

WORD TO CLYDE STRIKERS—See "The Man In The Street," Page 5.

DAILY SKETCH.

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ONE HALFPENNY.

A PAGE OF HEROES: THE POET V.C. FROM THE VICARAGE.



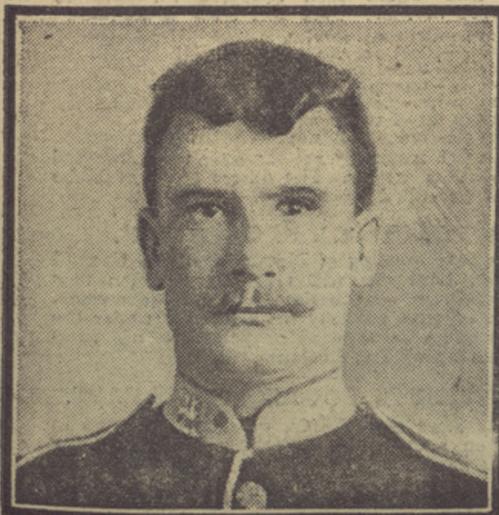
Sub-Lieut. Arthur Waldene St. Clair Tisdall, V.C., whose heroism is made public nearly a year after his gallant death.



Lance-Corporal Cotter, of Sandgate, the V.C. who fought for two hours after his leg was blown off, photographed when home to have his only eye operated on.

His brother, Lieut. E. G., left Cambridge to join a third brother—also of Cambridge—was wounded at Loos. The story of how Sub-Lieut. St. Clair Tisdall—one of three brothers who forsook study for the sword—won the V.C. nearly a year ago on the shrapnel-swept beach at Gallipoli is told on Page 2.

The father and mother reading the news of their son's heroic deed—and death.



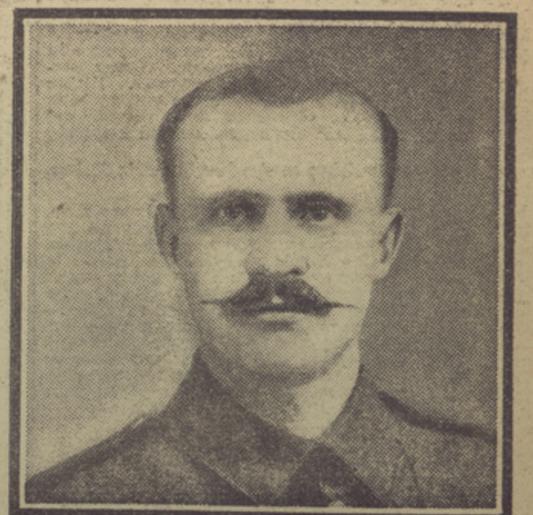
Lance-Corporal Cotter before he rejoined the Army on the outbreak of war. All his brothers have been in the Services, and most of them have fallen. His father was also an old soldier.



Acting-Corpl. W. Brown, D.C.M., Rifle Brigade, a Lambeth potman, who dug out three men buried by a shell. While exposed to very heavy fire he dressed their wounds.



Corpl. R. B. Bullimore, D.C.M., 1st Leicestershires, was formerly a Melton Mowbray policeman. He surprised and attacked a strong German patrol and carried a wounded man into safety.



Sergt. Saunders, V.C., of the 9th Suffolks. When his officer was wounded he took charge of a machine-gun section, and although severely wounded stuck to his guns till a retirement was effected.

NAVAL OFFICER WINS V.C. & FALLS IN ACTION.

Sub-Lieutenant's Brave Deed On Fire-Swept Beach.

THE FIGHTING COTTERS.

Sandgate Youth Who Would Not Do Home Service.

For conspicuous bravery under heavy fire and devotion to duty at "V" Beach, Gallipoli, Sub-Lieut. Arthur Waldene St. Clair Tisdall, Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, won the Victoria Cross. He was killed in action 11 days later.

The story is told in yesterday's supplement of the *London Gazette*. On April 25 last the steamship Clyde, which had been purposely beached, opened the doors in her sides and began to discharge landing parties on "V" Beach. The Turks opened a heavy fire at almost point-blank range from pom-poms, machine-guns and rifles, and many a brave invader fell never to rise again.

Others were grievously wounded, and hearing the cries of some of these men Sub-Lieutenant Tisdall leapt from his ship into the water and pushed a boat in front of him to the beach.

THE LOWER DECK LENDS A HAND.

He was, however, compelled to obtain assistance. Leading Seaman James Malia accompanied him on two trips, and Chief Petty Officer (now Sub-Lieutenant) William Henry Perring, R.N.V.R., and Leading Seaman Fred Curtiss and James Parkinson assisted him in other attempts.

Altogether Mr. Tisdall made four or five trips between the ship and the shore, and saved, under heavy and accurate fire, several wounded men. The work was continuous and arduous, as it meant the lifting of wounded men into boats and pushing the craft into deep water.

Owing to Mr. Tisdall and his platoon being upon detached service, and to his falling in action on May 6, it has been only now possible, says the *Gazette*, to obtain complete information as to the persons who participated in this gallant act.

Of these Leading-Seaman Curtiss (ON. Devonport, 1899) has been missing since June 14 last. The conspicuous gallantry medal has been awarded Sub-Lieutenant Perring and Leading-Seaman Malia and Parkinson.

A SON OF THE VICARAGE.

First Cambridge Chancellor's Gold Medallist To Win V.C.

Sub-Lieut. Tisdall is another "son of the vicarage" to win distinction in this war. His father is the Rev. William St. Clair Tisdall, vicar of St. George the Martyr, Deal, and author of numerous books on religious subjects and a Persian and a Hindustani grammar.

The hero is the first holder of the Chancellor of Cambridge's gold medal to win the V.C. He was a B.A. of Trinity and took a Double First Class with honours. He was also a poet of considerable note and an anthology of his will be published shortly.

The Tisdalls belong to Charlesfort, Co. Meath, and the head of the family, Major C. A. Tisdall, Irish Guards, was killed at Mons on September 1, 1914.

When the war broke out Sub-Lieut. Tisdall, with another brother, were members of Cambridge University Officers' Training Corps. They both obtained commissions in the Services. Another brother, the Rev. C. W. St. Clair Tisdall, B.A., was at that time a missionary at Ispahan, Persia, from whence he was driven by German agents.

"HE WAS A VERY GALLANT MAN."

A brother officer, writing to Lieut. Tisdall's parents, says:—

His work of magnificent devotion was performed under a perfect hail of pom-pom, machine-gun and rifle fire, at almost point-blank range. It was continuous work, and extremely arduous, lifting wounded and dying men into the boats and pushing them back to the ship. Of course, there were others helping him, but he was the organiser and inspiring example.

Another officer, writing to the lieutenant's father, says:—

I find that you are the father of that brave man, Lieut. Tisdall, R.N.D. I served with him on the River Clyde, and discovered his name afterwards. We saw your son on a spit of rock. He turned to me and said: "I can't stand it; I am going over." He went off in a boat with two men—one of nine for whom I got the Conspicuous Gallantry Medal—loaded up some wounded, and was pulled back hanging on to the sheltered side of the boat. Although wounded he went again and again, and brought back more men. I did not see him again after we landed. He was a very gallant man, and you have every right to be proud of him, alive or dead.

A FIGHTING FAMILY.

V.C.'s Many Relatives In The Navy And The Army.

Acting-Corporal William Richard Cotter, V.C., 6th (Service) Battalion the Buffs, has maintained the traditions of his family.

Wounded in both arms, and with his right leg blown off at the knee, he crawled fifty yards, steadied the men in a crater, controlled their fire, and made new dispositions to meet a new counter-

attack. He helped greatly to save a critical situation.

Yesterday his sister, Miss Nellie Cotter, told the *Daily Sketch* of the family's prowess.

"We always claim," she said, "that there isn't a family in Sandgate, Kent, that can compare with ours for the number of men it has given to the Navy and Army."

William had served twelve years in the Buffs, but he rejoined to fight the Germans. He had lost one eye, and the sight of the other wasn't good.

"But he got to France, and had been there six months when the other eye began to go. He was recalled for garrison duty in Dover."

ANYTHING TO GET TO THE FRONT.

"He was always wanting to return to the front, and the authorities at length let him undergo an operation. The sight of the second eye improved, and he was permitted to return to the trenches. What he did there you know."

The list of the Fighting Cotters includes:—

The father—Private Richard Cotter (South Wales Borderers), now living at Sandgate.

The sons—
Corporal William Cotter, V.C.
Private Fred Cotter (Buffs). Died in South Africa.
Gunner Stephen Cotter (R.F.A.). Died just before the outbreak of war.

Private Tom Cotter (Buffs), now in Salonika.
First-class Stoker Maurice Cotter, now in Salonika.
Private Bernard Cotter (Buffs), killed in France.

Uncle of the V.C.—Lance-Corporal Alfred Richards (West Riding Regiment), prisoner of war in Germany.
Cousins of the V.C.—
Driver Percy Holmes (A.S.C.), in France.
First-class Stoker Frederick Holmes, drowned in the Pathfinder.

Private Frederick Smith (Buffs), in France.
Private Harry Holmes (Buffs), killed in France.
Bandsman Richards (Suffolks), killed in France.

"MARY, I WOULD DO IT AGAIN."

Wounded Victoria Cross Hero's Reply To His Wife.

"Mary, I would do the same again." This was the written answer Private William Young, V.C., 8th (Service) Battalion, East Lancashire Regiment, gave his wife when she asked him if he did not think it silly to risk his life when he had a wife and nine young children dependent upon him.

The hero, whose home is in Preston, now lies in Exeter hospital, unable to talk. In rescuing, under heavy fire, a wounded sergeant, both his jaws were shattered, while he was also hit in the chest.

Employed as a labourer at Preston, Young was called to the colours immediately war was declared. In November, 1914, he was shot in the thigh at Ypres, but after nine weeks in hospital he returned to the front. Last September he was gassed; his eyes were affected, and for three weeks he was in hospital.

Three days before Christmas he won the V.C.

A HAIL OF BULLETS.

Sergeant Saunders Tells How His Gun Helped The Kilties.

Another of the six V.C.s announced in yesterday's *Daily Sketch* is Sergeant A. F. Saunders, 9th (Service) Battalion the Suffolk Regiment. Formerly in the Navy Saunders joined the Suffolks, and was with their machine-guns at Loos.

Describing the fight Sergeant Saunders said:—"Suddenly I got the word to take my section to help the Highlanders, who, in attacking, had come under heavy machine-gun fire."

"All at once the ground got flooded with German snipers. They quirmed and crawled from all directions. These were quickly followed by masses of troops at the charge, and the death-dance began in earnest. My boys were flinging their traversing gears as wide as they could, and the drums of cartridges were passing up in a hurry."

"Those snipers were devilish smart and keen. My best gunner, my mate, turned quietly to me and said, 'You'll have to see about more ammunition, Ted.' He reeled as he said it, and then, 'They've got me. Clean through the stomach.' He fell, and I turned him over. He'd gone—out West."

"I was getting dizzy when something like a coal-hammer smashed my leg. A sniper using explosive. I collapsed, and as I fell I saw a man dart past me on the run; then another and another. I scarcely heard the yell of the supports who came charging 'p to retrieve the trench."

FIGHTERS WAIT UPON THEIR COMRADES' CHILDREN.



Three hundred soldiers' children were entertained to a tea and concert at Fairlight Hall, Tooting, yesterday. They were waited upon by nurses and convalescent Tommies.—(Daily Sketch Photograph.)

CLYDE STRIKERS RETURNING TO WORK.

Probable Settlement Of The Trouble During The Week-end.

MR. HENDERSON POSTPONES HIS VISIT TO GLASGOW.

The situation on the Clyde has improved considerably and there are indications that the strike of munition workers is collapsing.

More men returned to work yesterday, and it is expected that most, if not all, the strikers will be back at their posts by Monday.

