BRITISH ATTACK PLAYS HAVOC WITH GERMAN TRENCHES.

DAILY SKETCH.

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

No. 2,200. LONDON, TUESDAY, MARCH 28, 1916. [Registered as a Newspaper.] ONE HALFPENNY.

His Au Revoir To The Trenches

The French poilu wears a happy smile, for he is bidding his comrades a gay au revoir. He is going on leave to the home he left behind to fight for France. His comrades are not jealous, but they hope for the day when they will get their hard-earned holiday.

A Wounded Anzac's Romance

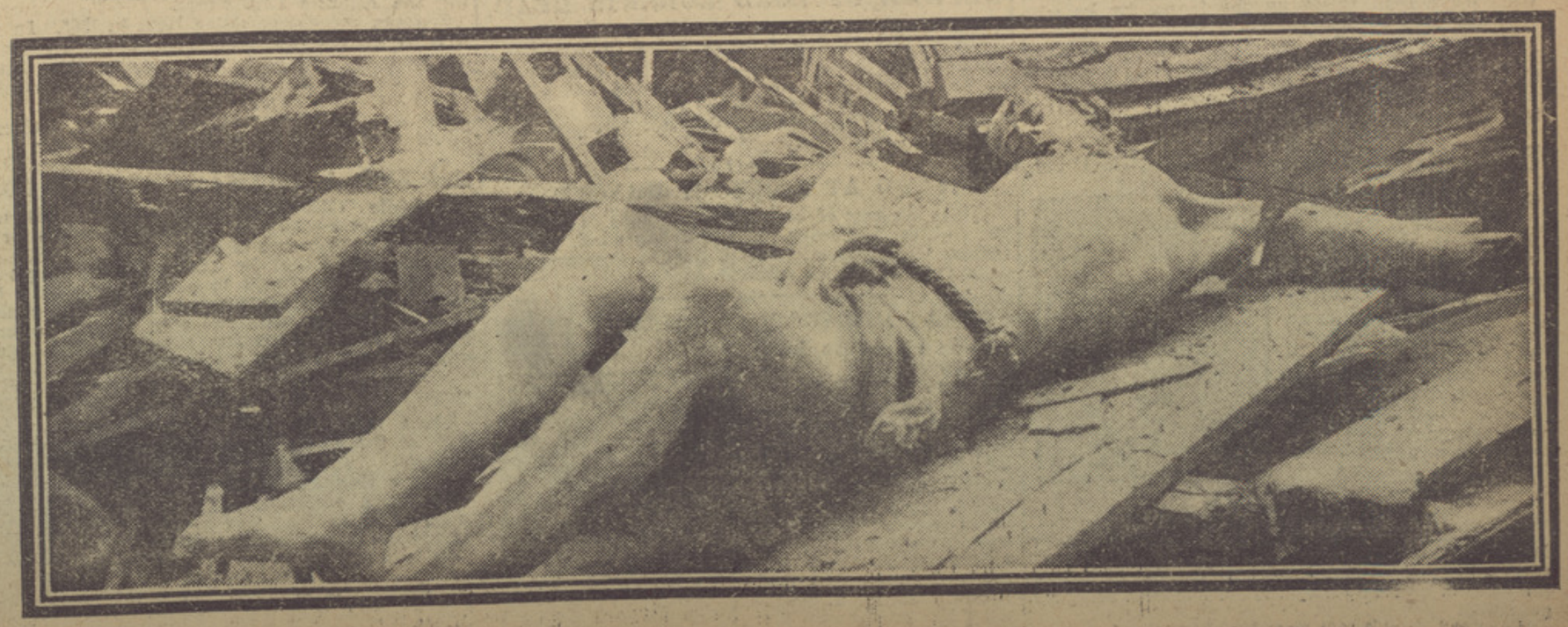
Miss Amice Deane.

Gunner Arrowsmith was wounded in Gallipoli. His father was also wounded at Anzac. A pretty war romance will be happily crowned by the wedding next month of Gunner T. H. Arrowsmith, Australian Field Artillery, with Miss Amice Deane, stepdaughter of Surgeon-Major R. G. Burton, and the sweetheart of his boyhood. Mr. Hughes, and Mr. Fisher will attend the ceremony.—(*Daily Sketch* Photographs.)

AIR-HERO'S WIFE.

Mrs. Howey, whose husband is a prisoner of war in Mainz. When 10,000 feet up in an aeroplane his pilot was killed. Lieutenant Howey climbed into the dead man's seat and brought the machine safely to earth, but in the German lines.

GOTT MIT UNS!



This photograph of the fallen crucifix, lying prostrate amid the ruined walls of the Church of Richebourg St. Vaast, provides an ironic commentary on the Germans' reiterated cry of "Gott mit uns." What a lesson to neutral nations on the significance of Hun blasphemy!

HAVE OUR PILOTS BEEN MURDERED?

Mr. Pemberton Billing Persists In His Allegations.

SENT UP IN "DUD" MACHINES

"We Must Have A Fleet That Will Darken The Sky."

Mr. Pemberton Billing yesterday repeated his allegation that our pilots had been "murdered" by sending them up in "dud" machines, and his audience of City men cheered when he said he could prove it.

The occasion was a meeting organised by the United Wards Club and held at the Cannon-street Hotel to consider the subject of defensive measures against air raids.

While the meeting was in progress an aeroplane was seen over the City It circled around for some time, and then went away in a westerly direction.

Mr. Billing said he went to Parliament to speak the truth. He had been advised that if he did so he would ruin a promising political career, but he could assure his friends that he had not donned mufti with the object of anything so rotten as the achievement of a political reputation.

A PLACE OUTSIDE THE ACT.

He went to the House of Commons because that was the only place now where the Defence of the Realm Act did not handcuff one's hands and seal one's lips.

There was no power on earth that was going to prevent him saying what he knew to be true in the interests of his country. (Applause.)

We had the money, the brains, the ability, and the resources. We wanted the Government to employ those factors, and give us the supremacy of the air. (Applause.)

We must have a fleet of aeroplanes that will darken the sky. We must have done with intrigue in both services between high service officials, and in other quarters," Mr. Billing declared.

He meant what he said when he declared that some of our pilots had been murdered by having to fly in inferior machines, and he proposed to prove it.

PREPARED TO PROVE IT.

Men had been ordered into the air in rainstorms, and in "dud" machines, when we had the finest machines, and when they had only a meagre chance of getting back.

He would leave it to the consciences of those in high authority who allowed these things to go on to find a better word than murder to describe the sending of a young man to his death facing German machines which could climb and fly at twice the speed of our own.

Between the time he made his maiden speech and his first attack on the Government he sought all those in authority, and told them much more than he told them in the House, and he was prepared to prove what he alleged up to the hilt by oral and documentary evidence. He was received most politely. (Laughter.) That, however, did not satisfy him now, and never would. (Applause.)

ALL RIGHT AND ALL WRONG.

Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole remarked that Mr. Tennant told the House of Commons the other night that everything was all right with the air service

"We who live on the East Coast," said Mr. Stacpoole, "know that everything is all wrong with the air service, and gravely wrong." (Applause.)

We should never win the war until we had a war Government in power. Let them keep the Cabinet as long as they liked, but let it be kept in the British Museum. (Loud laughter.)

As Mr. Arnold White was referring to Lord Haldane and his admiration for Germany there was some interruption, which was dealt with by the stewards.

Mr. White explained that if Lord Haldane had not been friendly to Germany, at all events he had been neutral to England. This was not the time for a man to sit on the fence, for he who was not with us was against us.

Mr. Hogge described Mr. Billing as the political hangman. (Loud laughter.) Since he had entered the House the authorities had undertaken two air raids on a big scale after nearly 15 months of idleness, so we were really getting on.

FINE RECORD OF A BRAVE YOUTH.

The late Quartermaster-Sergeant E. A. Bacon, 5th K.R.R.C., was only 19. So keen was he to serve his country that at the outbreak of war he succeeded in joining by passing himself off as 19, whereas he was only 17. He made rapid progress and rose to the rank of Q.M.S. At La Bassée, last year, he was wounded, and died in a Hove hospital last month.

THE CHEAPENING LOAF.

Mr. F. C. Finch, secretary of the London Master Bakers' Protection Society, stated yesterday that the decision of leading bakers in London to reduce the price of bread from 9½d. to 9d. has been accepted generally.

He added that it was possible that in a few days the uniform price would be 8½d.

Edgar Wrigley, a barrister, shot himself at Richmond because he had several times been rejected as medically unfit for the [illegible]

RELIEF EXPEDITION TO THE ANTARCTIC.

Steps Taken To Rescue Stranded Men Of The Aurora.

IS SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON ON THE ENDURANCE?

At a meeting in London yesterday of the official representatives of Sir Ernest Shackleton's expedition, at which Lady Shackleton and Mrs. Mackintosh (wife of the commander of the Aurora) were present, the report of Mr. Stenhouse (chief officer) of the breaking away of the Aurora was considered, and it was decided that steps must be taken immediately to commence the organisation of a relief expedition to the Ross Sea to rescue the explorers left at the base.

It was stated that all the facts available were being brought to the notice of the Government and the Royal Geographical Society.

Information was being collected as to the amount of stores left at Captain Scott's old headquarters which would be at the disposal of the party if they had succeeded in making it, and attempts were being made to send wireless instructions to Mr. Stenhouse to forward at the earliest moment details of the stores and sledging equipment landed from the Aurora.

Until the Endurance had been spoken and it was known whether Sir Ernest Shackleton and his party were on board or had been landed at the Weddell Sea base for their trans-continental march, it could not be said whether there would be a second relief ship sent there.

THE AURORA NEEDS NO HELP.

Expects To Arrive In New Zealand Early Next Month.

WELLINGTON, N.Z., Monday

A wireless message has been received from the Aurora, which at the time of the dispatch of the message was 600 miles south of New Zealand.

It states that the ship does not require assistance, and expects to arrive off New Zealand early in April.—Reuter.

BOUNTY FOR MEN OF CARMANIA.

Prize Court Awards £2,115 For Sinking Of The Cap Trafalgar.

Captain Noel Grant, C.B., and the officers and crew of the Carmania were awarded in the Prize Court yesterday £2,115 prize bounty established on the basis of 423 persons on board the German armed cruiser Cap Trafalgar, which she sank in September, 1914.

The application was the first ever heard in the Prize Court in respect of the sinking of a German cruiser, and the claim made on behalf of the Carmania's crew by Commander Maxwell Anderson, R.N., was for 437 persons at the rate of £5 per head—£2,185.

CAPT NOEL GRANT.

Sir Samuel Evans asked Commander Anderson why he said £5 a head, and the latter replied that was the provision of bounty rate according to the Order in Council.

Actual destruction of the enemy ship was not necessary to secure bounty. The enemy might be induced to surrender by an overpowering force, but her captors had to come to the Prize Court for a decree that they were the sole and proper persons entitled to the bounty.

NEPHEW OF LORD ROBERTS DEAD.

