

# DAILY SKETCH.

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ONE HALFPENNY.

## GERMANY'S FORLORN HOPE AT VERDUN: THE FRENCH TOLL OF CAPTURED HUNS.



A typical son of the Fatherland.



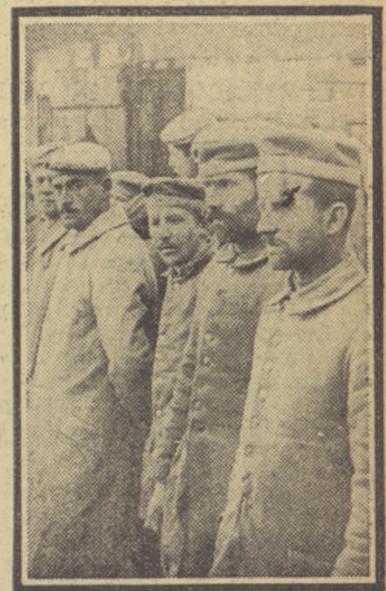
The French village children look with curious eyes on the captive Huns as one by one they leave the quarters of the military examining officer.



A spectacled Hun of gentle mien.



They bear traces of a "strafing."



Some of the more brutal types.



This forlorn, unkempt crew of Huns possess no terrors for the French children now.



A column of German prisoners of war being marched off to camp.

These are the first official photographs issued by the French War Office of the magnificent success of the French stand at Verdun. They show some of the thousands of German prisoners who have been captured during the desperate attacks upon the French frontier fortress. The captives personify in their woebegone appearance the forlorn nature of onslaughts which have failed so far to break the Allies' line, and which have reduced German hopes of victory to despair.—(Photos exclusive to the *Daily Sketch*.)

# RELIEF EXPEDITION TO RESCUE SIR E. SHACKLETON?

## THE AURORA ADRIFT IN THE ANTARCTIC.

Sir Ernest Shackleton May Be Stranded On Shore Of Ross Sea.

### NO NEWS OF THE EXPLORER.

#### Dispatch Of Relief Expedition Under Discussion.

Bad news of the Shackleton Antarctic expedition has been received.

A wireless message has come to hand (says Reuter) that the expedition's vessel, the Aurora, has gone adrift in the Antarctic Ocean. She broke away from her moorings at the Ross Sea base while a party of ten were on shore.

This party, consisting of Captain Mackintosh, who is in charge of the operations on the Australian side of the Antarctic continent, and nine other members of the staff, are thus left on shore.

#### AN UNFORESEEN CONTINGENCY.

The breaking away of the Aurora and her consequent inability to pick up the members of the expedition on their arrival on the Ross Sea side of the Antarctic was about the only contingency that had not been foreseen, and the receipt of the news in London came as a complete surprise to all connected with the expedition.

Nothing is known as to the doings or whereabouts of Sir Ernest and his party.

If they have carried out their programme it may be assumed that they are now at the Ross Sea base, only to find that there is no ship to take them off.

They would thus be in a position similar to that of Sir Douglas Mawson, who returned just as the Aurora, owing to weather conditions, had left, and the shore party had to remain another season in the Antarctic.

#### COMMUNICATED TO THE KING.

It is understood that the news was communicated to the King last evening.

It may be expected that the Government will be approached with a view to the dispatch of a relief expedition, but it is probable that no steps will be taken at present in view of the expected arrival of the Endurance at Buenos Ayres. It is, of course, possible that Sir Ernest Shackleton and his trans-continental party may return on that vessel.

In any case relief will have to be sent in the autumn, and the organisation of the relief expedition necessarily entails much preparation.

#### "SHACKLETON RETURNED."

The Associated Press of America publishes the following from Sydney: "Shackleton returned Antarctic expedition. News of achievements withheld for present."

This telegram is not easy to reconcile with the news of the Aurora having broken away from her moorings and gone adrift, and there is nothing to confirm it.

Possibly the arrival of the Aurora at some point within reach of Australia by cable or wireless may have led to the inference at Sydney that the whole expedition has returned.

#### "THERE IS JUST A HOPE."

Lady Shackleton, seen last evening, said she had not heard from Sir Ernest, and was optimistic in the absence of fuller and more definite details.

"They may have got back to Buenos Ayres. There is just a hope," she added.

Sir Ernest Shackleton left this country in September, 1914, to join the Endurance, which sailed in October from Buenos Ayres. In November, just before he left South Georgia, he sent home a message stating that he saw no chance of getting through that season.

The Aurora left Hobart at the end of 1914 for the Ross Sea with men who intended to establish depots and hoped to meet Sir Ernest and the five men who accompanied him in the neighbourhood of the Beardmore glacier.

#### MOTOR-CYCLIST

#### AIRMAN MISSING.

Sec.-Lieut. Michael Orde, R.F.C., who has been reported as missing, is the son of Mr. J. Orde, the secretary of the Royal Automobile Club. He is well-known in motor-cycling circles.



## NO CALL TO THE MARRIED GROUPS TO-DAY.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts' Son Charged As A Military Absentee.

### COHEN'S SEARCH FOR A JOB.

The Daily Sketch is in a position to state that there is no ground for the rumour that eight more groups of married Derby reservists (up to and including Group 40) will receive mobilisation notices to-day.

Philip H. Phillpotts (21), son of Mr. Eden Phillpotts, the novelist, was charged at Torquay yesterday with having been absent from the York and Lancaster Regiment since March 10.

The defence was that he had been ill, and that his father was looking after his appeal.

Asked if he were a conscript, he replied, "Yes, I suppose so."

He was remanded for an escort. Later in the day Phillpotts pleaded guilty, was fined £2, and handed over to a sergeant-major. He admitted he had received a paper, and had nothing to say.

The chairman said the Bench was sorry for his position. Possibly he did it without thinking.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts paid the fine.

#### "You Ought To Be In The Army"

When Nathan Cohen, a Fulham tailor, called on Mr. Pennington, manager of a firm of military contractors, in search of work, he said he was 17½ years of age.

Cohen looked older, and was asked for his registration certificate and to sign his name. The signature did not agree with that on the certificate, and Mr. Pennington sent for the police.

Yesterday, when charged at Brentford with having in his possession an altered military document, with altering a certificate of attestation, and with claiming to be the person to whom the certificate was issued, Cohen was stated to be 18 years of age.

It was also stated that, on being arrested, he said: "Yes, I have done this to obtain employment. Whenever I applied to get work I was told I ought to be in the Army. So I took my brother's paper and altered it."

Cohen was remanded in custody for a week in order that the military authorities might be informed.

#### Cats' Meat Man In Spats.

Well-dressed and wearing spats, Percy Sidney Wigfield, a cats' meat man, of Kingston, was charged at the local Police Court yesterday with being a conscript absentee.

Wigfield said that he had married on February 17 after he had received his mobilisation orders. He had been nine years trying to save the money with which to get married.

When exemption was sought at London tribunal yesterday for the general manager of a British film-producing company it was stated that the films help to maintain the martial spirit of the country.

"Then you had better invite the attested married men to see them," remarked the chairman. The appeal failed.

#### Won't Shave Or Have His Hair Cut.

A young man told Ilford tribunal he would not object to non-combatant service so long as he was not compelled to have his hair cut, to shave, or to eat fish. The chairman said the tribunal would endeavour to gratify his wishes.

Bachelors of military age and the younger married men in Government offices are being released for the Army and their places filled by women.

As the result of an arrangement between the Bankers' Clearing House Committee and the military authorities, 79 per cent. of the eligible staff of the London County and Westminster Bank will be able to serve with the colours.

## CAUGHT BY THE BARBED WIRE.

Fusilier Sergeant's Escape From German Snipers In "No Man's Land."

While exploring "No Man's Land" by night Sergeant Edward McConnell, 9th Northumberland Fusiliers, became entangled in barbed wire and had a narrow escape from death at the hands of German snipers.

Recovering from a bomb explosion which had temporarily stunned him, Sergeant McConnell crawled towards a tree to which he had been ordered. He drew fire, however, and at length had to try to find a weak spot in the British wire through which he could dart.

The wire, however, held him firmly, and he became a target for German snipers, none of whom hit him. He tore himself free, and later was told that the names of all leaders of the party had been sent to the divisional commander.



SGT. E. MCCONNELL.

#### PRINCE OF WALES DECORATED.

The King of Italy has bestowed upon the Prince of Wales the Grand Cross of the Military Order of Savoy. General Cadorna has handed the insignia to the King at Buckingham Palace.

#### CHEAPER BREAD NEXT WEEK.

Leading London bakers will reduce the price of the loaf from 9½d. to 9d. on Monday.

## DO YOU KNOW A SHIRKER?

If You Do, See He Does Not Escape Military Service.

### LORD DERBY'S ADVICE.

Replying to a letter from a correspondent—a married man of 37, whose wife and three children are dependent on him—Lord Derby says:—

I am much obliged to you for your letter, and thank you for recognising that I am doing my best to secure the complete fulfilment of the Prime Minister's pledge. I am remaining at the War Office in my present position because I think I have, from that position, greater power to achieve this.

The Cabinet Committee has done, and is doing, good work in unstarring and unbadging men, and I understand that members of the Government are proposing to state in the House of Commons what steps they are taking to release men for the colours from the industries which come within their purview.

#### How You Can Help.

You ask in what way attested married men can help. I will give you one method.

The advisory committees and military representatives, among the duties they are patriotically carrying out, are doing their best to trace and deal with single men who may be escaping military service, either improperly or owing to change of residence, the calling-up paper, which is sent in the case of men under the Military Service Act, not having reached them.

The task, however, is very difficult, and indeed can only be thoroughly performed when direct access to factories, workshops, and other places of business can be obtained. This, obviously, is not always within the power of an advisory committee, particularly in large industrial areas, though much is being done by the Government in this direction through its various official inspectors.

Much information on this subject is being sent me by various persons. If, instead of writing to me, they would place the information in the hands of the local military representative, it would materially assist the advisory committees in their work.

#### No Part Of The Pledge.

With regard to the other question you mention, namely the compulsory attestation of married men, I think you will recognise that this is no part of the pledge given, and is a matter of Government policy.

