

BRITISH DESTROYER PATROL IN NORTH SEA BATTLE.

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ONE HALFPENNY.

ROYALTY AND SOCIETY WAIT ON OUR GALLANT WOUNDED.



The Duchess of Sutherland was one of the Society waitresses.



While tea was being served the King made his appearance among his guests, with many of whom he stopped to chat.



One of His Majesty's guests.



Prince Albert was quite a handy man, carrying round the teapot.



Some of the wounded marching with sprightly step into the Palace tea-room.

Eight hundred wounded soldiers and sailors from the different military hospitals around London were the honoured guests at Buckingham Palace yesterday of the King and Queen at the first of a series of Royal hospitalities to men who have suffered in the country's service. Tea served in the Royal Mews, where Society women were waitresses on Tommy and Jack, was followed by a variety entertainment in the Riding School.—(Daily Sketch and Official Photographs.)

WOUNDED HEROES ENTERTAINED AT PALACE.

King And Queen's Welcome To Their Guests.

WAITED ON BY ROYALTY.

How His Majesty Put Them At Their Ease.

TEA AND A VARIETY SHOW.

The first of the three contingents of wounded sailors and soldiers who are to be entertained as guests of the King and Queen this week was received at Buckingham Palace yesterday afternoon.

Every man was a hero who has shed his blood for his country. Many of them walked on crutches, some were wheeled in bath-chairs, others had their limbs supported in splints or their faces swathed in bandages.

One man had lost both legs; another had lost both his arms.

Quite a considerable number were living examples of the triumphs of modern surgery which had "patched them up," and under careful and tender nursing had brought them back to the stage of rapidly approaching convalescence.

These are the men who have lived to fight another day. They say they are going back to face the foe, and they mean it.

CHEERY IN MISFORTUNE.

One and all, whether maimed or permanently disabled, or only temporarily resident in "blighty," showed how wonderfully optimistic and how cheery in misfortune our happy warriors are.

They enjoyed to the full the hospitable fare provided by the King and Queen; they laughed even as children laugh at the funny and eccentric things they saw and heard on the stage.

The hospitals from which they were brought in motor buses, char-a-bancs, private cars, and other means of conveyance, were nine in number:—

The Naval Division Hospital; No. 1 General, Myatt's Park, Camberwell; No. 4 General, King's College, Denmark-hill; Lewisham, High-street, Lewisham; Southwark, East Dulwich "Grove"; Royal Herbert, Shooter's Hill; Brook War, Shooter's Hill; Roehampton, Roehampton House; Croydon.

Everybody is agreed that we cannot do too much to show our gratitude to the men who have suffered that the British Empire may be preserved.

The King and Queen have given the lead, and when their guests sat down to tea they were waited on by ladies of the Royal Family and ladies and gentlemen of high rank in the British aristocracy.

PRINCESS MARY'S ABSENCE.

The tables, which were spread partly in the coachhouses of the Royal Mews and partly under a canopy projecting into the Quadrangle, were arranged in six groups, and each group had assigned to it a lady president and vice-president.

The group presidents were:—
The Grand Duchess George of Russia (who took the place of Princess Mary, unavoidably absent).
The Princess Royal.
The Duchess of Teck.
Princess Arthur of Connaught.
Princess Alexander of Teck.
Princess Maud.

The attendant Vice-Presidents being Countess Fitzwilliam, Lady Farquhar, Lady Keppel, Lady Amphill, the Countess of Chesterfield, and Lady Dawson.

The King and Queen arrived while their guests were having tea. It was his Majesty's special wish that no formal notice should be taken of his presence.

ROYAL WORDS OF GREETING.

In field service khaki uniform, and accompanied by Prince Albert in naval uniform, he walked about among the men, exchanging with them words of friendly greeting.

To those who had been seriously wounded the King specially addressed himself, inquiring as to their service and the particular occasion on which the ill-fortune of war overtook them.

The Queen, wearing a simple costume of dark purple velvet, with fur collar and fur-bordered black satin toque, also conversed freely with the wounded, and personally saw to it that the "stewards" were doing their duty.

Queen Alexandra, too, was there, bestowing gracious smiles and cheery words.

Lord Beresford was to be seen wielding a teapot at the tables occupied by the naval men, and recalling old times with members of the senior Service who had sailed the seas with him—and unofficially had called him "Lord Charlie."

Ladies active in their ministrations at the tea-table included:—

Duchess of Devonshire.
Duchess of Sutherland.
Duchess of Buccleuch.
Marchioness of Lansdowne.
Marchioness of Ripon.
Marchioness of Lincolnshire.
Lady Farquhar.
Lady Wolverton.
Viscountess Hampden.
Viscountess Allendale.
Countess of Granard.
Countess of Albemarle.
Countess of Dalhousie.
Viscountess Falmouth.
Lady Annaly.
Countess of Normanton.

Immediately after tea each "Tommy" had served out to him a packet of cigarettes, and a move was made to the temporary theatre which has been fitted up in the Riding School with a

handsome stage—gaily adorned with festoons of flowers—and an auditorium with seating accommodation for a thousand people.

It is a "smoking" theatre, evidence of this fact being speedily forthcoming in the atmosphere created by the puffing of cigarettes.

Special attention was bestowed on the badly wounded cases, which were wheeled into the auditorium under the supervision of doctors and nursing sisters.

KING AND QUEEN AT THE SHOW.

The King and Queen entered the building immediately the audience had been seated, and remained till the end of the programme. The Royal party and specially invited guests occupied the two front rows of the auditorium.

The King, who was on the right-hand side of the central gangway, had seated next to him Queen Alexandra, the Grand Duchess George of Russia, the Princess Royal, Princess Alexander of Teck, and Princess Maud.

On the left side were the Queen, Prince Albert, Princess Victoria, Princess Arthur of Connaught, and the Duchess of Teck.

Others present included the Countess of Minto, the Earl of Chesterfield, Lord Hylton, Sir Alfred Keogh (Director General Army Medical Services), Earl Howe, Sir Douglas Dawson, Sir Charles Fitzwilliam, Mrs. Asquith, Sir Dighton Probyn, Major-General Sir Francis Lloyd, Lord Stamfordham, and Sir Derek Keppel.

A FINE PROGRAMME.

The programme of entertainment, which had been organised by Mr. Alfred Butt, with Mr. Maurice Volnay as general manager, Mr. Herman Finck as musical director, and Mr. Richard Brennan as stage manager, was:

Overture, "Musical Memories," conducted by Mr. Herman Finck.

Du Calion, Comedian on the Tottering Ladder.

Mr. Neil Kenyon as Golf Caddie, assisted by Mr. W. Black.

Cornalla and Eddie, Aerobic Eccentrics.

Miss Madge Saunders and Mr. George Grossmith in "They didn't believe me," from "To-night's the Night" at the Gaiety Theatre.

De Biere in a little conjuring.

Mr. Arthur Playfair, Mr. Nelson Keys, and members of the Palace company in "The Optimist and the Pessimist" scene from "Bric-a-Brac."

Mr. Gerald du Maurier and Miss Gladys Cooper in "The Fatal Typist" (Sir J. M. Barrie).

Roy Royston and the Palace Girls in "Gilbert the Filbert," from "The Passing Show."

Miss Ethel Levey, "When Mother was a Girl."

Mr. Jack Norworth in "Mother's Knitting Mittens" and "Private Michael Cassidy, V.C."

Miss Gwendoline Brogden and Palace Girls and Chorus in "A Hundred Years Ago," from "Bric-a-Brac."

It would be difficult to single out any one item in this diverse programme as having given more enjoyment than another.

CHEERS FOR THE ROYAL HOSTS.

The "boys" had a delightful two hours, and enjoyed every minute of the time. They had but one regret, and that was when the end came.

Then they rose—all of them at least who were physically fit to rise—and sang right heartily the National Anthem, led by the band.

The King and Queen and members of the Royal Family retired amid cheers, and their happy guests filed out of the building.

Outside it was raining hard, but the "Tommies," having filled their pockets with fruit which the King and Queen had ordered to be distributed among them, faced the elements with cheery hearts, and from the roofs of the motor-buses gave a parting cheer for their Royal hosts.

INFORMALITY THE KEYNOTE.

By A Wounded Tommy.

My feelings, when I was driven into the Palace grounds, were not of the mildly hilarious kind that one associates with a visit to a music-hall. I anticipated that everything would be of a very formal character, and that a very decorous entertainment, at which it would be out of place to indulge in a hearty laugh, was before me.

But it was nothing of the kind. Before the show had been long in progress, we were a roistering, almost riotous, crowd of "corks."

In fact, informality was the keynote of the whole proceedings, and we forgot our diffidence and felt at home as soon as we had begun our tea.

The King and Queen sat through the entertainment with us, and we were the merriest crowd of invalids I have ever seen.

£1,000 DAMAGES FOR MRS. ASQUITH.

The Globe Pays Heavy Penalty For Donington Hall Fables.

IRRESPONSIBLE TITTLE-TATTLE.

Mrs. Asquith, wife of the Prime Minister, was given a verdict by consent for £1,000 damages and costs against the *Globe* for libel yesterday.

The grounds of the action were that the newspaper had made assertions to the effect that she had played lawn tennis with German officers interned at Donington Hall, and had also sent them gifts.

Mrs. Asquith and her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Asquith, occupied seats next to the Hon. Charles Russell at the solicitors' table, and in the witness-box she gave emphatic replies to the questions put by her leading counsel, Mr. Duke, who asked: Did you at any time hold any communication with any prisoner at Donington Hall?—Never.

Did you send any kind of present or communication to any prisoner at Donington Hall?—Never.

Or cause any such thing to be done?—Never.

Did any such present or communication go to Donington Hall from your household?—No.

It was alleged that you sent delicacies from Messrs. Fortnum and Masons. What presents have you ever sent through them?—To my son in the Dardanelles.

Did you send any other?—No.

Is there any sort of truth in the libels?—No.

The judge said it had been established beyond all question that there was not a word of truth in the suggestions from beginning to end. He expressed the hope that this exposure might possibly prevent some members of the public giving too easy a credence to other malicious and irresponsible tittle-tattle.

THE NATIONAL REGISTER.

Mr. Long Says It Is "To Be Brought Up To Date Almost Immediately."

Mr. Long announced in the House of Commons last night that it was the intention of the Government almost immediately to bring the National Register up to date.

He thought it would be necessary to make it obligatory upon the holders of certificates under the register to produce those certificates when called upon to do so in order to see whether or not they had complied with the Act. At present the register contained many inaccuracies.

It was only reasonable that those men who were seeking to escape from their proper liabilities to the State should be called upon to give evidence of identification.

No promise had ever been given by the Government that no married men would be called to the Colours till every single man had been called up.

CALL TO ALL MARRIED GROUPS.

Report That The Proclamation May Be Issued At The Week-End.

It is understood, says a news agency, that according to present arrangements it is the intention of the War Office to summon all the men in the married groups to the colours immediately.

While no date is mentioned, it is said a proclamation to this effect may be issued either on Saturday or Monday.

This statement is given with reserve, but inquiries made last night show that the delay in calling up the remaining groups cannot be extended beyond ten days or a fortnight at the most.

In many parts of London, particularly the suburbs, the blue posters calling up the first groups of married men have been torn down. The police are looking for the offenders.

Dealing with attested married men's appeals at Market Bosworth Tribunal a member said if they had not been foolish enough to attest they would have been out of it. They had been hoodwinked and fooled by the Government, and it was the duty of the tribunals to help them all they could. Six months' exemption was allowed.

EXPLOITS OF LIEUTENANT PROBERT, D.C.M.