The death took place suddenly at Evercreech, Somerset, on Sunday night of Major Charles Davis Shorston, formerly of the Rifle Brigade, a nephew of Lord Roberts. He was invalided out of the Army many years ago with his sword-arm incapacitated in Indian fighting, but did garrison duty during the Boer War.

KILLED AT BOMBING PRACTICE.

While a party of bomb-throwers was at practice in Dublin yesterday a bomb exploded, killing Private Christopher Mitchell, Dublin Fusiliers, and wounding two other soldiers.

"STRAY SHOTS" BY A SOLDIER-POET.

Since his return from the Dardanelles Lance-Corporal W. F. Rollo, of the 1st Border Regiment, has published a volume of poems under the title of "Stray Shots." They mainly deal with the fighting in front of Achi Baba, during which he was wounded. The volume is being sold for the benefit of regimental funds. Rollo, a Scotsman, has served with his regiment in Burma and India.

First-Class Petty Officer William Gawler, of Portsmouth, has been personally decorated by the [illegible]

EVERY-DAY ARTICLES THAT COST MUCH MORE.

How The Purchasing Power Of The Sovereign Has Shrunk.

SOME "TIPS" FOR MR. McKENNA.

When Mr. McKenna admitted in the House of Commons the other night that he did not know that shopkeepers were extorting 5½d. per lb for sugar, he once more proved how inadequately fitted—says a *Daily Sketch* correspondent—most men of Cabinet rank are to deal with the purely human things that matter to the industrial classes.

For the benefit of Mr. McKenna and other wealthy members of the Government who do not have to trouble about the make-up of their weekly household accounts, our correspondent sends this list of prices actually paid yesterday in a locality where the population is thick and the competition consequently keen:—

Article	Pre-War Price. s. d.		Present. s. d.
Firewood	3	per 6 bundles	4½
Onions	3	per 4lb.	4 per lb.
Ale	4	per quart	7
Whisky	3 6	per bottle	5 0
Flour	2½	per 2lb	4½
Bread	2¼	per loaf	4½
Coal	1 2	per cwt.	1 10
Gas	2 6	per 1,000	3 0
Gas Mantles	2	each	4
Bacon	8	per lb.	1 2
Meat (flank)	5½	per lb	8½
Cheese	8	per lb	1 0
Butter	1 1	per lb.	1 7
Milk	3½	per quart	5
Tea	1 6	per lb.	2 4
Sugar (moist)	2	per lb	4½
Jam	10	per 2lb	1 3
Currants	4	per lb.	6
Prunes	4	per lb.	6
Minerals	1	a bottle	1½
Cotton	2¼	per reel	3
Soda (washing)	2	per 4lb	4
Soap	3	per lb.	4½
Matches	1½	per dozen	3½

"My advice to the Chancellor," concludes our correspondent, "is to disguise himself and go round the working and middle-class quarters with a big bag on Friday and Saturday next.

"The experience will certainly show into whose pockets the money goes, whose dividends and reserve balances are being added to, and who therefore ought to be taxed."

THE KIND OF MEN WE ARE PROUD OF.

Acting-Corporal J. Ryan, 1st Rifle Brigade.

Pte. J. Dodds, Northumberland Fusiliers.

Ryan has been wounded three times. The last time was while he was helping a wounded officer, a deed for which he has been awarded the D.C.M. Four days after Dodds left England he performed the deed that won him the D.C.M. Under heavy fire he went and warned a company that they were in danger of being cut off. His action led to their successful withdrawal. Wallsend has made him a presentation.

CROSSED ATLANTIC 1,100 TIMES.

Mr. T. Kinsey, purser of the American Line mail steamer St. Paul, which arrived at Liverpool yesterday from New York, has retired after crossing the Atlantic 1,100 times.

His sea experience dates back to 1853. In addition to his Atlantic record he served on steamers engaged in transport work during the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, and the Abyssinian expedition.

He was paymaster to the auxiliary cruiser St. Louis during the Spanish-American War.

£ 0 FOR A PENNYWORTH OF COKE'

Radcliffe (Manchester) magistrates yesterday fined Walter Bentley, a manufacturer, £20 for the theft of a pennyworth of coke.

It was stated that he used a ladder to get over a high boundary wall to a coke heap in a local park His legal representative said the explanation was that he took the coke to get "a bit of his own back" from the urban council, against whom he felt he had a grievance.

B.SC. AND M.A. KILLED.

Lieut. C. H. E. Varndell, of the Royal West Surreys, was killed during a German attack on a mine crater. A Surrey man, he was educated at Farnham Grammar School before going to Edinburgh University, where he took his M.A. and B.Sc. degrees. After three years in the O.T.C. he received his commission at the outbreak of war, and went to France last June. His wife is [illegible]

WHAT ABOUT THE MARRIED MAN'S HOME?

M.P.s Not Disposed To Wait Much Longer For Cabinet Scheme.

THE OUTSTANDING PROBLEM.

From Our Parliamentary Correspondent.

Parliament this week will be robbed of some of its interest by the absence of the Prime Minister and Mr. Lloyd George in France. Mr. Bonar Law will lead the House while they are away, and his marked success in that capacity on former occasions renders his selection by the Prime Minister to deputise in his absence a very welcome one to members.

The position of the married soldier is still the one outstanding problem which the Government has to face. It will come to-day before the Unionist War Committee, over which Sir Edward Carson is to preside, and it is expected that an endorsement will be given by this body to the suggestion made by the Liberal War Committee last week that compulsion should be applied to unattested married men.

> ***As Others See Them.***
>
> "I wish the 'Married Men' of England could see our trains of wounded men at the stations. They would see men of all ages together, all bandaged alike, grey beards alongside fair moustaches—so confident in themselves, so happy to have given their blood for their country, so full of smiles even in the midst of their pain, that nobody can see them without wanting to have been among them under the German guns.
>
> "Then the 'Married Men' of England, instead of arguing about the date when they are to go to the front, would hurry off eagerly to the first soldiers' train and claim the honour of being the first to reach the firing-line. . . .
>
> "Let us argue after victory. Don't wait for the Germans. That is the only thing that matters."
>
> —M. CLEMENCEAU, in *L'Homme Enchaîné.*

It is likely that a full joint meeting of the two groups will be held at the first opportunity with the object of common action.

There is some uncertainty as to whether the Cabinet has yet agreed on the nature and extent of the assistance to be given to the married men in respect of their civil financial liabilities, but it is understood that considerable progress has been made with the elaboration of a far-reaching scheme. M.P.s will not be disposed, however, to wait much longer for a clear Ministerial declaration on this most pressing subject.

"A MAMMOTH DEMONSTRATION."

What is described as a "mammoth demonstration" will be held at the Albert Hall next Friday by the National Union of Attested Married Men. Delegates are expected from all parts of the kingdom. A news agency states that "a definite offer is to be made to the Government with regard to financial relief."

Willesden magistrate has remitted rates owing by married attested men who have been summoned for non-payment, although the debt was incurred before they attested

LAST OF UNSTARRED BACHELORS.

The last batches of single men are joining the colours, and yesterday there was a busy scene at the Central Recruiting Depot at Whitehall, where queues of the elder bachelors presented themselves for service.

The War Office has issued an appeal to Birmingham and Midland manufacturers to take steps without delay for training women and men over military age to take the places of men eligible for military service.

Arrangements are being made for the release of single men who have hitherto been badged or starred.

It is estimated that there are at least seventy thousand women employed in Birmingham workshops.

LORD FRENCH'S SISTER HONOURED.

SALONIKA, Monday.

General Sarrail yesterday presented the Croix de la Guerre to Lord French's sister as President of the Scottish Red Cross Society. Afterwards General Sarrail and General Mahon were present at a concert.—Reuter.

ASLEEP IN A TIN TRUNK.

Victor Mann, errand boy, was at Croydon yesterday remanded, charged with burglary at his employer's, a tailor, who found the boy in a dazed condition in a tin trunk, with the lid down.

The employer said he believed the boy had squandered his week's wages, and had entered by a window.

NINETEEN SOLDIER GRANDSONS.

The oldest inhabitant of the North Essex village of Earls Colne, a farm labourer named James Williamson, aged 94, has died, leaving

60 grandchildren,
42 great-grandchildren,
1 great-great-grandchild.

Nineteen grandsons are serving with the colours.

BRITISH CAPTURE 600 YARDS OF GERMAN TRENCHES.

BRITISH INFANTRY SWEEPS GERMANS FROM TWO LINES OF TRENCHES.

Fusiliers' Gallant Charge At St. Eloi.

MINES PREPARE THE WAY FOR THE ASSAULT.

Heavy Casualties Caused In Ranks Of Defeated Huns.

170 PRISONERS TAKEN.

British infantry proved their mettle yesterday at St. Eloi, a little more than two miles south of Ypres.

At this point the German line pressed forward, and was naturally a cause of irritation, if not of menace, to that part of our front.

Mines were exploded yesterday morning, and an assault by Northumberland Fusiliers and Royal Fusiliers was launched at the Germans, who were driven from two lines of trenches on a front of 600 yards.

This splendid exploit is recorded merely as an incident in Sir Douglas Haig's laconic dispatch below, though it is probably the most effective stroke on the British front since Loos.

The gallant Northumberland and London boys who swept the Huns from their trenches have good cause to feel proud of their day's work.

British Official News.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, FRANCE, Monday Night.

This morning, after exploding mines, infantry of the Northumberland Fusiliers and Royal Fusiliers assaulted the German salient at St. Eloi, successfully taking the first and second-line trenches over a front of 600 yards.

Heavy casualties are known to have been caused to the enemy.

We have taken two officers and 168 men prisoners.

Artillery activity to-day has been mainly confined to the neighbourhood of Angres, Wulverghem, St. Eloi and Wieltje.

Last night and to-day there has been much mining activity.

At La Boisselle we successfully exploded a mine.

South of Neuville St. Vaast and near Hohenzollern Redoubt there has been crater fighting, in which we were successful.

Opposite Hulluch the enemy exploded mines last night, damaging our trenches and causing some casualties.

We are established on the crater formed by the explosion.

German Official News.

Monday Afternoon.

By means of an extensive mine explosion early this morning, the English damaged our position near St. Eloi [three miles] south of Ypres.

Over 100 yards of trenches were blown up, and casualties were caused among the company

FLIGHT-SUB-LIEUT. C. G. KNIGHT.

FLIGHT-LIEUT. G. H. REID

Two of the gallant airmen who took part in the great raid on the German airship sheds in Schleswig-Holstein. They are both reported mis sing.—(Birkett.)

ALL TOGETHER THIS TIME.

Eight Nations Represented At Allies' War Council.

Eight nations are represented by their leading military and political chiefs at the Allies' War Council which began yesterday in Paris. These nations are:—

France,	Belgium,
Russia,	Serbia,
Italy,	Portugal,
Japan,	Great Britain.

The object of the conference is to decide in common on the measures to be adopted for a concerted attack upon Germany and her dupes.

Never in history have so many Allied nations met together to confer on measures to be taken against a common enemy as yesterday at the Quai d'Orsay.

