

DAILY SKETCH.

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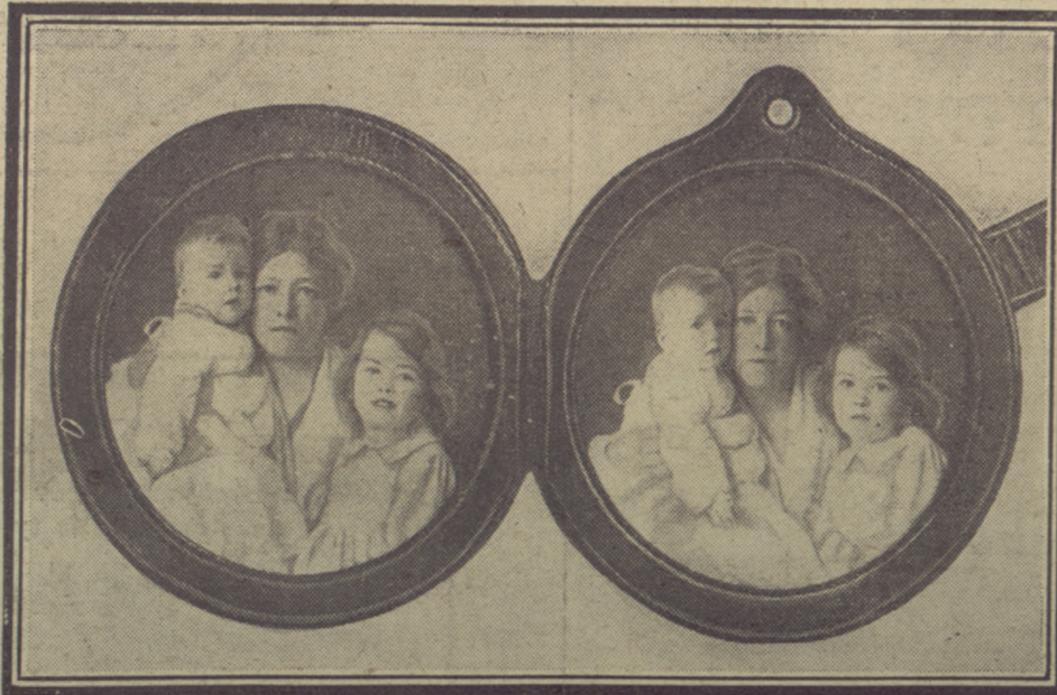
[Registered as a Newspaper.] ONE HALFPENNY.

'IT WAS GIVEN MY BROTHER BY A SOLDIER WHO WAS DYING'



Believed to have belonged to one of the Monmouthshires. The girl who sent this writes:—"It was given my brother by a soldier who was dying, and who asked my brother to tell the girl when he died. The card, found with five others, bears the name of a Northampton photographer. My brother himself has since been killed."

"The mother may identify her beautiful baby girl," writes the Warwickshire who sent this. "Margaret Doreen Swaby, aged 7½ months," is written on the picture.



Found in Belgium by one of the Royal A Fusiliers. Found in the trenches by one of the Gordon Highlanders. The man who sent it is now reported missing. Found in the trenches by one of the Gordon Highlanders. These pathetic relics from the battlefield sent by our soldiers to the *Daily Sketch* are a silent testimony to the humanity of the British soldier. Amid the grim and ghastly business of war he thinks of those at home—and not only of his own folk, but the mothers, wives and sisters of his comrades.

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Dunlop Definitions

1.—HIGH EXPLOSIVES.

A term that may aptly be applied to inferior cycle tyres.

DUNLOP

tyres, on the other hand, rarely go off, and though they have made considerable noise in the world such reports have always been to their advantage.



TAXING WAR PROFITS.

OF course, if we were a businesslike people there would be no war profits to tax. But as we are anything but practical in our methods of administration there are war profits and war profiteers. And the amusing thing is that we may end by taxing the wrong people. When we talk and think of war profits our mind goes to the big armament firms who in peace and war maintain great factories and skilled workers for the production of ships, guns, and ammunition.

AT the back of many people's minds is the idea that it is an immoral business to make armaments; and the suggestion to tax war profits is eagerly supported, because it is believed that the great armament companies should be punished by heavy taxation for their crimes. In fact, it is often urged that they should be taxed out of existence.

THIS is a most foolish theory. The armament firms are as essential to us as our Army and Navy. A glance at the Stock Exchange quotations will show, too, that war does not much enhance the value of armament shares. In other words, the great firms regularly employed in making war munitions are not expected by the profit-hunting dividend seekers to make huge gains from the war. Their output will be greater, but the cost of night work, extra labour, special wages, and high prices of raw materials eat up the net profits. The man who wants big dividends for his investment will probably get a better yield from a tea-shop or a picture palace than from an armament firm in war time.

THE real profiteers by the war are the people who can never be got at by the tax collector. They are the little contractors and sub-contractors who by the most subterranean methods sell things to the War Office at prices which only the War Office would pay. Early in the war we had tales of fortunes being made by innumerable alien contractors in the East End. Our gentle guests quickly established "corners" in everything, and the way prices soared was a shocking revelation of the unbusinesslike methods of the authorities. We saw officers begging in the Agony Columns of the *Times* for charitable assistance to help them in equipping themselves, because the prices of clothing, swords, field-glasses, etc., had risen to such an extent that the men could not afford to buy them out of their official allowance!

WE can never trace the fellows who made profits out of all these things. Many of them are now flourishing under the friendly shade of the Bankruptcy Act, others of them are trading with new names in fresh pastures. Our legal machinery is much too slow and clumsy to deal with them.

APOLOGISTS for the War Office will say that the poor officials there were busy with the war, and had no time to see that the nation's money was well spent. People forget that the one object of the War Office was to be prepared for war. It exists for nothing else. We make a great song about the wonderful work it did in sending an Army to France, in building wooden huts in mud swamps, and in buying up boots and clothes so expeditiously. We even profess to be amazed that the War Office manages to feed our soldiers in the field. But we have paid officials handsomely all these years to train for doing these things. That there has been appalling waste of money and material is best proved now by the fact that the Government is preparing to tax war profits. If the authorities had worked on business lines there would have been no war profits to tax.

AS for the war profits on coal, food, and the other necessities of the community, the process of exploitation is so cleverly worked and so complicated that taxing is but a very poor method of getting at the worst offenders. Prevention would have been far better than any curative process.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Echoes of the Town and Round About.

Royal Anniversaries.

NEXT MONTH sees the following Royal anniversaries:—July 6, anniversary of the marriage of the King and Queen and also the 47th birthday of Princess Victoria, his Majesty's sister; July 12, Prince John's (their Majesties' youngest son) birthday. His Royal Highness will then be ten years of age. Except privately, the first-mentioned event is never observed, but I understand that Princess Victoria will celebrate her birthday with the usual young people's party at Marlborough House. It will be somewhat smaller this year owing to the war.

Queen Alexandra At Richmond.

THE VISIT of Queen Alexandra to the camp at Richmond last week was a red letter day in the lives of some of the troops there. Her Majesty commanded Viscount Knollys to attend her, as his son is captain of the 16th London Yeomanry. He is, I believe, a godson of the Queen, but her Majesty did not recognise him in his uniform. It was not until he was specially introduced that the Queen recognised him, and then to commemorate the incident she directed a photographer who happened to be present to take a photograph of her with Captain the Hon. Tyrwhitt Knollys by her side.

Mother And Son.

I WELL remember Princess Henry of Battenberg once failing to recognise her own son—the late Prince Maurice—when he was in uniform at Wellington College. It was speech day, and the late King had gone down specially for the event. After the Princess had been there some time she asked one of the masters where her son was. Prince Maurice was standing within arm's length of her, but being one of the Guard of Honour for the King he could not make himself known to his mother.

The Devil's Own March Past.

THE Devil's Own have never shaped better than they did last Friday, when Sir Evelyn Wood reviewed the battalion in "Kitchener's Field" at Berkhamsted, so a spectator at the review tells me. The splendid figure of the old Field-Marshal, who sat his horse with all the grace and skill of a young man, must have been an inspiration to every private in the corps to get that baton out of his knapsack. About the bearing of Sir Evelyn there was simplicity and absence of official "side" that many a soldier of infinitely lesser reputation might do well to copy. His uniform—blue and red, like that of a French general in the field—was simple, and so was the speech he made.



Killed In Action.

I HAVE JUST heard of the tragic but gallant death, "somewhere in France," of Lieut. Edward Offley Rouse Wakeman, son of Sir Offley Wakeman, Bart., who is a landowner in Shropshire. Lieut. Wakeman was killed leading his men in a bayonet charge. Educated at Eton and St. John's, Oxford, Lieut. Wakeman had the prospect of a brilliant career. He had been engaged in agricultural research work; and, before he joined the Forces, was for some time on the staff of the Board of Agriculture as Inspector of Transit facilities. He was only 26.

Is It A White Elephant?

M.P.s SAY that the new tea-room, which was visited by the Queen the other day, is a quite unnecessary piece of expenditure. The Office of Works will be asked why they made this room. The Kitchen Committee did not ask for it, did not want it, and refuse, I hear, to take it over.

Famous Socialist Returns.

WE SHALL expect to see Mr. Cunningham Graham riding in the Row again, and looking for all the world as though he might have stepped out of a Velasquez picture. He has just returned from his beloved South America, where he has been for some months collecting horses on behalf of the Remount Department of the War Office. Mr. Cunningham Graham's ancestral seat in Scotland now belongs to Sir Charles Cayzer, the father-in-law of Admirals Jellicoe and Madden.

He Wasn't Thinking Of That.

THERE has been some joking among M.P.s at the expense of a worthy baronet in the House. The other day he proposed that the Government should issue leaflets to guide the people in the practice of economy. He is a paper manufacturer.

"Jaffery."

IT isn't often that I find time to read a novel, and it is still less often that I talk about it or its author on this page. But I'm inclined to think that W. J. Locke has given us the best thing so far of his literary career in "Jaffery."

To say that any novel excels the same author's "The Morals of Marcus" and "The Beloved Vagabond" is saying a good deal. "Jaffery" is all about Jaffery Chayne, a war correspondent, and a giant to boot. He is a strong man, but, fortunately, far from silent, as Mr. Locke has made him say plenty of interesting and amusing things. The book is full of that intangible but intimate thing which has come to be known among literary folk as "the Locke charm."



Hoppe

The Maidenhead Murray's.

THERE IS NO earthly reason why Murray's River Club shouldn't be an immense success, in spite of the war. Plenty of timid or captious people might object to visiting its parent in Beak-street on the strength that after all it is a night club, although, as most of us know, it is as decorously conducted as a vicarage drawing-room. But whatever can be wrong with having tea or dinner on the lawn at Bridge House, Maidenhead, in the pure country air?

A Charming Spot.

THIS is what I did on Saturday afternoon. Of course, the weather was divinely perfect, which added a lot to the success of my little jaunt to the town of punts and chorus girls, but Jack May really has made a charming spot out of that long-closed place opposite Skindle's. Bridge House was originally the abode of George Herring, and much of his fine old furniture remains. The house itself makes a comfy club, while the grounds contain a tennis lawn and a dancing floor.

Tea And Dinner.

I SAT on the lawn and consumed strawberries while I listened to the twanging of banjos and watched the river—a sadly depleted river, by the way. Punts were few, and men to push them along still fewer. Most of those that there were wore khaki, and some punted with a "Sam Browne" belt on. Later on we dined—a lengthy and excellent business. You can have a table on the lawn if you like, but you will dine inside if you are wise.

Royalty And Others.

A KINDLY SOUL whisked me in a motor to Taplow station for the 8.30 train, and I was in the Empire before ten. So were the Grand Duke Michael and his daughters, who had been in a box the whole evening. For the first time in his life George Graves was at a loss by reason of a little something that completely dried up one of his scenes. I saw him two minutes later in his dressing-room. He was sobbing like a child.

Engaged.

TALKING of the Empire reminds me that two of the principals—Lupino Lane, the agile, and Blanche Tomlin, the sweet-voiced—have been and gone and got engaged. Congratulations and felicitations to both!

More "More."

MORE ABOUT "More." It has been a rather theatrical week-end, hasn't it? But you may remember that I threatened on Saturday to give you a more detailed impression of the new show at the Ambassadors. Well, it is a splendid little affair, a true revue. It is witty, intimate, and amazingly clever. And as for beauty, well, with Iris Hoey and Delysia to start with, and half a dozen or more hours coming along behind (but not far behind), what more do you want?

Brains And Beauty.

BUT, IN this pretty boudoir of a theatre, you have to have brains, too. Everyone's got 'em. Iris Hoey is at her loveliest and brainiest. Morris Harvey has got his best chance since the days of "The Follies." Delysia does wonders with a crinoline, some people (it was in the dark) do some brilliant imitations, and I must go lots of times to see quaint M. Morton make a living war-map.

Warning!

I'LL put detectives on the track of the next person who writes to inform me that the Germans spell Kultur with a K because we have command of the C's.

His Reason.

BUT I should like to count among my friends the man (I have his letter) who said that it was "because the British Navy is invincible."

Exit Janis And Hallam.

THERE WERE TEARS as well as smiles at the Palace on Saturday night. I have rarely found an audience on such affectionate terms with its favourites as that which came to bid farewell to Elsie Janis and Basil Hallam. There was something more—I don't quite know what—about this occasion than a proof of vast popularity. The horror that is in the background of everything just now may have had something to do with it.

Fame—And Deserved.

I DON'T THINK anyone will grudge the pair their moment of triumph. Elsie Janis since she first came to London has deserved her fame by sheer genius; Basil Hallam, the immaculate Gilbert, the "nut," but never the "silly ass," has done what he had to do perfectly and modestly.

In the words of his song, he has "chosen his ties and changed his kit" without a bit of side. Now he is severing many ties of another sort and changing his kit—for khaki. He knows all about nuts. He will soon be busy with shells.

Farewell!