The following telegram has been forwarded to the executive members and District Committees of the Shipbuilding and Engineering Federation:—

In view of the fact that the dispute on the Clyde is settling down as the result of the men returning to work, the conference at which the Right Hon. A. Henderson, M.P., and the other Government representatives were to attend in Glasgow on Sunday next has been postponed.

JOHN HILL, chairman Federation.

Strikers Jeered At By The Public.

Yesterday about 10,000 munition-workers protested against the Government's refusal to increase rates of pay and demanded the return of the deported men.

After the meeting held on Glasgow Green, many thousands of the men marched through the streets to the centre of the city. At many points large numbers of people gathered and loudly hissed and booed the demonstrators. Near Central Station several men and women shouted "Shame on you. Think of the men in the trenches."

The temper of the crowd along the route was most marked. At some points the remarks made stung the strikers into anger, and only the presence of the police who marched with the procession prevented a disturbance.

A general resumption of work at Liverpool Docks is expected to-day. The dockers on strike have been ordered back by the Transport Workers' Federation, and nearly 3,000 resumed work yesterday.

PRINCE GEORGE FOR THE NAVY.

The King's Fourth Son To Enter The Senior Service.

Prince George, the fourth son of the King, is to become a sailor.

He will enter the Royal Navy next September, and will then be not quite 14 years of age.

The Prince of Wales is in the Army; Prince Albert is in the Navy; Prince Henry, the third son, is still at Eton.

Prince George has already officiated at his first "function."

In the early part of the year the readers of a children's publication subscribed for and purchased an ambulance for the Belgian Field Hospital, and Prince George was asked to accept it and hand it over to the hospital authorities.

The Prince accepted the invitation, and the ceremony was duly performed.

RAILWAY WORKERS' CONGRESS.

After a full debate delegates of the National Union of Railway Workers in London yesterday rejected the proposed new scheme for conciliation boards.

It is said that the scheme was rejected by 32 votes to 28.

The Associated Society of Locomotivemen and Enginemen have steadfastly refused to be represented by the N.U.R.W., and yesterday's decision, while it prevents the present scheme being put into operation, will seriously interfere with the whole negotiations which the N.U.R.W. has been carrying out for the establishment of an amicable conciliation scheme on the railway.

Two Grimsby men were each fined 10s. 6d. yesterday for not drawing the blinds of a railway compartment at night.

NEEDLESS WORRY FOR THE MARRIED MEN.

Why Not Prohibit Unauthorised Stories As To The Next Call?

MATTER FOR WAR OFFICE

Official Denial Of Report As To The Postponed Groups.

Needless worry is being caused to the attested married men who are waiting for their call by the inconsiderate treatment meted out to them by the War Office.

Reports that further married groups were to be summoned to the colours on May 5 were published in yesterday's evening papers, and many men in these groups went home from business intending to make preparations for the early call.

After the last editions of the evening papers had been published this official message was issued:—

With reference to reports to the effect that further married groups are to be called up at an early date, the War Office announces that no decision on the subject has been given, and the reports are consequently unauthorised and incorrect.

THE AIR FULL OF FALSE ALARMS.

The War Office manages this sort of thing very badly. It is most important that a married man with business responsibilities should know definitely the date by which he must settle his affairs and cease to be a civilian. Yet the air is full of false alarms and postponements, and the attested married man is bewildered by conflicting stories of the date of his call.

If these unauthorised reports were prohibited, and the War Office announced definitely in advance the dates on which the groups would be warned for service, much avoidable worry would be saved.

Here are yesterday's reports:—

<p>...HT GROUPS. Official notices will shortly be issued calling up eight groups of married men (Groups 33 to 40) to serve themselves for service on May 5. As originally arranged, these groups should have joined up on April 17, but on March 14 the War Office stopped the issue of notices.—Exchange.</p>	<p>NINE GROUPS. The War Office and Parliamentary Recruiting Committee have decided to call up nine groups of married men on May 5. The notices being dated April 5. The groups number 33 to 41, which were originally to have been warned on April 17. The notices were withdrawn by the Government on March 14.—Central News.</p>
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TRAP FOR ARMY DODGERS.

Men Must Produce Their Registration Cards On Demand.

A new trap has been devised for the single man who is dodging military service.

About 300,000 people disappeared between the taking of the National Register and the delivery of the registration cards. Now they are going to be found.

All men who are or ought to have been registered may be called on to produce their certificates of registration for inspection. Failure to produce them on demand renders them liable to a fine of £100 or six months' imprisonment.

All men between 16 and 65 are therefore advised to have certificates available for production at their houses.

Any man who has lost his certificate, or has not been registered, or has changed his address since August 15, and not notified the authorities of his move, should apply to the clerk to the local council.

DERBY MEN—CUT THIS OUT.

The Classes Into Which Accepted Men Are Divided.

There seems to be some mystery regarding the classes into which men accepted for military service are divided. This will clear it up:—

- *Class 1.—General service.
- *Class 2.—Field service at home.
- Class 3a.—Garrison duty abroad.
- Class 3b.—Garrison duty at home.
- *Class 4a (y).—Labour abroad.
- *Class 4a (z).—Labour at home.
- Class 4b.—Sedentary work (clerks, etc.).

The classes marked * are the only men accepted for immediate service. The others are sent home and will be called upon later.

A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION.

At the next meeting of Birmingham City Council Councillor Lancaster will move a resolution that the council, in conjunction with the overseers, devise a scheme whereby married men under the Derby scheme be relieved of payment of rates while serving with the colours.

CONSCRIPTS FOUND IN BELFAST.

Twenty Jews from Leeds, who were arrested in Belfast on a charge of deserting from the Army Reserve, were yesterday handed over to a military escort.

Two other Jews from Manchester and Glasgow were remanded on a similar charge, pending the arrival of escorts.

WON'T HAVE WOMEN AT THE DOCKS.

The executive council of the National Transport Workers' Federation has protested against the introduction of women labour into the docks as unnecessary and intolerable, physically and morally.

RAID BY FIVE ZEPPELINS OVER THE EASTERN COUNTIES.

MALANCOURT STORMED

Enemy Enters Village On The Edge Of The Argonne.

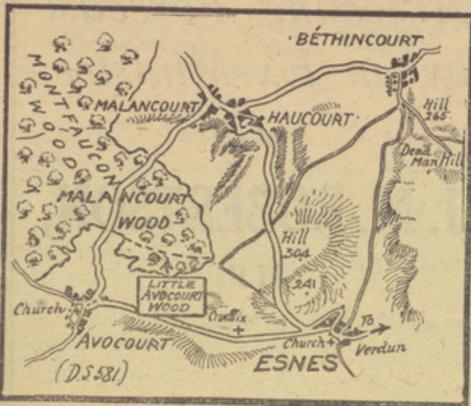
FURIOUS FIGHTING.

Battalion Fights All Night Against Heavy Odds.

TRIPLE ADVANCE.

The large village of Malancourt, on the borders of the Forest of Argonne, was stormed during Thursday night by the German forces on the Paris side of the Meuse.

At present the southern and western



entrances to the village are still held by the French.

The Germans claimed the capture of the village last week, but their official news now admits that they had to storm a series of French lines north of the place.

The loss of Malancourt is not vital to the defence of the French positions in this region, and the Paris news points out quite accurately that it formed a salient, or bulge, in the line, a position always difficult of defence.

As long as the Little Wood of Avocourt is held the French position on Hill 304 and the Dead Man Hill beyond is secure.

Malancourt and Haucourt, which practically form a single village, had a population before the war of 753. They are situated in a defile of the hills through which the little stream of Forges trickles down to the Meuse, with several water-mills on its course.

A further advance to the south or west would therefore have to be made uphill, giving great advantages to the defence.

ATTACKS IN MASS.

Battalion Marches Out After Gallant Defence All Night.

French Official News.

PARIS, Friday, 3 p.m.

In the Argonne we repulsed two grenade attacks directed against our positions to the north of Avocourt [Avocourt is, strictly speaking, about three miles from the edge of the Forest.]

West of the Meuse the bombardment of Malancourt redoubled in violence in the course of the night.

The Germans made a series of attacks in mass, debouching from three sides at once against the village, which formed an advanced salient in our line, and which was occupied by one of our outpost battalions.

After a fierce struggle, which lasted the whole of the night, and which cost the enemy considerable sacrifices, our troops evacuated the ruined village, of which we hold the approaches.

To the east of the Meuse the night was calm. In the Woevre [beyond Verdun towards Metz] the Germans attempted on three occasions to capture from us an earthwork to the east of Haudiomont [village on the edge of the Meuse heights].

All their attempts were repulsed.

REMEMBER YPRES.

The Canadian Government has ordered flags to be flown on April 23, the anniversary of the battle of Ypres, "in commemoration of the extraordinary gallantry and determination displayed by the 1st Canadian Division."—Reuter, from Ottawa.

ZEPPELINS DROP BOMBS IN EASTERN COUNTIES.

Five Raiders Cross Coast At Different Places And Times And Steer Different Courses.

REPORTED VISIT OF HOSTILE AIRCRAFT TO NORTH-EAST COAST.

From The War Office.

Saturday Morning, 1.25 a.m.

An air raid took place last night over the Eastern Counties, in which five Zeppelins are believed to have taken part.

All the raiders crossed the coast at different places and times, and steered different courses.

At present about 90 bombs are reported to have been dropped in various localities in the Eastern Counties, but the results are not known.

It is further reported that hostile aircraft have visited the North-East Coast, but no details have yet been received.

GERMAN ATTACKS ON THE "DEAD MAN" FAIL.

Thrown Back Twice In Spite Of Help Of "Weeping Shells."

DIMINISHING BOMBARDMENT IN THE MALANCOURT SECTOR.

French Official News.

PARIS, Friday, 11 p.m.

South of the Somme the enemy, after an artillery preparation, attempted a series of surprise attacks on our small posts in the region of the Dompierre.

All these attempts failed. In Champagne our destruction fire wrecked German trenches to the south of Ste. Marie-à-Py. A German aeroplane was brought down by our special guns. The machine fell in flames in the enemy lines to the north of Tahure.

In the Argonne our artillery shelled troops on the march in the direction of Varennes.

West of the Meuse the activity of the artillery has slackened in the region of Malancourt. The enemy made no attempt to debouch from the village in the course of the day.

In the region of the Mort Homme, after a violent bombardment, the enemy, about six in the evening, launched on our positions to the north-east of Hill 295 a strong attack accompanied by curtains of tear shells.

The Germans, who had succeeded in setting foot for a moment in some first-line elements, were thrown out again by a sharp counter-attack of our troops.

Another enemy attack, made a little later to the west of the same position, was completely abortive.

East of the Meuse and in the Woevre there was moderate artillery activity in the Forest of Apremont.

We bombarded the enemy cantonments of Varvinay. Fire directed upon a German battery in action caused the explosion of several ammunition waggons.

AN AVIATIK BROUGHT DOWN.

One of our pilots, in the course of a lively aerial fight, brought down an aviatik, which fell in our lines at Soppe (region of Belfort).—Reuter.

NAVAL CUTTER LOST.

40 Men Drowned In The Blizzard While Returning From Leave.

From The Admiralty.

On Tuesday evening, March 23, a cutter belonging to H.M.S. Conquest, which was taking 40 liberty men off to the ship, was caught in the blizzard and nothing was seen or heard of her again till the morning, when she was found cast up on shore many miles away. All hands were drowned.

[A casualty list issued by the Admiralty last night gives the names of 13 drowned and 27 missing, believed dead.]

COUNT ZEPPELIN ACTIVE.

Count Zeppelin has arrived at German headquarters.—Central News, from Amsterdam.

ROME MAKES HOLIDAY FOR MR. ASQUITH.

Flowers And Flags And Real Italian Sunshine.

BRITISH SOLDIERS IN THE ETERNAL CITY.

Mr. Asquith and his suite arrived in Rome yesterday afternoon to find the streets decorated, full of enthusiastic crowds, and flooded with the sunshine of a perfect spring day.