Boy Officer Who Cut 17 German Wires While Under Fire.

HOUR'S CRAWL ON HIS STOMACH. From Our Special Correspondent.

BLAENAVON, Tuesday.

Lieut. Clifford Probert, the "mystery" officer, aged 17, who lost his memory, disappeared from hospital, and was found through a photograph published in the *Daily Sketch*, has recovered his memory.

He joined the Army soon after war was declared at the age of 15 years 9 months. He carries 22 wounds, has received the D.C.M. and promotion on the field, and although he still looks a boy, has the brain of a man.

At the age of twelve, when living with his parents at the little Welsh mining village of Sewrfa, Tredegar, he showed antipathy to existence there and made up his mind to join the Navy. With three others of tender age he made for Newport, where the training ship *Impregnable* was moored. Two of them were passed. Probert was one.

After four months on board he was brought back to Sewrfa by his parents and then he worked for nine months in the mines on a haulage engine. In the evenings he studied wireless telegraphy, and was the local assistant scoutmaster.

Tried To Enlist.

When the war came Probert tried to enlist in Aberdare, but failed. He went to Merthyr, but could not convince the recruiting sergeant that he was 18.

But on his fourth attempt he got through and was passed into the R.G.A. under the name of William Gordon Williams.

At Hill 60 he got two wounds in the head and two in his left leg.

After being in hospital 12 weeks his colonel, believing a tower to be an enemy observation post, with wires to the German batteries, chose two men to cut the wires. They were Lieut. Murphy and Williams (Probert).

Thought He Was Killed.

When the colonel told Murphy that Williams was going with him, Murphy replied, "Williams! I thought that young devil had been killed five times already."

After crawling one hundred yards in the dark Murphy was killed by a bullet through his head, and Williams went on crawling on his stomach towards the tower under bullet fire, and eventually reached it after an hour's noiseless crawl.

Digging at the earth with his hands, after an hour's search he discovered the wires, and there were seventeen—which meant that seventeen German batteries had been receiving perfect information as to the accuracy of their fire.

With his knife he commenced cutting the wires, but the metallic sound forced him to stop. So he smothered the wires with vaseline, and worked until the seventeen were severed. He had started off with Lieutenant Murphy at 1 a.m., and reached the British trenches at 4 a.m.

In The Big Advance.

On the morning of September 25 the great advance started. Probert, although not called upon, rushed forward with his regiment, "to be in it," as he puts it.

With a handful of others he reached the German third line trenches, when he had a miraculous escape from death. A shell, exploding near him, blew him into the air.

Suffering from shock, he advanced again, but came under the fire of a machine-gun and fell with five bullet wounds in his stomach, both hips riddled, and his head badly hit. He lay on the field unattended for two days until picked up by stretcher bearers. From that time he was mad for two months.

On The Mined Anglia.

After being attended in a Boulogne hospital for seven weeks he was put on board the mined hospital ship *Anglia*.

The explosion occurred just as a nurse was lifting the boy's head to see the coast of England. All he remembers was being taken upstairs and someone saying to him: "We've got to let you go, kid, but hold as tight as you can," and he was slid off the deck of the sinking vessel.

After that came the brain trouble and his wanderings, and now, although not fully recovered, he hopes to rejoin his regiment in a month or so "and have another go at the Huns."

BOODKIN AND THE EARL.

Late Lord De La Warr's Name Figures In Divorce Case.

Mr. C. S. Skarratt, a man of independent means, who is also assistant manager of the Alhambra, was granted a decree nisi yesterday on the ground of his wife's infidelity with the late Earl de La Warr.

The wife confessed, but her husband was anxious that she should come back if she would have no more to do with the Earl. She replied:—

Dearest Sid,—Please forgive me if I give you any more pain, but I feel I shall be happier if I went to D—. I am afraid of myself, not of you. This is a very hard thing for me to write, but I have gone through so much, and so have you. You have been wonderful to me all through this terrible trouble, and it will be harder when you receive this. . . . I am writing this in bed before seeing D—. I made up my mind at six o'clock this morning.—Your loving wife, BOODKIN.

Mr. Justice Horridge: Who is D—?
Mr. Skarratt: Earl de La Warr.
Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C. (for the wife), said he understood that Mr. Skarratt was willing to make his wife (who had no means) an allowance.



Some of the King's guests at table.—(Official Photograph.)

GERMAN DESTROYERS DRIVEN HOME IN NORTH SEA FIGHT.

RUNAWAY GERMAN DESTROYERS.

Chased Into Zeebrugge By British Patrols.

AMUSING BOASTS.

Enemy's Fable Of Odds Of Five To Three.

From the Admiralty.

Tuesday Afternoon.

Yesterday morning four British destroyers sighted three German destroyers off the Belgian coast.

The German destroyers at once turned and ran for Zeebrugge, chased by our own destroyers.

Shots were exchanged during this short running fight, and two of the enemy's boats were observed to be hit.

Our casualties were four men wounded.

German Official News.

Tuesday Afternoon.

Yesterday morning three German torpedo boats had a successful engagement with a division of five British destroyers off the Flemish coast.

After having been hit several times the enemy broke off the fight and retired at full speed till they were out of sight.

We only suffered quite trifling damages.

CHIEF OF THE NAVAL STAFF.

—Reuter, from Amsterdam.



SUCCESSFUL ESCAPE.

The "success" mentioned in the German news seems to have been a success in running away.

Previous experience of German official naval reports shows how little credence can be attached to them. After the North Sea fight last year the Germans claimed that the Tiger was sunk, and they have never recalled this lie. The Tiger forms at the present moment one of the most important units of the Grand Fleet.

The new commander-in-chief is therefore carrying on the policy of von Tirpitz.

There is no reason to doubt the accuracy of our own naval statement, and the German story of damage to our ships may be dismissed summarily.

ANOTHER BIG RUSSIAN VICTORY.

Austrians Routed On The Dniester And Bridgehead Seized.

The first tidings of a striking Russian success about 40 miles from the borders of Rumania are contained in an Austrian official message of yesterday.

Outnumbered and in danger of envelopment, the Austrians were compelled to surrender the bridgehead of Uskiesko, on the Dniester, and to cut their way through to a point about 10 miles lower down the river at Zaleszczyki.

Here, however, their position is still serious, as the Russians are on both sides of the river.

If the Russians are in sufficient force to continue their advance from Uskiesko they will be able to capture the railway which leads to Czernowitz, the chief town of the Bukovina.

SCOTS V.C. WOUNDED.

Private G. Wilson, 1st H.L.L., formerly an Edinburgh news vendor, arrived at a Midlothian hospital yesterday. He was wounded and gassed recently. He was awarded the V.C. for killing seven Germans and capturing a gun.

GERMAN FLAMING LIQUID ATTACKS AT NEW POINT.

Part Of Wood Lost By French On The Argonne Road.

ENEMY SEEKING A REVENGE FOR VERDUN FAILURE.

French Official News.

PARIS, Tuesday, 3 p.m.

In Belgium an enemy detachment which had made a raid in our lines to the north of the Boesinghe Bridge [on the canal north of Ypres] was at once driven out by a counter-attack.

In the Argonne our artillery has been very active on the outskirts of the Cheppy Wood.

To the west of the Meuse the Germans several times during the night renewed their attempts on our front at Avocourt and Malancourt, where the bombardment with shells of large calibre continues without interruption.

Their attacks have been accompanied by jets of flaming liquid thrown by men carrying special apparatus.

Despite the heavy losses inflicted by our fire, the enemy was able to capture, after a struggle foot by foot, the south-eastern part of the Malancourt Wood, which we were occupying, and which is known under the name of the Wood of Avocourt. All the hostile attempts to debouch from the wood failed.

The night was calm on the other parts of the Verdun region.—Reuter.

WHERE THE GERMANS ATTACKED.

Avocourt is between Malancourt and Vauquois, and the wood of Cheppy is a stretch of forest land, about three miles across, between Varennes and Malancourt.

This flaming liquid attack is a development of the new offensive west of the Meuse first indicated in Monday night's official news.

The explanation of this new offensive is to be found in the fact that the French line, west of the Meuse, after a dip southward, bends again to the north by Malancourt.

This disposition makes any advance by the Germans near the Meuse liable to dangerous French counter-attacks further west, or nearer to the Argonne Forest.

The German attack need not be seriously regarded at present, although it is probable that its full fury has not developed.

The enemy's immediate objective is the main road running from Malancourt through Avocourt to Varennes and the Argonne.

It is an important supply road for all the French troops operating on the Paris side of the Meuse.

VIOLENT BOMBARDMENT.

But No Attempt To Make Infantry Attack Near Verdun.

PARIS, Tuesday, 11 p.m.

In the Argonne there was grenade fighting at the Haute Chevauchée.

Our artillery carried out destructive fire against the German works near the road from Vienne-le-Chateau to Binerville.

On the left bank of the Meuse the bombardment continued to be violent in the region of Malancourt against the village of Esmes and Hill 304.

Vigorously replied to by our artillery the enemy made no attempt to make an attack.

In the course of the day there was an intermittent bombardment of some points of the front to the west of the Meuse and in the Woëvre.

In Lorraine our batteries were active against the German organisations north and east of Ambermesnil.

In Upper Alsace our artillery caught under its fire enemy troops debouching from Niederlarf, south-east of Seppois.

To-day one of our pilots brought down a German aeroplane, which fell in flames in the region of Douaumont.

Last night our aircraft bombarded the railway stations of Dun-sur-Meuse and Audun-le-Roman and Bivouacs in the region of Vigneulles.—Reuter.

ACTIVITY ON BRITISH FRONT.

Successful Raid On A German Trench: Enemy Reprisal Fails.

British Official News.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, FRANCE.

Tuesday, 9.20 p.m.

Last night we made a small raid on hostile trenches near Mauquissait, accounting for about 20 of the enemy.

Early this morning the enemy attacked and entered a small post on the river Somme, but was driven out, leaving one officer prisoner and two dead.

There has been considerable artillery activity on both sides about the Hohenzollern Redoubt, Neuve Chapelle, and Mauquissait to-day.

SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM AND MISS MARY MOORE.

Famous Actor-Manager And Leading Lady Married.

ROMANTIC CLIMAX TO BRILLIANT STAGE ALLIANCE.

Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore, after thirty-one years of distinguished co-operation on the stage, are now husband and wife.

This romantic union was announced in a brief message received last evening.

Miss Mary Moore, now Lady Wyndham, after an absence from the stage which followed her marriage with James Albery, the dramatic author, reappeared on May 30, 1885, at the Theatre Royal, Bradford, as Lady Dorothy in "The Candidate," under the management of Charles Wyndham, and from that time no other manager could secure her services.

In October of the same year she appeared at the Criterion as Lady Oldacre in "The Candidate," and thenceforward London accepted the brilliant theatrical alliance as an institution ordained for its nightly entertainment.

His True Bent.

Sir Charles Wyndham was born in Liverpool on March 23, 1837 (according to "Who's Who in the Theatre"). The son of a London doctor, he was intended for the medical profession, and took his degrees in London, but frequent participation in amateur theatricals had told him the path in which his true career must be travelled.

In 1860 he married Miss Emma Silberad, granddaughter of Baron Silberad of Hesse-Darmstadt, and two years later the future distinguished actor-manager made his first professional appearance at the old Royalty Theatre (it was on February 3, 1862) as Christopher Carnation in "Carnation Cottage."

The company included Ellen Terry and W. H. Kendal, and there young Wyndham remained for six months.

An American Failure.

He then went to America, where his martial spirit was aroused by the clash of the Civil War, and he enlisted on the Confederate side as an army surgeon, in which capacity he was present at some of the hottest engagements in that fratricidal war.