IT WAS an affecting scene, as the local papers say, when Elsie and Basil stood surrounded by flowers. Chorus girls mopped their eyes when Basil recited, very well indeed, a very serious little poem of Elsie's. And as for what happened at the stage door—well, I wonder they didn't call the "specials" out.

Wish Wynne.

BUT there is a consolation, and here she is—Wish Wynne, who comes to the Palace to-night. It will be her first appearance in revue, although on the "halls" she is a big star, and her brilliant work in "The Great Adventure" showed that she can do great things in comedy too. So there is no doubt whatever that she will be successful in her new line. Wish Wynne is full of personality, and has a fine sense of character. I'm glad she will appear in, among other things, a little sketch by Philip O'Farrell, in which she is the plain and sensible wife of a conceited actor. I saw this at the Empire at a charity matinee a few months ago, and was immensely struck by it.



Our Dumb Friends.

"OUR DUMB FRIENDS' LEAGUE" fête in the Botanical Gardens, which took place on Friday and Saturday, was a thoroughly enjoyable affair. It can be pronounced a success, but there is no use blinking the fact that what was wanted was more men—men with money and the courage to spend as in the good old days before the war. I looked in on the first day, and found fair young things as energetic and as importunate as ever. But they all made the same complaint. No men.

Old Nuts And Young Nuts.

YOUNG nuts who would give a pretty girl a sovereign for a cup of tea are doing their duty, and getting slaughtered Ypres way. And the old nuts find that money is "tight." There were lots of wounded Tommies, and fine-looking old Chelsea pensioners, but you cannot badger them for money. However, Phyllis Monkman and her mother and sisters did well with a drink tent, Dorothy Forster sold lots of her own songs, and Lord and Lady Townshend were very busy at their stall.

Send Him To Flanders.

THIS from a Newcastle paper: Youth (good, strong), wanted, 18 to 20; used to slaughtering. Is this a move on the part of the recruiting authorities?

Dignity And Impudence.

WE ARE a patient people. This great thought struck me yesterday as I sat in the Park. It was the busy hour before lunch, and the Row was invaded by one of those miniature detachments of dirty small boys clothed chiefly in the posters of yesterday's evening papers. Some of these miniature regiments really earn their money with their smart drill, but this lot didn't even pretend to do anything, and after mumbling a few words of command, proceeded to badger people for coppers. One of them followed a Staff officer for about a quarter of a mile down the Row, and the contrast between dignity and impudence made us all laugh.

The Call.

"Don't have to tell your children in the days to come that you were dragged in." So runs a recruiting banner in the Strand. It is fixed over the main entrance of Short's wine bar.

MR. COSSIP.

THE BEST BIRTHDAY PRESENT FOR LORD KITCHENER.

BIRTHDAY RECRUITS FOR KITCHENER.

Novel Celebration For This Week's Anniversary.

EVERYBODY'S HELP WANTED.

Daily Sketch Readers Co-operating In Great National Effort.

Lord Kitchener celebrates his 65th birthday on Thursday.

Would you like to join in a birthday gift?

If so, the *Daily Sketch* will welcome your support of a scheme which should make the occasion long memorable.

All our readers are invited to become recruiters, and from to-day until Lord Kitchener's birthday to devote their energies to finding "Kitchener's Birthday Recruits."

The best thing of all is to become a "Birthday Recruit" yourself. The next best thing is to induce someone else to join the Colours.

If every reader of the *Daily Sketch* undertook thus to find or become a Birthday Recruit, that would make a birthday present to Lord Kitchener of more than a million men.

"CANNOT MAKE UP THEIR MINDS."

In an effort of this kind our lady readers can be of invaluable service—not by means of "white feathers" or other foolish devices, but by quiet persuasion of some man whom they know to be qualified, but who "cannot quite make up his mind."

Many thousands of men are held back from the war at this moment by no other reason than that their womenfolk will not spare them. Let these women join in the birthday celebration and allow their husbands, sons and brothers to offer themselves for their country as they have longed for months to do.

Lord Kitchener does not ask for personal tributes. He is above flattery, as he is above mean personal attacks. But Lord Kitchener has asked for men. This scheme provides the opportunity of supplying them and at the same time showing the nation's appreciation of what Lord Kitchener has done since he went to the War Office.

BEGIN AT ONCE.

There are four days, including to-day, in which to do your part in the birthday gift.

Begin at once by writing to the *Daily Sketch* for a bundle of birthday armlets. This will be a coloured band bearing the words, "Kitchener's Birthday Recruit." Thousands of men will be wearing this armlet within the next day or two. It is open to you to be in the fashion—either by wearing one yourself or by providing a substitute.

Do not call for the armlets. Write, saying how many you want, and the *Daily Sketch* will supply you.

If you decide to be your own recruit, fasten the armlet on as soon as you receive it and go to the nearest recruiting office.

If you cannot join yourself, then secure your recruit, and as soon as you have done so fasten the armlet on him and go with him to the nearest recruiting office. Don't allow your energies to be governed by the supply of armlets. If you begin you will soon find you will need a second supply. If so, write to the *Daily Sketch*, which will be delighted to send you some more.

SOLDIERS BAKED ALIVE!

Not "Frightfulness" But Remarkable New "Cure" In London.

British soldiers are being baked alive—and this in London, too! Let us explain.

When a soldier patient from the front arrives at the London Hospital suffering from paralysis or rheumatism, he is placed in a bed to which is applied a system of radiant heat.

By the side of the bed is an apparatus similar to an electric heating radiator.

As the result of exposure in the trenches many a Tommy has fallen a victim to rheumatism, and some even to paralysis.

"Baking" is a new treatment, and it is said to be remarkably successful.

How the patients fare was shown in a series of fine pictures which appeared in yesterday's *Illustrated Sunday Herald*—the week-end paper with the best pictures.

In the *Sunday Herald*, too, there was, as usual, exclusive information of an interesting character.

It was related, for instance, that there is a likelihood of a new campaign being started against aliens in high quarters.

The ground is being prepared (said the writer), and, if my informants are to be believed—they are some responsible people—the issue to be raised will cause a first-class sensation.

THE WAY TO GET AT THE WAR PROFITS.

Men Making Fortunes Out Of The Nation's Necessities Should Surrender Part Of Them To Pay For The War.

Mr. Philip Snowden, Socialist M.P. for Blackburn, former civil servant and a member of several Royal Commissions, has been asked by Mr. Montagu, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, to co-operate with him in the preparation of a "water-tight" scheme for the taxation of excessive war profits. In the following article Mr. Snowden discusses some of the ways in which these profits can be retained for the benefit of the nation.

By Philip Snowden, M.P.

There is something utterly repugnant in the spectacle of private persons making enormous profits out of the war. This is a time when great sacrifices are being made, both in life and wealth, by all classes. Deliberately to take advantage of this national crisis in order to put money into one's pocket is as callous and inhuman as to strip the body of a dead soldier.

But it must in justice be said that not all the people who are gaining financially by the

war are doing so by deliberate scheming and intention. The shareholders in commercial concerns which are profiting from the war are in the position of having riches thrust upon them without any effort or design on their own part. On the other hand, there are many instances where the market has been "rigged" to force up prices, and where advantage has been taken of the condition of the market, and the necessities of the nation, in order to make enhanced profits.

Those who have deliberately schemed to make money out of the present situation deserve no mercy; and those who are the innocent recipients of exceptional profits will make no complaint if some plan is devised to prevent them from receiving this unearned increment, or to take back for public purposes a considerable proportion of it.

FOUR GREAT TRADES.

Roughly speaking, there are four great trades which are making vast profits out of the war.

These are:—

- the shipowners,
- the coalowners,
- the farmers, and
- the firms which are doing Government contracts.

In all these cases it would be possible for the Government to adopt methods which would make it less easy to make these profits.

In the case of ship-owners the action of the Government has actually been responsible for the enormous rates which shipowners have been able to get during the last few months. The chartering of vessels for transport work has lessened the number of ships available for ordinary trade, with

the result that owners have been able to insist upon unheard-of rates. The Government have commandeered most of the trawlers. The effect of that is that the trawlers still free to fish are making enormous profits. The shortage of supplies causes the price of fish to be high, and this benefit is going to the few trawler owners whose boats are still in private hands. I have a stockbroker's circular in which it is pointed out that the submarine warfare by Germany is enhancing the value of British ships, as every boat sunk reduces competition.

FIXING PRICES.

The Government could have prevented all this by taking control of all the merchant navy and trawlers, and allowing those not required for transport or other Government work to go on general trade on time-charter terms at reasonable rates.

The Government control of coal prices at the pit is admitted by experts to be a very practical idea. The regulation of the price of corn would be more difficult, but, as some of our colonies have shown by their action, much might have been done to keep down the price of British wheat, and oats, and barley at least. In regard to Government contracts, it would be just as easy to fix prices by a Board as it will be to fix wages by a Board, which Mr. Lloyd George is going to propose on Wednesday.

But a good deal of mischief has already been done. What requires to be done now is to do all that is possible to prevent war profits from being made, and to devise some scheme for getting back as much as possible of the profit which has already been made.

Notwithstanding the objection of the Treasury, I am still of opinion that the best way to reach the war profits is by requiring from every firm a declaration of its profits since the outbreak of war, and a comparison of these profits with the corresponding period of the three previous years.

Unless it can be shown that the increase is due to other causes, such as the return on additional capital, it must be assumed that the increase, where an increase is shown, is due to the war. This increase should bear a special rate of taxation, which will secure practically the whole excess for the State.

UNBUSINESSLIKE FARMERS.

There may be a difficulty with the farmers. Some of them have been making fortunes. Under the present Income-tax law the farmer whose rent is below £480 a year does not pay one penny of income-tax, though he makes a thousand a year or more. It is said farmers do not keep accounts, and their profits are not ascertainable. Well, they must suffer for their want of business management, and they must pay income-tax upon a fair estimate of what their profits are.

If the facts about War Profits were fully known to the public the popular demand for the special taxation of such profits, strong as it is now, would be overwhelming.

The instinct of fair-dealing, the financial necessities of the nation, the sense of justice, all combine to make the demand for the appropriation of war profits by the State one which must be met.



PHILIP SNOWDEN, M.P.

DEAD V.C. TO BE BROUGHT HOME.

Air Hero's Relatives Wish For Burial In England.

SOLDIERS GUARD THE BODY.

In deference to the wishes of the family the preliminary funeral ceremony of interring the body of the late Lieutenant Warneford, V.C., at Versailles yesterday did not take place.

The bodies of Lieut. Warneford and Mr. Henry Needham, who was killed with him, will be removed this morning from Versailles to Paris, whence they will be taken through Dieppe to London.

The coffin will leave Versailles at 5.30, and the coach in which it will lie will be attached to a train leaving Paris for Dieppe at 8.51.

A great crowd yesterday surrounded the hospital at Versailles, where a wooden hut has been converted into a mortuary chapel, in which the two bodies were lying, says Reuter.

AN AEROPLANE WREATH.

Many wreaths have been placed on the coffins. Among those on Mr. Needham's coffin is one from the officers of the British hospital and one from the British flying officers attached to the aviation park at Buc.

On Lieutenant Warneford's coffin are wreaths sent in the name of the Government and the Army



The last portrait taken of Lieutenant Warneford, V.C. The dead hero is seen wearing the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

in Paris and of behalf of the French officers attached to the British aviation corps.

A miniature aeroplane covered with flowers has been sent by the officers and soldiers of the British hospital. On the left wing is a representation of the Victoria Cross, and on the right wing one of the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

The propeller is made of white roses tied with a ribbon bearing the inscription: "Honoured by the King, admired by the Empire, but mourned by all."

GERMAN WAR ON WORDS.

Clearing The Alien Enemy From The Barber's Price List.

Under the heading, "Elimination of foreign words in the Cult of Beauty," the *Berliner Tageblatt* says that the *Offiziel Friseur Zeitung*, at the instigation of the body which is abolishing foreign words in the German language, has published these suggestions for the German renderings of foreign expressions in use in barbers' shops.

	The Old.	The New.
Hairwaving	Ondulieren	Haarwellen
Shampoo	Champonieren	Haarwaschen
Manicure	Manicure	Handpflege
Shaving saloon	Rasier Salon	Herrenabteilung
Neckpiece	Chignon	Nachenstueck
Half-wig	Toupetfront	Halbperruerke

To foreigners unacquainted with German Kultur the German renderings will seem rather clumsy, but the *Berliner Tageblatt* thinks they will meet with general appreciation.

D.C.M.'S ROYAL LEAVE OF ABSENCE.

Allowed three days' special leave of absence from the trenches through the kindness of the King, Lance-Corporal Charles Bennett, D.C.M., of the 3rd Hussars, was present on Saturday at the annual prize-giving of the L.C.C. school at Mayford, Woking, to receive a wrist watch from the boys of his old school.

Lance-Corporal Bennett recently won the D.C.M. for gallantry in the field, and the head scholar, Albert Lemoine, wrote to the King asking if he might be allowed to visit the school to receive the congratulations of the boys. The request was granted.

LIEUT. WARNEFORD'S WRECKED MACHINE.



A photograph of the wrecked aeroplane in which Lieutenant Warneford, V.C., met his death. The machine was smashed to atoms, but had the airman and his passenger been strapped in their lives might possibly have been spared.

"DASTARDLY GAS ATTACKS" DENOUNCED BY SIR J. FRENCH

GERMANS SQUEEZED INTO NARROW FRONT.

Hold On France Slowly Slipping From The Kaiser's Grip.

CONTINUOUS OFFENSIVE.

Decisive French Victory In Sight North Of Arras.

The hours are now critical in the North of France. The French have hemmed in one of the German armies, numbering 150,000 men, on a front between four and five miles wide between Souchez, Notre Dame de Lorette, Carency, and Neuville St. Vaast—the region south of La Bassée, where the fate of Lens is being decided.

They have broken through the German line near Souchez and hold the ground beyond, in spite of repeated German efforts to dislodge them.

Meanwhile the British troops hold large masses of German troops and heavy artillery on the front between La Bassée and Ypres and are making a continuous series of vigorous local attacks.

"HELL'S MOUTH" IN FRENCH HANDS.

Complete And Decisive Victory In Artois Battle In Sight.

