

The National Register Will Show Up The Shirkers.

DAILY SKETCH.

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

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LONDON, THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1915.

[Registered as a Newspaper.] ONE HALFPENNY.

WOUNDED IN 40 PLACES, HE LIVED TO WIN THE BRONZE CROSS.



HER V.C. SON.



Lance-Corporal Wm. Angus, V.C., 8th Highland L.I. (Territorials). Inset, Lieutenant Martin, whom he rescued under a terrible fire. The story of how Lance-Corporal William Angus, a Scottish Territorial, won the V.C. is told on another page. He was wounded forty times in rescuing his officer. Private Edward Warner (1st Bedfordshire Regiment), another V.C., single-handed entered a trench, which had been vacated by our troops after a gas attack, to prevent the enemy taking possession. The trench was held—but the hero died from gas poisoning. —(Daily Sketch, etc.)

The mother of Private Edward Warner, V.C., proudly displays her son's photograph.

BACK FROM 'CERTAIN DEATH' WITH 40 WOUNDS.

How Corporal Angus, V.C., Saved His Officer.

FELLOW-VILLAGERS.

Wonderful Courage Under A Hail Of Bombs.

"He sustained about forty wounds from bombs, some of them very serious."

So ran the official story of the great gallantry of Lance-Corporal William Angus, the Lanark Territorial, who has just been awarded the Victoria Cross for rescuing an officer lying wounded a few yards from the enemy.

The officer in question was Lieut. Martin, of Angus's battalion, the 8th Highland Light Infantry. After a night attack the Lieutenant was missing.

As dawn broke the keen-eyed Territorial sentry detected a feeble movement at the foot of the German parapet. It was the lost officer. He had been half buried in a mine explosion and, with returning consciousness, was brushing away, handful by handful, the earth which covered him.

ONLY 10 FEET FROM THE ENEMY.

Some ten feet away lay the enemy. This very closeness to them hid him from their view, but already they must have heard his moans, for the ugly neck of a periscope with its ghoul-like eye reached over their trench and leered at the poor wounded soldier below.

"Slowly and horribly," says an eye-witness, "it turned and swayed and leered at us too; then back to him. Hell itself can produce nothing to match the dreadfulness of that horrid periscope."

In his agony the unfortunate officer appealed to the enemy for a drink of water. In response they threw at him an unlighted bomb.

"Can brutal inhumanity go further?" asks the witness of this cowardly act. "Surely not," he replies, "and we, too, understood their game. We had been fighting them too long to expect to see them sling over a rope and draw him in. We did not even expect them to be merciful and kill him. No; they left him there in the cruel glare of a cloudless June sky—a bait to lure yet another Scottish soldier to his death."

A rescue by day seemed hopeless, but, to a man, D company volunteered to rush the German trench at dusk, cost what it might.

THE RESCUE.

That, however, was rendered unnecessary by one of the most brilliant deeds of courage that the world has seen—the deed of Lance-Corporal Angus. A man bred and born in the same Scottish village as Lieutenant Martin, Angus knew well what lay before them.

"Now, my boy," said a Canadian officer, "you are going to certain death."

"It does not matter much, sir, whether sooner or later," was the reply. Shortly afterwards Angus



Lieutenant J. G. Smyth, 15th Ludhiana Sikhs, one of the new V.C.s. Under heavy fire he succeeded in carrying a supply of bombs to within 20 yards of the German trenches.

"Our rifles crack, one blast from the machine-guns, and all was over. They were safely in our lines, and once again a stout heart and a cool head had enabled a brave, good man to achieve what seemed impossible."

Lance-Corporal Angus is a well-known Scottish football player, and when he enlisted last August he was captain of the Wishaw Thistle Club.

"NOTHING CAN REPLACE HIM."

Widowed Mother's Proud Grief For V.C. Hero Who Was Killed.

Heroism brings grief and pathos as well as glory. In a humble terrace in Cannon-street, St. Albans, there lives a grey-haired old lady on whom sorrows have been crowding during the last few years, and though the latest brought with it infinite pride it is also the most bitter.

She is Mrs. Warner, the mother of Private Edward Warner, the heroic young soldier of the Bedfordshires who gained his V.C. and lost his life in holding, unaided, against the enemy a gas-charged trench on Hill 60.

Oh, yes, she had heard of her son's distinction, she told the *Daily Sketch* yesterday, with dimmed eyes.

"I am proud of my boy, very proud," she added, "but nothing can replace him. I wish so much he had lived; it would have been so different."

"He was a good boy to me. He was my only support, for his father died two years ago, and his only brother has not been heard of for several years."

"His father used to say that Eddie's only fault was that he enlisted. His father would have been proud of his V.C., and would have altered his opinion."

"He was my all," the old lady murmured. "I have no one else now—my husband and two sons both lost to me."

V.C. WON IN EMULATION.

Cardiff Hero's Pride In The Deed Of Fellow Corporal.

Company-Sergeant-Major Barter, of the Welsh Fusiliers, who has been awarded the V.C. for the capture by him and eight companions of 103 Germans, was born in Cardiff 24 years ago.

As a boy Barter had a reputation for pluck, and needed little incitement to bravery.

It became known that one of his comrades in the trenches was Corporal Fuller, who was awarded the V.C. for his effort to rescue Captain Haggard, of "Stick it, Welsh" fame.

Barter conceived for Fuller a degree of hero worship which he did not trouble to conceal.

Writing to his employer, he sent a facsimile of Fuller's signature, and the employer replied hoping that Barter himself would win the distinction.

The new V.C.'s answer to this was that, while he expected no such luck, he would do his best.

"Fuller's example," says the employer, "evidently acted as a great incentive."

Sergeant Barter, who in private life is a gas stove repairer, has declined a commission.

OF ABSORBING INTEREST.

Sir Hiram Maxim's Views On The Deadly Machine-Gun.

The *Sunday Herald* will again be the brightest and best of the week-end papers.

It will contain many exclusive pictures from the battle-front, both in the East and the West, and writers of world repute will deal with vital and up-to-date topics.

Sir Hiram Maxim will be one of the contributors to this week's *Sunday Herald*. He will write on the subject of machine-guns, which is now absorbing everybody's interest.

Every writer in the *Sunday Herald* is chosen because he is master of the question with which he deals.

Sir Hiram's authority to speak on the weapons which the Germans are using with so much effect against British troops is unrivalled, and his article deserves attention in the highest quarters.

Queen Alexandra will attend to-morrow's matinee at the Haymarket in aid of the invalid kitchens in London, when Miss Ellen Terry will reappear.



CorpL Charles Sharpe, the V.C. of the 2nd Lincolnns, captured 50 yards of trench single-handed, driving the Germans out with bombs. He is one of a family of 13.

leapt over the parapet on his forlorn hope. Clinging to the ground, and using every precaution that training and skill had given him, he crawled forward on his task.

Minutes passed—they seemed like hours to the anxious watchers behind—but nothing happened. At last the hero reached the German parapet and the officer. A touch, a whisper, and the wounded man found himself raised a little, with a flask of brandy between his teeth. For a second or two the men rested, to gather strength for the coming ordeal. Then the enemy, who had been waiting silently, dropped a bomb just over the parapet. It exploded, raising a storm of dust.

"Now or never it must be," says the spectator describing the episode. "Hand in hand, the two men rose to their feet, the strong guiding the weak as best he could."

"Then the Germans made their mistake. So sure had they been of their prey, their cunning over-reached itself. The swiftest runner in the world would have had one chance in a thousand of crossing that open space if only their snipers shot steadily. Instead they threw more bombs."

"A pillar of smoke arose, hiding the whole of what was happening, but into our view there staggered two poor, wounded figures, stumbling, running, falling, crawling. Down they went, then up again and on

EMPLOYERS MAKING BLOOD MONEY.

Many Letters Of Complaint Reach The Daily Sketch.

LONDON FIRMS' EXAMPLE.

When the *Daily Sketch* asked skilled mechanics who are being debarred by avaricious employers from joining that Factory Line upon the success of which the Fighting Line depends, no vain appeal was made.

Already a considerable number of letters has been received from all parts of the country, stating the peculiar methods which some employers (anxious to pile up profits and the casualty lists at the same time) have adopted to retain men whose services would be better utilised in turning out munitions.

These letters are receiving careful attention, and it is hoped that within the next few days the unpatriotic employers will be brought to see the error of their ways.

KEEPING BACK MEN.

Several correspondents have directed the attention of the *Daily Sketch* to a large South of England firm which is keeping the very class of man so urgently required for the manufacture of munitions, namely, fitters, millwrights, turners, toolmakers, and capstan hands, engaged upon private work.

A considerable number of the skilled men have put their case before the *Daily Sketch*, and they state that if the firm will release them they will immediately join the Factory Line.

From the north come letters to the effect that men fit to make munitions are being retained by a firm for the purpose of making cast-iron products. Upon these men the firm has a double grip, because they live in houses belonging to the firm, and if the men join the Factory Line they will in all probability be evicted.

AN OBJECT LESSON.

A notable object lesson in patriotism is provided for such firms by the action of a number of large London companies. These have written to Mr. Lloyd George informing him that they are making arrangements among themselves for mutual co-operation and interchange of mechanics for necessary repairs to plant so as to release the maximum number of skilled workers whom they undertake to reinstate after the war.

The signatory firms are:—

William Whiteley, Ltd.	Selfridge and Co., Ltd.
John Barker, Ltd.	D. H. Evans and Co., Ltd.
Peter Robinson, Ltd.	Dickens and Jones, Ltd.
Harrods, Ltd.	

During the past two days enrolments of volunteers have averaged 10,000 a day.

SANITY IN COALFIELD.

Labour Ministers' Successful Peace Efforts In South Wales

Peace and sanity prevail in the South Wales coalfield. Last night saw a solution of the crisis which threatened to put a stop to-day to work at 700 pits and to bring out 200,000 miners on whose labours the existence of the nation depended.

So grave was the outlook that the Government dispatched post-haste to Cardiff yesterday afternoon the three Labour members of the Ministry—Mr. Arthur Henderson, Mr. W. Bruce, and Mr. G. H. Roberts—accompanied by a former trusted Labour leader, Mr. Isaac Mitchell, now an industrial commissioner.

For three hours these gentlemen were in conference with the miners' leaders, with the result that terms were agreed upon; these to be operative during the war.

While the coalfield delegates were awaiting the result they whiled away the time by the singing of hymns.

SWIFT DEATH FOR TWELVE MINERS.

Cages Collide And Occupants Are Hurl'd Two Hundred Yards.

Twelve men were killed and others seriously injured at the New Hucknall Colliery Company's Bentinck Pit, near Mansfield, owing to a collision which took place between two cages, one of which was rising to the surface and the other descending to the pit.

The latter contained 14 men, and the force of the collision was such that the bottom of the descending cage was smashed and ten colliers were hurled 200 yards to terribly swift deaths.

Seven of the men, including five in the ascending cage, were all more or less injured.

One man had a remarkable escape. When the crash came he was knocked dazed, but recovered himself to find he was hanging to a piece of iron by the bottom of his trousers, and was suspended head downwards for over 20 minutes. At length he managed to climb to the iron rail of the cage.

This accident and the very recent burning of the engine house at the colliery have caused some 1,800 men and boys to be thrown out of employment.

ROYAL SHOW NOT A FAILURE.