While I have publicly stated that for my part I should support such a measure, I have no right whatever to use the pledge as a lever on the Prime Minister to bring it forward. Moreover, I would point out that such a measure would not in any way assist in the present difficulty, namely, to secure for service with the colours all those single men who can be and should be spared from the industries of the country.

## DON'T BE HARSH WITH THEM!

Mr. Long Tells Tribunals How To Treat Conscientious Objectors.

A circular issued by Mr. Walter Long to local and appeal tribunals points out that exemptions on conscientious grounds may take the form of an exemption from combatant service only or may be a total exemption from military service conditional on the applicant being engaged in some work of national importance, and the Government is engaged in the appointment of a committee to whom tribunals may refer for advice.

Some tribunals are alleged to have subjected applicants to a somewhat harsh cross-examination with respect to the grounds of their objection.

It is of course necessary, says Mr. Long, that the tribunal shall satisfy themselves of the bona-fides of an applicant and the precise grounds and nature of his objection, but it is desirable that inquiries should be made with tolerance and impartiality.

If a genuine member of the Society of Friends is willing to undertake national service in the Friends' ambulance-unit the military representative will not contest the application for exemption.

#### HOW HE DELIVERED THE GOODS.

While on his way with rations for the front line trenches a wheel of the Corporal C. T. Bold, A.S.C., was riding collapsed. Nothing daunted by the fact that shells were falling all round, Bold removed a wheel from an abandoned wagon and, fixing it on his own, delivered his goods safely. For this act he has been given the D.C.M., and Sir R. K. Inches, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, has presented him with a watch.



#### GENERAL CADORNA'S BUSY DAY.

General Cadorna, Chief of the Italian General Staff, spent a busy day in London yesterday. His movements were as follows:—  
Morning.—Tower of London.  
Afternoon.—Italian Hospital, where 50 of the beds are occupied by wounded Britons.  
Evening.—Entertained at dinner by Field-Marshal Viscount French.  
To-day General Cadorna leaves for the Continent.

## THE WAR NATIONAL AT GATWICK.

Not To Be Compared With The Real Thing.

### KHAKI IN THE CROWD.

No Extravagance In Dress, And Only One Striking Hat.

By Mrs. Gossip.

The "War" National at Gatwick was a very tame affair compared with what I have seen at Liverpool.

I motored down in the hope of backing a winner and being able to tell you all about the new spring costumes which one usually sees at Aintree. There were, however, very few well-dressed women to be seen.

The one redeeming feature was the delightful weather. The surrounding country showed no traces of the severe wintry spell we have been having; only here and there a slight patch of snow was left. Even the hedges seemed to appreciate the welcome change and showed signs of breaking into leaf. The banks on either side of the road were sprinkled with primroses.

#### NOT LIKE THE REAL THING.

Considering that we all went by motor, there was a very large crowd, but, of course, it couldn't be compared with the real thing at Liverpool. On the club lawn and in each of the rings khaki represented quite a large proportion of the attendance, while no one seemed to enjoy the racing more than the wounded soldiers. Several I saw accompanied by their nurses, who in a most sportsmanlike manner were carrying their field-glasses strapped across their cloaks.

The officers of the Scots Guards, Grenadiers and Black Watch, conspicuous by their fine physique, were making the most of their short leave.

#### V.C. AMONG THE SPECTATORS.

Lieut. Boyd Rochfort, V.C., came with his wife who was wearing a very becoming toque of black net wreathed with dull gold leaves, which style, by the way, was favoured by quite a number of well-known women.

Lady Dalmeny, in blue, with grey fox furs, was one of these.

The Countess Poulet had motored over from Brighton, and looked pretty in navy serge and hat to match. Lady Nelson, in a sable wrap, whose horse, Ally Slope, failed to repeat his last year's triumph, was enjoying the sport all the same.

Mrs. Shirley Falcke came with her husband, and was in a neat brown suit and a little sand-coloured hat.

#### THE PARROT HAT.

Mrs. George Lambton, wearing grey, and a jelly-bag-shaped violet hat, was walking in the paddock with her husband. This was not the only striking hat I saw.

I noticed one little lady in a small black hat possessing for its only decoration a large yellow and black parrot, which sat up in front and interested a large number of critical women.

Miss Kathleen Wilnot, looking wonderfully well, although on crutches, was accompanied by her sister and a nurse. This is the first time she has been able to go in for racing since she broke her leg at Hawthorne Hill some weeks ago; she has made a remarkably quick recovery.

Nearly everybody came in a fur wrap, which the brilliance of the sun tempted many to discard during the afternoon.

#### ECONOMY THE KEYNOTE.

Economy in dress was the keynote of the whole affair.

There were quite a number of theatrical celebrities. Gertie Millar was in a cocoa-brown suit and a neat little black hat. Mabel Russell was fur-coated, as was also Mary Ridley. Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Huntley, George Graves, Nelson Keys, Arthur Playfair, and Lauri de Frece were just a few of those present.

MRS. GOSSIP.

## SOLDIER'S SAD HOME-COMING.

Mother Found Killed With Hatchet: Search For 16-Year-Old Servant Girl.

Returning from the front to his home in South Bank, Peebles, Sergeant Anderson was told by the sixteen-year-old servant girl that his mother had gone to Glasgow.

Astounded at such news, he telephoned his Glasgow relatives, but failed to get any news of his mother.

That evening, on entering one of the bedrooms of the house, the sergeant found his mother lying dead in a pool of blood. There were four severe wounds, which had been inflicted with a hatchet, upon her head.

In the meantime, the girl had left suddenly for Glasgow. It has been ascertained that she left the train en route, and the police are searching for her.

Mr. Joseph King, M.P., was fined £1 at Guildford yesterday for neglecting to screen a light at his Witley house.

# FOLKESTONE-DIEPPE STEAMER SUSSEX TORPEDOED.

## CHANNEL STEAMER TORPEDOED IN MID-SEA.

Carrying 386 Passengers, Including Women And Children, And A Crew Of 50.

ALL ON BOARD THE SUSSEX ASSUMED TO BE SAFE; RUSH OF VESSELS TO ASSISTANCE OF MAIMED STEAMER.

### Dominion Liner Englishman Reported Sunk.

It was reported at Folkestone Harbour last evening that the s.s. Sussex, running on the Folkestone-Dieppe route, was torpedoed yesterday afternoon off Beachy Head.

According to the L.B.S.C. Railway Company the mishap took place off Dieppe.

She was carrying 386 passengers, a few of whom were English people, and a crew of about 50.

There were women and children among the passengers, but the proportion is not certain.

The L.B.S.C. Railway Company says that shortly before midnight a message from Dieppe said the Sussex was still afloat at 9.30, and it was assumed that all passengers had been saved. The Company merely states that the vessel "met with a mishap," but makes no statement as to the cause of the mishap.

Lloyd's had announced at an earlier hour that the Sussex was believed to have been sunk.

The Sussex was commanded by Captain Mouffet.

The members of the crew were mostly French.

### COMPANY'S STATEMENT.

We were authorised last evening by the Brighton Company to make the following statement:—

We are advised that the s.s. Sussex, under a French flag, on the Folkestone-Dieppe service, met with a mishap somewhere off Dieppe on her passage to-day, but at 7 o'clock to-night she was still afloat. Vessels in Dieppe Harbour have gone to her assistance.

There were 386 passengers on board, and a crew of about 50; but it is impossible to give any further information at present, nor is a list of passengers yet available.

### MANY U-BOATS OUT.

#### "Large Number Of Submarines Near British Coast."

The Copenhagen *Politiken* learns from Bergen that captains arriving there report having seen a large number of German submarines in the North Sea near the British coast.

Two Norwegian steamers which arrived at Liverpool had been pursued by a submarine but escaped.

The captains say that these German submarines are very large, of new construction, and travel very fast.—Exchange, from Copenhagen.

### NEUTRALS TORPEDOED.

The British steamer *Kelvinbank* and the Norwegian steamer *Konig* were torpedoed in the Channel without warning on the night of March 22. The crews were saved, with the exception of the chief officer of the British steamer.—Reuter, from Havre.

The Norwegian steamer *Activ*, on arrival at Haugesund, reported that when near the Dogger Bank she sighted a lifeboat belonging to the Norwegian steamer *Blaaklokken*, in which were four seamen in a famished condition. The *Blaaklokken* is supposed to have been torpedoed.—Exchange from Copenhagen.

### END OF EGYPTIAN CAMPAIGN.

#### General Maxwell Returns And Is Succeeded By General Murray.

From The War Office.

Friday.

The military position in Egypt being satisfactory owing to the failure of the attempts by the Turks on the west frontier, a reorganisation of the forces in that country has been effected, and General Sir A. Murray has assumed the sole command there.

General Sir J. G. Maxwell left for England

It is certain that all passengers landed at Dieppe will receive every attention from the authorities there.

This message preceded that in which it was announced that the Sussex was still afloat at 9.30 last evening.

The Sussex was one of the best known cross-Channel service boats, and prior to the advent of the geared turbine steamers, which the Brighton Company introduced on the Newhaven-Dieppe route in 1913, was perhaps the most popular of the many craft engaged on this route.

When the turbine boat was brought into the Brighton Company's service the Sussex was transferred, for the greater part of the time, to the night service, which she generally carried on in company with the smaller boat the *Arundel*.

Captain Mouffet was appointed to the Sussex in 1914.

Accepting the report that the Sussex was torpedoed she was the first Cross-Channel passenger steamer to meet with that fate.

[The Sussex (1,353 tons) was built in 1896 by W. Denny and Sons, of Dumbarton. She is one of the cross-Channel fleet owned by the French State Railways and managed by the L.B.S.C.R. Company. She has a speed of 21 knots. Dieppe is her port of registry.]

### DOMINION LINER SUNK.

#### 68 Survivors Of The Steamer Englishman Picked Up.

Lloyd's stated just before midnight that the steamer *Englishman*, belonging to the Dominion Line, had been sunk.

Up to the time the message was dispatched 68 survivors had been picked up.