NORTHERN FRANCE, Sunday. The French have taken the Fond de Buval, or "Hell's Mouth," as the "Poilus" (French Tommies) have learned to call it, and are swarming up the rugged slopes of Hill No. 119.

This means that a complete and decisive victory in the battle in Artois (north of Arras), which has been in progress since May 9, is within sight.

The Fond de Buval, a sheltered ravine in the south-east flank of Notre Dame de Lorette, is a natural stronghold, where an important force of the enemy, well dug in, resisted for six weeks all attempts to dislodge them and enfiladed the French advance at this point towards Souchez.

The ground bristled with subterranean forts, redoubts and hidden machine-guns. It was found necessary to invest the ravine on three sides, after which an avalanche of metal from the French artillery partially demolished the defences and prepared the way for the final assault.

FOUGHT WITH THE FEROCITY OF RATS.

A long and sanguinary struggle ensued. The French attacked simultaneously from two sides, and pressed forward until their forces converged. The Germans, with their escape cut off, fought with the ferocity of rats in a corner.

Owing to the steadily narrowing area of the combat the fire of their machine-guns wiped out many of their own men. In places they actually took cover behind piles of their own dead, contesting every foot of the ground.

When the ravine was finally carried only a score of prisoners could be collected—all that remained of the defenders.

The foothold obtained by the French on Hill No. 119 constitutes a further menace to Souchez, and also to Givenchy-en-Gohelle (north-east of Souchez).

SIGNIFICANT GERMAN FAILURE.

It is reported that the French have shelled the latter place, where important forces of the enemy are concentrated.

The significance of the irresistible French advance between Souchez and Neuville is to be found in the fact that the Germans are said to have brought over 100,000 men from Belgium, and nearly 300 heavy guns, to reinforce their army in Northern France, and have yet been unsuccessful in their attempts to prevent the forward march of their adversaries.

Prisoners taken recently have cried with joy at the relief from what they describe as a nightmare. Several have died from nervous exhaustion.

Further slight progress was made yesterday afternoon by the British to the north of Hooge.—Central News Special Correspondent.

150,000 MEN SACRIFICED.

NORTHERN FRANCE, Saturday. The French offensive which is now being vigorously pursued southward from Notre Dame de Lorette and northward from Neuville Saint Vaast has squeezed the bulk of the German forces into a front of 4½ miles.

This army, numbering approximately 150,000 men, is now being sacrificed in a despairing attempt to save the last remnants of the defensive system in this sector, in which the enemy centred high hopes of retaining his hold upon Northern France, but which is now slipping from his grasp. Central News.

IMAGINARY GERMAN VICTORIES.

German Official News.

BERLIN, Sunday Afternoon.

North of La Bassée canal and on the front north of Arras we repulsed several partial enemy attacks with sanguinary enemy loss.

In the Champagne a French division, which made an attack after the blowing up of a trench, was shot down by our fire.

In the Vosges Muenster was heavily shelled by the French. Renewed enemy attacks in the Focht Valley (Alsace) and South Throf failed.—Wireless Press.

PROGRESS OF THE BATTLE FOR LEMBERG.

Germans Claim To Have Taken The Grodek Positions.

RUSSIAN DEFENCES.

German official news claims that the Grodek positions, to the west of Lemberg, have been taken. These positions were regarded as the key to the Galician capital, and if the news from Berlin were true it would mean that the decisive blow in that region could not be long averted.

The latest Russian official news, however, claims that the Austro-German advance has been checked, and it is stated that the famous German "Phalanx" was beaten back in an attempt to force a way through the Grodek lake region.

Unofficial Russian news, contained in a Reuter Petrograd message of Saturday's date, discusses the position at Grodek in a way which suggests that the Russians were still strongly posted in the region in which the Germans claim success. It is pointed out that Grodek itself is the centre of a group of lakes, and is a strong defensive position.

German official news claims further defeats of the Russians on a large scale south of Lemberg, and states that they have given up the southern bank of the Dniester.

"GRODEK POSITIONS TAKEN."

Germans Claim Big Success On 22-Mile Front North Of Lemberg.

German Official News.

BERLIN (via Amsterdam), Sunday.

The armies of General Mackensen have captured the Grodek positions.

Yesterday morning German troops and a corps under the (Austrian) Lieutenant Field-Marshal von Arz, began to attack the strongly fortified hostile lines.

After obstinate fighting on a front of 22 miles, north of Janow to Huta Obiedynska, south-west of Rawaruska, almost all the enemy trenches, lying one behind the other, were stormed in the afternoon.

In the evening the enemy was repulsed behind the great road between Zolkiew, north of Lemberg, and Rawaruska.

Under the pressure of this defeat the enemy last night evacuated his adjoining position between Grodek and the Dniester marshes, heavily pressed by the Austro-Hungarian troops.

Between the Dniester marshes and the south of the Stryi, the enemy has evacuated the south bank of the Dniester.—Reuter.

ITALIANS TAKE MOUNTAIN HEIGHTS BY STORM.

They Scale The Rocks Barefooted And Overwhelm Enemy.

Details are coming to hand with reference to the magnificent action of the Italian Alpine troops on Monte Nero, says an official note from Rome yesterday.

The Alpini were armed with rifle, bayonet and hand-grenades. They climbed the rocks bare-footed in the night, maintaining perfect silence, and reached the trenches without warning. They leapt into them and overwhelmed two companies of the enemy, after which they jumped into the second line trenches and crushed two other enemy companies.

LEADERS BOTH.



Mr. Bonar Law talking to Lord Harlech, who has been appointed honorary colonel of the Welsh Guards, during the visit Mr. Bonar Law made to Shrewsbury School on Saturday.—(Daily Sketch Photograph.)

TURKS LOSE FIVE LINES OF TRENCHES.

British Centre Advances 1,000 Yards In Gallipoli.

ARMOURED CARS IN ACTION.

THE DARDANELLES, June 6.

The long-expected general assault on the Turkish trenches in front of Achi Baba began on June 4.

Punctually at twelve the order to go forward was given, and the men in the first line of trenches leapt out, and dashed across the intervening hundred yards to the Turkish trenches.

The capture of the first trench was the work of a few minutes.

Dazed and deafened by the avalanche of shell-fire which preceded the assault, the Turks fired a shot or two at the men stabbing down at them, and then fled to the rear trenches.

THE TURKS ON THE RUN.

Our second line, dashing forward under a hot fire, captured the enemy's second line. The Turks, being fairly on the run, our men followed up their advantage wherever they could, which was chiefly in the centre.

They captured line after line of trenches till, early in the afternoon, the centre held the fifth Turkish trench line.

Another weapon had been brought into play—the armoured turret motor-cars of the Royal Naval Air Service.

When we landed nothing worthy the name of a road existed. Two tolerable tracks leading from Seddul Bahr and Cape Helles to Krithia had been made into something like roads for transport by our sappers.

At noon the cars, four on each road, dashed up to the firing line. Crossing our trenches on bridges laid across for them they went on, jolting and rocking over the pitfalls sown in the ground, clean up to the enemy's trenches.

Further progress was impossible, and the cars halted and opened fire with their maxims on the Turks fleeing from the first trenches.

THE ENEMY'S SURPRISE.

As soon as the Turks had recovered from their surprise at the appearance of this new enemy bullets began to ping against the armoured sides of the cars and shells began to fall.

Our men being now well in advance of the cars, the latter withdrew. One car was hit and the top of its turret knocked off, but nobody was killed.

The quick success of our centre had carried our line here six hundred to a thousand yards forward. On the right the French, stopped by the formidable barrier of the Kereves Dere gully, were unable to make similar progress.

The Royal Naval Division found itself unable to maintain the ground won, as it would have meant leaving a gap between them and the French. The Division fought with the utmost bravery.

On our left flank Gurkhas and Sikhs were unable to get through the very strong barbed-wire defences.

When the work closed for the day our line showed a strong salient in the centre, which it must be the work of other days to straighten out.

One prize of the day had been the largest bag of Turkish prisoners we had yet secured.

SLOW AND PRECARIOUS.

Next day our troops set about consolidating our position. There was again very heavy fighting on the left, but our advance here was very slow and precarious.

On Sunday morning at dawn the Turks launched their counter-attack with great vigour.

Our men were very hard pressed, and had to abandon two of their conquered trenches, which were afterwards reconquered by the hardest fighting. In the end the enemy was repulsed with great loss.

Fighting still continues. Our Army has the situation well in hand, and can keep the Turks fully occupied until it judges the moment ripe for a further blow.—Reuter's Special.

AN OPTIMISTIC ARCHDUKE.

VERONA, Sunday.

Among prisoners recently taken by the Italians are some young Austrian officers attached to the headquarters of the Archduke Eugene which only recently reached the front.

They say they are quite confident that their captivity will only be short, as the Archduke has assured his officers that they will spend Christmas in Venice and Milan.—Reuter.

HERO OF THE AIR.

Flight-Commander Barton, of the Black Watch and Royal Flying Corps, is the hero of one of Eye-Witness's recent stories of our flying men at the front. When 20 miles from the British lines he was shot through the jaw and neck. Quickly recovering from the shock, he regained control of his machine and, though weak through loss of blood, safely reached the Allied lines with his observer.



100 YEARS AFTER.

Sir J. French's Waterloo Centenary Review Of Life Guards.

DASTARDLY GERMAN METHODS.

Commander's High Tribute To Men Who Faced Poison Fumes.

By Percival Phillips.

BRITISH HEADQUARTERS, Friday.

A hundred years after Waterloo, almost to the minute, British Life Guards were again massed within sound of French guns as part of a British army in the field, fighting again for the freedom of Europe.

It seemed peculiarly appropriate that Sir John French should select this date for his meeting with the Household Cavalry in order to thank them for their fine resistance during the second battle of Ypres.

Many of the men who witnessed the simple ceremony thought of the contrast with that other June morning a century ago, when the King's troops were gathered on the plain of Flanders to oppose the hosts of the fallen Emperor.

The Field-Marshal visited three contingents of troops concerned in the struggle to hold the Ypres salient, and the first of these included the Life Guards.

He found them in an ordinary pasture beside a country road, with a grey transport wagon set in the centre as an impromptu platform, a wooden ladder giving access thereto.

MODEST SIR JOHN.

Sir John ignored these preparations for oratory, and talked to his troops from their own level beside a temporary staff which flew the Union Jack.

A group of generals met the Field-Marshal, and he walked slowly with them along the lines of troops, halting to shake hands with commanding officers and scrutinising each figure in khaki keenly as he passed.

You would not have known them for Life Guards. Gone were the plumes, the glittering breast-plates, the tight breeches, the formidable top boots—gone, too, the horses, the jingle of polished accoutrements, the imposing swagger of the Household cavalryman.

Remained instead straight rows of foot soldiers looking like ordinary infantry of the line save that most of them were taller, heavier men—dressed in worn khaki, with only the metal initials "L. G." on their cloth shoulder straps to show their identity.

Their faces were the faces of men who had seen death and were not afraid.

ALL DESERVE THE V.C.

They have performed feats of heroism that are almost incredible, but you cannot drag the details from them. Someone had said that "every man of them deserves the Victoria Cross!" but nowhere in the theatre of war will you find more modest, unobtrusive heroes.

Every clear-cut word of the Commander-in-Chief's little speech of thanks could be heard by the farthest men. He spoke slowly, in measured sentences punctuated by the distant guns, turning first to one side and then the other of the broken square. There was no attempt at eloquence.

Sir John French uses simple, soldierly language, looking the while at the men he is addressing, and the same words might be said to one man in private or to a thousand in an open field.

He walked about occasionally as he talked, sometimes leaning on his walking-stick, sometimes thrusting it under his arm and standing for a moment with hands clasped at his belt, occasionally thrusting it into the grass to emphasise a word.

He was a striking figure under the fluttering Union Jack, giving the impression of great virility and strength, despite the snow-white moustache drooping over the firm mouth.

IN A VERY HOT CORNER.

Sir John French, in the course of his speech (reported by Reuter) said:—

You were placed in a very hot corner, where, owing to the continuous shelling by the enemy, it was impossible to secure adequate cover. By your steadfast bearing in that terrible position you have all, every regiment, added fresh lustre and still greater honour to the magnificent records you already possess. This is what I want you to remember when you think of the losses you suffered.

You had some terrible experiences up there, but every regiment has covered its banner with distinction and glory. This record I am sure you will maintain throughout the campaign, in whatever sphere of action you may be engaged.

TAKEN WITHOUT WARNING.

Sir John then referred to what he could only describe as the "dastardly gas attacks" by the Germans at Ypres.

The gas came without any warning to the troops in this region, and many dropped dead on the spot. It was impossible to see anything, owing to the darkness, which was rendered still more opaque by the asphyxiating fumes.

In these circumstances a certain amount of confusion was unavoidable, but the manner in which the men behaved and the quickness with which they recovered were superb. It was impossible to speak too highly of their conduct.

The magnificent stand they made and the work they did in filling the gap—also accomplished in the face of a wall of gas, miles long and yards high—could not be too highly praised.

GREETINGS FOR BRIDES OF CAPTAIN AND BRAVE SAILOR.

A BRAVE ITALIAN.



Miss Elsie Hall is marrying Captain C. E. Cleminson, of the 6th Durham L.I., early in July.

THE CHAUFFEUR.



Miss Betty Hutchinson, a granddaughter of Lady Marks, is serving as head chauffeur with the First-Aid Nursing Yeomanry in France.



Leading Stoker John Patterson, who was recently given the Royal Humane Society's medal for saving a Hawke survivor, was married on Saturday at Portsea.