The Royal Agricultural Society will not suffer much through having to hold its annual show in abnormal times and during thunderstorms, for yesterday 12,234 people paid for admission compared with 12,501 at Shrewsbury last year, and 13,751 at Bristol in 1913.

JUDGE'S NEW THEORY IN BRIDES CASE.

Imaginary Dialogue In The Fatal Bathrooms.

"I'LL PUT YOU IN THE BATH, MY DEAR."

Pointed Retort To Counsel's Strong Protest.

By William Le Queux.

There was a remarkable conclusion to yesterday's hearing in the trial at the Old Bailey of George Joseph Smith on the charge of murdering three of his "wives."

For four hours Mr. Marshall Hall had pleaded with all his consummate skill for the acquittal of accused, and then the judge advanced a new theory for the consideration of the jury.

In intimating that he would sum up this morning Mr. Justice Scrutton explained that he would have the three fatal baths placed at the disposal of the jury. He wanted the jury to examine these baths carefully from the point of view of each of the theories advanced.

He did not want them to make up their minds until they had heard his summing up, but as *men of the world and of commonsense they were as competent to judge how people took baths as doctors were*, with great respect to the doctors.

"Include in your consideration," the judge added, "the possibility, at any rate in the last two cases and possibly in the first, of this having occurred:—

Wife (to husband): I am going to have a bath.
 Husband (to wife): All right, I will go and turn on the water for you.
 [Husband goes to bathroom, turns on the water, and waits. Wife comes in in dressing-gown or night-gown.]
 Husband: I will put you in the bath, my dear.
 [He lifts her up—an eight or nine stone woman—lowers her into the bath, and holds her knees up.]

A PROTEST AND A RETORT.

"There is no evidence of it," the judge was careful to point out. "There is no evidence about pulling the knees; there is no evidence about pulling the legs or of fainting or an epileptic fit."

"Consider the possibility. I will tell you to-morrow how far it is necessary for you to be satisfied exactly how death was caused. Consider the possibilities of all these theories looking at the baths and the measurements."

Mr. Marshall Hall at once entered a protest. "I submit," he told the Judge, "that it is not open to the jury to consider any other hypothesis than that submitted by the Crown, and I take formal objection to your lordship's alternative theory."

To this the Judge replied that he would give Mr. Marshall Hall another ground for complaint if he wished it. If, in looking at the baths, another theory occurred to the jury better than those suggested, in his opinion they were quite entitled to have it.

AFTER THE OUTBURST.

After Smith's ebullition of anger, his condemnation of the police witnesses, and his defiance of the judge on the previous day, he appeared in the dock in the morning full of contrition and considerably calmer.

He was just a trifle paler than before, his high cheek-bones seemed a little more accentuated, and his eyes betrayed signs of weariness.

Yet he bowed slightly to the judge, and before seating himself looked round the crowded Court as though in eager search to discover somebody.

Then he threw his chair back, seated himself, thrust out his legs, and plunged his hands into his trousers pockets in an attitude of careless indifference.

With calm, clear deliberation Mr. Bodkin resumed his masterly speech for the Crown, reviewing the Herne Bay case in its every aspect.

Smith at first sat quite unconcerned. He began to listen attentively, however, when Mr. Bodkin pointed out to the jury that the unfortunate Miss Mundy died just at the moment when her death was of greatest benefit to him.

THE EPILEPSY THEORY.

Dealing with the manner in which the woman died, counsel remarked that an immense prominence had been given to the suggestion of epilepsy. But it had been established that—

Epilepsy was most unusual at her age. She had never suffered from epilepsy. There was no history of epilepsy in her family.

Counsel declared that they had not heard the true story of how Miss Mundy had died. Who had told the story? "Why, the prisoner, whose whole life had been a life of misrepresentation and of falsehood."

DEEDS THAT ARE DRIVING THE TURKS OUT OF EUROPE

TURKS PUSHED BACK 1,000 YARDS.

British "Leapt From Trenches Like A Pack Of Hounds."

GALLANTRY "BEYOND PRAISE."

Glory Of The Borderers, Royal Fusiliers, And Lancashires.

From Sir Ian Hamilton.

Wednesday Evening.

The plan of operations [in the Dardanelles] on Monday was to throw forward the left of the line south-east of Krithia, pivoting on a point about one mile from the sea, and after advancing on the extreme left for about half a mile to establish a new line facing east on ground thus gained. This plan entailed the capture in succession of two lines of the Turkish trenches east of the Saghir Dere and five lines of trenches west of it. The Australian Corps was ordered to co-operate by making a vigorous demonstration.

The action opened at 9 o'clock with a bombardment by heavy artillery. The assistance rendered by the French in this bombardment was most valuable.

THE BOOMERANG REDOUBT.

At 10.20 the Field Artillery opened fire to cut the wire in front of the Turkish trenches, and this was effectively done. The effect on the enemy's trench near the sea was great. The very accurate fire of H.M.S. Talbot, Scorpion, and Wolverine succeeded in keeping down his artillery fire from that quarter.

At 10.45 a small Turkish advanced work in the Saghir Dere known as the Boomerang Redoubt was assaulted. This little fort, which was very strongly sited and protected by extra strong wire entanglements, has long been a source of trouble. After special bombardment by trench mortar, and while the bombardment of surrounding trenches was at its height, part of the Border Regiment, at the exact moment prescribed leapt from their trenches as one man like a pack of hounds, and, pouring out of cover, raced across and took the work most brilliantly.

FULL OF DEAD TURKS.

The artillery bombardment increased in intensity till 11 a.m., when the range was lengthened and infantry advanced. The infantry attack was carried out with great dash along the whole line. West of Saghir Dere three lines of trenches were captured with little opposition. The trenches were



full of dead Turks, many buried by the bombardment, and one hundred prisoners were taken in them.

East of the Ravine the Royal Scots made a fine attack, capturing the two lines of trenches assigned to their objective, but the remainder of the brigade on their right met with severe opposition, and were unable to get forward.

"DID THAT THEY HAD TO DO,"

At 11.30 the Royal Fusiliers led its brigade in the second phase of the attack west of the ravine. The brigade advanced with great steadiness and resolution through the trenches already captured and on across the open, and, taking two more lines of trenches, reached the objective allotted to them, the Lancashire Fusiliers inclining half-right and forming line to connect with our new position east of the ravine.

The northernmost objective had now been attained; but the Gurkhas, pressing on under the cliffs, captured an important knoll still further forward actually due west of Krithia.

This they fortified, and held during the night, making our total gain on the left precisely 1,000 yards.

FAILURE OF COUNTER-ATTACKS.

During the afternoon the trenches, a small portion of which remained uncaptured on the right, were attacked; but the enemy held on stubbornly, supported by machine-guns and artillery, and the attacks did not succeed.

During the night the enemy counter-attacked the furthest trenches gained, but was repulsed with heavy loss. A party of Turks who penetrated from the flank between two lines of captured trenches was subjected to machine-gun fire at daybreak, suffered very heavily, and the survivors surrendered.

(Continued on Page 10.)

THE COUNTRY WANTS TO HEAR FROM YOU.

If You Have Not Helped The War, Your Time Is Coming.

A.B.C. OF NATIONAL REGISTER.

Within a week or two every house in England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales will receive at least one copy of a Registration Form.

This form will be like an ordinary census paper in several respects, but it will be easier to fill up in some ways, because each form will contain particulars about one person only.

One form must be filled in for every person in the house between the ages of 15 and 65, of either sex.

THE HOUSEHOLDER'S DUTY.

If you are a householder you will be responsible for seeing that one form is filled up correctly for every person in the house within these ages. You will not be compelled, as in the case of the ordinary census, to fill in the particulars except on your own form.

Severe penalties are imposed for failing to fill up a form or for giving false information; but the value of the National Register will depend on the goodwill and good sense which is employed in making the returns.

The Bill applies to everybody except:—

Members of the Naval, Regular, or Territorial forces.

Prisoners.

Certified lunatics or defective inmates of an institution suffering from physical or mental infirmities.

Prisoners of war.

Interned persons.

THE QUESTIONS

The questions to be answered are:—

- Name; place of residence; age; whether single, married, or widowed; number of dependants (if any), distinguishing wife, children, and other dependants; profession or occupation (if any); name and business address of employer (if any), and nature of employer's business; and (in case of a person born abroad) nationality, if not British; and
- whether the work on which he is employed is work for any Government department or otherwise serving war purposes;
- whether he is skilled in and able and willing to perform any work other than the work (if any) at which he is at the time employed, and, if so, the nature thereof;
- such other particulars as may be prescribed.

Persons who after registering change their residence permanently must inform the local authority of their new district within 28 days.

A person not complying with registration requirements or supplying false information will be liable to a £5 fine, and in the case of a continuing offence to a further fine not exceeding £1 for each day.

BOUND BY YOUR OWN REPLIES.

The authorities to carry out the arrangements will be the Mayors of all cities and boroughs, and the Chairmen of all district councils. Apparently if they are not willing to act, special machinery is to be set up to replace them.

None of the forms will be posted, but will be delivered by hand and collected by hand. All the work will, it is hoped, be done voluntarily.

The Committee stage of the Bill takes place next week, and unless the House of Commons modifies the form—as yet unprinted—to any great extent it will at once be issued. Three days should elapse in the work of collection.

A person is bound by the particulars he supplies on the form, and the authorities can call on him to carry out his promise.

THE WOUNDED WHO GO BACK.

At least 60 per cent. of our wounded return to the fight, said Sir William Osler at the Royal Society of Medicine last night.

Another interesting fact he disclosed was that there had been only 1,000 cases of typhoid among our troops since the war began.

"It is," he said, "the first time in our history that we have had ten months of war without any great epidemic. We are going for the first time to have a war in which the bullet, and not disease, will be accountable for the larger number of deaths."

THE GREEDY GAS COMPANIES.

Everyone will be interested in the answer Sir Joseph Walton, M.P., will get to his question in the House of Commons on Monday.

He is going to ask the President of the Board of Trade whether, when the gas companies get cheaper coal through Government intervention, they will be allowed to go on:—

Charging the highest price obtainable for coke. Charging the Government colossal prices for toluol and other residuals (used in making explosives).

Increasing the price of gas to customers.

Flight-Lieutenant L. E. Watson was killed yesterday at Heathfield, near Eastbourne, through his machine, a biplane, falling to the ground from a height of nearly 1,000 feet.

FRENCH LOSE GROUND IN THE ARGONNE.

Germans Gain A Footing After Two Repulses.

THREE DAYS' BOMBARDMENT.

French Official News.

PARIS, Wednesday, 11 p.m.

On the banks of the Yser and to the north of Arras there were artillery actions.

The day was quiet between the Oise and the Argonne (north-eastern France).

In the Argonne, after an uninterrupted bombardment lasting three days, the Germans attacked our positions between the Binarville road and the Four de Paris.

Twice repulsed, they succeeded only in their third attack in gaining a footing in some parts of our lines towards Bagatelle, and were thrown back elsewhere after a violent fight.

There was a bombardment against the northern front of Verdun and against the Ailly Wood, as well as in the Metzeral district.—Reuter.

BATTLES FOR THE FRONTIER.

PARIS, Wednesday Afternoon.

In the region north of Arras—Northern France—the night was marked by a violent bombardment and some infantry actions.

North of the Chateau of Carleul we have made slight progress.

