ARMED RISING IN DUBLIN: BIRRELL'S GRAVE REPORT.—See Page 3.

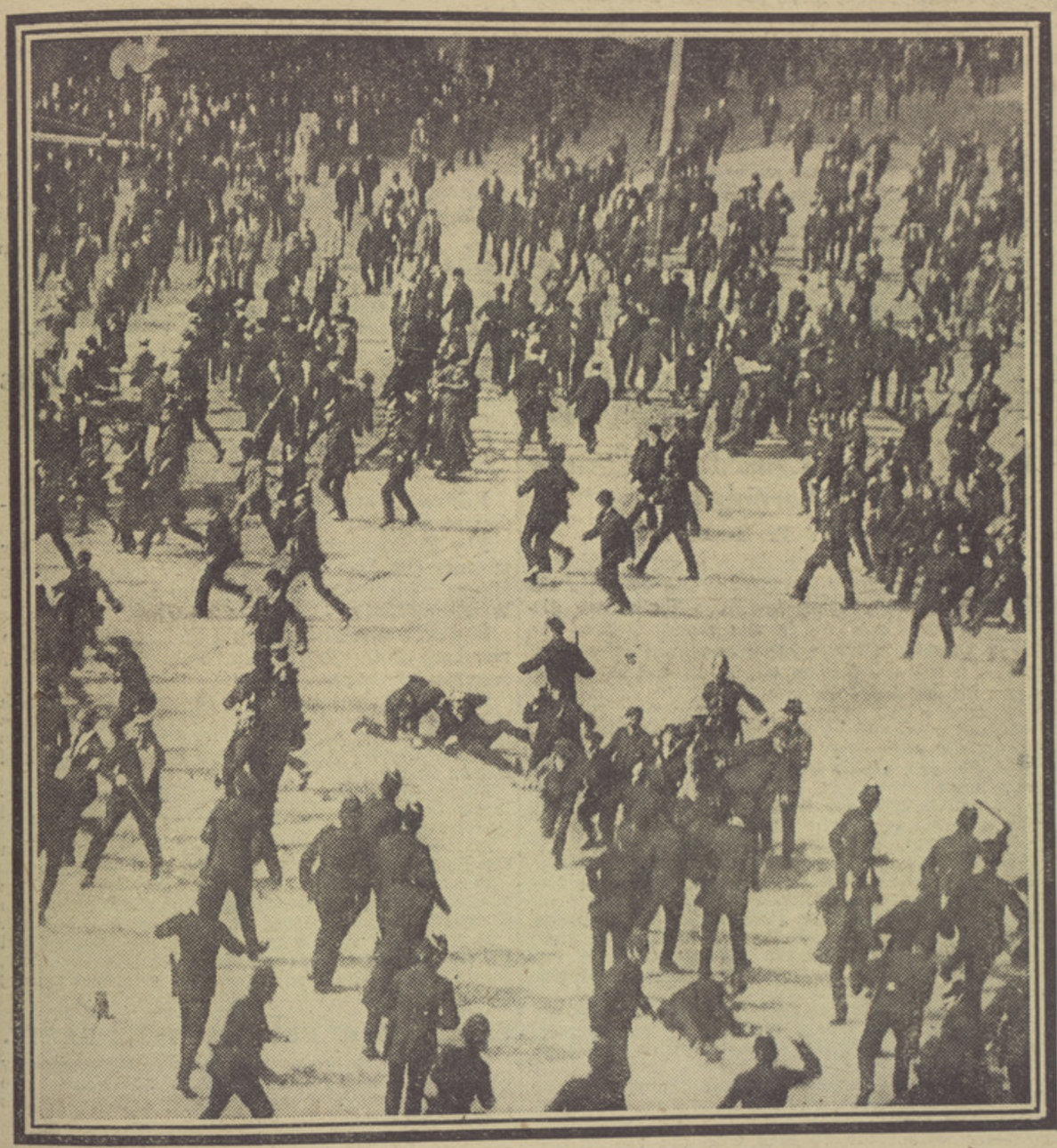
DAILY SKETCH.

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

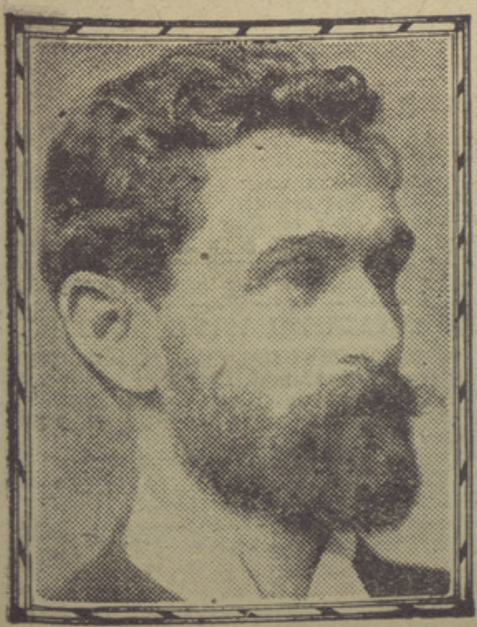
No. 2,225. LONDON, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26, 1916. [Registered as a Newspaper.] ONE HALFPENNY.

A DAY OF BIG EVENTS: Revolt In Ireland: Anzac Day: Lowestoft Bombarded.

Dublin In Rebel Hands: Bloodshed In The Streets.



It was officially announced yesterday that rebellion had broken out in Dublin, that parts of the city were in the hands of the rebels, and that lives had been lost. This is not the first time the Irish capital has been the scene of bloodshed. This photograph recalls the ugly happenings of the strike riots some time ago.



Sir Roger Casement, the renegade.

Mr. Birrell going to the House yesterday.

While Mr. Birrell, the Irish Secretary, was telling Parliament about the revolt, it was announced that Sir Roger Casement was no w in London under arrest.