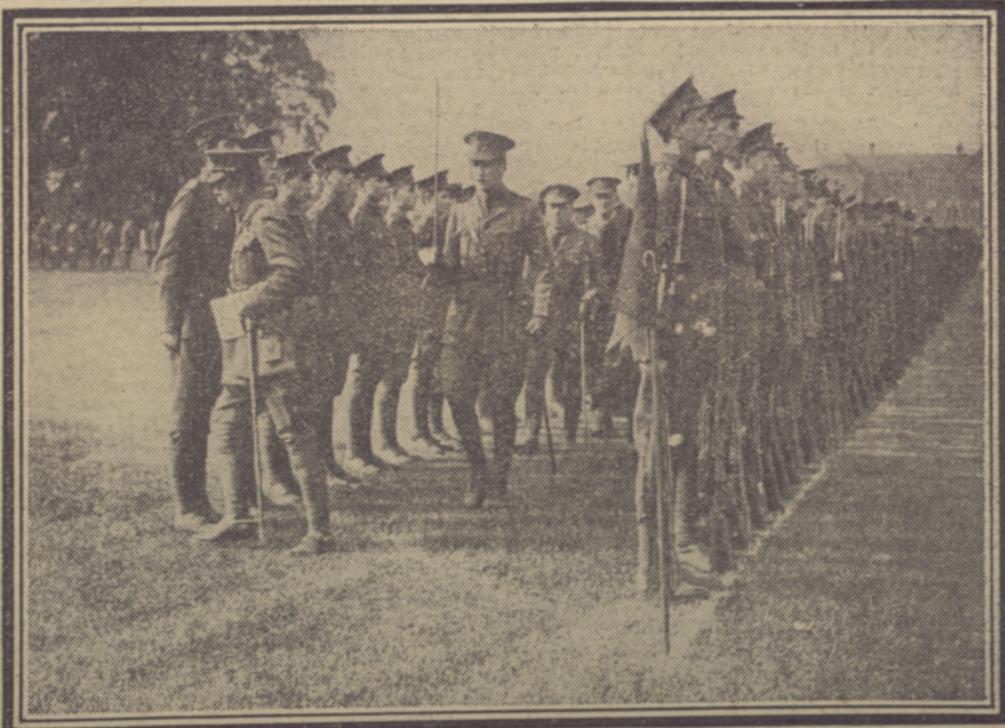


Captain Castrancane, the Italian airman, who dropped bombs on Fiume and burned his airship before being captured.

Major F. St. G. Tucker, 10th Worcestershire Regiment, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, with his bride, Miss Eileen Baker, on Saturday. Brother officers formed a guard of honour.

BOYS OF A FAMOUS SCHOOL IN KHAKI.

WHEN THE WOMEN CALL WHAT MAN CAN HANG BACK?



Brigadier-General Hackett-Thompson inspecting the boys of Shrewsbury School on the occasion of Mr. Bonar Law's visit. These lads are worthy successors of those who have served in the past.



The Women's Volunteer Reserve Corps marching through Acton on their return from a recruiting campaign. The women make an appeal to manhood which even the slackers cannot ignore.

Weak and Tremulous Nerves

When you are weak, depressed, irritable, and nervous—when the taking of Food is followed by uncomfortable or painful Symptoms—when the Liver is sluggish and Headaches or Neuralgia trouble you, be sure to take Guy's Tonic. Its highly beneficial effect is quickly evidenced by improved Appetite, good Digestion, a correctly working Liver, and strong, vigorous Nerves.

"I was perilously near a Breakdown."

Mrs. Llewellyn, of Priory Hill, Dartford, Kent, writes:—"I have derived such benefit from Guy's Tonic that I feel bound, in common gratitude, to let you know. I was suffering very much from Debility—with its usual accompaniment, Depression—and was perilously near a Breakdown when I commenced taking Guy's Tonic. The strengthening effects were immediate, and you might truthfully describe Guy's Tonic as an excellent substitute for a Holiday. It has been so to me, and I feel quite as bright and invigorated as if I had been resting instead of working."



This is a portrait of GEORGES CARPENTIER, the Wonderful French Boxer. He has joined the Active Forces of the French Army, and is attached to the Flying Corps, a post of extreme danger. In the accompanying statement M. Carpentier bears witness to the value of Guy's Tonic as an invigorator of Nervous Strength and a Restorer of Physical Fitness.

Georges Carpentier

states:—"I am pleased to say that I have always found Guy's Tonic a valuable help. It is especially effective as a Nerve Invigorator and in restoring Physical fitness; I have used Guy's Tonic for a long time, and would not now be without it."

Note. Guy's Tonic improves the Appetite and ensures the complete Digestion of the Food eaten. It corrects Flatulence, prevents Constipation, removes Pain, cures Indigestion, Nerve Strain and Debility—absolutely. Guy's Tonic is a British Preparation, being, in fact, the most largely sold Tonic-Digestive Medicine in the World.

Guy's Tonic

Dr. J. W. Casey writes:—"I consider Guy's Tonic to be of the highest service in cases of Debility, Nerve Exhaustion, and broken-down Health."



All Chemists And Stores sell Guy's Tonic.

O-Cedar Mop Polish

CLEANS AS IT POLISHES, and does in a few minutes every morning—without stooping or kneeling—work that hitherto necessitated a special day

FREE TRIAL.—Deposit the price 6s. 3d. with your dealer, and if after a few days you are not satisfied your money will be refunded. The Mop is supplied impregnated with O-Cedar Polish.

WHEN YOUR MOP GETS DRY FEED IT WITH O-CEDAR POLISH.

Manufactured by CHANNELL CHEMICAL CO., Ltd., 41-45, Old Street, London, E.C.

THE NEW ADJUSTABLE

Handy Handle Hinge



THE HANDLE AUTOMATICALLY ADJUSTS ITSELF BETWEEN THESE POINTS

O-Cedar Mop Polish

S&S

SHOPPING BY POST.

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 Lefaiet); powerful Binoocular, as used in Army and Navy; 59 miles range; shows bullet mark 1,000 yards; wide field; saddler made sling case; week's free trial; sacrifice, 12s. 6d.; approval willingly 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, 19s. 6d. Approval before payment.

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

21/-—(Worth £4 4s.) LADY'S Solid Gold English Hall-marked WATCH BRACELET, will fit any wrist, perfect time-keeper. 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 Trouseau; 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 radiused 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 4s.; sacrifice, 21s.

3/9—LADY'S SOLID GOLD 3-stone Parisian DIAMOND RING, gipsy set; worth 15s.; sacrifice, 3s. 9d.; approval.

19/6—(Worth £3 5s.) 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 32½in.; sacrifice, 19s. 6d.; approval willingly.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 112), PAWBROKERS, 26, DENMARK HILL, CAMBERWELL, LONDON.

MEDICAL. FITS CURED by Trench's Remedy. Simple home treatment; 25 years' success; 1,000 testimonials in one year. Patent free.—TRENCH'S REMEDIES, LTD., 338 South Frederick-street, Dublin.

CAMPING. CAMPING.—Ladies or Gentlemen; Camp Review Free.—CAMPING, 19, The Derwent Holiday Camp, Keswick.

BACKACHE & LUMBAGO



Mr. W. Fedarb (Aged 85).

"Kept well 8 Years."

On July 22nd, 1907, Mr. W. Fedarb, of 16, Park-street, Folkestone, said:—"Doan's Backache Kidney Pills have been a great comfort to me in my old age. My trouble was lumbago and kidney complaint. I used to get frightful pains in my sides, loins and back, and could only get about with the aid of sticks. I fell down helpless once."

"But the change brought about by Doan's Pills is simply wonderful, for I can walk on in ease and comfort now, and have no sign of kidney trouble."

(Signed) "W. Fedarb."

8 YEARS' PROOF

On June 7th, 1915, Mr. Fedarb said:—"I was eighty-five in October, but I should not be as well as I am to-day if it hadn't been for Doan's Pills."

There is too much suffering among elderly people with achy backs, stiff limbs, distressing kidney weakness, gravel, stone and dropsy. The kidneys are too weak to throw off the uric acid poison that causes these symptoms. Doan's backache kidney pills give the kidneys quick help, and correct the bladder weakness which causes so much misery among the aged.

DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills

All dealers, or 2/9 a box, 6 boxes 13/9, from Foster McClellan Co., 8, Wells-st., Oxford-st., London, W.



YOU DO NOT KNOW

the taste of Real Cream until you have tried Milkmaid Cream. Ordinary cream in jars or little jugs is adulterated with a chemical preservative, and should be avoided. Milkmaid Cream is all cream—pure, rich and thick, not a particle of preservative. It reaches you free from every impurity, as fresh as when taken from the new milk. Try it with your Strawberries or other fresh or stewed fruit.

Of all Grocers in 5d., 6½d., & 10½d. key-opening tins. Write for "ALL ABOUT CREAM," an interesting Booklet containing over 70 delicious Recipes, free on application.

Milkmaid Cream

Can be "whipped," but can't be beaten.

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES or "just as goods" whether in tins or jars, they will only cause disappointment. Insist on Milkmaid Cream, and if any difficulty in procuring send a postcard to

"MILKMAID BRAND," C.T. Depot, 6-8, Eastcheap, London.

MACKINTOSH'S

M. T. de L. IS BREAKING ALL RECORDS

TOFFEE de LUXE

KHAKI SINGERS AT WELSH EISTEDDFOD.



Soldiers of the 2nd Battalion 6th Welsh Regiment competed with each other at an Eisteddfod held in camp. The Welshman is a natural vocalist and nothing delights him more than singing the songs of his native land.

THEY CAME WITH THE HONOURS OF



A remarkable picture of war and peace. The men in khaki are officers who attended leave from the front.

DEALING WITH A SUSPECT.



The Russians had grave reason to suspect this Polish villager. His replies to their searching questions were most evasive.

"2" IN KHAKI—"Q" AND HIS SON.

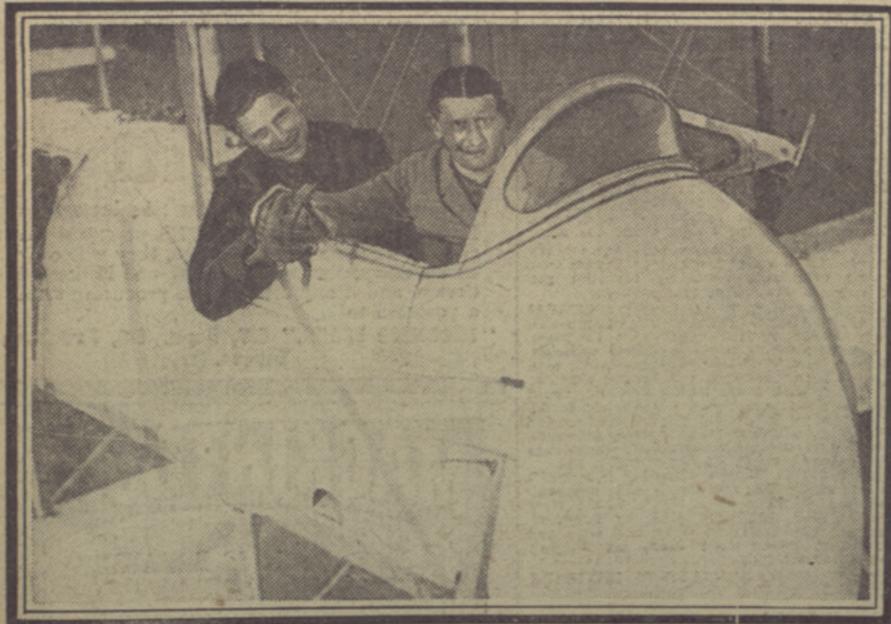


Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch has accepted a commission, and he is busy raising men for the Duke of Cornwall's L.I. The famous author is a most successful recruiter.



Officers of many regiments were won hono

TORTOISE COVERS 70 MILES IN AN HOUR.



This tortoise, the mascot of a French aviator, broke all records for his species, for he was whirled along at 70 miles an hour.



Lieut. and Adjutant Bevil Quiller-Couch, R.F.A., is a son of "Q." He has been at the front since August.

TO RECEIVE DEGREES OF LEARNING.



ate House, Cambridge, on Saturday to take degrees won in peace time. Many were on not a few were wounded.

"WARE! ENEMY SUBMARINE IN SIGHT."



An enemy submarine has been sighted and the men on the French transport have been warned to don their lifebelts. Fortunately the submarine was unable to get in a position to discharge a torpedo.



ented. Some of them had already in the field of battle.

THE FORTUNE OF THE AIR.



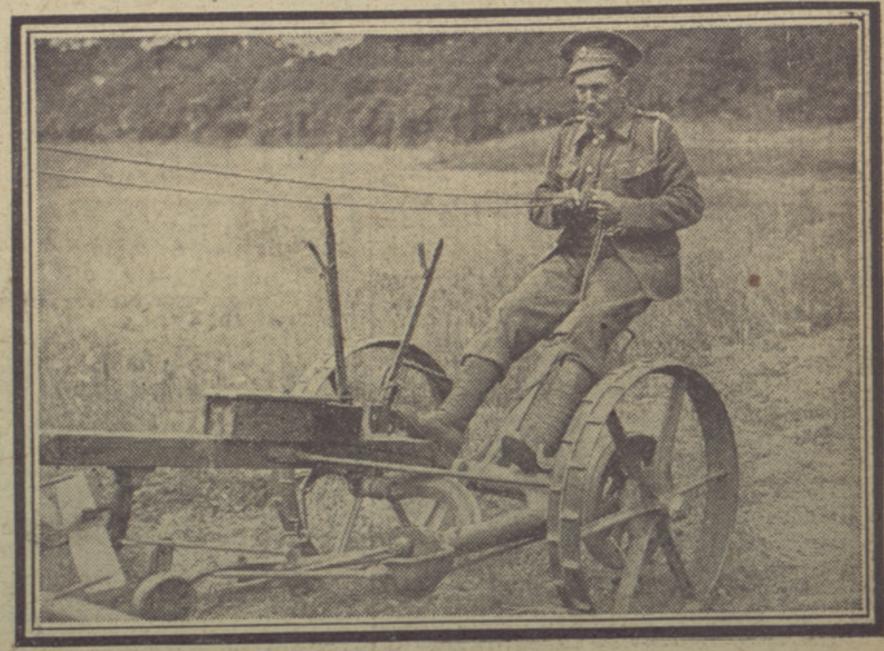
Flight-Lieut. Mills (on left), who dropped bombs on a Zeppelin shed at Brussels, spent a "busman's holiday" at Hendon on Saturday. He had to tell his friends all about it.

