

Are You Keeping Anyone Back, Mr. Employer?—(See Page 4.)

DAILY SKETCH.

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No. 1,966.

LONDON, MONDAY, JUNE 28, 1915.

[Registered as a Newspaper.] ONE HALFPENNY.

FROM THE PULPIT TO THE TRENCH AND THE BENCH.

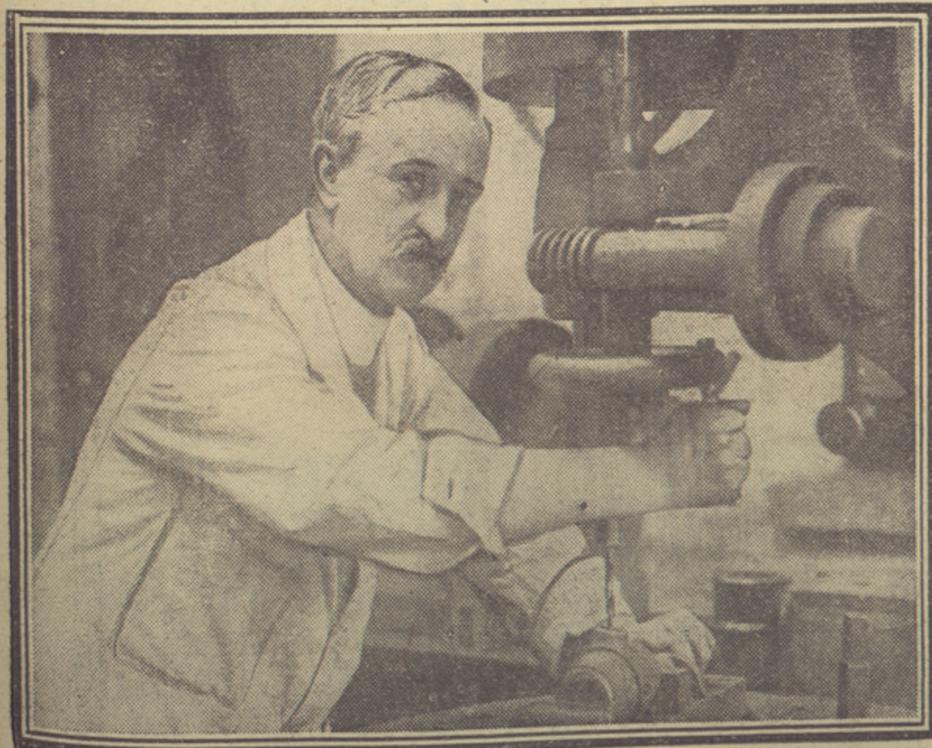


The Rev. T. W. Foinette, Wesleyan minister at Stirling, has enlisted

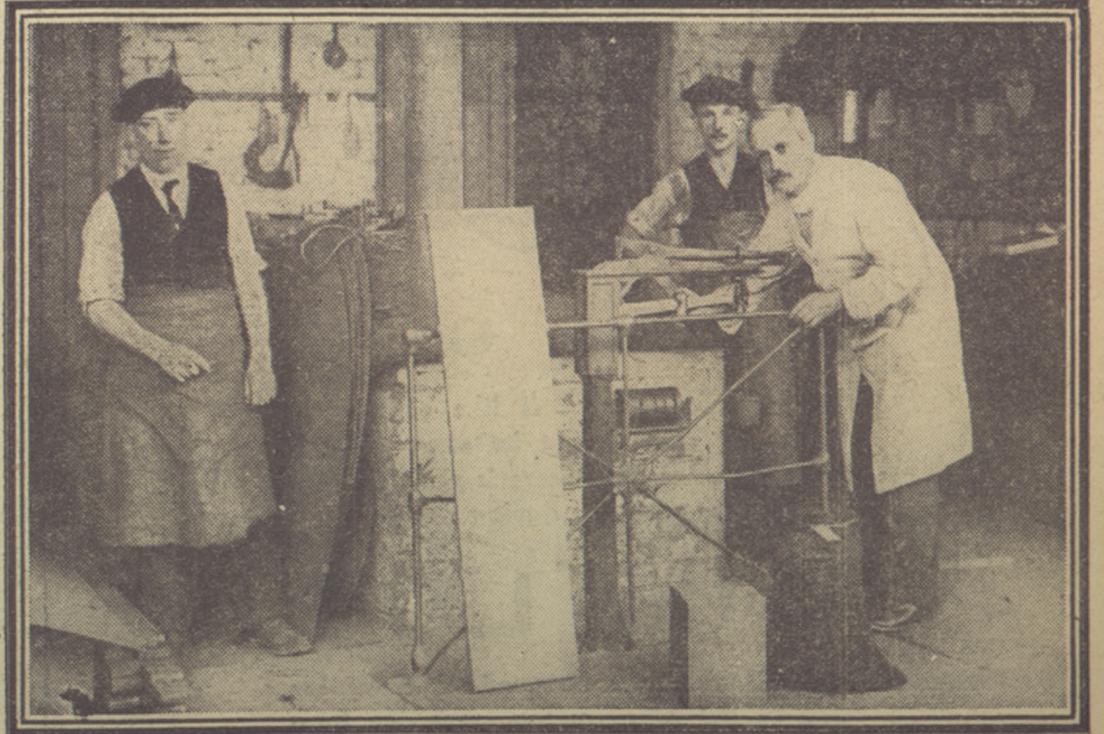


A Haggerston curate, the Rev. H. P. Ledbitter, is now a private

The Rev. J. Williams, a well-known Calvinistic Methodist preacher, has volunteered to take the place of a young Welsh farmer joining



The Rev. W. Brook-Hirst in his overalls at work with a drill.



The Rev. W. Brook-Hirst, Wesleyan minister at Windsor, weighing out for munition workers

The ministers of religion are cheerfully showing their people the way to win the war. To the number of patriotic parsons and preachers who have already volunteered for active service in various capacities must now be added those who are offering their services as war workers at home. Men of all creeds are devoting their leisure to the needs of the nation, exchanging clerical garb for the Service uniforms of the Royal Army Medical Corps or Ordnance Corps, or for the overalls of volunteer munition-makers.

COZENS' Summer SALE

Is Now Proceeding.

AN ABSOLUTE CLEARANCE is the object of this Sale, and the prices of all goods have been reduced accordingly—**IN PRACTICALLY EVERY CASE WITHOUT REGARD TO COST.** Enormous

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- 300 yards of Diagonal Tweeds in Tan, Grey and Saxe. **9 1/2 yd.**
- 160 yards Double Width Black Moire Velour, suitable for Coats or Costumes. Worth 4/11. **1/11 yd.**
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"The Tenna" Dainty Blouses of Ivory Voile, front of fine tucks, pretty collar of embroidered muslin. Worth 6/11. **Special SALE PRICE 3/11**

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Ribbed Combinations. A very Special Line. **SALE PRICE 1/0 3/4**

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Shop by Post if you cannot call. Your money willingly returned if you desire it. Send for the Sale Catalogue to day, or you can order from this advt.

Money willingly refunded if desired.

Special Offer.—Long sleeve Overall of fine Casement Cloth. Fast dye, in Navy, Light and Dark Butcher, Sky, Brown, Green, Buff, Helle, and Grey. Usual Price 2/6. **SALE PRICE 1/9 1/2**

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DUNLOP

tyres is simply a form of self-deception, and in the long run an expensive form. Ask any cyclist of experience.

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HOW DOES THE WAR GO?

I MAY warn my readers to prepare for another dose of pessimism and poison gas from the Chlorine or Yellow Press. You will hear gloomy rumours about the crack up of the Russians, and the impending fall of Warsaw. You will be told that we are making no headway, that the French are getting dispirited, that Calais will be carried next time by the Germans, and that sooner or later this country will be invaded by the Germans. This croaking has been going on for years, and from the first day of the war it has become intensified. It is really an echo of the German boastings.

NOW, there are a few things to bear in mind if we want to get a correct idea of the situation. The point of primary importance is that Germany made this war, striking at her own convenience after a preparation of many years, and after the most careful calculations. Germany did not take the plunge until she felt absolutely sure of winning and of winning quickly. Well, after ten months of the most appalling sacrifices Germany has *not* won. She is further off from victory than ever.

UNTIL Germany can smash the armies of Russia, France, and Britain she cannot win. She may advance, she may take towns, but as long as the Allies' armies hold the field Germany can have no complete victory. Thus, Germany has failed to accomplish her purpose. She has failed, too, after making her maximum effort. Germany is not as strong now as she was last September. She has lost heavily of her best men. She can expand no further in the production of war munitions.

IN holding this view we must remember that Germany is still amazingly strong, but she is not strong enough to conquer. The Germans have built up their military strength with more enterprise than the Allies, and their better use of science and engineering has added considerably to their power. The main reproach against the Allies is that they have not put more inventiveness and scientific skill into the fighting. The Germans have taught them new things about heavy artillery, machine-guns, trench warfare, and many other matters, and we have paid heavily in men for this conservatism. But there is no need to be depressed about that. We are learning rapidly, and soon perhaps we can give the Germans a few surprises. Every German trick took years of research and planning. Quicker wits are at the service of the Allies once the red tape bonds are burst through.

THE situation as it now stands is that Germany is getting her second wind, and is trying to smash up the Russian Army. If she fails or succeeds at that she will make a fresh attempt to smash up the British and French Armies. She will fail in that just as she failed last September. On our side we have made attempts to smash up the Germans, but deadlock has come to each side in every attempt to terminate trench warfare in the West. Neither side has been strong enough yet to break through in overwhelming fashion.

FOR this reason some people think that the war will end in a drawn game. Let us consider, however, that day by day in this trench warfare there is heavy loss of life. The greater loss is on the German side as a rule. Germany cannot create new soldiers. Her supply of suitable men is strictly limited, and is steadily decreasing. Old men and weakly men are of no use in this war. It will be decided by the young and strong men, and of these the Allies have the greater number. Occasional travellers from Germany talk of the crowds of young men yet to be seen in Berlin. They are there to carry out Germany's game of bluff. They are either unfit or reserves on leave. Germany is slowly but steadily bleeding to death. She has less fighting blood than the Allies. Therefore she will collapse first. Have patience and courage!

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Echoes of the Town and Round About.

French Day.

THERE has been a good deal of confusion on the subject of "France's Day," for some Cabinet Ministers have put themselves on the committee for the July 14 celebration and some for July 7. I hope that they will be able to arrange a coalition—they have experience now—for it is rather doubtful whether two days so close together could be successful. But, anyhow, the French Ambassador says the 7th is the day, and so does the Duchess of Somerset.

The Busy Duchess.

THE Duchess of Somerset is, perhaps, the most brisk, business like, and energetic of all our duchesses. She is not, perhaps, so much in the public eye as was Milliecent Duchess of Sutherland when she ruled at Stafford House, nor has she the artistic leanings of the Duchess of Rutland. But she is a clever woman, and a very ardent Tory. In fact, in the old days of party strife, she frequently carried her politics to the extent of writing letters to the Press, letters which invariably came in for heavy sarcasm at the hands of Radical organs. But her Grace has survived it, and no one can accuse her of not realising the responsibilities of her rank. At Maiden-Bradley, the ducal seat near Bath, she forms an ideal hostess, and does a deal of good in the neighbourhood.



Lafayette.

The Queen Whom The Germans Hate.

QUEEN ELENA of Italy has the honour of being very soundly hated by those great haters, the Germans. They blame her for Italy. Naturally, being of Slavonic blood, her sympathies are with the Slavs. Furthermore, she is very fond of England. Her children have had an education which is largely English in spirit.

She has followed the war with the closest attention. She got direct from London all books, pamphlets, and maps which would assist her to do this.

The King A Pigeon Prize-Winner.

MR. HANDEL BOOTH, M.P., the chairman of the Pigeon War Committee, tells me that the committee have already awarded about fifty of their £1 prizes. These awards are made weekly to the owners of racing pigeons which have been put at the disposal of the Government for war service. The King is a winner of one of these prizes.

A Useful Auxillary Service.

MR. BOOTH, to whom this Service was primarily due, says that it is useful for the conveyance of messages between sea and land where wireless is not available. If any German birds, he says, have been hidden away in these islands for any length of time they are useless for sending messages to Germany.

Winston's Secretary.

THERE will be much sympathy with Mr. E. H. Marsh, C.M.G., who has just lost his father, the Master of Downing. Mr. Marsh has been private secretary to Winston since 1907. At Cambridge he simply ate up first classes and prizes, was assistant private secretary to Joseph Chamberlain and Alfred Lyttelton at the Colonial Office, and went with Winston on that tour through Africa. He is a good-looking man, with an eyeglass and a reputation for special skill in dealing with those Society personages who are apt to make a Minister's life something of a burden.

At Daggers Drawn.

THERE is no love lost between Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Pringle. At present the member for North-West Lanark looks like being the leader of the only nucleus of opposition in the House. His dissatisfaction with certain features of the Munitions Bill is unqualified.

Eight Happy Cabmen.