The *Englishman* was a vessel of 5,257 gross tonnage.

### GERMANS' BRIEF SUCCESS.

#### Gain Footing In French Trench, But Are At Once Ejected.

French Official News.

PARIS, Friday, 11 p.m.

In the Argonne after the explosion of one of our mines at Vauquois the enemy made an attack, and succeeded for a moment in gaining a footing in our first-line trench. He was immediately ejected by a counter-attack, in the course of which we made about 30 prisoners.

The activity of our artillery continued to be intense against the enemy lines of communication in the Eastern Argonne and against the Bois de Malancourt and Avocourt.

In the region to the north of Verdun there was nothing of importance to report in the course of the day except an intermittent bombardment of our second lines to the west and east of the Meuse, to which our batteries vigorously replied.

To the north-east of St. Mihiel one shot from one of our long-range guns against the railway station of Vigneulles gave good results. A shed was destroyed and a train in the station blew up.—Reuter.

### "HURRICANE FIRE" NEAR VERDUN

PARIS, Friday, 3 p.m.

To the west of the Meuse [Paris side] the night was calm.

To the east of the Meuse [towards Germany] the bombardment was intermittent in the Douaumont-Damloup region.

In the Woevre [towards Metz] there was hurricane fire by the artillery on both sides in the sectors of Moulainville and Eparges [villages at the foot of the Meuse heights].

There is no important event to report on the front generally.

### RUSSIANS ADVANCING IN THE DVINSK REGION.

#### Desperate Bayonet Fighting Results In Forcing Of Enemy's Lines.

#### GERMANS DRIVEN FROM STRONG POSITIONS IN WOODS.

Russian Official News.

PETROGRAD, Friday Night.

In the region of Friedrichstadt (south-east of Riga) reconnoitring parties of ours who had crossed the Dvina captured an enemy machine-gun.

In the Jacobstadt sector (further south-east) the Germans in strong formations launched counter-attacks near Augustinhof, which we successfully repulsed.

North-west of Lake Vargunek our offensive is developing.

In the Dvinsk region our troops are advancing after having repulsed several counter-attacks.

In the region south of Dvinsk the fighting continues.

North of the small town of Vidzy, in the Meschkele-Klipa sector, and north-west of Lake Sekly there was desperate fighting in some places with the bayonet on the night of March 22-23.

In spite of the enemy's heavy fire our troops by a vigorous thrust forced all the enemy's protective lines in the Klipa sector, and a German counter-attack was repulsed.

Our artillery kept under its fire numerous points in the enemy's position, and prevented him from repairing the damage done.

Between Lakes Naroch and Vischnevskoe fighting continues.

Our troops dislodged the enemy from the woods in the neighbourhood of Bliznik and Mokritza, where they were powerfully organised and thickly protected with barbed wire entanglements.

### 1,436 GERMAN PRISONERS.

According to supplementary information our troops in the course of fighting from Saturday to Tuesday took prisoners, firstly in the region north-west of Postavy two officers and 160 men, all Germans; and secondly, in the Lake Naroch region 18 officers and 1,255 men, also Germans.

In the southern region, as far as the Sylvestre sector and in Galicia, there were lively artillery duels at many points.—Reuter.

### THE MISSING AURORA.



Captain Mackintosh, of the *Aurora*, the vessel working with Sir Ernest Shackleton's Antarctic expedition. The ship has gone adrift. (Full story on Page 2.)

### THE QUEEN AT A COFFEE STALL.

#### Sells Penny Slices Of Cake Over The Counter To Arsenal Workers.

A picturesque incident marked a visit of inspection paid by the Queen yesterday to Lady Lawrence's canteens for munition workers in Woolwich Arsenal.

After taking tea in the Arsenal and inspecting the food-trolleys laden for their round of the workshops, the Queen drove to the various coffee stalls. At one of these she left her motor, and, to the delight of the workmen who had gathered in large numbers to cheer her, began to sell penny slices of cake over the coffee stall counter.

The workmen pressed forward eagerly to seize the opportunity of being served by the Queen of England, and the whole stock of the stall was rapidly exhausted.

### GERMANS' HARMLESS MINES.

British Official News.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, FRANCE.

Friday, 9.24 p.m.

The enemy exploded mines last night and today near Cuinchy, and just north of La Bassée canal, doing no damage.

We bombarded hostile trenches to the south of the Comines canal.

### 5 a.m. Edition.

## SMUTS DRIVING THE GERMANS BACK.

Further Successes Against The Enemy In East Africa.

### SUBSTANTIAL GAINS.

#### Lord Kitchener Congratulates The British Commander.

From The War Office.

Friday Night.

Telegrams received from Lieut.-General Smuts indicate that the German forces, dislodged from their strong defensive positions on the Lumi river and Kitovo hills (northern frontier of German East Africa) by the operations commenced on March 7, and concluded on March 12, effected their retreat through Kahe to a further series of defensive positions constructed in the thick forest belt which lies along the Ruwu river.

Direct pursuit was rendered difficult by heavy rainfall and the numerous swollen streams, over which the bridges had been destroyed.

On March 18 (Saturday last) forces were pushed south to occupy Kilevo and Unterer Himo, in close contact with the enemy on the Ruwu river.

#### At Close Quarters.

During Sunday there was a good deal of bush fighting in the vicinity of Kahe, the enemy maintaining a stubborn resistance.

On Monday a mounted force occupied Arusha, dislodging an enemy detachment.

During the night of Monday-Tuesday strong bodies of infantry bivouacked in the Ruwu forest in close contact with the German entrenchments.

The enemy attempted a strong night attack, but was driven off with severe losses.

Meantime a strong force of South African mounted troops marched by night from Moshi, and, traversing the thick bush country, reached a point on the Pangani river, five miles south of the Kahe railway station, by daybreak.

The railway station itself was seized and many stores were captured.

#### Germans Badly Beaten.

The railway bridge over the Pangani river had been partially destroyed.

The mounted troops then established themselves on the hills south-south-east of Kahe in contact with the enemy.

This threat to their line of retreat decided the enemy to hold on throughout the entire day on Monday with a view to effecting a further retirement under cover of darkness.

Reinforcements, indeed, reached him from the south by the railway during operations.

Thus we were enabled to inflict heavy losses, which would not have been possible had the Germans been free to abandon their positions earlier.

As it was they maintained an obstinate resistance.

#### One Of Koenigsberg's Guns Captured.

During the night of Tuesday-Wednesday, however, the entire Ruwu line was evacuated, and the enemy retired south along the Tanganyika railway, leaving a 4.1-inch gun, portion of the armament of the Koenigsberg, in our hands.

Operations are being continued.

The following telegram has been dispatched to General Smuts:—

The Secretary of State for War wishes to congratulate you and all ranks under your command on your brilliant success, and on the dash and energy with which your operations have been conducted in a country where the difficulties of which he is acquainted from personal experience.

### GERMAN WARSHIPS OUT.

#### "Seen Moving Eastwards Accompanied By A Zeppelin."

AMSTERDAM, Friday.

A telegram from Ameland (Frisian Islands) states that some 15 German torpedo-boats, accompanied by a Zeppelin, were seen late last night moving eastward.—Reuter.

### MORE BANNED IMPORTS.

The Board of Trade announces that as from March 30 the importation of the following goods will be prohibited except under licence:—

Baskets and basket ware (except baskets and basket ware of bamboo);

Cement;

China-ware, earthenware, and pottery (not including Cloisonne wares);

Cotton yarn, cotton piece goods and cotton manufactures (except hosiery and lace);

Cutlery;

Fatty acids;

Furniture, manufactured joinery and other wood manufactures (except lacquered wares);

Hardware and hollow-ware;

Oilcloth;

Soap;

Toys, games, and playing cards;

Wood and timber—beech, birch, elm, and oak;

Woolen and worsted manufactures (except yarns).

REAL PLUCK.



Rejected by the recruiting officer because he was knock-kneed, Robert Thurston, a Newcastle lad, has had both his legs broken and reset. He hopes to be a soldier when he leaves hospital.

HER ANXIETY.



Lady Marjorie Hanly, whose husband, Captain Hanly, of the Inniskillings, is a prisoner of war in Germany. She is a daughter of Lord Denbigh, and was only married last year.—(Hoppé.)



Mrs. Norman Kennedy has just presented her husband, Major Kennedy, of the 1st Ayrshire Yeomanry, with a daughter.—(Val L'Estrange.)

"I get on best with this."

**Rowntree's**  
*ELECT* **Cocoa**

INCREASES ENERGY.

TO-DAY'S BRIDE,



Miss Milne-Thomson, only daughter of Lieut.-Col. Milne-Thomson, is marrying Lieut. Troup, R.N., to-day.—(Russell.)

THE CAPTAIN AND HIS BRIDE.



Capt. A. L. de C. Stretton, of the 1st South Lancashire Regiment, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, yesterday, with his bride, Miss Mary Shaw. The bride's father was a well-known Derbyshire man.

THEIR NEW POSITIONS



C. W. R. Pantlin, the London Irish Rugby player, has been given a commission in the R.A.



Frank Buckley, Bradford's well-known centre-half back, is now a major of the Footballers' Battalion.

THE OFFICIAL NURSE-CLOTH

**OVERALL**  
for **WOMEN WORKERS.**

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197-209, CAMDEN TOWN, LONDON.  
High St.,  
Everything ready-to-wear for Ladies and Children.  
Open till 9.30 every Saturday.



Lady Belper has just given birth to a daughter. Her other two children are boys.—(Val L'Estrange.)

**LOVELY EYEBROWS and EYELASHES**

Astonishingly change an expressionless face into one of beauty and fascination. You cannot have juvenile beauty and expression in the face unless you possess luxuriant eyebrows and long, lustrous eyelashes. Even plain, homely persons can make themselves attractive, pleasing and fascinating. A noted doctor's recipe sent gratis for 1d. postage, by P. LIND, Chemist, 437, Clyde House, 489a, Oxford-street, London.

EVERYBODY TURNED OUT TO SEE THE CAPTURED GERMAN GUN.