RECOVERING THEIR FIGHTING FORM.



The bracing air of Surrey has made new men of them. They have a little spar just to get ready for the Germans again.

TOMMY HELPS THE FARMER TO BRING IN THE HAY.



Back to the land in khaki. Owing to the shortage of agricultural labour soldiers are being lent to farmers to help in the haymaking.



Flight-Lieutenant H. G. Wanklyn met his death while flying a seaplane on patrol duty. He was only 19

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WORTH 7/6
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REAL OSTRICH FEATHER FUCHE TRIMMING—To go right round Crown or Brim of Hat, MORE THAN 30 in. LONG. Colours in stock—Black, White, Fawn, Purple, Navy, Nig or an. Newest Summer Shades. Post Free.

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To-night at 8.30, followed by "THE DEVIL AMONG THE SKINS." Milton Rosmer, Irene Rooke, F. Randle Ayrton. Matinee Every Wed. and Sat., 2.30.

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Mr. GEORGE EDUARDES' New Production. TO-NIGHT at 8. Matinee Sat., at 2. Box Office, 10 to 10. Tel. Gerrard 201.

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Geo. Grossmith, Jas. Blakeley, and full Gaiety Company. Evenings 8.15. Mat. (full cast) Sats. at 2.15.

GARRICK (Ger. 9513). "OH! BE CAREFUL."
A Musical play, in 3 acts. TO-NIGHT at 8.30. Mats., Thurs. and Sats. at 2.30.

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

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

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SAVOY. At 8.45. **MR. H. B. IRVING.**
in "THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE," by Eden Phillpotts and Madconald Hastings. At 8.15, "Keeping Up Appearances," by W. W. Jacobs. Mats. Wed. and Sat., at 2.30.

VAUDEVILLE. **THE GREEN FLAG.**
Nightly at 8.45. Mats. Weds. and Sats., 2.30. ARTHUR BOURCHIER.

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WYNDHAM'S. **To-night at 8.30 sharp.**
GERALD DU MAURIER and **LEWIS WALLER** in "GAMBLERS ALL." A story packed with human interest. Matinee Every Wednesday and Saturday, at 2.30.

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ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—Daily, 9 till sunset. Admission, Sundays, Fellows and Fellows' orders only; Mondays and Saturdays, 6d.; other days, 1s. Children always 6d. The Band of the Royal Horse Guards (Blues) every Saturday from 4 till 6 p.m.

VARIETIES.
ALHAMBRA.—"5064 Gerrard" (new version). **GABY DESLYS,** Harry Pilcer, P. Monkman, O. Shaw, J. Morrison, C. Cook, Renée Gratz, A. Austin, B. Lillie, and **ROBERT HALE.** Revue 8.35. Varieties, 8.15. Matinee Every Saturday, 2.15. (Reduced Prices.)

COLISEUM.—TWICE DAILY at 2.30 and 8 p.m. "HULLO! REPERTORY." **TABLEAUX DE GUERRE,** Mlle. DORZIAT, ELLALINE TERRISS, OYRA and DORMA LEIGH, DAISY DORMER, etc., etc. Tel. Ger. 7541.

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

HIPPODROME, LONDON.—Twice Daily at 2.30 and 8.30 p.m. New Production entitled "PUSH AND GO," including **SHIRLEY KELLOGG,** **VIOLET LORRAINE,** **ANNA WHEATON,** **HARRY TATE,** **JOHNNY HENNING,** **LEWIS SYDNEY,** **CHARLES BERKLEY,** and enormous Beauty Chorus, etc. Box Office 10 to 10. Tel. Ger. 650.

MASKELINE'S MYSTERIES, St. George's Hall, Oxford-circus, W. 42nd Consecutive Year in London. Daily at 5 and 8. The latest feature—**TELEPATHY, FAISE and TRUE,** astounding experiments by **NEVIL MASKEYLINE.** Seats 1s. to 5s. Children half price. Phone 1545 Mayfair.

PALACE.—"THE PASSING SHOW OF 1915," at 8.15. With **WISH WYNNE,** **ARTHUR PLAYFAIR,** **ROBERT MICHAELIS,** **NELSON KEYS,** **GWENDOLINE BROGDEN.** NEW SCENES, NEW SONGS. Varieties at 8. MATINEE WEDS. and SATS., at 2.

PALLADIUM.—6.10 and 9. Mats. Mon., Wed., and Sat. 2.30. **BEN TILLET** in his Lecture, "THE CASE FOR THE ARMY." "TOWN TOPICS," Characteristic Revue. **BILLY MERSON,** **MILTON HAYES,** **ALFRED CUNNINGHAM,** **FOUR SISTERS RUBY,** etc., etc.

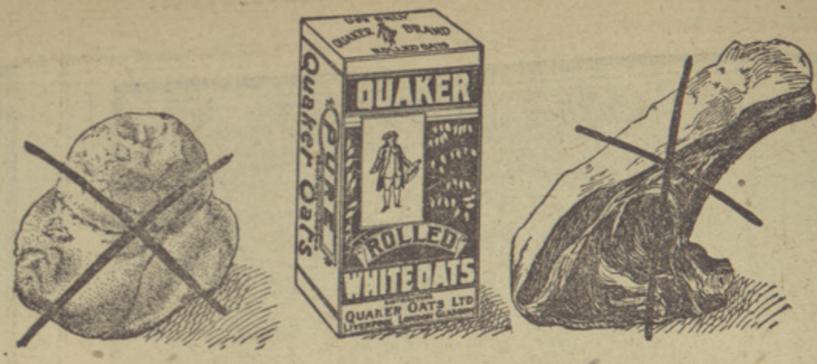
YOU DON'T NEED TO CARRY AN ATLAS

—but it is necessary to have some kind of reference if the war news is to be read intelligently.

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- 10/6—LADY'S Fashionable 18-ct. Gold-cased Keyless 10 years' warranty;** sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval.
- 6/6—LADY'S solid Gold, Hall-marked, 5-stone real diamond ring;** sacrifice, 6s. 6d., worth 30s. Approval.
- 10/6—GENT'S 18-ct. Gold-cased KEYLESS LEVER WATCH,** improved action, 10 years' warranty; timed to a few seconds a month; also double-check; Albert; same quality, with handsome Seal attached. Week's free trial. Together, sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval before payment.

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Do you ever feel "all of a tremble"? Do you feel awkward in the presence of others? Do you have "nervous or mental fears" of any kind? Do you suffer from involuntary blushing, nervous indigestion, lack of energy, will power or mind concentration? Do you shrink from the company of men or women, social gatherings, dances, banquets, speech-making, conversation, singing, playing or "appearing in public"? Do you feel that you are not "getting on" as your natural talents deserve? I can tell you how to change your whole mental outlook. By my Treatment you can quickly acquire strong Nerves and a powerful and progressive Mind, which will give you absolute self-confidence—based on developed natural ability. Being freed from Mento-Neural handicaps you will be amazed at the wonderful way in which you and all your affairs will prosper. Don't miss discovering all you can upon this subject so vital to yourself and your personal success and happiness. Send at once 3 penny stamps for particulars of my guaranteed cure in 12 days. Godfrey Elliott-Smith, 478, Imperial-buildings, Ludgate-circus, London, E.C.—Advt.

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PUBLICATIONS.

"MEDICAL PHILOSOPHY." The author of this Work, having had 30 years' experience in ill-health, offers advice to others. Letter 2s. 6d. Address, **W. RUSSELL, M.D.,** Leigh, Suffolk.

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THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF BRITAIN HELP IN THEIR OWN WAY.



The girls are all related to men of the 4th Royal Scots. They organised a recruiting demonstration in Edinburgh.



These Tring boys are busy helping the local farmers. They felt they had earned their mid-day lunch.

NATIONAL CRUSADE AGAINST THE FLY PERIL.

New Preparation which supersedes the Insanitary Methods usually adopted.

A NATIONAL CRUSADE.

The fly peril is a national one. A national crusade has therefore been inaugurated to fight it. A remarkable new antiseptic preparation which kills Flies, Wasps, Gnats, etc., has been evolved. So great is the efficiency of this scientific preparation, that it has been decided to make it the lever for a national movement.

The whole medical profession has constantly warned the public that this year there is every likelihood of a plague of flies. Frequently there have been references in the Press, inspired by official sources, to the effect that in consequence of the War and its dread results there is certain to be an abundance of flies. People are warned to burn rubbish, use covered dustbins, and besides destroying every possible breeding place to keep all food covered, to disinfect and ventilate the interiors of dwellings.

Professor Lefroy, the originator of the housefly exhibition at the London Zoological Gardens, recently said: "There is already evidence from the Continent of a great increase of flies in the war area. If cholera breaks out in Serbia or Austria it may spread in fly-infested areas and get widely diffused. Already we have been visited by Army doctors anxious quickly to get all the facts about flies."

THE HARBINGER OF DISEASE.



HOW THE FLY SPREADS CONTAMINATION.

Much has been said about the fly and its evil habits, but too much cannot be said. It flies from rubbish heap to rubbish heap, from decaying offal and meat; it covers its foot pads and hairy limbs with every imaginable form of filth and disease germ. From rubbish heap it flies to food, and it is a common sight to see a fly prowling round a sugar bowl, jam dish, joint of meat, or drowned in a bowl of milk. In this way millions of germs are scattered broadcast.

WHAT SAN-FLY IS.

San-Fly is harmless. There is no trouble or stickiness with San-Fly. You simply dissolve a little San-Fly, and it not only kills the flies, but the germs of disease are rendered innocuous. It can be used as a powder and sprinkled on breeding places, cracks in the floor, in dustbins or rubbish heaps. It can be dissolved in water and used as a spray, or muslin can be soaked in it and hung across doors, windows, etc. If used as a spray, it purifies and freshens the air; poured down sinks and drains it eliminates every risk of flies breeding and congregating.

NO OBJECTIONABLE SIGHTS WITH SAN-FLY.

No more fly-traps. No more insanitary fly-papers or tapes. Fly-papers, traps and tapes should be condemned, because the flies gradually die, their bodies decompose, putrifying the atmosphere, and spread more infections than the pests themselves. San-Fly is antiseptic, and not only kills the flies, but the germs they carry with them. Do not bother with traps. Do not get heated chasing flies with patent "guns," which result in a ghastly and trivial, but exceedingly insanitary, cargo of smashed bodies. Adopt the only sensible, rational and scientific method of extermination, and send for a packet of San-Fly. Remember that one fly may be the forerunner of thousands of others, and if killed now incalculable benefit will be conferred on the community. San-Fly is obtainable direct from the Anti-Fly League in packets at 1s. 2d., 3 for 2s. 9d., or 6 for 5s. 3d., all post free. Address your letters to The Secretary, The Anti-Fly League, 2, Princes House, Stonecutter-street, London, E.C.

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No more Eczema, Rashes or Face Spots

Why continue to suffer from worrying skin illness when you can have instant relief? Antexema for ever soothes away all irritation the moment you use it. Is your skin so bad with eczema that it burns like fire? If so, apply Antexema and the fiery pain will immediately be quenched. Are you troubled by perpetual, teasing skin irritation that refuses to let you be comfortable by day and keeps you awake all night? Send for Antexema Free Trial and use it at once. That moment you will find relief. Apply it again before going to bed and when you wake next morning it will be after a good night's rest, and with the certainty your enemy will soon be conquered. Antexema cures eczema, face spots, bad legs, bad hands, and every similar trouble, and renders your skin soft, smooth and free from blemish and disfigurement.

Do your duty to your skin and get Antexema to-day. Supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also of Boots Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrod's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parkes', Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, and Lewis and Burrows', at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. Also throughout India, Australasia, Canada, Africa, and Europe.

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NAME

ADDRESS

Daily Sketch, 21/6/15.



BRIDES IN THE BATHS TRIAL. 135 Witnesses In The Case To-morrow Against George Smith.

George Smith, the prisoner in the "Brides in the Baths" case, will be placed in the dock at the Old Bailey to-morrow, indicted for the murder of three women. Mr. Justice Scrutton will be the judge.

The case for the Crown will be argued before the jury by Mr. Bodkin, assisted by Mr. Travers Humphreys and Mr. C. A. Whiteley.

Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C., who has figured so prominently as prisoner's advocate in many murder trials, will defend the prisoner, with the assistance of Mr. Montague Shearman (son of Mr. Justice Shearman), instructed by Mr. W. P. Davies, solicitor.

George Smith stands indicted for the murder of—Bessie Constance Mundy at Herne Bay on July 7, 1912; Alice Burnham at Blackpool on December 12, 1913; Margaret Lloyd at Highgate on December 13, 1914.

With each of these women, it is alleged, Smith went through a marriage ceremony, and all died in baths.

The preliminary investigations conducted at Bow-street Police Court occupied about four months. There are in all 135 witnesses for the prosecution, the majority of whom will be called. Mr. Bodkin, while he can be the most bland counsel in the world when he likes, is as relentless as his manner is benign. You would think he was a professor of some University with a fatherly way with the undergrads if you only heard him in his smooth moments. But he can strike terror into a witness upon occasion.

Mr Marshall Hall is the orator; Mr. Bodkin is not. While the latter never indulges in rhetoric the former could probably not abstain from it if he tried. He is a brilliant advocate, and has been in many big cases, notably the Camden Town murder.



GEORGE SMITH.

OUR CIGARETTE FUND.

These are yesterday's donations to the Daily Sketch cigarette fund:—

- 24.—Corpl. H. Clark, 3rd Codstreamers, Tivoli. £1 10s.—Employees, Hugh Melville and Co., Beith (2nd cont.). 7s. 6d.—Employees, Lanchester Motor Co., Birmingham (32nd cont.). 6s.—Two Women Workers, Inverness. 5s.—Mrs. Rothwell, T. Hodgson, York. 4s. 4d.—C. Knott, London, N. 3s.—Bessie Anderson, Edinburgh; Lewis Thompson, Cork; Mrs. Herd and family, Harrogate; Customers, High Bank Inn, 2s. 6d.—Boo and Buster, Newcastle. 2s.—H. E. Sargent, Bowes Park; J. Simpson and W. Roberts, Chesterfield. 1s. 6d.—St. Dunstan's in the West School, per Miss Cook. 1s.—W. C.; Mrs. Stett, Holloway, N.