ADMIRAL THE HON. SIR EDMUND R. FREMANTLE, G.C.B., presided the other day at an election of annuitants of the Cabdrivers' Benevolent Association. Eight old cabmen were successful in gaining a pension of £20 a year each for life. There are 152 candidates on the list still waiting a similar happy fate. In the official return of the election some of the nicknames of the successful candidates are given, as well as their baptismal names. For instance, John Lamb is described as "Good Old Jack Lamb." Henry William Sterling is described as "Old Harry," and Joseph Payne Biggs is described as "Joe Biggs."

The Navigators' Battalion.

I WAS lunching at the Athenæum with a certain Cambridge professor who is extremely precise. We discussed martial M.P.s, including Commander Josiah Wedgwood and Colonel Fred Hall. "Yes," added the Professor, "and one should not forget Colonel John Ward, who is, I believe, commanding the Navigators' Battalion"! I almost fainted, but the Professor was right. Our "navvies," it seems, were originally termed "navigators," owing to their being employed in the construction of canals, prior to the advent of railways.

One Crowded Hour.

I WAS speaking to a London Territorial home on a short spell of leave. He has had an exciting time, and it all happened in one hour. A bullet went through his pouch, another penetrated his pack, still another knocked the rifle out of his hand, when, to crown all, he was gassed, but managed to creep away in a semi-conscious condition. These are some experiences for a city clerk of 17.

What Uncurled His Hair?

HE laments one curious effect of these exciting happenings. He had a very nice crop of natural curls, admired by his girl friends. They were really very nice (the curls, I mean). But after that crowded hour he found his curls gone and his hair straight and lanky. Horrible! He returns in a few days to his post of duty in France, and is wondering whether a few more close "shaves" will restore to him his beloved curls.

A German's War Tragedy.

HERE is a tragedy which will elicit some sympathy although the victim was a German. Twenty-five years ago Wilhelm Rossler went out to India under contract to an English firm of photographers. Saving money, as foreigners can, he was able in a few years to start on his own. He did very well, won universal respect, and eventually married an Englishwoman.

Swept Into The Army.

IN January last year he yielded to the temptation to visit the Fatherland, and, of course, took his wife with him. He was still in Germany when the war broke out, and was swept, despite his protestations of ill-health and age (he had passed 50), into the army. He arrived at the front two days before the British victory of Neuve Chapelle, and was killed in that battle. His widow is now in London, whither she was sent by the German Government.

Kingsley's Cousin.

HERE is an interesting link with the great Victorians. In the old-world village of South Kilvington, Yorkshire, the Rev. W. T. Kingsley, a cousin of Charles Kingsley, the famous novelist, to-day celebrates his 100th birthday. He has been rector of the parish in which he lives for fifty-six years. He was born at Berwick-on-Tweed ten days after Waterloo had decided the fate of Europe. His father was an officer in the Army, and at the time was on the Reserve list. Mr. Kingsley was friendly with both Ruskin and Turner; the former, indeed, made several visits to South Kilvington. The daughter of the late Rev. T. Barker, vicar of Thirkeby, Thirsk, became his wife in 1864. She is still living, and at the age of 87 enjoys good health. Many congratulations to the venerable couple.



Soldier And Preacher Too.

ONE of the chaplains recommended "for gallant and distinguished service" by Sir John French in his last dispatch was the Rev. Neville S. Talbot. Mr. Talbot must be to some extent at home on the field of battle, as, before entering the Church, he held a commission in the Army. He is a son of the Bishop of Winchester, a fellow, tutor and chaplain of Balliol, and part author of a volume called "Foundations"—a sort of Broad Church encyclical, which fell like a bombshell into the theological camp two or three years ago.

The Food Reformers' Opportunity.

WHY do not the vegetarian restaurants take advantage of the dearthness of meat by providing and advertising cheap, nutritious lunches? A great food reformer once wrote a book showing us "How to live on sixpence a day," but my experience—by way of experiment—is that a substantial lunch at a vegetarian restaurant costs as much as a meal at an ordinary establishment.

A Double Windfall.

THE latest Calcutta sweep story comes from South India. A *badmash* (that is, an habitual evildoer) had just stepped smilingly down from the dock with a little matter of five years against him. Presently he was called back to enable the magistrate to read a telegram which had just been received addressed to the convict. It told him in terms as terse as the "beak" had used five minutes earlier that he had won Rs.5,000 (£333) in a sweep-stake. A double windfall.

Welcome Back!



ELLEN TERRY—most wonderful of women—is to reappear on the London stage. According to present arrangements this reappearance will be for one performance only, but, as Miss Terry is reported to have said, *à propos* of the present needs for charitable help, "I am ready to go wherever they want me," we may expect to see a good deal of "cur

Ellen" in the near future. Thus has the war had one good effect, at any rate. The long retirement will be broken on Friday, when the great actress will appear at a *matinée* at the Haymarket, with Mlle. Adeline Genée, in a ballet pantomime, adapted by Dora Bright from Hans Andersen's story, "The Princess and the Pea."

No Pro-Germans There.

A COLLEAGUE who has just returned from the West of Ireland tells me that though he heard a lot about pro-Germans in those parts, he never met any. He was present when the first cinematograph show ever seen on Achill Island was given, and the other week all the war pictures and the patriotic songs were rapturously received.

Irish Recruiting.

A FUNNY sight is to be seen on the road to the Marconi wireless station at Clifden, Co. Galway, where a poster pasted on a rock invites recruits for the South Wales Borderers—to enrol themselves at the nearest recruiting office at Newport, Mon.

Quite Safe, Really.

SQUEAMISH people who don't like mentioning the Russian river towards which the Germans are trying to force our Allies may be relieved to know that Bug in this case does not rhyme with "rug," but should be pronounced "Boog." The French spell it "Boug," which gives the right pronunciation of the Russian vowel.

Our New Serial.

EVERYBODY who likes cheery "human" stories knows of Berta Ruck, who has written "Miss Million's Maid," the new serial which starts in the *Daily Sketch* to-day, but it is not everywhere known that "Berta Ruck" is Mrs. Oliver Onions, wife of the Yorkshire man who deserted art for literature, and became one of our foremost novelists. This Onions used to have a genius for finding quaint flats in Hampstead. One of these, a picturesque, white-panelled affair, I believe to some extent inspired "Widdershins." Nowadays, however, there are two sturdy small boys to consider, so the Onions' domicile is a tall house by the Heath.

Domesticity As Well.

A MUTUAL FRIEND tells me that Mrs. Onions "never gets fussy," in spite of her family cares and the clamouring of editors, but can always find time to talk to a caller or play with her boys. She is one of the women to whom the wearing of wide skirts was not an almost forgotten experience when the fashion changed, for she has a minor passion for early Victorian things, and may sometimes be seen going about her home in a crinolined gown.

The Golden Ass.

TO FIND someone at a music-hall with more money than brains is not infrequent. But there was a most egregious example at the Alhambra on Saturday afternoon. He was sitting in the front row of stalls and appeared to be perfectly sober.

Nothing Doing.

I WON'T further embarrass the object of his unwelcome attentions by mentioning her name. But when she appeared on the stage he started to hurl sovereigns at her. These were followed by a gold cigarette-case, gold match-box, etc. The girl had repeatedly refused to meet him, although, I believe, fivers had been lavished on various lucky attendants.

MR. COSSIP.

WHAT CAN YOU DO FOR YOUR COUNTRY?

Every Man And Woman To Be Given A Chance To Help.

THE NATIONAL REGISTER.

Two Great Patriotic Schemes To Be Started To-morrow.

The National Register and a great campaign for National Thrift are to be started on their career to-morrow.

The Government will bring in its Bill to set up a National Register of the country's resources, while the Prime Minister and Mr. Bonar Law will start the thrift campaign at the Guildhall.

Both schemes have already caught the public imagination; and the details when they are revealed are certain to stimulate the interest of the country still further.

The taking of a National Register—a scheme consistently advocated in the *Daily Sketch*—is the indispensable preliminary to a complete organisation of the country's resources in men and manufacturing power, whether developed on voluntary or compulsory lines. The National Thrift campaign will make its appeal primarily to women, without whose help any such scheme must fail.

WILL INTEREST EVERY HOUSEHOLD

Mr. Walter Long will unfold the National Register scheme. It will be his first big undertaking since his return to the Local Government Board, the department in which he began his Cabinet career some years ago.

The register will directly concern every household in the land.

The *Daily Sketch* has reason to know that the scheme will be of a thoroughly practical kind. The President of the Local Government Board, with the assistance of the experienced permanent staff of that department, has for some days devoted himself earnestly to the consideration of a problem beset with difficulties.

CENSUS EXTRAORDINARY.

Mr. Long, it is understood, will have the vast machinery of the Census Department behind him. But a different method will be introduced in the employment of that machinery.

The compilation of an ordinary census involves an enormous amount of work for a huge staff, but the taking of a census from which the war service capacity of the country has to be extracted is an infinitely greater undertaking.

The paramount object of the census is to obtain a record of the service which every individual of effective age can render to the State in any shape or form.

The success of the scheme must very largely depend upon the nature of the inquiries submitted to the householder. It also puts a responsibility upon the householder, but that responsibility will, we feel sure, be properly and patriotically met.

"What can you and your family do to help to win the war?"

This is the essence of the questions to be put, though it does not represent the actual words to be employed.

SURE TO WIN.

Not less important to the winning of the war is the success of the great thrift campaign which the Prime Minister and Mr. Bonar Law are to inaugurate at a public meeting at the Guildhall.

The object is not merely to popularise the War Loan—for it is already very popular—but to emphasise the need for personal economy among all classes as long as the war lasts. Many people have begun by buying a War Loan voucher at the Post Office. Whether you can save 5s. or £5 a week, or only 5s. a fortnight, it is more important that you should save a regular sum weekly than make spasmodic efforts to put in a large amount.

BROTHERS DIE FOR THEIR COUNTRY.



Sergeants G. H. Wesson and A. Wesson.

These two brothers, natives of Coalville, Leicestershire, both of the Sherwood Foresters, have been killed in action. They were drafted from India on the outbreak of war and promoted to sergeants while in France.

Get into the FACTORY LINE And supply the FIRING LINE.

70,000 WOMEN WANT WAR WORK.

Registered, But Given Nothing To Do—Why Is The Government Wasting A Valuable National Reserve?

By Mrs. Pankhurst.

I welcome the proposed National Register Bill with all my heart, for I really believe that it will be the means of eliminating all the prejudices which have hitherto existed against women workers by trade unions and some employers.

When the register of women workers was started last Easter no fewer than 70,000 women registered. Of that number only 2,000 have found employment.

Of course the prejudice has been gradually relaxing during the past few weeks, and in some cases the introduction of women has been welcomed. Take the attitude of the Union of Railway Servants alone, who have agreed to allow women to work with them.

The Government can safeguard the work of women perturbing the trade unions by compelling employers to pay women a proper wage for the work they do. In other words, do not allow employers to pay less to a woman—although she does a man's full work—because she is a woman.

A POWERFUL RESERVE FORCE.

There is no woman who is not anxious to help her country in this great war of wars. And there are many thousands physically capable of doing really hard work. The women of this country are a powerful reserve force, which is only waiting to be utilised by the Government.

In Germany and other countries the services of women have been used for many years. In Germany particularly the work of women has been of the greatest importance. They have many millions of men available for soldiers simply because they have a powerful reserve of women workers ready to take over the work of the men called away.

This is a war in which the whole resources of the country are needed to bring it to a successful and speedy termination. There must be no petty prejudices; no side issues; no wrangling over competitive salaries of men and women; no jealousies.

Think how encouraging it will be to the men fighting in the trenches to know that their women have helped to make their clothes, munitions, and equipment generally.

There is no mention in the speech of Mr. Asquith whether the National Register is to include women, but I take it for granted that it will include

them. It must include women if their services are to be requisitioned to help in the manufacture of shells, and also in other branches of work when assistance is needed.

It is appalling to think of this vast reserve of women anxious to do something in the war, being at a standstill because of the lack of organisation. The National Register is the only way out of the difficulty, and the sooner it is introduced the better for the country.

The men have come forward valiantly in response to the call for soldiers, and latterly for munition workers.

MEN DOING THEIR SHARE.

The number of men now in the Navy and Army, munition and other Government work reaches a total of several millions. We cannot expect very much more from our men—they have nearly reached the limit. Therefore we should act without any irritating and annoying delay to do what Germany has done for many years—utilise the services of our women and place them on a war footing with the men, and let them help.

With our men and women working in harmony for the same great cause—to bring the war to a speedy and successful conclusion—there would be no more nervous pessimism, but one great country of keen enthusiasts all striving together for the sake of their country to beat the Huns.

Let the National Register and its subsequent organisation of the national resource come—but it must include women. If not, then the deadlock which exists at present will continue, and women, capable of doing fine work, will be unable to find any work although they try their utmost.

THE WOMEN'S COMPLAINTS.

I hear on all sides complaints from women who have registered at Labour Exchanges being unable to obtain employment, either paid or voluntary work.

The reason for this may be the difficulty of placing women in the particular district they require to work, but principally, I believe, through the lack of anything in the shape of organisation.

The National Register should clear away all difficulties, and I trust we may see it at work soon.

The women are ready, and will be found as patriotic and as keen to "do their bit" as the men if they are told what to do; and are put on a salary basis which is not infringing the regulations of the trade unions and their workers.

WHO'LL TAKE THE PLACE OF THE FALLEN?