One of the 77 m.m. German guns captured at Loos has been placed in the market place at Spalding. Its arrival in the Lincolnshire town was made the occasion of a big demonstration, in which nearly all the local organisations took part. mending wires under me, photographed his wife, who has just had a son.—(H. Appleby.)

**GREY HAIR**  
RESTORED IN 3 WEEKS. NO DYES.  
Dandruff Cured in 7 Days.

A GUARANTEED REMEDY.—The effect is natural; hair gradually becomes its natural shade until the true colour of youthful days is attained. The shade remains so; and keeps the same year after year. To prove its worth, a trial treatment, with a cake of medicated soap to prevent greyness, will be sent privately, on receipt of 3d. post.—P. LIND, Chemist, 437, Clyde House, 489a, Oxford-street, London. **TEST IT FREE.**

ANTIQUES, Old Coloured Prints, China, Old Gold, Silver, Chinese Paintings on mirror glass, oddments, etc., bought for cash. Folkards (est. 1814), 355, Oxford-street, W.

BABY'S LONG CLOTHES.—50 pieces 21s.; Perfect home work. Unusually beautiful. Most marvellous Layette in the World.—MRS. MAX, The Chase, Nottingham.

BEDSTEADS! BEDDING! WHY PAY SHOP PRICES! Newest patterns in Metal and Wood, Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc. Furniture—Bedroom and general. All goods sent direct from Factory to Home IN PERFECTLY NEW CONDITION. Send postcard to-day for Illustrated Price List (post free). I allow DISCOUNT FOR CASH or supply goods payable in Monthly Installments. — Established 27 years. CHARLES RILEY, Desk 3, MOOR STREET, BIRMINGHAM. Please mention Daily Sketch when writing for lists.

CAUTION.—Genuine CHLOROBYNE. Each bottle of this well-known REMEDY for COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, RHEUMATISM, DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY, bears on the stamp the name of the inventor, Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE. Of all chemists. 1/3. 3/-, 5/-.

CENTURY CHINA BARGAINS.—Household China, Crockery, Glass, at factory prices. Splendid Tea, Dinner, Toilet Services, from 6s. 6d. Famous Home Outfit, 21s. Century great speciality. Unbreakable China. Great Saving. China for Churches, Schools, Caterers, 150 pieces, 21s. Splendid Mixed Crates for Bazaars, Shops, Dealers, 15s. 6d. 30,000 delighted customers, including Buckingham Palace. Many beautiful designs. Send postcard to-day for COMPLETE ART CATALOGUE, in colours FREE.—CENTURY POTTERY, Dept. 590, BURSLEM, Staffs.

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

PERSONAL OFFICERS' UNIFORMS and EFFECTS PURCHASED. Best offers. No bargaining. Instant settlements. "GOLD-MEN'S UNIFORM CONCERN" DEVONPORT (Uniforms

## FOR VALOUR!

WHENEVER the Commons debate the questions of Army pensions I feel muddled. There are the Chelsea Commissioners granting pensions at a flat rate, and then there is a committee of the Patriotic Fund supplementing it. The House of Commons seems to have some control over this committee, but not much. Yet the House votes a million pounds to the committee for pension purposes. It all seems very silly. Why can't the Chelsea Commissioners, or whichever other Government body is deputed to grant pensions, have full control, and give right away to widows, other dependants and disabled men the amount which is considered just and generous? What has this half-irresponsible committee to do with it?

THE Patriotic Fund has not a particularly good record. Instituted originally to relieve the distress which followed the Crimean War, it has proved a good thing to a whole horde of officials, and it appears that the vice-chairman—Mr. Cyril Jackson—is now in receipt of a salary of £1,750 per annum. When we are trying to economise in money and labour it is wickedly absurd that there should be two pension authorities and two prosperous salary lists.

IT is equally absurd that the final amount of the pensions granted to disabled men and the dependants of men killed in service should depend upon the caprice of a half-private, half-public institution of peculiar antecedents! Either the pensions granted directly by the State are adequate or they are not, and if they are not it is our business to make them so. Let the Government acquire the Patriotic Fund, scrap all its officials, and award pensions proper to the needs and deserts of its widows, orphans and disabled soldiers.

IT is acknowledged that the million pounds voted to the committee of the Patriotic Fund will not go far, and, considering that the war costs five times as much every day, the amount certainly seems paltry. But the deuce of it is that whatever sum you vote a large part of it will be swallowed up in salaries for officials, and we have little guarantee that the remainder of the money will be dispensed in the way that Parliament and the people of this country would wish. Therefore let us abolish the Patriotic Fund! THE scheme put forward by Mr. Hayes Fisher, however, is not altogether unsatisfactory. For example, the proposal that the children of men killed or disabled in the war shall receive the education their fathers would otherwise have given them is altogether admirable. Would that all our treatment of soldiers and their dependants were on the same footing!

THE raising of the maximum to £2 is wise, but I do not approve of the suggestion that the grant of the Chelsea Commissioners should be supplemented in such a manner that pensioners shall receive two-thirds of the pre-war income—with £2 as the limit. It would not be decent to offer a pension of less than thirty shillings. Then why not have a flat rate of £2 for all dependants and totally disabled men, with the proviso already mentioned as to the education of children? Have not men who have died or been wounded for their country deserved well enough for that? Some of you may know what it means to live on a pound, even on thirty shillings, a week. Is £2 a week too great a reward for valour? Shall it be said that these men gave up everything, that we in return haggled with them or with their widows and orphans over shillings and pence? That were a mean part for a great nation to play.

IT may be urged that this will entail a big expense. That is very true. But it is a debt we are paying—a debt of honour. If we think for a moment what those men will have been through, if we think what we owe to them, and how drab and desolate will be the remainder of their lives, we shall not be inclined to haggle over the expense. Moreover, many of these men will be quite fit physically to marry, and, if we treat them with some generosity, a large number of women who would otherwise die childless will find a home and a husband.



## Echoes of the Town.

The King And His Guests—Baronet Does Office Boy's Work—Whips Smile Again.



## The Royal Entertainment.

"BUCKINGHAM PALACE!" I told the taxi man on Thursday afternoon. "Come 'orf it!" was the reply, in accordance with the courtly manners of the profession. "Electrician's entrance," I persisted. "That's better," with a don't-forget-your-place expression, and off we went for the "Gottedammerung," the last day of the Royal Variety Trilogy. Great excitement at the Royal Mews, and intense, arctic cold.

## The Choir-Boys.

THURSDAY'S PROGRAMME was excellent in every way except for the well-meaning but interminable proceedings of Dr. Walford Davies and his choir-boys. Their vocal tone is excellent, but better adapted, in such large doses, for a cathedral than a riding school full of Tommies. Their first appearance gave the proceedings a depressing start, and their second a bad anti-climax. But the learned doctor enjoyed himself vastly.

## George Graves And Harry Tate.

THE REAL entertainment was provided by George Graves (back in town after a short and damp holiday at Newquay), who gave a scene from the pantomime and cheered everyone up; Harry Tate, who "motored"; Van Hoven, whose blocks of ice didn't make the place any warmer; Bobby Hale, and other clever and famous folk. The Tommies must have had a great time, although some of them seemed to be about eight miles from the stage.

## Everybody Pleased.

THE OBVIOUS PLEASURE which everyone derived from this fine idea must have given great satisfaction to the Royal host. His Majesty, who was in khaki, missed nothing, laughed unrestrainedly most of the time, and puffed contentedly at a cigarette in a long holder. The Queen and Queen Alexandra were wisely well befurred, and Prince Albert (a very handsome youth) was busy with a big round box of chocolates, which he passed from time to time along the row of Royal relations.

## Dudley Ward.

DUDLEY WARD is on the war(d)path. The member for Southampton, who is engaged in anti-aircraft duties on the Kent coast, is shortly to reply in defence of his colleagues to Joynson-Hicks's charges that the sounding of the alarm was unduly delayed, and that there were other deficiencies in connection with last Sunday's raid Margate way. Dudley Ward is a cousin of Lord Escher and a successful young man. For three years he was Treasurer of the Household, he is a clever barrister, he rowed in the Cambridge boat, and is altogether a fine sportsman. His speech is sure to be vigorous and interesting, although I don't think he has much of a case.



## The Curzon Peerages.

WITH Lord Scarsdale a whole race of men passes away, for he was much more the country gentleman of the 18th century than a peer of the 20th. England—and indeed Derbyshire—was quite good enough for him. He had not been out of the country for half a century and cared nothing at all for London. Lord Curzon keeps his present style on succession, but his Viscounty of Scarsdale was devised, failing male heirs, to his father and issue, so that the heir presumptive to that title, as well as to his father's barony, is his younger brother Alfred. The Ravensdale barony goes to his daughter, Lady Mary, who was 20 in January.

## German Art Tumbles.

IT ISN'T only the German mark that is slumping violently, but the values of her acknowledged masters in painting. There was a sale recently in New York, where works by French artists like Corot, Degas and Monet fetched enhanced figures, but when it came to the turn of the disciples of "Kultur," a picture by Manzel, which was bought a few years ago for £800, only drew a bid of £165, and another by Lombach, worth £2,000 not long ago, sold for only £500 odd.

## The Lonely Civilian.

THE LONELY SOLDIER craze is extending itself. Girls are now writing from home to lonely prisoners in Ruhleben. The poor chaps need a cheerful letter now and then, by all accounts, and some of them are getting it.

## The Paris Conferences.

AS CONFERENCES are in the air, it may be as well to clear up what seems to be a common confusion in people's minds. There are to be two conferences. The first, at which Mr. Asquith will be our chief representative, is that of the military and political authorities. The second, at which Mr. Runciman will represent us, is the economic conference.

## A Story Of 1878.

PEOPLE ARE comparing next week's conference with that which met at Berlin in 1878, for there has been no such powwow since. But this time there will be no such journalistic feats as that of the correspondent who had a secret agreement with one who was in touch with a plenipotentiary. He put in the lining of his hat a summary of the events of the day, dined at the same restaurant as the correspondent and exchanged hats. But one day, to their horror, another diner began to walk out with the "loaded" hat by mistake!