The room in which the conference was held today is already historic. It was the scene of the peace conference after the Spanish-American war, and further back, in 1856, it was there that Cavour represented his country when Italy was admitted among the Great Powers.

At the head of a long green table were the French delegates in order from left to right as follows:

M. Bourgeois, General Roques, M. Briand, Admiral Lacaze, and General Joffre.

At the opposite end of the table, in the same order, sat General Sir William Robertson, and then the Italian representatives Signor Salandra, Signor Tittoni, Baron Sonnino, and General Cadorna.

On the left side of the table, beginning next to M. Bourgeois, were M. Thomas and M Jules Cambon (France), then the three Belgian representatives, M. de Broqueville, Baron Beyens, and M. Vielemans, followed by the British representatives, Mr. Asquith, Sir F. Bertie, Sir E. Grey, Mr. Lloyd George, and Lord Kitchener.

On the right side of the table, beginning next to General Joffre, sat General Castelnau, then the four Serbian members, M. Pasitch, M. Yovanovitch, M. Vestnitch, and M. Pasitch.

Next came General Gilinsky and M. Isvolsky (Russia), M. Matsui (Japanese Ambassador in Paris), and General Dallolio (Italy).

GERMAN SURPRISE ATTACK.

Failure Of Attempt Against French First Line Trenches.

French Official News.

PARIS, Monday, 11 p.m.

Between the Somme and the Avre in the neighbourhood of Maucourt, after an intense bombardment, the Germans attempted against our first line trenches a surprise attack which completely failed

In Argonne there was continuous activity by our artillery against various points of the enemy front, especially in the sector of Bois de Cheppy.

Our long-range guns cannonaded moving troops in the direction of Exermont Chatel and blew up a munitions depot.

West of the Meuse the bombardment was maintained somewhat intensely against our front of Bethincourt-Mort Homme-Cumières, as well as to the east of the Meuse.

In the region of Vaux-Douaumont there was an outburst of artillery.

In Woevre there was no infantry action.

North-east of St. Mihiel we bombarded from a considerable distance the enemy station and establishments of Heudicourt, south of Vigneulles. A line of trucks was demolished, and a building caught fire.—Exchange.

FRENCH CLEAR GREEK TERRITORY.

All the German and Bulgarian detachments, says Reuter's correspondent at Salonika yesterday, which had advanced into Greek territory have been

ENGLISH OFFICERS IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS.

Men Who Took Part In The Great Attack On Zeppelin Sheds.

From The Admiralty.

The following four officers and a chief petty officer of the Royal Naval Air Service are reported to be missing after the attack of Saturday by British seaplanes upon the German airship sheds in Schleswig-Holstein:—

Flight Lieut. George H. Reid, R.N.
Flight Sub-Lieut. John F. Hay, R.N.
Flight Sub-Lieut. Cyril G. Knight, R.N.
Midshipman Stanley E. Hoblyn, R.N.R.
Richard Mullins, C.P.O. mechanic, 3rd class O.N.F. 1343.

It should be noted that the number reported missing tallies with the German official statement which was published in the Press yesterday—that four English officers and one non-commissioned officer had been taken prisoners.

SIX AEROPLANES DROP BOMBS ON SALONIKA.

Two Of The German Raiders Brought Down While Recrossing Allies' Lines.

From G. Ward Price.

SALONIKA, Monday.

Between five and six this morning five enemy aeroplanes raided Salonika.

Clear cut against the dawn sky they cruised to and fro for half an hour above the town, surrounded by puffs of smoke from anti-aircraft shells, dropping bombs.

The first official list compiled by the Greek police shows the following casualties:—

Killed—9 Jews, 7 Greeks, 2 Turks.

Wounded—21, among them Greeks, a Government official and director of finance.

The greatest indignation prevails among the population of Salonika, many of whom rushed from the houses along the streets towards the open country.

Reuter's Salonika correspondent says the raiders, who were six in number, were heavily fired on, but the deceptive morning light was entirely in their favour.

None were seen to be struck while over the town, but two were brought down while recrossing our lines.

DUTCH RESCUE SHIP.

The Dutch Ministry of Marine announces that the steamer Atlas has been equipped by the Government as a rescue ship for service in the North Sea

The vessel is provided with wireless and other apparatus for rescue work.

She flies the Dutch flag, and at the foretop an orange flag with a green cross. On both sides she bears in white characters the inscription: "77 Reddings Schip Atlas," which at night will be illuminated.

The ship will lie in the neighbourhood of the North Hinder lightship.

A naval officer is in command of the ship.—Reuter, from The Hague.

Stepping from a tram on the way to visit her son's grave, Mrs. Chaplin, of Ilford, was killed by a motor-'bus.

The death is announced of Capt. J. Sarchar, of the Ben Line, Leith, whose steamer the Ben Mohr was sunk by the German raider Emden after an exciting chase.

5 a.m. Edition.

LINER TORPEDOED IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

More Ships Lost, But Little Loss Of Life.

AMERICANS SAFE.

Dutch Government Starts North Sea Rescue Vessel.

Victims of the submarine and mine war reported yesterday included the following vessels:—

MINNEAPOLIS (Atlantic Transport Co., 13,543 tons); 11 lives lost.
HEBE (French, 1,494 tons); crew saved.
CERNE (S. Clarke and Co., London, 2,579 tons).
KHARTOUM (fish carrier, of Hull, 303 tons); 9 drowned.
MANCHESTER ENGINEER (Manchester Liners, Ltd., 4,300 tons); crew saved.

The Minneapolis was sunk in the Mediterranean. 163 members of her crew have been landed at Malta.

Before the war she was a well-known passenger liner on the Atlantic service. She was built by Messrs. Harland and Wolff, Limited, in 1900, and was one of the largest vessels owned by the Atlantic Transport Company.

CAPTAIN HASKAR

The Minneapolis was one of the ships which helped to rescue the passengers of the Volturno, which was burned to the water's edge in mid-Atlantic.

When she appeared in the Thames 16 years ago she was the largest ship which had entered the river.

A peculiarity of the ship was that there was no second-class or steerage accommodation.

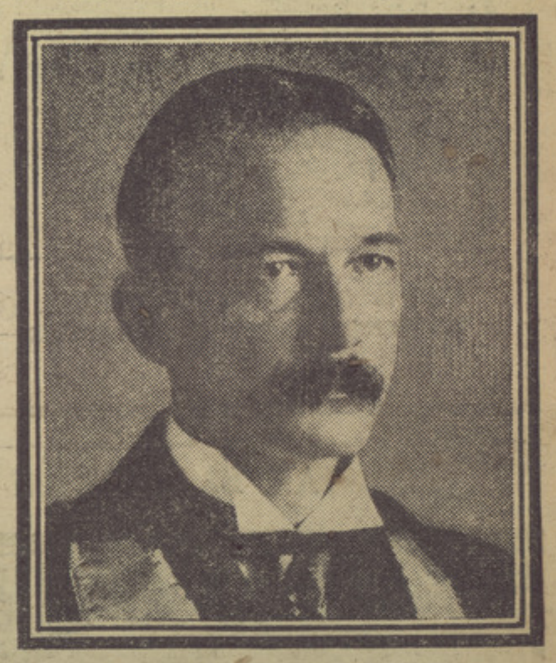
It is feared, however, that the total casualties in the Minneapolis may be greater than those reported.

The Minneapolis carried a large crew.

PROFESSOR BALDWIN SAFE.

It is now certain that Professor Baldwin and Mrs. Baldwin were saved from the Sussex.

A letter received in Paris yesterday, says



PROFESSOR J. M. BALDWIN.
—(Elliott and Fry.)

Reuter's correspondent, by Mr. Donald Harper, a friend of the professor, from Wimereux, says:—

Dear Harper,—Knowing that you knew we were coming on Friday, the 24th, I write to tell you we are all safe, but Elizabeth (the professor's daughter) is seriously injured.

We are here with her in hospital. Will you kindly spread the news there.

It is officially announced by the American Embassy that the 25 American passengers on board the cross-Channel steamer Sussex are all accounted for.

UNARMED SHIP TORPEDOED.

The steamer Fenay Bridge (3,838 tons, belonging to the Fenay Steamship Co., and registered in London), which was reported sunk in yesterday's *Daily Sketch*, was torpedoed. She was quite unarmed.

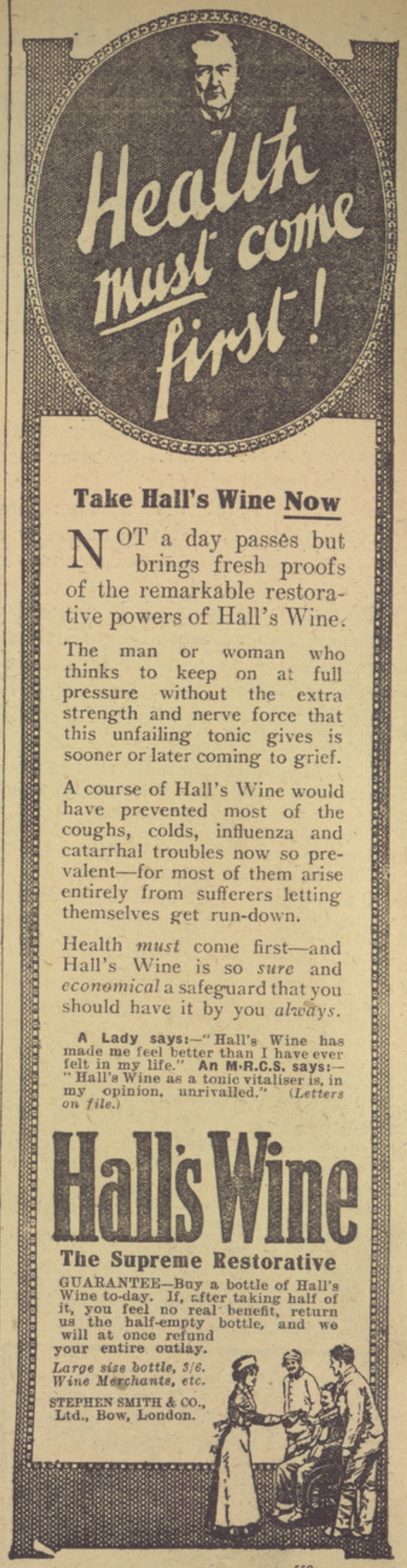
United As One.

COUNCILLOR to GERMANIA (observing the Conference of the Nations at Paris—apologetically): "At least, madam, the number of our enemies is less—we have to-day against us only one nation where there were nine!"

—(Copyright by Will Dyson.)

AN EXAMPLE OF PATRIOTISM TO SHAME THE SUPER-CONSCIENTIOUS.

Another batch of recruits leaving Whitehall yesterday for their training quarters. At their head is marching a drummer-"boy" whose mature years should shame those invertebrate youths who take refuge in "conscientious objections" to serving their country in her hour



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THEATRES.

AMBASSADORS.—Third Edition of "MORE," by H. Grattan. Evgs. 8.30. Matinee Thurs. and 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
W. D. Griffith's Mighty Spectacle
"THE BIRTH OF A NATION."
"Worthy of the Best Traditions of Old Drury"
Twice Daily at 2.30 and 8 p.m.
Prices 7s. 6d. to 1s Tel Gerrard 2588.