He made his first appearance on the stage in America, after leaving the Army, with John Wilkes Booth, brother of Edwin Booth and assassin of President Lincoln, but he was not regarded as a success by the American critics.

Returning to England in 1865, he made his reappearance on the English stage in the Manchester Theatre Royal in a play of his own authorship, "Her Ladyship's Guardian," and in May, 1866, after returning to London, he acted for ten months at the Royalty, and then he went to the St. James's, where he first played with Henry Irving.

It was in 1868 he made his first trial of London management at the Princess's Theatre, but the enterprise did not succeed.

Then The Criterion.

Another visit to America, a tour of the English provinces, and numerous appearances in London preceded his bow to the audience at the Criterion on December 27, 1875, and in the following April he took over the management of that theatre, which has ever since been associated with his name as the birthplace of a series of brilliant dramatic successes.

The opening of Wyndham's and the New Theatres are matters of comparatively recent theatrical history.

Miss Mary Moore made her first appearance in the provinces in 1865, and then returned to London, playing at the Criterion, where in due time she came into her own. She has also played with Sir Charles Wyndham at Wyndham's and the New Theatre, of which she is part proprietor, and is associated with her husband in the management of these theatres and the Criterion.

PORTUGAL'S LARGER ARMY.

Official Portuguese decrees give the Government full authority to augment the Army by summoning the reserves to the colours, and also by arranging for the re-examinations of recruits under 45 previously rejected for the Army on medical grounds.—Central News, from Lisbon.

LONDON AIRMAN'S "GALLANT END."

Captain R. A. Saunders, of the Royal Field Artillery and Royal Flying Corps, has died of wounds in France. When returning from a reconnaissance he encountered three German aeroplanes and drove them off after a sharp fight. Though severely wounded he managed to descend safely, but his injuries proved fatal. Captain Saunders, who is a Londoner, had been nine months in the Royal Flying Corps. His commanding officer, writing to his father, records:

"It was a gallant end of a particularly gallant fellow."

The Hon. Neville Lytton, 11th Sussex Regiment, is reported wounded in France.



"THE KAISER WILL NOT WAIT."

Lord Derby's Reply To Married Men's Deputation.

SINGLE MEN PROBLEM.

"I Will Get Them Out, But It Will Take Time."

The deputation of attested married men which waited upon Lord Derby at the War Office last night was not cheered with any pledges or even promises.

The proceedings, which were private, lasted an hour and a half, and the general opinion of the delegates was that their conference had carried the position no further, and that married men must leave their fate to the decision of the military authorities.

The deputation desired information as to the Government's intention on these points:—

(1) Whether the whole of the single men available were to be called to the colours before the married men.

(2) Arrangements for taking over the financial liabilities of married men.

(3) National compulsory service for all men of military age.

Lord Derby's first suggestion to the deputation was that it should endeavour to show in what way the pledge to married men had been broken.

Members of the deputation, in reply, quoted Mr. Asquith's promise of November 2, and Lord Derby's letter of the 19th, and it was pointed out to Lord Derby that in his report he said: "Some steps must be taken to replace as far as possible the single men now starved or in reserved occupations by older and married men."

NOT SUFFICIENT POWERS.

Upon this point the deputation came to the conclusion that Lord Derby was doing his best to fulfil his pledge, but it seemed that he had not got sufficient powers, and he ought to be given some further drastic powers to get at the single men who were "hiding in the badged and reserved trades."

As to the financial position of married men, it was suggested that a postponement was no good, but that actual relief should be given to married men so that they should not return home saddled with a load of debt.

Lord Derby pointed out that this was outside his province, but he would do what he could. He asked for suggestions from the deputation, and one member suggested that there should be an amendment of the Military Service Act if necessary in order to get the young men out of the munition factories.

KAISER WILL NOT WAIT.

Lord Derby pointed out that even if the young men were discharged by the employers the military authorities could not touch them for three months, and Germany would not wait.

All available single men would have to go, his lordship added, but it would take time to get those men out of starved and reserved trades, and the exigencies of the military situation would not allow the War Office to wait until those men were combed out.

Unfortunately during the past three months young men had gone into reserved trades and gained some efficiency, and while it might be true that they could be replaced it would take time.

THE ONLY ALTERNATIVE.

As regarded taking young men from munition works, he pointed out that the munition works must be kept going, and the only alternative was industrial compulsion.

"There is not a single thing that I can do that I am not doing," said Lord Derby, "to weed out the young men who have got in these since last August, and who can be weeded out. That is the available single men. I will get them out, but it will take time."

The deputation suggested to Lord Derby that the only solution seemed to be national compulsory service for all married men within certain ages, and Lord Derby seemed to be in favour of this.

He could hold out, he said, no hope of any postponement of calls to married groups.

POSITION ON THE TIGRIS.

No Tidings Of End Of Siege Of General Townshend.

Asked in the House of Commons how long the siege of Kut-el-Amara had lasted, Mr. Lloyd George stated that General Townshend's column reached Kut-el-Amara on December 3, 1915.

On the 9th, 10th and 11th the enemy endeavoured to capture his position by assault, but was driven back and suffered severely.

Since that time the garrison has been besieged. It was undesirable to say more at present than that there has been no failure to supply the relieving forces with reinforcements.

Miss Emily Bond, who died at Exeter yesterday, was 100 on June 23 last. She was a daughter of Admiral Bond.

Their Air Raid.



THE READER: "Der English themselves are forced reluctantly to admit der satisfying success of our air raid—fourteen childrens being aggounted for by our intrepid air warriors."

THE AUDIENCE: "Cool! Verdun is avenged!"—(Copyright by Will Dyson.)

IF STOMACH HURTS DRINK HOT WATER.

A SPECIALIST'S ADVICE.

"If dyspeptics, sufferers from flatulence, indigestion, acidity, gastric catarrh, etc., would only take a quarter teaspoonful of pure bisurated magnesia in half a glass of hot water immediately after eating, they would soon forget that they were ever afflicted with stomach trouble, and doctors would have to look elsewhere for patients." In explanation of these words the specialist stated that most forms of stomach trouble were due to acidity and fermentation of the food contents combined with insufficient blood supply to the stomach. Hot water increases the blood supply, and bisurated magnesia instantly neutralises the acid and stops food fermentation; the combination of the two, therefore, being marvellously efficient and infinitely preferable to the use of artificial digestives, stimulants and medicines.

IMPORTANT.—We are advised that Bisurated Magnesia is now obtainable of all chemists at the following prices:

Powder form, 1/9 and 2/9 per bottle.
Mint-flavoured Tablets, 1/1 and 2/1 per flask.
—Advt.

THEATRES.

AMBASSADORS.—"MORE," by H. Grattan. Brilliant Revue. Evgs. 8.30. Mats. Thurs., Sats., at 2.30.

COMEDY THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Arthur Chudleigh. **SECOND EDITION, "SHELL OUT!"** by Albert de Courville and Wal Pink. Every Evening, at 8.45. Mats., Mons., Fris., and Sats., 2.45. Phone, Ger. 3724.

DRURY LANE.—Arthur Collins presents D. W. Griffith's Mighty Spectacle "THE BIRTH OF A NATION." Twice Daily, at 2.30 and 8 p.m., commencing to-day. Prices, 7s. 6d. to 1s. Box Office now open. Gerrard 2588.

VARIETIES.

ALHAMBRA.—Revue. 5064 Gerrard. ANNA DOROTHY, CLYDE COOK, GEORGE FRENCH, MANNY and ROBERTS, and ODETTE MYRTIL. Doors 8. Mats., Weds. and Sats., 2.15.

COLISEUM.—At 2.30 and 8 p.m. ELLALINE TERRISS, AUGUSTUS YORKE and ROBERT LEONARD in "Isadore, You Tell Her," etc. Ger. 7541.

HIPPODROME, London.—Twice Daily, 2.30, 8.30 p.m. New Revue, "JOY-LAND!" SHIRLEY KELLOGG, HARRY TATE, YETTA RIANZA, BERTRAM WALLIS, CHARLES BERKELEY, and Super Beauty Chorus.

MASKELYNE'S MYSTERIES, St. George's Hall. Daily at 3 and 8, 1s. to 6s. Children half-price. Phone 1545 Mayfair.

PALACE.—"BRIC-A-BRAC" at 8.35. VARIETIES at 8. MATINEES WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.

PALLADIUM.—2.30, 6.10, and 9. Little Tich, Jack Pleasants, Laura Guerite, Joe Elvin and Co., Bertram Banks and James Welch and Co. in "The Man in the Street."

EXHIBITIONS.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.—Life-like Portrait Models of Heroes on Land and Sea.—Admission 1s. Children 6d.

THE GREAT SUCCESS OF BURGESS' LION OINTMENT

is that it will not heal till it has thoroughly cleared away all morbid matter. There is no danger to life in curing a bad leg by Burgess' Lion Ointment, as it does not throw back humour into the system.

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

SEND 2 PENNY STAMPS FOR SAMPLE. Sold by Chemists, 9d., 1s. 3d., 3s., etc. Advice Gratis from **E. BURGESS, 59, Cray's Inn Road, London, W.C.** Established 1847.

W. J. HARRIS & Co., Ltd.

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Wired on Tyres. Carriage Paid. Crate Free. All Kinds on Easy Terms. Catalogue No. 6 Post Free.

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Save dealer's profits. Despatched Packed Free and Carriage Paid, Without One Penny Deposit.
THIRTY DAYS' FREE TRIAL ALLOWED.
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'COVENTRY FLYERS'
Warranted Fifteen Years. Defiance Puncture-Resisting or Dunlop Tyres, Brooks' Saddles, etc.
£3 - 10s. to £7 - 15s.
EASY PAYMENTS FROM 7/- MONTHLY. Immediate delivery. No delay. Winner of World's Record. Tyres and Accessories half usual prices. Write for Catalogue and offer of Sample Machine.

Mead Cycle Co. Dept. 48 D, Liverpool

MISCELLANEOUS SALES.

CINEMA or Stage.—Beginners' Guide (free); everything explained.—Graham's, 295, Kennington-road.

DRUNKARDS Cured quickly, secretly, permanently; trial free, privately.—Carlton Chemical Co., 718, Birmingham.

FURNITURE, second-hand, large quantity, must sell regardless of cost; seen any time.—Depositories, 272, Pentonville-road, King's Cross. Catalogue on application.

PEACH'S Great Sale.—Curtains, Linens, Hosiery, Blankets, Quilts; Makers' Sale prices; Benefits and buy from Stocks on hand. Send for Sale Folder and Discount List, January only, post free.—S. Peach and Sons, 222, The Looms, Nottingham.

BIRDS AND LIVE STOCK.
TALKING Parrots from 12s. 6d.; 3 months' warranty.—Particulars, Chapman, Parrot Aviaries, Birmingham.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

ARTIFICIAL Teeth (old) Bought.—Messrs. Browning, Dental Manufacturers, 63, Oxford-st., London, the Original Firm who do not advertise misleading prices; full value by return or



The L.C.C. have organised language classes for waiters of British and Allied nationalities. Here are seen young Russian, French, Italian and English waiters exchanging notes



Vice-Admiral Sir George Warrender is the new naval Commander-in-Chief at Plymouth.

WOUNDED FROM THE WAR.

YESTERDAY the King gave the first of his free entertainments for wounded soldiers. It is a great honour to be entertained by the King—an honour which our heroes have well deserved. But let not any of the King's subjects who provide similar entertainment think they are doing our heroes as great an honour. Our wounded soldiers are the highest in the land, and it is an honour to wait on them.