## Father And Son.

A GOOD MANY people will sympathise with Mr. R. C. Lambert, M.P., for it isn't pleasant just now to have a conscientiously objecting son. Mr. Lambert, Jun., appealed before the Hendon Tribunal as a C.O., and was duly marked as a non-combatant. His father, who is obviously made of sterner stuff, was also present, and declared that he would himself have gone long ago had he been young enough, but was convinced that his son's views were honestly held. Mr. Lambert, Sen., is an advanced Radical, a leading light of the Eighty Club, a barrister, and an ardent cyclist.



## Married Man Campaign.

WELL, the Whips are smiling again, and it is no longer unsafe to mention the word "election." Everybody was surprised by the Harborough figures but really we needn't waste too much sympathy on Mr. Bowles, and some of the features of the "married man campaign" have been, as I have pointed out, rather discreditable. Anyhow, the married men's second call will probably be on the hoardings during the week-end, but there is reason to think that we shall know all about the Government's policy on the point before any married man is actually called to the colours.

## London.

I KNOW of a Colonial Tommy who arrived in London at Waterloo, and put up for the night at the Union Jack Club, which is just opposite the station. The next day he devoted to seeing the sights of London. He never crossed the river at all, or was aware that there is one to cross. All his impressions of the mightiest city in the world have been gathered from that not very attractive part of it which is south of the Thames.

## No Sense Of Time.

THERE is a well-known musical conductor whose unpunctuality in keeping appointments is incurable. I ran across him in Leicester-square a few evenings ago. The time was about half-past seven. "Come round to the club for half-an-hour," I said. "I simply can't," he replied. "I've invited some musicians to dine with me at seven, so I can't stay many minutes." He chatted for quite twenty and then toddled off to the tube, for home and dinner.

## The Tragedy—And Comedy—Of It.

THE young subaltern not yet free of the riding school was clinking his spurs down the street and looking as much as possible like the Nevill of whom Miss Gertie Millar sings. The sergeant saluted him with great punctilio, and then stopped to watch his progress. "And to think," he murmured, "that the on'y time he isn't allowed to wear his spurs is when he's on a 'orse."

## Some French.

A FRENCH OFFICER used a bright little phrase the other day in my hearing. Of a certain knut known to both of us, he said: "Il est très dog." Wow!

## Hun "Humour."

EVEN in art war economy is making itself felt. Instead of "Madame Butterfly" they are giving "Madame Margarine" at the opera now.

## Baronet Who Stuck Envelopes.

QUITE A ROMANTIC story could be written about a young baronet who recently applied for and was given a temporary post in a London Government office. This scion of an ancient family, who is medically unfit for the Army, at first performed more or less menial tasks, and was once actually employed in sticking envelopes and dispatching small packets.

## A Duchess's Intervention.

THE BARONET is a quiet, unassuming man, and he did not complain, but a duchess to whom he happened to describe his duties intervened on his behalf, and he was given more congenial work—work which he is performing efficiently.

## Lady Belper.

LADY BELPER has just given birth to a daughter. Due congratulations. She already has two sons, the elder of whom, the Hon. Alexander Ronald George Strutt, a little boy of four, will one day be Lord Belper (the fourth baron). Lady Belper was a Bruce, and her brother, the Hon. Lyndhurst Bruce, who was killed at the front some time ago, gained a considerable amount of notoriety at the time of the "Gibson Girl" craze by marrying Camille Clifford. Lord Belper is a captain in the Grenadier Guards. The family seat is Kingston Hall, Derby, and there is quite a comfortable amount of land with it.

## Dowdiness By Order.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the Government's thrift posters the makers of laces and trimmings are not doing so badly. Their trade suffered at first, but now things are looking up a bit. The sensible girl realises that the boys do not want to see dowdy frumps when they come away from the trenches. There is all the difference in the world between taste and show, and fine birds cannot be made without reasonably smart feathers.

## Dorothy Forster Will Play.

DOROTHY FORSTER, who has composed songs innumerable which are as successful as they are sentimental, was telling me the other night of her new venture. She is shortly to make her debut in variety. She doesn't sing, but she plays quite delightfully. And so her "turn" will consist of a well-known soprano, a 'cellist, and Dorothy herself at the piano, accompanying her own songs. Who is there who hasn't listened in drawing-rooms after dinner to "I wonder if Love is a Dream"? Who hasn't eaten lunch at West End restaurants to the passionate accompaniment of "Come, for it's June"? Clever Dorothy.



## Chaplin's £134,000.

THE NEWS of Charles Chaplin's £134,000-on-condition-you-don't-fight-for-your-country contract will, I think, kill the wonderful boom this youth has enjoyed—at any rate, as far as this country is concerned. When I was commenting on the recent turn of affairs, I said that people would probably flock to Chaplin films just the same. But from the letters I am receiving it looks as if I was wrong.

## Will He Become An American?

MIND YOU, a thousand people think things that only one person in that thousand troubles to write to the Press about. I suppose the result will be that Chaplin will become a naturalised American and bask in affluence t'other side of the Atlantic for the rest of his days. Let him!

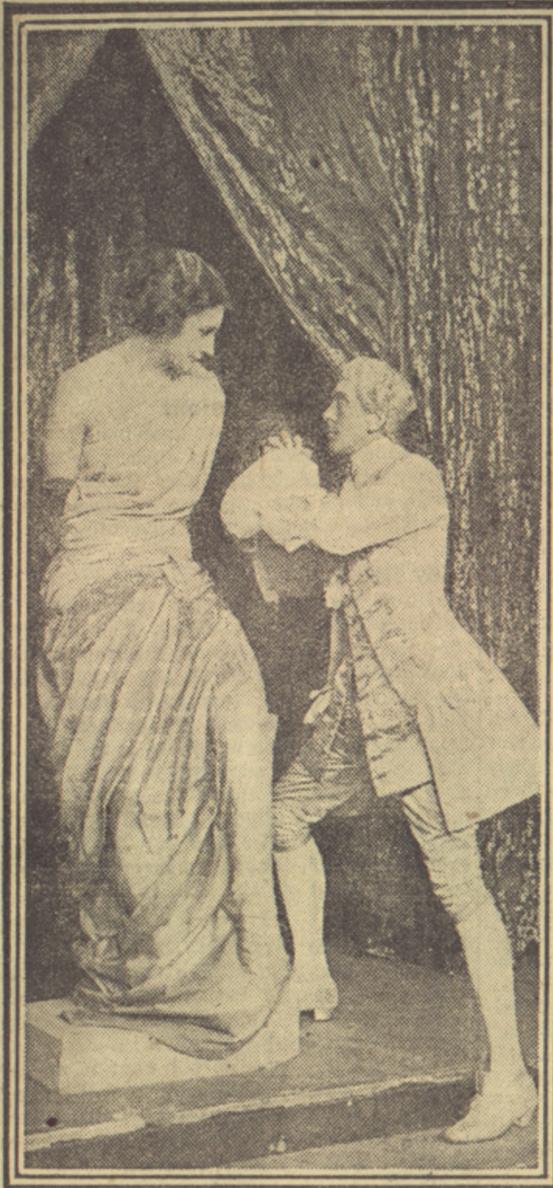
## Irish Flag Day.

THE Irish Flag Day looks as if it is going to put up a record. One of its principal organisers tells me that the bank has only just finished counting the money collected. Some counting that, not to mention some collection. Also I hear that flags ran short because—all the green dye was used up.

## Kind Hearts.

THE STORY of the wounded boy soldier who couldn't go to the King's party has touched many kind hearts. I have received postal orders and cigarettes for him, and many offers to write and send him other little comforts. Now they are beginning to telephone about him!

**POLICEMAN-PRINCE CHARMING IN BARRIE'S CINDERELLA FANTASY.**



In her dream Hilda Trevelyan sees Gerald du Maurier as the policeman, con soles Hilda Trevelyan for her lost dream by revealing himself as the Real Prince Charming, and putting on the crystal slippers. Hilda Trevelyan in despair to find that Venus measures more round the waist than she does Sir James Barrie's fantasy, "A Kiss for Cinderella," now being played at Wyndham's Theatre, shows us Wendy in War Time. Hilda Trevelyan as Cinderella, and Gerald du Maurier as Policeman-Prince Charming of the Dream, carry on the best traditions of Barrie acting.—(Foulsham and Banfield.)

**WOMEN WORKERS FIND SKIRTS ARE IN THE WAY WHEN THEY TAKE TO MEN'S JOBS.**



Since they do men's work they must don men's clothes, say the women who have found wartime employment as cleaners and greasers on the South-Western Railway. So they all wear slops.



**HER APPEAL FOR TOMMY.**



Lady Murray, wife of Sir Archibald Murray, commanding troops in the Mediterranean, is appealing for funds for socks.—(Swaine.)

**KILLED BY HIS OWN TAXI.**



George McNiff, the Westminster taxi-driver who was run over and killed by his own car.

New clothes, whatever the fashion, always make a woman smile.

A workmanlike figure she looks in her wartime suit.