Rome was wearing a festive habit, as though for a victory, of which this visit may indeed be the precursor.

All Government and private workers, as well as the schools, had received a holiday. The railway station and the streets leading to the British Embassy were lavishly decorated with the tricolour, Union Jack, and the Allied flags.

Troops lined the streets, and great difficulty was experienced in controlling the enormous crowds.

Numerous political and patriotic associations with flags formed a quadrangle opposite the station in the Piazza Esedra.

Mr. Asquith's Emotion.

The military authorities and the diplomatic corps assembled on the station with Signor Salandra and other Ministers, deputies and senators, and the British Ambassador, Sir Rennell Rodd, and members of the Embassy.

An enormous crowd gave Mr. Asquith such a greeting as Rome has seldom vouchsafed to any other political personality. The British Premier, who was visibly moved, replied smilingly to shouts of "Viva Asquith." The bands struck up "God Save the King," in which the public attempted to join, although they did not know the words.

Mr. Asquith and Sir Rennell Rodd motored to the British Embassy, where the crowd repeated the enthusiastic demonstration. Mr. Asquith appeared on the balcony, and returned thanks for the welcome accorded him.

Six officers and 200 British soldiers arrived in Rome yesterday morning and visited the public buildings of the capital. They were cheered on all hands, and witnessed the arrival of Mr. Asquith.

The newspapers (says Reuter) announce that Mr. Asquith will pay a visit to the Pope to-day.

AERIAL ACTIVITY ON BRITISH FRONT.

German Attack South Of St. Eloi Collapses Under Our Fire.

British Official News.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, FRANCE.

Friday, 11.20 p.m.

Yesterday there was much aerial activity on both sides. A great deal of successful work was carried out by our airmen.

Three of our machines missing. Last night the enemy exploded a mine near Neuville St. Vaast, and endeavoured to attack with infantry. He was speedily repulsed by our bombers.

We exploded one mine near the Hohenzollern Redoubt, wrecking hostile posts on two old craters.

To-day there has been continued artillery activity north and south of Angres, south of Hulluch, north of Ploegsteert Wood, and about Pilckem.

South of St. Eloi an enemy attack this morning broke down under our fire.

5 a.m. Edition.

PRINCE ALBERT GREETSS SERBIA'S REGENT.

Enthusiastic Reception At Charing Cross.

CHEERING CROWDS.

Royal Visitor Calls Upon The King And The Queen.

Wearing the uniform of a sub-lieutenant in the Royal Navy, Prince Albert, on behalf of the King, yesterday welcomed to London the Regent and Crown Prince of Serbia.

The distinguished visitor arrived at Charing Cross, from Folkestone, at 11.50 a.m., and was saluted by a guard of honour from the Scots Guards.

A pretty note of colour was introduced by the two Misses Rivett-Carnac and Master Armour and Miss Baggeley. Clad in the garb of Old Serbia, they stood under the Serbian flag as the Regent's train arrived.

The Regent, who was accompanied by the Serbian Premier, M. Pasitch, was, amid cheers, received by Prince Albert, and Mr. Lloyd George, Sir Edward Grey, Lord French, General Sir Francis Lloyd, and General Sir Arthur Paget were presented to the visitor.

THE RIDE THROUGH THE STREETS.

Royal carriages conveyed the Regent to Buckingham Palace, where the distinguished visitor was received by the King and the Queen. Later, with his staff, the Regent drove to Claridge's Hotel, where they will stay during the visit to London. In the first carriage were the Regent and Prince Albert.

As the Royal carriages, which were open, passed through the station yard and along the Strand, crowds cheered and waved hats and handkerchiefs. The Regent appeared delighted with the magnificence of his reception, and bowed his acknowledgments of the cheering. He looked particularly well in his smart grey military uniform.

Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Edward Grey on leaving the station, on foot, were cheered again and again.

Some of the Serbian officers in London were entertained at luncheon yesterday by Sir Thomas Lipton.

Since the commencement of the war Serbia and Sir Thomas have been associated by very close ties of friendship, the help which Sir Thomas extended to the gallant little country in her moments of dire need having given him a permanent place in the hearts of the Serbian people.

KING GEORGE'S MESSAGE TO GENERAL TOWNSHEND.

"Every Effort To Support Your Splendid Resistance."

The following message was dispatched by the King to General Townshend on February 14:—

I, together with all your fellow-countrymen, continue to follow with admiration the gallant fighting of the troops under your command against great odds.

Every possible effort is being made to support your splendid resistance.

GEORGE R.I.

"IN THE DIRECTION OF BAGDAD."

Turkish Force In Flight After Heavy Defeat By Russians.

Russian Official News.

PETROGRAD, Friday Night.

In the direction of Bagdad, in the region of the fortress of Karamalackan, after a four hours' fight, we defeated an enemy force which, after suffering heavy losses, took to flight in a southerly direction.—Reuter.

"NOTHING HAS HAPPENED" ON THE TIGRIS.

Turkish Official News.

Via COPENHAGEN, Friday.

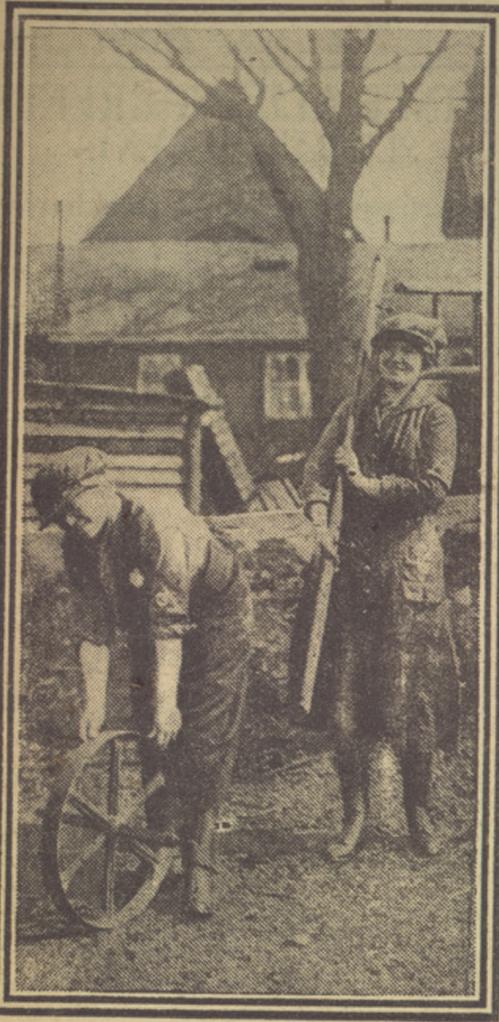
Some enemy torpedo-boat destroyers, which were observed outside the Dardanelles, were driven off by our coast batteries. Nothing has happened on the Irak (Tigris) or Caucasian fronts.—Central News.

REVENUE INCREASE: £110,000,000.

The return of the revenue of the United Kingdom for the financial year ended yesterday shows that the revenue amounted to £336,766,824, a net increase of £110,072,744. This table gives the chief receipts, with the increases or decreases compared with the previous year:—

	1915-16	Increase.
Customs	£59,606,000	£20,944,000
Excise	61,210,000	13,897,000
Property and Income Tax (including super-tax)	128,320,000	58,921,000
Postal Service	24,100,000	3,700,000
Miscellaneous	9,796,970	3,879,522

FAIR FARM HANDS.



Women land workers bringing agricultural implements up to the farm workshop for necessary repairs.



Miss Katharine Wilson, niece of Mr. Aneurin Williams, M.P., shortly marrying Lieut. Hubert Hilditch Johns, Border Regiment.—(Bertram Park.)

SELLING THE PARK DUCKS.



A basketful of ducks' eggs collected for the soldier inmates of military hospitals.

AN APT LEARNER.



A disabled Belgian soldier proves an apt pupil at a L.C.C. munition-making class.

HER PLEA FOR POULTRY.



Mrs. Lionel Guest, who urges that profitable hen-keeping is a national service.—(Swaine.)

PEACE TERMS
of the
ALLIES

Arresting Forecast by an Ex-Minister,

Mr.

J. M. ROBERTSON,

M.P.

THERE were many criticisms of Mr. Asquith's recently reiterated peace terms on the ground that they were too rhetorical and not detailed and definite.

The Right Hon. J. M. Robertson, a member of the Privy Council and a member of the Ministry before its reconstruction, writes a remarkable article in this week's **SUNDAY CHRONICLE** on the Peace Terms of the Allies. Mr. Robertson goes into details on all the questions involved, including territory, indemnities, colonies, and trade, and sets forth what he declares should be the minimum conditions which the Allies will demand when peace comes to be signed.

There is ONE Sunday paper in Great Britain which the thoughtful and intelligent reader cannot afford to miss
It is the

SUNDAY CHRONICLE.

Get next Sunday's issue.
One Penny. All Newsagents.

THE FOUNTAIN HAT.

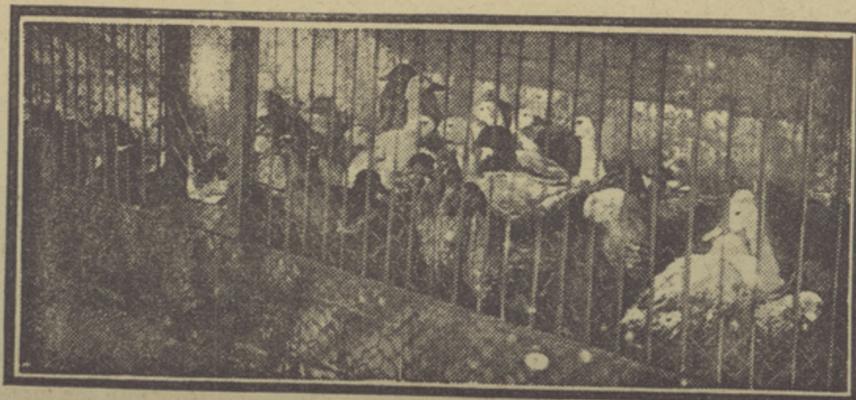


A fountain of white ospreys adorns this new Lewis model of white straw.—(Wyndham.)

LENT HER HOME.

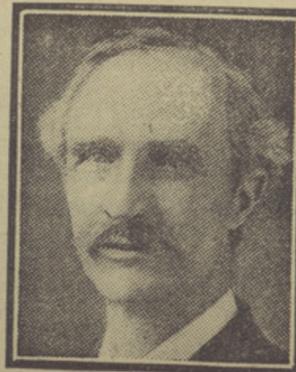


The Hon. Mrs. Ronald Greville, whose town house is being used by the Maple Leaf Club.—(Hoppé.)



Owing to corn shortage and war-time economies many of the ducks in the L.C.C. parks are now being sold off to poulterers, so the parks will provide fewer ducks' eggs for the wounded.

TO VISIT JACK.



The Rev. Charles Brown, representing the Free Churches, is to hold services among the Grand Fleet.—(Russell.)

GET TO BUSINESS!

WHEN Lloyd George visited the Clyde and talked to the men about the doings at the front he was told to cut out the sentiment and get to business. That is what we now must say to the munition workers. "Cut out the sentiment and get to business!" Our business, the business of all of us, is to win the war. Your business is to speed the winning of the war. All other questions are irrelevant. It is your business, your duty, and your privilege to speed the winning of the war by piling up munitions.

YOUR grievances may be many, but it is possible for a man with a grievance to put himself in the wrong. Beware, lest you do that! Your critics say that you have broken pledges. You will retort that pledges have been broken, too, by the authorities and by the employers. That is very likely true. But what does it matter? Does anything matter just now, except the winning of the war?

LIES have been told in plenty. You have been called drunken and idle when the vast majority of you have been sweating your lives out in the service of your country. Cannot you afford to despise such ignorant talk?

THE recent inquiry showed us that overwork and badly regulated meal times have left your nerves in a very shaky condition. We have got to allow for that. *And so have you.* Especially the canny Scots among you will be ashamed to be carried away by their feelings. Cut out the sentiment and get to business.