ON the whole we recognise this, and for the first few weeks after their discharge from hospital many of the wounded—though by no means all—have a cushy time

NOW, if it is true that all wounded men are not so lucky as to get this treatment it is just as certain that the treatment will not last. The novelty wears off—is wearing off already; soon the wounded who have not lost a limb will be lost in the crowd; the men who have lost a limb, God help us! will be merely cripples.

FOR the moment our feeling of homage extends to men who have been wounded from birth or in the civil wars of everyday life. It would be fine if we could keep that feeling, for these cripples are often heroes, every inch of them. It would be fine if we could call them "God's Wounded," and bow the head when they passed by. But our history is all against us. We know with what scant courtesy a cripple is commonly treated; we know how our wounded have been treated after each of our wars. And, however probable it was that our present frame of mind would continue, we could not leave our soldiers to the sport of sentiment.

ALREADY the wounded men are proving too much for our resources. Many of them are in dire straits, some of them are in the workhouse.

IN the first place, it appears that the men—often quite without resources, and generally incapable of hard work, have to wait in want for several weeks while the Chelsea Commissioners decide what shall be their pension. This is monstrous. It is obviously the duty of the authorities to keep these men in the Army until a job has been found for them and a pension has been fixed.

MEN who have become unfit by illness are in even worse case, and have been in a desperate case.

"WHEN I remember how my grandfather was treated, and how my father was treated, when I think on what they are going to do for me, I feel a damned fool for having joined."

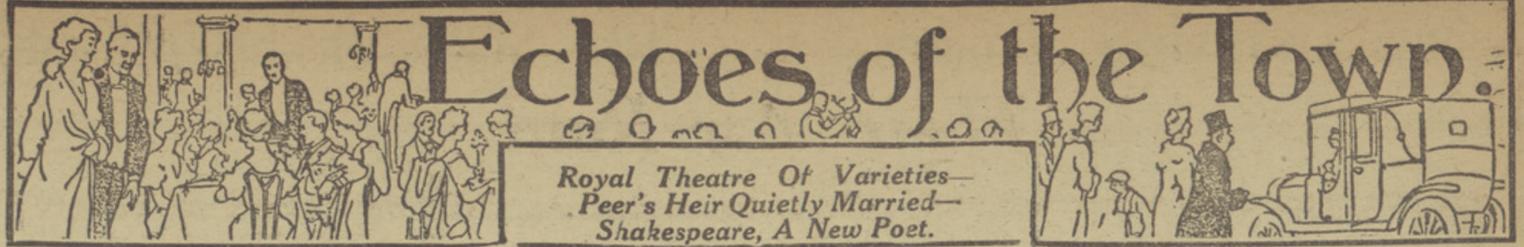
"Bah!" said I, "you'd do it again if you had the chance."

"I suppose I should," he said, with a deep growl, "there's 'damned fool' in the blood of my family."

IT is that "damned folly" which will save England; but the spectacle of it should make our politicians ashamed.

IT may be said that our resources are not sufficient to provide adequate pensions for the men discharged on medical grounds. In that case our resources must be increased. But there can be no objection to the Government shifting part of its responsibility on to other shoulders by finding work for the unfit. For a long time after a man returns wounded from the front he should work or not as he pleases. He has done enough, good God! to merit a breathing space. But there are many who will wish to work; and ultimately most of these men who are able will want to work. It is, therefore, the duty of the Government at once to organise a committee to provide employment for ex-soldiers. And I want to disabuse people of the notion that an ex-soldier is only fit to be a commissioner. It always gives me a pang when our ex-staff-sergeant commissioner with his medals on his chest salutes me (an ex-lance-corporal, of no service to speak of) as I walk into the office. Truly we are a great nation to treat our heroes thus!

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

**Echoes of the Town.**

Royal Theatre Of Varieties—
Peer's Heir Quietly Married—
Shakespeare, A New Poet.

A Very Quiet Wedding.

IT is seldom—even in war time—that the marriage of a peer's heir takes place so quietly as that of Lieutenant the Hon. F. O. H. Eaton, Lord Cheylesmore's elder son, to Miss Nora Parker, the daughter of a Tasmanian family. Lieutenant Eaton, in going outside the United Kingdom for his bride, has followed the example of his grandfather and his father, each of whom married an American. The present Lady Cheylesmore was Miss Elizabeth French, of New York, while the first peer's wife, who did not live to become a peeress, came from New Orleans.

Sir Derek Keppel.

WHILE the great Alfred Butt is managing the Buckingham Palace Theatre of Varieties from one end, as it were, the other is being looked after by Sir Derek Keppel, Master of the Household. Yesterday he and Lady Keppel were, in addition to other duties, busy among the tea tables, and the brave sailor and soldier guests of his Majesty had several other distinguished "waiters" and "waitresses." Sir Derek, who is a brother of the Earl of Albemarle, has long been on terms of intimacy with the Royal Family, and he married a daughter of the late Lord Suffield, that intimate friend of King Edward, to whom, as Prince of Wales, Sir Derek was Equerry-in-Ordinary. He is a man of rare tact and charm, and his hobby is racing.



—(Russell.)

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Spring Is Here.

YESTERDAY was the first day of spring—according to the calendar. As it was ushered in with ten hours' continuous rainfall in the Thames Valley, which is a miniature-lakeland with a river six feet above normal summer level, we may be forgiven if we turn the calendar with its face to the wall. Of course, "the situation is most serious for the farmers." What situation is not? I am told that one man who tried to make a start on the land was just able to rescue his horse before it disappeared for ever in the sloppy ground.

Crocuses Halt.

THE crocuses in the parks, which halted when the frost and snow came, are now continuing their opening performance. But, in town anyway, the green leaves of the trees and hedges still seem very coy.

Why Not Give Him His Sword?

AN ANGRY father was complaining to me that the War Office does nothing at all for the officer who is invalidated out of the Service. They will not let him keep a button, nor any memento of the time when he held the King's commission. All he can get is the *London Gazette* containing his appointment, which is small consolation for the man who has done his best and broken down through no fault of his own.

Grenfell Of Labrador.

IN TOWN yesterday I ran across Grenfell of Labrador, back from the front, and on his way to his beloved work among the fishermen of Labrador, with whom he has been working now for 24 years. Some 3,000 of these fishermen are with the Canadian forces, with whom Dr. Grenfell has been serving at the front in a medical capacity. He reports them all cock-a-hoop as to the result of the war.

Stopford Brooke's Handkerchief.

I AM TOLD by a man who was a frequent attendant at Stopford Brooke's chapel some years ago that the well-known preacher had one very curious pulpit mannerism. He would take his handkerchief from his trousers pocket during the middle of the sermon, blow his nose, replace the handkerchief in his pocket, and then give it a hearty snap with his hand. He would then placidly resume the reading of his manuscript, for it is doubtful whether Stopford Brooke ever preached an extempore sermon in his life.

The Straight Tip.

I LIKE the story of the sergeant-major who met a munition-making brother-in-law while home on leave. "Have a drink?" asked the munition man, but the soldier said he would not. The other asked him why. "See, I've got pots of money," he said, jingling some of it in his pocket. "Yes," said the sergeant-major, "and it's my blood money, all of it. That's why I won't drink with such as you."

The Next War Loan.

THE MAIN FEATURE of the next War Loan, which, it is expected, will be introduced next month, will be interest free of income-tax. It will thus appeal specially to the large investor, whose return for the first two loans has been greatly reduced by the high rate on unearned income. The purchaser of £100 or so of both the 3½ per cent. and the 4½ per cent. does not suffer from this deduction.

Pow Wows.

Pow wows continue, and some of the people who have been strafing each other are now quite friendly again. Lord Derby and Lord Selborne met in Lord Kitchener's room on Monday, and, I imagine, settled their little differences, and when Lord Selborne speaks this afternoon at the Mansion House we may hope that he will avoid recrimination. It's premature to say that anything is settled, but we're moving on, and some of the difficulties are out of the way.

The Two Hugheses.

AT THE same time quite a number of people succeed, shall we say, in dissembling their love for the Cabinet very successfully, and Coalition stock continues to sag away in the market of public opinion. I met a commercial man yesterday who wanted to know why we didn't hand the whole business over to the two Hugheses—W. M. and Sam. "Wouldn't they make things hum?" said he. And I'm inclined to think they would.

Sir Edward Carson's Return.

I SHOULD imagine there are few people in this country who will not welcome the news that Sir Edward Carson has recovered sufficiently from his recent breakdown to announce his intention of reappearing to-day in the House of Commons. No public man is more transparently honest than Sir Edward. He has always had the courage of his convictions, and has been prepared to suffer for them; indeed, he has suffered, more than once. His strenuous activities, political and legal, of the last few years have told even on his iron constitution. Although he bore up during the first stages of the Slingsby appeal and made a great speech, he had to retire and take a rest. I hear that he proposes in future to give up much of his practice at the Bar in favour of Parliamentary strenuousness. In Sir Edward's case this is sure to be very strenuous indeed.



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Colonel Henderson.

COLONEL HENDERSON, who is familiarly dubbed "Lord Derby's understudy" by M.P.s, created something of a sensation by his vigorous reply to Mr. Pringle's criticism of the Government's Army policy yesterday. As a rule, the colonel passes as a quiet, good-humoured, and philosophic individual. His blaze out was as effective as it was unexpected. He has a grim and determined nature underneath his reposeful and courteous manner.

Like Mother, Like Daughter.

I WAS TALKING to Katharine Tynan (who is Mrs. Hinkson in private life) the other day, and she told me that her daughter Pamela (whose age is fifteen) is beginning to follow in her footsteps. She showed me two poems which Pam has written lately, and they were admirable.

Where Economy Stumbled.

A CERTAIN LADY, the wife of a distinguished Harley-street physician, anxious to do her bit in these strenuous days of war economy, was explaining to admiring friends how little she now paid for her clothes. "My hat was only 4s. 11d.," she proudly said, "and the dress I have on only 29s. 11d." Then, with a tender glance at her immaculately-shod feet, she added, "but I did pay £2 7s. 6d. for my shoes!"

Conduchesses.

THE ARRIVAL of what (in spite of the L.G.O.C.) I shall call conduchesses has brought with it a new problem in 'bus manners. Yesterday, a friend tells me, he was standing up at the end of a 'bus when four buxom girls in uniform came in. Two of them sat down and then, seeing him standing, one jumped up and said: "Take my seat, sir." This, I gather, is in deference to rules and regulations, but it will take us some time to get used to it.

Shakespeare The New.

IF YOU SEE a book of poems published soon by William Shakespeare don't jump to the conclusion that these are some hitherto unpublished works of the Bard of Avon, brought out in connection with the forthcoming celebrations. Oh, no. This William Shakespeare happens to be an officer in the Army who is also a poet. His book is to be called "Ypres."

£134,000 v. Is. A Day.

AND so that successful young man, Charles Chaplin, has signed a contract in America which assures him the comfortable income of £134,000. I wonder whether the clause, to which he has, of course, assented, which forbids him coming to England in case he might be forced to do what he, as a British subject and a youth of military age, ought to have done long ago of his own free will, will make any difference to his popularity in this country. Will his antics be received with the same hilarity? Will "Picturedromes" and suchlike places be just as crowded when his films are announced? I'm afraid so.

Vernon Castle's Example.

I GRANT you that it would require rather an heroic effort to sacrifice £134,000 per annum for one shilling per diem. But the effort, or something near it, has been made. Vernon Castle, the Tango dancer, has chucked £1,000 a week of Yank money to come over the Atlantic and fight for his native land. This is in pleasant contrast.

In The Flying Corps.