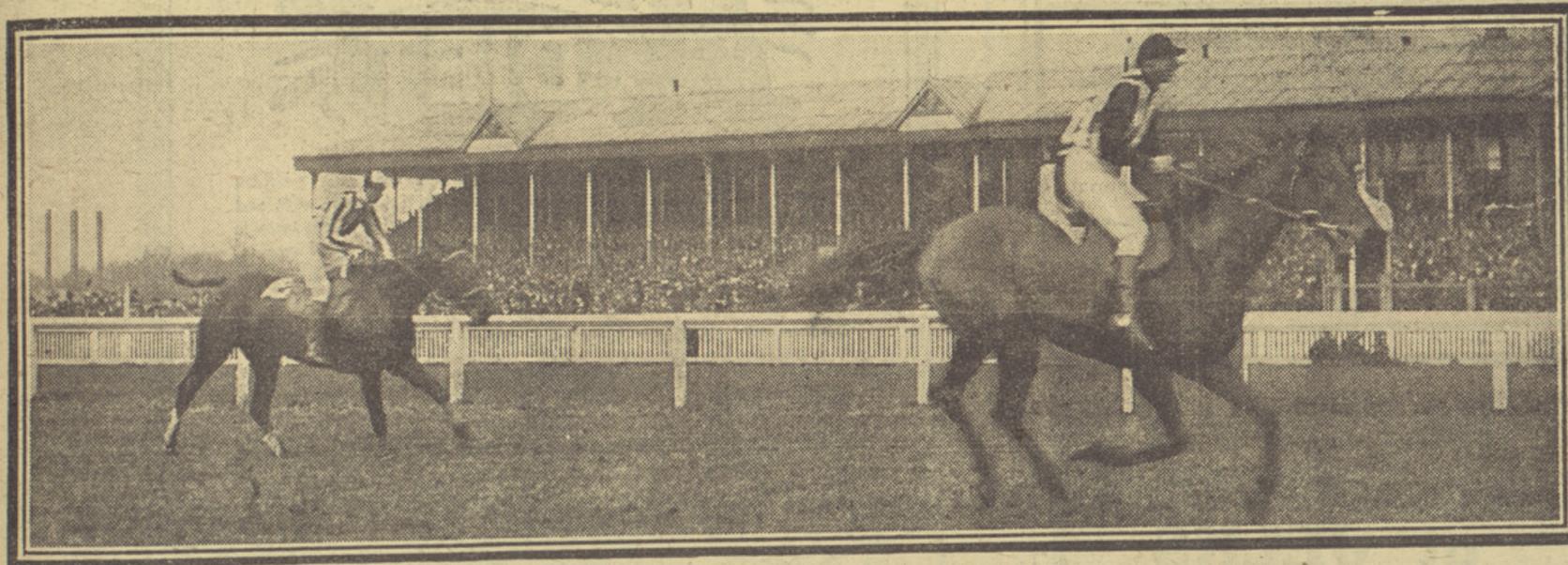
# SNAPSHOTS OF THE WAR-TIME GRAND NATIONAL AT GATWICK.



Although it was not Aintree the obstacles were quite stiff enough.



Leading in the winner.



The finish. Vermouth won in comfortable fashion from Irish Mail.

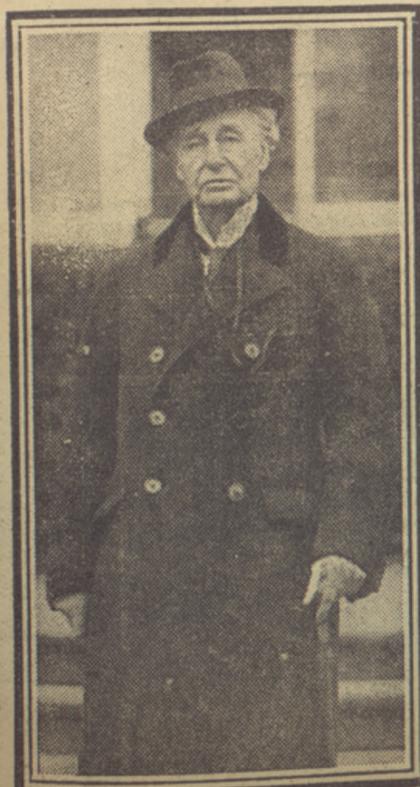
The war-time Grand National at Gatwick was very successful from the standpoint of racing, but, viewed as a fashionable gathering, it was not a brilliant spectacle. There were many soldiers present—including wounded in charge of their nurses—which shows that there are no killjoys among our boys in khaki. —(Daily Sketch Photographs.)

## FOR THE GENERAL.



General Cadorna, Italy's Commander-in-Chief, receiving a bouquet during his visit to the Italian Hospital in London yesterday.

## ON HIS HONEYMOON.



Snapshot of Sir Charles Wyndham at Bescombe, where he and his wife (Mary Moore) are on their honeymoon.

## CHILDREN FOLLOW THE LEADER IN THE PLANK PARADE.



The River Lea is in flood, and the streets of Lower Clapton have been turned into waterways. Our photograph shows school children and their adult escorts walking the plank.

## MARRIED AT GUARDS' CHAPEL.



The Hon. Mrs. Eaton, née Miss Nora Parker, of Tasmania. Her marriage to Lord Cheylesmore's elder son was at the Guards' Chapel.—(Yevonde.)

# THIS WONDERFUL (Gold Medal) MAGNETO CORSET

I want every lady who reads this to know that she can have at once a pair of my beautiful "New Medal" Magneto Corsets sent direct to her address in return for a P.O. for One Shilling.



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Magnetic power permeates your whole body from head to heel.

Think for yourself what it means to be thoroughly healthy, supremely vigorous, always to enjoy life, not for one hour, not for one day, but for always. I want you to send for one of my Magneto Corsets and join the vast and increasing army of happy wearers of this wonderful invention.

Send To-day:—

The price of my corsets is not pounds, it is only shillings. The price is 5s. 11d., but all I ask is that you send me a postal order for 1s., and by return of post I will send you a pair of my Magneto Corsets that will fit you like a glove. It will be a red-letter day to you, because it will be the beginning of new life.

Remember that my Magneto Corsets are Nature's Remedy for Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Nervous Troubles, Mind Wandering, Loss of Will Power, Involuntary Blushing, and scores of similar Ailments, and I place them in your hands to test for yourself for the trifling outlay of 1s. Does this not show that I have faith in what my Corsets can do for you?

From the moment when you put them on a ceaseless stream of

"On Approval." **COUPON** Post To-day.

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Simply write your FULL name and address on a piece of paper, fill in your correct measurements, pin coupon to paper, and post it to me at once.

Please send me a "Magneto Corset" on approval. I enclose 1/-, and if I do not immediately return Corset I will pay you the balance of 4/11/- either in one sum or by weekly instalments of 1/-.

Size of Waist..... Bust..... Hips..... Foreign and Colonial Orders must be accompanied by the full amount and 1/6 extra for post.



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ALWAYS ON VIEW. £50,000 WORTH OF HIGH-GRADE

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AN EVER-CHANGING STOCK OF ABSORBING INTEREST.

"Jelks' Saturday Afternoons" having become such a feature of London Life, there has recently been installed a dainty tea-room, and

All Visitors are cordially invited to take Afternoon Tea on Saturdays, Provided Free

It is possible to spend several delightful hours at Jelks' in wandering peacefully through a veritable wonderland of furniture—apparently unlimited in variety, and not a single article in dubious taste. No one pressed to purchase. Why not go to Jelks' to-day? You will find your reward in the intense interest which their present wonderful display will arouse in you. If you should desire to make a purchase, Jelks' terms are cash or easy payments.

250,000 sq. ft. floor space.

If you cannot call send for the free bargain list to-day

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The Dread of Restless Nights.

SLEEP is a periodic resting condition of the body, and especially to the nervous system. Insomnia or Sleeplessness causes not only great annoyance, but by interfering with the natural rest, deprives the person of full activity during the daytime and becomes a serious menace to the health. Broken nights often produce insomnia. In Old Age particularly the tendency to sleep soundly usually diminishes. Care with regard to the diet is essential; this will remove some of the causes of insomnia. Late meals should be avoided as they frequently cause Dyspepsia, and the attendant discomfort which disturbs the rest. The 'Allenburys' Diet is a never-failing comfort in such cases. So striking has been the unsolicited testimony as to the efficacy of the 'Allenburys' Diet in affording an easily digested last meal at night, that it will be found surprisingly helpful in combating sleeplessness. A cupful after going to bed usually proves all that is necessary to ensure quiet and refreshing sleep and digestive rest.

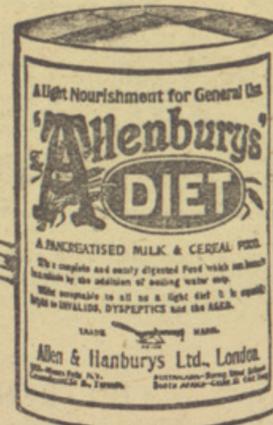
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A Large Sample sent Free on request.