WHATEVER happens, *whatever happens*, you must not strike.

THAT is a hard thing to say. You are placed in a terrible dilemma. You have to see many of your trade union safeguards taken away in order that production may be quicker, and the only sure means of enforcing your point of view is barred to you. Employers may hedge and quibble, the authorities may temporise, but you must keep at your job. Is that not too much to ask? No! Not for men like you!

IN peace time the strike is a perfectly legitimate weapon against the exploiter. In war time the strike is a weapon aimed at your country and the men of your blood, of your family, who are fighting at the front. The nation at large has plenty of grievances against the ruling clique, but it would be as disastrous as absurd if the nation struck.

THE difficulty at present seems to be that you cannot trust the men you have chosen to represent you. Well, you have got to trust them, just as we have got to trust the Cabinet, though we know what politicians are. In peace time you often say: "This agreement is an agreement made between the wolf and the lamb, and we have a right to break it." Whatever might be said for that contention then there is nothing to be said for it now. We are in a damned hurry. The leaders you have chosen must be allowed to lead, the pledges they take must be kept by you. Else we shall never come to any decision; else your work will never be done.

ON your shoulders falls nearly half the burden of the war. You and the soldiers are more important than all the rest of us put together. How tremendous, therefore are your responsibilities! You and the soldiers between you can win the war. If you do that, after such tremendous personal and class sacrifices, the future of this nation is yours. But if you persist in striking, and at last there is a riot, suppressed by force of arms, that will be a black mark against Labour which will be remembered when all your sacrifices have been forgotten.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

**Echoes of the Town.**

Serbian And Greek Princes Here—
Young Sailor Viscount—Who
Buys Plovers' Eggs?

**April 1st.**

I SUPPOSE there are still some people who keep up the April Fool idea, and I spent some time yesterday ruminating on a catch for your special benefit. But there, nine hundred and ninety-nine people would be sure not to see the joke, and I should have to explain, and they'd have to explain, and some kind contemporary would "correct" me, and—altogether we'll give it a miss.

Princes In Town.

QUITE LIKE old times to have Princes staying in town again, and Royal carriages passing between the stations and the hotels beloved of Royalty, and it all adds to the spring feeling. Prince Christopher of Greece is staying at the Berkeley (here he is), while that very popular visitor, the Crown Prince of Serbia, began an exacting visit yesterday. Everything is to be done to pay him honour, and he will take away pleasant recollections of his visit, even if, as usual, his strength is a little taxed in keeping up with entertainments.

**Baffling Budgeteers.**

THAT NEVER a definite word of Mr. McKenna's taxing proposals has leaked out is only according to that precedent of Cabinet secrecy which Gladstone gloated over: "I have had thirteen Budgets," he once declared, "all of them known to six or eight men for days, and not a word of them has transpired—except once, when the traitor was a Cabinet Minister who gave it to the *Times*, and made no response when I complained in the Cabinet."

A Stranger In The House.

THERE IS no precedent for that athletic exploit of the officer in the Commons, but a stranger once went further. In 1771 a merchant of Bermuda, known to several members, succeeded in counting himself among the "Noes" in a division. Afterwards he was brought to the bar and, with the consent of the House, dismissed with a word from the Speaker not to do it again.

No Hunger-Striking.

MR. TENNANT denies that conscientious objectors in army training are hunger-striking, and I am inclined to think he is right. I showed the statement to a young relative just out of an O.T.C. "Yes, by Gad," said he, attacking his third egg, "any fellow who could hunger-strike after a day of the mill they put us through wouldn't be an objector—he'd be a bally miracle."

The Procession.

OF COURSE military necessity comes before everything at the present moment. But surely it would be possible for a band and about a dozen recruits to march down the Strand two-deep without being any the less impressive. Yesterday this small body of men occupied the centre of the street at the busiest time of the day, with a row of motor-buses and taxis half-a-mile long behind them.

The Canadian Exodus.

I NOTICED there was a falling off in the number of Canadians at their favourite haunts in town, so I asked an hotel manager what it meant. He said many had gone back for the sowing of the summer crops. He said also that a good many Canadians who came here some months ago on pleasure hadn't returned at all, but had put on khaki in the forces of the Dominion.

Six Little Maids From School.

ON THE St. John's Wood line to Swiss Cottage the other evening might have been seen half-a-dozen pretty Japanese schoolgirls who crowded in giggling and blushing, as is the way of schoolgirls all the world over. They were clad in European dress, and had long black pigtails. Their tiny feet were encased in neat brown shoes, and their moon-round faces and bright, black, oblique eyes twinkled with laughter and merriment. They were charming examples of that particular type of beauty.

The Western "Finish."

I HEAR there is a boarding-school for Japanese girls out in that direction, and since the war began numbers of the daughters of the better-class and up-to-date Japanese have been sent there to acquire a Western education.

Plovers' Eggs At Sixpence.

I SAW plovers' eggs on sale in the West End this week at 6d. each. Times have changed since an enterprising purveyor, who held the Royal Warrant, proudly told me that he had sent his first precious consignment by courier to King Edward at Biarritz. King Edward was very fond of plovers' eggs, though King George does not share his taste to the same degree. Perhaps the very low price of the first plovers' eggs this season is due to war economy in luxuries.

A Job Requiring Nerve.

EVERY now and again some of the West End shops are seized with the craze of exhibiting lady commissionaires in fancy costume. After a time many of them disappear (the commissionaires, not the shops), possibly because they cannot stand the curious and amused glances of passers-by or the impertinent "asides" of messenger boys. Yesterday I saw that another shop—in Regent-street—had started. A pretty girl dressed up in comic opera Hussar's uniform was trying to look unconcerned.

Scarcity Of Red Tape.

GLANCING at a stationer's shop window the other day, I observed that red tape has gone up a penny a bundle. I'm told, too, that it's very scarce nowadays in Government offices. I mean the real tape, not the metaphorical, which is still very much in evidence.

Future Duke To Be A Sailor.

IT HAS BEEN decided that the future Duke of Manchester shall enter the Royal Navy. Viscount



—(Lallie Charles.)
his fourteenth year in October.

Two Other New Cadets.

ANOTHER peer's heir who will join the Royal Naval College next month is Lord Clonmore, the thirteen-year-old son of the Earl of Wicklow, who is himself in the South Irish Horse, and who served in South Africa. The second son of Lord Ritchie, the Hon. John Kenneth Ritchie, will also start his naval training when the new term opens.

Fashions From Flanders.

THE LATEST from the front: "All the local civilians are wearing khaki puttees. The small boys have entire uniforms, but the little girls have only comforters. —'s boots and wrist watch vanished from his 'room,' but as no one on the Western front had feet large enough, the boots came back."

Trench Hedgehogs.

AN OFFICER from Flanders has been telling me of some of the queer pets the Tommies have in the trenches. About the queerest he has come across were a couple of hedgehogs which a corporal in one of the Welsh regiments has trained to "come to heel" and to become quite disciplined. All the men in the platoon make a great fuss of them.

"Obeying Orders."

A RECRUIT in a Scottish regiment was detailed off for sentry duty, and being posted near a bomb store was told not to let any bombs be taken away without an order signed by an officer. Presently up came a squad of bombers, who commenced to fill their bags with bombs. The sentry protested when the signed slip was not forthcoming, but the bombers told him to go to a very warm place. "Aw weel," said the recruit, "ye may send me there if you like, but if ye dinna put those bombs doon ye'll gan' with me, for I hev jest lit the fuse of a big one round the corner."

More Frightfulness.

IN A CERTAIN part of the line lately our men have been using the vile weather to take a sticky revenge on the Hun. All they do is to pump the water from their own trenches over the parapet, and it drains down into the German lines. It's so simple!

Cosmopolitan Munitions.

WHAT IS the most cosmopolitan office in London? The Ministry of Munitions must be hard to beat, for one of the officials tells me that though he has not long been in the department and doesn't know many of the men there, he has already met working in various branches, Americans, Russians, Italians, Belgians, Frenchmen, a Japanese, and—a Welshman.

Mr. Manhattan Hitchcock.

IT DOESN'T matter much what "Mr. Manhattan," the new show at the Prince of Wales's is about. Jealous husbands, flirtatious wives, a flat in Mayfair, a hotel at a Normandy seaside place, a pretty chorus, some catchy numbers by Howard Talbot, and a few bright lines from Messrs. Thompson and Bovill—all this has been rigged up to form a frame for one Raymond Hitchcock, a funny man from America. In this case this description of Raymond is not such a contradiction in terms as you might imagine.



In the second act he had spasms of being very amusing indeed, and sang a song, "All dressed up, and nowhere to go," which will soon be in great demand.

Also Some English Actors.

ANYWAY, the first-night audience, in which the American colony was naturally much in evidence, swallowed Raymond's quips with screams of delight. He has a quaint, confidential way with him—for him the footlights barrier just doesn't exist—and he made a speech after every act. Personally, "Mr. Manhattan" will draw me to the P.O.W.'s in future far more because Iris Hoey is in it and at her best and cleverest, because Bob Cunningham (as Caruso) sings well in some "cod" grand opera stuff, because I confidently hope that George Barrett will soon have more to do, and—in short—because it is in itself quite a cheery show.

And American Comedians.

BEYOND managerial bigwigs, such dramatic critics as were left over from "Stand and Deliver" (it is the fashion now to produce new plays in pairs), and rival American comedians, the audience contained Lady Drogheda and Lady Victor Paget, who was wearing yards of stupendous pearls. For what else the latter was wearing, and for what lots of other famous and distinguished folk were wearing, as well as for their names, I must refer you to my wiser and better half, a few pages farther on.

Great Russian Conductor.

I MET the genial, grey-bearded Wassili Safonoff, the great Russian conductor, over the supper table at the Piccadilly after "Mr. Manhattan."

Safonoff is a wit as well as a fine musician. Soon he is to be an author, for he is publishing a book on piano technique. He did comic things with his fingers to explain his theories to us.

"The Birth Of A Nation."

I HAVE SEEN "The Birth of a Nation." I went to Drury Lane on Thursday afternoon far from predisposed in its favour. I came away amazed by the sheer stupendousness of the thing. You may talk as much as you like about American methods (I often do), judging a picture by its size, and all that sort of thing, but I defy you to watch, even on a screen, a battle in which 18,000 people take part, a charge of 5,000 horsemen, and scenes of realism often terrible, without being thrilled.

Let's All Go Down The Main Drag.

MR. BURLOCK, the manager from U.S.A., who would make a jolly good Englishman, told me as we walked along the main drag (Yank for the Strand) that "The Birth of a Nation" is now being played in 25 different parts of the world simultaneously, including the Philippine Islands, that it has caused riots in the Southern States, that the film brings in a daily income of £8,000, and that David W. Griffith, the "perdoocer," who was an American actor, and a bad one at that, turned up his nose at a salary of £50,000 a year. All of which talk was not unexpected. But it happens to be perfectly true.

Some Invention.

I HAVE discovered a new invention. The inventor was showing it to me with great enthusiasm yesterday. He thinks he's going to make money out of it. I don't. It's a combined bowler and walking-stick. Think it out.

MR. COSSIP.

THE ALLIES HAVE BUT ONE AIM—VICTORY.
THERE WAS NO TALK OF PEACE AT THE ALLIES' WAR COUNCIL.

