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria has fallen ill and has been temporarily relieved of the command of the German troops in the Arras sector.—Central News.

Prince Rupprecht is notoriously the most brutal of the arch-Hun's generals and the most vigorous "strafers" of England.]

Brixton people are asking that Lambeth Town Hall clock shall not chime at night lest it serve as a guide to Zeppelin raiders.

DEBTS DRIVING MEN OUT OF THE ARMY.

Non-Coms. Better Off Than Their Officers.

UNWANTED PROMOTION.

Great interest has been shown in the *Daily Sketch* plea for more pay or the introduction of a separation allowance for married officers.

The *Daily Sketch* knows of the case of one officer who can reckon up by looking at his bank-book the exact time when he will be forced to resign, for the simple reason that his outgoings are greater than his incomings.

Should that state of things be allowed to continue? Why not make the minds of these officers comfortable by giving them a separation allowance?

"I was a pensioner under 40 years of age when the war broke out," writes one correspondent, "and in business on my own account. I had about £70 in the bank. I re-enlisted, was appointed sergeant-major, and six weeks afterwards was appointed to a commission. My pay and allowances (i.e., separation allowance) were 11s. per diem as a sergeant-major.

"On being given a commission I received a notification from the bankers stating that I was to receive £100 kit allowance, and in due course received a cheque-book. Everything went well for about six weeks or so. Then after I had spent practically nearly all my kit allowance I received a notification from the bankers that my kit allowance was only to be £30.

STARTED £70 IN DEBT

"Here was I, a poor man, given a commission, nearly £70 in debt, with my wife's separation allowance stopped; 8s. 6d. per diem on which to keep myself, wife and four children.

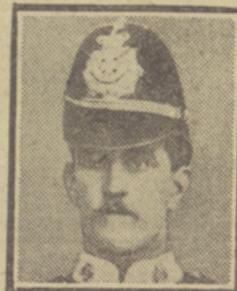
"I struggled on for four months, and at last obtained a good post which I could have filled well, having 24 years' practical experience behind me, and which would have given me sufficient pay to have kept myself and family.

"I obtained permission to take up this appointment and proceeded to my new station at my own expense. After about a week I was ordered back to my old regiment to serve on still as a subaltern!

"I was done, my few pounds were gone, I had only just about sufficient money to take me home. I immediately sent in my resignation, and am now, after serving and working hard for six months (and losing the business I was in), after being very highly commended by my senior officers as a most capable officer, working and struggling for a bare living, and my relatives are always inquiring pleasantly, 'Why aren't you soldiering?'

"I suppose that is why, although we are at war and England wants her best men, the *Gazette* daily publishes the names of officers relinquishing their commission. I have nothing now but my weekly wages."

BRAVE DEEDS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.



Pte. E. W. White, Wiltshires.



Cpl. J. J. Ward, South Wales Borderers.



Pte. B. Behan, 2nd West Riding.



Cpl. E. J. Mott, Border Regiment.



Cpl. of Horse A. Wilkins, Life Guards.



Pte. W. Edom, Scots Guards.

Scorning all danger, counting their lives as naught, these six men have performed gallant deeds on the field, acts which have earned for them the coveted D.C.M. Corporal Ward's deed was performed at Tsingtau, that of Corporal Mott in the Dardanelles. He carried a dying colonel to a place of safety.

THE WAIL OF THE BAKER.

Says He Really Can't Sell Bread Any Cheaper Just Now.

BUT WHEAT STILL FALLS.

The small baker to-day needs to be a philosopher to appreciate the nice adjustment of kicks to halfpence in his scheme of things.

"The public and the miller are amusing themselves at our expense," said a London baker to the *Daily Sketch* yesterday.

"Since the war broke out, not one of us can say he has made a ten-pound note. I lost £50 last month, and am glad I lost no more.

"Yet I have been told that flour has gone down, and, therefore, bread should be cheaper. 'You're busy enough,' my customers say. Yes, and the busier I am, the more I lose.

"Bread was 5½d. last August, when flour was 26s. Now that flour is 52s., bread should be 11d. But it is only 8d."

"Flour's gone down 4s.," they tell me. But it will have to go down 10s. more before I can make a living."

A PROFIT OF TWO FARTHING.

"At present bread costs me 8d. a quarter, and if I sell it at 8½d. it leaves me the magnificent sum of two farthings to cover my labour and shop expenses and to pay my men the three shillings a week extra that they all are exacting on the very reasonable plea that the cost of living has gone up.

"That is how the public treats me. 'The millers, for their part, will not supply us with anything under a 25s cash order at a time. Naturally, for they know that we are not exactly flourishing and expect most of us to smash any day.

"Meanwhile, we are expected, because flour has dropped 4s., to use the stuff that cost us 52s. the week before last as if it had been bought to-day at 48s."

ON THE OTHER HAND—

Master Bakers' Society Says Bread Must Be Cheaper.

Mr. T. M. Kerslake, president of the London Master Bakers' Protection Society, yesterday said that with the fall in the price of wheat it was absolutely certain that there would be a fall in the price of bread.

If things continue as they are doing, he added, the price of bread will come down as fast as it went up.

Mr. Finch, secretary of the Master Bakers' Protection Society, added that bread might be ½d. cheaper throughout the metropolis this week.

Wheat dropped to 53s. a quarter at St. Ives (Huntingdonshire) Corn Market yesterday. This represents a fall of 5s. on the week and 11s. per quarter within a fortnight.

Driffield millers were yesterday buying home-grown wheat at 49s. to 50s. a quarter, a reduction of 13s. on a fortnight ago.

FAMOUS COMPOSER FINED.

Mr. Max Darewski's Motor Drive Without A Licence.

From Our Own Correspondent.

MAIDENHEAD, Monday.

At Maidenhead to-day Max Darewski, the well-known composer, was fined £1 for not having a rear light on his motor-car and £5 for failing to produce his licence.

Police-Sergeant Perry said he stopped the car at 12.45 midnight because the head lights were too brilliant. He then found there was no tail light and Mr. Darewski could not produce a licence.

In a letter to the Bench Mr. Darewski said an important engagement prevented his attendance. He was unaware his rear light was out, and was trying the car with a view to purchasing it.

This also explained why he had no licence, as he had not driven for some months by doctor's orders, and had not renewed his licence.

THE PRINCE WHO WANTS TO KNOW.

An artillery officer doing duty with an ammunition column writes to relatives at Boston, Lincolnshire:—

The Prince of Wales has been several times to our column. The first time I was orderly officer, and the only one here, so took him to see some special motor-tractors we have. He was highly interested; in fact, he is about everything, and wants to know all there is to know.

The Prince of Wales, while deeply appreciating the desire expressed by many public bodies to present addresses when he comes of age on June 23, wishes that all congratulations, public or otherwise, should be postponed until the conclusion of the war.

HELPING HANDS FOR POLAND.

Would you like to keep 20 people from starvation for a week?

If so all you have to do is to send £1 to Mr. Eveleigh Nash, at the Berkeley Hotel, Piccadilly, W., and he will do the rest.

Mr. Nash is the treasurer of the Poland and Galicia Fund, and an appeal is being made for funds on its behalf. These unfortunate lands have been laid destitute by the ravages of war, and the suffering which has been experienced there of late is beyond description.

News has just been received to the effect that to meet sudden, acute need a feeding point has been opened at Makow, near Przemysl, with a capacity for a thousand dinners daily.

INDIANS CHEER HEART OF WISTFUL QUEEN.

Belgian King And His Consort At Battlefield Gymkhana.

DARING HORSEMANSHIP.

Scenes That Banished Sad Thoughts Of Royal Couple.

By Percival Phillips.

BRITISH HEADQUARTERS IN THE FIELD, Sunday.

For the first time native Indian troops were reviewed to-day by a reigning Sovereign other than their King-Emperor.

The King of the Belgians, accompanied by Queen Elisabeth, visited the British lines and witnessed some fine feats of horsemanship by Sikh and other cavalrymen, after a contingent representing each mounted regiment in the force had passed before them.

This gymkhana took place within sound of a continuous heavy bombardment which marks the progress of our Allies in the south.

I do not suppose a programme of field sports has ever been carried out in more unusual circumstances.

A battle raged within an easy journey by motor car in one direction, and fitful shelling could be heard in another. There were officers among the spectators who had been in the trenches a few hours before.

THE KING AND QUEEN ARRIVE.

The King and Queen motored from their modest dwelling within their own lines—he in an open car with an aide-de-camp, and she in a limousine with her lady-in-waiting—and arrived at the sloping field which was the scene of the gymkhana at 3 o'clock.

King Albert stood throughout the entertainment, but the Queen sat in her car with the hood thrown back and a British staff officer on either side.

The troops that filed before the King might in truth be called the pick of Indian cavalry, and their passage was a very imposing sight.

All the participants in the gymkhana were full of zest and obviously on their mettle. The familiar feats of tent-pegging, signalling and trick-riding, with many variations, were performed with loud cries of satisfaction.

Some of them, particularly the wild dash of the peg-stickers riding four abreast with the pegs, impaled in clockwork-like unison, swung triumphantly above their heads, gave a real thrill.

RIDING LIKE THE WIND.

Their Majesties saw wild-eyed horsemen galloping over the straw-covered course, firing revolvers at other wild-eyed horsemen, who promptly fell prostrate on the backs of their steeds—going at 20 miles an hour—and feigned death.

They saw Bengal Lancers pick up their lances while riding like the wind and lift a minute object that lay farther along the course, without slackening their speed.

As a fitting climax to these daring exploits the entire band of rough-riders came dashing up to the saluting base and paid their respects to majesty by slapping the sweating shoulders of their horses with their brown, bare arms.

THE WHITE-GOWNED QUEEN.

It was a picture worth remembering: the line of dusky warriors, still panting from their effort, drawn up before the little group of generals, and the tall figure of King Albert, in plain blue tunic, with his hand at the peak of his gold-laced kepi; the Queen, a slender, gracious figure in a simple white dress, smiling at them from her motor-car, and a horde of little Belgian children—refugees who acclaimed their sovereign with shrill cheers—crouching on the grass with awed faces, and peering between the legs of tolerant British officers at the strange, bearded warriors.

All the while the guns still thundered to the south without a moment's pause. It was like the steady pounding of a giant hammer.

WHEN THE QUEEN'S SMILE FLED.

The Sikh squadrons melted away in a pillar of dust and the clamour of the guns brought the war back to us with a rush.

The King of the Belgians shook hands gravely with his host; the smile left the face of the Queen and she looked sadly and a little wistfully at the children who were waiting to say farewell.

I think the overseas subjects of the King-Emperor would have felt recompensed for their efforts had they known that because of them the exiled Queen forgot the tragedy of her country for a little while.

Then she went back with her husband to the life amid the guns, in the only corner of his kingdom that is free.

BONAR LAW'S NEPHEW KILLED IN ACTION.

Lieut. J. P. Robley, of the Nelson Battalion, Royal Naval Division, who has been killed in action at the Dardanelles, was the younger son of Mr. W. P. Robley, of Yew Bank, Helensburgh, and a nephew of Mr. A. Bonar Law, the Secretary for the Colonies.



STEADY ADVANCE OF THE FRENCH AT SEVERAL POINTS.

FURTHER SUCCESSES FOR THE FRENCH.

Germans Defeated In Attack Near Hebuterne.

BELGIAN ADVANCE.

Struggle For The Yser Renewed: Enemy Pushed Back.

French Official News.

PARIS, Monday Night.

In the sector to the north of Arras we on Sunday night repulsed several attacks against our trenches from the road Aix-Noulette-Souchez, and consolidated the positions gained by us to the east of Lorette.

We also gained about 150 yards to the right of these positions, and made progress in the south-eastern part of the "Labyrinth."

In this sector the artillery combat has been almost continuous.

To the south-east of Hebuterne we arrested, by a curtain of fire, an attack against our trenches from the road Serre-Mailly-Maillet.