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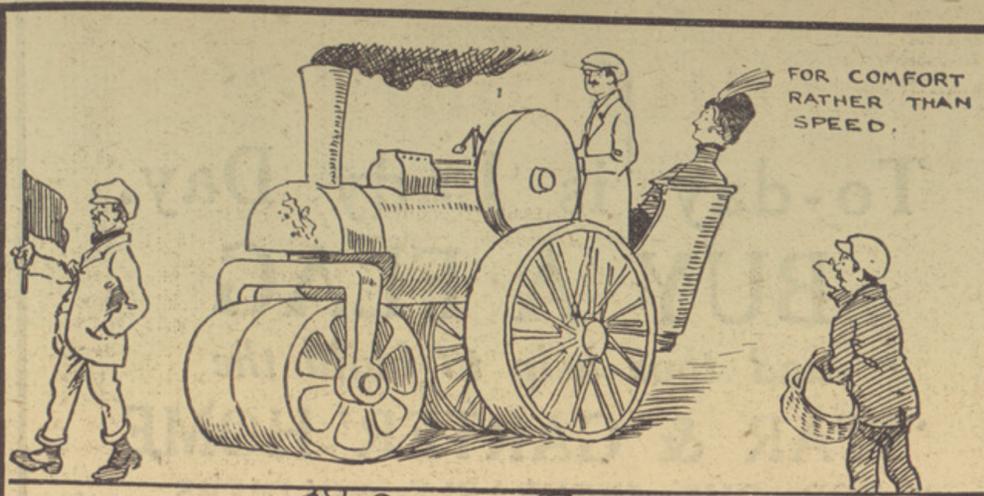
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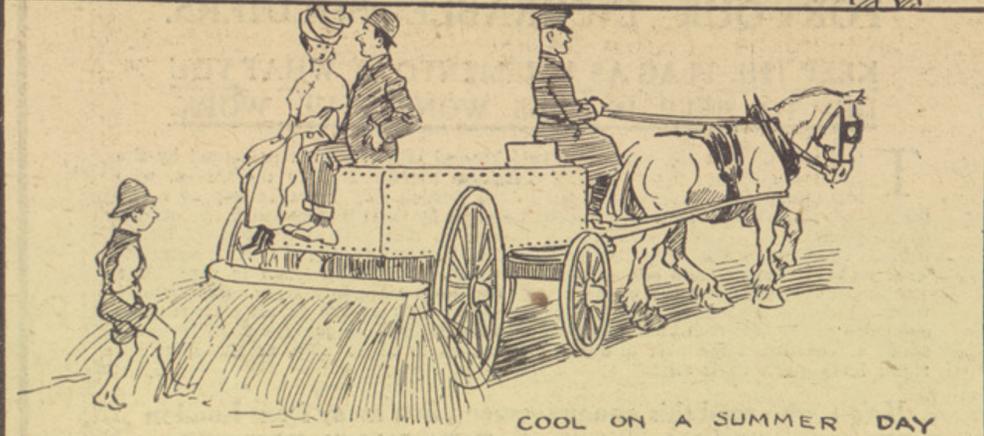
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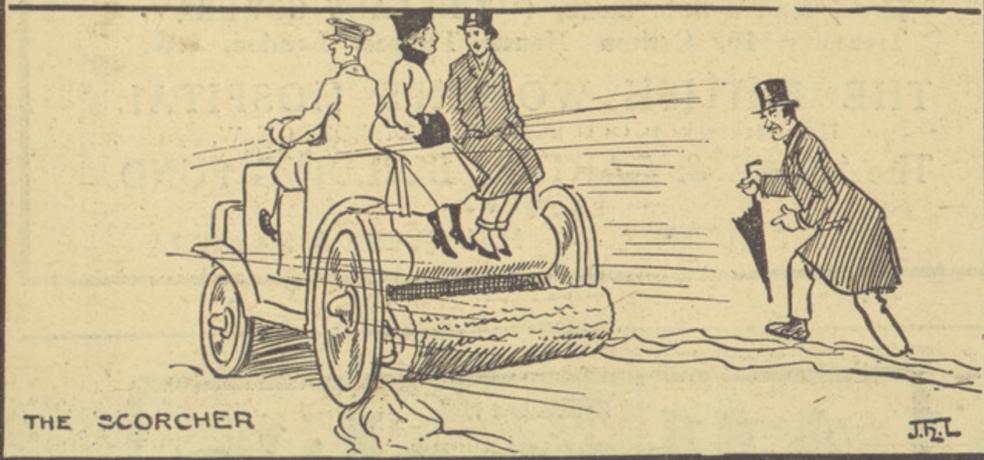
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FOR COMFORT RATHER THAN SPEED.



COOL ON A SUMMER DAY



THE SCORCHER

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# The LOVE CHEAT

BY YELVA BURNETT



"OUR table, waiter?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Oh, delightful; how kind of you, dear Vivian! All this sort of thing reminds me of the old days when your dear father, the Colonel, and I—"

But Vivian Grant lost the rest of Mrs. Drayton's reminiscence, for he was watching Laurette Cotwood, who companioned the old lady, and was so great a favourite with her that she was treated almost as a daughter.

Laurette bubbled over with happiness; for while her evening gown was severely simple, and she was the only woman in the room who had never a gem for her girlish throat and small white fingers, she envied none there, for she knew that she held the gift of Vivian's heart close against her own.

It was one of those recherché dinners for which the Corona was famous. The long apartment, with its countless lamps, its mirrors and flowers, buzzed with the talk of those who had wealth and position; yet Vivian would have been as happy in a garret provided Laurette was there.

The tale of love had still to be told; this was the magic hour which preceded it, and the girl was too shy to say much, but her employer was garrulous.

Mrs. Drayton told Vivian incidents of Colonel Grant's boyhood. He had been her most cherished friend. Tears were wont to spill from Mrs. Drayton's eyes when she recalled the soldier's glorious fall in the defence of Ladysmith.

"This crème bégarration is delicious," she remarked. "The best I have tasted out of France. Ah, the French know how to make soups and omelettes. Oh, look!" she exclaimed suddenly, "what a beautiful woman. Laurette, can you see her? There behind you, near that group of Frenchmen." Mrs. Drayton had raised her gold-mounted lorgnette. "You can't really catch a glimpse of her from your seat, Laurette, so don't rick your neck. Vivian, is she not superb?"

But the young man was as unable as Laurette to perceive this wonderful person. Moving groups of people acted as a brilliant, constantly shifting barricade between his eyes and those of the lady who now advanced haughtily across the room, conscious that every glance paid tribute to her magnificent presence.

"She's coming this way!" whispered Mrs. Drayton. "Actually, I do believe that table next ours has been reserved. Well, one can see she is somebody of importance."

## Sisters.

The girl who had caused so flattering an impression reached her table and slipped gracefully into her chair. She was brilliant, charming, young, yet she sat alone, studying the wine card with an indifferent expression.

Laurette was now able to see her distinctly; her heart gave a great throb, she barely suppressed a cry and made as though to rise and dart forward, impelled by deepest love and concern, for in this radiant creature, with her begemmed fingers and Paquin gown of cinnamon and gold, she beheld Betty, her younger and only sister, whom she had last seen as a penniless widow, defiant and fiercely angry at her misfortunes, yet turning passionately from Laurette's offers of help.

But surely, surely Laurette's eyes deceived her, for, if not, how came poor, penniless Betty here, amidst the Sybarites, in raiment so costly that it held all eyes?

Laurette's colour fled, a hobgoblin voice sang in her ear: "Doubt it as you may, this is Betty, for all her splendour!"

She heard Mrs. Drayton saying something and Vivian, whose shoulders were turned upon Laurette's sister, answered her absently, for he watched the girl he so tenderly loved. Laurette was startled by his low question:

"Is anything the matter?"

She shook her head and essayed to laugh. At that moment Betty's listless glance reached Laurette's white face, their eyes met, the widow frowned slightly, but made no other sign of recognition.

## The Intruder.

Laurette shrank under Betty's blank gaze. She turned cold and sick at heart at the realisation that this radiant creature had no wish to own her as sister. What should she do? It seemed impossible to remain so near Betty and yet be ignored by her.

Even as she pondered a means of escape Betty rose from her table. She was coming towards Laurette, whose heart expanded with joy, while the tears threatened to flood her eyes.

"I have wronged her," she thought. "My dear, dear sister didn't know me at first, but now she is coming to tell me that our different positions don't matter, because we were once all in all to each other."

But Betty ignored Laurette and Mrs. Drayton. With a dazzling smile she touched Vivian's shoulder.

"Oh, Viv!" she exclaimed. "How glad I am to see you again. May I not join you? I am eating my heart out with loneliness."

Vivian rose, colouring hotly.  
"Mrs. Chevonne!" he ejaculated, and Laurette saw that he was deeply moved. Recovering himself almost immediately he hastened to present the widow. She bowed charmingly to Mrs. Drayton, who was delighted at this chance of becoming acquainted with one whom she so much admired; but to her only sister the inclination of Betty's head was automatic and haughty.

"You know, Vivian and I were very, very intimate once on a time," Betty said to Mrs. Drayton, "and I've mourned him ever since."

With secret unwillingness Vivian ordered the waiter to bring Mrs. Chevonne a chair, this was placed between himself and Laurette, who in the violent recoil she now suffered was white and silent, with lowered lids and sad, trembling lips.

Taking no heed of her, Betty talked merrily—careful to address Mrs. Drayton as often as Vivian, yet under her vivacious chatter there spread a vast and terrible gloom. Vivian was not himself; as for Laurette, she felt near the limits of human endurance.

Vivian, quite unaware that Betty was Laurette's sister, conducted his guests to the lounge, and Betty sipped Arabian coffee and chartreuse with inimitable grace, manoeuvring to secure Vivian's attention while Laurette cowered back in the shadow of a slender palm. When she peered at the man she loved, he seemed held away from her by Betty's wiles. Mrs. Drayton was laughing heartily; Laurette seemed forgotten. Betty's occasional glance warned her to keep in the background.

Yet no matter how ashamed Betty might be of her, Laurette felt that because of their sisterhood she must love her through all.

"Many waters cannot quench love," The old quaint saying caused Laurette a rush of affection.

When at last Betty rose it was growing late, and Vivian felt that he had been cheated of an evening's pleasure. He was too courteous to show that he was annoyed by Betty's intrusion. Was Laurette vexed too? What ailed her to-night? She had been full of smiles until Mrs. Chevonne's appearance.

The ladies bade Vivian good-night, but Laurette did not offer her hand, yet she smiled sweetly, and her eyes were radiant with her resolve to win Betty back to herself.

Arriving at Mrs. Drayton's suite, Betty said sweetly, "I wonder if you would be so extremely kind as to lend me your maid for a few moments. Mine has gone off without permission, and I cannot get out of this frock by myself."

Mrs. Drayton looked somewhat surprised.  
"Laurette is not my maid, Mrs. Chevonne; she is my dear little companion. She is a free agent; you must ask her."

"Will you come?" demanded Betty.  
"Certainly!" Laurette responded. "If Mrs. Drayton is willing."

## Betty's Coolness.

Laurette followed Betty to her room on another floor.

It was not as handsome as one would have expected, but the bed was covered with various smart evening gowns. Laurette's heart seemed lodged in her throat, she longed to throw her arms about Betty, and tell her that she had forgiven her unsisterly conduct, but Betty appeared entirely unconscious of guilt. She closed the door and turned to subject Laurette to a cold, amused scrutiny; then she began to laugh heartily with her handkerchief to her lips.

"Well, if this isn't too funny for words! How solemn you are! Have you no sense of humour?"

"Betty," whispered Laurette, "dear, dear Betty! It is three years since we saw each other last. I couldn't believe it at first—I mean that it was really you—I didn't know where you were, for—"

she added reproachfully—"you never wrote me!"

"There was nothing to write about, on my honour, and I don't like the role of weeping widow. But don't let's talk of the past. It gives me the creeps!"

"But," Laurette urged, "how—what are you doing here?"

The widow broke in with another laugh. "You think the Corona beyond my means?"

"Well, isn't it, dearest?"

Betty nodded, with an arch sprightliness.

"Still, I'm here. That's the best of me. I always manage to make a good show."