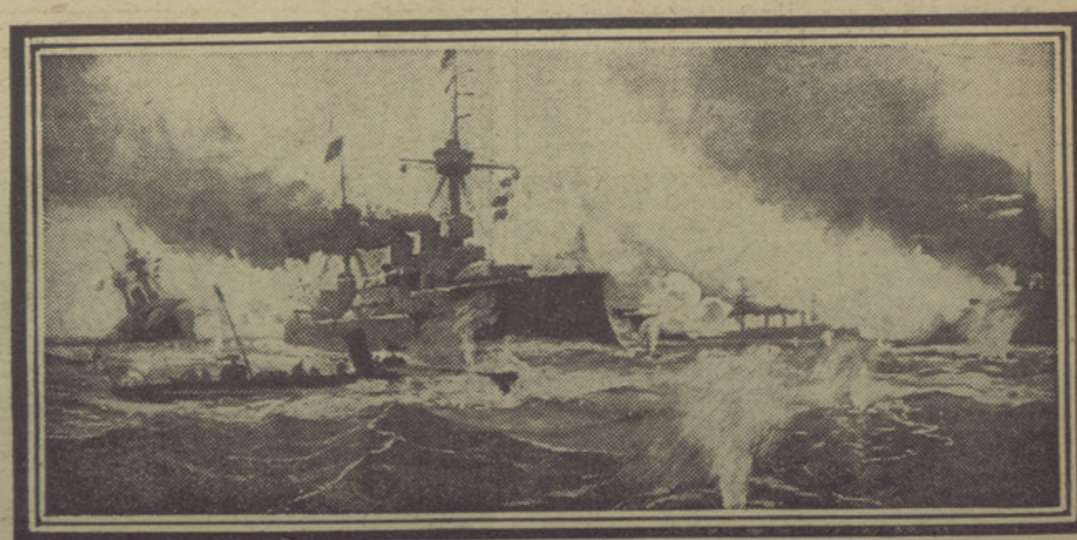
Anzac Day In London: See Also Pages 6 and 7.

General Sir William Birdwood, the hero of Anzac, drove to the great commemoration service at Westminster Abbey yesterday, with his wife and daughter. He only arrived in England last week.

"God bless you!" she exclaimed, proud to shake the hand of an Anzac.

Lord Kitchener also attended the service. He walked to the Abbey.

GERMANY'S DREAM OF THE INVASION OF ENGLAND.



It was also officially announced yesterday that a German squadron had shelled Lowestoft. This picture from a German paper shows the German Fleet routing the British Navy in preparation for the invasion of England.

OUR GOOD-BYE TO THE DEAD HEROES OF ANZAC

The King And Queen Attend Moving Abbey Service.

LONDON'S GREAT TRIBUTE.

A Place In The Temple Of The Immortals.

By Edith Shackleton.

A year ago the brown tide swept over the white sand of Suvla, swept victoriously and fiercely, with the rattle of combat and excited cries.

Yesterday it flooded in under the ancient soaring roof of Westminster, filling every carved crevice and corner. So quietly, and with such a sense of great purpose did it flow, that those who were not early enough in the Abbey to see this pouring in of the Anzac men through the sunlit doors missed one of the deepest impressions of the Commemoration service.

Along with the orderly flood of lithe and bronzed soldiers came the maimed, the halt and the blind, to be placed between the high altar decked out with the frontal and dorsal that were hung for the Coronation of King George.

THREE WREATHS.

On the rails of the sacrarium three wreaths were hanging, tributes from the men to their fallen brothers, gold laurel for Australians, green laurel for the boys of Wanganui School, and lilies and pink roses to "the glorious and immortal memory of the heroic dead of the 29th division."

Handel's "Largo" began with its familiar sob, and went on to the calm resignation of its end. Odd figures were stealing in and being ushered into odd seats about the choir. They didn't seem to matter at all against that wonderful background, but among them were some of the most famous men and women of our time.

Lord Kitchener went quietly to a seat in the stalls. Mrs. Asquith brought her young son, and not far away sat General Birdwood in the choir. Vice-rulers of the overseas dominions, past and present, were round him.

THE WOMEN WHO WAIT.

There were very few women there, even counting the nurses who sat among their charges: but it was of women that one thought, looking over the level sea of heads—the women who had said good-bye to these men in an Antipodean winter, and who were thinking of them now, half a world away, and thinking, too, of the sandy graves under strange stars and by the wash of a strange sea.

A year ago, at dawn, their blood was leaping as they strained their eager eyes to see that alien shore. Now they will walk no more in the paths of home. This gathering seemed like an assurance that they will live gloriously and for ever in the minds of men.

A round of confused cheering brought up the present again, and, seeming very small as they were silhouetted against the sunlight at the base of the great arch of the west door, a few figures appeared. The National Anthem sounded, and up the long, long aisle between the brown soldiers came the choir, then Bishop Boyd Carpenter in his great red cope leading a tall, upright lady in black—Queen Mary of England. After them the Dean in gold robes led an officer in khaki—King George.

The King and Queen were led to two isolated seats inside the chancel rails. The same plainly-set-out service papers as those used by the congregation were laid in their places, and it was noticed that both the King and Queen were careful to take their papers away with them.

NOT IN VAIN.

The boys' voices broke out in "For all the saints who from their labours rest," singing to the familiar tune, with its triumphant Alleluias and fitting lines:—

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph song;
And hearts are brave again and arms are strong.
Alleluia!

Then followed the Lord's Prayer, and two simple appeals—"good desires" and humility. As the congregation stood the anthem burst out almost joyfully:—

Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King, and that He shall judge the people righteously. O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness. Sing to the Lord, and praise His Name. As for our God, He is in Heaven: He hath done whatsoever pleased Him. The Lord hath been mindful of us, and He shall bless us. . . .

Down to the chancel steps came the Dean, bowing as he passed the King and Queen, and slowly began to read the form of commemoration for the day, beginning:—

Let us now unite in praise and thanksgiving for those our brothers who died at Gallipoli for their King and Empire, in the high cause of freedom and honour.

WHEN THROATS TIGHTENED.

"Our brothers shall not have laid down their lives in vain," were the impressive words at the end. Through the singing of Kipling's "Recessional" to the old plaintive tune of the "Mariner's Hymn," through the Benediction, through the great roll of "God Save the King," when the soldiers raised their voices for the first time, that resolve seemed to echo.