VARIETIES.

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5/- MONTHLY (Privately, by Post).—SUITS, COSTUMES, Raincoats, Overcoats, Blankets, Bedding, Gramophones,

THE CHANCES OF INVASION.

FROM the beginning of the war there have been persistent rumours from enemy sources that Germany meant to invade England, and until the Germans had been driven back from the Marne and the Western lines had been made secure, such an invasion did not seem, to the general public, impossible. Persons better informed knew quite well, however, that as long as we had the command of the sea—that is, as long as the British Fleet was in being—the invasion of these islands was impossible.

SO that the great story of enormous guns planted at Calais (when Calais was taken!) and throwing shells into Dover, of a double line of submarines guarding the passage, of a sudden sally from Wilhelmshaven to distract the attention of our Navy, and of the German Army putting off from Calais in aluminium boats, this gorgeous legend of Munchausen (a gentleman of Teutonic origin) only made us laugh.

BUT as signs have multiplied that the enemy power has reached its zenith and is now declining, since the attack on Russia has failed, since the flamboyant Balkan adventure has missed its true objective, above all, since the desperate but tremendous thrust at Verdun has weakened, the chance of invasion has increased. The strategy of the Germans has always been as reckless as it is deliberate, and if in the normal course of warfare victory seems hopeless, they will risk everything on one last frantic attempt to strike at the heart of their most hated enemy. They will bring all their Zeppelins, all their aeroplanes, all their seaplanes into action. The fleet will come out of its hiding-place, the sea will swarm with submarines. Hurling all these engines of war at our high-sea fleet, an attempt will be made to destroy it, to cripple it, or at least to hold it while a fleet of enemy transports crosses from Ostend with the army of invasion.

IT is a thousand to one chance, but any chance is good enough for a nation which is doomed to death. And it would be criminal of us if we did not guard against that chance. Therefore it behoves us to have every fit man in training, and every trained man fitly armed. The training must be done at top speed, and no man, married or single, must question the right of the nation to call him at once to the colours. If the Germans succeeded in a definite invasion the married men whose meeting was broken up by soldiers on Sunday would lose something more than their business.

MEANWHILE we rely on our splendid Fleet. The naval attack following so swiftly on the Zeebrugge affair reminds us that, in spite of all the great deeds done by our armies, this war is still for us primarily a naval war. It is our Navy which guards us from invasion; it is our Navy which protects our trade routes; it is our Navy which, by means of the much despised but invaluable "blockade," is gradually squeezing the life-blood out of Germany.

IT would be folly to venture to forecast the strategy of our Fleet. We have learnt enough by now to realise that our ships have never been inactive, and that what looked like stagnation was really tension. Attacks like that on Schleswig-Holstein show us that when the need comes heavy and sudden blows can be and will be struck on the German coast.

WE do not yet know all that happened in this last fight. Certain Danish reports lead one to believe that there was a general engagement between British and German ships, while the Admiralty reports the sinking of two German armed patrol boats and the probable loss from collision of a British destroyer. Possibly there was a considerable sortie from the Kiel Canal and the German Fleet was driven back with loss and in disorder.

IF air-ship sheds have been destroyed we shall be the better pleased, but our greatest cause for satisfaction is the renewed confidence in the wakefulness and strength of our naval forces.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Echoes of the Town.

Lady Cowdray's Mascot—P.-B.'s Proof Wanted—"Lonely Officer"—James Welch's Old Boots.

Paris Powwows.

IF Mr. Bonar Law attends the economic conference at Paris, what promised to be a pretty little political quarrel will be avoided. For the Tariff Reformers felt that to send only Mr. Runciman, an uncompromising Free Trader, was somehow letting them down, and they were prepared to kick up a row. Quite apart from this, however, the Cabinet Minister who represents the Colonies should have a share in the powwow, seeing how much the Colonies have done in the war.

Proof, Or——

WHEN IS P.B. going to produce that evidence? I saw the famous car in the neighbourhood of the Temple on Sunday, and perhaps its owner was having his "brief" overhauled. Anyhow, he's got to understand that there are some accusations which must be proved or retracted if a man's going to be allowed to count. If he's wise he'll take action P.Q.

Lonely Officer.

A QUESTION is to be asked in the House this afternoon as to a lonely officer and the 193 ladies who wrote to him in the Egyptian desert. A good many people look very much askance at this "lonely officer" correspondence business, and wonder whether it isn't a pretty cute way, at least potentially, for the discovery of more or less important military information by undesirable people. Anyhow, it's particularly rampant just now when the Huns would give much to know our plans.

Lord Carlton.

LORD Carlton, of the 2nd Life Guards, who is back from South Africa, is son and heir of Lord Wharncliffe, his elder brother having died in 1894, when the present heir was two years old. His title, by the way, has nothing to do with the Haymarket, but comes from Yorkshire. The Stuart Wortleys have been very much in evidence in this war. One of Lord Carlton's uncles is a general with C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. to his name, and another is a big man at the W.O.

Lady Cowdray's "Find."

I AM TOLD that Lady Cowdray, who is doing such fine work for the Star and Garter Home for Wounded Tommies, possesses a mascot of which she is very proud. It is a golden crucifix salved from the depths of the Channel, when her husband—then Sir Weetman Pearson—was engaged in constructing the great harbour works at Dover. It is of rare sixteenth-century workmanship, and possibly is a relic of the Armada.

Playing The Game.

I SAW the well-known footballer Captain R. O. Edwards in town over the week-end on short leave. He is in the 16th K.R.R., but attached to the Cyclists, and has had quite a lively time. Captain Edwards was a transport official in West Africa before the war.

Our "Crown Prince."

THE "Crown Prince" has left his job as brigade major and gone back to his own battalion. The "Crown Prince" was a handsome youth who bore an extraordinary likeness to Little Willie. A year ago he was a private in the O.T.C.—that's where they christened him—but brains and grit and things soon made a brigade major of him.

Free Newspapers.

ONE of the ways in which Government offices have been asked to cut down expenses is in the matter of free copies of newspapers. Of course, it is only the higher officials who receive newspapers paid for at the public expense, and the higher the official the more papers. But the suggestion for curtailing this expense has not received much support.

Economy At Public Expense.

IN certain Government offices the free supply of newspapers had reached large proportions. Not only were numerous copies of the morning papers supplied free, but also all the editions of the evening papers. How the officials found time to read them all, as well as do a day's work, is a mystery. It was the usual thing (and, presumably, still is) for the latest edition to be taken away to be read in the train on their way home.

Wonderful Beards.

ONE CAN lunch and dine just now with some most absorbing and elaborate beards, brought over by French and Belgian soldiers. I recently met a most perfect and wonderful example. Jet black, right-angled, and superbly symmetrical in its crisp curls, it might have been executed with a T-square and a pair of compasses!

Persecuted And Decorated.

THERE ARE other caricaturists in the world than Tom Titt, and one of them is Zislui. You remember Zislui? In the early months of the war his name was in everyone's mouth—that is to say, in the mouths of such as could pronounce it—as the man who drew Boches on paper in every conceivable position of ridicule, and made no attempt to disguise his hatred of the whole accursed race. This was a fairly courageous thing to do, for Zislui is an Alsatian, and he carried on his insults while in the hands of the Philistines. He was much persecuted in consequence, but he has survived to be decorated with the Legion of Honour for his Francophile views.

Wasting Two-And-Ninepences.

THERE is talk of calling up the medical students. What a silly trick it would be! Already hundreds of two-and-ninepences have been given unnecessarily to medical students who should have been told to go back to the laboratory when they came forward to attest.

Only A Commandant.

I HEARD recently that a commandant of a Volunteer Training Corps got pretty smartly hauled over the coals by the War Office not long ago for describing himself as "lieut.-colonel." I believe such a command nominally carries that rank in an honorary way, but to use it officially is never permitted.

The Boy Who Couldn't See The King.

MOST PATHETIC of all the letters which have arrived for the wounded soldier boy who was not able to go to the King's party is one from "A broken-hearted sister." She says:—

> I have been looking out for a lonely soldier to send a parcel to. I sent it to my brother to the Dardanelles, but he died of wounds before it reached, and I have just had it returned. He was my only brother, and I cannot bear the sight of anything I have sent him. The parcel consists of 50 cigarettes and 12 bars of chocolate. I have not opened it since it has been returned; I cannot.

The Piano-Organist.

I HAVE NEVER liked the piano-organist, any more than did W. S. Gilbert. But last night I could have embraced one of the profession with some of his own Italian fervour. I was fumbling my way across the inky-black Strand, thoroughly depressed with the all-pervading gloom, when out of the darkness came the cheery trills and thumps, familiar and unmistakable. If I could have found him he would have gone to bed slightly wealthier. But, of course, it was an impossibility.

He Plays The Violin.

THERE are not many people who blow about the West End who don't know De Groot and his fiddle. He is a fine violinist, and although much of his time is necessarily occupied with the lighter forms of music (he once appeared in a musical comedy at the Gaiety), he is an artist and a lover of "the real stuff" as well, playing concertos and sonatas and things in his spare time. He is a composer, too, and has just furnished most of the music, including a haunting waltz, for a new version of "Winnie Brooke, Widow," in which clever Ada Reeve is at present appearing. This is what Tom Titt has been and gone and made of him.

Sovereigns.

THEY are still counting the Irish Flag Day money! One bank found in its boxes three sovereigns—you know, those round, heavy, yellow coins some of us used to see sometimes.

Sir Henry Irving And The Minneapolis.

THE LAST TIME I ever saw and spoke to Sir Henry Irving was on board the ill-fated Minneapolis at Tilbury, when I lunched with him and a cheery party which was giving him a send-off to America.

Jimmy Welch's Clothes——

VERY FEW people haven't seen Jimmy Welch in that little masterpiece, "The Man in the Street," in which he plays, with his own consummate art, the part of a seedy old street musician. I wonder how many of them have given a thought to the source of those clothes the "old man" wears. No clever theatrical costumier carefully poked holes and rubbed dust into a new coat to make it realistic. Not a bit of it. They are the real thing, and James had quite a series of adventures in obtaining them. He has just been telling me about them.

And How He Got Them.

WHEN I entered his dressing-room I noticed a pair of awful boots—on trees! "I got those at a stall in the Farringdon-road about sixteen years ago," he said. "My belt bought from a condemned murderer in New York. But the coat and trousers! Twenty-two years ago I visited the Surrey Commercial Docks, with a bag containing some of my own clothes, intent on a "swop." After being arrested and searched as a suspicious character I spotted my man, got him, by means of a quart of beer and half-a-dollar, to consent to the exchange, and took his coat and trousers home, baked them, and have been wearing them—only in the sketch, of course—ever since."

Mrs. Alec Tweedie's Great Work.