South of the Cabaret Rouge a German attack was repelled.

In the Vosges—frontier of Alsace—the Germans attempted a new attack against our positions east of Metzeral at about 2 o'clock. This was easily stopped.—Reuter.

"THE ENEMY EJECTED."

German Official News.

BERLIN, Wednesday Afternoon.

Near Arras there was no important enemy action yesterday, but we made some progress, ejecting the enemy from those positions in our trenches which the enemy in their efforts, lasting a week, had captured.

A hostile attack in the "Labyrinth," north of Ecurie, was repulsed.

By almost uninterrupted attacks against the Meuse heights—guarding the Eastern frontier of France, on the road to Metz—and west of Les Eparges, the enemy has since June 23 vainly attempted to recapture his lost positions.

Yesterday again the enemy made four strong attacks, which collapsed with heavy French losses.—Reuter.

PIRATES' WAR ON NEUTRALS.

Four Norwegian Ships Among Victims Of Submarine Attacks.

Among the latest victims of German submarine piracy are three Norwegian vessels. News was received yesterday of the sinking of these vessels.

British Monarch (5,700 tons), of Glasgow, torpedoed early yesterday morning 60 miles south of Queens-town; 20 of the crew landed at Dunmore East, on Waterford coast; remaining 16 members of the crew believed to be safe.

Cambuskenneth (1,800 tons), Norwegian ship, sunk off Galley Head; 18 of the crew landed at Kinsale; 8 German members of the crew taken on board the submarine.

Abyssinia, Norwegian barque, torpedoed off south-west coast of Ireland; submarine's commander expressed his regret to the captain, but his duty "demanded that he should sink the vessel."

Gheso, Norwegian steamer, torpedoed in the North Sea; crew landed at North Shields after being eight hours in an open boat.

Marma, a Norwegian steamer; a Reuter telegram from Christiania says the War Insurance Committee has been notified that this vessel, bound for Leith, has been sunk by a submarine 10 miles off Aalsund.

MORE GERMAN PAPERS SUSPENDED.

COPENHAGEN, Wednesday.

The German Socialist papers Volksblatt and General Anzeiger have been suspended by order of General Headquarters.—Exchange.

Dr. Straton, Bishop of Newcastle, has resigned through ill-health. He is 74.

The War At A Glance.

RUSSIA.—Russian line in Galicia and Southern Poland is now a right angle, with the elbow resting on the river Boug (or Bug). Important new German advance in direction of Warsaw from the south-east.

FRANCE.—No important offensive by either side. Some minor French gains near Arras. German attacks on the Vosges barrier of Alsace, where the French have captured the dominating positions.

ITALY.—Bad weather has brought the Italian movement to a standstill on the Isonzo.

5 a.m. Edition.

GERMANY'S NEW MOVE AGAINST RUSSIA.

Attempt To Break Link Between Polish And Galician Armies.

ANOTHER BID FOR WARSAW.

Advance Over The Frontier At Two Fresh Points.

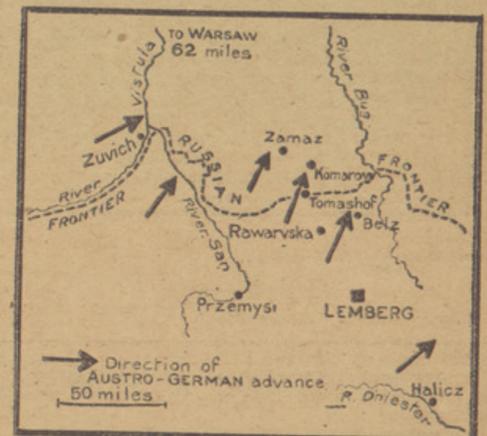
By a sudden thrust at the Russian line to the north and north-west of Lemberg the Austro-German forces have invaded Russia at two fresh points.

Tomaszow, five miles over the frontier, is in the hands of Austria; further west the Russians are stated to be retreating from their positions north of the Tanew, eight miles over the frontier.

The enemy has taken up a new line, Belz-Komarow-Zamocz, which extends for 40 miles, of which 30 miles are beyond the border.

Germany's new move is a thrust in the direction of Warsaw from the south-east.

The recent offensive below Lemberg was apparently a ruse to distract attention from the



north and north-west of Lemberg, where she was preparing for her main attack.

Germany's object is to drive a wedge between the Russian armies in Poland and in Galicia.

If she succeeded she would probably try to force the flanks of the Russian armies defending Warsaw inwards, and by a pincer-like pressure make Warsaw untenable to its defenders.

If the connecting link between the Russian armies in Poland and Galicia cannot be broken, it might still be possible so to force back the Russian line that Warsaw would become the apex of a dangerous salient.

NO CHANGE NEAR LEMBERG.

Elsewhere, Say The Germans, The Enemy Is In Retreat.

German Official News.

BERLIN, Wednesday Afternoon.

Our attack in the Gnila-Lipa region (south-east of Lemberg) is progressing.

East and north-east of Lemberg the situation remains unchanged.

Between the Boug and the Vistula (north of Lemberg) the German and Austro-Hungarian troops have reached the district Belz-Komarow-Zamocz and the northern border of the forest plantations of the Tanew section (north and east of Przemysl).

Also on the line formed by the banks of the Vistula and in the district of Zgzawich, east of Szarow, the enemy has begun to retreat.—Chief of Army.—Wireless Press.

BAD WEATHER STOPS FIGHTING.

Italian Official News.

ROME, Wednesday.

Bad weather on the whole of the front has for several days interfered with our operations, permitting the Austrians to fortify themselves.

Our artillery has completely repulsed a night attack on the Isonzo front by the enemy's infantry and machine-guns.

The enemy has also suffered a similar reverse in an attack against our position at Castelnuovo on Sagrado Plateau.—Exchange.

COURT-MARTIAL ON NAVAL SPY.

The naval spy, Rosenthal, who when arrested admitted that he had come to this country to obtain information relating to the British naval forces, will appear before a general court-martial, probably next Tuesday.

HE SENT CHARLES PEACE FOR TRIAL.

Sheffield's stipendiary, the oldest in the country, Mr. E. M. E. Welby, retired yesterday after over 41 years' service. He committed Charles Peace for trial on the capital charge in January, 1879.

A UNION OF PATRIOTISM.



The wedding at Weymouth of Lieut. F. Herbert Rowe and Miss Watson is a veritable union of patriotism, for while the bridegroom already has five brothers on active service, the bride has seven.—(Bateman, Weymouth.)

A FAIR YOUNG HELPER.



Lady Mary Hamilton, daughter of the Duke of Abercorn, turned programme-seller yesterday to help the Chimney-Corner Club for soldiers' and sailors' wives.—(Val L'Estrange.)

THEATRES.
AMBASSADORS.—"MORE," an entirely new Revue by Harry Grattan and Edward Jones. Every Evening at 8.30. Matinee To-day and Thursday and Saturday at 2.30. Box Office 10 to 10. Regent 2890.
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HONOURS FOR A NURSE.



Nurse Elizabeth Ferguson, of Glasgow, has received the Royal Red Cross Decoration. A hospital bed at Rouen now bears her name.

ELLEN TERRY.



Ellen Terry gave her first public performance since her return from America yesterday. She was assisting a patriotic fund.

A RED CROSS WORKER.



Lady Mary Ward is one of the Society workers at the headquarters of the British Red Cross.—(Swaine.)

A TERRITORIAL HERO.



Sergt. W. Pettitt, of the Suffolk Territorials, receives the D.C.M. for rescuing wounded comrades at Neuve-Chapelle.

A PRETTY BRIDE-ELECT.



Miss Eleanor Hennessy, daughter of a well-known artist, is marrying the Hon. Paul Methuen (Scots Guards), heir of Lord Methuen.—(Vandyk.)

HOW HE WON HIS D.C.M.



Corporal E. Williams (Royal Engineers) won the D.C.M. by gallantry in delivering messages under a heavy fire.

REGISTER—AND WHAT THEN?

Echoes of the Town and Round About.

I HOPE that the Government has a clear and business-like idea about what it is going to do with the National Register when the census has been taken. Sometimes I have a fear that the information will be pigeon-holed in some official cellar, with the pious hope that the public will forget all about it. That would represent a tremendous waste of national wealth and energy at a time when waste of time and energy is criminal.

THE public must see to it that good use is made of the National Register. And that there is need of public supervision is proved to-day by the revived rumours concerning Woolwich Arsenal. Some months ago I referred to reports in the local Woolwich Press, setting forth the complaints of the skilled munition workers in this Government factory. Their grievance was that they had not enough work to do, and that powerful machines were standing idle. These and other rumours are now published in London papers, and we have it stated that advertisements for labour at Woolwich are circulated amongst the clay workers of Cornwall, whilst in Woolwich town labour is to be obtained!

WITHOUT believing all the reports about Woolwich, I am justified in citing the case as an example of how the State muddles its own affairs under the present bureaucratic system. It is not a good augury for the successful organisation of the nation. This fact must be rubbed into the new Government, which, of course, has not yet had time to correct all the blunders of the previous Administration. When we have Woolwich equipped and run as a model factory, we may have better hope of seeing the National Register properly utilised.

MANY dangers threaten the working of the Register, and they must be carefully provided against. The population will be divided up according to occupation, and we shall also know the other work which each person is capable of if called upon. Here the chief element of danger lurks. Suppose A earns his living as a bricklayer, but that years before he was a very indifferent engineer who could not do well at that calling. He will return himself as a bricklayer and an engineer. In reality, he is a good bricklayer and a bad engineer.

IF the nation calls him up as an engineer it will be disappointed in the result. From the national economic standpoint, he is more useful as a bricklayer, unless this trade shuts down completely. Here the value of local registration will be apparent, for by a simple process of reference to employers or workers' unions a man's capabilities can be arrived at.

AGAIN, take the case of a maker of dainty clothing for pet dogs, who before the days of toy-dog worship was a faker of antique furniture. What are we to do with this man? He is typical of thousands of perfectly useless people who live by the most despicable forms of luxury trade.

I CITE these few instances for consideration. They only touch on the fringe of the difficulties which face us in the practical application of the National Register. But they must not deter us from going on with the work. One day we may be able to apply the results in peace time as well as for war purposes.

AT this stage perhaps the only general rule for our guidance is that having found out the useless people bred by degenerating and pernicious luxury trades we may make a great effort to stamp them out, and by a saner distribution of wealth and by better wages for honest and useful work put an end to the cancer of criminal luxury. We need not be rabid puritans or kill-joy barbarians to whom art and refinement make no appeal. But under our rotten social conditions the most debasing and stupid luxuries have been fostered, and against these we must fight, and employ the Register to help us.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Princesses' Day.

JULY 1 a year ago—but never mind that. This year the day might be called Princesses' Day. Princess Louise, but for an attack of sciatica, would inspect the wards named after her at Chailey. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein is to be present at a concert at Kent House in aid of the Y.M.C.A. Recreation Huts in France. Princess Napoleon is to attend Mlle. Marie de Nya's Recital in aid of the X-Ray Ambulance Fund. And to complete the round of Princesses, the Princess of Wales's Stakes is to-day's great race at Newmarket.

Invalids Help Invalids.