Then the service was over, but neither King, Queen, nor clergy moved, a wondering stillness held the Abbey for a minute, for two minutes, and was rent by bugles from the Henry VII. chapel door calling the intricate and haunting "Last Post." That was the moment when throats tightened and mouths took strange twists. Ruthless and impersonal, the bugles spoke until they finally died with the dropped note that is so like a good-bye.

If the dead hear anything, the fallen heroes of Anzac heard that good-bye.

Very slowly the red-coped sub-Dean led the Queen away towards the sunlight-framed West door, the King following with the Dean; but when the solemn procession reached the choir the King was moved by something stronger than pageantry, and stepped aside to speak to a paralysed man—Lance-Corporal Geange. At the door he stopped again to speak to Lord Kitchener.

There was a glad shouting from the crowd outside as the King and Queen stepped into the sunshine, and before it died away there mingled with it a strange Maori cry from a party of New Zealanders. It seemed a hopeful omen, that meeting of cries which have for ages had a world between them.

EDITH SHACKLETON.

INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH.

Mr. Hughes' Eloquent Tribute To His Countrymen's Valour.

Mr. Hughes, Prime Minister of Australia, who was unable to attend the matinée at His Majesty's Theatre, as he had a train to catch to Scotland, in the course of an inspiring address to his countrymen at the Hotel Cecil before the luncheon, said:—

On this day called Anzac, one short year ago, the Australasian soldier leapt unheralded into the arena of war, and by a display of courage, endurance, and unquestionable spirit proved himself worthy of kinship with those heroic men who throughout the history of our race have walked unafraid into the jaws of death, thinking it glorious to die for their country.

Soldiers, your deeds have won you a place in the Temple of the Immortals. The world has hailed you as heroes.

Your comrades of the British Army have claimed you as brothers in arms, and the citizens of the Empire are proud to call you kinsmen.

But to your Australian and New Zealand fellow-citizens, to your mothers, fathers, brothers, and friends who know and love you, your glorious valour meant much more than to all others.

On its shining wings we were lifted up to heights we had never seen. You taught us truths we never knew, you inspired us to a newer and better and nobler concept of life.

Mr. Hughes ended by declaring that the deathless story of the Gallipoli campaign will be sung in immortal verse, inspiring generations of Australians and New Zealanders yet unborn with pride of race, courage, tenacity of purpose, endurance, and that casting-out of fear without which men, though boasting themselves free, will be but wretched slaves.

LADY SHACKLETON'S LOSS.

Lady Shackleton, in the midst of her anxiety concerning Sir Ernest Shackleton, has lost her younger sister, Miss Dorman, whose death occurred in her house at Kensington.

TURKS HEAVILY PUNISHED FOR DESERT ATTACK.

Camp Surprised And Destroyed By Our Aeroplanes.

ENEMY RETREATS FROM KATIA.

From The War Office.

With reference to the fighting which took place in the Katia district on Sunday, April 23, the General Officer Commanding-in-Chief in Egypt now reports that it was of a more severe character than was at first intimated. The defence of Dueidar was gallantly maintained by one company of the Royal Scots.

The enemy casualties amounted to 70 killed, left behind, and 28 prisoners were taken by us, as well as war material, amounting to 5,000 rounds of small arms ammunition, four machine-gun belt boxes, full, 28 shells, and 80 rifles.

The pursuing column mentioned in yesterday's report took several more prisoners, and the aeroplanes inflicted severe casualties with bombs and machine-gun fire. One of our mounted brigades was engaged all day with the enemy.

On Monday, April 24, eight aeroplanes took part in an attack on the enemy camp near Katia, and succeeded in effecting a complete surprise. The hostile camp was completely destroyed, and the enemy suffered severe casualties from the bombs dropped and from machine-gun fire.

There was no further fighting on the Monday, and the enemy appeared to be withdrawing from the Katia district.

[Katia is an oasis in the Egyptian desert, about 30 miles east of El Kantara, on the Suez Canal.]

PURSUIT OF ROUTED TURKS.

Heavy Losses Caused By Cavalry And Aeroplanes.

By W. T. Massey.

SUEZ, Tuesday.

Although summer approaches and water in the wells must be getting low, the Turks are displaying some activity in the desert east of the Suez Canal. Parties have appeared in several places a few miles from our lines, but they have been hit hard everywhere.

Yesterday and to-day a substantial Turkish force was badly mauled in the Katia district by our infantry and Australian Light Horse, while the Royal Flying Corps, which has done consistently admirable work throughout the campaign, finished the fight with a brilliant raid, scattering the remnant of the Turks across the desert.

The enemy, estimated at about 500, yesterday attempted a surprise on our small posts at Dueidar, about fourteen miles from El Kantara. The post was held by a detachment of the Royal Scots Fusiliers, which met the Turks with a well-directed fire and drove them off, leaving 70 dead in front of the post. Twenty-five prisoners are in our hands, besides numerous rifles, shells, and rifle and machine-gun ammunition.

A regiment of Australian horse received the call, and pursued the Turks vigorously, taking more prisoners and inflicting considerable casualties. The Turks' discomfiture did not end here, for aeroplanes went after the retreating enemy, dropped bombs among them, and used their machine-guns with good effect.

There were some brushes with the enemy near Katia yesterday. A report was sent in that 400 Turks were bivouacking in the neighbourhood of Katia last night. This morning the Flying Corps made an attack. Starting in darkness, the aeroplanes reached Katia as the sun was rising, and dropped a large number of bombs, completely dispersing the enemy with bombs and machine-guns. The casualties were observed to be heavy.

Gladys Richards (18), a nurse at Tooting Bec Asylum, questioned about the disappearance of linen, hanged herself with her apron strings.

The Post Office, Dublin, which the rebels seized on Monday. It is in Sackville-street, the finest thoroughfare in the city.

CASEMENT TO BE TRIED FOR HIGH TREASON.

Ex-Consul Now In London In Military Custody.

HIS GERMAN MISSION.

Official Statement.

Sir Roger Casement, whose arrest in connection with the abortive attempt to land arms in Ireland from a German vessel was announced yesterday, was brought to London on Sunday morning.