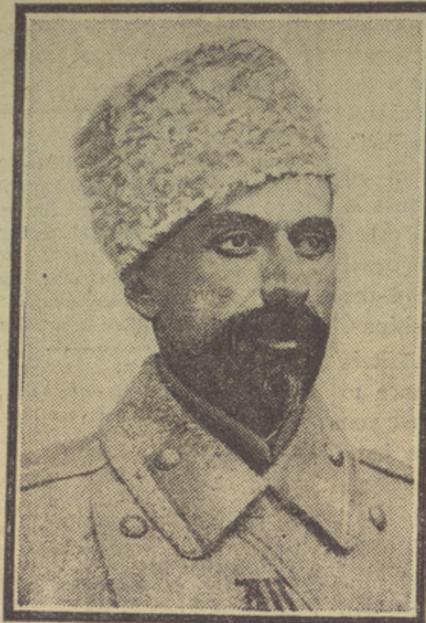


A reconstructed picture of the memorable conference of the Allies at the offices of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs in Paris. (1) Lord Kitchener; (2) M. Albert Thomas; (3) Mr. Lloyd George; (4) Mr. Asquith; (5) M. Cambon; (6) General Castelnau; (7) Sir Edward Grey; (8) M. Briand; (9) General Joffre.



Mr. Asquith and some of the members of the great War Council.

The First Man.



Capt. Alexander Konev was the first Russian to enter the Turkish stronghold of Erzerum. The Tsar has conferred on him the Order of St. George.

THE MOTHER AN

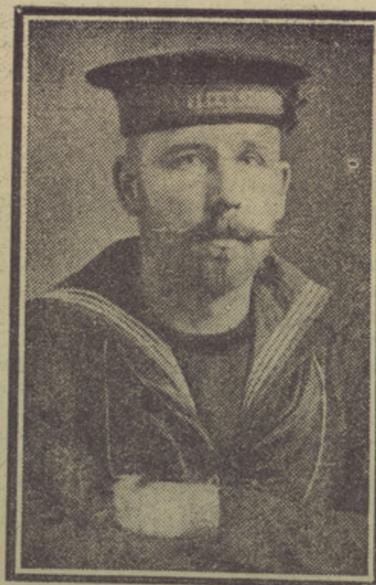


Mrs. Kenny, the mother of Private Kenny, the Hackney V.C. She has a second son in the Army.—(Daily Sketch)

THE ADVENTURES OF THE COQUETTE.

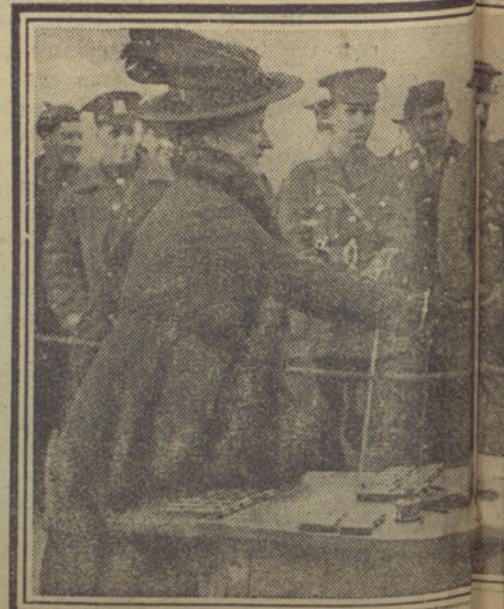


The officers of the Coquette, which was torpedoed by an Austrian submarine. Captain Arnold Groom (in the lifebuoy) with part of the crew landed on African soil and were attacked by Bedouins.



Leading Seaman A. Dundas—lost with the Alcantara—was once placed under arrest for firing without orders. When it was known that he had sighted a U boat he was given the D.S.M. He was a Teddington policeman.

GENERAL'S WIFE ENCOURAGES



Lady Hunter, the wife of General Sir Arnold Hunter, is the cross-country runner.

A SISTER OF V.C.s.

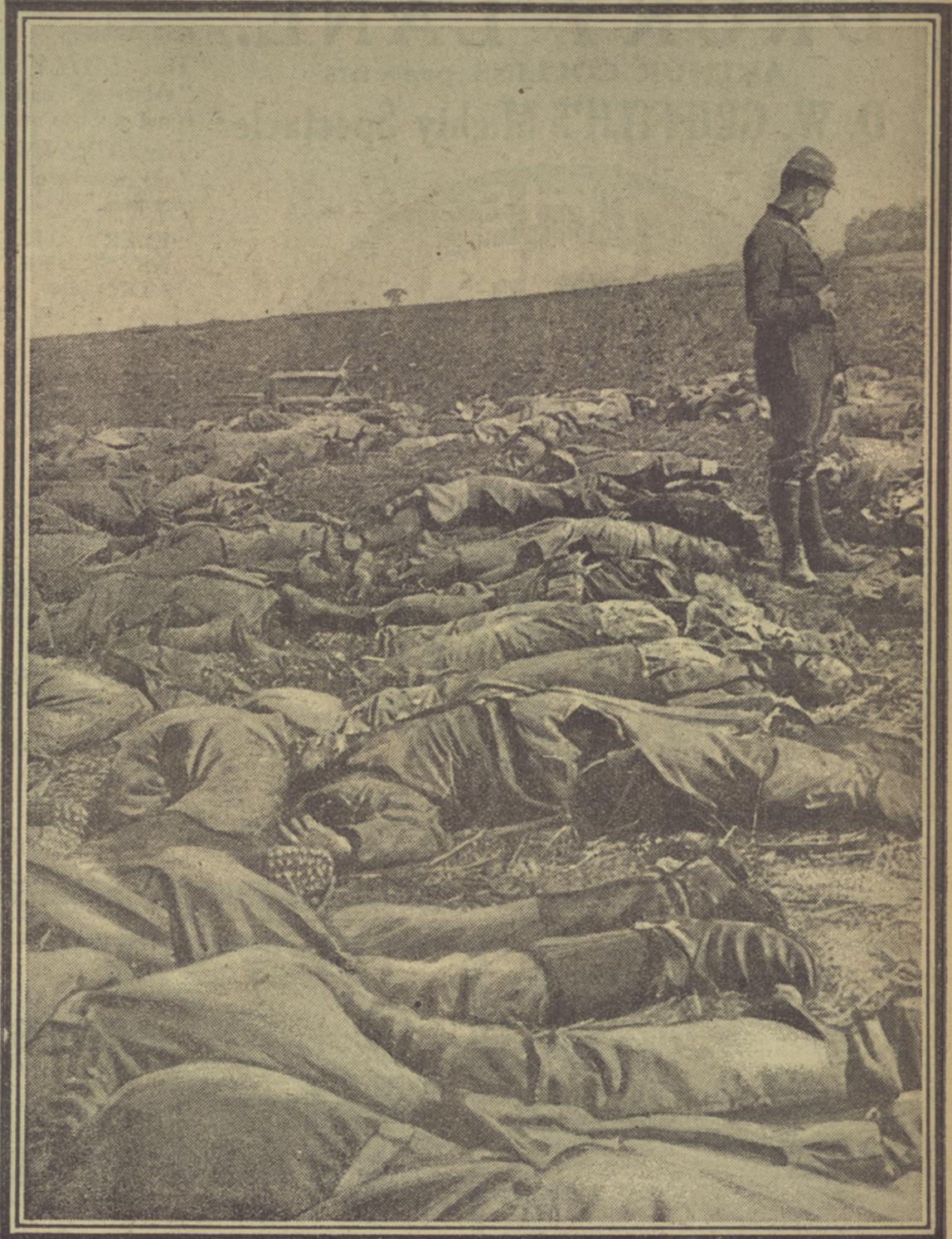
Prince George.

THE CROWN PRINCE'S CANNON FODDER.
AS THEY CAME ON IN MASS, SO THEY FELL BEFORE THE 75's.



Miss Nellie Cotter, sister of Acting-Corporal Cotter, V.C. The fine fighting record of the Cotter family is told on page 2.

Prince George, the King's fourth son, it is understood, is to enter the Navy in the autumn. He will be following in the footsteps of his father.—(Ernest Brooks.)



Drugged by ether, driven to destruction by their officers from behind, the German soldiers were sacrificed in battalions in the vain attempt to capture Verdun—in order to save the name of the Crown Prince and boom the German War Loan.

BARBED WIRE COULDN'T STOP THEM.



London lads of the Royal Fusiliers, who have been mentioned for their dashing attack through barbed wire at St. Eloi.



H. Wicks, His daring led capture of a position.



...s bride. Married after months in hospital.

...ES TOMMY'S LOVE OF SPORT.



Hunter, presenting the medals to the winners of the Aldershot command.



Lieut.-Commander G. G. H. Cook, of H.M.S. Diligence, leaving St. Peter's, Fareham, with his bride, Miss Rita Tilsón Chowne. The bride is a daughter of the late Commander Chowne, R.N. Wounded soldiers formed a guard of honour.

£750 DAMAGES FOR BREACH OF PROMISE.



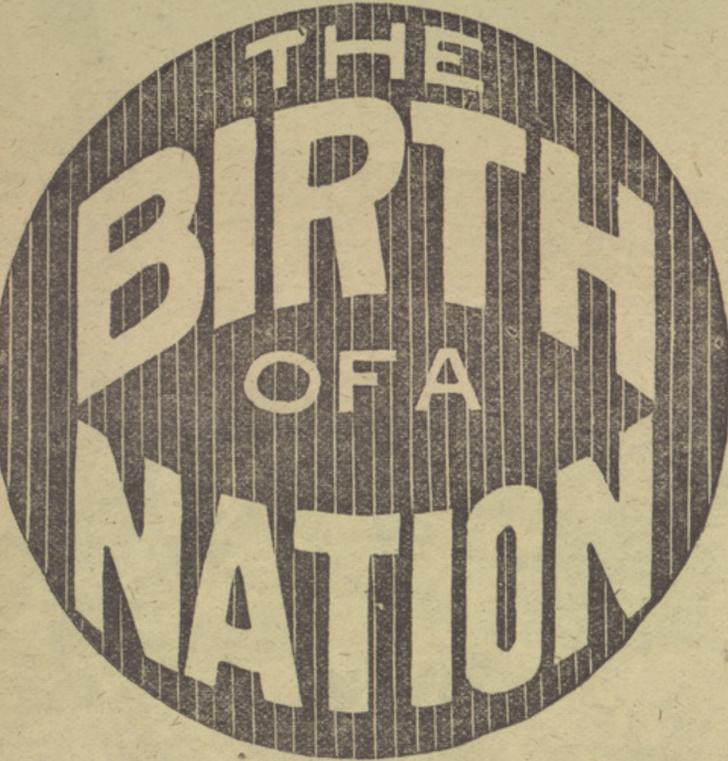
Miss Doris Rhoda Burton, the actress, who was yesterday awarded £750 damages for breach of promise, against Mr. George Dresden (inset). The defendant is a Hatton Garden diamond merchant.—(Downey.)

THEATRE ROYAL,



DRURY LANE.

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COME AND SEE IT. WE KNOW YOU WILL COME AGAIN AND BRING YOUR FRIENDS.