LET ME tell you one of the reasons that Alexandra Rose Day broke all records. The sellers were admitted to all the big hospitals and sold roses to the patients. How strange it seems that even poor bedridden invalids should be eager to buy flowers for the benefit of their fellow sufferers, yet it is perfectly true that they do so in very large numbers. At one institution that I could mention the sellers of roses took over £5!

The Half-Crown Programme.

THEY were selling the programmes at half a crown at the Palace for the Queen's visit on Tuesday afternoon, and many people were not very well pleased. It looks as if the "honour" of having your programme handed to you by a young lady of the peerage or thereabouts will not always charm half-crowns from pockets always being emptied for this, that or the other charity. Much better to sell three things at a shilling each than one at half a crown.

A Gallant Rhodes Scholar.

LIEUT. TALBOT M. PAPINEAU, who has just been awarded the Military Cross and promoted Captain for his gallant conduct in that magnificent exploit of the "Princess Pat's," when the whole regiment was practically annihilated, is a French Canadian. His ties with the Mother Country, however, were considerably strengthened by the fact that he was a "Rhodes Scholar," and spent three years at Oxford, going up to Brasenose in 1905. In no instance has Cecil Rhodes' daring and not wholly successful scheme been more justified.

Rhodes Scholars—

THERE is no disguising the fact that, speaking generally, the Rhodes Scholars were (and possibly still are) far from popular. The Germans among them that I met were very German, while the men from the other side of the Atlantic kept themselves very much to themselves, wore coats with padded shoulders, knobby boots, and comic hats, expectorated freely, and were inclined to treat an Oxford college rather like a glorified mining camp.

And An Exception.

BUT Papineau was very different. His colonial twang was the only unEnglish thing about him, and he was one of the most popular men of his year. "Pap," as he was called, rowed in the Eight, and entered into 'Varsity life with immense vigour and cheerfulness. By the way, Brasenose men have been well represented at the front. General Sir Douglas Haig is the most distinguished of them.

The Superfluous Nib.

TALKING of economy in Government departments—I was the other day—I recall how the late Sir W. S. Gilbert, when a Civil servant, tilted at the cheese-parer, for Gilbert had a chief who doled out a dozen nibs a month to each clerk. On one "supply" day he entered the head's room with the nibs in his hand. "Twelve nibs are quite enough," snapped the chief. "Certainly," answered Gilbert, "but this month I received thirteen, and have hastened to bring you the surplus one, to be returned into store."

Economy in Hats.

OF personal economy I recall the shifts of Lord Overstone as noted once by Charles Brookfield. Overstone, at a country house, asked the young men what they did with their old hats, and then gave the tip direct for future guidance. "I go into a hatter's," he said, "select a hat, and then ask how much they will allow for the old one. 'Four and six,' is the answer. And I immediately deposit my old one and assume the new."

A War Boon.

THANK HEAVEN for one thing the war has done! It has sent up the price of violin strings so high that suburbia can no longer afford to fiddle. The only people who will be playing the violin in a month or two are the real musicians.

Liberals And Pensions.

ARE LIBERALS pleased that Mr. Joseph Pease has taken a pension? Well, not exactly. Everybody likes Mr. Pease, and no one really grudges him the money, though very few guessed that he came within the line laid down for recipients of these pensions. No, what Liberals don't like is that nevermore will they be able to roast pension-holders as they have been doing for the last ten years, when there was no Liberal in the list.

Parliamentary Contrast.

MR. ESMONDE, who took his seat in the House of Commons yesterday in succession to his father, Dr. Esmonde, is the youngest member of the House, being just 21. Sir Swire Smith, the other new M.P., enters the House at the age of 73!

The Man Of The Moment.

MARSHALL HALL was the man of the moment yesterday, with his great speech for the defence in the "Brides in the Bath" case. The greatest war in history cannot take the interest of the British public away from a sensational murder trial, and Marshall Hall has figured prominently in most of the big cases of the last ten years or so. He secured the acquittal of the young artist, Wood, in the Camden Town case, and made a strenuous fight for Seddon.

His Work And His Hobbies.

AS A MAN Marshall Hall is a little dictatorial. This is largely owing to the force of his personality, which can dominate a Court of Justice as much as his powers of rhetoric. With his clear-cut face and silver hair, he has been called the handsomest man at the Bar; he is certainly one of the most successful. In Parliament he has never made a striking hit. His hobbies are golf and playgoing.

The Coast Peril.

I HEARD, the other day, a circle of licensed victuallers estimate the amount of capital the German authorities at the Wilhelmstrasse advanced to their publicans to take leases of public-houses in English ports. I refused to believe the figure, because it sounded so impossible. But—

Plight Of Middle-class Belgians.

HERE is a case for instant, urgent remedy. I refer to the recently-instituted "Immediate Assistance Committee for War Victims." This is intended to give relief to the ruined upper and middle classes in Belgium. Please don't think this is meant snobbily. But the horror of the Hun invasion has fallen heavily on the professional classes, whose needs are terrible, although sometimes unsuspected.

A Pathetic Instance.

HUNDREDS of Belgians who before the war were rich and in good positions are now hungry and sleeping in tents. They are ashamed to beg. "One night," one of the secretaries of the committee tells me, "a well-known Belgian artist offered me in the street four signed oil paintings for eight francs. He sobbed like a child from hunger and grief; neither he nor his children had tasted food for three days."

How To Help.

THERE are thousands of stories as sad as this. Distress is becoming more and more acute. Will you help with a donation, however small, in money or clothes, and send it to the secretary, 67, Worship-street, London, E.C., or to 74, Princess-street, Manchester?

The "Antis."

MR. JAMES SCOTT DUCKERS, the chairman of the Stop-the-War Committee, is a fair young gentleman, who is always neatly dressed, with a silk hat, and invariably with a picotee in his buttonhole. He was admitted a solicitor about ten years ago, and looks about 30. Youthfulness seems to be a feature of most of these anti-recruiting and anti-conscription people.

Our First Sea Lord.

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR HENRY JACKSON, Lord Fisher's successor at the Admiralty, has taken up residence at the official house of the First Sea Lord on the right of the Admiralty Archway. Unlike some of his predecessors, he does not indulge in vigorous exercise; but he enjoys a quiet walk in the park in the company of his wife. He generally leaves the house soon after nine in the morning, and walks for about an hour.

A Gallant Family.

Few families have been more fully represented at the front than that of Major R. H. Hermon-Hodge, whose wife has just given birth to a son at 27, Grosvenor-square. Of the seven sons of Sir Robert Hermon-Hodge, five, including the Major, who also served in South Africa, are on active service. Sir Robert himself formerly commanded the Queen's Own Oxfordshire Hussars, but political activities have taken up most of his life. He is an ardent Tory, and after representing his native county—Oxfordshire—for some years he became Member for Croydon.



Where To See Aeroplanes.

I TOLD YOU the other day of the Londoner who had never seen an aeroplane. From "somewhere in France" comes a postcard from one of the boys who are doing their bit. It is a very pertinent sequel. "Kindly allow me to suggest," it runs, "that the man in question should apply to the nearest recruiting sergeant. He will see plenty of aeroplanes out here." Excellent.

How Young Clergymen Are Pestered.

A clergyman tells me that men of his cloth are greatly pestered by old clothes people. They watch Church appointments, and, knowing that a newly-ordained clergyman has no further need for lay attire, they wait upon him and propose to buy his wardrobe—for an old song. There is much buying but little selling now—with the millions wearing khaki. What a chance for the moths!

Something To Remember By, Indeed.

I HAVE RECEIVED quite a lot of curious things from friends at the front. But none so odd as a war relic produced in a Police Court not long ago—a hearthrug, made out of the garments of slain comrades on the Indian frontier! And none of my curios is so gruesome as the gold-rimmed drinking cup used by the Kings of Kumasi, made from the skull of the gallant British leader of an ambushed and annihilated party in the first Ashanti War.

She Will Be Touched.

LONDON landladies, I am told, have taken very seriously the warning to eat less meat, and are so consistent that they are enjoying it upon their guests. In one house I know four men propose to show their appreciation of her patriotism, each by deducting the price of a five-shilling War Loan bond from their bills next Friday. The lady will be touched very deeply, I have no doubt.

The Wrong Sort Of Trenches.

THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD has, I understand, enjoined local authorities to be sparing in their outlay on improvements during the war. Does this apply to London? I ask the question because I have noticed some miles of road work being done that might have been left indefinitely. The spectacle of stalwart navvies digging trenches for gas and water pipes or breaking up macadam makes one reflect.

The End.

FOR weeks past the programmes of Vladimir Rosing's season have been bravely displayed outside the London Opera House. Many people must have been hoping against hope that they would eventually be fulfilled. But all is over now. As I passed the theatre yesterday morning the familiar and depressing blue paper was being gummed over them. Hammerstein's Folly has one more failure to its discredit.

The Cider Cup Tie.

LOTS of kind souls have sent me recipes for Cider Cup—all different, too. But I think you will find the following as good as any:— One large bottle of cider, one bottle lemonade or soda water, one wine-glass of brandy, same of Curaçoa, the peel of one lemon (very thin); a leaf of borage or little cucumber, but only allowed to remain in the cup about a minute. Sugar according to taste, and the whole well iced. I should be inclined to substitute Maraschino for Curaçoa. But that's up to you.

Shell Time.

I HAVE SEEN the most novel clock in London. It is exhibited in the window of a firm of wholesale jewellers. The sides are two battered 75mm. shells, the dial a base of a "Jack Johnson" shell, and the pendulum a number of small bullet cases, all of which have been picked up on a battlefield.

A Fact.

A MOTHER was walking with her little girl along a street in South London from which a large part of the grassy railway embankment is visible. The child, on seeing the sentries with fixed bayonets guarding the line, exclaimed: "Oh, mummy, is the war there?"

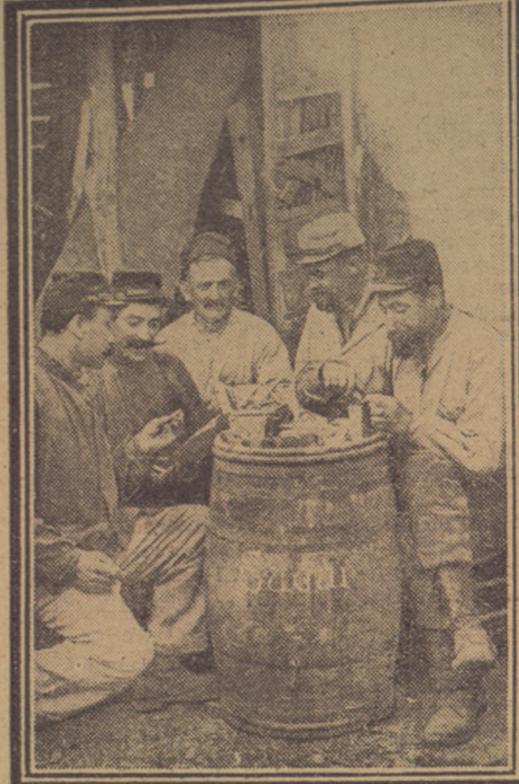
MR. COSSIP.

VOTES FOR DANISH WOMEN.



The King of Denmark received a wonderful ovation from a huge crowd of women after he had signed the law granting the franchise to the women of Denmark.

SHELL SOUVENIRS



French soldiers during their rest-time fashion from shells and bullets curious little souvenirs for the folks at home.