He was met at Euston by officers from Scotland Yard, and is now detained in military custody.

It is understood that evidence as to his proceedings in Germany since the outbreak of war will be produced at his trial.

MR. BILLING IN A HURRY.

Mr. Billing asked the Prime Minister yesterday whether Sir Roger Casement had been brought to London, and could he give the House an assurance that this traitor would be shot forthwith"? (Cheers and laughter.)

Mr. Asquith: I don't think that that question should be put to me.

PRINCESS MARY NOW 19.

Gifts From Parents And Brothers On Her Birthday.

From Our Own Correspondent.

WINDSOR, Tuesday.

Princess Mary celebrated her nineteenth birthday at Windsor Castle to-day.

The Princess received personal gifts from her parents and her brothers, Prince Albert, Prince Henry and Prince George, who are staying at Windsor Castle.

She also received presents and greetings from members of the Royal Household and a shoal of congratulatory messages.

Princess Mary was looking the picture of health when she went out for her morning exercise in a well-fitting and becoming riding habit. She was accompanied by Prince Albert, Prince Henry, and Prince George.

The ride was later than usual, having been delayed until after the departure of the King and Queen for London.

About eleven o'clock the Royal party rode down the Long Walk chatting merrily.

Princess Mary smilingly returned the greetings of the few spectators, and a platoon of Coldstream Guards halted in their drill, lined up and saluted.

It was a fine spring morning as the Princes and Princess cantered through the Walk into the Park, where they had an hour's gallop before returning to the castle.

KING AND QUEEN'S BOATING PARTY.

The King and Queen had a small boating party on Virginia Water lake yesterday afternoon. The party went out in a sailing yacht, and afterwards had tea at the fishing temple.

TRAM STRIKERS TO RESUME WORK.

Employees of the South Metropolitan Tramway Company who are on strike have decided to return to work to-day on condition that there shall be no victimisation and no South Metropolitan cars are run on the Croydon Corporation lines while the Croydon strike continues.

The Croydon strikers state that they are resolved to remain out so long as the Corporation refuses arbitration or declines a meeting of both sides with an independent chairman.

BETTER WEATHER IN STORE.

Brighter and warmer weather set in yesterday, and in London the thermometer rose above 60 degrees for the second time since last October, says a weather correspondent. Now that we have arrived within a week of May brighter weather should be expected since May is the sunniest month of the year over England, and the heat in the sun's rays is normally now increasing rapidly.

INDIAN CHARGED WITH BIGAMY.

Among the prisoners at Hampstead Police Court yesterday was Abdul Hamid, 24 years of age, of Saffron Walden, who was charged with bigamy.

He was described as a law student, and had been educated at Cambridge.

He asked to be released on bail, stating that he desired counsel to defend him, but the magistrate refused, and remanded him in custody.

VAGRANT'S TERRIBLE DEATH.

A workman at Overton paper mills, Greenock, was running off a pan of liquid at the roaster yesterday when he found a human skull. A man of the vagrant class was seen entering the works the previous night, and it is supposed he fell into the boiling liquid.

James Francis Coates, of Middlesbrough, who had been engaged for some months as a sea-scout, was accidentally shot at a boy scouts' holiday camp at Nunthorpe, near Middlesbrough.

IRISH REBELLION: NORTH SEA BATTLE: ZEPPELINS CHASED

GERMAN FLEET CHASED HOME AGAIN.

Return To Germany After 20 Minutes' Stay.

BATTLE OFF LOWESTOFT.

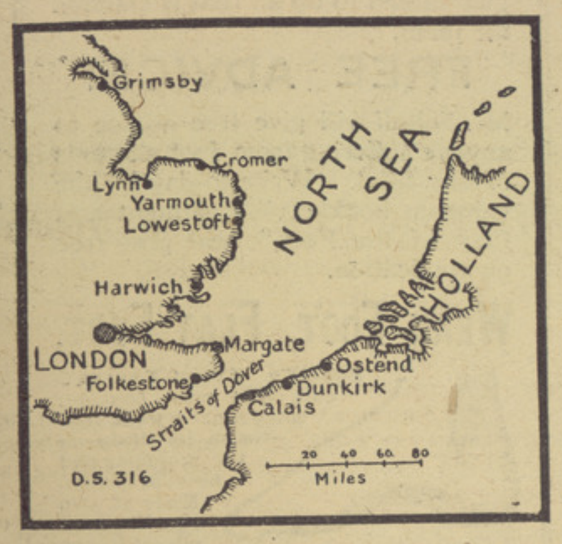
Victims—Two Men, One Woman And A Child.

NO BRITISH SHIPS LOST.

From the Admiralty.

Tuesday Afternoon.

About 4.30 this morning the German battle cruiser squadron, accompanied by light cruisers and destroyers, appeared off Lowestoft. The local naval forces engaged it, and in about twenty



minutes it returned to Germany chased by our light cruisers and destroyers.

On shore two men, one woman and a child were killed.

The material damage seems to have been insignificant.

So far as is known at present two British light cruisers and a destroyer were hit, but none were sunk.

The distance from Cuxhaven, the home of the German Fleet, to Lowestoft is nearly 300 miles. The main British Fleet, "somewhere in the North Sea," would have a much longer distance to cover in any attempt to cut off the German battle cruisers.

ZEPPELINS CHASED BY BRITISH AVIATORS.

German Warships Attacked By Our Aeroplanes And Seaplanes.

THREE DAYS' BRILLIANT WORK BY NAVAL AIRMEN.

From The Admiralty.

Tuesday Night.

On Sunday morning, in spite of most inclement weather, a bombing attack was carried out by naval aeroplanes upon the enemy aerodrome at Mariakerke.

The machines were heavily fired on, but succeeded in returning safely.

As far as could be observed good results were obtained.

One of our fighting machines attacked an enemy aeroplane and drove it down. The hostile machine, when last seen, was close to the ground and out of control.

On Monday morning a further attack was carried out on the same objective in co-operation with our Belgian Allies, and a large number of bombs were dropped.

Heavy fire was encountered by all machines, but there were no British casualties.