ALWAYS say "MONTERRAT" when you buy Lime Juice. It is a small point, but it makes a big difference. "MONTERRAT" is made from fresh ripe lime fruit, and is the healthiest of all temperance beverages. Large quantities of Lime Juice are supplied regularly to the Army and Navy.

SUPPLIED IN TWO FORMS:—Unsweated, i.e., Plain Lime Juice; Sweetened, i.e., Lime Juice Cordial. Sold by all Stores, Chemists & Grocers.

No more acceptable Gift can be sent to Officers and Men at the Front than **BRAND'S Meat Lozenges.** WORLD-RENOVED for their SUSTAINING PROPERTIES. In Boxes 1/-, 1/6 and 2/9. Sold Everywhere.

POISON GAS AVENGED WITH BAYONETS.

How British Retook Trenches Lost At Hooge.

MEN NOTHING COULD STOP.

Terrorised Huns Unable To Flee Whine For Mercy.

Ec. this morning in the neighbourhood of Ypres we successfully attacked the enemy's position north of Hooge. We occupied the whole of his first-line trenches on a front of 1,000 yards, and also parts of his second line.

In these few words Sir John French told a story of a great achievement on the part of the British forces who wrested from the Germans strongly-held trenches which had been previously won from us by the use of poisonous gases.

Some of the men who took part in the great bayonet charge a few days ago are now in hospital at home, and one of them, Private F. A. Fyfe—formerly a member of the *Daily Sketch* staff—gives a vivid description of the fight.

"We had," he says, "to attack the German trenches at Hooge which they recently captured by the use of gases, and when we passed over the ground some of our victims were still lying there.

"In the afternoon we set off from the camp, and, reaching Ypres, marched silently to the point of attack.

"The attack was prepared by the artillery, and while the bombardment lasted it was absolutely murderous. Our men poured out high explosive shells and shrapnel by the hundreds, and the whole earth seemed to be in eruption, made worse by the reply of the German guns.

AMAZING DARE-DEVILY.

"Our fire trench was not more than 20 yards from the first German trench, and our men, who practically anticipated the order to advance, swarmed over the parapets with the utmost keenness. Their dare-devilry was amazing. Later, I saw our O.C. being helped away blinded with blood, but he would not leave the fight until he was practically compelled.

"From the first the Germans, when they found that their machine-gun fire availed them nothing, turned round and ran, and in their frantic haste wounded and dying alike were trampled underfoot.

"The force of the British artillery was such that the German trenches became mere shambles, and in places only glimpses of grey cloth showed through the masses of shattered sandbags.

"A dense pall of greish black smoke overhung the scene, and choking fumes mingled with the sickly blood smell.

"CHARGED INTO THE TEETH OF HELL"

"There could be nothing finer than this attack of our infantry as led by the officers. They charged stubbornly and steadily right into the teeth of hell—machine gun and rifle fire—with the sole unanimous desire 'to get at it.'

"There were mighty explosions as the big guns sent shells over the whole area. Many of our fellows had their heads blown clean off, and others were simply smashed to red fragments.

"The slaughter of Germans was tremendous, and their losses far exceeded ours. There were dug-outs in their trenches full of smashed remains, and we had to make our victorious way over hundreds of their dead and dying.

"Our fellows got in some useful work with the bayonet, and all round you could hear them and see them running. I have made a note of some of their exclamations: 'Mercy, mercy, plenty good England,' cried one, and another yelled, 'No kill me. Me not want to fight. Kaiser make us; while 'They came like devils all' was the sullen tribute of one of the captured Germans."

ABJECT PRISONERS.

Mr. Fyfe was wounded in this great attack on the German trenches, being struck in the leg by a bullet, but he managed to dash a further hundred yards, though falling twice on the way. Then numbness began to affect his leg, but in spite of this he crawled back to the first trench he and his comrades had taken.

Subsequently he had charge of four German prisoners, and, to use his own words: "I made them sit in a row on the ground just in front of their own trench. One was a sub-lieutenant of the Prussian Guard, a massive fellow, who, although untouched, was trembling like a child.

"They could speak but little English, but I made them understand. Not one of them moved. Amongst other prisoners were Bavarians and Saxons—old men and young men—and one of them told me that troops leaving Berlin were crying as they left."

In the midst of the fighting Mr. Fyfe lost sight of one of his "pals," Herbert Cooper, and he would be glad to hear if anyone has news of him.

LARGE GOLD WITHDRAWALS.

Owing to the necessity of paying for imports which in ordinary times would be satisfied by an exchange of credits the Bank of England is compelled to part with large amounts of gold.

On Saturday there was a further withdrawal of £524,000 on American account, and £684,000 had to be set aside for Argentina. Thus since Wednesday last the Bank of England has lost as much as £2,608,000 in gold, or over 5½ millions within ten days.

In the *Daily Dispatch* to-day a suggestion is put forward for increasing the output of the South African gold mines, and this is deserving of serious attention at the present time.

COMMISSION FOR EX-CONSTABLE.

Ex-Police-constable Arthur Gray, who retired from the T Division of the Metropolitan Police a few months ago, after having been stationed at Teddington for twelve years, has been given a commission in the Middlesex Regiment. He served in the Boer War.

PATRONAGE "SCANDAL."

Influence Getting Inefficient Girls Government Posts.

SELECTION BY BRAINS NEEDED.

Girls are being placed in Government offices in posts for which they are not fitted.

Properly qualified girls are unable to obtain posts because the inefficient have friends with influence.

These are two counts in an indictment made to the *Daily Sketch* by Miss Reta Oldham, president of the Association of Headmistresses.

A recent conference, at which Miss Oldham was a speaker, passed a strongly-worded resolution urging the Government to consider the employment of women in such departments as the Local Government Board, the Home Office, and the National Insurance Commission.

"But," Miss Oldham urges, "they must be the right women."

The trouble is, she contends, that the old scandal of patronage and influence securing Government appointments for men is spreading to the gift of places to girls.

"What we who are interested in the welfare of the girls of the nation have to face," Miss Oldham said yesterday, "is that when we urge upon a girl or her parents the necessity for a sound general education we get the reply, 'Oh, it really isn't necessary; look at Miss So-and-So. She has obtained quite a good post under Government and her education has been very ordinary.'

FRIENDS IN THE CIVIL SERVICE.

"Unfortunately, it is sometimes only too true. The girl may have no particular aptitude for the work she will be called upon to perform. But she has some relative or friend in the Civil Service, and through his influence she is accepted for the post. When she has to submit to the test of the work set before her, she proves to be practically useless.

"On the other hand, the girl who could do the work very often cannot get it to do. When the responsible official is approached on her behalf the answer is, 'We have so many applications before us already. And, really, you know, the girls we have already are of so little use that we don't see the value of engaging any more.'

"It has all arisen out of the unfortunate experiences the department has had of employing the wrong kind of girl."

"What, then," the *Daily Sketch* asked, "do you suggest as a remedy?"

"Let the Government departments consult the heads of the schools and those who are in touch with girls generally," Miss Oldham replied.

WARTIME CLUBS FOR GIRLS.

Hon. Emily Kinnaird Appeals To *Daily Sketch* Readers.

The Hon. Emily Kinnaird, who, with other ladies, is working so enthusiastically for the interests of girls in military centres, writes to the *Daily Sketch* as follows:—

"May I follow up the interest created in the New-haven Girls' Wartime Hut by the pictures of its members and their friends in the *Daily Sketch* by an invitation to the girls of Sussex, who may be readers of your paper, to co-operate with our Central Committee in the formation of similar clubs in other military centres?"

A conference is to be presided over on Wednesday at two o'clock, in Lewes, by the Countess of Chichester, and addressed by the Hon. Lady Cunliffe and Lady Proctor (chairman of the Y.W.C.A. Central Committee for promoting patriotic clubs among girls in military centres), supported by Lady Brassey and others.

At this conference we hope to discuss ways and means of starting new clubs, but it is to the girls themselves we appeal. Our nation needs their best service, our country needs a new standard of friendship and companionship; in this time of sorrow and anxiety we all need the inspiration of the highest ideal, and to be sustained by the spiritual impulse which it is the chief design of these clubs to foster.

We shall be glad to hear from any girls who feel that this is one of the ways in which they can help and be helped to meet this crisis which is testing us as a nation.

Bedford's flag day in aid of the wounded horses realised over £450, although some of the flags were sold at 4d. each.

SHE DARKENED HER GREY HAIR.

A Society Lady Darkened Her Grey Hair and Stimulated Its Growth by a Simple Home Process.

She Tells How She Did It.

A well-known society lady who darkened her grey hair by a simple home process, made the following statement: "Any lady or gentleman can darken their grey or faded hair, stimulate its growth and make it soft and glossy with this simple recipe, which they can mix at home. To a half-pint of water add 1 oz. of bay rum, 1 small box of Orlex Compound and ¼ oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be purchased at any chemist at very little cost. Apply to the hair every other day until the grey hair is darkened sufficiently, then every two weeks. This mixture relieves scalp troubles and is excellent for dandruff and falling hair. It does not stain the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. It will make a grey-haired person look 10 to 20 years younger."—Adv.

DYING BRITISH HERO'S LAST WISH.

Message For Girl To Whom Portrait Is The Only Clue.

SAD BATTLEFIELD RELICS.

No newspaper office has, we believe, received more photographs picked up on the battlefield, and other relics recovered after fierce fighting, than the *Daily Sketch*. And the reproduction of many of those photographs has led to the establishment of the identity of the brave Tommies to whom they originally belonged, and in a good many cases has brought the news that their soldier owners are safe and well.

Two pages of to-day's issue of the *Daily Sketch* are devoted to pictures of this kind which were recently found at the front. These photographs, it might be mentioned, are but a small selection of those sent. Others will be published later, but many are too faded or have been picked up in too damaged a condition to be reproduced.

THE SOLDIER'S PRAYER-BOOK.

The relics, other than photographs, which have reached the *Daily Sketch* and await the claims of owners or relatives include a watch-case, bearing the initials "W. P." and filled with miniature photographs. This is believed to have belonged to a man of the Lincolns.

A prayer-book which someone must greatly value has come to us from a private in the first Canadian contingent, who recovered it in the trenches. The fly-leaf bears the inscription:—

Married at Bath Somerset, in Christ Church, 16th January, 1915, after knowing Phyllis since a small girl.—H. A. Shaw

Another book—a waistcoat pocket-book—found at Ypres, contained in one of its pockets several small photographs in metal cases, and on one page the entry "C. Sturdy. Llannwrst, North Wales."

"DIED BEFORE HE COULD GIVE HER HIS MESSAGE."

One of the saddest of the many sad stories of the war surrounds the picture of a young woman, with a baby on her lap, which appears on the front page. It is simply told in the following passage from a letter which accompanies the photograph:—

I am sending this photo, which my brother sent home from France. It was given him by a soldier who was dying, and who asked him to write and tell the girl when he was dead; but he died before he could give the name and address.

My brother has also been killed, and we cannot find out who the soldier was.

We hope you will publish this, so that the girl will get the soldier's last message.

The miniature leather case containing the charming portraits of a mother and her two children was found in a trench at the Dardanelles. The finder belonged to the 5th Royal Scots, and the *Daily Sketch* hears with regret from his mother, Mrs. A. Reynolds, of Stewart-terrace, Edinburgh, that shortly after he had sent it he was reported missing.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOUND IN A BIBLE.

The photograph of two little girls sitting on a bench, with another portrait of a young girl and a baby sitting on a doorstep, found between the leaves of a Bible at Ypres. The finder, a corporal in the Royal Irish Fusiliers, is carrying the Bible with him until its owner or his representative claims it.

The torn photograph of a member of the Royal Flying Corps was sent by a soldier of the Royal Scots Greys, who believes it belonged to an aviating colleague who was killed. In his letter he states that the machine was travelling at a height of about two thousand feet when the motor exploded and both the pilot and the observer were dashed to the ground and instantly killed.

The picture of one of the ladies appearing on the back page was picked up in a cellar at St. Jean, while that of the nurse was in an officer's writing-pad found in the trenches.

MILITARY ATHLETICS.

Keen Contests In Regimental Sports At Caterham.

An athletic meeting, in which the competitors were drawn from the Grenadier Guards, Coldstream Guards, Scots Guards, Irish Guards, Welsh Guards, 17th (S) Battalion Royal Fusiliers, and 16th (S) Battalion Middlesex Regiment, took place at Caterham, on Saturday, and produced some capital sport.

Private S. Andre (Coldstreamers) was first, Corporal H. G. Baldwin (17th Royal Fusiliers) second, and Lance-Corporal F. R. Skeeles (17th Royal Fusiliers) third in the quarter-mile race, which Andre won by three yards in 57sec. Skeeles, who is a Surrey Athletic Clubman and Grenville Harrier, won the half-mile by three yards from Private A. Robshaw, of the Grenadier Guards, in 2min. 7 4-5sec., and Private J. Gamble, of the Irish Guards, won the mile race, with a fast finish, by five yards, in 4min. 41 3-5sec.

It was in the three miles race that Robshaw was seen at his best. Running with perfect judgment, he out-sprinted the well-known Ranelagh Harrier, Quartermaster-Sergt. E. E. Haselup (15th Middlesex), in the last lap, and beat the latter by 30 yards in 16min 13 1-5sec. The high jump was won, at 5ft. 4in., by Corporal M. Bailey (16th Middlesex).

INTER-COMPANY RACE AT ALDERSHOT.

Although military exigencies caused a reduction of the teams starting in the 4½ miles inter-company contest over the Long Valley and Laffan's Plain course on Saturday from 20 to 13, there were nearly 400 runners. "D" Company, 9th Border Regiment, won in 27min. 50 4-5sec., "C" and "A" Companies of the same battalion being second and third in 28min. 8 1-5sec. and 28min. 42 2-5sec. respectively.