The Appeal Of A Remarkable War Picture.

Who'll take the place of the fallen?

This is the cry of the casualty lists. It is the echo of the cry which is being heard all over the battlefield.

Its demand is as old as the war itself, for it has been heard ever since Lord Kitchener first asked the nation to arm itself. There have been many variations of it, but none has been more powerful than a picture which the public saw for the first time yesterday.

The appeal was unmistakable. There was as setting just a portion of a street in Flanders. An ordinary street—two houses and a stretch of iron gates in between. In the foreground two dead horses and a dying soldier. The horses had been attached to an Army wagon.

A BRITISH CONVOY WAS COMING.

One felt instinctively what the minute before had held. A British convoy was coming along, all galloping vitality and stern determination to do the bidding of the people at home who had sent it there.

There had come the whizzing, murderous German shell. The next moment there was death where there had been life. The driver of the convoy was shown in the act of trying manfully to drag himself to his feet, but one realised with painful certainty that it was a brave, futile effort. That soldier will never drive his team again.

His place in the scheme of things is empty. Who will take his place?

This is what this remarkable picture, published yesterday in the *Illustrated Sunday Herald*, asks.

WONDERFUL PICTURES.

It was one of many appealing pictures. The paper was an album of wonderful scenes, such as was to be procured nowhere else.

Its gossip and news pages revealed many things which to the average man and woman were a surprise. It was disclosed, for instance, that the possibility of a Reconstructionist Party after the war is being already discussed.

THE EMDEN TO BE SALVED.

The Australian Commonwealth Government has called for tenders for the salvage of the once notorious German cruiser Emden as she lies beached and battered in the Cocos Islands.

By the death of Ann Margaret Sharp (18), on Saturday, the death-roll due to the Hartlepool bombardment reaches 121.

KAISER'S THREAT TO HIS ALLY.

"If Austria Is Beaten She Will Pay The Cost Of The War."

ROME, Sunday.

The *Nationale Agenzia* states that the Emperor William does not conceal his dissatisfaction with Austria, which has compelled Germany to immobilise and scatter a great proportion of her forces to defend the Hapsburg monarchy.

Whilst at luncheon with his officers the German Emperor declared that if Austria allowed herself to be beaten it would be Austria that would have to pay the cost of the war.—Exchange.

NO ITALIAN HELP IN THE DARDANELLES.

Official Denial Of Story That Land And Sea Forces Were Being Sent.

An Italian official Note issued last evening at Rome denies the report that an Italian expedition is to be sent to the Dardanelles, or that warships are being dispatched to take part in the operations of the Allied Fleet against the Turks.

Earlier in the day a message from Rome stated that all the papers had been allowed by the censorship to express the view that Italian participation, by means of land and sea forces, in the Dardanelles operations was probable "in order to hasten the end of the war."

According to the *Rome Tribuna*, it was believed in official naval and political circles that such action was "imminent," and it was stated that Italy would send two army corps and a numerous fleet under the supreme command of the Duke of the Abruzzi.

Turkey and Italy are not yet formally at war, though it is declared that the Turkish Ambassador to Rome has demanded his passports.

THE SOLDIER'S SOLACE.

These are to-day's donations to the *Daily Sketch* Cigarette Fund:—

£8 5s.—Invergordon Naval Repairing Estab., per R. Cassidy. 11s.—Bessie Gould and Elizabeth Coward, Farnworth. 8s.—Carrie and Ella Haverthwaite. 6s.—Parlour Company, Bare and Hounds, Hindley (32nd con.). 5s. 6d.—Schoolroom Money-box, Glenageary. 3s. 2d.—Chadburn's Four Wood-heads (21st fortnightly con.). 2s.—J. Simpson and W. Roberts, Chesterfield. 1s. 6d.—St. Dunstan's-in-the-West Girls' School, per Miss Cook; Miss Morgan, Liverpool. 1s.—E. C., Queens-town.

Over 300 Australian and New Zealand wounded from the Dardanelles arrived at Plymouth yesterday.

NATION'S NEEDS BEFORE PRIVATE PROFITS.

Employers Who Are Seeking To Keep Their Men.

DUTY OF PATRIOTIC FIRMS.

"Make It Easy For Workers To Go And Easy To Return."

That the nation's needs must come before private profits is evidently a hard fact which has yet to be learnt by a section of employers.

Some engineering firms are not "doing their bit." They are not helping recruiting for the great army of munitions workers, and in that are failing in their duty.

Mr. H. E. Morgan, the assistant director of the Workers' Enrolment Department, told the *Daily Sketch* yesterday that while the majority of skilled engineers are rendering every assistance, and sacrifices are being made in order to get ahead with the munitions contracts, there is a disposition on the part of some employers to retain the services of men who are urgently needed in such work.

"The need of the country is imperative," he said, "and the greatest service patriotic employers can render is to make it easy for their men to go to such work and easy to come back."

EMPLOYERS' RESPONSIBILITY.

"Employers who persuade skilled men to remain in their present employment in the hope of securing contracts for the supply of war material are directly responsible for delaying the supply of munitions. The supply is vitally needed, and such delay must involve the sacrifice of the lives of their fellow-countrymen."

"The department set up by the Ministry of Munitions will give careful consideration to every reasonable claim made by employers for the retention of their men, but the needs of the fighting forces as a whole make central control in this matter an absolute necessity."

If the masters fail the men must see to the matter themselves. And they will.

In some works, Mr. Morgan stated, the men themselves have suggested schemes which admit of a certain proportion of their number being drafted for war work. The idea is a commendable one, and might be adopted in other works.

But the great thing to impress upon the workers is that by applying their strength and skill to the output of war material they will be helping considerably to save the country and the lives of their brothers in the fighting line.

"Don't wait for war contracts to come to you. Enrol for war work now!"

This should be the motto of every skilled engineer.

EVEN LLOYD GEORGE MUST REST.

Mr. Lloyd George was unable to attend an annual service at the Welsh Chapel, Castle-street, W., yesterday, and Mr. J. T. Davis, his private secretary, wrote:—

Mr. Lloyd George's week-ends have been fully occupied since he became Minister of Munitions, and if he have no rest this week I will not be responsible for his health.

Mr. Davis added that Mr. Lloyd George had been ordered to rest over the week-end.

FUSILIERS' DUSKY RECRUIT.

Burmese Boy Enlists To Avenge His Ship Sunk By Pirates.

When a German submarine torpedoed a certain vessel it sent an interesting recruit into the British Army.

Private Addis Dennis, a Burmese boy, was the captain's servant. He told the *Daily Sketch* that the crew, numbering 40, were given 15 minutes to leave before the submarine fired at and sunk the vessel.

After being adrift in small boats for several hours the crew was picked up by a London-bound steamer and brought to Tilbury.

Dennis resolved to avenge himself upon the Germans, and although he didn't know a word of English he presented himself at a recruiting office and made the authorities understand that he wanted to enlist.

Now he is in the Royal Fusiliers. He is learning the English language and the British method of handling a rifle and bayonet.

MR. ALEXANDER KENEALY DEAD.

Journalists in most parts of the world will learn with regret of the death of Mr. A. C. Kenealy, editor of the *Daily Mirror*, which occurred at Haslemere on Friday. Mr. Kenealy was a son of the late Edward Kenealy, Q.C., M.P., the celebrated counsel in the Tichborne case. He started his journalistic career in America, and after acting as special correspondent with Peary's first Arctic Expedition, and with the American Fleet during the Spanish War, came back to Fleet-street. Mr. Kenealy will be remembered apart from his journalistic achievements as the author of "The Prosperous Yankee" and "The Letters of Alphonse de Mouton." His death is a great loss to journalism and to a world-wide circle of friends.

£60,000 damage was done by fire yesterday in a Clydeside grain and flax warehouse.

A YEAR AGO TO-DAY THE ARCHDUKE FERDINAND FELL.

RUSSIANS AGAIN IN RETREAT.

"Expelled From Frontal Position" Beyond Lemberg.

AUSTRIAN CLAIM.

"Desperate Battle" To Put A Ring Round Warsaw.

Austrian Official News.

AMSTERDAM, Sunday.

After their defeat near to and south of Lemberg the Russians retreated with their main forces in an easterly direction, and with strong forces took up a position on the heights east of Dawidowka, east of Miklasow (? Mikolajow), and near Jariozow-Stary (14 miles east-north-east of Lemberg).

On this front our troops in several days' fighting captured the enemy's advanced positions and proceeded to within storming distance of the enemy's main position, finally penetrating this at numerous points and ejecting the enemy, notably from the sector near and south of Bobrka (20 miles south-east of Lemberg), where the enemy was expelled from an adjoining frontal position.

Since early morning to-day the Russians have again been in retreat on the entire front. North of Zolkiew (15 miles north of Lemberg) and north of Rawa Ruska (32 miles north-west of Lemberg) the enemy is also retreating before the pursuit of the Allied troops.

On the Upper Dniester fighting continues. After some hard fighting German troops stormed some heights near Bukacyowca (14 miles north-west of Halicz).

Below Halicz and on the Bessarabian frontier generally quiet prevails.

Between Monday and Friday General Boehm Ermolli's army captured 170 officers, 14,100 men, and 26 machine-guns.—Reuter.

NEW BATTLEFIELDS.

Preliminary Attacks Defeated With Loss By The Russians.

Russian Official News.

(Received yesterday.)

On the Narew front—north of Warsaw—an attempt by the enemy on Thursday to take the offensive in the Omuleff Valley cost him severe losses. Heaps of bodies were left before our trenches, and the number of prisoners has been increased to 150.

About noon yesterday near Prasnysz the enemy opened a fierce artillery fire, and then assumed the



The arrows point to the places at which fighting is taking place round Warsaw.

offensive. A desperate battle ensued, developing into bayonet fighting. It still continues.

On the left bank of the Vistula an enemy battalion which imprudently approached our defence entanglements was practically completely annihilated by our cross-fire.

Calm prevails on the Taneff front. In the region of Rawa Ruska (north of Lemberg) the enemy yesterday tried an offensive on the front Verkhart-Grebene-Lubella.

The previous day during our counter-attacks in the directions of Zolkiew and Lvoff (Lemberg), supported by an armoured train, we made about 2,000 prisoners, with 30 officers, and captured 13 machine-guns.

Near the town of Bobrka (20 miles south-east of Lemberg) yesterday a fierce fight developed. On the Dniester-Pruth front we also made some progress on Thursday.—Reuter.

RUSSIA'S NATIONAL CABINET.

PETROGRAD, Sunday.

A number of Ministerial changes are impending, and the Duma will be convoked after the reconstruction of the Cabinet, to which it is anticipated some representative politicians will be appointed.

The Premier and the majority of the Ministers have gone to the headquarters of the Grand Duke Nicholas, where the Tsar is on a visit to the front.—Reuter.

INFLAMMABLE LIQUID USED AGAINST THE FRENCH.

Germans Advance Under Cover Of Clouds Of Smoke.

REPULSED WITH HEAVY LOSS.

The Germans have returned to the use of inflammable liquid in an attempt to hold up the French advance.

After spraying the French lines with burning liquid they moved forward under cover of clouds of smoke, and reached a trench which had been captured from them, but were repulsed with heavy loss.

They claim to have taken the French by surprise on the ridge of hills south-east of Les Esparges, in the salient of St. Mihiel, and captured the position after a short fight.

French Official News.

PARIS, Sunday Night.

On the northern and central fronts there was no infantry action. There was a somewhat violent artillery duel, particularly in Belgium and in the region to the north of Arras.

In Argonne there were some very local actions which did not modify the lines on either side.

It is confirmed that the fights on Saturday and during Saturday night at the Calonne trench (Meuse Heights) were very violent, developing even into hand-to-hand conflicts.

The Germans employed burning liquids, and under cover of clouds of smoke, reached their old first line. They were repulsed with heavy losses.

We retain all the old first German line and portions of the second line which we had previously won.

To the east of the great trench on the ridge south of the Sonvaux Ravine, the trench section on a front of about 1,230 yards, occupied yesterday evening by the enemy, was retaken by us during the night, with the exception of about 30 yards.

The artillery duel continued all this morning in this region.

It was very severe also to the north of Flirey and on our front of Lahaie.

A German aeroplane dropped two bombs on St. Dié. A woman was killed.—Reuter.

BOMBS ON DOUAI STATION.

French Airmen Damage Important Railway Junction.

PARIS, Sunday Afternoon.

North of Arras the Germans succeeded in getting a footing on the sunken road between Ablain and Angres, to the north of Souchez, on a front of some 200 yards. There was an intermittent bombardment during the night between Neuville and Angres.

Between the Oise and the Aisne the night was rather lively, particularly near Quenneviers, where, after a fight with hand grenades, a small German force tried to advance from its trenches, and was easily repulsed.

In the Argonne, at Bagatelle, the Germans delivered a very violent attack early in the night, and after an extremely hot struggle were finally thrown back.

On the heights of the Meuse—eastern frontier of France—at the Calonne trench the fighting lasted the whole night. Our positions and our previous gains were entirely maintained.

In Lorraine, after firing incendiary shells on Arracourt, the enemy, a company and a half strong, attempted a surprise against the village, which failed.