The result obtained appears to have been very good.

During the course of the same day (Monday) a British aeroplane attacked an enemy seaplane about five miles off Zeebrugge.

(Continued on page 10.)

REBELLION IN IRELAND.

Insurgents In Possession Of Different Parts Of Dublin City.

POST OFFICE SEIZED: 12 KILLED, 19 WOUNDED.

Soldiers, Police And Loyal Volunteers In The List Of Casualties.

MR. BIRRELL'S GRAVE STATEMENT.

No Disturbances Of Any Kind In Cork, Limerick, Ennis, Tralee Or Tipperary.

FROM THE CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND.

Tuesday Evening.

At noon yesterday serious disturbances broke out in Dublin.

A large body of men identified with the Sinn Feiners, mostly armed, occupied Stephen's Green and took possession forcibly of the Post Office, where they cut the telegraphic and telephonic wires.

Houses were also occupied in Stephen's Green, Sackville-street, Abbey-street, and along the quays.

In the course of the day soldiers arrived from the Curragh and the situation is now well in hand.

So far as is known here, three military officers, four or five soldiers, two loyal volunteers, and two policemen have been killed, and four or five military officers, seven or eight soldiers, and six loyal volunteers wounded.

No exact information has been received of casualties on the side of the Sinn Feiners.

Reports received from Cork, Limerick, Ennis, Tralee and both ridings of Tipperary show that no disturbances of any kind have occurred in these localities.

MR. BIRRELL ANSWERS QUESTIONS IN THE HOUSE

Before the House of Commons sat in secret yesterday Mr. Birrell, the Irish Chief Secretary, announced that armed rebellion had broken out in Dublin, in answers to questions, which contained substantially the information in the report above, which was read later:—

Answering Captain Craig, Mr. Birrell said:—

At noon yesterday a grave disturbance broke out in Dublin. The Post Office was forcibly taken possession of, and telegraphic communication was cut off.

Captain Craig: Have any arrests been made?

Mr. Birrell: I cannot give names, but arrests have been made.

Colonel Sharman Crawford: Up to seven o'clock last night was the government in the hands of the rebels?

Mr. Birrell: They were in possession of four or five different parts of the city. They were not in possession of the whole place.

LIVELINESS ON BRITISH FRONT.

29 Air Fights: Two German Machines Fall In The Enemy's Lines.

British Official News.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, FRANCE, Tuesday, 10.13 p.m.

The enemy sprang mines near Fricourt and Souchez without inflicting any casualties.

We bombarded the enemy's positions just north of the Somme.

Some artillery activity between Souchez and La Bassée Canal; also in the Armentieres sector, where our guns shelled the railway stations at Comines and Warneton.

Yesterday there was considerable aerial activity. Twenty-nine combats took place.

One of our reconnaissances was persistently attacked. All the attacks were driven off, and two hostile machines were seen to fall to the ground in the German lines.

All our machines returned safely.

TURKISH PICKETS DRIVEN IN

British Hold Their Line Firmly On The Tigris.

From The War Office.

General Lake telegraphed on Monday to the following effect:—

To-day there have been no important developments.

On the right bank of the Tigris we still hold the line running south-east from Beit Aiessa, which we prolonged this morning to the southwards, driving in the enemy's advanced pickets.

On the left bank we still hold the same line as before, facing the Sanna-i-Yat position.

A fresh contingent of Russian troops arrived at Marseilles yesterday, Reuter states.

IRISH ARMY CHIEF.

Major-General Friend, commanding the British troops in Ireland.—(Lafayette.)

5 a.m. Edition.

MONDAY NIGHT'S RAID.

70 Bombs Dropped On Norfolk And Suffolk Coasts.

From The War Office.

Tuesday, 3 p.m.

Last night's air raid over the Norfolk and Suffolk coasts appears to have been carried out by four or five Zeppelins, only two of which made any serious attempt to penetrate inland.

About 70 bombs appear to have been dropped.

One man is reported seriously injured.

No further details as to casualties are yet available.

EFFECT OF 18 BOMBS.

Horse, Cat And Bird The Only "Kills" By Two Raiding Zeppelins.

From Our Own Correspondent.

EASTERN COUNTIES, Tuesday.

Warned that enemy aircraft were paying another visit to East Anglia about 9 o'clock last night, Red Cross motor and hand ambulance parties were ordered on duty, and other precautionary measures were taken.

Heretofore our town has been neglected by Zeppelins. About 12.40 unmistakable sounds heralded approaching Zeppelins, which were soon clearly outlined at an unusually low altitude. A large airship was followed shortly after by another, and both rained bombs in such quick succession that 18 fell within little over a mile in a few minutes.

The Zeppelins then steered westward, and the morning light revealed partly demolished buildings, ground besprinkled with glass, potted gardens and lawns, but happily only one casualty, a stockbroker, who, hearing bombs bursting, hurried to his window, and was wounded by fragments from one exploding in his garden.

A valuable horse, a pet cat and a bird were the only "kills" the disciples of frightfulness can claim.

The arm of the stockbroker, a Londoner, was severely injured. It is hoped his life may be saved, but the amputation of the limb will almost certainly have to be made.

FRENCH SUCCESSES IN THE AIR.

French Official News.

PARIS, Tuesday Night.

Near Vauquois an enemy aeroplane was forced to land in his lines after a fight, and was destroyed by our gun-fire.

In the region of Verdun one of our chasing aeroplanes brought down a German aeroplane, which fell on Poivre (Pepper) Hill, 50 yards from our trenches.

A third machine brought down by one of our pilots fell in the Forges wood.

Finally a Fokker, riddled with machine-gun fire at point-blank range by one of our aviators, dived vertically in the region of Hattonchattel.

During the night of April 24-25 one of our dirigible airships threw 10 shells of 155mm. and six shells of 220mm. on the station of Conflans.—Reuter.

NO DAMAGE: NO CASUALTIES.

Another East Coast correspondent says:—

A disturbed night was spent at an East Coast town.

One watcher declares that he saw a Zeppelin overhead just after midnight. Shortly afterwards firing commenced, and was continued for some time.