RIVER CHARITY CARNIVAL.

The Middlesex Wanderers Association Football Club on Saturday held a water carnival, which proved to be the event of the season now that the Thames is without any of its usual regattas. Most of the events were of a military nature. On land 160 ladies canvassed for contributions to local hospitals.

At the Ring this evening there is to be a 20 rounds contest under championship conditions between Dai Roberts (Wales) and Billy Williams (Bethnal Green).

Black Jester.—The value of 1915 Two Thousand Guinea Stakes was £7,100.

Maternity

Under Distinguished Patronage.

Finlay's Patent. GOWNS from 32/6

Newest Patent. Every feature embodied in the "Finlay" Made-to-Measure Gowns. Can be increased from 4 in. to 14 in. without losing shape. Made by specially trained staff. Strongly recommended by doctors. Patterns sent free on request.



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Tailor-made to measure in all latest styles. Promotes health, and preserves modest figure for all time. Can be used for ordinary wear afterwards. The "Finlay" Skirts patented, therefore cannot be obtained elsewhere. Money instantly refunded if not satisfied.

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THE SOUL OF GERMANY

By THOMAS F. A. SMITH, Ph. D. A 12-years' study of the People from Within, 1902-1914. In buckram gilt, 6s. net.

THREE EDITIONS CALLED FOR IN THREE WEEKS. The most sensational book ever written on Germany—a scathing exposure of German social life. It pictures "Kultur" as a sordid soul in a bestial body—a revelation of the mockery and falsity of German Home Life—of a land where chastity is of no consequence—where "nearly five army corps of illegitimate children are born every year." It gives the key to the Hun atrocities by explaining the moral environment of the German. LONDON: HUTCHINSON & CO.

Eyes right! Shoulder arms! Quick march! —it's



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£5 TO £5,000 Lent; interest, 1s. 6d. Special Ladies' Dept.—Call or write B. S. LYLE, Ltd., 69, New Oxford-st., W.

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Finest Sheffield knives; ideal wedding outfit; perfectly new; approval willingly.—Mrs. ROWLES, 56, Second-av., Manor Park, Essex

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

BEDSTEADS & BEDDING! WHY PAY SHOP PRICES! Newest Patterns in Metal and Wood, Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc. Furniture—Bedroom and general. All goods sent direct from Factory to Home in perfectly new condition. Send postcard to-day for Illustrated Price List (post free). I allow Discount for Cash or supply goods payable in Monthly instalments.

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Please mention *Daily Sketch* when writing for lists.

CENTURY CHINA BARGAINS.—Household and Individual Orders at Factory Prices. Single Dinner, Tea, Toilet 21s.; 30,000 satisfied customers. Complete Home Outfit, China, 100 persons set, 37s. 6d., name inscribed, 49s. 6d. Profitable Bazaar Parcels, 10s. 6d. Complete Illustrated CATALOGUE Free. Presents offered. Write to-day.—CENTURY POTTERY, Dept. 390, Burslem

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

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

5/- MONTHLY.—Private by Post, Suits, Costumes, Raincoats, Blankets, Bedding, Gramophones, Watches, Rings, Jewellery. (Boots from 2s. 6d. monthly.) Patterns and Lists Free. State which of above required. Masters, Ltd. (109), Hope Street, Rye. (Established 1869.)

What The Beauty Expert Says.

Smooth Hands Even During War Work.

ONE might imagine that the ritual necessary for keeping the hands in good order was now known to every woman, but I have had so many inquiries on this subject that I think I had better discuss it once more.

As a beginning I want to say that in beauty culture, as in all other things, it is not wise to put all your eggs into one basket. Many women and girls spend an excessive amount of time on their hands, and neglect other beauty rites, just because they find it easy and comfortable to attend to their hands, while such things as hair-brushing or throat massage bore them. The result is that they are over-manicured, which is almost as bad style as not to be manicured at all.

The first point in the manicure ritual is to get the hands absolutely clean. Get a fairly hot lather and rub the hands well with a piece of towelling or flannel. It is a common mistake to scrub the hands with a nail-brush, but this means subsequent roughness for a tender skin, and a rough skin is one that is always dirty.

For Satin-Smoothness.

To keep the hands satin-smooth always finish the washing by a douche of cold water and dry them perfectly. Rub them together after the towelling to make sure that they are dry and smooth—otherwise they will roughen, even in warm weather.

A slice of lemon will take off stains of all kinds, but when fingers are stained with fruit they should be held in cold water before the regular washing.

Get into the habit of pushing the skin away from the base of each nail every time you wash your hands, and if your finger-tips are blunt press them to encourage tapering. These actions soon become as mechanical as the actual drying, and in time make a great improvement in the shape and condition of the finger-nails.

When you are going to give the fingers an extra tidying up soak the tips for at least ten minutes in a bowl of warm water which contains either soap or lemon-juice. Personally I prefer lemon-juice, because it helps to bleach the skin as well as to loosen the cuticle about the base of the nails. Prop up something to read during this process and you will not feel that you are wasting time.

Correctly-Shaped Nails.

Next the nails must be trimmed at the ends. It may be necessary to use your manicure scissors, but if you have time keep the nails at the correct length by filing them every day. Cutting tends to thicken them, and it is much easier to keep them following the curve of the finger-tip with the file than it is with the scissors. This, remember, is always a correct shape. You may hear that nails should be cut to a point, or this way or that, but any extreme is best avoided. Your nails when finished shouldn't suggest scissors at all. If your fingers are exceptionally blunt you will only make the matter worse by keeping your nails exceptionally pointed.

Now with your orange-wood stick go round the nail, loosening the cuticle and pressing it gently away from the base of the nail so that the

"half-moons" are plainly visible. This part of the work must be done carefully or a crop of ragged "hang-nails" will be the result.

After this comes the polishing. There are many good polishing pastes and powders, but if you like to make one for yourself you can do so by mixing carmine in a little fresh lard and adding a drop of perfume. For a polishing-pad you can use the palm of the hand that isn't being polished if you like to do things in the simplest



A summer gown from Paris, with bands of frog-green taffeta on white chiffon and a white taffeta bodice and foundation.

way, or if you are a very busy person you can have a strip of chamois nailed down somewhere and polish all your finger-nails at once by rubbing them along it.

Don't make your nails blood-red, even if your pet revue actress keeps hers that colour. The best manicurists never turn out their private clients in that condition. The nails should be a deeper pink than the hands. That is all.

And now, having finished the ritual, forget it. Forget your hands, too. Nothing looks worse than the public attention which some women give to their hands, and your hands will not be graceful if you are too conscious of them.

The ritual is enough for ordinary occasions, but you will want to know what to do when your hands are very much out of order. Suppose you have been dish-washing at a soldiers' canteen or scrubbing in a hospital, and your hands are spongy and wrinkled, you should take the opportunity, when the pores are thus relaxed, of rubbing in olive oil. Your hands will soon come right again, and the oil is an excellent thing for keeping them satiny and young.

MDME. AVRIL.

£1,000 For Women To Win.

Twenty Pounds For Single Pieces Of Needlework.

THE *Daily Sketch* is offering £1,000 in prizes for the best pieces of needlework done by its readers. This huge sum is to be divided into 1,546 awards, varying in amount from 2s. 6d. to £20. In order that the scheme should appeal to every needlewoman thirty-three classes have been arranged. Each competitor may therefore send the type of work in which she is most proficient. One class is for children only, others have been arranged for those who are unable to afford a big outlay on materials.

There is no entrance fee in connection with this competition, but each entry must be accompanied by 24 coupons cut from the *Daily Sketch*. These coupons will appear in each issue from April 12 to November 6 inclusive. More than one entry may be sent by any competitor, provided that each entry is accompanied by the correct number of coupons.

After the judging (which is to be done by experts from the Royal School of Art Needlework) the work will be exhibited in a suitable hall in London, but will not be sold unless at the owner's wish. Proceeds of the exhibition and of the sale

of such work as the owners wish to put to patriotic purpose will be handed to the British Red Cross Society and the St. John Ambulance Association, but those who are unable to give their work may have it returned to them at the close of the exhibition.

It is, of course, hoped that all who can do so will still surrender their entries, as it is hoped to raise a substantial sum by the exhibition and sale at the beginning of December next.

In order to compete in this big competition readers must send a stamped addressed envelope to Mrs. Gossip, Needlework Competition, *Daily Sketch*, London, E.C. The envelope will be returned containing an entrance form, with full particular and rules.

A list of the thirty-three classes appears below. One of them, at least, is sure to appeal to every woman who is mistress of her needle and wants to make her favourite hobby worth while.

In response to an inquiry it may be here pointed out that the prizes mentioned below will be awarded in each of the classes above which they appear, and are not merely allotted to the entire set of classes.

How The £1,000 Prize-money Will Be Divided.

£120 has been allotted to the first three classes, and will be divided into the following prizes for each class:—

First Prize, £20.
Second Prize, £10.
Third Prize, £5, and
Five Prizes of £1 each.

The classes are:—

- (1) Church embroidery.
- (2) Embroidered bedspread.
- (3) Chair seat cover in petit point or gros point.

£735 has been allotted to the classes from 4 to 24 inclusive, and will be divided into prizes as under in each class:—

First Prize of £10.
Second Prize of £5.
Third Prize of £3.
Twenty Prizes of 10s. each.
Twenty Prizes of 5s. each.
Sixteen Prizes of 2s. 6d. each.

The classes are:—

- (4) Drawn thread work tea-cloth.
- (5) Cut work tea-cloth.
- (6) Filet or crochet border for tea-cloth, a yard square.
- (7) Crochet corners for tea-cloth (4).
- (8) Crochet chair back.
- (9) Embroidered and initialled handkerchief.
- (10) Lingerie blouse (no lace to be used).
- (11) Set of embroidered lingerie (no lace to be used), consisting of chemise, knickers, camisole and nightgown.
- (12) Hand-made lace collar.
- (13) Sofa back in linen appliqué.
- (14) Casement blind in darned net.
- (15) Cushion cover in coloured embroidery.
- (16) Embroidered panel for fire screen.
- (17) Portière in Old English embroidery.
- (18) Footstool cover in tapestry work.
- (19) Embroidered house-gown.
- (20) Embroidered and painted picture.
- (21) Painted dessert d'oyleys (set of 6).
- (22) Doll dressed as a child.
- (23) Doll dressed in character.
- (24) Theatre bag in bead work.

£75 has been allotted to classes 25, 26, 27, 28 and 29, and will be divided into the following prizes in each class:—

First Prize of £5.
Second Prize of £3.
Third Prize of £1.
Six Prizes of 10s. each, and
Twelve Prizes of 5s. each.

These classes are:—

- (25) Lady's dressing gown, material not to cost more than 10s.
- (26) Set of first garments for an infant. Ease in washing and putting on to be taken into account.
- (27) Knitted sports coat, wool.
- (28) Smock to fit a boy of three.
- (29) Spray of silk or satin flowers, suitable for decoration of evening gown.

£30 has been allotted to classes 30, 31, and 32. In each of these classes there will be:—

First Prize of £3.
Second Prize of £2.
Third Prize of £1, and
Eight Prizes of 10s. each.

The classes are:—

- (30) Set of 6 artistically threaded bead chains.
- (31) Work basket in bass work.
- (32) Set of buttons.

£40 is to be won by boys and girls in class 33. In each of the five sections of this class the following prizes will be awarded:—

First Prize of £1.
Second Prize of 15s.
Third Prize of 10s.
Twenty Prizes of 5s.
Six Prizes of 2s. 6d. each.

Sub-divisions of the boys and girls class are as follows:—

For Girls under Fifteen—

- Class 33a. Pincushion.
- Class 33b. Piece of crochet insertion 4in. by 1 yard.
- Class 33c. Counterpane for doll's cradle.
- Class 33d. Child doll.

For Boys under Nine—

- Class 33e. Best piece of knitting.

COUPON for

DAILY SKETCH
£1,000 PATRIOTIC
NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION.

Your Holiday Hat will cost you

5/11

POST FREE.



only **5/11** if you
take advantage of this
Special Offer

READERS of the *Daily Sketch* have never been offered better Headwear Value than this. The following is a brief description of the offer:—

HOLIDAY HAT (as sketch) in Hand-plaited Rush of natural colour, with Smart Bow of Corded Silk Ribbon in Sage, Cherry, Purple, Black Sky, or Old Rose. Post free **5/11**

Also in larger size, 6/6; Child's size, 4/11.
Orders by post receive special and prompt attention. We pay the carriage in the U.K.

PETER ROBINSON'S
OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.

Peter Robinson, Ltd.

Taffeta Frocks For Children.



Rose-patterned white batiste with a piped bodice.



A blue taffeta skirt with a blouse-bodice of white muslin.

TAFFETA has conquered in every department the mother or nurse of experience likes to have of dress, and is no longer thought inappropriate for little girls. Charming little dresses are being turned out in it and small wearers are very pleased with their crisp little best frocks which have such a grown-up air of importance.

Checked taffeta is used very successfully in conjunction with muslin, and high-waisted little taffeta skirts of all colours are buttoned on to tiny blouses of white muslin by large pearl buttons and often have shoulder-straps as well. Exquisite little slips of white taffeta, piped and scalloped, are also being made for the smart little girl who is still far off her teens.

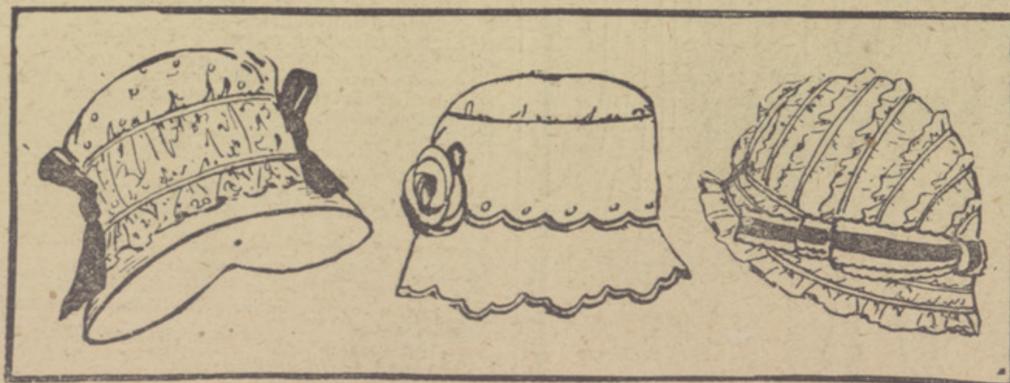
That last point is one to remember, for it is only the very young girl who can be successfully "dressed-up" in taffeta or anything else. The older she gets the simpler her clothes must become in material and design.