MRS. ALEC TWEEDIE, the novelist, has every reason to be proud of the success of her efforts on behalf of the Y.M.C.A. huts. Her appeal, which is now closed, brought in pence from people who could afford little and pounds from people who could afford more. A part of the plan has been to hang over the door of each hut the name of the town which has subscribed for it. Ten thousand pounds and 21 huts is a gratifying response from the ever-generous public. Every man in uniform is welcome, and the huts are unsectarian (also uninsectarian). Since November, when she started her appeal, Mrs. Tweedie has laid aside all her literary work. She has also lost her younger son, who was killed in action.

Poor Cinderella.

"WELL, of all the (adjectived) pantomimes (sic) this fair takes the (qualified) biscuit! No songs, no dame, and not what I should call a comic in the whole (amplified) show!" Thus a wail in Leicester-square Tube the other night from a disappointed visitor to Wyndham's. Can it be that Barrie is caviare to the general? Poor Cinderella!

Entertainment And A Wrist Watch.

ANYONE WHO happened to be wandering about the parish of St. James's on Sunday afternoon might have had an interesting entertainment for nothing. There was quite a crowd on the pavement of Ryder-street, peering into the undraped windows of the Eccentric Club (late Dieudonné's). What they saw was a crowd of Tommies, battered but happy, and some clever folk, less battered but equally happy, amusing them. These informal variety shows take place regularly on Sunday afternoons, and are always successful. On this occasion each gallant guest received a wrist watch as a souvenir.

Man Of Mystery.

DELAFORCE, the man of mystery (what a name for an ex-policeman!) is a person of some versatility. In addition to his constabulary and financial experiences he is something of a playwright. A sketch of his was played at some of the principal variety theatres with a very well-known young lady in the chief part.

Subalternese.

THE NEW subaltern has several very expressive specialities of his own. In the matter of wounds, I notice, he is not flattering the enemy aim overmuch. He may tell you that he has "taken" a bullet or bayonet in the arm or the leg. Not that he was shot or stabbed.

MR. COSSIP.

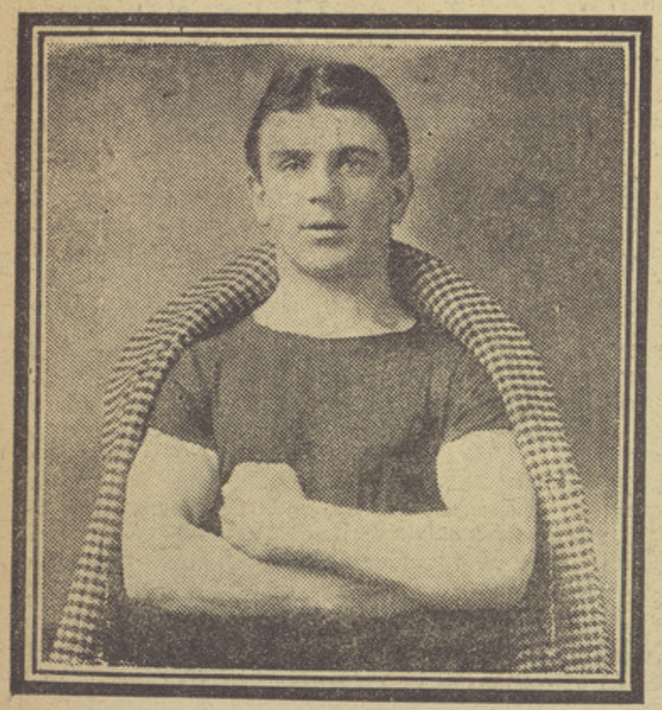
TIFFIN AFTER THE VICTORY.

British officers in East Africa take tiffin in the bush. It was their first meal in a new camp following a defeat of the German forces.

THE REFUGEES WISH THE BRAVE TROOPS

From the steps of the mayor's house these refugees from the villages near Verdun watch the ambl forward into the trenches. They bid God-speed to the men who are risking their lives sav

PRIVATE TO MAJOR.



Major Sadd, K.R.R., the amateur middle-weight boxing champion of the Midlands, 1913-1914, joined the Sportsman's Battalion as a private.

A TRAM THAT TOOK THE WRONG TURNING.

Owing to the brakes failing to act, this tram ran backwards down Dog Kennel Hill, Camberwell, and, jumping the points, crashed through a fence into a field. The passengers had a miraculous escape—not one of them was injured.

THE OSPREY-HEDGED HAT.

This striking variation of the big hat favoured by Parisiennes has a bristling hedge of ospreys.—(Wyndham.)

MEN WHO WERE WOUNDED AT ANZAC COVE, READY TO FIGHT AGAIN.

General Sir Newton Moore inspecting Anzac soldiers who were wounded at Anzac Cove. These are some of the men who proved that the Colonial soldier is a patriot and a fighter to the last. Bearing the scars of battle they line up once more with the unspoken words: "We're ready when you need us."—(*Daily Sketch* Photograph.)

THE VERDUN SMILE—FRENCH STYLE.

The smiling faces of these French soldiers in the Verdun area prove how stupid the Hun was when he thought his terrific bombardment would destroy the nerve of our Allies.

S "GOD SPEED."

nbly of the Algerian troops who are to go save their homes from the Hun.

NOT TO BE SEEN ON THE LONDON STAGE.

Who would suspect that so attractive a damsel is really a Jack in disguise!

The feminine costumes eclipsed even the stage uniforms in smartness and brilliant effect.

MAIL IN WADERS

Owing to the floods at Bourne End and Bray the postman has to do his round in waders.

The chorus was worthy of the best traditions of the Gaiety stage.

The ingenuity displayed in resourceful make-up was only equalled by the clever acting.

SOLDIER'S FIANCEE.

Miss Winifred Lodge, eldest daughter of Prof. Alfred Lodge, is engaged to Lieut. Christopher Richardson, West Kent Regt.—(Sarony.)

With its winsome "girls" and elegant costumes this "Hearts and Flowers" revue, produced by amateurs of the ship's company of H.M.S. Centurion, rivals any revue of the professional stage. Stalls were reserved for the German Fleet, which prudently refrained from attending the performance.

PEER'S SISTER AS NURSE.

The Hon. Ruth Scarlett, only sister of Lord Abinger, is nursing at the Hayle Hospital at Maidstone.—(Val L'Estrange.)

I can recommend it

Though you've been used always to the finest butter, the only difference Pheasant Margarine will make is the real difference in *price*.

(When buying, be sure to see the dainty packets with red, white, and blue riband and the Pheasant seal.)

PHEASANT MARGARINE

PER 1/- LB.

Ask your Grocer or Provision Merchant for it.

CHEAPER than ASPIRIN

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URILLAC Brings Instant Relief

RHEUMATISM is mankind's commonest ill. It is also one of the most painful. Strangely enough, it is one of the easiest to relieve—if the right means are taken. But most sufferers are entirely on the wrong track. Uric acid must be treated **through the blood.** The uric acid must be dissolved and passed off through the secretions before relief can be obtained and permanent cure commenced.

"Urillac" is the only certain means for immediate relief of pain and permanent cure. It is the discovery of a prominent West End Physician—now in actual practice—who would gladly associate his name with this wonder-working Remedy did medical etiquette allow him to do so.

URILLAC

"Urillac" effects a certain cure where everything else has failed.

It is taken up by the blood by way of the liver, mixing freely with the vital fluid, and completely dissolves the uric acid deposits which are the cause of the disease.

"Urillac" is supplied in handy portable tablet form by all Chemists and Drug Stores, including all branches of Boots Cash Chemists, Parke's Drug Stores, at 1/3 and 3/-, or post free from THE URILLAC COMPANY, 164, Piccadilly, London, W.

FREE SAMPLE. Send two penny stamps to receive, post free, a sample.

Certain Cure for—

RHEUMATISM
GOUT
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SCIATICA
NEURALGIA
HEADACHE
NEURITIS
GRAVEL
and all uric acid ailments and pains.

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The 4-oz. is a handy size.

S.H.S.

"TIZ" for Tired and Sore Feet

TIZ for puffed-up, aching, perspiring feet, for corns or chilblains, TIZ is glorious!

"My feet just ache for TIZ."

When your poor, suffering feet sting from walking, when you try to wriggle your corns away from the leather of your shoes, when shoes feel tight, when feet are swollen, sore, chafed, when you have chilblains—don't experiment—just use TIZ. Get instant relief. TIZ puts peace in tired, aching, painful feet. Ah! how comfortable your shoes feel. Walk five miles, feet won't hurt you, won't swell after using TIZ.

Sore, tender, perspiring feet need TIZ because it's the only remedy that draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet and cause foot torture. TIZ is the only remedy that takes pain and soreness right out of corns, hard skin, and bunions.

Get a 1/1½ box of TIZ at any chemist's or stores. Get a whole year's foot comfort for only 1/1½!

Strains and Bruises

The one remedy beyond compare for all such every-day troubles is Chameleon Oil. Footballers, runners and athletes all say it is unequalled. Greatly appreciated by soldiers in the trenches. As a family remedy no home is safe without it. Don't rub hard, but remember when applying Chameleon Oil, gently does it. The ease and comfort it gives and the rapid cures it effects have made it marvellously popular everywhere. Have *you* proved its merits yet? If not, do so immediately. There is hardly a day Chameleon Oil is not required.

Chameleon Oil

relieves and cures Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Colds, Neuralgia, Sprains, Strains, Aches and Pains. Of Boots Cash Chemists and all chemists and stores 1s. 3d. and 3s., including Government stamp, or post free 1s. 6d. and 3s. from Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.

All horse, dog, and cattle owners should use Veterinary Chameleon Oil (price 2s. and 4s. 3d.), which locates and cures lameness and disease. No other preparation will do this.

THE SEVEN VIRTUES

of ZAM-BUK—proved by analysis—unite to produce the PERFECT ointment which is 100% medicine. Every part of ZAM-BUK has its own special duty to perform, and combines with the rest to heal skin diseases as well as the daily accidents of cuts, burns, bruises, &c.—which ordinary ointments totally fail to do.

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Zam-Buk is unequalled for Eczema, Ulcers, Ringworms, Piles, Poisoned Wounds, Spring Pimples, Rashes, and Sore Lips, or for Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Sprains, Chilblains, &c.

Of all Chemists and Drug Stores, or the Zam-Buk Laboratories, Leeds.

Zam-Buk

What Women Are Doing:

A Prince Of Wales Portrait—The Cake And The Candles—An After-Easter Wedding.

By MRS. GOSSIP.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA has consented to be present at an entertainment to be given at Lady Islington's house next Tuesday in aid of the Social Institutes Union.

This union, of which the Countess of Ancaster is president, provides dinners for many thousands of factory girls and women munition workers.

Masks And Faces.

The chief item in the programme, which has been designed and organised by Lady Cunard, is a new play by W. B. Yeats, called "The Hawk's Well, or the Water of Immortality."

LADY ISLINGTON. —(Lallie Charles.)

Henry Ainley is to play the hero, and Ito, the Japanese dancer, will represent the Spirit of the Hawk. For the first time in modern serious drama the actors will wear masks, that of the hero resembling an archaic Greek sculptured face.

Both masks and costumes have been designed and executed by Edmund Dulac. Instead of scenery there will be a chorus of singers, who will describe the scene as well as commence the action.