The defeat sustained by the enemy was followed by a violent bombardment.

In the region of the farm of Quennevieres we have made slight progress in the cross-trenches and saps, and inflicted severe losses on the enemy's reconnoitring parties.

There was a vigorous artillery duel lasting all day.

In Lorraine we carried our lines forward in the district of Embermenil and the forest of Parroy.

Our progress in this sector continues uninterruptedly.—Reuter.

PARIS, Monday Afternoon.

The Belgian troops threw a battalion over the east bank of the Yser to the south of the railway bridge of Dixmude and organised themselves on the ground gained. They destroyed an enemy blockhouse in the approaches to the chateau of Dixmude.

In the sector to the north of Arras various infantry engagements were taking place at the end of the day.

One of them rendered us masters of a German work to the east of Lorette.

The other caused us to lose, under a violent bombardment, a portion of the trenches conquered by us in the afternoon to the north of the sugar refinery of Souchez.—Exchange.

"SEVERE FRENCH DEFEAT."

German Official News.

BERLIN, Monday Afternoon.

The French suffered a severe defeat on the front between Lievin and Arras (south of La Bassée.)

After the enemy's columns, which were put in readiness for an advance by storm, had been repulsed several times in the course of the day by our artillery fire, strong enemy attacks in close formation against our positions on both sides of the Lorette hills and on the front Neuville-Koclincourt (that is, in "the Labyrinth") began towards the evening.

The opponents were repulsed everywhere with heavy losses.

All our positions remained firmly in our hands.

BELGIAN ARMY'S SUCCESSES.

Belgian Official News.

HAVRE, Monday.

During the night of Saturday-Sunday we carried out offensive movements along our whole front.

We made progress by means of efficacious artillery fire, and threw detachments across to the right bank of the Yser towards Dixmude.

One of these detachments occupied and destroyed a German blockhouse on Sunday. The enemy, having attempted to reoccupy the post, was dispersed by our machine-guns.

The German artillery showed slight activity yesterday, and bombarded with little intensity various points on the lines Ramscapele-Pervyse-Costkerker-Noordschoote. Our artillery replied vigorously to that of the enemy.—Reuter.

"LET US LOWER OUR OWN FLAG."

Norwegian's Bold Declaration On His Country's Position.

CHRISTIANIA, Monday.

The Norwegian newspapers publish a long letter from a Norwegian engineer, M. Anker, one of the best known men in Norway, on the subject of Germany's action in sinking Norwegian ships.

What value (he asks) can be attached to Germany's declaration that the torpedoing of these ships is not done deliberately when her behaviour provs the contrary?

"Norwegian action," he goes on, "must be of such a nature that Germany cannot have any doubt of Norway's determination to protect the right to travel on the high seas.

"Norway must guarantee the protection of sailors sailing under the Norwegian flag, or, if we dare not grasp the nettle, let us lower our own flag and hand ourselves over to another nation of braver men."—Reuter.

According to the *Telegraaf*, the airship which British airmen destroyed last Monday by setting fire to the shed at Evera was the Zeppelin LZ 38.

GREEK KING'S BROTHER DECLARES FOR WAR.

Wants To Fight For Civilisation At Italy's Side.

"GREECE CANNOT REMAIN A MERE SPECTATOR."

ROME, Monday.

The *Corriere delle Puglie* (Bari) publishes an interview with Prince George of Greece, who is quoted as saying that perfect agreement existed between M. Venizelos and M. Gounaris, and that "decisions of the greatest importance are imminent."

Greece, his Royal Highness added, could not remain a mere spectator of the present colossal conflict.

The Prince and Princess having embarked at Bari on the Greek destroyer *Jerax*, the commander of that vessel, speaking in the name of the Prince, harangued the crowd of spectators. He said:—

Let the Italians know that we want war, and that we want to wage it at Italy's side. We intend to do our part in this great work of civilisation. Our army is about to take the field, and our war, like yours, will be a sacred one.—Central News.

[Prince George of Greece is the younger brother of King Constantine, who commanded the Hellenic fleet in the Greco-Turkish war of 1897. He was afterwards appointed Governor of Crete (during the occupation by the troops of the Powers), and there was brought into contact with M. Venizelos, who was the inspirer of the Cretan movement for annexation to the parent Greek State.]

MAJORITY FOR VENIZELOS.

Triumph Of The Anti-German Policy At The Greek Elections.

PARIS, Monday.

The partial results of the Greek elections show that the party of M. Venizelos has scored a great triumph at the polls.

His party has won so far over 200 seats, thus assuring a majority in Parliament.—Exchange.

[The interest of this news consists in the facts that:—

M. Venizelos was Prime Minister of Greece when the war broke out.

He wished Greece to participate in the attack on Turkey by Great Britain, France and Russia.

At the moment when this intervention was about to take place differences with the King compelled M. Venizelos to resign.

The Queen of the Hellenes is the Kaiser's sister, but King Constantine (now recovering from a dangerous illness) is a nephew of Queen Alexandra.

After the fall of his Cabinet M. Venizelos retired temporarily from politics and left the country.

He is by far the most able statesman in Greece, and it would be impossible for a Cabinet to be formed without him if his party were in the majority in Parliament.]

TURCO-JEWS VOTE PRO-GERMAN.

ATHENS, Monday.

Definite results of the elections are not yet known. Venizelos obtained a majority everywhere, excepting Macedonia, where the Turco-Jew element voted for the Government.—Exchange Special.

TO AVENGE HER BROTHER.

Pretty French Girl In Dead Soldier's Uniform.

PARIS, Monday.

A pretty girl of St. Pol, near Arras, Berthe Olibet, 19 years of age, has just been discovered in French soldier's uniform in the region of the firing line.

She had cut her hair short and otherwise disguised herself, and she cried bitterly when the military authorities sent her back to her parents.

She said that her brother had been killed at Carency, and she was determined to avenge his death. She had dressed herself in one of his old uniforms, and had walked 20 miles, intending to take her place in the firing line.—Central News.

ATTACK ON PIRATES' LAIR.

French Destroyers Bombard German Submarine Base In Aegean Sea.

ATHENS, Monday.

Two French destroyers have been bombarding the port of Tcheshme, on the coast of Asia Minor, opposite Chios, which served as a base for the operations of German submarines.

The bombardment lasted 40 minutes. All the sailing vessels in the harbour were sunk, and the customs and telegraph offices and petrol stores were destroyed.

The Turkish garrison fled in panic to the mountains.—Reuter.

WOUNDED BY PIRATES' SHELL.

Among yesterday's victims of German submarines was the steamer *Hopemount*, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, which was attacked and sunk by shell fire. The captain and three of the crew are now in hospital at Barry suffering from wounds caused by the shelling, and the remainder of the crew were landed at Cardiff yesterday. The *Hopemount* was a vessel of 3,300 tons gross.

WOUNDED AIRMAN'S 20-MILE FLIGHT.

Finished His Job Though Badly Injured.

FIRST-AID IN MID-AIR.

From The British Eye-Witness.

On Monday, May 7, the day upon which our naval airmen obtained such a striking success, two of their comrades in the Royal Flying Corps had a most adventurous flight.

While on reconnaissance about twenty miles from our front they were attacked by several German aviators. It was not long before our pilot was shot through the jaw and neck.

At first he collapsed and lost control of the aeroplane, and then recovered sufficiently to steady the machine, which continued its flight pursued and fired at by a succession of hostile aeroplanes.

Nevertheless, he gradually grew weaker and weaker through loss of blood, and became hardly conscious of what he was doing, but the observer handed him bandages and helped him to bind up the wound, which was a dangerous one, while he kept the machine going, maintained observation, and completed the reconnaissance.

The pair of officers made a good landing at their base, having returned with the information which they had been sent out to collect. The pilot is doing as well as can be expected from the nature of his wound.

INCENDIARIES AT WORK?

Public Anxiety Over Fire Epidemic Mentioned In Commons.

Yesterday's big fires were at—

Great Western Railway Goods Depot, in the centre of Victoria Docks, E.

Large cotton warehouse at Bootle.

An extensive millinery factory at Manchester.

In addition to these there were several fires reported the day before. Who lit them?

In the House of Commons yesterday Mr. Nield called attention to the fires which had consumed factories or other premises used for industrial purposes since the outbreak of the war, and asked whether

in order to allay public anxiety as to the origin of fires and to ascertain the facts as to past or future conflagrations he would introduce a measure to apply the City of London Fire Legislation Inquests Act, 1888, to the whole of the United Kingdom and treat it as emergency legislation.

Sir J. Simon (Home Secretary) said the matter had been given the closest attention. The police inquired into all cases where there was ground for suspicion.

The number of fires had not been abnormally large. (Cries of "Oh.")

He thought private inquiry by the police in the case of suspicion of a hostile act would be more effective than a public inquest.

A TRAGEDY OF THE FIGURE 8.



The figure "8" played a strangely prominent part in the dates of the outstanding incidents in the life of Lance-Corpl. Arthur Llewellyn Davies, 8th Middlesex Regiment, who before the war was District Railway Conductor 180. He was born on February 8, 1888, was married September 18, 1912. His only child was born October 28, 1913. Eight months before he was killed in the trenches—April 28—he joined the colours. He sailed for France on April 18. At the time of his death his wife was 28 years old and his child 18 months. Our photograph is of his wife and child, with himself inset.

EASTBOURNE CLIFF TRAGEDY.

A verdict of suicide during temporary insanity was returned at an inquest yesterday on Marian Edith Gregson, who escaped from the Regent's Park Nursing Home last Friday morning and took a taxi to Burling Gap, where she stepped over the cliff.

Extra Late Edition.

MUST BE CARRIED BY FRONTAL ASSAULTS.

Difficult Nature Of Battleground In Gallipoli Peninsula.

"CANNOT BE RUSHED."

French Official Description Of Scene Of Operations.

An official report on the operations in the Dardanelles, issued in Paris yesterday, says:—

The nature of the ground renders the task of our troops very difficult.

The southern part of the Gallipoli peninsula as far as Kilit Bahr, where the narrowing of the strait and the works on the two banks bar the passage of the Fleet, presents the form of a triangle.

The base of this triangle, between Kaba Tepi and Kilit Bahr, measures nearly seven miles.

Midway rises the peak of Achi Baba, 250 yards high, the outlying defences of which, stretching across the peninsula, constitute a very powerful defensive position.

AS AT TORRES VEDRAS.

The ground in front of the position slopes gently, and the artillery as well as the infantry fire is able to sweep it as if it were the glacis of a fort.

This is the battlefield upon which the Expeditionary Corps has been operating for six weeks.

The narrowness of the front precludes possibility of manoeuvring.

All the works of the enemy have to be attacked and carried by frontal assaults. The conditions of the fighting recall those at Torres Vedras in 1810 and of Chatalja two years ago.

The front, however, is still more restricted. The region is honeycombed with deep entrenchments flanked by machine-guns and protected by barbed wire entanglements and other obstacles.

CANNOT BE RUSHED.

Such works cannot be rushed. They have gradually to be approached by working from point to point.

As soon as our position was consolidated in front of the ravine of Kereves Dere we prepared to occupy a small fort situated on the extreme left of the enemy's line.

A colonial regiment was ordered to capture the work on the night of May 28.

The ground which had to be crossed, however, was quite open and swept on all sides by rifle and machine-gun fire from the Turkish positions.

This precluded any attempt at assault by normal methods, as it would have entailed enormous sacrifices.

It was necessary to try a *coup de main*.

FRENCH STRATAGEM.

The following plan was consequently adopted:—

A detachment of 34 Europeans and 32 Senegalese, all volunteers, under the orders of a subaltern, received orders to leave our first-line trench in Indian file and creep on their hands and knees to the immediate neighbourhood of the small fort.

There they were to assemble and deliver a surprise attack, without firing a shot.