Our aeroplanes on Friday threw some twenty bombs, ten of which were 155 mm. shells, on Douai Station and the next station on the line. Douai Station seems to have been seriously damaged.—Reuter.

[Douai is an important railway junction behind the German lines between Arras and Lens. Any damage to the line would seriously interfere with the bringing up of German reinforcements to the scene of the fighting near Arras.]

GERMAN SUBMARINE SUNK.

Pirate Craft Blown Up On The Way To The North Sea.

AMSTERDAM, Saturday.

A newspaper telegram reports the sinking of a German submarine near Borkum on Tuesday last. The submarine left Emden for the North Sea, but apparently sank after a serious explosion on board.

The officer in command and two members of the crew who were in the turret are supposed to have been saved.

The remainder of the crew must have been drowned.

The cause of the explosion is unknown.—Reuter.

SCHOONER SUNK BY SUBMARINE.

A German submarine attacked a number of vessels off Youghal Harbour yesterday, and sank the schooner Edith of Barrow, bound from Sillith for Cork. The crew of three were landed at Youghal by motor-boat.

ITALIAN TORPEDO-BOAT SUNK.

Austrian Official News.

AMSTERDAM, Sunday.

One of our submarines yesterday sank an Italian torpedo-boat in the Northern Adriatic.—Reuter.

A YEAR AGO TO-DAY.

The Spark That Lit The Torch of War At Serajevo.

AMSTERDAM, Sunday.

To-morrow being the anniversary of the Serajevo tragedy, the Emperors of Germany and Austria have ordered Masses to be celebrated throughout the whole of the Empires.

Generals have been instructed to lecture to their troops on the Serajevo murders, and to draw patriotic conclusions therefrom.

There will be national mourning in both Empires.—Exchange Special.

BULGARIA WILL FIGHT—FOR WHOM?

Balkan Kingdom Issues A Mobilisation Order.

"The participation of Bulgaria in the war is now considered inevitable," says a Rome message.

But on which side?

There is no definite hint yet as to whether the Bulgars will fight for the Allies and Freedom, or for the Austro-Germans and the Unspeakable Turk.

At the Bulgarian Legation in London yesterday, an inquiry met with the information that no official information but the report of the Bulgarian mobilisation order had yet been received.

All the other news on the subject is comprised in the statements that Bulgarians in Italy and Greece have been told either to join the colours or to hold themselves in readiness to do so.

REPORTED FALL OF GORIZIA.

Italy's Important Success On The Road To Trieste.

According to an Exchange message yesterday from Milan the Italians have captured Gorizia.

If this is the case our Allies have achieved a marked success, for Gorizia, a manufacturing town, has considerable strategic importance. It is only 20 miles north of Trieste.

There has been no official confirmation of the statement, but General Cadorna, the Commander-in-Chief, reported on Saturday night the continued progress of the operations on the Isonzo front, of which Gorizia forms one of the chief points, while the Austrian official statement speaks of "many Italian attacks against the bridgehead of Gorizia" having been repulsed with "great losses."

In this connection, apparently, a gallant deed by Italian engineers is related by General Cadorna, who states that in order to hasten the decrease in the inundations along the Lower Isonzo orders were given to obstruct the Monfalcone Canal at the mouth of the river. The operation was gallantly accomplished under the fire of the enemy.

Signor Salandra, the Italian Premier, is said to be on his way to the front.

POISON GAS AGAINST ITALIANS.

Italian Official News.

ROME, Sunday.

In the zone of Monte Nero we collected 200 rifles, 20,000 cartridges, and two bomb-throwers.

On the greater part of the Isonzo front the Austrians are using asphyxiating shells.—Exchange.

WANT PEACE, BUT DAREN'T SAY SO.

AMSTERDAM, Sunday.

The German Press does not comment on the suppression of the Socialist paper *Vorwaerts*, but only gives the news conspicuously.

The peace demonstration of Socialists is considered to be an echo of the feelings of the majority of German workers and middle-class people, while the upper classes, especially the Militarist Pan-Germans and Expansionists, favour a protracted war.

The peace demonstration has been eagerly discussed throughout Germany, and generally approved, though not publicly, for fear of punishment.—Exchange Special.

SERVED IN FOUR REGIMENTS.

Private J. Dockery belongs to the 3rd Dragoon Guards, who made such a fine fight at Hooge. He has a unique military record. As a boy of 16 he joined the Royal Irish Rifles, but being under age was reclaimed by his parents. He afterwards enlisted in the Leinsters, and having served with that famous regiment was transferred to the 21st Lancers. When war broke out he was in civil employment in Egypt, but threw it up to rejoin the 3rd Dragoons, with whom he is now serving.

Negotiations between the South Wales Miners and the Board of Trade have come to a standstill.

A supplementary Naval Estimate for 50,000 officers, seamen, etc., was issued as a White Paper on Saturday.

5 a.m. Edition.

CANADIANS REFUSE TO RETIRE.

Fight To The Last Man To Hold A Captured Trench.

JESTS UNDER A HOT FIRE.

Heavy Losses In 12 Days' Battle Before Festubert.

From Our Special Correspondent.

BRITISH HEADQUARTERS, Saturday.

An opportunity has now been afforded to say something of the fighting in which the Canadian Division was engaged between May 19 and 31.

The line which the Division took over before Festubert was far from ideal.

In this queer new warfare of wrangling for a few yards of ground in a blind, flat country, far from wondering that mistakes should be made in the selection of an objective, one may well feel surprised that they are not made more frequently.

An instance of this is furnished by the attack on an orchard which was entrusted to the 16th (Vancouver) Battalion. Captain Frank Morrison's company was to lead the way.

The frontal attack got hung up, and the rest of the company arrived on the flank of the orchard to find that there were only two small gaps in the dense hedge by which it was enclosed.

"THERE'S A BUNNY!"

After waiting in vain for any sign of the missing frontal attack, Captain Morrison determined to force an entry through the hedge; but both the gaps were covered by machine guns, and man after man was shot down in the attempt before an entry was effected and the orchard occupied.

Only some forty-five men then remained to the commander, and the buildings were still in the enemy's hands. The orchard was not only exposed to the guns in the buildings, but to an enfilading fire from the enemy's trenches.

A searchlight did not increase the sense of security, but the men never showed any sign of being shaken, and even when their chances looked most desperate continued to jest.

"Lord! there's a bunny," shouted one as he started a rabbit while pushing his way through the hedge, though the bullets were biting at the dust about him.

His remark won that laugh which is the happiest hearing for a leader when his men are in a tight place. One man vied with another in coolness.

WOUNDED BUT CHEERFUL.

Private Appleton, the bombardier, though badly wounded, insisted on carrying the bombs to the front hedge, and Private Matthews, falling with a wound in the arm, called out, "Six weeks of Merrie England for me!"

It was not till later on that it proved possible to bring up reinforcements. The buildings had still to be carried, and, when at last they were in our hands, scattered dwellings in the vicinity seemed to have machine-guns mounted somewhere which could bear upon the orchard.

None the less it was held, and every effort of the Germans to dislodge its assailants failed.

The attack on the orchard was the most clearly defined operation of those twelve trying days, but it was by no means the most costly.

Further to the right, so close and covered was the fighting, and so many men were put out of action, that it proved difficult to obtain a consecutive narrative of its perpetually changing ebb and flow.

FORCE ALMOST WIPED OUT.

An attack was attempted against the nearest trench, but so terrific was its fire that the assaulting force was almost wiped out.

The advanced trench which we had taken from the Germans was literally blown to pieces, all resemblance to an earthwork having disappeared, when the enemy's column were observed to be deploying with the intention of occupying it again.

Our artillery fire was sufficient to prevent that, and the force attempting it suffered severely, but recovery of the trench proved to be beyond the Canadians' power, and they had to remain content with the five or six hundred yards of advance they had achieved.

If mere valour could have held the trenches so gallantly gained they would still be in our possession, for the Canadians frequently declined to retire till there was not a man left able to do so.

When the trench was blown in and all of a machine-gun detachment killed but the officer and one private, the gun was raised from the bottom of the trench, one arm of the tripod thrust into the broken bank, the other two yoked over the private's shoulders, and so the gun continued to be fired till a further shell put the gunners out of action.

H. PREVOST BATTERSBY.

Get into the
FACTORY LINE
And supply the
FIRING LINE.

CHILDREN HELP A BRAVE ALLY.



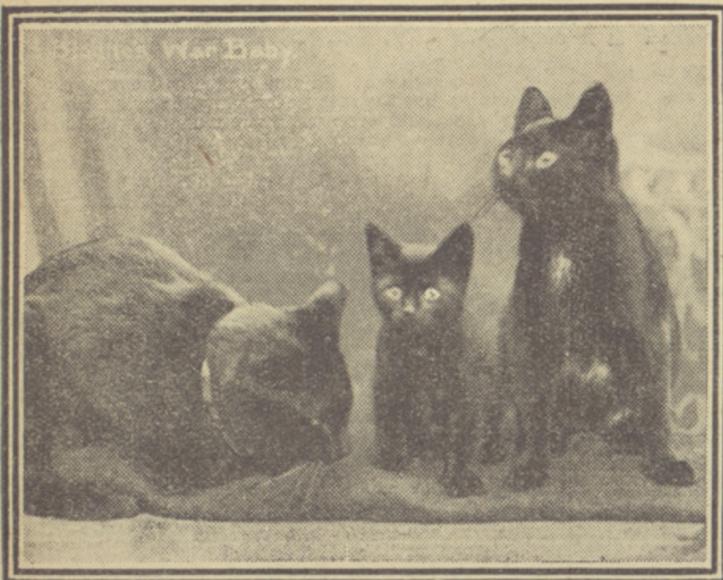
A charming scene in a children's play given at a garden-party in the grounds of Lady Lugard's residence, Wrissel Lodge, Wimbledon. The gathering was to help the Belgian Fund.—(Malcolm Arbuthnot.)

FATHER FIGHTING.



Ninette de Valois, the girl dancer at the Oxford, is the daughter of Major Stannus, now serving in the Dardanelles.

THE BLONDE'S WAR BABY.



The men of H.M.S. Blonde are proud of their war baby. The kitten has been born since they have been on active service.

IN HONOUR OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.



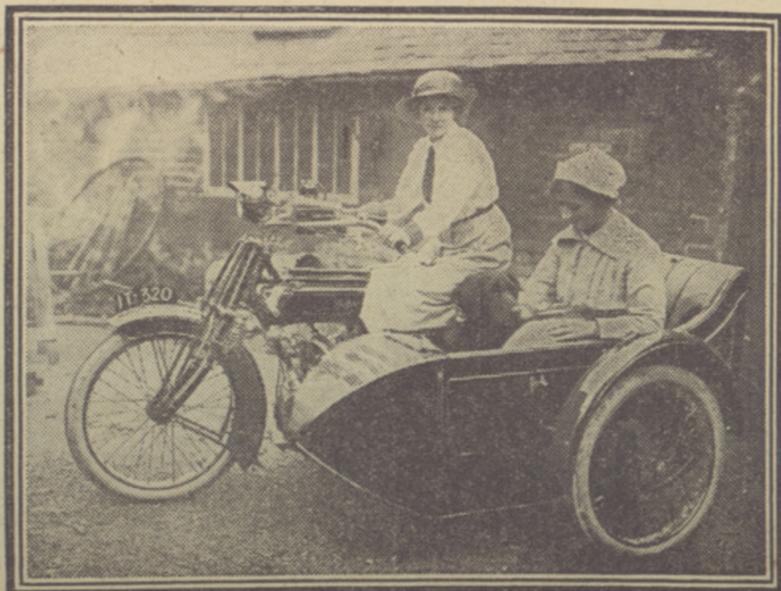
A pretty group of miners' children of Ashington. They gave an entertainment to celebrate the coming-of-age of the Prince of Wales.

D.S.O.



Captain J. Stuart Dunne, R.A.M.C., has been awarded the D.S.O. He was home recently suffering from gas poisoning.—(Lafayette.)

READY TO CARRY DISPATCHES.



One of the members of the Hertfordshire Women's Volunteer Corps. She is ready either to carry dispatches or, if need be, wounded in her side-car.

MENTIONED.



Lieut. D. Le Bas is another officer of the R.A.M.C. to be mentioned in Sir John French's dispatches.—(Dover-street Studios.)

PAQUIN LTD.

This day and following days.

SALE of the Season's Models.

There will also be included a quantity of surplus **MATERIALS & SILKS** and the stock of **RICH FURS & FUR GARMENTS**, all of which will be marked at **Greatly Reduced Prices.**

39, DOVER STREET, MAYFAIR, W.



THE QUEEN OF CREAMS

There is no Cream so pure, so rich, so exquisite in flavour as Milkmaid Cream.

Guaranteed free from preservative, and packed in hermetically-sealed cans, it reaches you in an absolutely clean and fresh condition.

Delightful with Strawberries and all kinds of fresh or stewed fruit, and excellent with porridge or other breakfast cereal.

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

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Beware of Substitutes or "just as goods" in tins or jars—they will only cause disappointment. Insist on MILKMAID BRAND pure, rich, thick cream, and if any difficulty in procuring please send postcard and name of grocer to

"Milkmaid Brand," GT Depot, 6-8, Eastcheap, London.