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 15/9—Worth £3 10s. 0d.—Real RUSSIAN FURS; very elegant rich dark sable brown; extra long Buckingham Stole, richly satin-lined, beautifully trimmed tails and heads; large Muff matching; together, 15s. 9d. Approval.
 59/6—LADY'S Real CONEY MUSQUASH SEAL COAT. 52in long; exceptionally fine quality, latest Paris model, deep collar; never worn; original price, £12 12s.; reduced to 59s. 6d.; great sacrifice. Approval willingly.
 18/6—POWELL'S BINOCLAR FIELD or MARINE GLASSES; great magnifying power (by Lumiere); most powerful glass made, name of ship can be distinctly read five miles from shore, brilliant field of view; in saddle made case; week's free trial; worth £3 10s.; sacrifice, 18s. 6d.
 13/9—(Worth £2 10s.)—BABY'S LONG CLOTHES, super-fine quality, magnificent parcel, 40 articles, everything required. Exquisite embroidered American robes, etc. beautifully made garments, the perfection of a mother's personal work, never worn; sacrifice, 13s. 9d. Approval willingly.
 13/6—GENT'S 18-ct. Gold-cased Keyless Lever Hunter Watch, improved action, 10 years' warranty, timed to a few seconds a month; also double-curb Albert, same quality, with handsome compass attached. Week's free trial. Together, sacrifice, 13s. 6d. Approval before payment.
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 12/6—GENT'S Massive Double Albert; 18ct. Gold stamped filled solid links, curb pattern, 12s. 6d. Ap. (Worth £5 5s. 0d.)—LADY'S Solid Gold English Hall-marked WATCH BRACELET, will fit any wrist; perfect timekeeper; 10 years' warranty; week's free trial. 25s. 6d. (Worth £2 2s.)—Solid Gold Chain Padlock BRACELET, with safety chain; 14s. 6d. Approval.
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 21/6—(Worth £3 10s.)—GENT'S Fashionable Smart Grey Yorkshire TWEED JACKET SUIT, by Longford, high-class tailor; splendid quality; latest West-End style and finish; never worn; breast 35in. waist 36in., leg 32½in.; sacrifice, 21s. 6d. Approval willingly.
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 8/6—MASSIVE CURB CHAIN PADLOCK BRACELET with safety chain; solid links; 18-ct. gold (stamped filled); in velvet case; sacrifice, 8s. 6d. Approval willingly.
 22/6—GENT'S superior quality Navy Blue Serge Jacket Suit; well made, latest fashion, unworn; 38½in. chest, 36in. waist, 31½in. leg; genuine bargain, 22s. 6d.; worth £3 10s. (Worth £6 6s. 0d.)—Magnificent Hornless GRAMO 45/- PHONE, solid oak cabinet, with 10in. turn-table; powerful improved "Symphonetta" tone arm and sound box, with six 10in. disc tunes; genuine bargain, 45s.; approval.
 12/6—GENT'S Massive Double Albert; 18-ct. Gold (stamped filled), solid links, curb pattern; approval.
 4/9—GENT'S 17s. 6d. Oxydised Keyless Lever Watch, perfect timekeeper; non-magnetic action; 5 years' warranty; week's free trial; sacrifice, 4s. 9d. Approval.
 16/6—dust and damp-proof case, with luminous dial (time can be seen in the dark); reliable timekeeper, warranted 10 years; genuine bargain, 16s. 6d.; worth 42s.; approval.
 4/9—PRETTY NECKLET, with heart pendant attached, set Parisian pearls and turquoises, 18-ct. gold (stamped) filled, in velvet case; sacrifice, 4s. 9d. Approval before payment.
 14/6—LADY'S HANDSOME 18-ct. GOLD-CASED KEYLESS PATTERN; will fit any wrist; perfect timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; sacrifice, 14s. 6d.; week's trial. Approval willingly.
 12/6—LADY'S very handsome long NECKCHAIN or Watchguard; exceedingly choice pattern, genuine 18-ct. Gold (stamped) filled, in velvet-lined case; great bargain, 12s. 6d. Approval before payment.
 22/6—GENT'S tailor-made DARK TWEED JACKET SUIT, superior quality; fashionably made; 36in. chest, 35in. waist, 31½in. leg; never worn; sacrifice, 22s. 6d.; approval.
 9/6—LADY'S fashionable Grey Knitted SPORTS COAT; 42in. long; well made, superior quality; never worn; sacrifice, 9s. 6d.; worth 25s.; approval.
DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 110), LICENSED PAWNBROKERS, 284, BRIXTON-ROAD, LONDON, S.W.
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 looks like a Boy in her new crawler.—Combination knicker-oversalls, with pocket, sax or rose casement cloth, keep romping children clean; elastic at knee; 2½ years and under, 2s. Post free.—**FENWICK, LTD.,** Newcastle-on-Tyne.
CHINA. Earthenware Assorted Crates, 21s. 0d., 40s., 50s. Lists free.—**REGENT-FINE ART POTTERY, Hanley.**
UNBREAKABLE CHINA.—The great money-saver. Costs less, lasts longer. Guaranteed satisfactory. Household orders at factory prices. Splendid Tea, Dinner, Toilet Sets, from 6s. 6d. Famous Home Outfit, 21s. Complete. 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 **COM- PLETE ART CATALOGUE**, in colours, **FREE-CENTURY POTTERY** Dept. 585, BURSLEM, Staffs.
DRUNKARDS Cured quickly, secretly, permanently; trial free, privately.—**Carlton Chemical Co., 718, Birmingham.**
ELASTIC STOCKINGS. Abdominal Belts, Rubber Bandages, etc. Catalogue Free.—**Denny Elastic Hosiery Works** York.
FURRING NETS. Full size, 1s. 1d. 1oz., list free, containing purchased.—**J. BRODIE, 41, Museum-street, London.**
REAL NAVY SERGE. 10,000 Testimonials, is 5½d., 1s. 6½d., and 2s. 3d. yard. Patterns free. **GEAR-**

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING:

By MRS. GOSSIP.

How Bernhardt Walks—
The Rescuer's Reward—
Y.W.C.A. At Drury Lane.

It seems a pity that some arrangement cannot be made to prevent first nights clashing. On Thursday I had invitations to the new play at His Majesty's and to "Mr. Manhattan's" first appearance at the Prince of Wales'. As one can't be in two places at once, I decided upon "Mr. Manhattan."

About the musical play I shall say very little. It is bright and amusing, the dresses are simply superb, and the music is catchy.

Raymond Hitchcock comes right on and shakes hands with his audience at once, and he holds you in his firm grip the whole evening. He is a great artist, and all London will go to see him rather than the play.

Both Lucky.

Miss Dorigny is very lucky to be in the cast, as she nearly lost her life whilst bathing at Le Touquet last summer.

Fortunately, one of the orderlies from the Duchess of Westminster's hospital went to her assistance at the risk of his own life, and would accept no other reward but a kiss and a photograph of Dorigny.

She hasn't a great deal to do in "Mr. Manhattan," but that little is charmingly done. I should like to hear her sing. I believe she has quite a good voice.

Stalls And Boxes.

The Duke and Duchess of Somerset sat in the stalls, as did Priscilla Countess Annesley, the Marchioness of Headfort and the Baroness D'Erlanger. Lady Greville, in blue, had a party of friends with her in her box, including Lady Oranmore and Browne, whose hair was banded in gold tissue.

Lady Clonmell looked well in a beautiful black and gold wrap. Lady Victor Paget, sweetly pretty in cloud-grey chiffon, sat by Lady Drogheda.

Lady Portarlington, Sir Ernest Cassel, Lord Westbury, Lord Farquhar and Lord Dunraven were a few of the people I recognised.

Looked Their Best.

Kitty tells me that "Stand and Deliver" brought a crowd of well-knowns to His Majesty's, and a lot of pretty women all looked their best for one reason or another.

Lady Diana Manners wore her hair parted and waved in bands close to her face, and she was swathed in a rose-coloured embroidered Chinese shawl. She joined the Duke and Duchess of Rutland in their box after the play began.

Delectable Frocks.

The Duchess had her hair dressed in a new way, with a black velvet headdress.

Lady Juliet Duff, wearing a square-cut dress, was in the stalls with Lady Randolph Churchill. Mrs. George Batten had a wonderful cerise cloak with Chinese embroidery, and with her was Mrs. Landon Ronald, in sapphire blue and silver and long drop earrings.

Lady Tree's party included Mrs. Alan Parsons. Lady Parker, Sir Milson Rees, Colonel Henry Fletcher, and Mr. and Mrs. Weedon Grossmith were also enjoying the play.

There were some delectable frocks on the stage, but Kitty declared she liked Kyrle Bellew's cloth of gold gown best.

Greetings For Cottagers.

Mention of the Duchess of Rutland reminds me that I wish I possessed one of those interesting little cards which her Grace has sent to all the cottagers on her husband's estates.

I hear they have been received with real pleasure, as the words on the cards, composed by the Duchess, are very comforting and inspiring.

A Shaftesbury Portrait.

Lady St. Helier's beautiful house in Portland-place was crowded when Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein opened a sale of work in aid of the Shaftesbury Society and Ragged School Union.

Princess Victoria wore brown, and a sealskin coat with ermine furs.

An interesting feature of the afternoon was the presentation to the society of a pastel portrait of the late Earl of Shaftesbury (Lady St.

Helier's father) by the Dowager Lady Templemore.

An Urgent Need.

Mrs. Stephenson Kent's second "At Home," for the Y.W.C.A., was crowded with well-known people.

There was some beautiful music and interesting speeches on the work of this organisation. There is, you know, a very urgent need for hostels, canteens and rest-rooms for women war-workers all over the country.

Mrs. Stephenson Kent is one of the patronesses of the special matinee that is being organised for the same object by Miss Olga Nethersole at Drury Lane on April 14.



MRS. STEPHENSON KENT.
(Lallie Charles.)

Bernhardt.

There is to be a wonderful programme. Sarah Bernhardt tops the bill. I heard yesterday that her health has very much improved and that she does not wear an artificial limb, but manages to walk with the aid of someone upon whose arm she rests. The other artistes include Lily Elsie, Gladys Cooper, Edvina, and many, many more.

A Bit From Bournemouth.

The Women Patrol Committee have, Elinor writes me, just opened their third Empire Club for Girls in Bournemouth. Lady Hillingdon had promised to perform the ceremony, but was detained in London.

Lady Dunbar, who has been working most energetically to raise £500 to buy the house, took her place, and was supported by Lady Morrison-Bell, Lady Hulse, Mrs. Trevelyan, and the Rev. P. Annand.

More Later.

There is being arranged by Muriel Viscountess Helmsley and the Countess of Clonmell a bridge

tournament, which will take place both in the afternoon and evening of May 25 in aid of the Day Nurseries and National Milk Hostels.

It will be a unique charity entertainment, with all sorts of surprises, and is to be held in a beautiful studio, kindly lent by a well-known photographer.

This will be an affair not to be missed; just make a note of the date.

Hats.

I looked in at Reville and Rossiter's on my way to lunch with Kitty at the Carlton and found there a beautiful collection of pretty things. I was very struck by a hat, en tout cas and bag, all made to correspond, and composed of various shades of hand-made taffeta flowers.

Another large hat I very much admired was of black taffeta bound with dull gold, the brim being lined with chintz and the crown wreathed by the chintz appliqué.

Many of the newest coats and skirts had touches of chintz as a decoration, while one I saw in navy serge was straw-trimmed.

Remember.

I am delighted that so many readers of this page have joined the "League of Friendship," but do please remember that letters must not be sent to "Mrs. Gossip" but to Miss Mary Morris, 54, Blenheim-gardens, Cricklewood, N.W.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- MARGARET (near Macclesfield).—Very pleased to get your letter and to know you like my page so much. Hope you will be able to come to the next Needlework Exhibition. I expect you were interested in the Clara Butt paragraph last week.
- L. R. (Manchester).—Scarves and mittens received with grateful thanks.
- L. B.—Mittens received; many thanks.
- E. H. R. (The Schoolhouse, Norfolk).—Thanks for socks and mufflers.
- D. H. (Baldon).—Woollies received safely; many thanks.
- MISS L. HOUGHTON (Clapton Park).—No addresses at present.
- PHYLLIS (Manchester).—I smoke Desti's, 7, Old Bond-street, W.
- MRS. ULRICH (West Norwood).—Glove-Waistcoat Fund, 75, Chancery-lane, W.C.
- BARROW-IN-FURNESS.—Many thanks for socks.
- A. R. (East Leigh).—Gloves received with many thanks.
- CORNISH.—Scarf and mittens received; thank you so much.
- A READER OF THE DAILY SKETCH.—Thanks for socks.

MRS. GOSSIP.

BY PICK-A-BACK TO MARKET.



The only way to go shopping at Stanford Dingley, for the roads are all flooded.

COUNTESS'S APPEAL.



The Countess of Lucan, whose husband is on service in Egypt, appeals for games for soldiers in hospital. —(Yevonde.)

ENCORE FOR THE EARL.



Brigadier-General the Earl of Shaftesbury was encored for his singing at an Eastbourne hospital concert. —(Bassano.)



Come and take tea with us.