You may buy a ticket from the Countess of Ancaster, Lady Edmund Talbot, Lady Cunard, or Mrs. Arthur James for one guinea; but you must hurry up, as the seats are nearly sold out.

An Artist Duchess.

The Duchess of Rutland, whose artistic talents are numerous, has been telling me about the two beautiful drawings that she is giving to be sold at Christie's for the Red Cross.

The one of Cecil Rhodes is of great value, as he sat for it and the Duchess drew it when he was at his best for looks. The other drawing is of the present Prince of Wales, as he was when two months old—then Prince Edward of York—but is strangely like him still.

The Duchess of Rutland's works should undoubtedly fetch a high price; they are both unique and extremely clever studies.

Gateau Joe.

There isn't a thousand to one chance of getting a table at Ciro's on a Sunday evening, if you don't book it several days ahead.

I dined there on Sunday night and was very much amused with the crowd who ate and danced there. Joe Coyne was entertaining a large party, as it was his birthday. I forget how many candles there were round the cake—there were quite 25, I'm sure—otherwise I could tell you his exact age.

The Duke of Manchester was of the party, also Violet Loraine in sky-blue taffeta and Gina Palerme in heliotrope chiffon.

Dining And Dancing.

Priscilla Countess Annesley, very handsome in black and white, was dining with Sir George and Lady Lewis and Sir Philip Burne-Jones. Malvina Longfellow, just back from America, looked wonderfully striking in silver and pink tissue, and told me of the success she had had in film work and that she was returning to America in September.

Belle Ashlyn and her husband, who, by the way, are no longer in "Shell Out" at the Comedy, but will be appearing next week at the Victoria Palace in a sketch, were also dining with a party; Miss Lee White was their hostess.

Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Tearle were dancing together, and I also caught sight of Mabel Russell.

A Miracle.

I am pleased to hear that Paul Arthur, one of the most popular American actors, who isn't in the very least American in manner, is decidedly better. He met with a severe accident last week. A 'bus, containing about a dozen Tommies, ran over him and he escaped without any bones being broken—a miracle, as both front and back wheels went over him.

Warneford In Plaster.

Eleanor, who is staying at Torquay, writes to tell me that the place is very full of interesting people, and the weather, if not spring-like, is bition, the proceeds of which are to go to the mayor's hospitals fund.

One very interesting exhibit will be the plaster model for the public memorial to the Devon V.C., Flight-Lieut. Warneford, R.N., and is the work of Llynn Jenkins, of Torquay.

Well Done.

Mme. Clara Butt tells me that quite a number of readers of this page have already offered hospitality to the Leeds Choral Society, who are singing at the Queen's Hall in May during her Red Cross week.

Many who have been unable to offer hospitality have sent cheques.

"Mr. Manhattan."

I have been hearing all about "Mr. Manhattan," the new musical play which is to be produced on Thursday evening at the Prince of Wales' Theatre.

Last week "Mr. Manhattan" took a trial trip to Blackpool, where the play met with tremendous success.

Mr. Raymond Hitchcock is, as you know, an American, and he plays the name part, but the rest of the cast is entirely English, and the piece is produced by an Englishman, Felix Edwardes, who gave us some insight into his capabilities when he produced "On Trial." The charm of the new musical play is that there is a real plot, which is a welcome change.

I have met Mr. Hitchcock and have had the pleasure of dancing with him. Some dancer, I'm thinking.

Stacks Of Sticks.

We have heard a great deal about his success on the stage, but I assure you he is just as clever off. He can talk on any subject and keep you in fits of laughter, always intensely droll, and yet without the faintest suspicion of vulgarity.

MISS IRIS HOEY. —(Foulsham and Banfield.)

He is a great favourite with the Canadians; he was telling me that every time he goes to Montreal he is presented with a lovely gold-mounted stick by one of the regiments who are stationed there. He has a collection of walking-sticks, which he values very much.

Mr. Hitchcock has received as much as £700 a week for film work.

Miss Iris Hoey, whose picture you see, is in the cast, and will wear some delightful frocks. About her talent there is no possible doubt whatever. Miss Kitty Mason, who doesn't seem to have been seen for quite a while, will dance in the second act.

Unique Hospital.

Cheltenham College for girls, which is always to the fore in all modern movements, has a voluntary aid hospital of its own, "manned" by the teaching staff and the old girls who during the term were members of the voluntary aid detachment.

A Major's Marriage.

The marriage of Major Wynne Corrie and Miss Butler-Lloyd, the elder daughter of the popular member for Shrewsbury, will take place after Easter. Major Wynne Corrie owns the beautiful old half-timbered house, Park Hall, Oswestry; he is in command of the 5th Territorial Force, Western area.

Miss Butler-Lloyd has been an indefatigable war worker for some months, nursing at a local V.A.D. hospital. In times of peace she is a keen tennis player and an accomplished violinist.

Suffer The Little Ones.

There is to be a meeting at the Duchess of Somerset's house in Grosvenor-square to-morrow afternoon for the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. What a dreadful thing that such a society ever had to be formed!

The Duchess of Somerset will preside, and the Duke will also be present. The Countess-Dowager of Ancaster, the Countess of Iddesleigh, and Lady St. Cyres are on the committee, and there will be an address on "The Society and the War," by Mr. Robert I. Parr.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BELLA GORDON.—Very sorry; cannot give private addresses.

A. E. L. (Bath).—Star and Garter Shop, Old Bond

IF YOU WORRY, READ THIS.

Worry never brought any good to anybody. Still, you say, "I don't worry because I want to; it is because I can't help it"; or, "I worry because I have so much to worry about."

We all have our troubles, and worry, of course, makes matters worse. The patient generally recognises this fact without being influenced in any way by it.

The doctor who could meet this nervous condition and cure it would be the most popular man alive. He cannot do it, however, because the form of nervous exhaustion known as neurasthenia, of which worry is a characteristic symptom, must be cured by the patient. That is why you should write to-day for the book, "The Nerves and Their Needs," and read the chapter on neurasthenia. So many people have read it and written, "This describes my case exactly; I am giving the treatment a trial and being benefited," that the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. has had a number of these books printed, and will send you a copy free if you address a postcard request to the Post Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London.

Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people are a true nerve tonic that acts through the blood; they are particularly suitable for nervous, neurasthenic people. Most dealers sell them, but make sure to ask for Dr. Williams' in order to avoid substitutes of no reputation.—Advt.

Whooping Cough,
Spasmodic Croup, Asthma, Coughs, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Colds.

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A simple, safe and effective treatment for bronchial troubles, avoiding drugs. Vaporised Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves Spasmodic Croup at once. It is a *boon* to sufferers from Asthma. The air carrying the antiseptic vapor inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy; soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights. It is invaluable to mothers with young children.

FROM ALL CHEMISTS.

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VALENTINE'S EXTRACT
WALNUT STAIN
which imparts a natural colour, light brown, dark brown, or black, and makes the hair soft and glossy. It is a perfect, cleanly and harmless stain, washable and lasting. One liquid, most easy to apply. No odour or stickiness. Does not soil the pillow. Price 1/-, 2/-, and 5/6 per

JIMMY WILDE'S K.O.

Sid Smith Takes The Count In Third Round At Hoxton.

Jimmy Wilde knocked out Sid Smith, ex-fly-weight champion, in the third round of their bout at Hoxton Baths, yesterday afternoon.

The question of conceding lumps of weight—Smith weighed in at 8st. 5½lb., or ½lb. inside the prescribed poundage—does not worry Wilde, and from start to finish the champion made to look small the man whom he had already beaten twice.

Wilde finished off the contest with a display of magnificent cleverness, and after sending Smith down twice he forced him to take the full count with a beautifully-judged right to the jaw.

Wilde was quiet at first, but later he completely nonplussed Smith, the Welshman boxing so wonderfully that already his opponent was made to look like a novice. Smith was twice down during the round.

Fine boxer as the latter is, he was all at sea in the second round, and was early down for a count of nine and knocked about at will during the rest of the round.

When they came up for the third round Smith drove Wilde back with a left to the face, but the champion at once set about his opponent and Smith was again sent down for another nine seconds. On his rising he was immediately treated in the same fashion. The knock-out followed.

Johnny Cohen, Aldgate, sustained his first defeat at the hands of Darky Sanders, Camberwell, who won on points in 15 rounds.

HARRY REEVE BEATS DICK SMITH.

At the Ring last night Harry Reeve (Plaistow) beat Staff-Sergt. Dick Smith, the light heavy-weight champion, on points, in a 20-round bout, and justified his claim to a contest for belt and title.

Smith, served by his physical advantages, did most of the forcing, but Reeve made full use of the ring, and showed enough cleverness to catch the referee's eye. His form was distinctly better than any he had shown since his return from Australia. In the seventh round he put Smith down for a long count with a right to the jaw, and the champion was forced to hang on grimly until he recovered.

MORAN WANTS WILLARD FOR 20 ROUNDS.

NEW YORK, Monday.

According to the newspapers, Moran is anxious to have another match with Willard. He wants a 20-round fight, and is convinced that Willard can be beaten.—Central News.

In a fifteen-round contest at the Ring yesterday afternoon Jim Prendy, Islington, outpointed Sid Stagg in fifteen rounds, and Douglas Warner, Camberwell, knocked out Fred Newberry, Limehouse, during the fifth round.

WHATS IN A NAME?

Mr. Justice Astbury yesterday dismissed the application of Waring and Gillow which asked for an injunction to restrain Gillow and Gillow, Ltd., from using their name.