Two other parties were ordered to leave our trenches in the same manner on the right and left, but they were to stop half-way and hold themselves in readiness to shield the volunteers in the event of a repulse or support them in the event of success.

A quarter of an hour before midnight the band of volunteers had got within 40 yards of the fort. Springing over the parapet, they completely surprised the Turks, who, after firing their rifles, fled, some going in the direction of their second line of trenches, others towards the ravine of Kereves Dere.

Two counter-attacks were attempted by the Turks, but the supporting parties having joined the volunteer section, and the defences of the captured fort having been prepared, they were easily repulsed.

SUCCESSFUL ITALIAN RUSE.

MILAN, Monday.

The *Secolo* publishes a letter written from a position 9,500 feet above sea level and overlooking Rovereto, Trent being also visible.

The position comprises three lines of trenches, with elaborate netting and cement platforms, two large barracks, baths, and telephones.

All these, with the garrison, were captured bloodlessly by 100 Italian Alpini, whose captain feigned to be leading a scouting party for battalions of troops close behind.—Central News.

GERMAN CLAIM IN GALICIA.

German Official News.

BERLIN, Monday Afternoon.

In the south-eastern theatre of war (Eastern Galicia) the army of General Mackensen, on a front of 43 miles, advanced from its positions between Czerniawa, north-west of Mocziska and Sieniawa, storming the enemy positions along the entire front, and capturing 16,000 prisoners yesterday.

The attacks of General Linsingen's army are also making progress.—Reuter.

Five thousand six hundred teachers are serving with the colours, says the Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education.

THE GUARDS CHEERFULLY PAY THE PRICE OF DUTY.



The Hon. Eric Thesiger—wounded. He is a major of the Surrey Yeomanry, and attached to the Royal Horse Guards.



Mrs. Eric Thesiger, the wife of the Hon. E. R. Thesiger. Her husband is a brother of Lord Chelmsford.



Mrs. Shuter, the wife of Major R. E. Shuter, D.S.O., who has been wounded. They were only married last March.

FIANCEES AND BRIDE.



Miss K. G. Ritchie is the fiancée of Captain Clare R. N. Savile, of the Royal Fusiliers.—(Swaine.)



Lieut. G. V. F. Monckton, Scots Guards—killed. His father is High Sheriff of Staffordshire.



Sec.-Lieutenant F. Marsham Townsend, Scots Guards, has also given his life for his country.



Miss K. E. McEachran, of Cardiff, is marrying Lieut. T. G. Bonnyman, 9th Batt. King's Shropshire Light Infantry, on the 26th inst.



Miss Dorothy Hignett, bride of Captain Arden, A.S.C. They were married last week at Southsea.—(Bennett.)



Lieutenant C. O. Creed, 2nd Grenadier Guards, has died of wounds.—(Lafayette, Russell, Sarony, Vandyk, Langier, Ltd.)

"MRS. PONSONBY."



Marion Lorne, Mrs. Ponsonby in "Mr. and Mrs. Ponsonby," produced at the Comedy Theatre last night.—(Foulsham and Banfield.)

CLERGY BECOME SOLDIERS.



The Rev. A. Baldry, Westerham.



Now Corp. A. Baldry, R.A.M.C.



The Rev. K. Rawlings, Birmingham.



Now Lieut. K. Rawlings, R.A.M.C.

Both these clergymen have given up their positions in the Church to serve with the Colours.



SAUCE

Is made in England by British labour.

It is the most economical—can be used to the last drop.



Wouldn't it be worth your while to try a bottleright away?

LUNTIN MIXTURE



A BLEND OF THE FINEST TOBACCOS

6d. PER OUNCE 2/- QUARTER POUND TINS.

LUNTIN MEDIUM CIGARETTES.

10 for 3d. : 100 for 2/3

Obtainable at all Tobacconists. THOMSON & PORTEOUS, Manufacturers, EDINBURGH.

EATING BETWEEN MEALS.

Do you know that the stomach needs rest regularly and that eating between meals is a common cause of indigestion? Do you know what happens when you eat more than you can digest, and what relation biliousness has to overeating? Do you know that when the blood gets thin the digestion becomes weak, that good digestion is impossible unless the blood is rich and red, such blood as comes from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills? These tonic pills, with proper care in the diet, will change dyspeptic, despondent, dragged-out people into energetic, hungry, cheerful men and women; because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills build up the blood, making the stomach able to secrete the needed digestive fluids; at the same time they strengthen the nerves that control the delicate processes of digestion. After you begin taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the first sign of returning health is usually an increased appetite. Then you find that what you eat causes no distress, and if you exercise reasonable care in the selection of your food you will have no more trouble. Any dealer can supply you with these Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, but be careful to ask for Dr. Williams'. A most useful diet book called "What to Eat and how to Eat" will be sent to you free if you just send your address on a postcard to Offer Dept., 46, Holborn Viaduct, London.—Adv't.

I HAVE been reading in an American paper the full story of the Hungarian-Jew, I. T. Lincoln, whose "revelations" have been causing so much attention here during the last few days. The romance appeared several weeks ago in the American Press, and it is strange that the narrative was not cabled here at the time. Probably the Censor stopped it, forgetting in his sweet innocence that the actual American papers would ultimately reach this country despite any official ban.

IF any attempt at suppression was made, it was extremely stupid. The story should be published in pamphlet form by the Government, both as a warning to the people and to the political and official world. Here we have a Hungarian-Jew who becomes a clergyman of various denominations in Canada and England, and next he becomes Liberal Member of Parliament for Darlington and a member of the National Liberal Club. His knowledge of English is so elementary that *Punch* caricatured him five years ago when in murdered English he spoke in the House.

FINALLY this alien, according to his own story, developed such a strong hatred against England that he decided to act as a German spy. His plan was to make the British authorities believe that he was spying for England, and to prove to the German Secret Service that he was really acting for Germany. In this way he claims to have discovered some of the secrets of both departments, and doubtless he tried to play one off against the other to his own advantage.

PROBABLY Lincoln was as faithless to Germany as to us, and his conduct throws a sinister light on that nefarious business of international spying upon which every Government spends enormous sums of public money. I sincerely hope that when this war ends the whole rotten system of secret service will be wiped out in every decent country. It is a foul and dirty business, which leads up to war instead of preventing it. Scoundrels like Lincoln are bred and supported by this system of spying, and I believe that there is a cosmopolitan gang of ruffians who sell and re-sell State secrets and who concoct false news in order to trade it to the authorities.

THIS man Lincoln professed to have acquired the various codes by which Germany sends and receives news through England and neutral countries. He asserts that he gave this and other valuable information to our authorities in order to win their confidence and so find out bigger secrets which he would give to Germany.

QUITE probably most of his story is a lie, but it is regrettable that he should have been allowed to escape. The really shameful feature of the case is that our stupid political system allows a man of this type to get into Parliament, thus giving him powers and opportunities which could be used with great advantage by a spy.

THERE are many morals to be drawn from this unsavoury affair. We do not know what British secrets Lincoln sold to Germany. He certainly had facilities for gaining valuable information, although we are led to understand that for some years he had been suspected by our authorities. But why in Heaven's name was he not locked up when war broke out, instead of being allowed to journey to the Continent—posing as a British spy, according to his own story—and why was he allowed to escape to America?

MEANTIME the party leaders, the political clubs, and other bodies might take the lesson to heart, so that we may not be harbouring more spies. We have been far too easy-going with aliens. Many snobs and fools amongst us actually went out of their way to cultivate Germans and hold up for admiration all that came from Germany. It was only through this snobbery and foolishness that a fellow like Lincoln could have made his way into our religious and political organisations.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Echoes of the Town and Round About.

Whose Privilege?

"THE Privilege of Living in War-Time" is the optimistic title of one of the addresses to be delivered at to-morrow's conference of the Parents' National Educational Union. Professor Caroline Spurgeon will doubtless explain that it has nothing to do with manufacturers who are making war profits or workmen who are doubling their peacetime wages!

Educating The Parents.

THE Parents' National Educational Union was founded some years ago by Miss Charlotte Mason, the daughter of a Liverpool merchant, who has devoted her life mainly to educational reforms based on a recognition of the necessity of developing character as well as intellect. Ultimately she founded at Ambleside a new Lake School—not of poets, but of parents. Incidentally, I may remark that quite a number of young people are convinced that their parents have a lot to learn.

The Hon. Mrs. A. E. Henley.

THE Hon. Mrs. A. E. Henley, a sister-in-law of Lord Henley, has been serving as a French Red Cross Sister, and has been invalided home lately, but she managed to put in some London recruiting work in spite of illness. She has just told me of an experience which befell her at one of the meetings a few days ago. An old avvy in the crowd came shyly up to her and held out a two-shilling piece. "I've been trying to enlist, Mum," he said.



"and I want to do something useful. This ain't nothing much," he continued, passing her the coin. "Still, Mum, will you send it to the French 'Tommies' for tobacco?" On her narrating the incident at another meeting, there was a fine response from the crowd, and Mrs. Henley was able to hand over five or six pounds to Mrs. Parrish, Mr. Gladstone's granddaughter, to be sent to France.

Zeppelins No Worse Than A Thunderstorm.

THE RIDICULOUS and exaggerated fears of some people over Zeppelins meet with very little encouragement from Dr. Leonard Hill, F.R.S., the distinguished man of science. He says that we need not be more afraid of a big Zeppelin raid than of a fairly heavy thunderstorm. The danger to any particular individual is no greater. Dr. Hill, who is a director of the Department of Applied Physiology, is also an artist of good repute. He makes a speciality of landscape and animal painting.

The Rush For Respirators.

MEANTIME the rush of people to the West End stores for respirators continues. Also, I hear of a great rise in the price of certain chemicals. Magnesium sulphate (Epsom salts) was more than double in price last week. Hyposulphite and bicarbonate of soda cost three or four times more than they did. They are the antidotes to chlorine gas.

Erratum.

A LYNX-EYED reader of these columns and of "Debrett" points out that I was guilty of an inaccuracy when I remarked that Lord St. Davids "was originally Sir John Wynford Philipps." Although his lordship holds this baronetcy, he was never known as Sir John, for the simple reason that he was given his peerage some four years before he succeeded to the minor but older title on the death of his father, who was in holy orders.

Had Never Heard Of Bachelor's Buttons.

LADY BUTLER, who has come back from France, where she was working in the Y.M.C.A. refreshment huts, is telling a good story. On one occasion two soldiers asked her if she had any bachelor's buttons. Thinking they were sweets of some kind she answered "No," but would they like caramels instead? Lady Butler, whose father is Dean of Hereford, is the wife of Sir Richard Pierce Butler, Bart., who is serving with the Army Remount Department in France. She and Sir Richard have together lost seven first cousins by the war.

He Who Laughs Last, Etc.

"IF IT was not for me," said the man at the corner of the street, "even Lloyd George would not be able to see things in their proper light." When the incredulous laughter subsided he quietly explained. "You see, I clean the windows of his new office!"

L'Affaire Trost.

I DO NOT grieve overmuch about the exit of Mme. Bertha Trost. I should say that her espionage was undoubtedly the least of her iniquities, about which, perhaps, the less said the better. To anyone who knew nothing else about her, she was an imitating *poseuse*, and her crinolines, pokebonnets, and so on were worn solely to attract attention. In this object she certainly succeeded.

My Libel.

I MUST ADMIT that rather more than a year ago, when I knew nothing about her at all, I was struck with her unique appearance when driving in the Park to the extent of calling attention on this page to the "picturesque old lady in Early Victorian costume, etc." I added some reference to her "parchment-like skin." Now, although this was not intended to be offensive, it is not exactly a delicate compliment to any lady. In the case of a "beauty specialist," as Mme. Trost claimed to be, whose profession is to make ladies' skins unparchmentlike, it smacks of libel.

When We Met.