DUTCH KINDLINESS



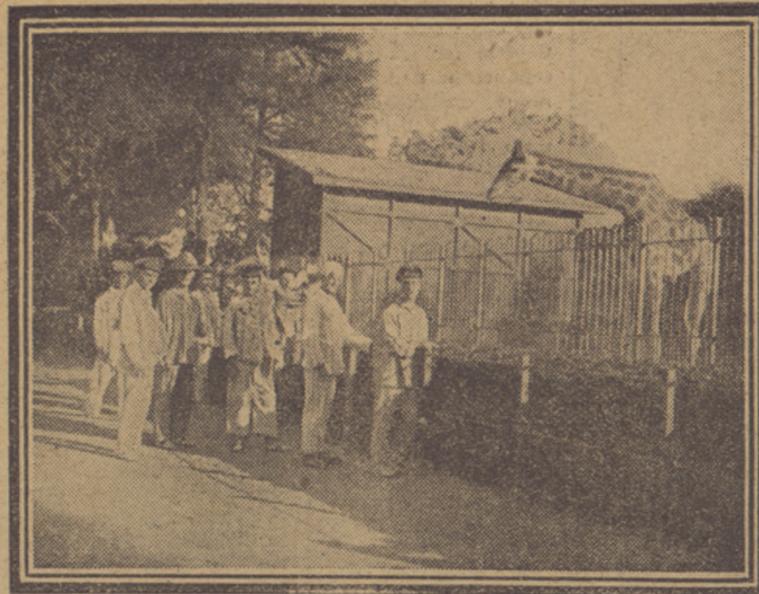
The thoughtful attentions of the Dutch girls were the hardships they had endured in the German

A FORMIDABLE TOOTH-BRUSH.



Tommy submits to a tooth-scrub with a formidable-looking brush, in anticipation of the next dental inspection.

IN PYJAMAS TO SEE THE ZOO.



Wounded soldiers, back in Cairo from Gallipoli, pay a visit to the Zoo. The giraffe thinks they look cool in their pyjamas.

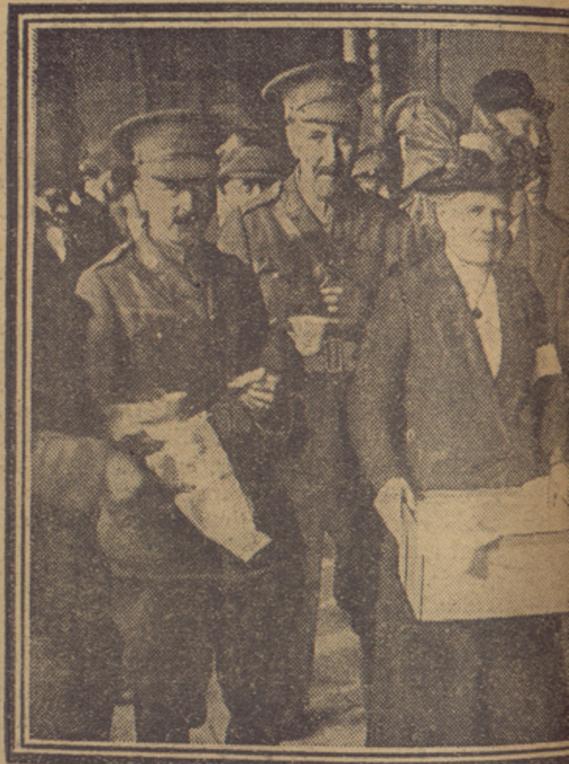
LIKE TOMMY, THE FRENCH SOLDIER IS A TERRIBLE FOE AND A TENDER COMRADE.



The French infantryman lifts his "white arm," as he calls his bayonet, in readiness for a characteristically dashing charge.



Down the narrow street of dug-outs just behind the firing line French soldiers help their wounded comrades to the rear.



The kindly Dutch people were overflowing with practicality as they passed through Holland on their homeward way. The



The German prisoners of war who marched through the streets were in striking contrast to the tired and tattered

WAR PRISONERS.



...table, and the British homecomers forgot all
...amps. They could afford to smile now.

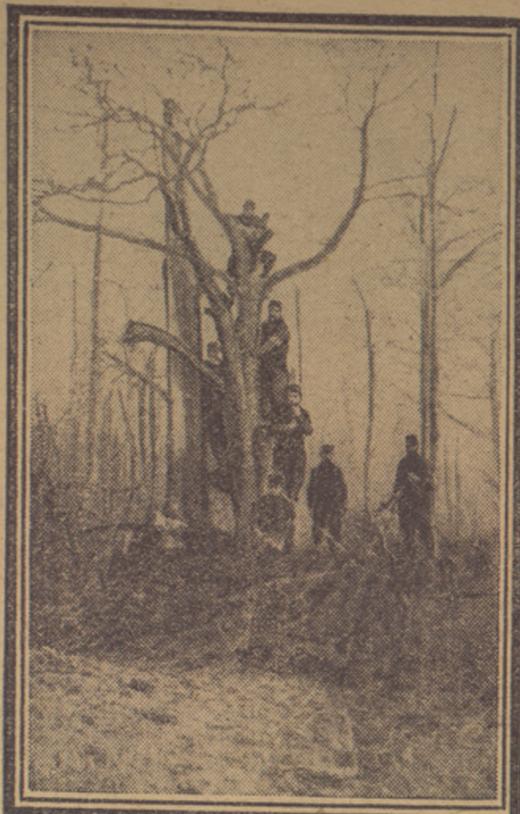


...lity for the British prisoners of war who
...were lavish with gifts of fruit and refreshments.



...on their way back to the Fatherland
...Germany sent home to this country.

A SHELL'S WORK.



This 60ft. tree in France was cut in two by a shell. The upper part was imbedded in an upright position in the ground.

AMERICANS STILL FIND PARIS GAY



Americans still find some gaiety left to life in Paris. Tod Sloan, the jockey, is of this happy party at lunch after a game of baseball.

RIFLES AND TARPAULIN FORM A CANOPY FOR FAIR FLAG SELLERS.



...the flag-sellers were delighted with their canopy of state.
The Duchess of Vendome, sister of King Albert, gave her support to a garden party in aid of the British Red Cross and Belgian Refugee Funds at Wimbledon Park yesterday.—(Daily Sketch Photographs.)



The Duchess of Vendome.

What Women Are Doing.

By MRS. GOSSIP.

CHILDREN'S DAY at Ranelagh is fixed for Wednesday, July 14. I do hope it will be fine. It is the one social function I wouldn't miss. I have already promised several of my little friends to meet them there, and I hear there are to be several new attractions.

A Pretty Wedding.

A distinguished gathering, including the French Ambassador and Mme. Henri Cambon, the American Ambassador and Mrs. Page, attended the marriage yesterday afternoon of the Hon. Alethea Gardner, second daughter of Lord and Lady Burghclere, and Mr. Geoffrey Fry, son of Mr. Francis Fry, of Cricket St. Thomas, former Sheriff of Somerset and Bristol.

The wedding took place at the beautiful old church of St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield. The Dean of Westminster performed the ceremony, assisted by the rector, the Rev. William Sandwith.

Lord Burghclere gave his daughter away, and very beautiful she looked in a gown of white and silver brocade, with a square train and long veil of old Brussels lace.

In attendance were two children, who acted as trainbearers, the Hon. Evelyn Gardner and Master Auberon Duckworth, the latter in mole velvet page's suit with white neck and sleeve frills, and the little girl wore a pretty frock of pale blue and mauve nixon, the scalloped frills being caught with tiny pink rosebuds.

Mr. William Rollo, who was in khaki, acted as best man.

Who Was There.

Lady Burghclere wore a dress of raven's-wing blue and black shot taffeta and a blue tulle hat. The bride's sister, the Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Hope-Morley, was in navy blue taffeta, and the Countess of Carnarvon wore a white lace gown with black hat and sash.

Mrs. Fry was in brown, her frilled tulle skirt edged with brown and gold galon, and Miss Fry wore hyacinth blue silk. The Marchioness of Bristol was accompanied by Lady Mary Hervey, Lady Katherine Drummond brought her daughter, Miss Drummond, who looked well in sulphur muslin, and I also noticed Lady Gwendolen Herbert, Lady Gwendolen Guinness, Lady Portsmouth, and Lady Victoria Herbert.

Not To Be Missed.

Karsino, Hampton Court, is such a jolly place to hold a summer fête at that the one which takes place there on Saturday for the benefit of the Belgians went down in my diary at once. I do so want to see the "review of summer fashions." The gowns are coming from Douillet, Martial et Armand, Redfern and Worth, and the hats from the Maison Lewis. Doesn't the thought of it make you fairly palpitate with eagerness?

No Losers.

Yvonne Arnaud (here she is), Esmé Beringer, Laura Cowie and Dorothy Waring will be hostesses, so that everything is bound to be all right. Lila Field's clever child dancers are to do a Russian ballet, and there will be singing on the Karsino stage, which is so constructed that the performers can face either the lawn or the concert room; so it doesn't matter very much if it rains.

Hundreds of rose blooms have been promised for distribution among the guests, and there is also to be a "lucky dip" sort of side-show, to which one will pay half-a-crown to enter. West End firms have presented the gifts, some of which are worth half-a-guinea, while none is worth less than half-a-crown. As everybody is to get one, there will surely be a rush for this right sort of lottery.

Everybody Good.

It would be easier for one to mention those who were not at the matinée on Tuesday afternoon at the Palace Theatre than to give a full list of all the notabilities present. The programme, as I predicted, was perfectly splendid. Every artiste, from Irene Vanbrugh, who recited charmingly and looked extremely well in white cloth crowned by a white hat and large black wings, to Harry Lauder, in his kilt and brilliant green stockings, was in greatest form.

The Royalties.

The Queen, who was, I thought, a little pale, wore periwinkle blue, and white hat, black velvet lined, trimmed with marabout feathers,

and the Princess Mary, wearing pink, was with her. In the opposite box sat the Princess Royal and the Princess Maud, who had discarded the regulation high collar-band, and was much admired in a black and white gown open at the throat; she was wearing a black hat stabbed with white ospreys.

Black, White And Red.

Lady Hall and Lady Northcliffe were in an adjoining box. The programme sellers wore armlets of black and white, with a red cross, and a great number were dressed in white, including Lady Drogheda and Lady Alexander, whose gown was particularly attractive, and whose hat of white, garlanded with paradise plumes, was much noticed.

In The Stalls.

The Duchess of Marlborough, in dull blue, with an over-dress of beige lace and wide black satin sash, was well becoming a small straw toque and some lovely pearls. Lady Arthur Paget was a near neighbour, and I also saw the Duchess of Rutland and Lady Cunard, whose daughters were busy programme sellers. Lady Randolph Churchill, in black, Cora Countess of Stafford and Viscountess Curzon, the latter looking very pretty in black, and adorning a picture hat banded with blue, were in the stalls.

I also met Mrs. Duggan, in white, Lady Clonmell, in black, Mrs. John Astor, in mauve, and Mrs. Lulu Harcourt in some shade I can't remember, and I caught a glimpse of myself in an adjacent mirror, so I motored home!

Marchioness Townshend's New Play.

The Marchioness Townshend tells me she has written another play for three characters, in which Mlle. Dorziat, Mrs. Grein and Ben Webster will appear. It is to be produced at a matinée in aid of the Blue Cross at the Queen's Theatre on the 9th. The play is called "A Midnight Meeting," and if it is anything like as amusing as "The Monk and the King's Daughter," which was again repeated on Tuesday at the Palace matinée, it is sure to be a great success.