Two for 6/-

This Beautiful Feather 3/6

Money Returned if not delighted. Illustrated Catalogue Post Free. Ostrich Feathers from 2/- THE CAPE OSTRICH FEATHER CO., 131, Regent Street, London, W.

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EJECTHAIR, although inexpensive, is a certain, safe and sure cure for unsightly hairs on the face or elsewhere. It not only causes the hairs to instantly vanish, but without pain or harm kills the roots absolutely and for ever. Sent in plain cover for 7d., with reports and actual testimonials from grateful customers which will convince you EJECTHAIR is really a lasting, Permanent Cure. Send now 7d. stamps to THE EJECTHAIR CO., (Dept. D.S.) 682, Holloway Road, London, N.

FOR THE WOUNDED BRAND'S ESSENCE of BEEF and of CHICKEN are indispensable.

Brand & Co., Ltd., Mayfair Works, Vauxhall, London

Here is explained how to invest in the NEW WAR LOAN

If you wish to invest £100 or MORE DO THIS:

Send the coupon below or tell your Bankers how many even hundreds of pounds worth of Stock you want. That is all. A full half-year's Interest will be paid to you on December 1st, and the instalments will become due at intervals, the final instalment becoming due on October 26th, 1915.

If you wish to invest £5 to £95 DO THIS:

Go to the nearest Post Office and pay in your money. They will give you a receipt, and afterwards send you the Certificate of your Stock. You will get 8d. discount on every £5 paid in, and you will have a full half-year's dividend at 4½% on December 1st, 1915.

If you wish to invest LESS than £5 DO THIS:

Go to the nearest Post Office and buy 5/-, 10/-, or £1 Scrip Vouchers. Or you can buy them from Trade Union Offices, from your Friendly Society, Factory or Workshop. The man who invests £5 by 5/- instalments receives the same rate of interest as the millionaire.

The Rt. Hon. Mr. R. McKenna, Chancellor of the Exchequer, says:—

“HE who subscribes to the Country's need at the present is in truth doing an act of mercy, and his act benefits both him and the Country to which he gives. He who subscribes now, and saves in order to subscribe, will be able to bear the strain when the war is over. He will be thankful for the efforts he has made in the struggle to help himself, but still dearer to him must be the knowledge that every aid he gives to himself he is multiplying for his Country, and that his Country will bless him for his providence and for his generosity.”

EVERYONE can subscribe something to help to crush the enemy. Help the men in the trenches and take a *financial* interest in the successful termination of the War.

SUBSCRIBE TO-DAY.

The stock you hold will be a record of the way you helped your King and Country. Thus you will not only have the soundest investment in the world, but you will *know* that you did your share in the Great War.

FILL IN THIS FORM — NOW.

THIS FORM OF APPLICATION MAY BE USED.

£4 10s. 0% WAR LOAN, 1925-1945.

ISSUE OF STOCK OR BONDS,
bearing Interest at 4½ % per annum.

PRICE OF ISSUE £100 PER CENT.

To the Governor and Company of the Bank of England,
London, E.C.

.....hereby request you to allot to..... (a) £..... say pounds, of the above-mentioned Loan in terms of the Prospectus of the 21st June, 1915; and.....hereby engage to pay the instalments as they shall become due, on any allotment that may be made in respect of this application, as provided by the said Prospectus.

The sum of £..... being the amount of the required deposit (b) (namely £5 for every £100 applied for), is enclosed herewith.

Signature

Name of Applicant (in full)
(State title, if any, or whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

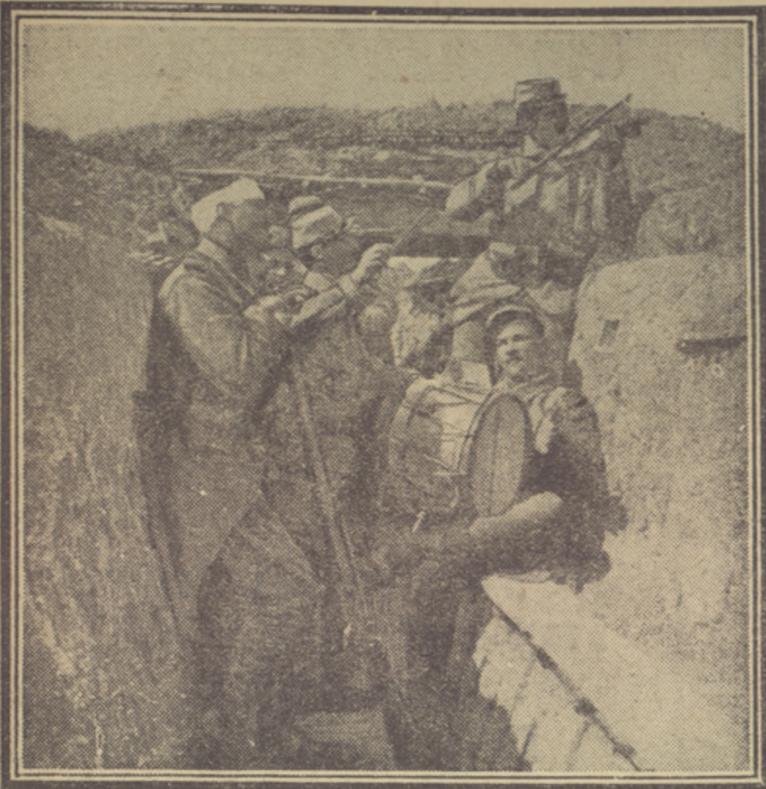
Address

Date.....1915.

(a) Applications to the Bank of England must be for not less than £100, and must be for multiples of £100. When sent by post envelopes should be marked "War Loan."

(b) Cheques should be made payable to "bearer," not to "order," and should be crossed "Bank of England."

A SING-SONG IN THE TRENCH.



A wounded Frenchman cheers his comrades in the trench by singing a popular ditty to the accompaniment of an impromptu orchestra.

GERMANS CAPTURED NEAR YPRES.



Captured in the vicinity of Ypres these German prisoners of war are typical-looking Huns. They now wear a downcast mien.

HOW THEY THREW BOMBS AT THE HUNS.



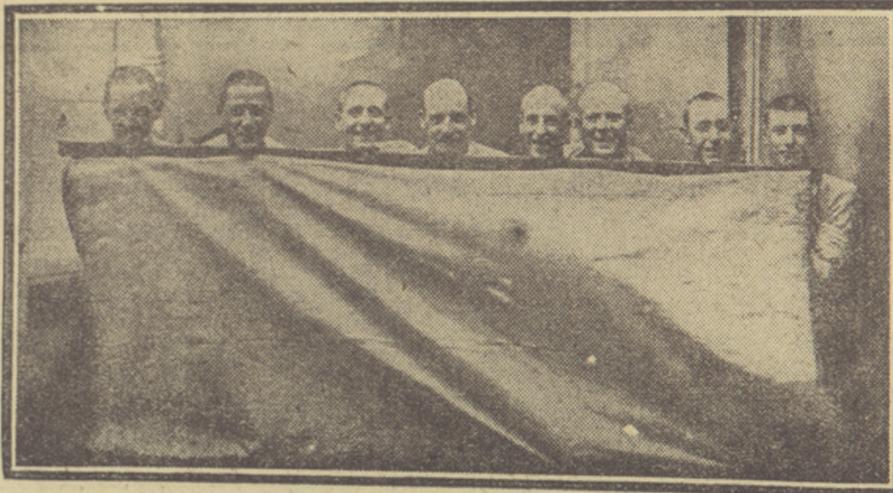
A wounded soldier, one of the guests at the Red Cross garden party at Ravensbourne, Lee Green, shows how the troops throw bombs by a shot at Aunt Sally.

CORPORAL'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.



The boys sat round a bountiful table at the corporal's birthday party, given in an old-fashioned French garden within sound of the guns.

SOME OF THE HEADS AT THE FRONT.



A happy row of smiles from France. The sender says: "They are all doing their bit with the Army Headquarter Signals."

NOT TOO YOUNG AT FIFTEEN.



Sydney Brookman, a Swansea lad, though only fifteen, joined the Royal Naval Reserve, and is now reported "missing."

THE SPORTSMAN'S PIPERS HAVE NO KILTS.



The pipers of the Sportsman's Battalion have not adopted kilts. They played the battalion to Romford station when it left for camp in the Midlands.

THE FIGHT



Fair waitresses



He thoroughly

All women love fighters. These Hospital, therefore, had a good

S' FRIEND.



tea table.



ed the cigar.
ed from the Richmond Red Cross
at the Priory Park Club at Kew.

INDIAN SOLDIERS' FAREWELL.



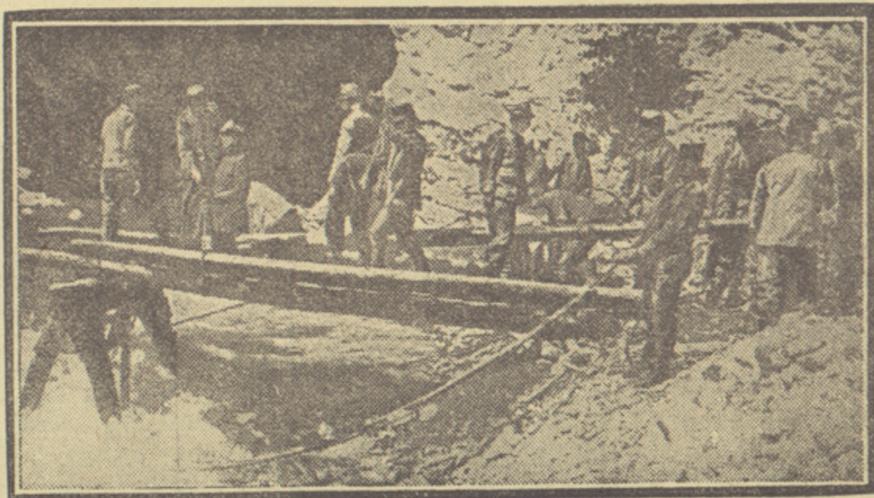
These troops left a distant station in Northern India to take part in the military operations in the Persian Gulf.

SLEEP OF THE PATRIOTS.



Worn out with a twenty-mile tramp to see his soldier-son, the old Serbian peasant fell asleep beside his boy.

ONE MORE BRIDGE TOWARDS VIENNA.



Italian troops throwing a bridge over a stream. Though they have to overcome nature's obstacles as well as the Austrians, our Allies are making good progress.

A COSY COUNTRY BILLET.



These members of the Motor Transport Army Service Corps are quite satisfied with life in billets. They look happy enough.

LONDON YEOMEN ON THE TREK.



Some of the 3rd City of London Yeomanry in Norfolk. They pose for the camera before moving off with their donkey-cart.

RUSSIAN WAR CHIEF RESIGNS.



General Sukhomlinoff has just resigned his post as War Minister in the Russian Cabinet.

ONE HUN GUN THAT WILL BARK NO MORE.



The German wireless would make us believe that Russia is doing nothing. Here is one of the many guns the Huns have lost.

THEATRES.
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Vegetables are cultivated by the cripples at Old Heritage. Inset—Private R. Nicholls.



Cripples at Chailey, in Sussex, making foot-rests for wounded soldiers. Even the cripples are eagerly undertaking war work, and deft hands are busily engaged in the making of crutches and splints for the wounded, straps and belts for soldiers' uniforms, or the growing of food supplies. Private R. Nicholls has been so completely cured at Chailey that he is now one of two ex-cripples serving with the Colours.—(Daily Sketch Photographs.)

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THE WILLS OF TWO BRIDES—£705 AND £604.

Smith Interested When Second Fatal Bath Is Produced.

FUNERAL COST £6 3s. 9d.

Undertaker Says He Was Told To Be As Cheap As Possible.

To-day is the sixth day of the trial of George Joseph Smith in the Brides in the Bath Case.

Evidence affecting all three of the women mentioned in the case has now been given.

Three outstanding points figured in Saturday's evidence.

These were: The second fatal bath; the money left by Miss Burnham; and—by way of contrast—the cost of her funeral.

Mr. William Le Queux's pen pictures, which have proved such a marked and acceptable feature in describing the trial, are continued below.

By William Le Queux.

To-day and in the following days we may look forward to much that will be of absorbing interest in the trial of Smith for the alleged murder of Miss Mundy in a bath at Herne Bay. No doubt, too, the public interest in the psychological aspect of the case will be even greater than hitherto.

The forthcoming proceedings will, in all probability, raise the case from the level of an ordinary murder trial to one unique in the annals of crime in Great Britain.

DAUGHTER OF A CLERGYMAN.

Mr. Justice Scrutton having ruled that evidence regarding the other marriages alleged to have been contracted by Smith should be admitted, the proceedings this week will concern the case of Miss Margaret Elizabeth Lofty.

She was the daughter of a clergyman, and, according to evidence given at Bow-street, was



MISS BURNHAM.



MISS LOFTY.

married to prisoner—who was then passing as John Lloyd—at Bath Registry Office, on December 17, 1914, and afterwards died in a bath at a house in Bismarck-road, Highgate.

When William Haynes, of 18, Regent-road, Blackpool, was called the accused bent and commenced writing, as is now his daily habit.