ANYWAY, a rather unpleasant correspondence was the result, and eventually Madame arrived at the *Daily Sketch* office herself, and favoured me with a personal interview. Her old-fashioned landau, with its pair of grey horses, became the centre of attraction in Shoe-lane while the interview was in progress. Madame herself, in her usual comic costume, was very voluble, and impressed me as a clever old harridan. A few weeks later I learned what all London knows, or guesses at, to-day.

Whines About Wines.

HERE IS a story which in these times may have a moral of its own if you care to look for it. It was told me by the owner of a Soho restaurant, so it may be founded on fact. We were talking about wines, and he was telling me what to choose and what to avoid in London—always an interesting thing to know. A few wines, he agreed, were to be trusted in London, "but as to the rest, do you not know the story of the wine-grower who, on his deathbed, sent for his much-loved son? 'Mon enfant,' said he, 'before I die I have one secret to tell you. You can make wine from grapes—if you like.'"

The Revengful Sex.

AGAIN and again has it been impressed upon me by various charming married ladies of my acquaintance, whose husbands have enlisted, that they find nothing so stimulating as a visit to the parade ground, where they can watch hubby being "told off" by an unfeeling non-com. It makes them want to be quite kind to him at home.

The Dunrobin Fire.

THE Duke of Sutherland must have had an anxious time during the past week-end owing to the serious fire at Dunrobin. Both he and the Duchess were in residence at the time, as well as a considerable number of wounded soldiers. The young couple were most active in their attempts to quell the outbreak, but when a place of the size of Dunrobin gets on fire, with the nearest town of any importance, Inverness, a three hours' railway journey distant, it is a serious matter. The Duke has still Lilleshall House, Shropshire, and a house in Portman-square (Stafford House is, of course, a thing of the past as far as the Sutherlands are concerned), but Dunrobin has always been the favourite seat of the family.



(Photo: Lafayette.)

A Good Sign.

I THINK it's a healthy symptom that every casual young man in mufti with whom you drop into conversation begins by giving you a long and, I hope, veracious account of his (unsuccessful) efforts to get into the Army. It is unnecessary to ask him any questions—he slings it all at you by way of introduction, and gives you a short diagnosis of his various constitutional maladies with a frankness quite unknown before the war. He seems to feel that it is up to him to justify himself, and it is something that we have even reached that stage.

To War Hoaxers.

THE young gentlemen in the City who start sensational rumours about the war had better desist, or they will be prosecuted under the "Defence of the Realm Act." This from a legal friend who says that the punishment would undoubtedly be imprisonment, with hard labour.

We Smokers.

"GIVE us a match, 'gavner!" He really was one of the tiniest boys I have ever seen, and this is how he addressed me in a tube lift yesterday, waving in his puny hand an unlighted cigarette. I apologised. I hadn't a match. "Well, then, lend us yer cigar a second," was his next remark. That boy will get on—if he doesn't die of tobacco heart before he's 12.

"A Marriage Has Not Been Arranged . . ."

YOUNG SIR RICHARD SUTTON is in all respects such a desirable catch from a matrimonial point of view that stories concerning his engagement have been going round the town ever since his coming-of-age a couple of years ago. In the case of all of them I strongly suspect that "the wish is father to the thought." However, these rumours have at length become so persistent that Sir Richard has just seen fit to publish the fact that there is no foundation for them whatever. His friends will doubtless sympathise with him on account of these petty annoyances. Sir Richard is very wealthy as, in addition to London estates, comprising a considerable portion of Piccadilly, he owns 13,000 acres and a fine place, Benham-Valance, in Berkshire. Like most young men in his station of life, he is at present "doing his bit."



(Photo: Marvall.)

Tea-Training For The Trenches.

WHISKY-AND-SODAS are hopelessly out of date in the Army. The smart subaltern drinks tea nowadays. He takes it after the Russian fashion—with two cigarettes per cup. One of the most fashionable of West End tearooms was crowded yesterday afternoon with young officers up from Aldershot, and one of the knuts now in khaki, while winking at a particularly pretty waitress, portentously assured me that it is all part of the training for the trenches—tea-training, you see!

An Extra-Special "Special."

GEORGE ROBEY has been in trouble over his whistle. It has taken him quite a considerable time to get the proper note. He is carrying an extra pea in case the one already in the whistle goes on strike! "My great ambition," he says, "is to get placed at point duty. The public will then see the longest row of vehicles ever known. I shan't let anything pass."

"Kill That Fly!"

"THEN," he continued, "I shall round up a few thousand Germans. And after that I intend to have a shot at the fly nuisance. Gathering together a band of fellow-specials, I shall issue the order 'Draw batons!' followed by the word 'Charge!' The next moment every fly in the Strand will be in full retreat. It will be useless trying to surrender. No quarter, no prisoners." As a matter of fact, Robey takes his new duties quite seriously, and, as a special myself, I can tell you the job is no sinecure.

Cherry Ripe.

THE CHERRY season has begun, and may I beg all the charming and attractive young women who make the streets their midday luncheon rooms during the summer to be a little more careful what they do with their cherry stones. Woman is the greatest and most wonderful work of Creation, but it blinds you a little to her charms when she casually flips half a dozen cherry stones into your eye, and makes the pavements a *via dolorosa* for the pedestrian with thin boots. You may retort that they don't have thin boots in the Army, which is very crushing and smart.

Ciro's.

I FOUND *Ciro's* full on Sunday night and those in authority there joyful over past results and optimistic as regards the future. It certainly is a charming place, and no one could wish for a better dinner than that of which I was privileged to partake on this occasion. But when they think you have had enough (that is, if you have been dining in the middle of the room) they let the floor down a few inches and your table with it. Then they politely tell you that other people want to dance and that the howling Hottentots and Basuto banjobangers are about to start conversation-killing.

Debussy—And The Rest.

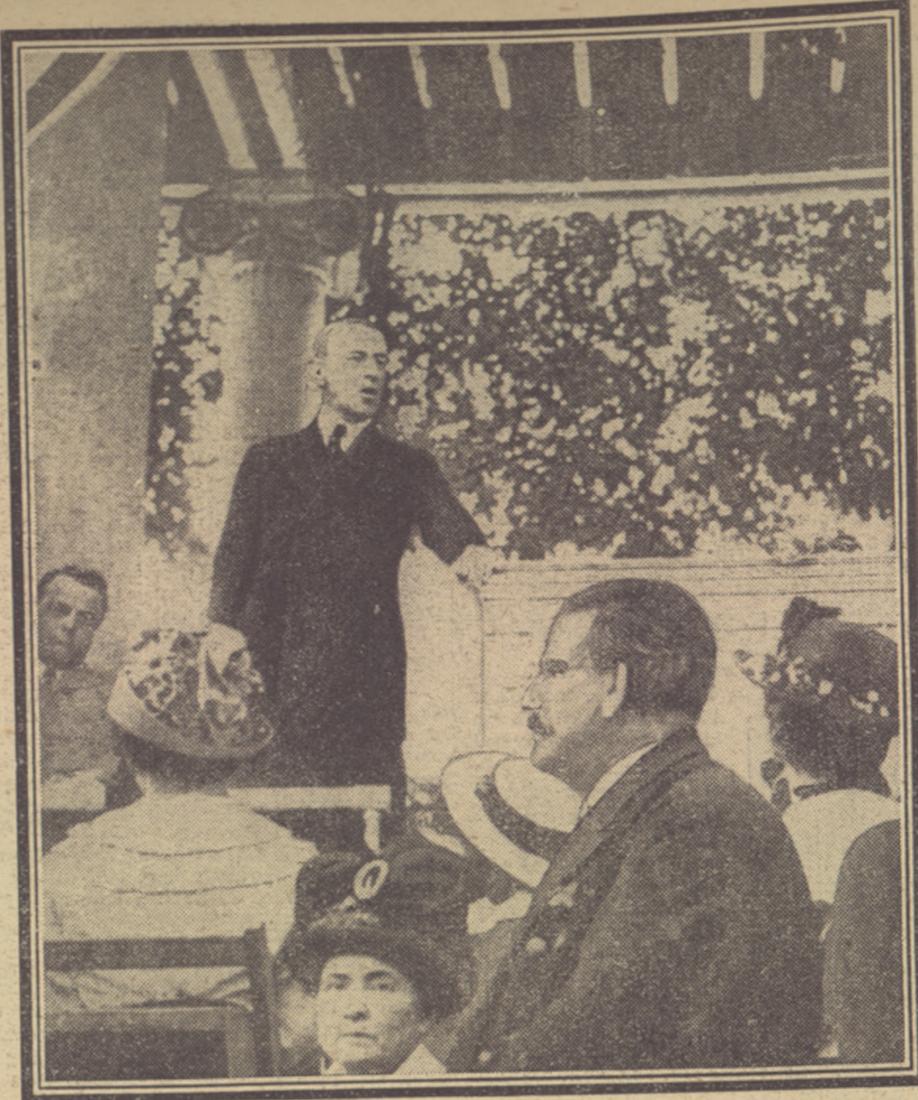
THE STRING band which preceded the ragtimers played some Debussy exquisitely. I revelled in it what time I watched the fairest young thing that ever massaged a tango-curl dipping giant asparagus into her *crème de menthe*. What a life! And the war on too.

MR. COSSIP.

AMERICA BIDS GERMANY REMEMBER THE MAINE.



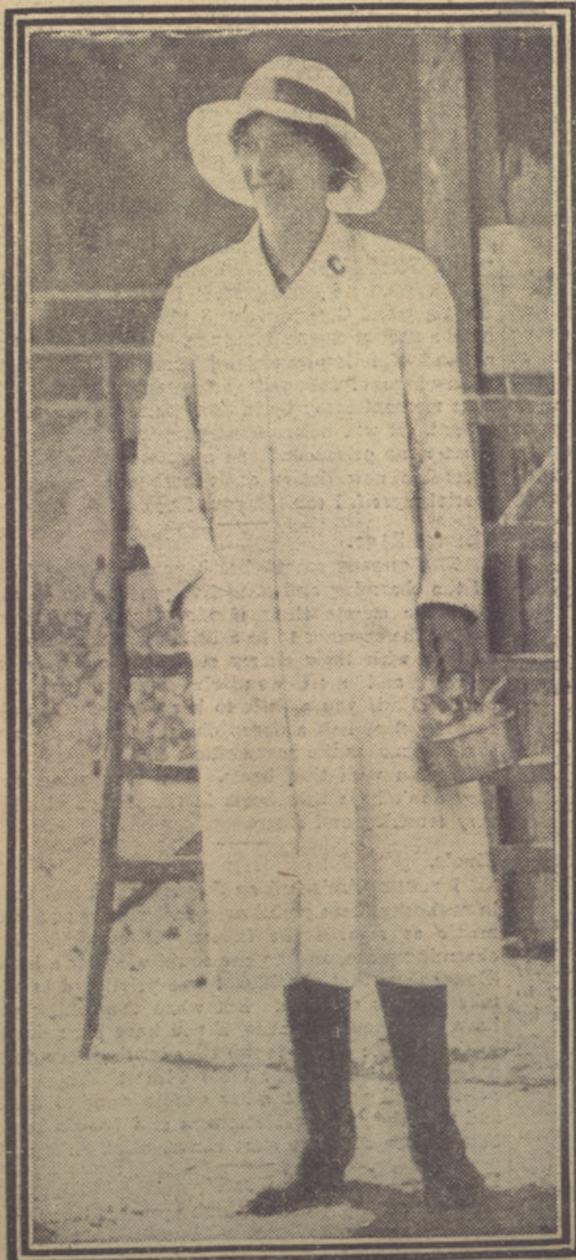
THE UNION OF



The Kaiser may boast of his "mailed fist," but President Wilson has the steel hand in the velvet glove. "Remember the Maine" is his unspoken message to Germany. The Maine monument has just been unveiled in Virginia.

The wounded Senegalese following the wounded French and white races fighting for civilisation.