No bomb damage was visible in the town next morning, and no casualties have been reported here or in the neighbouring district.

(Full official report of the Commons Secret Session on page 10.)

How Was He To Know?

THE HUN WITH THE DAMAGED NOSE: "Himmel! Again I am the victim of a dishonourable deception! Somebody told me the lady had no protector"!!—(Copyright by Will Dyson.)

NEW GROOM-IN-WAITING.

The Hon. Henry Stonor has succeeded Commander C. Cunninghame Graham, R.N., as Groom-in-Waiting to the King.—(Swaine.)

PEER'S SON AS AIRMAN, M.C.

The Hon. Eric Lubbock, son of the first Lord Avebury, awarded Military Cross for gallantry while flying.—(Val L'Estrange.)

THE NEW BRIGADIER.

Col. F. J. Phipps-Hornby, who has been gazetted Temp. Brig.-General, has rendered brilliant services and been mentioned in dispatches.—(Swaine.)

FOOT TROUBLES

Instantly and permanently relieved by Scholl's Appliances.

If your feet ache or you have foot trouble of any description, mechanical aid, if properly applied, will make walking or standing a positive pleasure

ALL SCHOLL APPLIANCES ARE SOLD ON

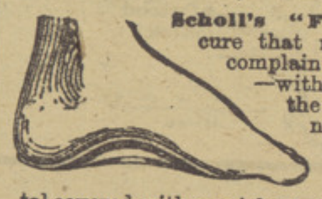
10 Days' Free Trial

The appliances listed below have been designed by Orthopœdic Specialists with due regard to the anatomy of the foot, and are guaranteed to do all that is claimed for them.

FREE ADVICE.

Mr. Scholl will give free advice to anyone suffering from foot ailments of any kind. Write to-day for the valuable booklet, "Treatment and Care of the Feet," sent post free on application.

WEAK FOOT, FLAT FOOT,

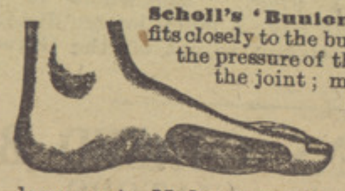


Scholl's "Foot-Easers" cure that most common complaint—a weak arch—with its strain on the muscular and nervous system. Made of two springs of silveroid metal covered with special oak-tanned leather; raises the Arch or Instep, giving instant relief. Price, per pair **7/6**

BUNION TROUBLE.

Scholl's 'Toe-Flex' gently forces the great toe outward, bringing it to its normal position. Made in sizes for men and women.

Price **1/6** each.



Scholl's 'Bunion Reducer' fits closely to the bunion, taking the pressure of the boot from the joint; maintains the shape of the boot and actually reduces the enlargement. Made of pure Para Gum Rubber in small, medium and large sizes. Price, each **2/-**

CORNS BANISHED.

Scholl's "Fixo" Corn Plaster, a mechanical medicinal treatment; gives instant relief, and absolutely removes the corn in 48 hours. Does not blister or irritate. Four full-sized treatments in packet Price **9d.**
Box of 8 treatments 1/3.

ACHING FEET.

Scholl's "Pedico" Foot Balm applied to the feet gives a wonderful feeling of freshness and vigour after tiring walks or long standing. Invaluable to Soldiers. Price **1/-** per pot.

AVOID IMITATIONS.

Scholl appliances are fitted by good-class boot dealers everywhere.

THE SCHOLL CO., Ltd.,

Largest Makers of Foot Appliances in the World.

1, 2, 3, & 4, Giltspur Street, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

THE ISSUES IN IRELAND.

THE arrest of Sir Roger Casement will give satisfaction both here and in his own country. While Ireland was doing such splendid service to the Allied cause it was intolerable that in Berlin this renegade should be flaunting his treason to his people and pretending to represent them. He will buoy up the courage of the enemy no longer with false hopes, he will poison the minds of neutrals no longer with false doubts of Irish loyalty to the Alliance.

THAT he is a traitor to Ireland there is little need to prove. The response of that country to her leaders' call to arms, and the deeds of her regiments in the field meant that Ireland was heart and soul for the war. We knew there was a disloyal minority, but so there was in Wales, England and Scotland. Ireland as a nation stood for the Alliance in word and deed.

CASEMENT is also, as it happens, a traitor to England. Ireland has suffered much from us in the past; and, though I cannot conceive how an Irishman can support Germany — the epitome of all that was ever evil in our rule, I could sympathise with an Irishman who should have always refused to have part or lot with us. I can even sympathise with an Irishman who so nurses the wrongs of his country that he cannot see how utterly her cause and the cause of the Allies are one.

BUT I cannot sympathise with a man who has sworn allegiance to England, has eaten her bread and worn her uniform, and who now breaks all his oaths and betrays her to the enemy. There is nothing heroic in such mean treason. Casement was for nearly a quarter of a century a sworn servant of the British Government. He retired on a pension of £421 a year, which he had no qualms in accepting, until, for obvious reasons, it was stopped. The old Fenian who has fought for freedom in Ireland no less than the young Nationalist who fights for freedom in Flanders must despise such a turncoat.

NOT only did this man ally himself with a nation busily engaged in shooting down his own countrymen, but he endeavoured to persuade Irish prisoners to betray their cause and their comrades. We all know with what anger and contempt his vile overtures were received. In revenge his paymasters, who had been beguiling the Irish with soft treatment, as well as honied words, so starved and misused them that 70 out of 2,000 Irish prisoners at Lemburg died, and the health of many others was ruined for life. Yet Roger Casement remained Germany's friend.