I could not help noticing how obviously the Queen enjoyed this clever one-act play written by Lady Townshend.

An Interesting Debut.

Queen Alexandra has lent her patronage to an entertainment, in aid of the Belgian Refugee Food Fund, which takes place at the Queen's Theatre on the 8th.

We are promised a host of clever artists, including Miss Lillian Braithwaite, Miss Irene Scharrer, that brilliant pianist; Miss Grace Lane and her husband, Kenneth Douglas, and Mr. Arthur Wontner. I am looking forward to seeing Miss Mollie Ramsden, who will make her debut as a singer on the London stage. Miss Ramsden has sung many times for charity in the provinces, and is an extremely beautiful girl, only just 17, very tall and dark. If she sings half as well as she can punt, swim, play tennis, and dance I shall not be disappointed. Miss Ramsden evidently inherits her musical talents from her family, being the daughter of Mr. Archibald Ramsden.

Tributes.

I am so used to receiving tributes to the popularity of my page that I am afraid they are getting to lose their thrill. But there is one which I must mention, because it involves somebody else, and rather embarrassingly.

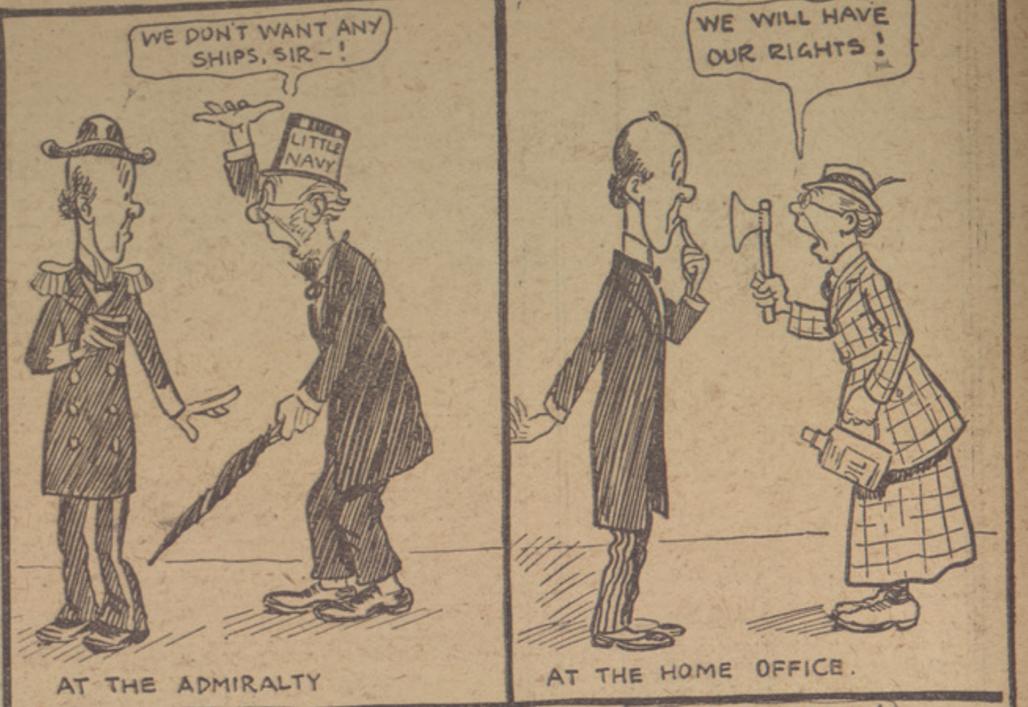
Not An Agency.

Some days ago I wrote a paragraph about Mrs. Spencer Munt's college, in which she so splendidly trains young ladies to be private secretaries and so forth. Some people seem to be under the impression that Mrs. Munt can find them posts whether they have been her pupils or not. So they are writing to her in shoals. I explained quite clearly the other day that they are under the wrong impression, but they will keep troubling her. Now, good people, let me appeal to you again. Do stop bothering her, and you will earn her gratitude and mine. Mrs. Munt is not running an agency.

MRS. GOSSIP.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.
R. SIDEROTHAM (Hadfield).—It depends upon which hospital you apply; as a rule they pay you.
SCOTCH THISTLE (Glasgow).—I am extremely sorry for you, but am afraid I cannot help.
MRS. M. ROGERS (Warrington).—Do. I'm sorry I don't.

A—LOAN HE DID IT.



Mr. McKenna has entered into the haven of popularity at last.

£1,000 FOR NEEDLEWORK.

Are You Interested In Linen Applique?

Two or three intending competitors in the Needlework Competition have asked questions about Class 13—that for a sofa-back in linen applique. They want to know how long and how deep the piece of work should be. It may be said here that no exact rule will be made for the measurements. Any straight strip of linen adorned in applique is eligible, provided it is reasonably possible to use it as a decoration or protection for the wall behind a sofa, or the sofa itself. Linen applique is so effective and durable that it is hoped that this class (in which £35 is offered in prizes) will stimulate interest in this kind of work.

Have you told all your friends about the competition? Its chief points are quite striking—£1,000 in prizes, no entrance fee, thirty-three classes, and every entry helping the Red Cross. Send a large stamped addressed envelope to Mrs. Gossip, Needlework Department, Daily Sketch, London, E.C., for full particulars and an entrance form. Will all those who have already got entrance forms please register their work as soon as possible, as this will greatly facilitate the organisation.

SOLDIERS' SMOKES.

We would ask all those people who are thinking of contributing to the Daily Sketch Cigarette Fund not to send cigarettes. If they will send a postal order or cheque for the amount they wish to subscribe we will buy the smokes.

To-day's list is as follows:—
£1.—Mrs. Concanon, Tuam. 8s. 6d.—Staff (Mech.), Vernon and Sons, London (39th con.). 6s.—Wargrave. 5s.—Valois, Maghull. 4s.—H. Clark, 5th Coldstreams, Tivoli. 2s. 6d.—J. Grant, 78 R.F.A., India; Miss Wright, Middlesbrough. 1s.—Miss Dewhurst, Clitheroe; Mrs. Golding, W.O.N.

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

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

YOUTHS' MOTOR ESCAPE.

Took A Car At Staines To See Two Girls At Wigan.

Two eighteen-year-old London youths, William Unwin, Chester-road, Paddington, and Sholto Douglas, South Kensington, were sentenced to four months' imprisonment at Preston yesterday for stealing a motor-cycle and a motor-car.

Douglas, who was formerly a choir-boy, sold the first car and cycle for £100. Then the pair stole another car at Staines, and when arrested at Chorley explained that they had borrowed it to see two girls at Wigan, but that they intended to return it.

Good News for Fat People.

A London chemist says: "The latest method of reducing obesity certainly is far more pleasant and convenient than all previous methods. It consists merely in eating clyno! berries. The fat person who wants to reduce without the usual rigid diet, exercise, sweating baths, etc., now puts a few of these little brown berries in his or her pocket and eats three or four each day. They are extremely pleasant to the taste, having a flavour very much like peppermint.

Clyno! berries not only eliminate fat from the body, but also correct the tendency, which is usually constitutional, to create fatty matter. No discomfort whatever is caused by their action, in fact except for the loss of superfluous fat and the feeling of "fitness" so created, you would not be aware that these little berries were doing their work.

Local enquiry shows that clyno! berries are not at all well known in England, but the demand is increasing daily, and any chemist can quickly procure them if specially requested to do so. Averaged over a period of two months it is estimated that each berry eaten eliminates 30 grammes of fat from the body.

PILENTA SOAP FOR THE COMPLEXION.—Adv't.

PERSONAL.
MISSING.—Sec. Lieut. Frank Bullen, Liverpool Scottish, near Ypres, on June 15. Any information gratefully received.
—W. BULLEN, Bidston, Birkenhead.

Why I have Subscribed to the New War Loan

A BUSINESS MAN'S REASONS

THE RIGHT HON. R. McKENNA, Chancellor of the Exchequer:

"Nothing but a great appeal to our financial resources, stimulated by the most earnest sense of patriotism, will enable us to obtain the money. I would urge upon those who have the means of subscribing, and those who can obtain the means of subscribing by curtailing a part of their customary expenditure, that every effort they make now is an effort which is not only necessary to enable us to carry on the war, but will bear very great fruit in enabling us to maintain our financial pre-eminence after the war is over."

APPPLICATIONS, which must be accompanied by a deposit of £5 per cent., will be received at the Bank of England, Threadneedle-street, London, E.C., and may be forwarded either direct or through the medium of any Banker or Stockbroker in the United Kingdom. **Application must be for even hundreds of pounds.**

Further payment will be required as follows:

£10 per cent. on Tuesday, 20th July.
£15 per cent. on Tuesday, 3rd August.
£15 per cent. on Tuesday, 17th August.
£15 per cent. on Tuesday, 31st August.
£10 per cent. on Tuesday, 14th September.
£10 per cent. on Tuesday, 28th September.
£10 per cent. on Tuesday, 12th October.
£10 per cent. on Tuesday, 26th October.

Arrangements are being made for the receipt of applications for smaller amounts than £100 through the Post Office.

- 1. Because I am helping my country.**
My money will be directly used to shorten the War, and ensure the success of my country. The longer the War drags on, the longer my business will suffer.
- 2. Because it is a sound Business Investment.**
My money will be safe. Capital and interest alike are a charge on the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom, the premier security in the world. I could not get 4½% on my money with the same complete security in any other way.
- 3. Because it is the only way I can fight.**
My money is the only thing that I can fight with. If I were young and strong, and free from responsibilities, it would be my duty to carry arms. I cannot fight for my country; but I can make my money fight instead of me.
- 4. Because it is my duty.**
It is every man's duty to subscribe—so that he and his children may the sooner be the citizens of a Nation victorious and at peace.

FILL IN THIS FORM TO-DAY.

£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.

I (we) hereby request you to allot to me (us) (a) £..... say..... pounds, of the above-mentioned Loan in terms of the Prospectus of the 21st June, 1915; and I (we) 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."

Daily Sketch.

BLACK JESTER'S TASK.

Must Lower Record To Win The Princess of Wales Stakes.

COMEDIENNE'S FIRST DEFEAT.

The valuable Princess of Wales Stakes forms the chief attraction on the third day of the Newmarket Second July meeting, and it will be interesting to see if Black Jester can win where Prince Palatine, Lemberg, and other good horses failed.

No horse has ever carried 10st. 4lb. to victory in this race, but this is a record-breaking age, and I quite expect to see Mr. J. B. Joel's colt come out on top to-day.

He appears to stand out as the best class animal in the race, and so far as I can see the only horse likely to stretch him is Rossendale, who was third in the New Derby.

The three-year-old will be meeting Black Jester on 6lb, better terms than weight-for-age, but I doubt if that will enable him to stop Black Jester's winning sequence.

The July Cup will bring together a small but good class field. Morton has sent both Golden Sun, who won the race a year ago, and Radiant. I do not know which is the better, but one of them will be concerned in the finish.

Hornet's Beauty has lost some of his old-time dash, and I have no fancy for any of the two-year-olds.

The best of the three-year-olds is Volta, who will run in preference to Armand and Torloisk, and, knowing him to be at the top of his form, I shall vote for Lord Carnarvon's colt.