He appeared slightly paler than usual, and his features more aquiline, but he never glanced up when Mr. Haynes told how, living next door to Mrs. Crossley, he was hurriedly called in and saw Miss Burnham dead in the bath, and further, how he saw Smith take four rings from the mantelshelf and put them in his pocket.

Mr. Haynes's wife then related how, on cleaning up the bathroom on the following morning, she found a quantity of hair at the narrow end, opposite the taps.

Then Police-Sergeant Valiant, of Blackpool, related how, on the night of the death, prisoner signed a statement that he had found her dead in the bath. His demeanour was "callous, and in no way distressed."

At this point the judge remarked to the jury: "Often when people see nothing at the time, yet, after they have heard things, they think they noticed a good deal."

ANOTHER FATAL BATH.

A stir was next produced in Court when the judge ordered "the Blackpool bath" to be brought in.

This proved to be an ordinary cast-iron fitted bath, which had been removed from its fixture.

It was dark brown outside and a dirty white within, the bottom being much discoloured and rusted. The jury inspected it, and Smith bent forward to see it.

Then it was placed upon the solicitors' table, where it remained throughout the

hearing, its size and appearance being freely discussed by the public in the gallery.

Dr. George Billing, of Blackpool, stood beside the bath, and, after explaining how prisoner had brought his wife to consult him for headache on the day prior to her death, related how he was called next evening and found prisoner's wife dead in the bath.

SLEEVES ROLLED UP.

Smith at the time had, he said, one of his coat-sleeves rolled up, and was supporting his wife at the smaller end of the bath, the water being within half an inch of the top. Dr. Billing indicated the position of the body by pencil marks, and told the Court that when he examined the woman she was dead.

Later he made a post-mortem, and arrived at the conclusion that death had been due to drowning.

Smith's evidence at the inquest was repeated, and when the undertaker, John Hargreaves, was called Smith again bent his head to continue his writing, but quickly put down his pen, sat hugging his knee and gazing at the witness with a hard, blank stare.

The undertaker declared that prisoner told him he wanted the funeral to be as cheap as possible and that a public grave would do.

PRICE OF THE FUNERAL.

"A public grave," Mr. Hargreaves explained, "was a poor grave, where they put anybody in." He carried out the funeral, for which prisoner paid £6 3s. 9d.

This was followed by evidence that Miss Burnham's will was sworn at £604, probate being granted on December 29, and this was afterwards given to Smith, together with an insurance policy on Mrs. Smith's life. It may be remembered that Miss Lofty's will was sworn at £705.

SMITH MARRIED AS LLOYD.

The evidence in the case of Miss Burnham having ended, the investigation of the circumstances of the death of Miss Lofty, already detailed, was begun.

The certificate of Smith's marriage at Bath under the name of Lloyd having been produced, evidence of taking rooms at Highgate was given.

How Miss Lofty had made a will leaving everything to her husband was described by Mr. Arthur Lewis, a solicitor, of Islington, and Detective-Inspector Neil related how he had been to Herne Bay, Blackpool, and Highgate, and measured the three baths.

The lock of the bathroom door in Bismarck-road, Highgate—where Smith is alleged to have eventually taken apartments, and wherein Miss Lofty was found dead—was handed to the jury for examination, whereupon the judge, addressing them, said: "This, gentlemen, is the second case in which a lady leaves the bathroom door unlocked, there being strangers in the house."

After a fortnight's rest in England necessitated by throat trouble, the Duchess of Westminster has returned to her hospital at Le Touquet.

HOW THE WAR CAME TO THE CRIPPLE COLONY.

Making Straps For Soldiers Leads To Sinful Pride.

From Our Special Correspondent.

They are the last word in sinful pride. On the way to see them I went down in the train with a man who was wearing a "war-work" button; he was bubbling over; but the boys—And, as usual, Mr. Lloyd George is to blame. It came about in this way. When the war fever spread over England last year the happiest people in the country were the schoolboys.

But there was one school which felt a bit out of it. At Alton, in Hampshire, there were 200 of them who couldn't join in; they had no one at the front, and there wasn't a school cadet corps either. The Treloar Cripple Colony was not happy.

THE WAR OFFICE WAKES UP.

Then one day it happened. Somebody at the War Office found the Army was short of straps to tie up its greatcoats, and somebody else in another Government pigeon-hole remembered that his portmanteau had been made at Alton and that it was very good. A week later the Alton boys entered the world-war.

They made straps by the thousand. Each pair equalled one soldier, and Alton reckoned that had the War Office only wakened earlier to the need for straps the war would have been over long ago.

That was only the beginning. One day Mr. Lloyd George found out about those straps. That, Alton believes, was the first step to his becoming Minister for Munitions; he wrote to the boys a letter, which is to them a great part of the history of the war. He said he was proud of the way they were working.

THEY BEAT THE DOCTOR.

Now, at Alton the doctor is dictator, and he had decreed that six hours' work a day was the maximum for any boy at the school. For the first time in history his ideas were questioned. "War time," said the boys. The doctor shook his head. "But the Army wants straps," countered the boys. He gave in. They are now working 7½ hours a day; and their pride is sinful.

At Chailey, where the Old Heritage has been made a haven of rest for more lads, they were making crutches, and, helping them, were men who have been to the front and come back to start life again with scars which they will carry to the end of their life.

Chailey has its own letter, too. It is from a boy at the front, a boy whom Chailey sent out into the world cured. He is fighting in France, and he says that, though he seems to bear a charmed life, he only hopes that if he is winged they will send him home to Chailey again to get over it.

NOTED RUNNERS IN KHAKI.

Welsh International And Oxford Blue Do Well At Aldershot.

Well-known athletes were prominent in the meeting held, under the auspices of the Southern Counties' Cross Country Association, at Aldershot on Saturday.

A ten miles road race, for which there were 32 starters, ended in favour of T. Arthur, the Welsh International, now a corporal in the 8th South Wales Borderers.

In a four miles inter-company relay race (17 entries), which was run over four laps of a mile circuit, the fastest mile was accomplished by the Oxford Blue, D. N. Gausson, now a lieutenant in the 8th Bedfordshire Regiment. He took the last relay, and completed his circuit in 4min. 32.4-sec. He had not, however, sufficient support in his team to secure victory, and success went to "A" Company of the 9th Borderers, for whom another good athlete in Lieutenant W. A. Grace did a fine last lap of 4min. 39.4-sec.

MAYORAL APPEAL FOR FLOWERS FOR THE WOUNDED.



The Mayor of Bethnal Green (Councillor Lewis), wearing his robes and official insignia, drove through the borough yesterday, and appealed for floral offerings for the wounded lying in the local military hospital.

BEAUTY DOCTOR TELLS SECRET.

A Beauty Doctor Gives Simple Recipe to Darken Grey Hair and promote its Growth.

Miss Alice Whitney, a well-known beauty doctor, recently gave out the following statement: "Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home, at very little cost, that will darken grey hair, promote its growth and make it soft and glossy. To a half pint of water add 1 oz. of bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and ¼ oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This will make a grey-haired person look 20 years younger. It is also fine to promote the growth of the hair, relieve itching and scalp disease, and is excellent for dandruff and falling hair."—Adv't.

Nourishing and Digestible Cocoa

Savory and Moore's Cocoa and Milk is a preparation of Milk and Cocoa in its purest, most nourishing and easily digestible form. There is nothing else quite like it, and it can be taken by all, young and old, weak and strong. Its advantages are briefly:—

It is exceptionally nourishing and sustaining.

It is very easily digested.

It has a delicious flavour.

It can be taken by those who are unable to take tea, coffee, or any other kind of cocoa.

It is of great benefit in cases of Weak Digestion, Nervous Dyspepsia, Insomnia, etc.

It is made in a moment, as hot water only is required.

For those who prefer Coffee, Savory and Moore make a preparation of Coffee and Milk which possesses just the same advantages.

Tins 2s. 6d. and 1s. 6d., of all Chemists and Stores.

SAMPLE FOR 3d. POST FREE

A Trial Tin of the Cocoa and Milk will be sent by return, post free, for 3d. Mention the *Daily Sketch*, and address: Savory & Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, 143a, New Bond-street, London.

Savory & Moore's COCOA & MILK

THE GREAT PRESERVER OF HEALTH

Tri-mur-ti Peppermint Cream, the World's Natural Remedy for Constipation, Indigestion and Flatulence. It is guaranteed to digest the Food and disperse all Stagnant, Poisonous waste matter. Constipation is the cause of Appendicitis and almost every Ailment. Do you realise the Danger of continually taking Drastic Drugs, Pills, Salts, etc.; wearing away the delicate lining of the Stomach and destroying the digestive Organs? However much or how often taken, Tri-mur-ti Peppermint Cream is guaranteed absolutely harmless for all ages. Invaluable for Invalids. The Medical Profession recommend it. The Pharmaceutical Journal speaks in the highest terms of it. Jars, 1s. 6d., 2s. 9d., and 5s., from all Chemists and Stores, or write direct to The Trimurti Co., 11, Hill-place, Oxford-street, London, W.



Trimurti All British.

I'm not greedy, but I do like a lot of

"Golden Shred" MARMALADE

Sold in every town and hamlet in the United Kingdom. ROBERTSON'S—only makers.



MACKINTOSH'S

LOOK OUT FOR THE FAMOUS OVAL TIN.

TOFFEE de LUXE

What Every Woman Wants

FIRST AID TO HURRIED SHOPPERS.

MONDAY is your shopping day, isn't it? and this is a particularly busy one. You know what you want, but you are not sure just where to go to get it. Suppose you run through this story of discovery? It may save you quite a lot of time and money, and worry too.

Regimental Striped Cushions.

Regimental colours don't always seem appropriate to the articles on which they are used, but they certainly do look cheery as cushion covers. A regimental cushion would strike just the right note in a garden chair or would make an acceptable present for a wounded soldier. You can get them at Dickins and Jones, Regent-street, for 8s. 11d. The same firm have nice little brooches composed of a small silver buckle and a tab of regimental ribbon. These will find favour with many women who do not like to wear the regulation Army badges. Four-and-six is their price.

An Original Blouse.

An original model in an inexpensive blouse is never very easy to find, but I saw one at Evans's, in Oxford-street, the other day. It was of white voile, with neck and wrist frills of blue and white squared voile. The neck frill was almost as ample as that of a Pierrot, but diminished as it sloped to a V opening at the front. It was rather a surprise to find that the cost of this novel blouse was only 6s. 9d. The summer girl could not find a more becoming style.

Italian Umbrellas.

Do you know the nice sun-umbrellas with which travellers are usually so charmed in Italy? You can get them now for 5s. 11d. at Harvey Nicholls', Knightsbridge, W. Now that Italy has joined the Allies we shall probably be even more enthusiastic about these picturesquely-striped affairs in red, blue or green. Nothing could be nicer for holiday use or as a gift for a garden-loving friend.

Ready-Made Covers For Down Quilts.

It is wise to have a down quilt always on hand in our changeable summers, but when



A white blanket coat for tennis.

the covers are soiled or shabby they are a continual eye-sore, and the task of recovering them prettily is no light one. It is, however, one of those things which the busy housewife of modern times can have done for her if she likes. She has only to go to Henry Dobb's, in Westbourne-grove, to find an attractive assortment of ready-made covers at 4s. 11d. each. I saw there an especially pretty pink-flowered one with green bands, and recommended it to a friend who is freshening up her country cottage in less time and at less expense than she ever did before.

That Indispensable Summer Coat.

Every woman needs a raincoat or dust-coat at this season. The evenings are chilly, and when travelling or motoring it is always advisable to wear a coat. No coat is more useful, or in better taste to wear over a filmy summer gown, than the well-cut one of tussore, and I was pleased to find such a coat for 29s. 6d. at Woollands', Knightsbridge. The stock of summer coats at this establishment is an excellent one. I was greatly tempted by one at five and a half guineas, which had light horn buttons and a plaid velvet collar.

Crepe de Chine Sports Coats.

Sports coats were never more attractive than they are to-day. I was appealed to the other day by a girl who, after a week-end on the river, declared that she couldn't sleep until she had acquired a crêpe de Chine coat such as those she had seen making so good an effect on lawns and in punts. I took her to Gooch's, in the Brompton-road, where she was not long in choosing a vastly becoming shell-pink one with pockets and a sash. This was three guineas, but there was a wide range of silk coats, very well shaped, and with attractive crochet buttons, for 45s. and 55s.

River Hats.

The river is going to get most of the brief holiday-makers this year, as so many people seem reluctant to go far from town. The river hat, consequently, is more than usually important. At Harrods there are some most becoming linen sailor-shapes, both in white and unbleached linen, and quite unadorned, for 25s. 9d. It is easy to go wrong in a holiday hat,

but these have the sought-for air of correctness all over them. For a guinea there are charming printed muslin hats with bands of ribbon or small bunches of mixed flowers.

Boudoir Caps.

The boudoir cap habit has steadily grown on us, so it is comforting to know that a dainty cap, composed entirely of lace and ribbon, is to be found for as little as 3s. 11d. at Tudor Brothers, Brompton-road. For 6s. 11d. there is a pretty one of Valenciennes and soft satin, while if you wish to go to 12s. 11d. you may become possessed of a charming affair in spotted net, with a tiny frill, tied round with palest blue ribbon and finished at one side with a spray of flowers.