WHITE-SMOCKED WOMEN GO INTO THE HAYFIELD TO DO THE WORK



The new "farmer's boy" is quite chic.



They are ready to do any kind of work in the farmyard.



The farmer's new "boy" drinks tea.

The "haymaid" is the latest product of the war. With the farmer's man gone to fight, the women have come forward to take his place. Yesterday a party of the Women's Defence

The metal mug takes the



Soldier, who is being helped by a sailor, typifies the union of black and white. Both were wounded on the Gallipoli Peninsula.



The bullet-shaped head and close-shaven hair emphasise the brutality of the face of the typical Hun of the rank and file. The ferociously cynical smile of the Kaiser, seen with the Grand Duke Frederick of Austria, marks the Hun in another aspect.



OF THE MEN WHO HAVE GONE TO FIGHT FOR THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.



of the china teacup in their kit. Corps started work in the hayfields of Mr. W. K. Goschen, a farmer of Eastcote, Middlesex.



A merry group among the hay which they have gathered.



The old hands are quite pleased with their new "mates." They are not jealous.



"Shoulder arms" as the "haymaid" knows it. Wearing gaiters and white smocks these new farmhands are quite smart.—(Daily Sketch, etc.)

Anæmia and 'Nerves'

Cured by Dr. CASSELL'S TABLETS, The All-British Remedy.

Mrs. Brickett, 16, Blucher Road, Camberwell, London, S.E., says:—"I was very nervous and anæmic, and such a martyr to indigestion that I was afraid to eat anything. Naturally I became so weak that I could hardly drag about. I suffered dreadfully from headache, and sometimes flatulence would set my heart fluttering till I didn't know what to do. My nerves were in a dreadful condition. I got hardly any sleep. For eighteen months this went on, though I had good advice and ever so much medicine. Nothing helped me at all till I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Then I improved, strength came back to me, and my nerves grew steady. I got rid of the indigestion and headaches, and now am quite well and strong."



Mrs. Brickett, London. I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Then I improved, strength came back to me, and my nerves grew steady. I got rid of the indigestion and headaches, and now am quite well and strong."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

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

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| NERVE PARALYSIS | INDIGESTION |
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| NERVOUS DEBILITY | PALPITATION |
| SLEEPLESSNESS | VITAL EXHAUSTION |
| ANÆMIA | PREMATURE DECAY |

and are specially valuable for nursing Mothers and 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 more economical. A Free Trial Supply will be sent to you on receipt of your name and address and two penny stamps for postage and packing. Address—Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd. (Box R4), Chester Road, Manchester.

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Now that the Huns have taken to poisoning the water in Flanders a box of Wrigley's Spearmint is doubly welcomed by our brave boys in khaki. It relieves thirst and saves Tommy from being forced to drink water which may be poisoned.

You can get a mammoth box of 40 bars for 1/6

sufficient to keep your soldier lad well supplied for several weeks. Every soldier appreciates Wrigley's Spearmint Chewing Gum—he does not tire of it as he does of chocolate (which only aggravates thirst.)

Wrigley's Spearmint stimulates, keeps one fresh; a thoroughly wholesome and agreeable change from smoking. It is a capital dentifrice, keeping the teeth white and clean. It is a splendid help to digestion, the mint juice which it contains is a natural tonic to the stomach. Sold by all chemists and confectioners. If you cannot obtain it locally, write direct to Wrigley's, Ltd., Lambeth Palace-road, S.E.

THE BEST GIFT FOR Soldiers.

SPEARMINT

1/6d. per bar.
5 Bars 2 1/2d.
Box of 40 Bars 1/3.

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DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 112), 26, DENMARK HILL, LONDON. UNREDEEMED PLEDGE SALE. SPECIAL SUPPLEMENTARY LIST OF THIS MONTH'S UNREDEEMED PLEDGES NOW READY. Sent Post Free List of 5,000 Sensational Bargains. Don't delay. Write at once. Guaranteed Genuine Items. IT WILL SAVE YOU POUNDS. A REVOLUTION IN PRICES—ASTOUNDING VALUE. ALL GOODS SENT ON SEVEN DAYS APPROVAL. BUSINESS TRANSACTED PRIVATELY BY POST.

12/6—(Worth £2 10s.) FIELD, RACE or MARINE GLASS (by Lefaier); powerful Binocular, as used in Army and Navy; 50 miles range; shows bullet mark 1,000 yards; wide field; saddle made sling case; week's free trial; sacrifice, 12s. 6d.; approval, 10s. 6d. before payment.

32/6—POWERFUL BINOCULAR FIELD or MARINE GLASSES, great magnifying power (by Lumiere); most powerful glass made, name of ship can be distinctly read five miles from shore, brilliant field of view; in Solid leather case; week's free trial; worth £5 10s.—sacrifice, £1 12s. 6d.

12/9—(Worth £2 10s.) BABY'S LONG CLOTHES, superfine quality, magnificent parcel; 40 articles, everything required. Exquisite embroidered American Robes, etc.; beautifully made garments, the perfection of a mother's personal work; never worn; sacrifice, 12s. 9d. Approval willingly.

10/6—GENT'S 18-ct. Gold-cased Keyless Lever Hunter Watch, improved action; 10 years' warranty; timed to a few seconds a month; also double-curb Albert, same quality, with handsome compass attached. Week's free trial. Together, sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval before payment.

19/9—SUPERFINE QUALITY BLANKETS, magnificent parcel, containing 10 exceptionally choice and large-size Blankets. Worth £3 5s.; sacrifice, 19s. 9d. Approval.

22/6—(Worth £4 10s.) Powerful FIELD, MARINE or RACE GLASSES, as supplied to the War Office; 8-lens magnification power, large field of view; time by church clock distinctly seen three miles away; in brown English leather sling case; week's free trial; sacrifice, £1 2s. 6d.

4/9—PRETTY NECKLET, with Heart Pendant attached, set Parisian Pearls and Turquoise; 18-ct. gold (stamped) filled in velvet case. Bargain, 4s. 9d. Approval willingly.

12/6—GENT'S Massive Double Albert; 18-ct. Gold stamped filled solid links, curb pattern; 12s. 6d. Ap. (Worth £4 4s.)—LADY'S Solid Gold English Hall-marked WATCH BRACELET, will fit any wrist, perfect timekeeper. 10 years' warranty; week's free trial; 21s. Approval.

14/6—(Worth £2 2s.) Solid Gold Curb Chain Padlock BRACELET with safety chain; 14s. 6d. Approval.

19/9—LADY'S Trousseau; 24 Superfine quality Night-dresses, Chemises, Knickers, Petticoats, Combinations, etc., worth £3 3s.; sacrifice, 19s. 9d. Approval.

8/6—MASSIVE CURB CHAIN PADLOCK BRACELET, with safety chain; solid links; 18-ct. gold stamped, filled, in velvet case. Sacrifice, 8s. 6d. Approval willingly.

49/6—(Worth £10 10s.) GENT'S Solid Gold English Hall-marked Keyless Lever, centre second, high-grade Chronograph Stop Watch (R. Stanton, London); jewelled, timed to minute month; 20 years' warranty; 7 days trial; 49s. 6d.

21/-—(Worth £4 4s.)—Baby's Long Clothes, superfine quality, magnificent parcel; 72 articles, exquisite Embroidered American Robes, etc.; everything required; beautiful garments, never worn; bargain, 21s. Approval willingly.

12/6—LADY'S handsome 18-ct. GOLD CASED KEYLESS WATCH EXPANDING BRACELET; fashionable pattern; will fit any wrist; perfect timekeeper; 10 years' warranty; sacrifice, 12s. 6d.; week's free trial. Approval willingly.

8/6—GENT'S Handsome 18-ct. Gold-cased Keyless Watch, with fully radiomised luminous hands and figures; time can be distinctly seen at night; high grade lever movement, timed to minute month; 10 years' warranty; week's free trial; 8s. 6d.

21/-—(Worth £4 4s.) Lady's Solid Gold English Hall-marked Keyless Watch, jewelled movement, richly engraved, 12 years' warranty; week's free trial; 21s.; also Lady's Handsome Solid Gold Long Watch Guard, worth £4 8s.; sacrifice, 21s.

3/9—RING, gipsy set; worth 15s.; sacrifice, 3s. 9d.; approval.

19/6—(Worth £3 3s.) GENT'S Fashionable Smart Grey Yorkshire TWEED JACKET SUIT, by Longford, high-class tailor; splendid quality, latest West End style and finish, never worn; breast 39in., waist 36in., leg 32 1/2in.; sacrifice, 19s. 6d.; approval willingly.

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THEATRES.

AMBASSADORS.—"MORE," an entirely New Revue, by Harry Grattan and Edward Jones. To-morrow at 8 sharp (following evenings 8.30). First Matinee Sat. next, at 2.30. Box Office 10 to 6. Regent 2890.

COMEDY. TO-NIGHT at 8.45. A new farcical Comedy, MR. AND MRS. PONSONBY, by Walter Hackett. Preceded at 8.15 by Mr. Ernest Hastings. MATINEES WEDS. and SATS., at 2.30. Box Office 10 to 10.

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CRITERION. Tel. Ger. 3844. To-night at 9. MILTON ROSMER and IRENE ROOKE present "THE HILLARYS" (last 3 nights). At 8.30, Irene Rooke in "Followers." Last Mat. Wed. at 2.30.

DALY'S. MR. GEORGE EDWARDS' New Production. **BETTY.** TO-NIGHT at 8. Matinee Sats., at 2. Box Office, 10 to 10. Tel. Gerrard 201.

GAIETY. TO-NIGHT'S THE NIGHT. Geo. Grossmith, Jas. Blakely and full Gaiety Company. Evenings 8.15. Mat. (full cast) Sat., at 2.15.

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

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

HIS MAJESTY'S.—Proprietor, Sir Herbert Tree. EVERY EVENING at 8.30. MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 2.30.

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.

LYRIC. TO-NIGHT at 8.15. "ON TRIAL." MATINEES WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 2.30.

NEW. MR. MARTIN HARVEY. EVGS. 8.15. MAT. SAT. 2.30. (One Week only.) "THE CORSIKAN BROTHERS." Preceded by "The Conspiracy." MR. MARTIN HARVEY in both Plays.

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

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

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. 6666. Prices, 7s. 6d. to 1s.

STRAND. HENRY OF NAVARRE. To-night at 8. (Last 7 Performances this Season.) JULIA NELSON and FRED TERRY. Last Matinee Wed. and Sat. at 2.30. Tel. Ger. 3830.

VAUDEVILLE. ARTHUR BOURCHIER. Nightly at 8.45. Mats. Weds. and Sats., 2.30, in "THE GREEN FLAG," by Keble Howard. Also CONSTANCE COLLIER. LILIAN BRAITHWAITE. At 8.15, "April Fools," by J. E. Harold Terry.

WYNDHAM'S. To-night at 8.30 sharp. GERALD du MAURIER and LEWIS WALLER in "GAMBLERS ALL." Matinee Every Wednesday and Saturday, at 2.30.

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 Wednesday, 2.15, and Saturday, 2.30. (Reduced Prices.)

COLISEUM.—TWICE DAILY at 2.30 and 8 p.m. TABLEAUX DE GUERRE, MILLS, DORZIAT, ELLALINE TERRIS, PHYLLIS DARE, OYRA and DORMA LEIGH, RINALDO, ETHEL IRVING and CO., etc., etc. Tel. Ger. 7541.

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HIPPODROME, LONDON.—Twice Daily at 2.30 and 8.30 p.m. New Production entitled "PUSH AND GO," including SHIRLEY KELLOGG, VIOLET LORRAINE 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.