KHEDIVE III.'S SUCCESS.

Heavy rain, accompanied by thunder and lightning, made things very uncomfortable for yesterday's visitors to headquarters. The course remained in good order, the fields were generally big, and Khedive III. won the Duke of Cambridge Handicap and Comedienne met with her first defeat after four winning attempts.

The Duke of Cambridge Handicap was spoiled to a great extent by the bad light, as it was impossible to distinguish the colours until the horses were halfway down the straight.

At that point it promised to be a close struggle, but four animals drew away from the others. A quarter of a mile from home Mohacz and Grecian Maid were the most prominent, with The Forest joining issue shortly afterwards; but Khedive III. came with a wet sail in the dip, and racing away up the hill had won his race a hundred yards out.

The Forest beat the remainder, of whom Mohacz lasted longer than Grecian Maid, with Aerschot some distance away.

Although there were twenty-seven runners for the Plantation Plate only two horses were really backed, and slight odds were laid on the unbeaten Comedienne.

She showed her usual burst from the barrier, but Clark had to use the whip at the end of half a mile. The filly could not pull out anything extra, and was beaten into third place.

Hatpin then promised to win, but she was caught up the hill by Poppingal, who won by half a length. The winner belongs to Major W. Astor, whose colours have not been much to the fore this year.

GIMCRACK.

SELECTIONS.

- 1.30—CHANTERELLA. 3.45—LIMOND.
2.00—SILVER RING. 4.15—THE TRUTH.
2.30—VOLTA. 4.45—SCOTCH ROSE.
3.5—BLACK JESTER.

Double.

SILVER RING and VOLTA.

TO-DAY'S PROGRAMME.

Table listing various horse races including T.Y.O. SELLING PLATE, WESTLEY PLATE, JULY CUP, and Maiden Three-Year-Old Stakes with participants and odds.

Dog Medicine for Baldness.

It has been discovered that the ingredients contained in a certain well-known veterinary preparation remove disorders of the human scalp quite as readily as they heal mange patches upon the hides of dogs, horses and other animals.

Table of race results for Princess of Wales Stakes and Exeter Stakes.

Table of race results for Royston Selling Plate and Gorton Handicap.

Table of race results for Sea Voyage and other events.

Table of race results for Stud Produce Stakes and other events.

YESTERDAY'S RESULTS.

Table of race results for A Selling Plate, Sea Voyage, and other events.

Table of race results for Stud Produce Stakes and other events.

Table of race results for Duke of Cambridge Handicap and other events.

Table of race results for Plantation Plate and other events.

Table of race results for Maiden Three-Year-Old Stakes and other events.

Table of race results for Bottisham Plate and other events.

Table of race results for The Irish Derby.

BRILLIANT VICTORY IN THE DARDANELLES.

"More Than Was Hoped For Has Been Gained."

Except for a small portion of trench already mentioned, which is still held by the enemy, all and more than was hoped for from the operations has been gained.

All engaged did well; but certainly the chief factor in the success was the splendid attack carried out by the 29th Division, whose conduct on this, as on previous occasions, was beyond praise.

"GREAT BRITISH SUCCESS."

On June 27 (Sunday) the British left, supported by our artillery, obtained a great success. After an intense bombardment it carried by assault at certain points four Turkish lines, and advanced nearly 1,650 yards.

GERMANS SAY TURKS BEAT US.

Sir John Simon, Home Secretary, told Sir Arthur Markham in the House of Commons yesterday that the Press Bureau only exercised censorship on the German wireless news which contained statements that were obviously false.

It does not appear, however, that because a German wireless statement is passed it is necessarily true. For instance:—

Three attacks which took place on our left wing near Ari Burnu on Monday, and which had been prepared by enemy artillery fire, failed with extraordinarily heavy loss to the enemy.

An attack near Seddel Bahr was beaten off by a counter-attack. We took three enemy trenches. Our Anatolian batteries inflicted heavy loss on the retreating enemy, and reduced the enemy battery on the summit of the Tekke to silence.—Wireless Press.

SHARP DROP IN "CANPACS."

There was no improvement in the volume of business in the Stock Exchange yesterday, and the tendency of prices was towards a still lower level except in the case of a few Home Railway stocks, for which there is a small demand.

A feature was a sharp drop in Canadian Pacific shares to 149. These, as well as other securities, continue to be forced on the market to provide cash for subscription to the War Loan, and the dealers take full advantage of the necessities of the case.

There is some suggestion that before long the minimum prices of Foreign Government securities will be removed. This would be a good movement on the part of the committee, and it would assist the liquidation of other securities if the minima were taken off in their case.

It is, of course, impossible to take off the minimum of Consols while the conversion scheme remains open.

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

WOOLLEN TRADE LEADER DEAD.

The death is announced of Mr. James Fleming, the chairman of Messrs. Fleming, Reid and Co., the worsted mill owners, of Greenock, and proprietor of the Scotch Wool and Hosiery Stores, one of the largest firms in the trade.

Mr. Fleming, who was aged about 60, and was one of the most prominent figures in the woollen trade, was associated in the development of the hand-knitting machine.

CRIME OR COINCIDENCE?

Mr. Marshall Hall's Powerful Plea For George Smith.

(Continued from Page 2.)

Mr. Bodkin went on to say that a feature in all three cases was that the water was always left in the bath, and the bodies left in the water so that the doctor should find the body under water.

Yet Smith had apparently not taken into account the position of the legs.

He submitted that if a powerful man put his hand beneath the knee of the woman, it would be quite easy to move her body down under the water so that her face would be submerged.

This would involve the lifting of the legs, and the legs of the dead woman were actually found up.

No epilepsy, no fit, no fainting would explain the position of the legs.

Therefore, he expressed the opinion that the manner he had indicated was the manner in which the unfortunate woman died.

Mr. Bodkin pointed out the curious fact that in both the Blackpool and Highgate cases Smith, when he called at the bathroom door and received no answer, at once assumed that a tragedy had occurred.

Summing up the whole evidence, Mr. Boukin commented upon the fact that accused had described the deaths of Miss Lofty and Miss Burnham as "phenomenal coincidences."

Mr. Bodkin proceeded to point out features in each of the three cases of the women with whom Smith went through the ceremony of marriage:—

The ready money of the women was at once drawn out from the bank, or realised; A will was made in favour of Smith; The women either insured their lives or were possessed of property;

There were the visits to doctors immediately before their death; The women wrote to their relatives just before they died; The women died of drowning; Smith was the first person to discover the tragedy;

The bathroom door was found unfastened. He therefore declared emphatically that Smith had deliberately, and for the motive he had suggested, taken the life of Beatrice Mundy.

FOR THE DEFENCE.

When Mr. Marshall Hall rose to address the jury for the defence a complete silence fell, and accused leaned forward eagerly, his eyes fixed upon his counsel.

Motive, he said, was, of course, an important fact to consider, but he declared that motive could not convert suspicion into proof. They could not convict a man of a crime merely because there was ample evidence of motive.

Mr. Marshall Hall said that he did not think any sane man could have committed the crimes that had been alleged. He further pointed out that Dr. Spilsbury had refused to declare that the death could not possibly have been accidental.

Counsel contrasted the character of the man which the prosecution had described as an unmitigated brute with the character for kindness given Smith by Miss Pegler, who had lived with him for seven years.

He most emphatically told the jury that if they took the trouble to examine the Herne Bay bath they would discover that it was a physical impossibility for Smith to have drowned the woman in eight inches of water. The theory of the prosecution was, he argued, full of commonsense obstacles.

Though there was evidence of motive, yet he declared that the evidence of opportunity was most meagre.

"There is," counsel said emphatically, "not sufficient evidence upon which you can come to the firm conclusion that this man is guilty of the charge." His final words of appeal to the jury were: "Can you be quite certain that this man is guilty? Can you say positively that the facts are as they have been alleged against him?"

The accused, very pale, sighed deeply as Mr. Marshall Hall sat down.

"Bournville" Cocoa advertisement featuring the Bournville logo and text: "THE VERY FINEST PRODUCT" The Medical Magazine MADE BY CADBURY

Advertisement for NEWBALL & MASON, Nottingham, featuring a glass of beer and text: "END two penny stamps to NEWBALL & MASON, Nottingham, and they will send you enough Mason's Extract of Herbs to make a gallon of Refreshing Herb Beer."

SHOPPING BY POST.
UNREDEEMED PLEDGES.
DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 117, 26, DENMARK HILL, LONDON.)
SPECIAL SUPPLEMENTARY LIST OF THIS MONTH'S
REDEEMED PLEDGES NOW READY.
 See List of 5,000 Sensational Bargains. Don't delay. Write at once. Guaranteed Genuine Items.
IT WILL SAVE YOU POUNDS.
A REVOLUTION IN PRICES—ASTOUNDING VALUE.
ALL GOODS SENT ON SEVEN DAYS APPROVAL.
BUSINESS TRANSACTIONS PRIVATELY BY POST.

14/6—(worth £3 3s. 0d.) FIELD, RACE or MARINE GLASS and Navy; 50 miles range; shows bullet mark 1,000 yards; wide field; saddle made of brass; week's free trial; sacrifice, 14s. 6d.; approval willingly before payment.

32/6—**POWERFUL BINOCULARS.** FIELD or MARINE GLASSES, great magnifying power (by Lumiere); five miles from shore, name of ship can be distinctly read; week's free trial; worth £10 10s.—sacrifice, £1 12s. 6d.

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

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

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

3/9—**LADY'S 21s. Solid Gold Marquise Ring.** set one mass of lovely Parisian Pearls and Turquoises; 3s. 9d. Ap.

22/6—(worth £3 10s.)—**GENT'S Tailor-made Indigo Blue** Serge Jacket Suit, by Eastman; smart stylish cut, 37in. breast 54in. waist, new condition; sacrifice, 22s. 6d. Ap.

49/6—**Hall-marked Keyless WRISTLET WATCH.** with luminous hands and figures, so that time can be distinctly seen at night; high-grade centre second chronograph movement, timed to a few seconds a month; 10 years' warranty; perfect reliability in any climate in the world; week's free trial. Sacrifice, 49s. 6d.

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

12/6—**GENT'S Massive Double Albert.** 18-ct. Gold stamped filled solid links; curb pattern; 12s. 6d. Ap.

21/-—(worth £4 4s.)—**LADY'S Solid Gold English Hall-marked WATCH BRACELET.** will fit any wrist, perfect timekeeper; 10 years' warranty; week's free trial; 21s. Approval.

14/6—**BRACELET with safety chain.** 14s. 6d. Approval.

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

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

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

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

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

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

21/-—(worth £4 4s.) **Lady's Solid Gold English Hall-marked 12 years' warranty; week's free trial; 21s.** also Lady's Handsome 8 1/2 Gold Long Watch Guard, worth £4 4s.; sacrifice, 21s.

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

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 117, 26, DENMARK HILL, CAMBERWELL, LONDON.)

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

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

6—(worth 30s.) **LADY'S Solid Gold Hall-marked Diamond** and Sapphire Doublet Half Hoop Ring, claw setting, in lustre stones; great sacrifice, 7s. 6d. Approval.

1/6—**VERY POWERFUL 3-draw BAR TELESCOPE;** achromatic lenses, 50 miles range, suitable for Marine field use; in case; genuine bargain, 12s. 6d. Approval.