Since the long-waisted fashion has been adopted by mothers (and even by grandmothers) it is no longer so much seen in the smarter frocks for little girls. Instead there is a tendency for the waist-line to rise almost as far as it may go. Short puff sleeves are also being revived on the little muslin frocks for the hot days of 1915.

Brilliant colours still prevail in the small wardrobe now that they are so seldom used for the full-sized one. For beach frocks and general holiday wear there is an especial demand for bright colours, because



White taffeta, scalloped and corded, and worn with a beaded green belt.



Three hats a little girl would like. The first is of biscuit straw with a crown of lace and two smart black velvet bows. Pale blue linen, hand-scalloped and adorned with a single pink rose, is a simple scheme. The third hat is of ruffled pink muslin with a black moiré ribbon.

where there are a dozen or so small boys in ordinary sailor suits, or little girls in jerseys, it is not easy to single out one's own brood from the other end of beach or garden.

As is only to be expected, the school-boy of the period demands only what is sturdy and manly in his war-time suits, but for the small boy still in the square-cut hair stage there are picturesque but simple styles. Embroidered linen shirts are worn with linen trousers of a darker colour. Sometimes these shirts have ruffled fronts and wash buckler flap pockets occur in the little coats that may be worn over them.

Mushroom hats are having it all their own way among millinery for little girls. They are worn well on the front of the head, their brims are small, and they are often supplied with black velvet streamers which may be tied under the chin when occasion demands. Large, single, flat flowers, usually made from velvet, are the favourite trimming.

There is a great deal of hand-work on the muslin frocks, some of which boast picot-edged ruffles at the hems. One little model recently shown was very like the puff-sleeved and low-necked frocks worn by little girls exactly a century ago. It was of white - embroidered muslin and had a flat waistband of Romney blue silk. There is a very similar frock in the London Museum.



Striped blue and white galatea on a white linen beach-frock.



A "first suit" scheme in Shantung smocked with red.

Just What You Are Looking For—And Where To Get It.

IT is sometimes said of woman that she never knows what she wants, and that is why she takes so long to do her shopping, but it is more truthful to say that usually she knows what she wants but doesn't know just where to find it.

Frocks For Alexandra Day.

Had you forgotten that Alexandra Day was so near and now find that you haven't just the right sort of white frock to wear for it? You want something that doesn't quite suggest a garden party and yet isn't severe enough for a tennis match? Come along to Selfridge's, where there are hundreds to choose from. You will probably find your ideal in a two-guinea frock that is embroidered a little and trimmed also with filet insertions. There are also Valenciennes-trimmed lawn frocks at fifteen-and-six.

Shantung-Coloured Stockings.

Almost every woman has a shantung frock, but few of us have been able to discover stockings that just "go" with them, at least not at a

modest price. But at the same shop you will find delightful biscuit-coloured stockings in artificial silk. The normal price is only two and eleven, but when I was there I found a stock of slightly defective ones that were only one-and-ninence a pair.

Hand-Bags For Wearers Of Blue.

Your black moiré hand-bag has been your faithful friend for so long that it has now grown rather shabby, and, besides, you nearly always wear a navy blue suit, so why not carry a navy blue bag? You don't want to be extravagant in war-time, and blue bags always seem dearer than black ones, you will say. But they are not at Marshall and Snelgrove's, where I have found the most attractive blue moiré ones at 8s. 11d. These bags are of the fashionable, plump, pouchy shape, and have unobtrusive gun-metal mounts and clasps.

How To Trim Your Own Hats.

A plain straw hat for country wear or morning shopping is an essential item just now. Shady

straws in nice shapes are to be seen in all the shops at low prices, but not every woman has the knack of trimming them so that they are smart enough for anywhere but a hayfield. If you are one of these, why not buy your hat and then go to Gorrings', in Buckingham Palace-road, and look at their ready-made ribbon hat-trimmings. You can get the smartest bands and rosettes in good corded ribbon for 3s. 11d.

For A War-Bride's Trousseau.

A war-bride friend is very pleased with me because when she declared that she had neither time nor money to get together any sort of a trousseau before her hurried wedding I at once whisked her off to Dobb's, in Westbourne-grove, to look at the half-price French lingerie there. She had no idea that dainty hand-made things could anywhere be obtained so cheaply and soon had selected a pile of pretty garments.

The night-gowns, I thought, were especially good value. The design she chose was a short-waisted, square-necked one with elbow sleeves and bodice part were closely set with



A Tour With An Experienced Shopper.

Valenciennes insertion and pink ribbons held in the waist. These were only 12s. 11d., though one would never have expected them to be less than a guinea.

Blazers For The River.

If you have seen a smart girl up the river or on the tennis courts in one of the new striped flannel blazers you are probably wanting one of these to wear during your next period of relaxation. You can get them at Stagg and Mantle's, in Leicester-square, for 25s. 11d.

Chic Taffeta Suits.

Nothing is more useful at this time of year than a smart but simple taffeta costume. I came across a charming one at Dale's, in Buckingham Palace-road. It was of nigger-brown, nicely braided, and had a short chic little coat and a full braided skirt, and I was surprised to find that it was to be sold, with some black and navy costumes of the same kind, for 55s. No costumes ever had a more decided six-guinea look, and those who go early to Dale's to-day will be rewarded by genuine bargains.

BILL GETS A FRESH SHOCK.



Another little surprise for Bill with regard to the British Army.

THE MYSTERY OF THE RAJAH'S PEARL.

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

A Reign Of Terror.

The woman with the wonderful black eyes stood literally with her back to the wall, facing St. Julien and another man whom Enid now knew as Sir John Drury. She had been standing there more or less defiantly, without the slightest trace of fear, or shame, or humiliation.

"After what you have heard," Drury said, "perhaps I had better offer an explanation. I have to thank my lucky stars that I am alive at this moment. I was lured away from home by a false pretext, but happily I discovered the plot just in time. I was attacked by the man who is now lying under this roof. It was not more than a glimpse that I caught of his face, but I am positive that I am not mistaken. I did not kill him, and I am glad of it now."

"St. Julien, do you understand what has happened? Do you grasp the fact that this lady here is the daughter of our unfortunate friend Captain Robinson—at least, we always speak of him as Captain Robinson. Young woman, do you know that we have been searching high and low for you for three years? Do you know that your reckless disappearance has resulted in the loss of more than one valuable life? You created a veritable reign of terror. And here we've been searching for you high and low to restore what we regard as your property."

"It is not true," the woman said. "The White Mouse was given to my mother by the late Rajah Sinji just before he died, and it was stolen by a perfidious friend who was in league with you and others. The thief did not live long to enjoy his share of the money. But we need not trouble about him. He lived long enough to hand the sword-hilt over to one of you, and we have been trying to get it back ever since."

The Great Plot.

"Oh, I see you are puzzled. Now let me remind you that there is Eastern blood in my veins. I am half English, you say. True, but the other half is purely Oriental. It is the East which is calling me all the time. I want to go back to their barbaric palace where the happiest days of my life were spent. The time I spent in Paris I regard as so much penal servitude. I knew from my mother's

letters of the legacy that she would some day achieve; I knew the future that they had planned for me. I was to go back one day and marry my old playmate, Nana Din. He was the second son of the Rajah and not the heir to the throne. The heir was a poor weakling creature whom everybody despised. . . . Cannot you imagine how I longed for my freedom and how in the course of time my affection for the handsome lad increased until it seemed to me that there was no other man in the world? You see, I was a woman at sixteen."

"Then the news came to me through a mysterious channel, as news does travel from the East, to the effect that the White Mouse had been stolen and that certain people had conspired to sell it for their own advantage. Then one night in the convent garden to me there came Nana Din himself. I knew that I was not mistaken. I knew that here was the right man for me. I was thrilled with happiness to know that I had not been forgotten. He had been my lover as a boy, and he was my lover as a man."

"We met two or three times secretly after that, and gradually the great plot was evolved. We honestly believed that we had secret enemies to deal with; we were sure that it was our duty to regain possession of the White Mouse. All the Rajah's trusted servants knew that that pearl had been stolen; they were convinced that there would be nothing but trouble and disaster till it was recovered."

"And Nana Din had gone into voluntary exile for that very purpose. He had a few men with him who were prepared to follow to the death. His one end and aim was the return of the pearl into his own possession and to proclaim the fact to the court. Then he could depose his weak elder brother and occupy the throne, but not alone, for I should share it with him."

"My heart and soul were absolutely in the venture. To help to carry it through I disappeared from Paris, leaving no clue behind me, and for the past three years my life has been one of wild and romantic adventure. You were our enemies; you had that which we were prepared to shed blood for; and you cannot say that you did not have fair warning."

"Most remarkable," Drury said. "Here were we

looking for you high and low, so as to get rid of that accursed jewel, little dreaming that the woman we desired to help was at the head of the gang of murderers who were making life impossible for us. Your blackmail was bad enough, goodness knows, but—"

"The blackmail was necessary," the woman went on. "Nana Din had very little money, and you must understand that the campaign was a costly one. And that was all planned by me. Those seed pearls came from the scabbard of the sacred sword—it was the little touch of romance which I knew would appeal to you, knowing the East as you do. I make no apology, I express no regrets. It is only wasted time and energy that I am sorry for. You admit that the White Mouse is mine—I held it in trust for a nation. And now give me the gem and let me go. When Nana Din is fit to be moved—"

"You need not trouble about that," St. Julien explained. "Your lover can stay here as long as he pleases. I have no doubt that you know where my servants are to be found, and, if you will intimate to them that the siege is raised, so to speak, I shall be glad to have them back again. The man who was killed—"

"A regrettable incident," the woman said coolly. "A pity, no doubt. But you are powerless to interfere. For the sake of the great Indian Empire you must be silent. But the pearl."

"Is lost," St. Julien said. "Now listen." It was in a few words that St. Julien explained. The conspirators had overreached themselves, and until St. Julien recovered his sight there was but little chance of the White Mouse being seen again.

"You see," he concluded, "it might still be possible to do something if my chauffeur had not vanished. He would be able to locate the spot where he set me down and show you the path leading through the woods. I could not have gone more than 200 yards before I knew I was being followed. I slipped behind a holly bush on the right, and the tree where I hid the sword-hilt is close by. But, seeing that the chauffeur—"

"He is one of us now," the woman interrupted. "His nerve had given way, and he was in deadly fear of his life. I can easily find out to-morrow. And now, Lord St. Julien, if you will give me a bed—"

It was two days later that the strange creature

who had been at the bottom of all this trouble departed in her car, taking the wounded man with her. St. Julien's servants were back again now, and the machinery of the household was working quite smoothly again.

In response to an urgent telegram Massingham managed to get away from London, and was staying with Sir John Drury and his widowed sister—as also was Enid—for the next few days.

It was characteristic of the future consort of a great Indian chief that she should vanish from the house without a single farewell or the slightest intimation that she and the sick man were going. St. Julien came down to breakfast on the morning of the third day to find that his guests had vanished. There was not so much as a note for him.

He telephoned the news over to Drury with an intimation that he proposed to come over to lunch. Massingham heaved a deep sigh of relief, and Drury made no effort to conceal his satisfaction.

"Thank God that's done with," he said fervently. "Amen to that," Massingham muttered. "Now, thank goodness, we shall be able to sleep comfortably in our beds and take an interest in the good things of life again. And I shall be able to marry my dear little Enid here without feeling that I might leave her a widow at any moment. No, my dear chap, no more of your secret Diplomatic Service for me. I am going to retire to my own property and shoot my pheasants in peace and comfort. We've all been mixed up with some strange things in the East, but never anything like this before. And if it hadn't been for the pluck and courage of this dear little girl, goodness only knows—"

"It was sheer good luck," Enid said. "Oh, it was something more than that," Drury exclaimed. "And now let us go outside and enjoy the sunshine. If only St. Julien was all right again I should feel perfectly happy."

It was just before luncheon that St. Julien rolled up in his car. As they all went out to meet him he produced a telegram, smiling grimly as he did so.

"From the future Rajah and his affianced wife," he said. "Would you mind reading it, Drury?" And Drury read as follows:—
"Found. Be discreet and silent. Farewell."
The End.



GRANNY'S ADVICE

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DOCTOR —, L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S.Ed., L.F.P.S.Glas., etc. (Leeds), writes:—"Your Neave's Food is suiting our youngster admirably, for which we are very thankful. . . . She was not doing well on cow's milk and water alone."—10th September, 1913.

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A Recruit Is Kitchener's Best Birthday Present. (See Page 4.)

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BRITAIN'S BEST PICTURE PAPER.

FROM THE TRENCHES TO THOSE AT HOME.



Believed to have belonged to a young soldier. Accompanying the photograph were several verses signed "M. Freda Turner."



A Scots Grey picked this up near a spot where two of our aviators came to grief. The picture was tattered and torn.



Found in a cellar at St. Jean.



Found after severe fighting.

"Bunny," this pretty nurse signed herself. It was found in an officer's writing-pad after heavy fighting.



"I think the dead soldier was the lady's brother," says the King's Liverpool soldier who forwarded the picture.



One of the North Somerset Yeomanry found this at Ypres.



"With love from Molly"—found in a dug-out by a Gordon Highlander, after the fighting near Ypres.



"Taken July 23/14"—picked up after the fighting by a Royal Irish Fusilier.



From the back garden to the front—found in a cellar at St. Jean after a forward move.

More pictures sent from the soldiers at the front. What stories of pathos and of bravery they tell! The Daily Sketch will answer all questions respecting them.