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

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DAVIS and CO. (Dept. 110), 284, BRIXTON-ROAD, LONDON. GREAT CLEARANCE SALE OF UNREDEEMED PLEDGES of every description at less than one-third original cost price, including Watches, Jewellery, Plate, Clothing, Furs, Musical Instruments, Field Glasses, Guns, etc., etc. WRITE FOR LIST OF 5,000 ABSOLUTELY GENUINE BARGAINS POST FREE. ALL GOODS SENT ON 7 DAYS APPROVAL. BUSINESS TRANSACTED PRIVATELY BY POST.

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ZEPPELIN RAID DANGERS.

PRIVATE CITIZENS RECOMMENDED TO TAKE PRECAUTIONARY MEASURES.

How to Protect your Home against Fire from German Incendiary Bombs.

Important New Invention which Minimizes Risk of Danger to Life and Property.

In view of the serious and apparently well-founded statement that this country is threatened with a series of invasions by Fleets of Zeppelin Airships carrying Incendiary Bombs of a high explosive nature, the greatest importance attaches to an invention announced for the first time this morning, which affords practical protection against fire and danger to life and property.

As every one knows, it is not the mere dropping of a bomb that is so much to be feared, as the serious after-danger from fire, owing to the fact that these bombs are charged with Thermit, a terrible compound, which upon ignition immediately generates the enormous heat of 5,000 degrees Fahrenheit, which can best be realised when it is stated that at this heat cast steel runs like melted tallow.

TAKE PRECAUTIONARY MEASURES NOW.

It may be that the next Zeppelin raid will find the Fire Brigades too busy to attend to all the outbreaks that may arise. No one would willingly risk his or her life, or the lives of their children, not to mention the serious damage that might be done to property simply by neglect. Therefore, it becomes the duty of every one to take precautionary measures now, and place in their homes one or more of these simple safeguarding inventions.

"Antizep," as the new chemical compound is called, although quite harmless in itself, nevertheless possesses the extraordinary property of being able to at once overcome and extinguish fire caused by Thermit or other bombs.

The invention is in the form of a simple Hand Grenade, which can be kept in convenient places in the house, and when fire of any description breaks out, it is simply thrown into the flames.

There is not the slightest danger in having these Hand Grenades about the house. They are so absolutely harmless that even a little child can play with them. You hang them on the wall of any room you wish, and even if you are fortunate enough to escape all the vaunted threats of German Zeppelin Frightfulness in your own household, the "Antizep" Hand Grenade is always a most useful safeguard in the event of fire. Particularly should all persons resident in country and rural districts secure one or more immediately, and no garage should be without its "Antizep," as this marvellous compound is equally effective in the case of petrol fires.

INVALUABLE PROTECTION FOR EVERY HOME.

The cost of an "Antizep" is so trifling, and the risks run from fire so great, that it would be foolish indeed for any home to be without one or more.

At a cost of only 5s. 3d. carriage paid you can place the "Antizep" in your own home so that when the Zeppelins with their incendiary bombs arrive, no matter where fire breaks out, it can be dealt with at once.

If possible an "Antizep" should be hung in each room of the house. Its modest cost will debar no one from its protection. Already arrangements have been made to distribute "Antizeps" on a large scale throughout the country, and to secure one or more with full instructions for use for the protection of your home and property it is only necessary to send P.O. or Cheque for 5s. 3d. (or three will be sent carriage paid on receipt of remittance for 15s., or 7 for 30s.). All orders must be sent direct to the Sole Licensees, Sanalak, Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, 46, Vine-street, Clerkenwell-road, London, E.C.—Adv't.

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A beautiful and useful article; silver-plated Tea Spoons, made in Canada, by Canadian workmen; embossed designs of

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BABY'S LONG CLOTHES: 50 PIECES, 21s. The "Max" Layettes, supremely beautiful. Materials pure and good. Instant approval.—Mrs. MAX, The Chase, Nottingham.

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What Women Are Doing.

Garden Fete At Hampton Court—Work In The Hospitals—Women Give A Motor Ambulance.

I WANT to thank E. T. very much for "a greeting from Scotland," and for the lovely box of lilies of the valley that I received, as fresh as if they had just been gathered.

Society Girls As Waitresses.

A garden fete and auction sale of modern and antique furniture in aid of the Auxiliary Military Hospital, Isleworth, was held on Saturday at Hampton Court House. The bidding was brisk and good prices were given for old furniture and rare china.

Tea was served in the beautiful garden, where an alfresco concert took place, and I noticed many of the ladies who have apartments in the Palace helping energetically. The daughters of Lady White (widow of the hero of Ladysmith) were acting as waitresses, and Miss Drummond Wolff, looking very pretty in tussore silk, was distributing programmes. Mrs. Frank Henderson, who has just returned from helping in a Paris hospital, looked extremely well in black and white. The money realised will help to swell a fund that is in need of support.

The King George Hospital.



MARCHIONESS OF RIPON.
(Lallie Charles.)

and sister of the Earl of Pembroke.

A Haven Of Rest.

Somehow just now I cannot resist the Thames and its surroundings, so I spent this last week-end at Sonning. Have you been there? If not, hurry up and go. The White Hart Hotel annexe is the place to stay at. It consists of six sweet old cottages knocked together and then rolled into two—if you understand what I mean. The tout ensemble makes a charming old-world picture; the inside is beyond all praise. Lots of people motored to Sonning on Sunday, taking tea in a delightful rose garden on the banks of the river. On a week-day I should think it was a perfect haven of rest, and just where I'd love to be.

Other Game Now.

The London Diocesan Church Lads' Brigade gave a display of drill at Bute House, Hammer-smith, on Saturday, in aid of their funds. The grounds looked beautiful, so Kitty tells me, and added to the attractiveness of the scene. The boys, perfectly trained, went through their drill with military precision. The Grand Duke Michael of Russia received the salute. A great number of well-known people were present, including Lady Swettenham, looking charming in blue, who sold flowers. Captain Seton-Karr, who has given up big game hunting for military service, was helping generally.

What The Man Thought.

I went to the Alhambra ostensibly to see the revue "5064 Gerrard," but really to look at Gaby's dresses "designed by herself." She wears some wonderful headdresses, but about her costumes I cannot do better than quote a remark made by a man who was sitting near me. "Well," he said, "they put on the programme 'Miss Deslys' frocks designed by herself; when do we see them?" The dresses in the revue are well worth seeing, and I also saw and admired many startling garments in the stalls. The Ethel Levey hair-dressing was noticeable, but does not become everyone. It takes a very clever woman to play tricks with her hair.

Good Cooking.

A series of cookery classes has been organised by Miss Silvester Samuel and Lady St. Cyres, with Miss Strutt as secretary. They have secured a very clever professional Belgian to give and demonstrate these lessons. She makes the classes most interesting and can always give scientific reasons for her methods. She not only instructs beginners and experienced cooks, but teachers of cooking have learnt much from her. There are two classes of lectures—economical and high-class cooking—each being held twice a week at the

Passmore-Edwards Institute, Tavistock-place, only two minutes' walk from Russell-square Station.

Where Did You Get Those Pearls?

I do hope "The Green Flag" will be a success, because a part of the profits are to go to war funds. The second act is amusing. Everybody acted very well indeed, and Miss Constance Collier, whose clothes have already been so much discussed, wore a beautiful pearl necklace. I wonder if Mme. Clara Butt, who was in a box the night I was there, recognised it!

Do Try This Soup.

The price of meat is at present so high that the clever housewife has to resort to every means in her power to economise and at the same time to make the best of an anti-meat dinner. Kitty, whose dinners have always been and still are the last word in cookery, gave me this excellent "spring soup" recipe, which is just as good cold as hot, and topped the menu the other night when I dined with her. Corn cutlets served with a delicious sauce, asparagus, and gooseberry fool completed the meal. Here is the recipe for the soup:—Two lettuces, a little parsley, small bunch of spring onions, butter, beef bones, pepper and salt, put all ingredients into a saucepan with three pints of water, and bring to boiling point and strain. Wash the lettuces thoroughly and chop them up very finely. When well chopped add flour and thoroughly stir till the flour and salad are well mixed. When the mixture is boiling add the lettuce and flour, stirring well, and let it boil for five minutes. Then cover with a lid. Before serving mix the yolk of one egg into the mixture and serve very hot.

Lady Onslow's Hospital.

The Countess of Onslow has taken the very keenest interest in the work of her hospital at Clandon Park, Guildford. The Earl and Countess placed their beautiful home at the disposal of the War Office for use as a military hospital, to hold 100 beds. It has recently been affiliated to the King George's Hospital, and is intended to take the overflow patients. Lady Onslow, who is not only Commandant of the V.A.D., but vice-president of the Surrey branch of the B.R.C.S., spends a great deal of her time at the hospital, and has given help on many occasions in the wards.

A Delightful Concert.



LADY GLENCONNER.
(Lalayette.)

Lady Glenconner lent her picturesque old Queen Anne house, 34, Queen Anne's Gate, for the concert organised in aid of the fund to provide war-time work amongst girls seeking employment. Lady Glenconner, who came all the way from Scotland to be present at the concert, looked very attractive in a white gown, veiled with black, and wore a particularly becoming picture hat, wreathed with white flowers, and a red rose in her waist-belt. Her daughter, the Hon. Claire Tennant, was in white, and wore a band of Nattier blue ribbon round her pretty head, which made her look for all the world as though she had stepped out of one of her father's famous Romney pictures.

The concert took place in the picture gallery, which contains one of the finest private collections in London. The examples of eighteenth-century art are especially interesting. Rather a novel feature was the recitation, by such distinguished poets and literary men as Sir Henry Newbolt and Mr. Maurice Hewlett, of selections from their own writings—a most welcome innovation.

The Hon. Emily Kinnaird made an excellent speech on behalf of the charity.

The Women's Gift.

The Red Cross Society has been fortunate in securing Lady Llangattock as president for the County of Monmouth. Quite recently meetings have been held at Lady Llangattock's beautiful Monmouthshire home, The Hendre, to arrange about a motor ambulance, which is to be the gift of the women of that part of Monmouth.

MRS. GOSSIP.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. MELSTER (Cape Prov., S.A.).—I feel sure if your friend was in England she would have no difficulty in finding just the kind of work. If she decides to return let me know.
C. BROWNE (Nottingham).—Very glad to get your letter. So pleased you like my paragraphs.
AN ADMIRER (Piccadilly, W.).—Thank you. I am sure you cannot do better than enlist at once.



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CONFIDENCE IN POMMERN FOR THE NEW DERBY.

Favourite Not Likely To Fail For Lack Of Stamina.

DANGER ROCK'S POSSIBILITIES.

The outlook for the first extra meeting at Newmarket, which opens to-day, is most promising, and a really remarkable gathering can be predicted.

In the majority of cases fields will be of large dimensions, and the meeting is fraught with importance by the inclusion of the New Derby and New Oaks.

The former will be run to-day, and, according to present intentions, the seventeen horses left in will go to the post.

Pommern has all along been a good favourite, as he is entitled to be on his victory in the Two Thousand Guineas. Of course, we have found horses win the first of the season's classics in a similar manner only to fail at Epsom for want of stamina, and Pommern has yet to show that he can get a mile and a half.

In his gallops over the distance at home he has shown no signs of tiring, and the idea in the stable is that he will not fail for lack of stamina.

The one liked best next to Pommern at Newmarket is Danger Rock, who has been progressing all the season, and looks all over a stayer. He is a big, strapping chestnut, who was not overworked last season, and in his two outings this season he has shown himself to be a greatly improved colt.

He may have been lucky to beat Let Fly in the Newmarket Stakes, for the latter lost a lot of ground at the start, but Colonel Hall Walker's colt is very bad at the gate, and just as likely to leave himself as to start with the others.

France will be represented by Florimond, Le Melior, and Chickamaugwa, and nothing is known of the last-named. The other pair belong to M. E. Blanc, and Le Melior, the mount of Stern, is regarded as the better stayer.