I SAW Vernon Castle at Ciro's a couple of nights ago. He had just landed, and is already in the Royal Flying Corps. He seems quite a charming fellow, and quite unspoiled by his success. Lily Elsie was there in a wonderful gown, the front of it of pale orchid-mauve chiffon and the back of a deeper shade in velvet. She wore several ropes of pearls and a diamond bow, and looked adorable. Mabel Russell was in white, Eagine Flory in blue, with pink roses, Ruby Miller, in green, was dancing with Jack Coats, the aviator.

Boots.

TO FOLLOW this paragraph with remarks about economy in dress seems a bit inconsistent, but I'll risk it. The gospel of "bad form" need not be preached only to Belgrave-square; "the purer air of Seven Dials" needs a tip just as much. The poorer classes, instead of buying sound clothes and things which are by no means necessarily unbecoming because they are cheap, will go in for shoddy imitations of "le dernier cri." Only yesterday I saw a crowd of workgirls emerge from a factory, and 80 per cent. of them wore boots with white "uppers."

What The "Old Vic." Is Doing.

THE MUSICAL and theatrical doings at the "Old Vic." are really marvellous. Here week after

week, month after month, in the Waterloo-road, you can get the best possible fare, artistically presented, for a few pence. Here is the much-talked-of Repertory Theatre in being, with no state aid or millionaires to back it. This photograph is of Henry Beaumont, one of the principal tenors of the company, who was the Myles in last week's production

of "The Lily of Killarney," a most melodious opera, which hasn't been heard in the West-End for more years than I care to remember. Mr. Beaumont was for a considerable period with the Carl Rosa Opera Company, and tells me that he has sung the name-part in "Faust" over four hundred times.

In Cold Blood.

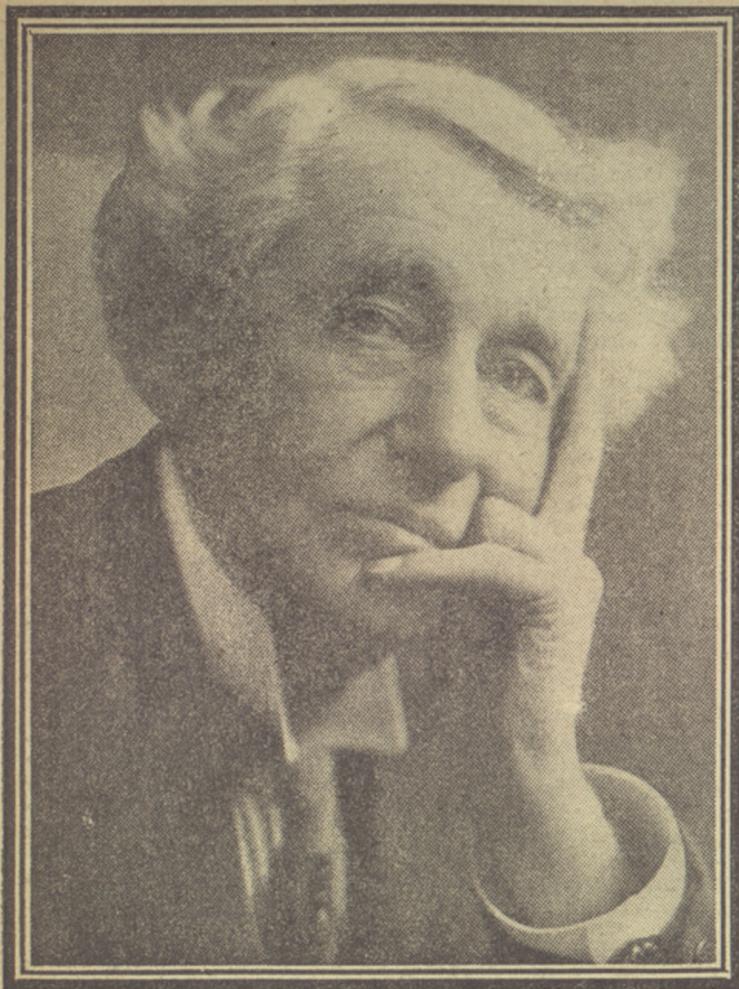
A FINE Russian concert at the Queen's Hall on Monday evening. To sing the "haunted soliloquy" from "Boris Godounow" in cold blood and evening dress can't be easy, but M. Bouillez did it magnificently. Sir Thomas Beecham conducted this and a vigorous Symphony by Borodin, and Lady Randolph Churchill arrived in a taxi and did some listening.

Oranges In The Stalls.

WE APPEAR to be getting more democratic as a result of the war. But the thing has its limits. The other night, for instance, I observed a woman in the front row of the stalls at the Prince of Wales's. She was eating oranges between the acts, and putting the peel away in a bag. The smell of orange peel is a little unfamiliar at the Prince of Wales's.

MR. COSSIP.

SIR C. WYNDHAM MARRIES



Sir Charles Wyndham.—(Vandyk.)



Sir Charles and Mary Moore leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after the memorial service to Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Irving. The marriage was announced yesterday between Sir Charles Wyndham and Mary, widow of Mr. James Albery (Miss Mary Moore).

THE SORT OF EMPIRE MEN WE NEED IN ENGLAND



The Right Hon. W. M. Hughes, Australia's popular Premier, yesterday visited the Burdett-Coutts School at Westminster, where he was educated. He is seen (on left) with Mr. Burdett-Coutts and Mrs. Hughes.—(Daily Sketch Photograph.)



General Sir Sam Hughes, one of Canada's best, who is now in London. He is a man, placing patriotism before politics.—(Photograph.)

THE PADRE WEARS A STEEL HELMET.



A French chaplain chatting with officers behind the Verdun line. Like the soldier, he wears a steel helmet.

AT THE GRAVE OF HER SOLDIER HUSBAND



A widow of France visiting the snow-covered grave of her soldier husband, who fell fighting for France.

PREPARING FOR A RECONNAISSANCE OF THE HUNS' POSITION.



French soldiers getting the big kites ready for an ascent. Supported by these, observers are able to watch the Huns' position. It will be remembered that the late Colonel Cody, the British airman, first began his experiments in aviation by using similar kites.

DIRECTING THE FIRE OF THE FRENCH 75's.



French artillery observers watching where the shells of the 75's fall. As they correct the range, an orderly carrying a portable telephone transmits their messages to the gunners.—(Wyndham.)

WOMEN CHEER MR. BOWLES, THE MARRIED MEN'S CANDIDATE.



"We are going to get our husbands to vote for the man who will look after us," said these women, as they gave a hearty cheer to Mr. G. Bowles, the married men's candidate in the Harborough election.—(Daily Sketch Photograph.)

A PROVOST-MARSHAL.



Col. James Lindsay is Provost-Marshal of the military headquarters at Portsmouth.—(Swaine.)

TO WED NAVAL HERO.



Miss E. J. Somerville, who is to marry Capt. Cecil Fox, R.N., of H.M.S. Powerful, who sank four German torpedo-boats.—(Bangier.)

BAGGED SEVEN HUNS.



Lieut. F. Putch, 3rd Irish Guards, has received the D.S.O. He captured seven Germans at Loos.

THE "MYSTERY" OFFICER.



Lieut. Clifford Probert, the boy officer who lost his memory from effects of wounds. His identity was discovered through his picture in the Daily Sketch. (Remarkable story on Page 2.)

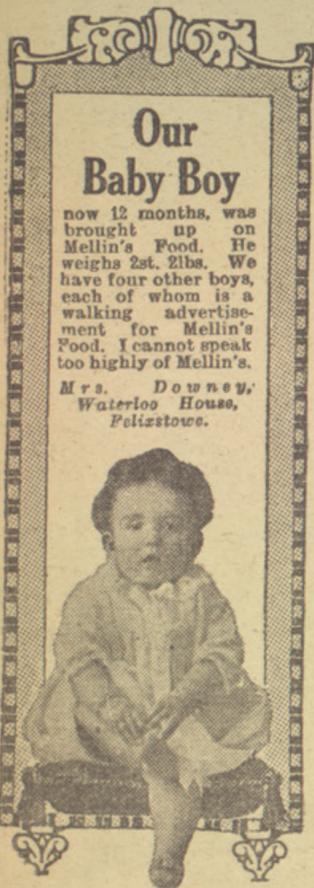
THE LONE LAMBS FIND A FRIEND.



An incident in the day's work of a lady farmer in Cornwall. Her only assistant on the farm is the girl seen in the picture, a dairy student.

Mellin's Food

THE NEAREST FOOD TO NATURE'S FOOD



Our Baby Boy

now 12 months, was brought up on Mellin's Food. He weighs 2st. 2lbs. We have four other boys, each of whom is a walking advertisement for Mellin's Food. I cannot speak too highly of Mellin's.

Mrs. Downey, Waterloo House, Felixstowe.

TREMENDOUS burdens are in store for the babies of to-day—and remember *your* child can never be any stronger than its food makes it!

Do not experiment then with foods unproved, unknown, or un-endorsed; trust your little one's health and strength and vigour of mind and body to Mellin's Food—which has already proved its worth by fifty years of ever-increasing success.

Mellin's Food is used with fresh cows' milk; the combination is exactly equivalent to mother's milk; it possesses the life-giving elements of mother's milk (unknown in dried milk foods), and like mother's milk it is acceptable and beneficial to baby from birth.

FRESH MILK v. DRIED MILK.

The superiority of *fresh milk* over dried or sterilized milk cannot be over-emphasised. Read the following:—

SIR THOMAS BARLOW, K.C.V.O., D.Sc., M.D., LL.D.

has stated that "Certain maladies were introduced by sterilization. It was well known that children fed upon sterilized milk developed scurvy and rickets."

SIR LAUDER JUNTUN, M.D., LL.D., F.R.C.P.

has said that "There was a consensus of opinion that in the long run, sterilized milk was injurious to children, although at first it might seem to do good."

Take no risks with baby—give Mellin's Food.

Test "Mellin's" FREE.

To make it easy for you to try Mellin's Food, we will send on receipt of your name and address a free sample bottle of Mellin's Food and a useful Handbook for Mothers on How to Feed the Baby.

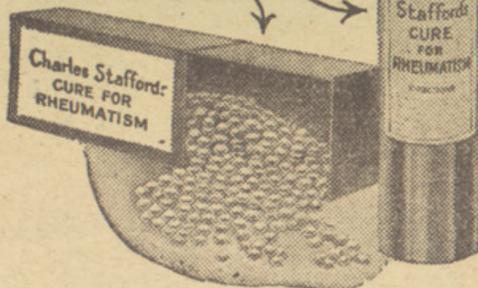
ADDRESS: SAMPLE DEPARTMENT, MELLIN'S FOOD, LTD., PECKHAM, LONDON, S.E.

My Wonderful Treatment For RHEUMATISM

Has Cured Thousands of Chronic Sufferers after every other Remedy had Failed.

I will Send you a Box without Charge or Obligation.

The Complete Cure



AT LAST there has been discovered a Treatment which really does cure Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Sciatica and ALL URIC ACID ILLS.

Charles Stafford, the discoverer, is so certain of this that he offers a generous supply of his marvellous remedy to all sufferers who will merely take the trouble to write for it.

You must not delay a moment. Fill in the coupon below at once, and you will receive by return post a package containing all the following:—

- (1) A Supply of the Treatment, which drives out the poisonous Uric Acid from the system, reduces swellings, frees the limbs, and makes you walk, eat, and sleep as you used to do before the dread disease fastened itself upon you.
- (2) A remarkable book, entitled "How I Cured My Rheumatism," by Charles Stafford, the discoverer of this wonderful Treatment. This book contains many new and important facts which should be known to every sufferer from Rheumatism. A most interesting publication.
- (3) Letters and photos from persons of both sexes and of all ages, in all parts of the country, who testify to the never-failing powers of this extraordinary Treatment. These testimonials are in all cases unsolicited. They prove a most vital fact—namely, that this Treatment is a cure that keeps you cured. You do not have to "Keep it handy," and be always spending money on it.