Laurette's brain was in a whirl. It was amazing to find Betty treating her in as casual a manner as though they had parted but yesterday.

In happy childhood they had played together, making the best of their broken toys because no new ones were possible. Betty had been exquisitely pretty and passionately discontented. When, some years later, they were left orphans, Laurette had toiled to keep a roof over their heads, but her sister had wearied of staying at home.

One day Betty disappeared and went on the stage; the next news of her was that she had married Cecil Chevonne. Two years later he died, penniless, for he was a gambler and a spendthrift.

Since then Laurette had been in ignorance of Betty's whereabouts. To her letter, offering help and begging Betty to return to her, she had received no answer.

Now a terrible sense of responsibility and of dread overwhelmed Laurette. Betty could not afford to be here, she felt sure of that. She held out her arms, aware that her sister meant to keep her at bay, and yet resolved, if possible, to win her confidence.

"Betty," she said gently, "you wouldn't know me downstairs. Is it because—?"

"Know you?" interrupted Betty. "What, after I'd found you figuring in the visitors' book as Mrs. Drayton's companion! What a question! How like you! D'you think I can afford to know you?"

"Betty, we are sisters. We are alone in the world!"

"Rubbish!" laughed Betty. "Don't be sentimental. Our relationship is a pure accident. There's a difference between us that counteracts that."

"Oh, Betty—what difference?"  
"That you choose to be a little dowd and earn money with your hands, whereas I earn it with my wits and my beauty."

## A Deep Game.

"Yes, you are very beautiful."

"Thanks, Laurette; and now look here," she dropped her gay, amused tone and seated herself in a cushioned rocking-chair. "Let us get to business. I'm going to be brutally frank. I'm here to make a good marriage, for I'm on my beam ends with debts that would frighten you out of your senses. Well, you look scared enough already!" She giggled and showed her dimples. "What an ideal wife for a curate you'd make! Vivian and I—once we're married—might find you a suitable partner."

"Vivian and you! I don't understand."

"Dear little Laurette, you're rather dense. You see, we met a few years ago and he was always the first at the stage-door, awaiting my appearance. He is rich and distinguished, and naturally I'm going to marry him."

"Wait, wait!" implored Laurette. "Don't go on—Oh, Betty, how can you talk in this cruel, mercenary way! And—and I don't believe Vivian ever loved you."

"Dear me, you're too funny for words, Laurette. I see how the land lies. You're more cunning than I thought, you demure little thing, making up to dear Vivian behind that hideous Mrs. Drayton's back, eh? Well, quite a pretty game, but you never had the remotest chance with him. These young fellows will amuse themselves at a pretty companion's expense, but that's all got to end now, dear sister, for, doubt it as you may, Vivian and I are as good as engaged. He has been playing with you, Laurette."

Laurette raised her hands to her throat in an effort to hold back her sobs. The evening had held too much joy and pain.

"I don't want him to know I'm poor," Betty continued. "If you have any affection for me—as you used to say you had—you will hold your tongue. You're Mrs. Drayton's companion, and I never saw you before to-night. Remember that, if you please."

Laurette was seized by a passion of woe.

"Betty, Betty, he loves me, I feel sure. Oh, no, he has not told me so, but I know it. There are hundreds of other men, Betty; don't take him from me. He's all I have."

"Well, upon my word! If you're so much to Vivian, why hasn't he told you so? Oh, you little fool!" she added roughly. "I can show you a note of Vivian's in which he asks me to marry him, and declares over and over again that he will never, never forget me."

## Laurette Gives A Promise.

"Betty!" cried Laurette. "Is this true?"

"Would you care to see the letter?" responded the other. "Isn't my word good enough?"

"Yes, indeed, I could not bear to see a letter that was meant only for you."

Laurette was self-controlled now, but she didn't want to hear any more. What Betty had told her had sunk bitterly into her very soul. Life had suddenly been robbed of its sunshine, had become clouded and dismal.

"I'll go now, Betty, if you don't mind," she said wearily.

"And you promise not to interfere between us, nor take mean advantages behind my back?"

Laurette looked gravely at her sister.

"Oh, yes, I promise—don't be afraid, Betty; it's not in my power nor in my heart to do you a scrap of harm."

"Ta, ta, then; don't look so humpy," Betty called after her sister. She laughed softly as she sauntered to the mirror and regarded her flawless reflection. She had lied about Vivian—had lied skillfully. Once, it was true, Vivian had more than admired her, but she had turned him down for a wealthier man who, she found too late, had never meant to marry—but now she knew that Vivian's love was hers no longer.

But Betty was troubled by no twinge of remorse as she thought of the suffering she had seen in the eyes of Laurette.

For a week Laurette kept out of her sister's way, and Vivian saw nothing of her. Mrs. Drayton explained that her companion seemed very unwell and wished to have her meals in her room.

Vivian was puzzled and alarmed. He could not understand why she avoided him, but he had small time for thought. Betty took complete possession of him, besieging him with looks of soft reproach, with reminiscences of a time when he had really thought her the perfection of womanhood.

That was before he had met Laurette.

One evening, however, when Betty was dressing for dinner, and the lounge was almost deserted, Vivian caught sight of Laurette, who was sending

a message over the 'phone for Mrs. Drayton. When she came from the little glass box Vivian blocked her path. At once she grew rosy red and then woefully white.

"Good evening, Mr. Grant," she said. "I mustn't stay a moment; I've a message for Mrs. Drayton."

"Laurette," he answered, addressing her for the first time by her Christian name, "why are you so unkind? What have I done to be treated this way? Ever since that night at dinner—"

She interrupted him coldly. "Nothing that signifies, Mr. Grant. Please don't detain me."

"Look here, Laurette, you can't put me off this way. There's something behind this coldness; has someone told you some vile, untrue tale about me?"

She clasped her hands and looked at him with a wild entreaty. She was resolved to be loyal to Betty, but, oh, if she could discover if Betty's tale was true. If it was, she would go away and never see Vivian again.

Vivian caught savagely at her wrist. "What have you heard? Speak! Do you hear me, Laurette?"

"I—have—heard," she repeated faintly, and suddenly she decided that she would know the truth. She would ask Vivian to confess or deny that he was Betty's lover. All her happiness depended upon it. She grasped Vivian's arm; in her ears was the sound made by the lift as it rumbled from an upper floor.

"Well, Laurette?" demanded Vivian.

"Oh, Vivian"—the name slipped from her—"is it true that you—that Mrs. Chevonne—"

The lift reached the ground floor. Betty in scarlet and mauve chiffon stepped lightly towards them.

"I heard my name," she said sweetly. "What were you saying about Mrs. Chevonne?"

(Do not miss Monday's instalment.)

## Love Goes Astray.

By HOWEL EVANS.

### The Journey's End.

"'Journeys end in lovers' meetings!' That's rather a sweet saying, isn't it, Sheila, little friend?"

It was a week later, and Steve stood once more in the old study. Seven long days he had waited, and now he had ventured to come again.

"Is there to be such a meeting for us, Sheila?" he said.

"Yes, some day."

And Sheila turned her face to Steve's, and he stooped to her dear lips and reverently kissed them for the first time as her lover. Then, with a little sigh, she released herself from him and went on to speak of Meg.

"You must come to the wedding, Steve," she said brightly. "I'm going to be bridesmaid and little Bill would just love you to be best man, only he daren't ask. I'm going to give Meg her wedding dress and a little gold watch and chain I put on one side for her. That I insisted on. But together we might give them something extra nice, I think, don't you?"

"Rather! But, Sheila, how have you accounted to people—your friends—for your absence from home, for your Aunt Mary's advertisement?"

"Oh, that's really rather funny, Steve," Sheila laughed genuinely for the first time for months. "We assumed that it was Aunt Mary's advertisement, but it wasn't. It was from an old friend of father's who had gone abroad and who owed father money. He returned unexpectedly, called here, found that I had gone and left no address, and inserted that rather alarming advertisement. He came here again only two or three days ago and said the money—a thousand pounds it was. And so I've a truthful explanation to give to my friends and neighbours that I was away and that a creditor of Dad's wanted my address and thought that advertisement might be a means of finding me."

"Just one more question, sweetheart." The term of endearment came out delicately, quietly. "What about the little boy, that little boy with the—the strange likeness?"

"Mr. Plantin, the solicitor, you know, looked up the registers at Somerset House and found that that poor woman, Mrs. Eric Landor, was really the sister of the man who—who married me under the name of Eric Landor, which was really the name of his brother-in-law."

"I see, I see," said Steve gravely and quietly. "I suppose the boy threw back in his likeness to his mother's brother. Poor little fellow! But what's become of him, Sheila?"

"He's been staying with our kind landlady—the first one, you know, Mrs. Jessop—but Aunt Mary's seen him and she's always going to look after him. Poor little fellow!"

"Sheila," said Steve, and his voice was a little husky. "I've come to the conclusion that there are a lot of good women in this world."

"And good men, too, Steve," answered Sheila. And again Steve put his arms round her and their lips met in a lingering kiss. Troubles were over; their long journey through trials and difficulties had ended at last.

THE END.

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Every patriotic woman will want to help make the *Daily Sketch* Needlework Competition an even greater success than last year's effort. Send a large stamped addressed envelope to-day to the Needlework Dept. of the *Daily Sketch*, Shoe-lane, London, E.C., for details.

## THE KING'S WOMEN GARDENERS AT WINDSOR.



Since January this year four women gardeners have been employed in the glasshouses at the Royal gardens at Windsor Castle. They have taken the places of men who have joined the Army. His Majesty has again given a patriotic lead to his subjects.—(*Daily Sketch* Photographs.)

### THE BLACK BOOT-BLACK.



Jock ashore in Cairo has a shoe-shine from a little Arab who is almost as black as his blacking.

### SIGNS OF SPRING IN HYDE PARK.



The first glimpse of spring sunshine yesterday attracted convalescent Tommies to a lounge in Hyde Park and nursemaids to the first "pram parade" of the season.

### RETIRING GENERAL.



General W. E. Blewett, C.B., is retiring from the Southern Command.—(Russell.)