In his one race in this country he was successful over a mile and a half, but the opposition did not amount to much. It is therefore impossible to say whether he is in the first class, but he is not likely to be troubled by the distance.

Others who have won over a mile and a half are Achtoi and King Priam, and the latter is, perhaps, the better-class animal. He was not disgraced when beaten by Carancho in the Burwell Plate, and he is certain to be suited by the track.

The Vizier has some sort of a chance on his third in the "Guineas," though he had not much to spare over Sunfire and Gadabout, of whom the last-named will be ridden by O'Neill, and is quite expected to run into a place.

I do not fancy any of the others, and regard Pommern as the best-class animal in the race, while he may be followed home by Danger Rock.

Some smart two-year-olds are engaged in the Tuesday Plate, but the smart Salandra may wait for the Ditch Stakes on Thursday. R. C. Dawson, however, will saddle Analogy, who has done well since finishing second to Laramie at Epsom.

I doubt if he will be able to cope with Clapperbill, however, for the latter is a good two-year-old, and he has won his two races in fine style. Turpitude colt does not stay a mile and a half, and George Graves, who won a race in runaway fashion in Ireland, has yet to run in this country.

Some of the others may be equal to effecting a surprise, but I shall rely on Clapperbill. The Maiden T.-Y.-O. Plate may chiefly concern Liserb, Shabash, and Wist, and I have most liking for the last-named, who ran green when second to King's Day at Newmarket last month.

There is certain to be a very large field for the Three-Year-Old Handicap, and China Blue will want beating, while Barbed Wire has done well of late with a view to the Chesterfield Handicap.

SELECTIONS. 1.15—Selling Plate.—BERRILLDON. 1.45—Three-Year-Old Handicap.—CHINA BLUE. 2.30—New Derby.—POMMERN. 3.10—Tuesday Plate.—CLAPPERBILL. 3.45—Maiden Two-Year-Old Plate.—WIST. 4.25—Chesterfield Handicap.—BARBED WIRE. 5.0—A Plate.—DRAGOMAN.

Double. POMMERN and CLAPPERBILL. TO-DAY AT NEWMARKET. 1.15—A SELLING PLATE of 200 sovs; 1 1/4m.

Table listing race results with columns for horse name, odds, and jockey. Includes Archiestown, Elaine, Pennant, Baccara, Silver Ring, White Surrey, A-borak, Cringlemire, Haki, Valona, St. Ronald.

2.30—THE NEW DERBY STAKES. Sweepstakes of 100 sovs each, with 1,000 sovs added (given by Lord Derby), for three-year-olds, each 9st. Suffolk Stakes Co. 1 1/4m.

Table listing probable starters and jockeys for the New Derby Stakes. Includes Lord Carnarvon's b c THE VIZIER, Mr. J. B. Joel's b c SUNFIRE, Mr. J. A. de Rothschild's b c APOTHECARY, Col. Hall Walker's b c LET FLY, Col. Hall Walker's b c FOLLOW UP, Mr. W. J. Taten's b c THE REVENGE.

Table listing horses and jockeys for the Tuesday Plate of 300 sovs; 5f. Includes Salandra, Verge, Saitaire, Polydonia, Hoop La, Hatpin, Ranger, Erin's Beauty, Crimpr, Soapstone, Polydamon, Condottiere, Bayard, Scotch and Polly, Dusky Boy, George Graves, Clapperbill, Game Hen, Theovil, Neiljar, Pizaro, Leisure, Harrow Hill, Boxton.

Table listing horses and jockeys for the Maiden T.Y.O. Plate of 103 sovs; 5f. Includes Polydonia, Neville, Earn, Liserb, Polyphonic, Jack Tar, Bruised, Aboyne, Helene, Chieftain, Crestan Swell, Rock Ahoj, Brown Moor, Amphitryon, Gilbert the Filbert, Mesquite, White Pearl, Moretta, Miranda, Fisher, Hemlock.

Table listing horses and jockeys for the Chesterfield Handicap of 200 sovs; 5f. Includes The Boss, Happy Warrior, Saint Georges, Trinity Square, Dropwort, Coronis, San Stefano, Highwayside, King's Scholar, Silver Spray, Clap Gate, Cattistock, Archelaus, Vanitie, Barbed Wire, Bambusa, The Bimkin, Consul, Rockfoil, Ashpar.

Table listing horses and jockeys for the 5.0—A PLATE of 150 sovs; 6f. Includes Per Annum, King's Chancellor, Prince Igor, Dorian, Swiftfoot, Sleepy Knight, Floridan, Equipoise, Syracuse, Allegory, Sun Umbrella, Athol Blair, Pangbourne, Ardath.

Table listing horses and jockeys for the 1.45—THREE YEAR-OLD HANDICAP of 200 sovs; 1m. Includes Marcius, Esplandian, Zuider Zee, Clever Dick, Contino, Eastington, Wallon, China Blue, Lambic, Thrice, Queen's Bay, Dame Prudent, Yankee Pro, Queen Desmond, Sir Thomas, Search, Market, Sanctum, Alfana, Windlesham, Sentiment, Duckwing Game, Philo, Spring Thyme.

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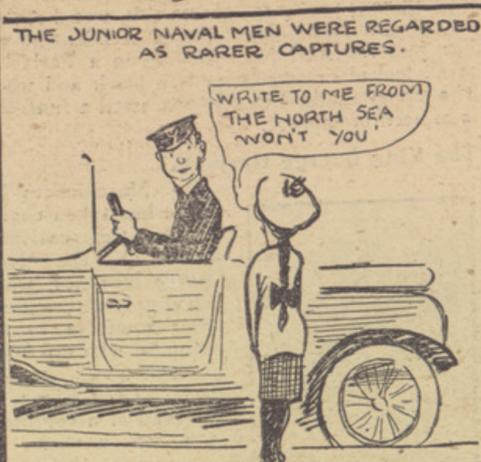
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The above are here.

EVEN KITCHENER MAY BE A FLAPPER'S VICTIM



The flapper has gone "Service" mad. Some, we learn, number captains at the front among their corresponding beaux.

CITY MEN AND ARSENAL WORK.

Money Market Thinks No More Laxity Will Now Be Seen.

When the Stock Exchange reassembled yesterday after Saturday's holiday, the talk was all of the voluntary work performed at Woolwich Arsenal, and the hope was expressed that the committee would continue Saturday holidays throughout the summer in order that the good work might be continued.

There was not much business doing, but a firm tone prevailed, the feeling being that at last we have commenced to take the war seriously, and that there will be no further complaint of laxity on the part of the Government.

American securities had a sharp rise, but this does not mean that there is any display of animation in the market.

A feature was a demand for the shares of the base metal companies, and a further rise occurred in the price of tin to £174 15s. per ton. Brazilian Traction shares had a sharp relapse, and the Oil Market was less firm except as regards Shell Transports, which further improved.

The Strathmore Rubber Company recommends a dividend of 12 1/2 per cent. compared with 5 per cent. in 1913. For the current year the company ought to be able to pay 17 per cent., and the shares may be regarded as a good purchase anywhere near 30s.

LIVERPOOL COTTON.—Futures closed quiet; American 3 1/2 to 4 1/2 down, Egyptian 3 to 5 down.

CHILDREN AS FRUIT PICKERS.

One hundred and twenty boys and girls from the Hornsey County School, Harringay, are going to spend their summer holidays fruit picking. It is understood that they will be paid for their work, and live in huts.

Coupon for DAILY SKETCH £1,000 PATRIOTIC NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION.

Advertisement for THE BENNETT COLLEGE (S.K. Dept.) SHEFFIELD. Includes text 'FREE LEARN A TRADE' and 'WHY YOU SHOULD STUDY ELECTRICITY & HOW ENGINEERING & HOW DRAUGHTSMANSHIP & HOW MARINE ENGINEERING & HOW HOW TO STUDY MINING.'

Advertisement for ANDREWS' LIVER SALT. Includes text 'THERE'S HEALTH IN every spoonful of Andrews' Liver Salt. There's a new energy—a new vitality for YOU. Andrews' clears the blood—wakes up the liver—and quickly restores "tone," vigour and health. Insist on ANDREWS' LIVER SALT.'

Advertisement for No MORE GREY HAIR. Includes text 'You can easily avoid that most disquieting sign of age—grey hair—by using VALENTINE'S EXTRACT (WALNUT STAIN), which imparts a natural colour, light brown, dark brown, or black, and makes the hair soft and glossy. It is a perfect, cleanly and harmless stain, washable and lasting. One liquid, most easy to apply. No odour or stickiness. Does not soil the pillow. Price 1/6, 2/6, and 5/6 per bottle. Post free, securely packed. Address—S. VALENTINE, 46a, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.'

BEGIN THIS THRILLING SERIAL STORY TO-DAY.

THE MYSTERY OF THE RAJAH'S PEARL.

An Anglo-Indian Romance Of Love And Crime. By Fred M. White.

SYNOPSIS OF THE FIRST INSTALMENT.

ENID HARGREAVES, member of a famous old family, who has adopted nursing as a profession, visits her lover,

PHIL MASSINGHAM, who is lying in bed with a sprained ankle. Massingham is worried by the attentions of a mysterious gang, who demand money by sending him tiny seed pearls, each of which means a call for £100.

Behind these attentions lies a secret, which Massingham is not at liberty to divulge, but it concerns another Englishman besides himself. He fears that unless he pays the £1,000 which has been demanded from him he will be murdered.

As he is helpless, Enid sets out on a motor-cycle for Bedford to see Sir John Drury, one of Massingham's companions in the adventure which led to the mysterious demands. On the road a storm drives her into a roadside inn, where she meets

A VEILED WOMAN in costly furs, who is also storm-bound. The woman, pleading that she has sprained her wrist, gets Enid to address an envelope to X.Y.Z., care of a London newsagent's shop, and puts into the envelope ten seed pearls.

Enid feels that she has hit upon a possible solution of the mystery surrounding Massingham, and decides to follow the veiled woman when she leaves the inn and drives away in her motor-car.

A Short Chase.

Three minutes later the motor cycle was riding over the wet road in the track of the big car. It was possible to keep well out of sight or scound and follow the trail, for the tyre imprints were plainly visible in the roadway. For half an hour or more the chase went on, till a side road was reached down which the car had evidently travelled. It was a steep, badly made road full of loose flints, and it behoved Enid to be careful. She slid down slowly and cautiously to the bottom of the slope, and there for some reason the cycle suddenly began to fail. Ignition trouble beyond a doubt. Here, at any rate, was a delay of at least a quarter of an hour, and by that time the car would be far beyond her reach.

Close by was another branch road with a signpost indicating that Worley was distant some two miles. She knew the prosperous village by name; she knew that here was a place where she could get any reasonable repairs done. She faced as light-heartedly as she could the prospect of pushing the heavy machine all that way. But she might possibly do better than that. There might be some house close by where she could charter the services of a chauffeur. She unfolded her road map and examined it by the aid of a lamp. Close by was the residence of Lord St. Julien.

She pushed the cycle into a clump of bushes and started up the slope. At the end of a quarter of a mile she came to a picturesque lodge behind a pair of large iron gates, and beyond this a broad avenue fringed with elms. It was annoying to note that the lodge was empty, as Enid could see from the blank windows, for this meant a tramp through the park to the house.

It was a long tramp, too, but presently the avenue ended and disclosed a broad sweep of lawns and flower-beds backed by a grand old stone terrace, and beyond that the most beautiful specimen of black and white mediæval architecture that Enid had ever seen. There were lights in most of the windows, and the great arched doorway stood hospitably open, disclosing the grand oak-panelled hall beyond.

The Deserted Mansion.

Without the slightest hesitation Enid crossed the terrace and pulled the bell. She was not in the least nervous, for her nurse's training had rid her of all that. She could hear the big bell jangling in the distance as she stood there looking into the hall, a veritable art museum of pictures and statuary, glowing in the soft light of the shaded lamps. She could see the banks of flowers and feathery ferns, a whole picture blending harmoniously in a setting suggesting the age and mellowness that seem to go always with the house that takes no heed of the flight of time.