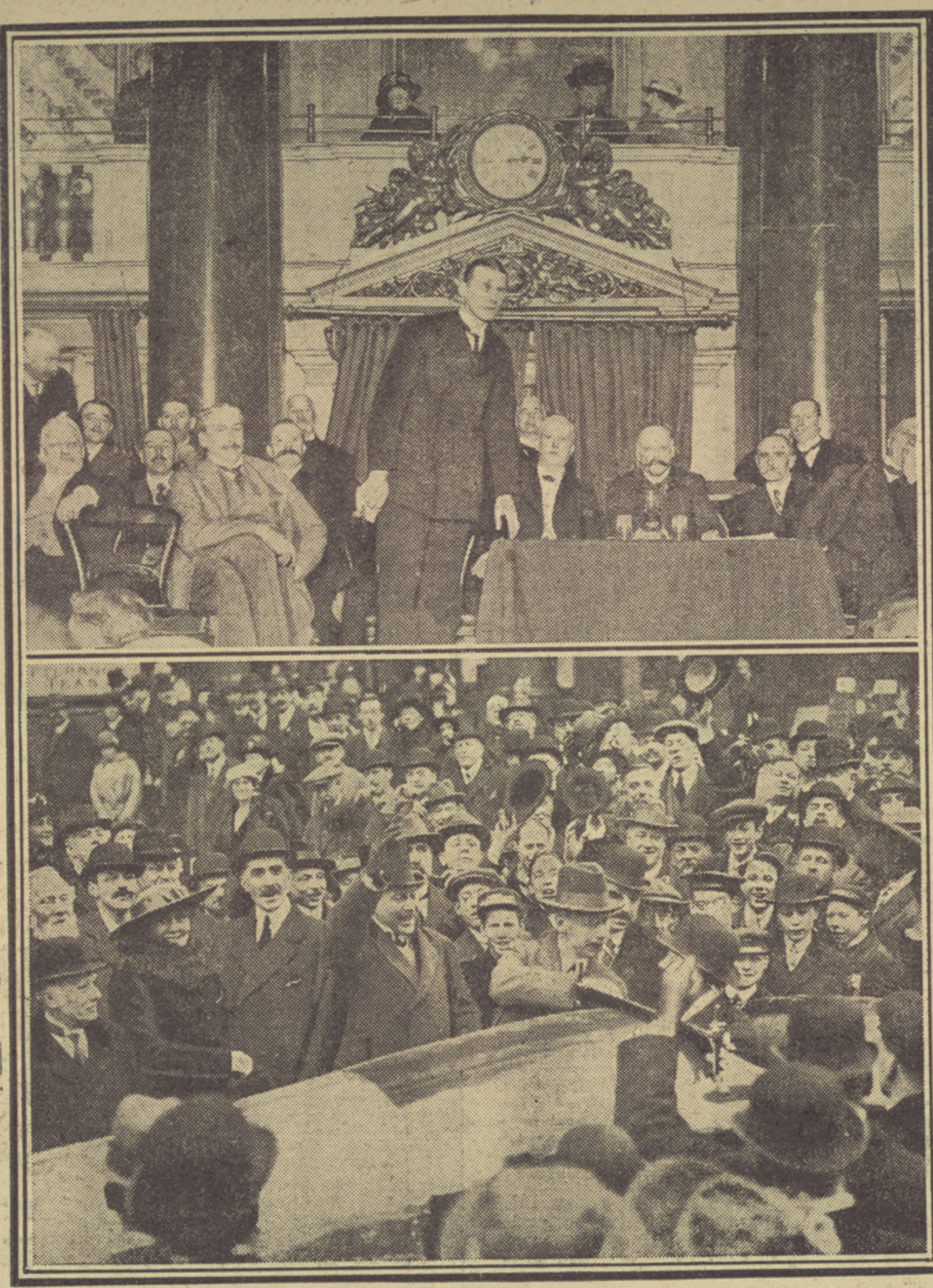
The suggestion was that the similarity of the names was calculated to lead people to the belief that the two companies were one, but the judge said that upon the evidence he was unable to come to that conclusion.

BILLIARDS (close).—Falkiner, 11,198; Stevenson (to play), 10,216. Newman, 9,130; Gray (in play), 7,449. Reece, 2,401; Inman (in play), 1,165.

F. W. Scourse, the jockey, who was badly injured at Gatwick on Friday, is making satisfactory progress.

H. Leonard and G. Brooks, Derby County, have been suspended by the F.A. for 14 days from yesterday for misconduct in the match with Leicester Fosse on March 11.

AIR M.P. TALKS OF "DUD" MACHINES.



Mr. Pemberton Billing, the air M.P., at a meeting of the United Wards Club, London, yesterday, declared that he was going to prove that our airmen had been sent up in "dud" machines.—(*Daily Sketch.*)

RUSSIANS CAPTURE TWO LINES OF GERMAN TRENCHES.

Enemy Worsted In Desperate Fighting; Air Raids On The Dvinsk Front.

Russian Official News.

PETROGRAD, Monday.

The fighting west and south of the Augustinhof front, in the region of Jacobstadt, continues.

The flights of German aviators along the whole Dvinsk front are growing more frequent, and at Dvinsk they dropped 20 bombs.

In the region to the north-west of Postavy our troops, after a desperate struggle, captured two lines of enemy trenches.

The offensive of our troops in the region between Lakes Narotch and Vischnevskoye met with obstinate resistance.

On the rest of the front operations are developing.—Reuter.

MONEY MATTERS.

In the Stock Exchange yesterday Home Railway stocks continued to receive a certain amount of support, but there was a little profit-taking in the Southern Deferred stocks.

Canadian Pacific shares fell sharply, and Americans were a dull market.

Rubber shares were well held, and there was still a good deal of movement in the South African market, and particularly amongst shares in the Far Eastern Group.

Nigerian Tin shares came into prominence, and an improvement occurred in Tin Areas, Jos, Champion Reef, Roops, Jantar and Anglo-Continental.

John Barker shares were offered on the reduction in the dividend, but there was an improvement in Courtaulds. Cuban Ports rose sharply in anticipation of an early arrangement with the Cuban Government.

LIVERPOOL COTTON.—Futures closed steady; American, 8 to 8½ up; Egyptian firm, 3 down to 1 up.

AMERICAN COTTON (close): New York, 5 to 7, and New Orleans, 5 to 8, points up. Tone steady.

Sir Alfred Cooper (69), of Christchurch, Hants, chairman of the tea firm of Ridgways, Ltd., died worth £258,931.

A reprieve has been refused to Reginald Haslam (24), sentenced to death for the murder at Burnley

SAYS PHOSPHATE CURED HIS INSOMNIA.

ALSO GREATLY INCREASED STRENGTH AND ENDURANCE.

"For years I suffered greatly from sleeplessness, which gradually grew so bad that a night of peaceful, restful sleep was almost unknown. I tried drugs, but gave them up, as I dreaded the formation of the drug habit. Nothing gave me relief, and I felt absolutely hopeless. I dreaded each night, with its constant tossing, turning and restlessness, and rose each morning tired, exhausted, nervous and unfit for the day's work. Life had become one endless succession of sleepless nights and hopeless days. One day a friend of mine, a great chemist, told me that my sleeplessness was due to weak nerves or lack of nervous energy, and urged me to strengthen my nerves by means of the great food phosphate, known among chemists as *bitro-phosphate*. I spoke to my family physician about it, and he told me this was doubtless the greatest nerve food known, and advised me to try it, but cautioned me that as it was not a drug, but simply a nerve food which was actually converted into nerve tissue and nervous energy, it might be a matter of five or six weeks before I noticed any great improvement. Acting on this advice I went to my chemist and obtained a supply of *bitro-phosphate* in five-grain tablets, and took one tablet at meals three times a day. By the end of the second week I noticed a decided improvement. I was sleeping a bit, arose more refreshed, felt more buoyant and energetic than I had for months. I kept on taking the *bitro-phosphate*, and at the end of six weeks I feel, look and sleep better than I have for twenty years. I have put on several pounds of solid flesh, and have regained that youthful energy, endurance and vigour which I had feared were gone for ever. *Bitro-phosphate* certainly justified all my physician claimed for it, and best of all, its cost for the entire period worked out at about twopence a day. If you suffer from insomnia, nervous disorders, neurasthenia, etc., follow my doctor's advice and give this wonderful nerve food a trial."—M. F. P.—Advt.

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EJECTHAIR, although inexpensive, is a certain, safe and sure cure for unsightly hairs on the face or elsewhere. It not only causes the hairs to instantly vanish, but, without pain or harm, **kills the roots absolutely and for ever.** Sent in plain cover for **7d.**, with reports and actual testimonials from grateful customers, which will convince you **EJECTHAIR** is really a **LASTING, PERMANENT** Cure. Send now 7d. stamps to Manageress.

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Begin This Great New Story To-day.

THE LOVE CHEAT.

By YELVA BURNETT.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

LAURETTE COTWOOD, a sweet, good-natured girl, companion to

MRS DRAYTON, a wealthy old lady.

BETTY, Laurette's worldly, unscrupulous sister, the widow of Cecil Chevonne, a spendthrift.

VIVIAN GRANT, an attractive, honest young man, a great friend of Mrs. Drayton.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED.

Laurette is staying with her employer, Mrs. Drayton, at the Corona Hotel. There she meets Vivian Grant, and soon the young people are head over ears in love.

One day Laurette's sister, Betty, arrives at the hotel. Although her husband, Cecil Chevonne, has left her penniless, Betty is posing as a rich woman, and because Laurette is merely a paid companion. Betty refuses to recognise her.

"If you've any affection for me—as you used to say you had,' she tells Laurette afterwards, "you'll hold your tongue."

But Betty is quick to claim acquaintanceship with Vivian, who was once infatuated with her, but whom she threw over for a richer man. Now that she is a penniless widow, she resolves to win Vivian back, and when she discovers that he loves Laurette she decides upon a bold stroke.

Inviting Laurette to her room, Betty declares that Vivian is her lover.

"We had a quarrel," Betty says, "and Vivian is amusing himself with you until we make it up again."

Laurette is fearfully upset after the interview, and when next she meets Vivian she treats him coolly, much to his dismay and bewilderment. He demands an explanation, but this is prevented by the arrival of Betty

Later, Betty makes Vivian believe that Laurette is a vulgar adventuress who is trying to trap him because of his money. When they are joined by Mrs. Drayton, some time afterwards, Betty announces that she and Vivian are engaged.

"For Pity's Sake."

"Indeed?" queried Mrs. Drayton, the pleasantness of her smile was considerably diminished. "I am very much surprised."

"Pleased as well, I hope!" cried Betty, linking her arm in that of Vivian's amazed friend.

"We old women are always glad to hear of a betrothal when it is a suitable one," she said with delicate significance.

"Suitable! Are we, Viv?" shrilled Betty merrily. "Ah, that word s too prosaic for romance."

"It is a word too often disregarded by young people," Mrs. Drayton returned gently, withdrawing from Betty's hold.

"And you don't congratulate me? Is Vivian so awful?"

"He is the son of a man whom I esteemed more than anyone I ever met, except my husband," Mrs. Drayton said gravely. "I trust you will both be happy."

Vivian bowed ironically.

"Thanks so much," Betty dropped a deft little curtsey, sighing her relief at being released from what she privately termed Mrs. Drayton's litany look.

"Deliver me from such frumps," she commented to herself. "She's beginning to hate me; I wonder why?"

"We'd best go in to dinner," Betty said. "We'll all sit together, of course. Vivian, give Mrs. Drayton your arm."

But the old lady shook her head with a grieved look for her favourite. "I'd rather you took in your future wife."

"Just as you please, Mrs. Drayton," observed Vivian stiffly.

"Melodrama!" acclaimed Betty's secret voice, but she showed her dimples and moved on at Vivian's side.

Mrs. Drayton turned to Laurette. "What does it mean? How has she managed it so soon?"

"They knew each other years ago," Laurette said calmly. "Circumstances parted them for a time, but now—" (she choked a little) "they have made up their differences as the children do."

"You can speak like that?"

Laurette looked astonished. "Mrs. Drayton!"

"As though it makes no difference to you."

"What difference should it make?"

"Laurette, you are a very bad actress."

Suddenly the girl leaned against her shoulder. Mrs. Drayton found that her hand was caught by quick, throbbing fingers.

"For pity's sake," whispered Laurette, "don't make things too hard! I—I don't want to breal down."

The elder lady bit her lip, tears filled her eyes "Well, if it isn't all much too bad. The worst of it is I admired her so much and encouraged her to join us. You see," she added, with unconscious pathos, "I was anxious to discover whether her gown did up at the back or the side. Why, I should have sent her about her business at the start, the ill-bred hussy!"