Whatever else you may have tried, however many times you may have been told there is no hope for you, here is something that really does all it claims to do, something that is curing Rheumatism every day. I ask you to let me prove my words at my own expense—not yours.

I will not have it said that I did not give every sufferer an opportunity of trying my treatment at my expense, and that is why I am making this offer. If you suffer from any form of Rheumatic Ailment I earnestly ask you to ACCEPT MY OFFER TO-DAY.

COUPON FOR FREE TRIAL BOX

To C. STAFFORD, 40, High Holborn, London, W.C.

I WISH you to send me a free box of your cure for Rheumatic Ailments. I enclose two penny stamps to help pay for posting expenses.

Name
Address

Amalgamated Enterprises, Ltd.
D.S., Mar. 22, 1916



DON'T WASTE your temper or your money, but buy

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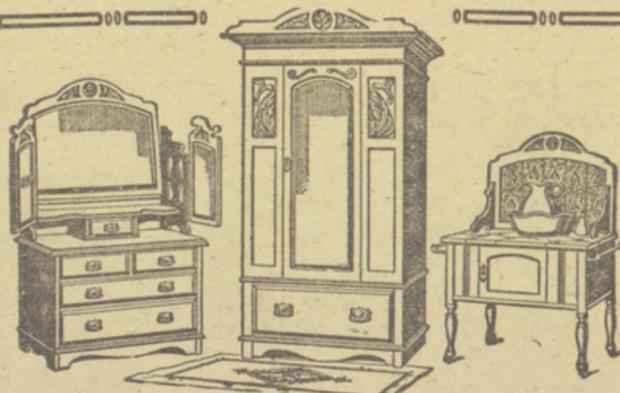
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BIRMINGHAM—60 and 61, Princes Street, and 13, High Street, Bull Ring
BRISTOL—48, Castle St., and Tower Hill
SHEFFIELD—101 and 103, The Moor
WOLVERHAMPTON—15, Du'ley St., and 13, 15, 16, 17, Central Arcade

AND AT

COVENTRY—9-10, Burgess Street
STRATFORD, E.—196-198, The Grove
CROYDON—30, 32, and 34, George Street
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WIMBLEDON, S.W.—8, Meriton Road, Broadway
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"LEAVE" FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

How To Make Things Easier For A Deserted Family.

ONE of the chief drawbacks to servantless housekeeping is that it means constant duty for the house-mother. It seems impossible that she should ever be able to get away, either on business or pleasure, except at regular holiday times, when her family goes too. But it ought to be possible to leave a well-organised house to run itself for a few days, even where all the meals must be taken at home, if the house-mother's plans are well-laid.

One of the most important things is to leave written information as to affairs likely to be forgotten. In the interest and excitement of a departure few children or grown-ups really attend to verbal instructions. They are afterwards hazily aware that something was said about where the butter was, or what to do if the sitting-room fire smoked, or when the laundry parcel would come; but they do not remember what it was.

The Importance Of Labels.

In the kitchen cupboard everything should be labelled. The average housewife is often under the impression that everything is labelled, when as a matter of fact she only has labels on rarely-used things that would mystify herself. She does not realise that a mere man might look in vain for things like bread and butter and salt, which "of course" are in the bread tin, the butter crock and the salt-box all the time.

Inside the cupboard door could be tacked the suggested menus during the absence of the housewife, with hints as to any difficulties which they may present to the emergency cooks. It is not possible to leave cooked food for a long absence, but the deserted husband or children often enjoy doing a little cooking, or what seems like cooking, if all is made easy for them.

Thus flour may be mixed with the necessary ingredients for pancakes or scones, and left in covered basins, with directions for the further necessary proceedings on top. A currant dumpling may be mixed ready for the water or milk, and the correct quantities of flour, sugar and butter left ready for white sauce, with a written instruction as to how much milk to use. Or a suet pudding may be entirely cooked, and left in its basin to be warmed up again.

Short & Simple Modes For Children.

CHILDREN'S clothes were never more varied or brighter coloured than at present, but there are a few rules to which all the styles conform. All are short and full, with sleeves that give freedom, and original charm is more sought after than the quaintness of correctly designed "period" garments.

Thus there is a suggestion of the Alsacienne in a tiny girl's white lawn frock with a simple gathering string at the neck and a straight little black velvet bodice, but the idea is not laboured, and the result is a practical frock instead of an uncomfortable "dress-up" one. For tiny bridesmaids

most of the frocks recently turned out by the leading establishments are rather sophisticated. One trio had tiny skirts of flounced net with satin bodices and tulle shoulder-straps, bunches of little pink roses at the front of the bodice and socks worn with sandaled shoes. Another set suggested Marie Antoinette, for they had lace caps and fichus and distended skirts.

Shepherd's plaid always comes round with the first spring days, and this year it is to be more popular than ever both for adults and children. Dress-makers are making much of its successful alliance with a very bright green, especially in small outfits, and a shepherd's plaid coat, cut very plainly and with plenty of flare, looks smart as can be on a green-socked little girl who has a long green ribbon fluttering from her tub-shaped black hat. Underneath the coat is a white delaine frock smocked with green silk, but this must not be allowed to show below the coat.



A blue linen overall with big pockets and a pink frock with pockets button-holed in green and a rose-patterned green tabard.

A BUSINESS WOMAN'S HOME

Housekeeping Done 'In Between Whiles,' But Done Effectively.

WHEN I went back to the clerical work I had done before I married, so that I could keep the place for a man at the front, and also help out my husband's war-diminished income, my friends declared that I should spend nearly all my salary on ready-cooked foods and incompetent charwomen.

Now that I have been going out to work, and housekeeping as well, for a year, I can laugh at their prophecies, for my husband and I do not "live in tins," and I have a charwoman only on Saturday afternoons.

Early rising is important. I am up at seven, getting a substantial breakfast. Before the breakfast things are washed I often make a simple dessert for dinner, or put the ingredients together ready for baking at night. Then I wash the dishes, tidy my own room, and dress for business. I set out with half an hour to spare, so that I can do my shopping before going to work. Small things I take with me, the bulkier ones I order to be delivered after six o'clock.

When I reach home, my first work is to get the dinner started, and while it is cooking I go over the flat with carpet-sweeper, oil-mop and duster, so that all is tidy and comfortable before my husband comes home at seven.

A Cooking Morning.

On Sunday I have a cooking morning, and make a big pot of soup, boil several pounds of potatoes, and perhaps a quantity of rice and macaroni. With these ingredients ready cooked, any intelligent housewife can soon put together an appetising and nourishing meal.

On Saturday afternoon, with the help of a charwoman, I go over the entire flat, thoroughly cleaning all the rooms, so that a few minutes on the other days is enough to keep them in order.

I know that my plan may seem unworkable to conservative housewives who are overburdened with furniture and would almost rather starve than think out meals for a whole week ahead; but I am not a conservative housewife, and I have no single object in my flat which does not pay handsomely for its house-room. A. J.

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EVERY WOMAN who has given a loved one to fight his Country's battles will feel the appeal of this heart-searching and historic story.

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ONLY a true genius could combine and blend such varied appeals to every phase of human emotion.

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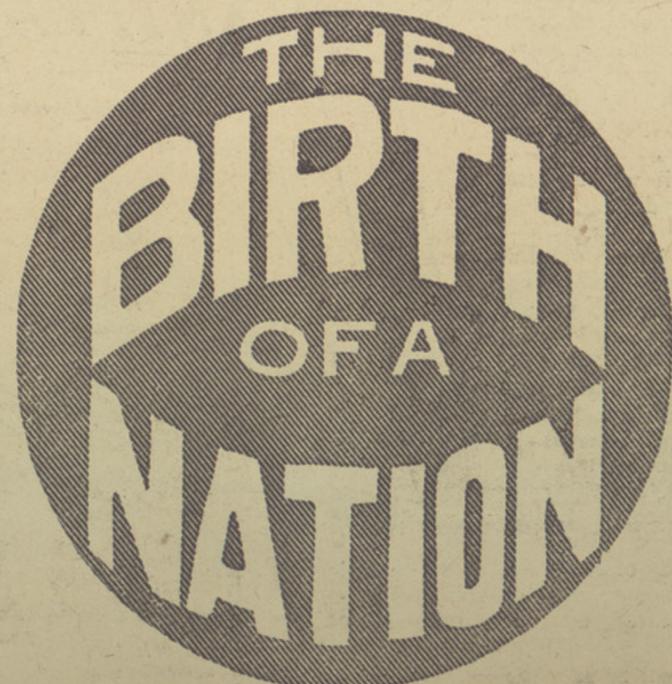
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8 MONTHS OF NIGHT AND DAY CEASELESS LABOUR.

THE GREATEST PRODUCTION IN THE WORLD AT THE GREATEST THEATRE IN THE WORLD.

"WORTHY of the BEST TRADITIONS of OLD DRURY."

A WAR WEDDING.



Lieut. F. Willmott, 3rd Dorsets, one of the Rev. H. Willmott's five fighting sons, married Miss Ruby Ricci, of Ealing.

ACTOR-AIRMAN'S RECORD



Flight-Lieut. Hugh Wakefield left the stage to become an Army airman. Learning to fly in almost record time, he has for months been at the front.

D.S.O. FOR THE FLAG LIEUT.



Flag Lieut. Lionel Ormsby-Johnson, R.N., awarded D.S.O. for signalling services at the Gallipoli evacuation.—(Swaine.)

THE R.N.A.S. IN EGYPT.



Two of the R.N.A.S. men now in camp in Egypt. They look as happy as they are healthy in their vigorous, open-air life on active service.

PARLIAMENT AND COMPULSION.

Liberal War Committee Wants Principle Applied To All Married Men.

Although the Parliamentary statements of the Treasury Bench did not come up to expectations yesterday (writes a Parliamentary correspondent), there is a growing feeling at Westminster that the Government is nearer every day to the task of deciding whether a general extension of compulsory military service should not be sanctioned by the legislature at an early date.

The resolutions of the Liberal War Committee yesterday calling for the application of compulsion to all married men of military age, coupled with adequate financial assistance, and for the automatic enlistment of men arriving at the age of 18 are interesting developments.

WHO DELIVERED THOSE BOXES?

They were ingenious burglars who made the big haul of jewellery from Regency House, Warwick-street, during the week-end. The thieves left behind two cylinders, one used for acetylene and



the other for oxygen, and these were conveyed to Regency House in two stout, new wooden packing cases.

- (1) Size 4 feet 9 inches by 18 inches by 12 inches.
- (2) 2 feet by 16 inches, by 13 inches.

Lids and bottoms of both consist of four narrow boards, the sides of both consist of three narrow boards; the first weighs about 3½ cwt. and the second weighs about 2 cwt.; both have "V.W.23714" stencilled in black letters, 3 inches deep, on the lids.

The cases were apparently recently delivered at Regency House, and a reward of £10 is offered by Price and Gibbs, assessors to Lloyd's underwriters, to the first person giving such information as will lead to the discovery of the person who made the cases or delivered them at Regency House.

RUBBERS AGAIN IN DEMAND.

In the Stock Exchange yesterday the best market was that for Rubber shares, in which there was a fairly general advance. Rubber Trusts were especially in demand, and rose to 22s., while Linggi advanced to 21s.