A SALE AT PAQUIN'S.

When a world-famous firm like Paquin announces a sale the wise woman knows that the sale is worth a visit, because the things offered are sure to be of good quality. At Paquin's, in Dover-street, the sale begins to-day, and a big stock of garments are to be offered at greatly reduced prices. There are garments of all descriptions—little afternoon frocks, evening gowns and coats, and costumes. Especially attractive are the one-piece frocks of black and navy serge and gaberdine. Some of these are very handsomely embroidered and braided; others are quite plain.

Many of the models are in black or navy, which are the shades most in request at present, and another point is that many of the coats and skirts are of rather heavy cloth and very new in line, so that they would be safe investments for the autumn and winter.

Lingerie, hats and furs are also reduced, and the firm offer to make up gowns from the materials in stock at reduced prices during the sale.

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

ARE YOU HELPING THE WOUNDED?

£1,000 In Prizes For Women In A Big Patriotic Scheme.

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, pro-

vided 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 purposes 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.

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 particulars and rules.

WOUNDED SOLDIERS ENTERTAINED BY WHITELEYS.



Whiteley's buyers and managers entertained over a hundred wounded soldiers on Whiteley's Athletic Ground at Wembley on Saturday afternoon. A most interesting and varied programme was arranged and thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

Stagg & Mantle LTD.

ANNUAL SUMMER CLEARANCE SALE

COMMENCES TO-DAY AND WILL CONTINUE THROUGHOUT JULY.

Illustrated Bargain Catalogue sent Post Free.

Bargains in all Departments.



Z 018 - Cotton Crepon Blouse, Oriental Stripes, with Collar of Plain Material. Also White Grounds with the following coloured Stripes: Heliotrope, Sage, Pink, Navy, Black.

SALE PRICE 3/11
Usual Price, 4/11 1/2
Post 3d.



Z 1019 - Stylish Blouse of Spotted Voile, with Medici Collar and Vest of same. In the following Coloured Spots: Navy, Sky, Sage, Brown, Vieux Rose, and Amethyst.

SALE PRICE, 4/11 1/2
Postage 3d.
Also in Shantung
SALE PRICE, 12/11
Post Free, Casally 14/11.



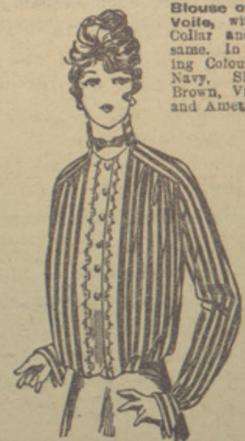
508 Good Quality Tailor-Made Jap Silk Shirts, finished with Pearl Buttons. Ivory only. Sizes 13 1/2, 14, 14 1/2.

SALE PRICE 3/11 1/2
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We cannot repeat these under 5/11 each, as they are our original quality.



Athletic Model, for Sports of all descriptions, in good White Coutille, rust-proof fittings. Sizes 20 to 28 inches. 4/11 1/2
Postage 3d.

Same style in Pale Pink Batiste, not rust-proof. 4/11 1/2
Postage 3d.



Z 910 - Smart Striped Voile Blouse with Military Collar and Vest of Fine Embroidery, trimmed Buttons. All-White Grounds with the following Coloured Stripes: Grey, Black, Navy, Royal, Cerise, Vieux Rose, Sage, Sky, Amethyst.

SALE PRICE 5/11
Usual Price, 7/11
Postage 3d.

LEICESTER SQ., LEICESTER ST., SIDNEY PLACE, LONDON, W.

Chintz and Cretonne IN THE Holiday Wardrobe.



Roses cut from glazed chintz are stitched on to a white and green holiday hat.

LAST year there was great interest and friendly rivalry in gay chintzes and cretonnes for furnishing purposes. This summer we are not going in for many changes in the way of furnishings, but clothes we must have, and the same chintzes and cretonnes have made their flowery way into our wardrobes.

The fashion began when a few women discovered how attractive and practical were gardening aprons of flowered cretonne and chintz. Other dress-uses were soon discovered.

Pasted-on Hat Trimmings.

Although one may enjoy being covered by sprawling roses and birds of paradise in a secluded garden, one cannot very well walk abroad looking so much like a bedroom chair, so modified schemes have been devised.

The most popular one is that of using appliqué chintz or cretonne flowers on holiday hats and gowns. They appeared first on hats—plain straws, panamas, and linen hats. Sometimes they were frankly pasted on; sometimes they had their edges buttonholed and were then sewn on. Next they began to bloom on holiday frocks.

Dark unbleached linen frocks became very attractive when adorned with cretonne flowers, and a dark green linen frock designed for a woman of middle age had bands of lotus-flowered furnishing linen edging its deep



A chintz bathing bag.



A simple holiday costume of green linen is button-holed with pink and adorned with cretonne roses. The green linen hat is also trimmed with the roses.

skirt flounces and short bolero. A chic white linen frock had a scalloped edged skirt, each scallop being composed of a pink chintz rose.

White Net Over Cretonne Flowers.

Not only morning and sports frocks are subject to furnishing-shop adornments. The garden party gown of white net may reveal cretonne flowers on its foundation. This, in fact, is perhaps the most successful way of using them, for until after the closest examination they look like beautiful and elaborate embroidery.

The pressed flowers inside the double hat-brim of tulle or chiffon may not be really pressed flowers at all, but just chintz ones cut from a length of stuff whose fate would have been cushions a year ago.

Picturesque Schemes For Children.

For children the chintz and cretonne ideas are charming. Quaint little play-pinafores are cut on the simplest lines and are much admired by their small owners. Glazed sun-hats and picturesque little "cottage" bonnets are made to match.

The "bathing bag" is an important part of the holiday equipment. An especially attractive one was of orange-coloured rubberised satin with the lower part of orange-patterned black chintz. A yellow tie-rope gave it quite a nautical air, and a black ribbon edge at one end, and a black tassel at the other, helped to make it into an affair which the smartest-gowned bather could carry in her own hands.

The stiff chintz petticoat has been suggested

and experimented with for wear under the very full skirts, and this modern adaptation of the crinoline has been pronounced very comfortable. Another item of flowered chintz is the big garden umbrella.

Collar facings and vests of cretonne may be very successfully added to a dark serge suit. The colours must be carefully chosen, and the cretonne should not show in large masses, but kept "precious," as a painter would say. Pink and white chintz cuffs and a deep collar of the same have given great distinction to summer motoring coats of heavy tussore.



A play pinafore of flowered cretonne.

WHY BEAUTIFUL EYES ARE RARE AMONG MODERN WOMEN: A BEAUTY EXPERT TELLS HOW TO ACQUIRE THEM.

HAVE you noticed that eyes are rather neglected nowadays when a beauty is described? A generation ago they were the great "point." A girl's eyes were critically discussed when she came out. To-day, while there is a positive mania for face creams and hair brighteners, the average woman takes no heed to the look of her eyes, and you will pass twenty peach-bloom complexions and as many pretty mouths in the street any day for one pair of strikingly beautiful eyes.

After Motoring.

One reason, of course, is that women use their eyes more nowadays. Oh, yes, I know that great-grandmamma did needlework so fine that your eyes ache to look at it, but she wasn't in a hurry about it. She didn't read half-a-dozen newspapers over her breakfast every morning, spend half her life in dazzling electric light, and get through a novel a day. And she didn't fly across two shires in a motor between luncheon and tea. That's why there are so many allusions to her beautiful eyes in great-grandpapa's letters. The woman who uses her eyes a great deal ought to give them plenty of attention, and should never disregard their aching appeals for rest.

After a long run in the car or a day of shopping

or sight-seeing the eyes will ache, and to rest them it is a good plan, after washing them free of dust with an eye-cup, to lie down for a while with a compress of old linen wrung out of cold water laid over them. A pinch of boracic acid dissolved in the eye-bath will keep down inflammation.

To Improve Scanty Lashes.

If you want to improve your eyes the first step is to look at them. Take your hand mirror to your window and look at your eyes in a good light. Perhaps they look lifeless and are yellowish where they ought to be clear white. That means that your general health and your diet are not what they should be. You must get them right.

Perhaps the skin at the edge of the eyelids is dry and scaly and there are little wrinkles all about the corners. For the wrinkles get a good massage cream and rub it in every night. If you can get freshly-rendered mutton fat use that—just as it is, without perfume or any addition. Most perfumes or preservatives have a drying effect on the skin, and you want the skin about your eyes to be soft and dewy. You must take care, however, that the grease does not actually get into the eyes. If the edges of the lids are very scaly and red you must apply some special eye ointment, which any chemist will supply.

"But," you may say, "even if I did all this my eyes would still have no effect, for my lashes and brows are so pale and scanty." Then you must apply to them each night a little cocoa-butter. This will encourage the growth, but eyelashes improve very slowly, so in the meantime you must use a black pencil or a stain.

An Eyelash Stain.

A harmless eyelash stain is made from 25 grams of gallnuts, five grams of sulphate of iron, and 150 grams of water. The gallnuts and the water should be boiled together for half an hour, strained through fine muslin and boiled again with the sulphate of iron. Boil until the liquid is reduced to two-thirds of its original bulk. The stain should be kept tightly corked and applied very carefully with a camel-hair brush. Two or three applications will be necessary.

A heavy "make-up" about the eyes is essential on the stage, but should not be adopted for everyday occasions. A slight touch of blue pencil along the lower ledge of the eye-lid is better than a smudge of black, but beyond darkening the lashes themselves there is little else the everyday woman can do in the way of "fake."

There are other schemes, however, whereby

the beauty of the eyes may be enhanced. For instance, their colour may always be intensified by wearing the right clothes and jewels. Discover what is the predominant colour of your eyes and how you can bring it out. The woman with rather uncertain blue eyes should avoid cold greys, and wear soft blues that are not too bright. The greyish-green-eyed woman should make a feature of the green instead of trying to discourage it, for green eyes are very attractive. A pair of lapis lazuli or green jade earrings may make a nondescript pair of eyes seem intensely blue or green. Diamonds are not for the dull-orbed as they seem to take away even such brilliance as remains in tired eyes, and I have known the wearing of a full blown rose to take all the depth and softness from a quite normal pair of eyes.

Intensifying Colour In The Eyes.

It is an easy matter to substitute a pencil line until scanty eye-brows improve themselves. I think this is one of the most forgivable and worth while "fakes," for it adds so to one's facial expression. Of course one should not over-do it. A delicate arch is most becoming to the average face. Don't make the arch too high, or you will look either worried or inquisitive all the time.

BEGIN THIS REMARKABLE STORY TO-DAY.

MISS MILLION'S MAID: A Romance Of Love And Fortune By The Well-Known Authoress, BERTA RUCK.

The Young Man Next Door.

PUTNEY, June, 1914.

MY story begins with an incident that is bound to happen some time in any household that boasts—or perhaps deplores—a high-spirited girl of twenty-three in it.

It begins with "a row" about a young man. My story begins, too, where the first woman's story began—in a garden.

It was the back garden of our red-roofed villa in that suburban street, Laburnum-grove, Putney, S.W.

Now all those eighty-five neat gardens up and down the leafy road are one exactly like the other, with the same green strip of lawn just not big enough for tennis, the same side borders gay with golden calceolaria, scarlet geranium, blue lobelia, and all the bright easy-to-grow London flowers. All the villas belonging to the gardens seem alike, too, with their green front doors, their white steps, their brightly-polished door-knockers and their well-kept curtains.

From the look of these typically English, cheerful, middle-class, not-too-well-off little homes you'd know just the sort of people who live in them. The plump, house-keeping mother, the season-ticket father, the tennis-playing sons, the girls in dainty blouses, who put their little newly-whitened shoes to dry on the bathroom window-sill, and who call laughing remarks to each other out of the window.

"I say, Gladys! don't forget it's the theatre to-night!"

"Oh, rather not! See you up at the Tennis Club presently?"

"No; I'm meeting Vera to shop and have lunch in Oxford-street."

"Dissipated rakes! 'We don't have much money, but we do see life,' eh?"

Yes! From what I see of them, they do get heaps of fun out of their lives, these young people who make up such a large slice of the population of our great London. There's laughter and good-fellowship and enjoyment going on all up and down our road.

Except here. No laughter and parties and tennis club appointments at Number 45, where I, Beatrice Lovelace, live with my Aunt Anastasia. No gay times here!

"We Are Still The Lovelaces."

When we came here six years ago (I was eighteen) Aunt Anastasia was rigidly firm about our having absolutely nothing to do with the people of the neighbourhood.

"They are not our kind," she said with her stately, rather thin grey-haired head in the air. "And though we may have come down in the world, we are still Lovelaces, as we were in the old days when your dear grandfather had Lovelace Court. Even if we do seem to have dropped out of our world, we need not associate with any other. Better no society than the wrong society."

So, since "our" world takes no further notice of us, we have no society at all. I can't tell you how frightfully, increasingly, indescribably dull and lonely it all is!

I simply long for somebody fresh of my own age to talk to. And I see so many of them about here!

"It's like starving in the midst of plenty," I said to myself this evening as I was watering the pinks in the side borders. The girls at Number 46, to the right of our garden, were shrieking with laughter together on their lawn over some family joke or other—I listened enviously to their merriment.