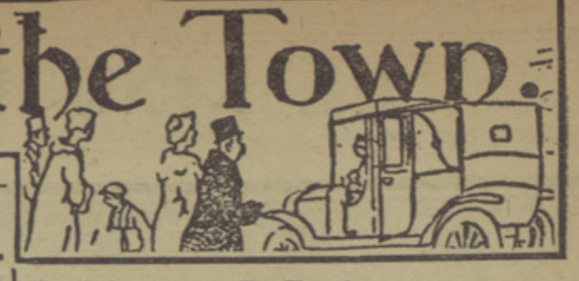
Oh the French are on the sea,
And the French are in the bay,
And we know they'll win the day

said the Shan Van Vogt in the days before England granted to Ireland some measure of justice, and the Irish, with a generosity none can deny them, buried their ancient wrongs and joined hands with us. In those days Irishmen knew France well, and always as a friend. They knew the Germans well, and always as the merciless agents of oppression. Well, now the Germans, or a few of them, have come over the sea with Roger Casement, fresh from the torture of Irishmen, to free Ireland!—to divorce her from her splendid alliance with France and us in the cause of freedom; to secure Irish help for Germany's shameful assault on the liberties of small nations—with the pledge, Germany's sacred pledge, which she and the rest of the world rate so highly, that after the war is over, and the Allies are sent to perdition, Ireland shall not be a Prussian colony with a gallows on every village green

THERE are a few pro-Germans in Ireland, and probably the disturbances which took place in Dublin yesterday were arranged to coincide with "the invasion." But nobody in or out of Ireland will over-estimate their significance. We, too, have our traitors, and the only difference between theirs and ours is that ours have not the Irish pluck.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Echoes of the Town.



Casement And Other Frightfulness—Premier's Second Heir—Commons In Camera.

Bank Holiday "Frightfulness."

THE GERMANS seem to have had a busy but futile Bank Holiday of Frightfulness—Sir Roger Casement lost; a battle squadron which killed a woman or so at Lowestoft; a Zeppelin raid which dropped a few incendiary bombs; and an aeroplane which didn't drop one bomb. They seem to have lost on the swings *and* the roundabouts.

Roger Casement.

So we've got Sir Roger Casement, and I expect the Government is wishing that he'd stayed in Berlin. In more Spartan days there'd have been just one ending to his adventure, and there is only one end which this disgusting renegade and traitor deserves. But I doubt. Already I see references to his "distinguished services" in the past. Which means that when there was no opportunity to betray his country he did the work for which he was very well paid.

State Secrets.

WELL, YOU are to imagine me itching to tell you all sorts of exciting things as having happened at Westminster last night. though I expect if the truth were known things were much as usual. But have you heard the story of the member who was reputed to be considering whether he ought not to stop away? Why? Because he talks in his sleep, and his wife loves gossip. Dreadful predicament

The Prime Minister's Grandson.

THE son born on Saturday to Mr. Raymond Asquith is the second heir to the peerage with which the Prime Minister will eventually be rewarded, for he is the first boy of Mr. Asquith's eldest son, and follows two girls. Mr. Raymond Asquith, scholar, barrister, Parliamentary candidate, and now a Guards' officer, married some nine years ago a daughter of Sir John Horner, who was formerly a Commissioner of Woods and Forests. This is she. Those who know predict for the son a career that will be not unworthy of the father, and a future generation will watch the grandson with interest.

—(Beresford.)

Scotland's Future Premier Viscount.

LORD ERSKINE, the elder of the two sons of the Earl of Mar and Kellie, comes of age to-day. This young subaltern—he followed in his father's footsteps by entering the Scots Guards—will one day hold two ancient earldoms, and will be the premier viscount of Scotland, and before that time comes will doubtless have lived up to one of the family mottoes: "He adds honour to that of his ancestors."

The Other Princess Mary.

I OFTEN SEE Princess Mary of Teck out riding. The youngest daughter of the Duke of Teck is a graceful little horsewoman, and is remarkably like the other Princess Mary—the King's daughter. The Princess rides side-saddle; indeed, there is only one Royal lady at present who has adopted the newer style—Princess Patricia of Connaught.

A Great Hostess.

THERESA LADY LONDONDERRY, who has vowed to qualify herself for the green armlet, is the last of the really great hostesses in the political world. The art of the political hostess was once summed up by Lady Palmerston in "keeping out of the way of your husband's political opponents when there is serious trouble, so that you can meet them again on friendly terms when things have settled down." Lady Londonderry has never been in any danger of losing popularity, but her great work was done as hostess in London and Ireland for the Unionist Party. She has all the requisites of the really great lady. She herself is of a nobler family than her husband, for she is a Talbot, and sister of Lord Shrewsbury.

How To Select Officers.

I AM GLAD to hear that birth, position, and schools no longer influence the authorities in selecting men for commissions. Nowadays when a member of an O.T.C. applies for a commission he is specially examined by an officer from the War Office. I am told that a suggestion of "side" on the part of a candidate often means an immediate transfer to a line regiment as a *private*.

Twenty-five Years A Bishop.

THIS is a caricature of the Primate of All England, Randall Cantuar, as he signs himself, otherwise the Most Rev. Randall Thomas Davidson, Archbishop of Canterbury, who yesterday completed his 25th year in episcopal orders, having become Bishop of Rochester in 1891. He was well apprenticed to the Archbishop-business, for he was at one time chaplain and private secretary to Archbishop Tait of Canterbury, and at another performed the same office for Archbishop Benson. Incidentally, he married a daughter of Archbishop Tait. Then he was domestic chaplain to Queen Victoria and for a time to King Edward. He is Scottish.

One Good Thing.

FROM somebody who knows I learnt one comforting fact yesterday, and that is that we are no longer granting full pay to our German officer prisoners. We did agree to do so at The Hague Convention, and the Huns came to a similar arrangement with us. But directly after war started they got out of it by saying that they would no longer pay their own officers more than half what was their due, the other half being reserved for later settlement. Accordingly, our officers who have been unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of the Hun, if they get anything at all, only get a pittance.

Where The Money Goes.

THAT EVER popular pastime, Try-it-on-the dog, is not yet on the decline among Government contractors. True, many of the regimental officers with whom they have to deal are apt to be most unprofessionally business-like. But, bless your heart, there is always Whitehall to play in. One plutocrat is reported to have said that it warmed his heart whenever he saw the Red Tab.

Getting Into "Society."

MY BOOKSELLER'S latest speciality is a great display of books on etiquette. There is apparently a large demand for these just now. Possibly some of the munitions *nouveaux riches* are contemplating trying to move into what are sometimes called "higher social circles."

All Kitcheners.