Yet, beautiful as it was, there was about it a silence that was strange and just a little sinister. In an odd way Enid was forced to the conviction that the place was empty. She rang for the fourth time more loudly and insistently, but no response came. There was not a soul upon the premises. And yet this conclusion was contrary to all the dictates of common-sense. Grand old mansions filled with art treasures and flooded with electric light are not left deserted and at the mercy of the public even in this well-regulated county, yet nobody came, though Enid rang the bell again till the clamour of it reverberated through the house like a fire alarm.

Still, there could be no doubt about it. It was impossible that there was so much as a dog on the premises. It was as if some awful plague had suddenly broken out, and master and man, mistress and servant had fled in terror before it. Enid should have been heartened by the light and luxury and cheerfulness of it all, but the suggestion of some appalling tragedy gripped her as in a vice, and for a moment she struggled with the fierce temptation to turn and fly. But that was not the stuff she was made of. She had seen too much horror and suffering in her nursing experience to turn her back upon any horror. Her courage came to her, and she advanced boldly into the house.

Everything appeared to be in perfect order; cheerful fires burned in every room, and most of the grates had been recently swept and garnished. In the noble dining-room, with its wonderful carved panels and painted ceiling, dinner had evidently been served for one. The gleaming silver still remained on the table, together with a decanter or two of wine, and a little of fruit, glowing and bloomy, rested on the gilt dishes. Whoever had

been dining there had finished his meal, for there was an empty coffee cup beside the dessert plate, with the end of a cigarette in a saucer.

It was all very strange and very bewildering, but there was no sign of haste or confusion anywhere, and so suggestion so far of tragedy. It was thrilling and exciting, too, filling Enid with curiosity and an intense desire to see this thing through to the end, whatever happened. But perhaps she could arouse somebody by ringing the electric bell. She pressed the little ivory button on a silken cord on the dinner table for the best part of a minute, and then suddenly she heard the shrill barking of a dog somewhere in the distance. The noise broke out so unexpectedly that Enid fairly started. She was shaking from head to foot now, but she was going to see this through all the same. The yelping cry of the little dog came nearer and nearer, then the girl's strained ears caught the sound of a footstep outside. It was a dragging, hesitating step, as if someone were suffering physically, or as if the newcomer were feeling his way in the dark in a strange place.

A little Maltese terrier came into the room and began barking wildly at Enid. He was followed a second later by a tall man in evening dress, a fine figure of a man, with a refined face, and a broad brow from which receded a mass of absolutely snow-white hair. At the first glance he might have passed for seventy, but in the brilliant light Enid could see that he was a comparatively young man, strangely and prematurely aged. And then Enid noted another thing, noted it with a heart full of pity and compassion. For the man, feeling his way to the table with a handful of letters, which he placed there, was blind.

"Miss Usher, I presume," he said. Enid was incapable of speech. Her eye had caught the letters on the table, and the top one, which had been through the post, was addressed to X.Y.Z., 41, Bridge-street, E.C. Where would this mystery finish?

The White Mouse.

Enid stood there staring at the pathetic figure in front of her and struggling hard to regain her scattered senses. It seemed as if the whole world had suddenly become involved in the strange problem which threatened to wreck all her future happiness. Half an hour ago she had not so much as heard of the name of St. Julien, and here he was in the centre of the stage, evidently one of the leading figures of the drama. Enid moved a step nearer to the table—she wanted to prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that her eyes had not deceived her. But no, there was the address plainly enough, evidently printed in bold letters to disguise the handwriting. She could even see the series of small excrescences on the envelope, and it needed no cleverness on her part to know that these had been made by the seed pearls within.

"My dear lady," St. Julien said, "you are strangely silent. I hope my appearance did not alarm you. Let me thank you for coming to my assistance so promptly. There are few women who would dare to enter a house like this, but I hear that you are the bravest of the brave. Did Mr. Farmer tell you anything of my story?"

"I must not deceive you," Enid said. "I don't want to feel that I am here under false pretences. You are Lord St. Julien?"

"I am that unhappy man undoubtedly. And you are Miss Usher, whom Farmer, the private inquiry agent—"

"I've never heard the name," Enid interrupted. "Indeed, to go further, I never heard the name of this house or its owner till I looked it out on the map half an hour ago. I am a nurse by profession, and my name is Enid Hargreaves. I left London this evening on most urgent business, and my motor-cycle broke down not far from your gates. In my extremity I turned in here, hoping to find assistance. You see I took it for granted that the owner of such a beautiful place would keep at least one car. I rang the bell, I rang again and again, but nobody came. I became alarmed. Feeling afraid that some terrible tragedy had happened, I ventured to enter the house. It is quite evident to me that your servants have deserted you entirely. Being a nurse, I am accustomed to unexpected catastrophes. Let me help you."

"At The Mercy Of Everybody."

"God knows I need it," St. Julien broke out passionately. "I am the most helpless and miserable creature on earth. It was bad enough to have the terror hanging over me day and night, but could manage to defend myself as long as I had the use of my eyes. Now I am at the mercy of every body. I am suspicious even of my friends. How am I to know that you are telling me the truth? Miss Usher ought to have been here long ago. I telephoned for assistance, and was informed that the lady was on her way. She was to pose as a relative of mine. She does not appear, but you come along instead with some story about a broken-down cycle, and—well, I don't know what to think. I am so helpless."

He threw out a hand with a gesture of despair that was infinitely pathetic. Enid felt herself drawn towards him.

"Oh, I can quite understand your feelings," she cried. "And I am telling you no more than the simple truth. Lord St. Julien, I am convinced that the hand of Fate has guided me here. Would it surprise you to hear the source of your trouble? I knew it directly I caught sight of one of the envelopes on the table. Am I right in supposing that there are ten seed pearls in it?"

(To be continued.)

"BUSINESS AS USUAL!"



This is not a war picture, but a photograph, taken at 10 a.m. yesterday, showing that with Maxson's, of New Oxford-street, the well-known costumiers, at any rate, business is "as usual." The ladies are keen about getting great bargains at the sale.

SKIN COMPLAINTS

ENTIRELY CURED by

VEGETINE PILLS

TRIAL BOX
SENT FREE

REMARKABLE
OFFER



Do you suffer from any kind of Skin Complaint? Have you a bad complexion? If so, this remarkable offer is made to you. We will send you absolutely free a sample box of VEGETINE PILLS and a tablet of VEGETINE SOAP. Write now to the proprietors, mention this paper, and enclose two penny stamps.

Remember if your complexion is bad it means that you are suffering from a skin complaint. If neglected, it will become worse and worse. You will be disfigured. Take it in time. Be cured NOW, so that you need never trouble about it any more. You can obtain a Perfect Complexion and cure every kind of Skin Ailment by taking VEGETINE PILLS.

Vegetine Pills are a certain and absolutely safe cure for pimples, blotches, eczema, spots, acne, blackheads, boils, and all other disfiguring skin troubles. They are absolutely safe to take and do not contain poison or any harmful drugs.

TEST A 1s. 1½d. BOX FREE OF CHARGE.

Purchase a box of VEGETINE PILLS. Take the usual dose for four days.

If you then see no improvement in your complexion, or feel no benefit in your general health, your money will be refunded to you in full, without any deduction whatever. The only condition made is that you return the unused Pills within 6 days of purchase.



Price 1/11, 2/9 and 4/6.

BE CAREFUL ABOUT SOAP.

To reap the full benefit of the VEGETINE treatment you should use the right kind of soap. VEGETINE SOAP is the best for you because, while it is specially made for delicate and sensitive skins, it assists the pills in their work of purifying the skin. Therefore, while taking VEGETINE PILLS you should use only VEGETINE SOAP.

TRY THIS PLAN.

Buy a box of VEGETINE PILLS TO-DAY from your local chemist. Follow the directions, and in three days you will notice an improvement. In ten or fourteen days you will be astounded by the change for the better in your appearance, and in a very short time you will have an absolutely perfect skin.

Sold by all chemists at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d., and the Soap at 9d. per Tablet; or direct, post free.

REMEMBER THE SAMPLE PACKAGE.

A Free sample box of VEGETINE PILLS and a tablet of VEGETINE SOAP will be sent by the proprietors. The David Macqueen Co., Paternoster Row, London, E.C., if you mention this paper and enclose two penny stamps. Write now, and for the rest of your life you will be thankful you did not neglect this offer.

WHY DO WE HARBOUR SPIES IN HIGH PLACES?

DAILY SKETCH.

BRIGHTEST AND BEST FOR WOMEN.
The Picture Paper you should get on Sunday is the **ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY HERALD.** It is full of Exclusive Pictures, and Social and Fashion Gossip all women want to read. Be sure you order **YOUR** copy NOW.

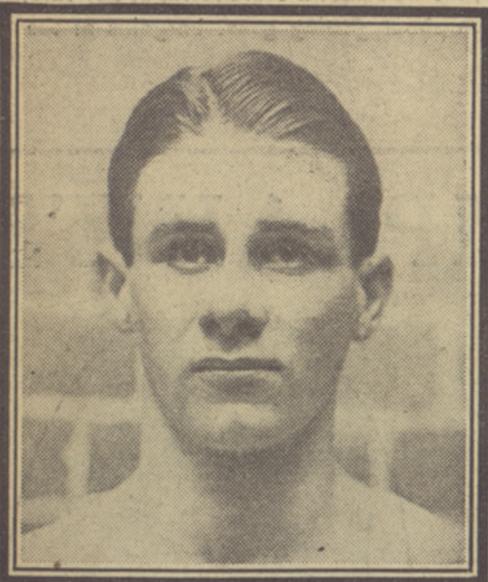
LONDON: Shoe Lane, E.C. MANCHESTER: Withy Grove. Telephone—8 Lines—Editorial and Publishing—Holborn 6512.

BRITAIN'S BEST PICTURE PAPER.

SPORT'S ANSWER.



Lieut. E. C. Loudoun-Shand, King's Royal Rifles and the Scottish Rugby International, is wounded.



Mr. S. I. Fairbairn, the young Eton athlete, has been wounded in action.



Captain Harold Wright, now of the Loyal North Lancers, is the well-known Leicester County cricketer.—(Bassano.)

THE FLAG FOR WHICH THEY DIED WAS THEIR SHROUD.

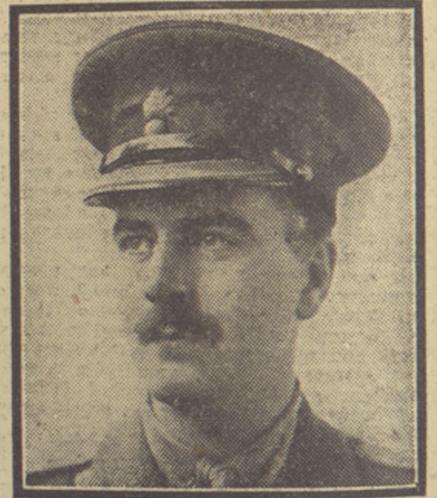


The funeral yesterday at Edmonton of Private Byrne, one of the victims of the Princess Irene disaster. He had died in his country's service as much as the man who had fallen in action, and Edmonton realised it.



The funeral, at Shotley, of four men who lost their lives when Torpedo Boats 10 and 12 were sunk by a German submarine. They were buried close to the spot where the Amphion victims lie.

FOR HIS COUNTRY.



Lieut. Seymour Corkran, died of wounds, was the son of Colonel Seymour Corkran. (Barnett.)

PREPARING TO UPHOLD THE FAMOUS TRADITIONS OF THE GUARDS.



Guardsmen in the making returning to Caterham Camp after a spell of trench digging. The spade is as useful almost as the rifle in modern conditions of warfare, and when they take their places in the line they will be proficient in the use of both.