I wondered which of them was getting teased, and whether it was the one with my own name, Beatrice—I know some of them by name as well as I know them by sight, the pretty, good-humoured-looking girls who live in this road, the cheery young men! And yet, in all these years, I've never been allowed to have a neighbour or an acquaintance. I've never exchanged a single—

"Good evening!" said a pleasant, man's voice into the midst of my reverie.

Startled, I glanced up. The voice came over the palings between our garden and that of Number Forty-four. Through the green trellis that my aunt had had set up over the palings ("so that we should be more private") I beheld a gleam of white flannel-clad shoulders and of smooth, fair hair.

It was the young man who's lately come to live next door.

I've always thought he looked rather nice, and rather as if he would like to say good morning or something whenever I've met him going by.

I suppose I ought not to have noticed even that? And, of course, according to my upbringing, I ought certainly not to have noticed him now. I ought to have fixed a silent, Medusa-like glare upon the trellis. I ought then to have taken my battered little green watering-can to fill it for the fourteenth time at the scullery-tap. Then I ought to have

begun watering the Shirley poppies on the other side of the garden.

But how often the way one's been brought up contradicts what one feels like doing! And alas! How very often the second factor wins the day!

It won the evening, that time.

I said "Good evening."

And I thought that would be the end of it, but no.

The frank and boyish voice (quite as nice a voice as my soldier-brother Reggie's, far away in India!) took up quite quickly and eagerly: "Er—I say, isn't it rather a long job watering the garden that way?"

It was, of course. But we couldn't afford a hose.

Why, they cost about thirty shillings.

He said: "Do have the 'lend' of our hose to do the rest of them, won't you?"

And thereupon he stretched out a long, white-sleeved arm over the railings and put the end of the hose straight into my hand.

"Oh, thank you; but I will not trouble you. Good evening."

Of course, that would have been the thing to say, icily, before I walked off.

The Comedy Of The Garden Hose.

Unfortunately I only got as far as "Oh, thank you—" And then my fingers must have fumbled the tap on or something. Anyhow a great spray of water immediately poured forth from out of the hose through the roses and the trellis, right on to the fair head and the face of the young man next door.

"Oh!" I cried, scarlet with embarrassment. "I beg your pardon—"

"It's quite all right, thanks," he said. "Most refreshing!"

Here I realised that I was still giving him a shower bath all the time.

Then we both laughed heartily together. It was the first good laugh I'd had for months! And then I trained the hose off him at last and on to our border, while the young man, watching me from over the palings, said quickly:—

"I've been wanting to talk to you, do you know? I've been wanting to ask—"

Well, I suppose I shall never know, now, what

he wanted to ask. For that was the moment when there broke upon the peaceful evening air the sound of a voice from the back window of our drawing-room, calling in outraged accents—

"Beatrice! Bee—atrice!"

Immediately all the laughter went out of me.

"Y—yes, Aunt Anastasia," I called back. In my agitation I dropped the end of the hose on to the ground, where it began irrigating the turf and my four-and-elevenpenny shoes at the same time.

"Beatrice, come in here instantly," called my aunt in a voice there was no gainsaying.

So, leaving the hose where it lay, and without another glance at the trellis, in I dashed through the French window into our drawing-room.

A queer mixture of a room it is. So like us; so typical of our circumstances! A threadbare carpet and the cheapest bamboo easy-chairs live cheek-by-jowl with a priceless Chippendale cabinet from Lovelace Court, holding a few pieces of china that represent the light of other days. Upon the faded cheap wall-paper there hangs the pride of our home, the Gainsborough portrait of one chestnut-haired, slim-throated ancestress, Lady Anastasia Lovelace, in white muslin and a blue sash, painted on the terrace steps at Lovelace Court.

This was the background to the figure of my Aunt Anastasia, who stood, holding herself as stiff as a poker (she is very nearly as slim, even though she's fifty-three) in her three-year-old grey alpaca gown with the little eightpence-three-farthings white collar fastened by her pearl brooch with grannie's hair in it.

Her face told me what to expect. A heated flush, and no lips. One of Auntie's worst tempers!

"Beatrice!" she exclaimed in a low, agitated tone. "I am ashamed of you. I am ashamed of you!"

She could not have said it more fervently if I'd been found forging cheques. "After all my care! To see you hobnobbing like a housemaid with these people!"

The Nice Young Man Next Door.

Aunt Anastasia always mentions the people here as who should say "the worms in the flower-beds" or "the blight upon the rambler-roses."

ANOTHER CASE FOR INTERNMENT.



Our old friend Mr. Pessimist Croaker has broken out again.

"I wasn't hobnobbing, Auntie," I defended myself. "Er—he only offered me the hose to—"

"The thinnest of excuses," put in my aunt, curling what was left visible of her lips. "You need not have taken the hose."

"He put it right into my hand."

"Insufferable young bounder," exclaimed Aunt Anastasia, still more bitterly.

I felt myself flushing hotly.

"Auntie, why do you always call everybody—that who is not ourselves?" I ventured. "Honour bright, the young man didn't do it in a bounder-y way at all. I'm sure he only meant to be nice and neighbourly and—"

"That will do, Beatrice. That will do," said my Aunt, majestically. "I am extremely displeased with you. After all that I have said to you on the subject of having nothing to do with the class of person among which we are compelled to live, you choose to forget yourself over—over a garden wall, and a hose, forsooth."

"For the future, kindly remember that you are my niece"—(impressively)—"that you are your poor father's child"—(more impressively)—"and that you are Lady Anastasia's great-granddaughter"—(this most impressively of all, with a stately gesture towards the Gainsborough portrait hanging over the most rickety of bamboo tables). "Our circumstances may be straitened now. We may be banished to an odious little hovel in the suburbs among people whom we cannot possibly know, even if the walls are so thin that we can hear them cleaning their teeth next door. There is no disgrace in being poor, Beatrice. The disgrace lies in behaving as if you did not still belong to our family!"

Aunt Anastasia always pronounces these last two words as if they were written in capital letters, and as if she were uttering them in church.

"I am going to the library now to change my books," she concluded with much dignity. During my absence you will occupy yourself by making the salad for supper."

"Yes, auntie," I said in the resigned tone that so often covers seething rebellion. Then a sudden thought struck me, and I suggested: "Hadn't I—hadn't I better return that hose? It is simply pouring itself out all over the lawn still—"

"I will return the hose," said my aunt, in the tragic tones of Mrs. Siddons playing Lady Macbeth and saying "Give me the dagger!"

She stepped towards the back window.

I didn't feel equal to seeing the encounter between Aunt Anastasia in her most icily formal mood, and the young man with the nice voice, of whom I caught white-and-gold glimpses hovering about on the other side of the green trellis.

I knew she'd be rude to him, as only "our families" can be rude to those whom they consider "bounders." He's nothing to me. I've never spoken to him before this evening. I oughtn't to mind what he thinks about those weird people who live at No. 45. I oughtn't to wonder what it was he was just going to say to me.

So I fled out of the bamboo and heirloom furnished drawing-room, down the narrow little oil-clothed passage, and into the kitchen with its heartening smell of hot gooseberry tart and the cheerful society of Million, our little maid-of-all-work. It's the custom of our family to call the maid by her surname.

(At the same time I couldn't help wondering what that young man had been going to say.)

Two Girls In A Kitchen.

Little Million, looking very cheery and trim in her black gown and her white apron, and the neat little cap perched upon her glossy black hair, smiled welcomingly upon me as I came into the kitchen.

I like Million's nice smile and her Cockney chatter about the Soldiers' Orphanage where she was brought up and trained for domestic service, and about her places before she came here. Aunt Anastasia considers that it is so demoralising to gossip with the lower orders. But Millions is the only girl of my own age in London with whom I have the chance of gossiping!

She likes me, too. She considers that Miss Beatrice treats her as if she were a human being instead of a machine. She tossed the paper-covered Celandine Novelette that she had been reading into the drawer of the kitchen-table among the lead spoons and the skewers and the cooking-forks, and then she spread the table with a clean tea-cloth, and brought out the colander with the lettuce and the cucumber and the cress that I was going to cut up into salad; doing everything as if she liked helping me.

"There, now! What a mercy I left the kitchen window open. Now I haven't seen the new moon through the glass," she exclaimed, as she put all ready before me—the hard-boiled egg, the mustard, sugar, pepper, salt, oil, and vinegar—for me to make the salad-dressing. "Miss Beatrice, look at it through the open window—there, just to the right of that little pink cloud—turn your money, and you'll get a wish."

I peeped out of the window, and caught sight of that slender festoon of silver swung in the sky above the roses of the garden trellis.

"I've no money to turn," I smiled, ruefully, "never have."

"Turn some o' mine, Miss," said Million, "I've got four-and-six here that I'm going to put into the Post Office Savings Bank to-morrow." Million is extraordinarily thrifty. "There you are. Wished your wish, Miss Beatrice?"

"Oh, yes, I've wished it," I said. "Always the same wish with me, you know, Million. Always a perfectly hopeless one. It's always, always that some millionaire may leave me a fortune one day, and that I shall be very rich, rolling in money."

(To Be Continued.)

BEGIN OUR NEW SERIAL STORY TO-DAY.—(See Page 15.)

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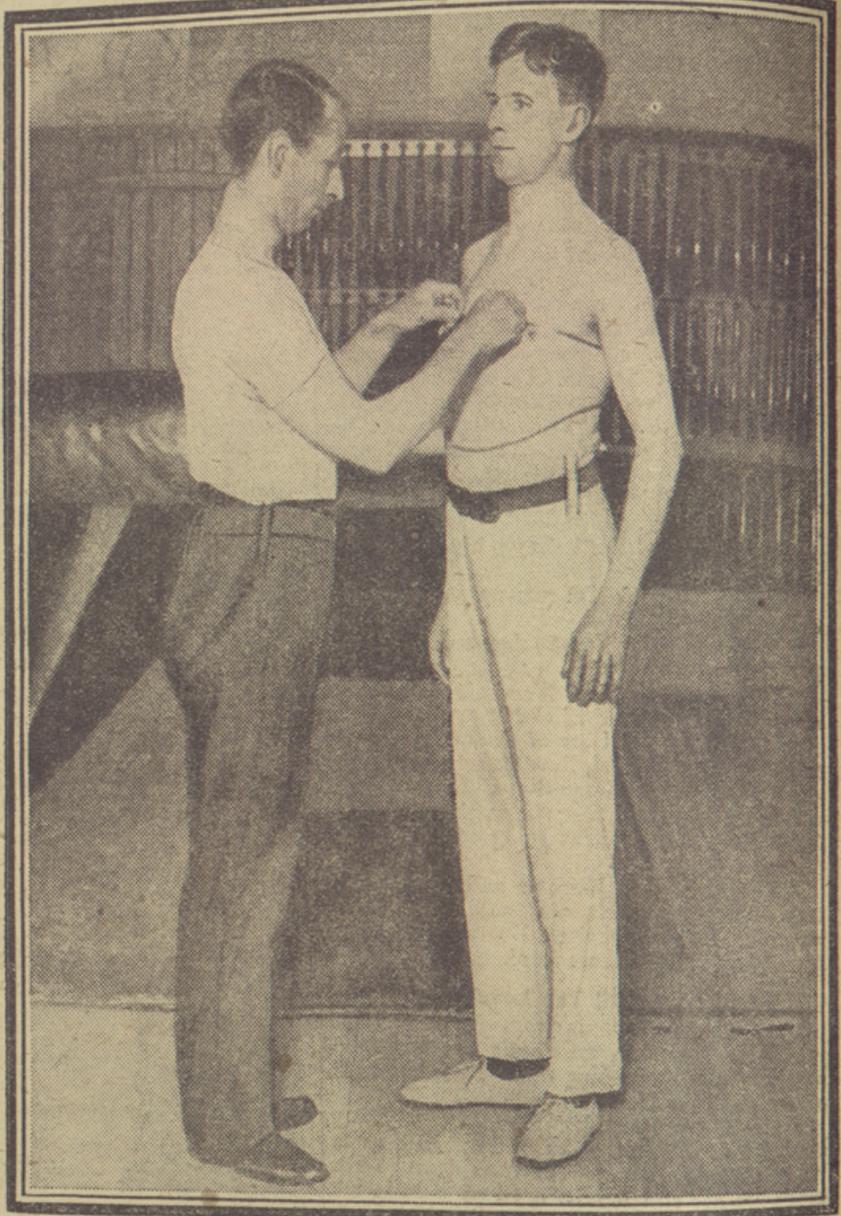
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The Y.M.C.A. are running classes at their Tottenham Court-road quarters for the young man who falls short of Army requirements, although organically sound. The exercises are all designed to develop the physique.—(Daily Sketch Photographs.)

WANTS HIS REVENGE.



Addis Dennis was on a merchantman torpedoed by a German submarine, and spent four days in an open boat. He is now in the Fusiliers.

ITALIAN BOY SCOUTS WHO WOULD LIKE TO FIGHT THE AUSTRIANS.



The war with Austria appeals strongly to the imagination of the youth of Italy. This group of Boy Scouts at musketry drill is typical of the military feeling of Italy's rising generation. The youngsters regret that their youth debars them from helping their country.