Oil shares remained active and generally firm. Shells being wanted at 97s. 6d., Rumanian Consolidated improving to 14s. 6d., and Ural Caspian to 35s. 3d.

Consols and War Loan stock were unchanged. Home Railways again improved, and Grand Trunks were firmer, but American securities fell sharply, following Wall Street quotations.

The trading profits of William Whiteley, Limited, for the past year amounted to £115,000, compared with £117,000 for the previous twelve months. Shareholders will get a dividend of 5 per cent., as was the case a year ago.

The British Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company propose to pay a dividend on the preference shares at the rate of 7½ per cent. The market had hoped for more.

LIVERPOOL COTTON.—Futures closed barely steady. American, 2½ to 4 down; Egyptian easy, 5 to 15 down.

AMERICAN COTTON (close).—New York 3 to 17, and New Orleans 8 to 16 points down. Tone steady.

OUR CIGARETTE FUND.

10.—Friends at the Rowans, Wilmslow. 1s. 6d.—Sunbeam. 1s.—Mrs. F. A. Vicars, Toronto.

BILLIARDS (close).—Falkner, 4,884; Stevenson (in play), 2,800.

Vantile has been taken out of the Lincolnfield Handicap. Mr. Bushe Fox, the well-known rowing coach, died at Cambridge yesterday morning.

The London Gazette announces that a receiving order on a creditor's petition has been made against John Fallon, described as a racehorse owner and trainer, of Winterbourne Stoke, near Salisbury.

At an inquest at Plymouth on Donald Adderbrooke (18), naval cadet, who collapsed during a boxing bout with another cadet, it was stated that death resulted from a ruptured vein in the brain. A verdict of natural causes was returned.

£5 REWARD.—Lost in Green Park, small grey Pekinese dog. Apply Manager, R&S Hotel.

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A REMARKABLE VOLUME.

Every page of this remarkable publication is alive with facts that every man and woman, wife and husband should know. Here is concentrated all the knowledge that Dr. Rooke himself gained in his many years of practical experience in curing human ailments, both in his own personal practice, his vast studies, and in the treatment of thousands of people who, learning of his fame, wrote him for advice.

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At a time when operations and treatment by strong drugs had certainly not proved conclusively successful, he thoroughly investigated the matter of treating illness, and, forsaking ordinary methods, he turned to the East. By a prolonged study of costly and rare Oriental products, he at last perfected his wonderful "Solar Elixir," of which millions of bottles have been sold the world over.

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you are invited to accept free, the following brief synopsis is given:—

PART I.—The Nightmare of Indigestion—How Food is converted into Blood—How we depend for vitality on the Stomach.—Causes of Digestive Breakdown—How digestive martyrs poison themselves.

PART II.—The Terror of Sleepless Nights—Bodily Breakdown the result of Insomnia—Nerve Debility.

PART III.—How strong Men Become Weak—Leakage of Nerve Power—What is the Vital Force of the Body?—Giddiness and Fainting—Epileptic Fits—Deprived of Nervous Power.

PART IV.—Asthma—Its Cause and Cure—How Nervous Debility and Indigestion may bring on Asthma—That Wheezing Cough and Choking Sensation—The Danger of Influenza—Shortness of Breath and Blood Spitting—Is Consumption Curable?—Ulcer in the Lungs.

PART V.—Is Nervous Debility the Cause of all Illness?—Symptoms of Apoplexy—St. Vitus' Dance—The Treatment of Bright's Disease.

PART VI.—Bilious and Liver Complaints—Important Question of Diet—Flatulence and Heart Palpitation.

PART VII.—The Cause and Cure of Rheumatism—Dangerous Drugs you should not take—Wonderful discovery to ease pain—Inflammation of the Heart caused by Rheumatism—Sciatic Pains Relieved.

From the few selected subjects mentioned above the value of this Book will be fully realised, and it will be understood that it is no mere advertising pamphlet, but a volume to be kept in a handy place in the home.

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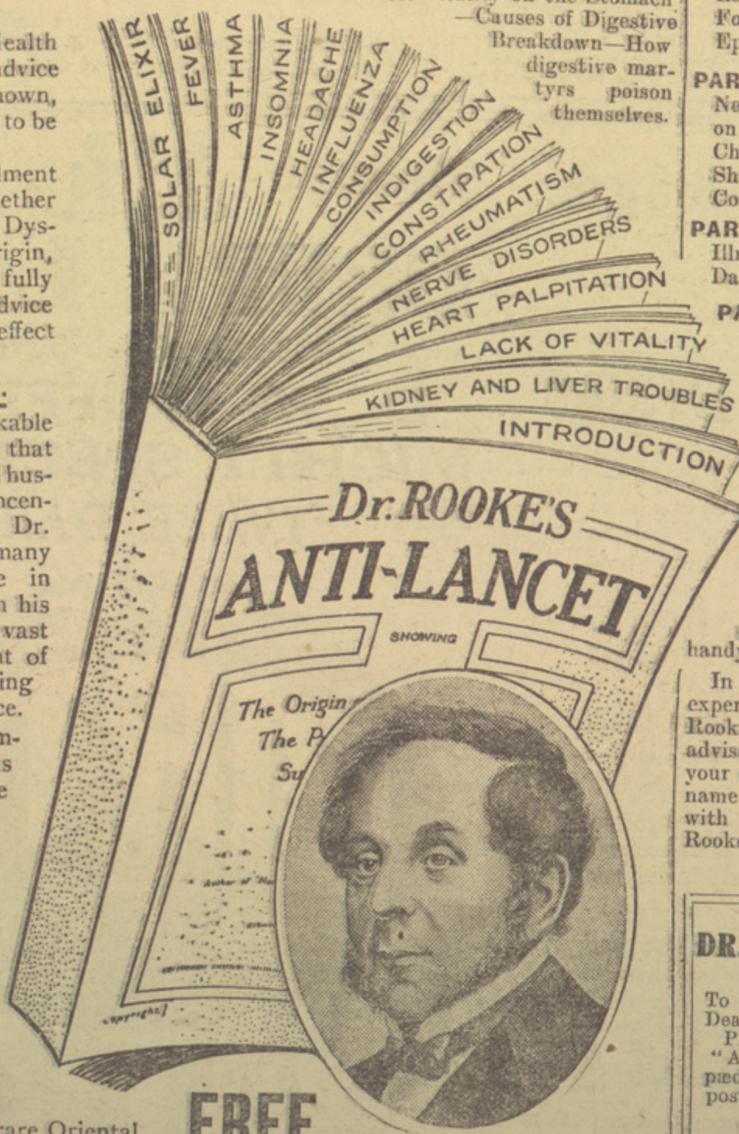
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"Daily Sketch," 22/3/16.

NOTICE!—It will come as additionally welcome news to learn that the Proprietors of "Solar Elixir" have promised to send to anyone who is ailing and wishes to test this preparation a generous Test Supply free of cost on receipt of an additional 2d. stamps to cover the cost of postage. Thus, if you require both "Anti-Lancet" and "Solar Elixir," send 3d. stamps with coupon above. If only "Anti-Lancet" required send 1d. stamp only.



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The Health Encyclopedia offered to all readers free of cost in this announcement is a household Guide to Health that no one should be without. Every page teems with advice, and no man or woman, wife or husband, should fail to secure a copy. Simply fill in the form below and this valuable Health Guide will be sent you at once gratis, if you enclose 1d. stamp for postage. Should you also desire to test Dr. Rooke's "Solar Elixir" you may do so free of charge if you enclose an additional 2d. stamps (making 3d. stamps in all) to cover cost of packing and postage to your address.

LOVE GOES ASTRAY

By Howel Evans

"Old Friends."
Steve felt himself grow rigid, and he turned quickly to see if Sheila had overheard. No, she was still talking to the matron.

"One moment, Mr. Darnley," he said. "We've lots of things to clear up; we must have a talk together, you and I. I suppose there's an hotel in this place where we can get a private room? But there's Miss Maynard. She must be considered, too. Not a word to her, please. You're only just a chance acquaintance, you understand. Curious meeting me here, you know."

"And how's everyone in town, Darnley?" went on Steve, speaking easily, as if to an old acquaintance, as Sheila came up. "And what are you doing in a police station?"

"I might ask the same question of you, eh, Hayle?" laughed Darnley. "I came in to see if there were any repair people in the neighbourhood. My ears got a bit out of order."

"Indeed! Bad luck. Are you stopping here for lunch? If so, why not join us? Mr. Darnley, Miss Maynard."

"Delighted, I'm sure," answered Darnley.

"All right then, we'll say lunch in half an hour's time. What's the best hotel, superintendent? The Queen's? Right ho! thanks! And would you mind doing what you like with that?"

Steve laid two sovereigns on the desk, and then turned to the matron.

"And you, I never can thank you," he said quietly. "I'll write to you from London."

Steve was wondering in his own mind what he could offer this woman for her kindness, and as Sheila was saying good-bye to the matron and thanking her, Steve turned and spoke quickly to Stuart Darnley.

"We shall get a chance to talk quietly together after lunch. Not a word to Miss Maynard."

"Not a word."

"What Does It Matter?"

Stuart Darnley left them, to see about his car, as he said, and up the steps of the Queen's Hotel, the very hotel from which Sheila had been turned away the day before, Steve and Sheila walked.

Steve engaged a private sitting-room, arranged for luncheon to be served in half-an-hour's time, and then he turned to Sheila and half-opened his arms to her. But he let them drop to his side again. She was not for him, not for his love; she was only his pal, his little pal.

"Oh, Sheila, Sheila, can you tell me everything, anything? But don't, dear, if you don't like to. It only matters that I've found you, that you're safe. Don't tell me anything if you'd rather not."

"Oh, Steve, that's so like you—always wanting to spare me pain. But I'm going to tell you every-

thing; I must, Steve, I must. But first of all," she smiled a little, "you're so—so different to the last time I saw you. D'you know, Steve, you didn't know me then?"

"Yes, I'm only just beginning to put those threads-together now, Sheila. The little boxer has helped me. It was my memory. I didn't remember anything that happened after I got a knock on the head at that fire, and then I suddenly found myself in my chambers talking to old Madden, and talking about you, too, Sheila, and declaring that I had just seen you. And I found out afterwards that I had seen you, Sheila, and I believe it was that which brought my memory back."

"And also, dear," Steve couldn't help using that one little word, "I've heard about you and the awful times you've been through. But you're going to be all right and happy now. You must go back home. What does it matter if people do talk; if everybody did see that advertisement of your aunt's in the paper offering a reward for you? It was rather foolish of Aunt Mary to do that, I think."

"Oh, no, Steve, it was kind of her, very kind! But I couldn't, I couldn't go back to the Gables! What would people say? What would they think?"

"You had your own reasons for going away, that's all. There's an old saying, 'What say they? Let them say!' Surely after what you've gone through you're brave enough to go back and look everyone in the face? And there'll be enough

Look out for our Remarkable New Serial Story,
THE LOVE CHEAT,
Specially Written by Yelva Burnett,
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THE DAILY SKETCH.

money for you now to keep up the old place. I was so glad to hear about those shares, Sheila."

Sheila turned on Steve a face in which there were both terror and wonder.

"Steve, Steve," she said, "what d'you mean by 'those shares'? I—I don't understand."

Steve was silent for a moment, and then he quickly made up his mind.

"We may as well have it all out here, now, Sheila," he said, "while we're together and alone. I may as well tell you everything that has happened."

Then he went on to relate what Finch had told him about the shares and about Sheila insisting on his taking half, and how John Finch had declared that he had come down there to see if he could do anything for her, as a last act of contrition.