SATURDAY AFTERNOONS at JELKS

attain wider fame with every week which passes.

Visitors tell their friends, the result being that each succeeding week-end the attendance has increased, until now one might legitimately describe Jelks' on Saturday as a

RENDEZVOUS FOR FURNITURE LOVERS.

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

FOR CASH OR ON EASY TERMS.

Jelks' are the world's largest dealers in best quality second-hand furniture, and they have

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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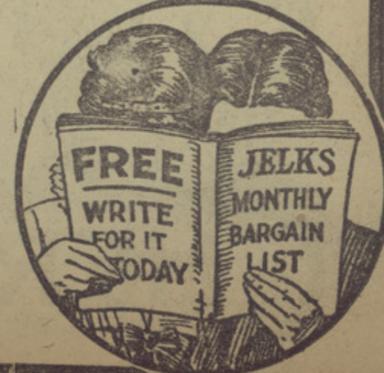
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Bus Services Nos. 43 and 43a pass the doors. Holloway-rd. Tube Station (Piccadilly and Brompton Tube).

SATURDAY BUSINESS HOURS: 9 a.m. till 10 p.m.

REMOVAL ESTIMATES FREE.

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LORD FRENCH'S ADVENTURE.

Why He Could Not Fulfil His Engagement At Leeds.

The story of how Viscount French was snowed up in the Midlands, and so prevented from fulfilling his engagements in Leeds this week, is told in a letter received from him by the Lord Mayor of Leeds.

Lord French's letter, written on Wednesday and received on Friday, says:—

I left London on Monday, and reached Grantham at 6 o'clock, with the intention of making certain inspections en route and joining you at Leeds. I was located a few miles out of Grantham on Monday night, and in the early hours of Tuesday a storm began, which up till now (10 a.m., Wednesday) has prevented any communication with anywhere.

I think we have only just succeeded in getting some wires off to you and others. We had to be literally dug out of this to enable us to reach a station only three miles off, in the hope of getting back to London to-night. In this state of affairs you will understand how helpless I have been.

DIAMOND DEALER TO PAY £750.

Mr. George Dresden, diamond dealer, of Hatton Garden, was in the King's Bench Division yesterday ordered to pay £750 to Miss Doris Rhoda Burton, an actress professionally known as Doritza Duilbert, for breach of promise. A stay of execution was refused.

BILLY WELLS BEATS P. O. CURRAN.

In a 15-round contest at Plymouth last night Sergeant Billy Wells defeated P. O. Curran in the fifth round.

Wells hit Curran almost as he chose, in spite of the Petty Officer's smother. The champion's long left was continually in the sailor's face, and Curran, after trying vainly to land a hard right, retired at the end of the fifth round, badly punished.

THE FOOTBALL CARD.

LONDON COMBINATION.—Luton v. Tottenham Hotspur, Fulham v. Millwall, Croydon Common v. Chelsea, West Ham United v. Watford, Crystal Palace v. Brentford, Queen's Park Rangers v. Reading, Arsenal v. Clapton Orient.

LEAGUE, MIDLAND SECTION.—Barnsley v. Leeds City, Bradford City v. Bradford, Lincoln City v. Grimsby Town, Rochdale v. Hull City, Sheffield United v. Sheffield Wednesday, Chesterfield v. Leicester Fosse, Derby County v. Stoke, Notts County v. Notts Forest.

LEAGUE, LANCASHIRE SECTION.—Bolton Wanderers v. Bury, Preston North End v. Burnley, Southport Central v. Blackpool, Everton v. Liverpool, Manchester City v. Oldham Athletic, Stockport County v. Manchester United.

SOUTH-WESTERN COMBINATION.—Bristol Rovers v. Cardiff City, Swindon Town v. Portsmouth.

MAZAWATTEE TEA.

Presiding at the Twentieth Ordinary General Meeting of the Mazawattee Tea Company, Limited, held yesterday at the Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., Mr. Alexander Jackson, the chairman of the company, in moving the adoption of the report and balance-sheet, said that since the last annual meeting the difficulties referred to had considerably increased, and although the turnover for the year was most satisfactory, high costs, reduced transport facilities, labour conditions, advanced freights, and considerably increased Government Duties had affected the Company's profits. In raising wholesale and retail prices of proprietary articles the directors had to exercise the greatest discretion, but notwithstanding these difficulties the Board was able to show a profit on trading of £31,549, which was only some £2,000 less than in 1914. Therefore, realising the vital importance of keeping the business together the directors could not recommend the payment of any dividend during this period of exceptionally high markets, duties and general costs.

The report was adopted and a resolution passed recording the appreciation of the shareholders of the valuable services rendered to the company by the late chairman, Mr. J. Lane Densham, who had resigned owing to ill-health.

Mr. J. J. Edwards, in moving a vote of thanks to the chairman, stated that although they were all sorry that Mr. John Lane Densham had retired from the chairmanship, they had in Mr. Alexander Jackson, their managing director and chairman, a gentleman who possessed a thorough knowledge of the company's business, and the shareholders might look with every confidence to the future control of the business by Mr. Jackson and his colleagues on the board.

LATEST AWARDS OF THE IRON CROSS.



The Iron Cross has already been awarded by the Kaiser to a baker for "gallantry at the oven." The other awards are not confirmed yet.

HAWTHORN HILL MEETING.

The steeplechase meeting which should have taken place at Hawthorn Hill yesterday and today will be held on Wednesday and Thursday next.

WAITED IN VAIN.

A Union of Democratic Control meeting, arranged for yesterday at Eastbourne, was cancelled by the owners of the hall. Nearly 300 wounded soldiers waited for Mr. C. P. Trevelyan.

"READY TO GO TO-MORROW."

Attested Married Men's Demand For Compulsion For All.

At the meeting of attested married men at the Albert Hall last night a letter was read from Lord Derby, in reply to a request for a statement of his views on the question of recruiting, in which he said:—

I must remind you that the passing of a general Compulsion Bill will not help in the very least to secure the unmarried men. The fact of all married men being compelled to serve will not bring a single unmarried man to the colours, and my duty, as it appears to me, is to do all I can to secure the service of these available unmarried men in pursuance of the Prime Minister's pledge.

This question and the question of universal service are quite distinct, and while I support the latter now, as I have done for sixteen years, it must be fought out on the floor of the House of Commons, and the question decided on its merits.

I think I am right in saying that when the Military Service Bill was before the House of Commons no attempt was made by any member of Parliament to insist on universal compulsion being introduced in order to redeem any pledge made during the recruiting campaign, though it was urged by certain members that a general Compulsion Act was necessary to meet military requirements.

My allegiance is to the attested married men, and not to any Party, and my chief reason for retaining an office I would gladly vacate, if I consulted only my own convenience, is that I am told by responsible people not in any way connected with the Government that, if I resigned, the cause of the attested married man, in so far as it is affected by securing available single men for service with the colours, would be prejudiced.

The chairman, Mr. Arnold Crush (of Birmingham), said married men found themselves placed in a grossly unfair position. "Wait and see" must go. (Cheers.)

"If it is necessary to support the lads in the trenches, we are ready to go to-morrow," said Mr. Crush. "We go, but we betide the Government if they refuse satisfaction to our demands. (Cheers.)"

The audience rose and cheered lustily when Mr. Charles Palmer suggested that Lord Derby ought to resign.

A resolution was carried calling for:—

- Prompt efforts to secure every available single man;
- A scheme to relieve married men of civil obligations;
- Extension of compulsion to all men of military age.

BUDGET FEARS CHECK BUSINESS.

Investment business in the Stock Exchange yesterday was checked by Budget fears, and there was some falling off in the speculative demand. Kaffirs, however, were well supported, and a good business was done in Geduld on Cape account, the price rising to 43s. 9d. buyers.

Nigerian Tins were generally easier, and it is a good thing that the gamble in these has received a check.

Rubbers were well supported, with Kajang and Telogoredjo especially in demand. Bikam were also wanted on the issue of the directors' report announcing a final dividend of 15 per cent., making 20 per cent. for the year. These shares look cheap anywhere near 4s. for the 2s., as an increased dividend is certain for the current year, and the future is full of promise.

Lead shares were a good market, Broken Hill Proprietary rising to 65s. 6d.

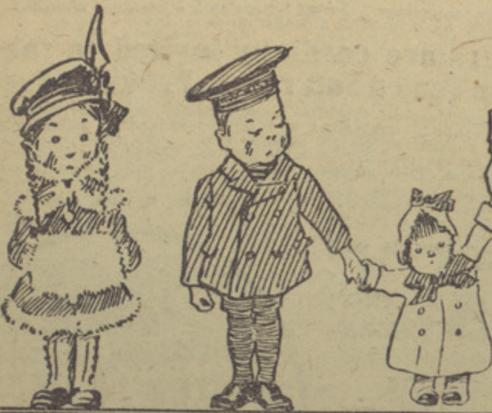
Argentine Railway stocks were distinctly flat, Central Argentine closing no better than 81, while the deferred stock was difficult to deal in at any price.

AMERICAN COTTON (Close).—New York, 1 to 4 down. New Orleans, 2 to 3 down. Tone steady.

BILLIARDS (close): Falkner (in play), 16,719; Stevenson, 16,116. Reece, 7,155; Inman (in play), 6,152. Newman, 14,412; Gray (in play), 14,115.

Big Families

need only a very little Cherry Blossom Boot Polish to make all their boots brilliant, supple and comfortable. Cherry Blossom Boot Polish also preserves the leather, prevents cracking and makes footwear waterproof.



CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

should be applied to the soles, as well as the uppers. It renders the whole boot waterproof and keeps the feet dry and warm.

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is sold in three colours, Black, Brown and TONETTE, the new dark stain shade. Tonette imparts a rich, dark brown tone to new tan leathers, and should be used for all leather military equipments. Of all Dealers. Tins, 1d., 2d., 4d., and 6d. Chiswick Polish Co., Ltd., Chiswick, London, W.

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, lonest 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 late husband, Cecil Chevonne, has left her almost 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 let nobody know that you are my sister."

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 she resolves to win Vivian back, and when she discovers that he loves Laurette she decides upon a bold stroke. During an interview with Laurette in Betty's room Betty declares that Vivian has asked her to marry him, but that they have had a lovers' quarrel.

"He's merely amusing himself with you," she adds, "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.

Later, Betty makes Vivian believe that Laurette—or Cotwood, as Betty calls her—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.

Betty tells Vivian that her father was a certain Rear-Admiral Starre, whom she knows to have disappeared in Egypt many years ago. She explains that she was born after the Admiral's disappearance.

Vivian takes Betty to visit his wealthy uncle. Shortly after their arrival he comes to Betty in a state of great excitement.

"Betty, you'll be delighted," he says. "Your father, Admiral Starre, has turned up again, and is in the library now."

"Now Or Never."

"Great heavens, Betty, don't look like that, you're ill!"

"Take me to a chair," she said faintly.

"Gad, what a fool I am to blurt it out so suddenly." He placed her gently in an Elizabethan chair near the pierced brass fender. "I—I thought you'd be so delighted."

"I—I am delighted, but it's a tremendous shock hearing that my daddy—supposed to be dead for ever so long—is in there."

She pointed a trembling finger at the library door. She was stunned, aghast, impotently angry at the tricks fate continued to play her. She watched the door as a bird watches a snake. She feared that she might scream or faint, or begin laughing and laughing and be unable to stop.

It was terrible to have Vivian's attention concentrated upon her. At any moment the squire might bring Rear-Admiral Starre to her. What would happen? She dared not think. She longed to slink away into hiding, but such conduct would be extraordinary and suspicious.

Physically Betty felt all in pieces, but danger had always brought out her most cunning traits. Something must be done, and quickly, or she was lost. The proper role for the daughter of a long-lost parent was to rush into his presence, but dared she do that?