"She isn't," challenged Laurette almost angrily "Her parents were the sweetest people in the world, they loved her, and gave her all they had, her sister——"

"You know a good deal about her family."

Laurette flushed. "So I have heard." There was a scared break in her voice.

"My dear Laurette, this is a great shock to me—I mean Vivian's engagement. So sudden, isn't it?"

"He admired her the moment he saw her," Laurette contended, playing her part bravely.

"And what about yourself?"

"I am your companion," Laurette answered with dignity.

"Fudge!" said Mrs. Drayton irritably. She turned deliberately from the dining-room door. "I simply can't sit down at the same table with her."

"Oh, but you must—I mean—oh. I beg your pardon, I should not have said that, but—but don't you see, dear Mrs. Drayton, that unless we do Mrs. Chevonne and Viv—Mr. Grant will think——"

"You poor child; oh, you poor little child!"

Laurette, who had known but little tenderness, trembled, and tears came crowding to her eyes, but she forced them back. "Oh, don't pity me," she coaxed prettily. "Perhaps like other people I had my dream but—but aren't dreams rather like bubbles, Mrs. Drayton? Just a pin-prick and they burst; one never can find even the bits."

"You're worth your weight in gold, and he doesn't see it," Mrs. Drayton complained miserably. "But anyway he isn't married to her yet!"

A Constrained Party.

That evening was to be remembered years afterwards by those who ate their dinner at the same table as the perturbed Mrs. Drayton. She had that middle-aged interest in her meals which few things disturb, but to-night she showed a distinct lack of appetite.

Perhaps Betty, in spite of her triumphant surety that Vivian was wedged fast in her hold, felt the strain most. She was afraid of what he might say, he looked dangerous, but she traded upon her knowledge that his conduct was ruled by a code of rather quixotic honour. He would never, she knew, demand explanations from Laurette now—for Betty had taught him to regard her as a vulgar adventuress.

Mrs. Drayton spoke coldly to Vivian, feeling that he had behaved treacherously to Laurette; but there, that was the way of the world, the way of young men—in her opinion at least. A beauty so brilliant as Betty was a power against which faithfulness and devotion for a less gifted woman went under like a stone.

Mrs. Drayton considered that Mrs. Chevonne was a wife of whom any ordinary husband should be proud, and in other circumstances it would have mattered little to her whom Vivian Grant married, provided he were happy, but there was Laurette, who only a few days ago had brought a warm tenderness to his face whenever he looked at her.

Why was it that now his features were set like a flint, and he ignored her as did Mrs. Chevonne? She, Mrs. Drayton decided, was not quite so likeable when one became acquainted with her as at first sight.

She did not think Vivian's silence and pallor odd, for she thought he had reason to look and feel ashamed, in spite of Betty's insistence of former regard and friendship.

When she could do so unnoticed, Mrs. Drayton peeped from under her lids at Laurette, not in the least deceived by her rosy cheeks and the scintillating blue of her eyes. Tender, girlish pride masked sorrow, and grasped it in a mailed fist. Laurette might weep in seclusion, but she would never show a tear to the world, nor to this betrothed couple who, whether intentionally or not, had nailed her to the Calvary of pain.

Mrs. Drayton Insists.

Betty chattered all through dinner, and, with her winsome charm and deference to Mrs. Drayton, sought to beat down the antagonism which she intuitively felt was strengthening against her.

She began to hate Laurette for looking so sweet and proudly indifferent. How idiotic of Mrs. Drayton to allow Laurette to appear at meals; it put them all in a false position. She resolved to persuade Vivian to leave the Corona next day and take her to visit his people. Then there would be no more danger of his obtaining a full explanation from Laurette.

"I'm in the mood for a theatre, Viv," Betty said when they rose from the table. "Do 'phone the Novelty and secure a box. You know," she said to Mrs. Drayton, "I used to play there, so I'm fond

"Then I'll get a wrap," she answered, rising.

Betty went to the lift, feeling that in her absence Laurette and Vivian could not possibly approach each other while Mrs Drayton sat stolidly between them. That lady had taken up her crochet.

Vivian excused himself and went off to the smoking-room. Mrs. Drayton suddenly remarked: "Go upstairs, Laurette, and put on your things."

"Do you wish me to post your letters?" Laurette asked, rising at once.

The other scrutinised her closely.

"You are going to the theatre."

Laurette stood motionless before her. "I—I—please don't ask me to do that!"

"Laurette, I insist." She put down her work and her mouth set firmly. "For his father's sake," she thought, "I am resolved that this marriage shall not take place."

"If you refuse," she added, "I will go myself, and for days after I shall be in bed with bronchitis."

Laurette answered faintly: "They don't want us—they——"

"I want you to go," said Mrs. Drayton, and Laurette knew she dare not refuse.

Laurette's Humiliation.

When Laurette came down, in a little blue cloak that matched her eyes, Betty, who seemed to be arguing rather crossly with Mrs. Drayton, sneered openly.

"You are rather behind the times to insist on a chaperone, and such a one as this."

"Oh, I don't call Laurette a chaperone, Mrs. Chevonne. She is too young and pretty for the part; but as Vivian has a box, I am sure you would not grudge my companion a little pleasure; she goes out so seldom."

"Come along then," snapped Betty to Laurette, whose head and heart ached as one humiliation was added to another. Even her kind friend, Mrs. Drayton, was unwittingly adding to her shame, and Laurette could not divine the reason.

"Where on earth is Vivian?" Betty demanded crossly of no one in particular

At that moment he appeared, making no remark at seeing Laurette in her pretty cloak. A moment after the commissionaire whistled a taxi, and Laurette found herself seated opposite the lovers.

Betty had recovered her good humour "You don't mind Cotwood's coming, do you, dear?" she asked.

"I am delighted," Vivian answered, sarcastically.

Laurette whispered, "Thank you," in a little shaky voice, and turned her head to look out into the misty street that had pools of gold and black and knots of people, each of whom seemed to be struggling in a frenzy to reach a different goal.

The shaking flames of the taxi lamps struck arrows of gold against Laurette's pale cheek and against the bronze masses of her curly hair, but Vivian never once looked at her. He seemed to have no eyes for anyone save Mrs. Chevonne.

A string of taxis and private cars prevented their vehicle from reaching the main entrance of the theatre. Betty, who was too feverishly eager to wait, suggested that they should walk along the pavement.

They alighted, and Betty tapped along in her graceful fashion, followed by Laurette, while Vivian sorted his loose cash in his hand near the taxi lamp.

A Hand In The Dark.

Just as Betty stepped across the intervening blackness of a narrow lane that curved between high blocks of buildings to the stage door, a yellow, brutish hand shot out in sinister fashion near her feet. Her swinging panne velvet cloak was gripped in tense, quivering fingers, and she felt the gold-meshed bag she carried tugged roughly from her wrist.

Betty gave a bewildered little scream; and very nearly fell to the ground. However, she managed to save herself from a fall, and looked down into a pair of fierce, smouldering eyes.

She was terrified and paralysed as the bag passed with a musical chink from her possession

"Horrors! Horrors!" whispered Betty between her teeth; but as the creature raised himself and fixed his eyes ferociously upon her face, fire rushed through Betty, she wrenched herself free, ejaculating, "You wretch, you wretch, how dare you?"

The man stood gripping the bag. She heard the hollow whisper—"Is—it—Betty——?"

She leaned nearer—"Good God?"

"It is Betty," acclaimed the bitter, anguished voice.

Laurette came abreast of her sister. She, too, stared at the man. Then a tender pity suffused her face.

"It's Uncle Tom!"

"Hold your tongue, Laurette," cried Betty. "Are you mad?"

The other, forgetful of everything else, said: "Betty, it is Uncle Tom!"

Betty swung round, shivering with fear. She saw that Vivian was close on their heels. More than once she had boasted to him of distinguished relations, who existed only in her own imagination. If he should know that this man was her uncle.

Her brain worked quickly, even while her face whitened. Laurette had dipped down into the darkness; she looked as though she would go on her knees and take Uncle Tom to her breast The man hesitated, his bloodless lips gaped in amazement. Hearing steps he jerked up his head, and saw Vivian.

(Do not miss to-morrow's instalment.)

AFRAID TO EAT.

WEALTHY DYSPEPTIC DIES OF STARVATION.

An inquest was recently held upon a wealthy man who had died of starvation. He was a victim of digestive trouble and afraid to eat because of the pain which always followed. This tragic proof of the folly of dieting should serve as a warning to those of our readers who experience pain and unpleasantness after eating. It should be remembered that indigestion, dyspepsia, heartburn, flatulence and wind are usually but symptoms of excessive acidity and food fermentation The acid retards digestion, turns the food sour and causes fermentation and wind. Obviously, therefore, it is acidity which is the root cause of practically all forms of digestive and stomach trouble, and that is why physicians advise sufferers to take *bisurated* magnesia after meals. Bisurated magnesia is not a drug or a medicine but an antacid and food corrective which can be obtained from high-class chemists everywhere. Half a teaspoonful taken in a little water after meals is sufficient to instantly neutralise acidity and prevent all possibility of the food fermenting, and if dyspeptics would only adopt this simple precaution they would soon find drug taking and dieting unnecessary; *bisurated* magnesia would enable them to eat hearty meals without fear of pain to follow

IMPORTANT.—Bisurated Magnesia is now ob-

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A WORD TO NEEDLEWOMEN.

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.

FATHER IS A PRISONER

The Hon. Mrs. Morrison Bell and her little girl. Major Morrison Bell, Scots Guards, is a prisoner of war in Germany.—(Hoppé.)

Miss H. B. England, the fiancée of Captain L. S. MacPhail, attached to the 7th City of London Regiment.—(Langfier, Ltd.)

Miss N. Howard, engaged to Lieut. J. I. Piggott, son of the late Chief Justice of Hong-Kong.—(Langfier, Ltd.)

SPRING-TIME HAS COME.

They have just gathered the primroses in the wood. Their little friend is proud of his floral collar.

A SOLDIER'S BRIDE.

Captain P. de Foublanque leaving Brompton Oratory yesterday with his bride, Miss Stella May, daughter of the Governor of Hong-Kong.

PROUD OF FATHER.

Daddy is just back from the trenches. He had a rapturous reception from the wee laddie.

Sgt. Newton, R.F.A., has won the D.C.M., been promoted on the field, and mentioned.

Bomb. Powley, R.G.A., got the D.C.M. by rescuing a comrade after being wounded.

This English grass snake was caught on Hampstead Heath on Sunday by Mr. J. Holmes, who is seen holding it. The snake is two feet long.—(*Daily Sketch* Photograph.)

Lieut. W. T. Lyons, Royal Lancaster Regt., has been awarded the Military Cross and promoted to captain.

Sgt. Fort, D.C.M., helped to bluff the Germans into thinking a trench was strongly held.

HER NEW PART.

Marjorie Sargent, after her successes in "More" and "To-night's the Night," is to appear in a new revue.—(Hoppé.)