"Oh, but Steve, that's not true, that's not true!" broke in Sheila. "Listen! Now I must tell you everything, too. Oh, Steve, I'm ashamed to my very soul to have to say these things of the man I married, but I must, I must!"

Then she told of the attack upon her and Meg—of which Steve had, of course, already heard—and how she was certain that she had not been mistaken when she recognised John Finch; then of the visit, brought about by a trick, to Terence and Co.'s supposed office, in some building she knew not where; of the loss of consciousness she had experienced after a little prick of pain; and then the waking up to find herself under the gorse bush at Cullenden.

"And Steve, he—he had seen that paragraph in the paper, and he knew it was me; he knew where they had left me, and he came down here for his own purposes. And those shares, Steve, weren't worth twenty thousand pounds, they were only worth ten thousand, and I transferred them all to him. But they were in the possession of Mr. Plantin, dad's solicitor—you remember—and he refused to give them up, and said he would take the consequences."

"Ah, that was wise, wise of the old man! Go on, Sheila."

Steve's heart was bumping. John Finch had lied to him then! He must hear what more Sheila had to say.

"And then my—my—" Sheila hesitated—"my husband told Mr. Plantin who he was. He said he was my husband, Eric Landor, and that I had disappeared in order that I could be with him. Of course it was quite safe to tell Mr. Plantin that, because he did not know that John Finch and Eric Landor were the same man."

"No, I see, I see! Well, go on, Sheila, go on."

Talking Things Over.

"He—he told Mr. Plantin," continued Sheila. "that he could get a copy of the marriage certificate within a very few hours, and that Mr. Plantin would have to give up the shares. All this he had been telling me when you saw him here this morning."

So, thought Steve, the man had lied to him, tricked him. He'd taken all Sheila's little fortune! Of course, the solicitors would have to act according to Sheila's signature. The marriage certificate would prove that she was married. Her husband brought her authority, and a solicitor must abide by that.

Why, oh why, had he let Finch go? Steve was trying to hold down his passion, was trying to frame words of some kind, when the door opened and Stuart Darnley was shown in, and the waiter followed to lay the cloth for luncheon.

After the meal Steve spoke gently to Sheila. "Don't you think you'd better have a little rest before we start back to town? I'm sure it would do you good."

Sheila felt that it would be nice to close her eyes for a while. Besides, perhaps the two men wanted to smoke and talk together. Sheila was one of

those women who realise that men sometimes like to be alone with each other.

"Now!" said Steve, when he had shut the door behind Sheila.

"Now!" said Stuart Darnley in the same tone, with half a smile. "I suppose you wonder who I am, don't you, since I've been butting into your affairs?"

Steve nodded. He didn't say a word, but just nodded.

"Well, I'm an officer of the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard."

"Indeed!"

Steve spoke coolly, almost as if uninterested, but all the while fire was burning within him. He must keep cool. He was just wanting to know what was going to happen to John Finch. That was all he wanted to know. John Finch was a murderer, so this man had said, and therefore John Finch would hang, and Sheila—Sheila would be free.

Sheila would be free! That was good hearing.

"I know what you're thinking of, my boy," went on the detective. "You're thinking of John Finch, alias Eric Landor, and you're thinking of your sweetheart, that pretty girl who's just gone up to rest, I know. And so am I."

"You—you know about Eric Landor, then? You know about his—his—" Steve was excited now.

"His marriage? Yes, I know everything about that. You remember Noakes? A smart fellow, Noakes, though perhaps he doesn't look it. He was working in conjunction with me. We found means of identifying Miss Maynard. We knew about you, and about Miss Maynard and her marriage. I was sorry for you, my dear fellow, I was sorry."

He leant over and patted in a fatherly way the back of Steve's hand which lay on the table, and Steve felt that he was going to like this man with the keen eyes and the pleasant voice.

"That was why I was masquerading as Aubrey Withers' clerk," he went on. "I got the job there because I wanted to find out things, and I did find out something that gave me a clue, and I thought incidentally I would cheer you up by telling you not to give up hope, not to give way. That's why I spoke to you outside your chambers that day. You're pretty hefty, you know, but we policemen always learn ju-jitsu. That was how I got rid of your grip."

Steve smiled a little. He remembered that scene so well.

"You were after John Finch then?" he said. "But he was dead—dead and buried—for all you knew."

"No, he wasn't. I knew that he wasn't dead, and the governor of the gaol knew it, too. We suspected John Finch of murder, and that's what I'm after him for."

"Then who was the man in convict's clothes who was buried as John Finch?"

"Frederick Thornton, a member of a most respected family at Dorrington Moor."

"My God, I remember now! I saw the bill offering a reward for information as to his whereabouts after his disappearance. The body was in convict clothes, and was fished out of the river horribly disfigured and distorted. How did you find out it was Frederick Thornton?"

A New Complication.

"Finger prints," said Stuart Darnley. "The fingers of the right hand were uninjured, and they weren't the finger prints of John Finch which were recorded in Scotland Yard. Therefore, we knew John Finch must have escaped, and—well, wasn't it easy enough for a simpleton almost to put things together? It was surely possible that John Finch might have met this, to him, unknown man and killed him, changed clothes with him, and then pitched the body into the river. Everything was on the body, stockings, boots, everything. It wanted a cool hand to do it, but then John Finch was always a cool hand."

"Were you down here after John Finch, Mr.—or is it Inspector Darnley?"

"Neither—to you. Call me Darnley," was the genial reply. "No, I've seen the announcement in the paper about Miss Maynard—just the same as you had, I suppose, and I came down just to see if it was any of John Finch's work. But, my dear fellow, don't worry. Your trials are practically all over now. John Finch'll be hanged by the neck."

"No, no, wait, wait, Darnley; listen!" Steve had sprung to his feet. "Don't you see what that would mean? He would be sure to tell about his marriage; I daresay it would have to come out. Miss Maynard might even be called as a witness. God, Darnley, don't you see what that would mean for her? Exposure, shame—just what I've been trying to spare her. Let the brute go. Anyway, it would kill her to think that the man she married had been hanged; I know it would."

"Well, you're a wonderful man!" Darnley looked admiringly at Steve. "If that swine's hanged you'd be free to marry the girl, but for her sake you ask me to let him go. I'm sorry, but I'm afraid I can't oblige you. It's my duty, you see. I've got all the evidence against him, and the rope waits for him."

"No, he shan't hang. That would be worse than death itself for Miss Maynard. He must go, I say, Darnley."

"And I say no. He'll be arrested before night-fall."

Darnley stood up with his usual quick movement of determination, and Steve stood up as well, and the two men, both of the same height, both finely built and upstanding, stared each other straight in the eyes without speaking a word, only the tick of the clock on the mantelpiece breaking the silence.

"You're not going to get hold of John Finch," said Steve.

(Another splendid instalment to-morrow.)

A REMARKABLE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

SPECIALIST'S ADVICE TO A READER.

For nearly ten years I suffered the excruciating torture of articular, muscular and acute inflammatory rheumatism. After trying various advertised remedies without benefit I was very much discouraged, until one day I consulted a famous specialist who told me to occasionally flush out my badly deranged kidneys, and when they were eliminating uric acid as they normally should, all my rheumatic symptoms would soon disappear. On his advice I drank twice daily a tumbler of water containing about a level teaspoonful of common Alkia Saltrates, and within two days my kidneys felt better, my lumbago and sciatic pains had entirely vanished, and my swollen joints were less painful and greatly reduced. I continued two weeks longer, and during several months that have passed since then, not a trace of kidney trouble or rheumatism has returned, even my formerly gouty foot now being entirely cured. The remarkable compound which, as pure Alkia Saltrates, can be procured from any chemist, consists of the refined deposits or precipitates obtained by evaporation of the waters from certain natural curative medicinal springs, and it is not at all expensive. Only a few ounces will be required, and in its pure refined state it is practically tasteless to drink, yet as a uric acid solvent and eliminant its powers are truly amazing.—J.L.C.

SPECIAL NOTE.—We are informed by the Saltrates Company (Dept. 41), 214, Great Portland Street, London, W., who prepare a very high grade of Alkia Saltrates, that during the next ten days they are willing, as an advertising offer, to supply anyone interested in the product, with a regular 1s. 6d. size packet if applicant cares to send 6d. for the postage, packing, etc.—Advt.

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AVOID ST. VITUS' DANCE.

Physicians are often baffled by St. Vitus' Dance because it is a nervously disease in which they can find nothing actually wrong with the nervous system.

Long before the child becomes awkward and begins dropping things there is a period during which the appetite is fickle and the patient is tired and listless. The jerking movements peculiar to the disease come much later.

In the early stages a good tonic for the blood and nerves will go far towards preventing the development of the disease. But the tonic must be free from alcohol and opiates, for these make the nervous condition worse. When your child appears listless, prefers to sit and read rather than go out and play, and takes too long over his or her lessons, give a course of treatment with Dr. Williams' pink pills. They cannot do harm; the system is sure to be benefited, and you may avoid serious trouble with nervous ailments.

These pills build up the blood, nourish the starved nerves, and improve the general health. Try them without delay; any dealer can supply them if you ask for Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people; accept nothing else.

FREE.—Send your address on a postcard to Post Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London, asking for a free copy of "The Nerves and their Needs."—Advt.

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'CAMP' Coffee

A host in itself—always handy—always dependable—a marvel of economy You really must try 'CAMP'.
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HOW TO GET RID OF DANDRUFF.

This Home Made Mixture Removes Dandruff and Stops the Hair from Falling out.

The following simple recipe which can be mixed at home or put up by any chemist, will quickly remove dandruff and stop the hair from falling out. To a half-pint of water add 1 oz. of bay rum, 1 small box of Orlex Compound and 4 oz. of glycerine. These are all simple ingredients that you can buy from any chemist at very little cost, and mix them yourself. Apply to the scalp once a day for two weeks, then once every other week until the mixture is used. A half-pint should be enough to rid the hair of dandruff and kill the dandruff germs. It stops the hair from falling out and relieves itching and scalp disease.

Although it is not a dye, it acts upon the hair roots and will darken streaked, faded, grey hair in 10 or 15 days. It promotes the growth of the hair and makes harsh hair soft and glossy.—(Advt.)

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"My trouble started with itching in the left arm, and from a small patch of red it spread until it nearly reached my elbow and down toward my chest. The itching and burning were terrible and I was in torment both day and night. There would also be a few small white-headed pimples which would break and run into each other."

"Then I sent for a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I obtained great relief and I sent to the chemist's for a box of Ointment and now I am quite healed." (Signed) Mrs. R. Feek, Railway Cottages, Somerleyton, Suffolk, Eng., July 23, 1915.

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MRS. ASQUITH GETS £1,000 DAMAGES



Photographic studies of the Premier's wife leaving the Law Courts yesterday after being given a verdict by consent for £1,000 damages and costs against the *Globe* newspaper for libel. (See page 2.)



The cascade frock—so-called because it is composed of cherry taffetas over silver shadow lace.—(Bertram Park.)

THE PLACE THAT ONCE WAS HOME



The lonely figure of a soldier standing amid the ruins of a farm-house is the only sign of life that war has left to what was once a cosy home.—(French Official Photograph.)

HER HUSBAND WOUNDED.



The Maharani of Tikari, whose husband has been wounded on service in France.—(Elliott & Fry.)

V.C. AT ANZAC'S DANCE.



Lieut.-Corpl. Keyser, V.C., with his fair partner at a dance organised by convalescent Anzacs at Deptford.

SNOW SWEEPERS IN THE STEEL CASQUES OF WAR.



French soldiers wearing their trench helmets of steel clear the snow from the streets of a little town just behind the firing zone. The municipal workers are all on service nowadays.—(French Official Photo.)