It seemed very rough luck that she who had fled from trouble to the refuge of Talebriar should find herself confronted by more trouble on the very evening of her arrival. But—but she must not consider that; all her intelligence must be focussed upon the present. She looked up at Vivian; he bent over her with tender solicitude. All at once she wondered if he had told Rear-Admiral Starre that a daughter, of whose existence he had never heard, was at Talebriar. She sat up stiffly.

"Did you—did you say anything?" she whispered.

"No, Betty! I was too amazed. I just dashed out; the dear old chap must have thought me a bit mad. I felt I had to see you first, but I thought you'd never come down."

"What shall I do?" Betty asked him in trembling tones. "Shall I go in? Oh, Viv! it really seems too good to be true, having a father all your own. I've had such a rough time! No one cared a straw what became of me. I had to work and work to keep going."

Betty heard steps crossing the polished floor of the library, and the door-handle revolved slowly. Betty's eyes widened, they held flames, a hectic colour burned her cheeks.

She looked lovely and regal as she spread her hand, pushing Vivian gently away, and rose to her feet. Vivian stood aside watching the door, which opened slowly. From beyond it a husky voice and one more robust reached the two standing near the gleaming fire.

"I wish you'd change your mind and stay the night."

"Sorry, Ben, but I must get back to London."

A robust, short-statured old man of crooked features crossed the threshold alone and closed the door behind him. His shrewd eyes were directed to Betty's face. He halted, staring, amazed at her passionate beauty, at her dress, her poise, and the anguished flare of her eyes.

"Now or never!" was Betty's frantic thought. She seemed to glide across the ground, taking no heed when the man near the door remarked: "Is this—Betty?"

She flung herself forward upon his breast, her arms went round his neck. Her voice was almost inarticulate, as though swamped by a thousand tears.

"Oh, Dad, Dad, at last!" sobbed Betty into his beard.

"Eh? eh? . . . What's this? What's the matter? I don't understand."

Uncle Ben's Amazement.

"You—you never knew you had a daughter, Daddie, dear, dear Daddie!"

The man stood stark and stiff beneath her embrace, but Betty was rambling on when Vivian jerked forward and caught hold of her shoulders, pulling her back.

"Betty!" he could not help laughing "That's Uncle Ben—"

She fell back staring, her red mouth agape, her scintillating eyes filled with a kind of horror at the absurdity of her position. Benjamin Grant watched her as though doubting her sanity.

"Vivian, stand between them." "You see, Uncle—"

"I don't in the least," he snapped.

Suddenly Betty came to the rescue with a burst of laughter.

"How ridiculous, how perfectly idiotic of me! I am sure I beg your pardon, Mr. Grant. Oh, do forgive me, please. But how could I know that you were—you were Vivian's uncle? I'd never seen you before. Oh—oh—really it is rather funny, isn't it? Viv, do tell him—oh, I can't speak! It is too quaint for words that I should hurl myself into his arms, thinking he was—was Rear-Admiral Starre."

Betty's voice broke in renewed laughter that sounded shrill and hysterical but Uncle Ben did not laugh; evidently he was totally devoid of humour. Vivian had turned away chuckling.

"You mean to say," Uncle Ben said slowly, "that my friend would have been entitled to such a reception?"

The displeased coldness of his tone brought Vivian and Betty to an abrupt sobriety. The widow drew herself to her full height. "He is my father, Mr. Grant."

"Your—what?" bellowed the other. He turned to Vivian. "Are we all mad?"

"Sir, allow me to explain," Vivian told the tale briefly. While he spoke the squire's face gradually cleared.

"But this is amazing!"

"Isn't it?" Betty agreed.

"And Starre has no idea he possesses a—ahem—a beautiful daughter?"

Betty shook her head. "I was born three months after he went to Egypt. I suppose poor mother's letter never reached him."

"Gad! It sounds like a novel, eh, Viv?" His manner was as gracious as Betty could have wished.

Breaking Point.

"My dear child, I congratulate you," he said. "I am ever so glad, for poor Starre is quite broken with all he has suffered, and fancies he hasn't a soul in the world to care for him."

"Oh, let me go to him!" sobbed Betty. She sprang forward to the library door, but the Squire intervened.

"One moment. It may be too much of a shock; sudden joy may kill a man as quickly as sudden grief. Your father," he added, choosing his words so as not to pain Betty more than was necessary, "is in delicate health—after a captivity of nineteen years—"

"What's to be done, sir?" inquired Vivian.

"I'll go in and tell him," Uncle Ben offered.

"I came out alone, to order the car to take him to the station, but in the circumstances he'll have to stay; we'll make him, eh, Betty?"

"Yes, yes, indeed!" It was the last thing she wished, for she was still shaking with fright. She was by no means out of the wood. Supposing fate should play her another mean trick when once she stood face to face with Rear-Admiral Starre?

"Wait until I call you," Uncle Ben said kindly, and he went back to the library. Five minutes passed, ten, fifteen; Betty could not speak, the tension was too great. She felt as though she were suffocating. It would be a relief to scream aloud. She had acted so splendidly to the Squire, evincing a passionate emotion. She felt exhausted; it seemed beyond her strength to greet the Rear-Admiral in the same way.

Vivian, believing he understood her condition of mind, left her to pace up and down as she would, while, hands in pockets, he stood near the hearth looking down into the rising and sinking flames. At length the library door opened softly and Uncle Ben's head shot out. He motioned Betty with a mysterious finger.

She grew white to the lips. She could not see clearly. The stag-heads on the wall, the tiger-skin shifted in her dimming gaze. The stairs performed a curious kind of jig, the bronze-supported lamps wagged their heads, Uncle Ben was a waxen dummy shaking, showing its teeth at her.

Then a thick darkness descended upon everything and swallowed Uncle Ben, against whom Betty fell in a swoon.

"Bring Me Cotwood!"

Betty opened her eyes.

She was in a strange room, her impression of which was somewhat vague—books in glass cases, a good deal of oak panelling, hunting prints, and a tall grandfather's clock that exasperated her with its continual beat.

A face bent over her; presently she perceived two faces; they grew more and more distinct. Something was held to her lips.

"Drink this!"

"Where am I?" inquired Betty. "Is Cotwood here? I want Cotwood."

"Darling!" Vivian whispered. "You are at Talebriar."

She made an impatient movement. She stretched herself on the Chesterfield, and realised that her right hand was imprisoned by another hand. The gentle, timid touch annoyed her. She tried to release herself, but an odd, broken voice urged, "Don't move, child."

Then she felt something hot and sticky on her fingers. It was a tear that fell from the eye of Rear-Admiral Starre. His white, scarred face seemed to drift up over Betty. She screamed wildly, "Who are you? Go away! I want Cotwood!"

"Hsst, Betty!"

"I won't!" she said violently. "What's all this? Who's keeping me here against my will?"

"Presently, presently you—"

"Not a bit of it! Cotwood, are you mad? I want that hundred pounds—I insist—"

"She's delirious; really ill; we ought to have a doctor. Who is this Cotwood she speaks of, Vivian?" his uncle demanded.

Who indeed? A flame of colour flooded his face. Was Betty about to blurt out his connection with a girl who had once seemed so sweet?

"A lady's maid," he said coldly.

"You Fool!"

Late next morning Betty became her normal self. The doctor had been twice to see her. He had been told of her sudden knowledge of a father whom she had long deemed dead.

"Quite enough to cause delirium," he said. The squire smiled somewhat grimly.

"My nephew and I feared the shock would be too much for the Rear-Admiral, but he took the news with astonishing calm. We never dreamt that she—"

"Very highly strung," said the physician. "It's a marvel she didn't get brain-fever. She's had a miraculous escape, but she'll have to be kept very quiet for a week or two."

But Betty declared herself in excellent health. With the aid of the now devoted Felix she dressed, and was conducted to a couch in a boudoir adjoining her bedroom; then she asked for Vivian.

When he came he looked so alarmed that Betty laughed. "What's the matter, old boy?"

"You've been terribly ill!"

She pondered this. "Has—has dad seen me?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"Not much, he was frightfully upset. We all were . . . you're really better!"

"Quite!"

Vivian kissed her hand. "I'm so glad—but Betty—"

"Well?"

"Laurette Cotwood has arrived and is waiting to see you."

Betty raised herself on her elbows, staring at Vivian.

"Cotwood here? You don't mean it, you're joking? What on earth are you talking about?"

Vivian answered awkwardly: "You wanted her, you know. You kept calling for her. The doctor insisted. Uncle urged me to wire Mrs. Drayton without delay. What else could I do, Betty? You were so ill, you frightened us."

They did not notice that the door behind them had opened. Laurette stood observing them timidly, uncertain whether to advance or recede.

"Where is she now?" cried Betty in a fever.

"I am here," Laurette answered softly.

Betty swung round. She lost her temper. She was not in a condition to measure her words. She set her teeth viciously, glaring at Vivian.

"You fool!" she cried wildly. "Oh, you fool!"

(Do not miss Monday's instalment.)

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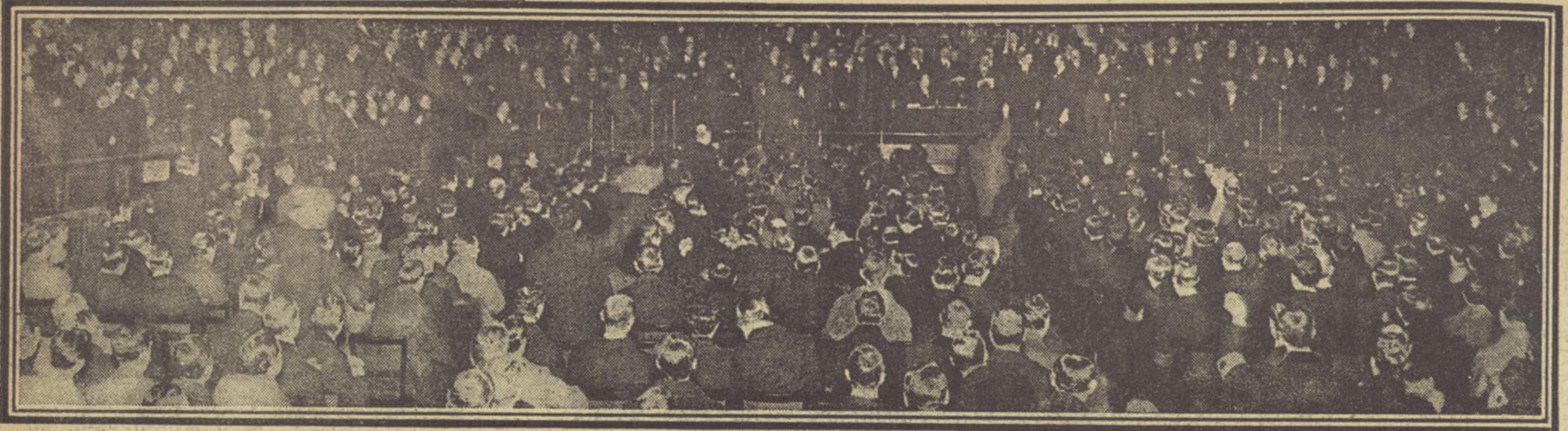
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Every patriotic woman will want to help make the *Daily Sketch* Needlework Competition an even greater success than last year's effort. Send a large stamped addressed envelope to-day to the Needlework Dept. of the *Daily Sketch*, Shoe-lane, London,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

THEY DEPLORE THE "UNCERTAINTY AND CONFUSION."



The scene in the Albert Hall last night at the meeting of attested married men. A resolution deploring "the uncertainty and confusion arising out of the Government's recruiting measures" was passed. The meeting asked for an extension of the Military Service Act to all men of military age.—(*Daily Sketch* Photograph.)

LONDON'S CORDIAL WELCOME TO GALLANT SERBIA'S CROWN PRINCE.



The cheers that welcomed the Crown Prince of Serbia to London yesterday betokened Britain's tribute to the heroic little Balkan nation that, like Belgium, has suffered martyrdom at the hands of the Huns. The Crown Prince was met at Charing Cross by Prince Albert.