1/6—**GENT'S superior quality Navy Blue Serge Jacket** Suit; well made, latest fashion, unworn; 38 1/2in. chest, waist, 31 1/2in. leg, genuine bargain, 22s. 6d., worth £3 10s.

9—(worth 15s.)—**LADY'S Pretty Gold Dress Ring.** set with 14 1/2in. Parisian pearls and turquoises, very elegant design; genuine bargain, 3s. 9d. Approval.

12/6—**GENT'S Massive Double Albert.** 18-ct. Gold stamped, filled, solid links, curb pattern; 12s. 6d.

35/-—**MAGNIFICENT Hornless Gramophone.** 15in. by 14 1/2in. arm with 10-in. Turntable, silver-plated "Symphonetta" tone arm and patent unbreakable sound box, with six 10-in. Disc tones; great bargain, 35s.; worth £6 6s. Approval.

4/9—**GENT'S 18-ct. Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch.** with perfect timekeeper; non-magnetic action; ten years' warranty; week's free trial; sacrifice, 4s. 9d.

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

19/6—**GENT'S FASHIONABLE DARK TWEED JACKET** SUIT (by high-class tailor, latest West End cut and finish; splendid quality; breast 38in., waist 35in., leg 31 1/2in.; 19s. 6d.; worth £3 3s. Never worn. Approval willingly.

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BEGIN THIS REMARKABLE STORY TO-DAY.

Miss Million's Maid: A ROMANCE OF LOVE AND FORTUNE.

BY BERTA RUCK.

SYNOPSIS OF OPENING CHAPTERS.
MILLION, a soldier's orphan, employed as a maid-of-all-work at a suburban villa in Laburnum-grove, Putney, inherits a million dollars from a rich uncle at Chicago.
BEATRICE LOVELACE, niece of Million's mistress, finds in Million her only confidant and companion. She is in difficulties with her aunt because of an informal acquaintance with a young man next door.
AUNT LOVELACE, whose aristocratic pride of family is ill-supported by her means. She has a great contempt for the class to which her neighbours belong, and her relations with her niece are rapidly reaching a climax.
Mr. CHESTERTON, Million's lawyer, who explains her good fortune to the bewildered heiress.

"Ah—to take away—" began the lawyer. Then he suddenly laughed outright. I laughed. But together we caught sight of little Million's face, blushing and hurt, sensitive of ridicule. We stopped laughing at once.

And then the old lawyer, looking and speaking as kindly as possible, began to explain matters to this ingenuous little heiress, as painstakingly as if he were making things clear to a child.

"The capital of one million dollars, or of two hundred thousand pounds of English money, is at present not here; it is where it was—invested in the late Mr. Samuel Million's sausage and ham-curing factory in Chicago, U.S.A."

Here Million's face fell. "Not here. Somehow, miss," turning to me, "I thought it never sounded as if it could be true. I thought there'd be some kind of a 'have,' sort of it."

"And, subject to your approval always, I should be inclined to allow that capital to remain where it is," continued the old lawyer in his polished accent. "There remains, of course, the income from the capital. This amounts, at present, to ten thousand pounds a year in English money—"

Realising Her Riches.

"What is that," breathed the new heiress, "what is that a quarter, sir? It seems more natural like that."

"Two thousand five hundred pounds, Miss Million."

"Lor!" breathed the owner of this wealth. "And me that's been getting five pounds a quarter. That other's mine?"

"After a few necessary formalities, from which I anticipate no difficulties," said the old gentleman.

Some discussion of these formalities followed. In the midst of it I saw Million begin to fidget even more restlessly.

I frowned at her. This drew the attention of the old gentleman upon me. Million was murmuring something about "Very sorry. Got to get back soon, miss. Lunch to lay—!"

Absurd Million! As if she would ever have to lay lunch again as long as she lived! Couldn't she realise the upheaval in her world? I gazed reproachfully at her.

The lawyer said to me, quite pleasantly: "May I ask if you are a relation of Miss Million?"

Hereupon Miss Million shot at him a glance of outrage. "A relation? HER!" she cried. "The idea!" Little Million's sense of "caste," fostered at the Soldiers' Orphanage, is nearly as strong as my Aunt Anastasia's. No matter if her secret daydream has always been "to marry a gentleman." She was genuinely shocked that her old lawyer had not realised the relations between her little hard-working self and our family.

So she announced with simple dignity: "This is Miss Lovelace, the young lady where I am in service."

"Were in service," I corrected her. Million took me up sharply. "I haven't given notice, miss. I'm not leaving."

"But, you absurd Million, of course you are," I said. "You can't go on living in Laburnum-grove now. You're a rich man's heiress—"

"Will that stop me living where I want? I'm all alone in the world," faltered Million, suddenly looking small and forlorn as she sat there by the big desk. "You're the only real friend I got in the world, Miss Beatrice. I always liked you. You always talked to me as if you was no more a young lady than what I was. D'you think—"

Her voice shook. She seemed to have forgotten the presence of old Mr. Chesterton. "D'you think I'd a stopped so long with your Aunt Nasturtium if it hadn't been for not wantin' to leave where you was? I'd be lost without you. I shouldn't know where to put myself, miss. Oh, miss! There was a sob in her voice. "Don't say I got to go away from you! What am I to do with myself and all that money!" There was a perplexed silence.

Million's lawyer glanced at me over his gold-rimmed glasses, and I glanced back above Million's forget-me-not wreathed hat. It is a problem.

This little lonely, thrifty creature—brought up to such a different idea of life—what is to be done about her now?

Million Leaves Her Place.

Million has gone! She has left us, our little cheerful, and bonnie, and capable maid-of-all-work who has become a millionaire-pork-butcher's heiress!

Never again will her trim, aproned figure busy itself about our small and shockingly inconvenient kitchen at No. 45. Never again will she have to struggle with the vagaries of its range. Never again will she "do out" our drawing-room with its disgraceful old carpet and its graceful old cabinet. Never again will she quail under the withering rebuke with which my Aunt Anastasia was wont to greet her if she returned half-a-minute late from her evening out. Never again will she

entertain me with her stream of artless comments on life and love and her own ambition—"Oh, miss, dear, I should like to marry a gentleman!"

Well, I suppose there's every probability now that this ambition may be gratified. Plenty of hard-up young men about, even of the Lovelace class, "our" class, who would be only too pleased to provide for themselves by marrying a Million, in both senses of the word.

Laburnum-grove, Putney, S.W., will know her no more. And I, Beatrice Lovelace, who was born in the same month of the same year as this other more-favoured girl—I feel as if I'd lost my only friend.

I also feel as if it were at least a couple of years since it all happened. Yet it is only three days since Million and I went down to Chancery-lane together to interview the old lawyer person on the subject of her new riches. I shall never forget that interview. I shall never be able to forget the radiant little face of Million at the end of it all, when the kind old gentleman offered to advance her some of her own money "down on the nail," and did advance her five pounds in cash—five golden, gleaming, solid sovereigns!

"My godfathers!" breathed Million, as she tucked the coins into the palm of her brown thread glove.

The Old Lawyer's Advice.

She'd never had so much money at once before in the whole course of her 23 years of life. (I've never had it, of course.) And the tangible presence of those heavy coins in her hand seemed to bring it home to Million that she was rich, more than all the explanations of her old lawyer about investments and capital.

I saw him look, half-amusedly, half-anxiously, at the little heiress's flushed face and the gesture with which she clenched that fist full of gold. And it was then that he began to urge upon us that "Miss Million" must find some responsible older person or persons, some ladies with whom she might live while she made her plans respecting the rearrangement of her existence.

To cut a long story short, it was he, the old lawyer, who suggested and arranged for "Miss Million's" next step. It appears that he has sisters "of a reasonable age" (I suppose that means about a hundred and thirty-eight) who are on the committee of a hostelry for gentlewomen of independent means, somewhere in Kensington.

Sure to be a "pusery" of some sort! "Gentlewomen" living together generally relapse into spitefulness and feuds, and "means" can often be pronounced "mean!"

Still, as Million's old lawyer said, the place would provide a haven pro tem.

Our millionairess went off there this morning. She wouldn't take a taxi.

"What's the use o' wasting all that fare from here to Kensington, good gracious!" said Million. "There's no hurry about me getting there long before lunch, after all, Miss Beatrice. And as for me things, they can come by Carter Paterson a bit later. I'll put the card up now, if Miss Lovelace don't mind. There's only that tin trunk that I've had ever since the Orphanage, and me straw basket with the strap round—"

Such luggage for an heiress! I couldn't help smiling at it as it waited in the kitchen entrance. And then the smile turned to a lump in my throat as Million, in her hat and jacket, stumped down the wooden back stairs to say good-bye to me.

"I said good-bye to your Aunt Nasturtium—to Miss Lovelace, before she went out, Miss." (My aunt is lurching at the hotel of one of her few remaining old friends who is passing through London.)

"Parting Of Maid And Mistress."

"Can't say I shall break my heart missin' her, Miss Beatrice," announced the candid Million. "Why, at the last she shook 'ands—hands as if I was all over blacklead and she was afraid of it coming off on her! But you—you've always been so different, as I say. You always seemed to go on as if"—Million's funny little voice quivered—"as if Gord had made us both—"

"Don't, Million," I said chokily. "I shall cry if you go on like this. And tears are so unlucky to exist in a new venture with."

"Is that what they say, miss?" rejoined the superstitious Million, winking back the fat, shiny drops that were gathering in her own grey eyes. "Aw right, then, I won't. 'Keep smiling,' eh? Always merry and bright, and cetera. Good-bye, miss. Oh, lor! I wish you was coming along with me to this place, instead of me going off alone to face all these strange females—"

"I wish I were; only I shall have to stay and keep the house until my aunt comes back—"

"Drat'er! I mean—Excuse me, Miss Beatrice. I wish you hadn't a-got to live with her. Thrown away on her, you are. It's you that ought to be clearing out of this place, not just me. You ought to have some sort of a big bust-up and then bunt!"

"Where to, Million?"

"Anywheres! Couldn't you come where I was? Anyways, miss, will you drop me a line sometimes to say how you're keeping? And, miss, would you be offended if I said good-bye sort of properly? I know it's like my sores, but—"

"Oh, Million, dear!" I cried.

I threw both my arms round her sturdy little jacketed figure. We kissed as heartily as if we had been twin sisters instead of ex-mistress and ex-maid.

Then Million—Miss Million, the heiress—trotted off down Laburnum-grove towards the stopping-place of the electric trams. And I, Beatrice Lovelace, the pauper, the come-down-in-the-world, turned back into No. 45, feeling as if what laughter there had been in my life had gone out of it for ever!

(To be continued.)



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Sgt.-Major F. Barter is a Cardiff man.

Barter's father was cheered by his workmates when they heard the news. Inset Barter's sister.



Mrs. Harrison, foster-mother of Private Lynn, V.C., photographed (and marked by cross) with her fellow-workers in a laundry at Forest Hill.

Private John Lynn, V.C., as a band boy.

Eight men who volunteered their help Sergeant-Major F. Barter, 1st Royal Welsh Fusiliers, attacked the German position at Festubert with bombs. He captured three officers and 102 men and 500 yards of the enemy's trenches. Private Lynn, a Forest Hill hero, who did not live to wear the V.C. he nobly earned, drove back the Germans with his machine-gun while being suffocated with poison-gas.