IN A certain military centre, where the young "subs." were being intercepted and pestered daily by the flappers of the town for their autographs, the victims of hero worship put their heads together, and next time they were approached with an autograph album it was resolved that each one should inscribe the signature "Kitchener." They did, and that was the end of the nuisance.

THE SECRET SESSION.

(Full report.)

If you hear what Roger Casement did, and what Sir Roger planned,
Keep it dark!
If you hear a German submarine was captured in the Strand,
Keep it dark!

If you hear that Asquith stated, amidst tremendous cheers,
That the limit of compulsion would be raised to four-score years,
And recruits would be evicted when their rent was in arrears,
Keep it dark!

If you hear that George has gone to make munitions on the Clyde,
Keep it dark!
And that Arthur Markham couldn't be unpleasant if he tried,
Keep it dark!

If you hear Sir Edward Carson has embraced the Cabinet,
And that Reginald McKenna swears the nation's not in debt,
And that politicians are not out for all that they can get,
Keep it dark!

If you hear that Philip Snowden is a blameless patriot,
Keep it dark!
If you hear that certain traitors have been sentenced to be shot,
Keep it dark!

If you hear that every critic of the Government is wise,
And that Asquith, Grey and Balfour are Germans in disguise,
If you hear a single item in this catalogue of lies,
Keep it dark!

Hush! hush! Keep the matter dark;
Hide it from the workman, conceal it from the clerk.
Let the neutral and the alien hear no rash remark!
But this is what they're saying in the Commons!

My Pilgrimage To Eastbourne.

HAVE YOU ever tried to get from the West End to London Bridge Station between five and six on a Bank Holiday morning? This was my lot—never mind why—on Monday. Not a taxi in sight, no 'buses running, too early for tubes or underground. The only consolation a heavy bag. Along the Embankment, over Blackfriars Bridge to the Borough, I sweated and staggered with it. Then the 6.15 train, and, sing hol for Eastbourne. No papers to be got at the station. Nor even a cup of tea.

A Primrose Path.

IF YOU TRAVEL to the South Coast this week you do so along a primrose path. The railway line is flanked with millions of the little yellow flowers which it has now been more or less firmly established that Disraeli *did* like. The effect is rather charming if you are not too sleepy or too absorbed in war news to notice it. This must be a record primrose year.

Bathing.

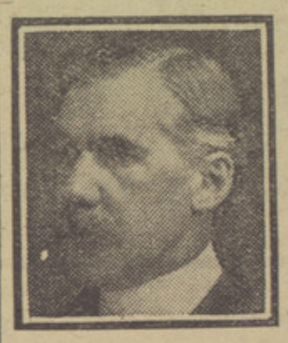
As I walked (with bag) through the silent, sunny streets of a still-slumbering Eastbourne, I met some dank-haired, towel-carrying men and maidens. Yes, it was quite true—they had been bathing. The tide was far out and the sun shone with a blinding dazzle on the wet sand. Some children were paddling. Two or three intrepid adults were bobbing about like lifebuoys in deeper water. Paterfamilias was reading his morning paper in a deck-chair on the beach and disdained an overcoat. No wonder Eastbourne was, and is, full.

Hotels Crowded.

ON MONDAY it was impossible to book a bedroom at any of the leading hotels, and I heard the tales, which I heard at Brighton on Saturday, and have every reason to believe to be true, of people putting up with the very roughest accommodation. I turned up (with bag) at the Queen's for some breakfast, and had not previous arrangements been made, I should have had to return to town (with bag) a disappointed man. I have never known the hotel so crowded, and tables in the dining-room were crammed together so close that waiters had to perform feats of nimbleness to thread their way through them without mishap

Peer On Honeymoon.

THE QUEEN'S is the headquarters of that interesting honeymoon couple, the Earl and Countess of Westmorland. I caught sight of them in the lounge an hour before lunch, Lord Westmorland in uniform (he has been for some years colonel of the 3rd Battalion of the Northamptonshire Regiment), and his wife neatly and unobtrusively dressed in a costume of dark blue cloth. I was told that they intend staying for some time. Sir George Power is there too, and several well-known Americans.



—(Elliott and Fry.)

Others There.

MR. AND MRS. ALMERIC PAGET, who I hear are shortly leaving Compton Place, so long associated with the late Duke of Devonshire (this is *Mr.*), were lunching at the Grand with a party of friends. People here were waiting in queues for tables. Sir James Woodhouse I noticed on the Pier. London theatrical folk were conspicuously absent, but local entertainments had their attractions.

Tiny Reminders Of War.

YOU DO NOT find the Bank Holiday trippers *par excellence* at Eastbourne, but there were crowds of less exclusive folk on the front and on the pier. Motor chars-à-bancs were crowded, and the motor-boats did a good trade. The walk to Beachy Head was, as usual, a favourite appetiser for lunch (with appetisers of another sort at the white-painted shanty at the summit), and from a distance people climbing the grassy slopes looked like cheesemites. A couple of trawlers mine-sweeping about three miles out reminded one that there is a war on. 'Tis a cheery place, and I enjoyed my day as a gentleman at Ease (bourne).

Biting The Dust.

FROM a serial story:—

She dug with her teeth clenched all day, and at night she dreamed of worms yards long.

MR. GOSSIP.

THE KING AND QUEEN JOIN WITH THE PEOPLE AT THE AB

The Most Stirring Scenes In

The King and Queen travelled specially from Windsor in order to honour Australia's brave sons. Their Majesties arriving at the Abbey for the service.

The type of men Australia has sent us.—(*Daily Sketch.*)

Some of the cubs and the British Lion. A scene in Trafalgar-square.—(*Daily Sketch.*)

Dense crowds lined the Strand, and gave the New Zealanders a warm rec the way.—(

Nurses from Charing Cross Hospital lined the pathway in the Strand, eager to greet the brave lads from oversea.—(*Daily Sketch.*)

The heroic men from Australia have no greater admirer than Jack. This little incident in London yesterday represents the Navy's feelings towards the Anzacs.

"Anzac Tim" was with the boys in Gallipoli.—(*Daily Sketch.*)

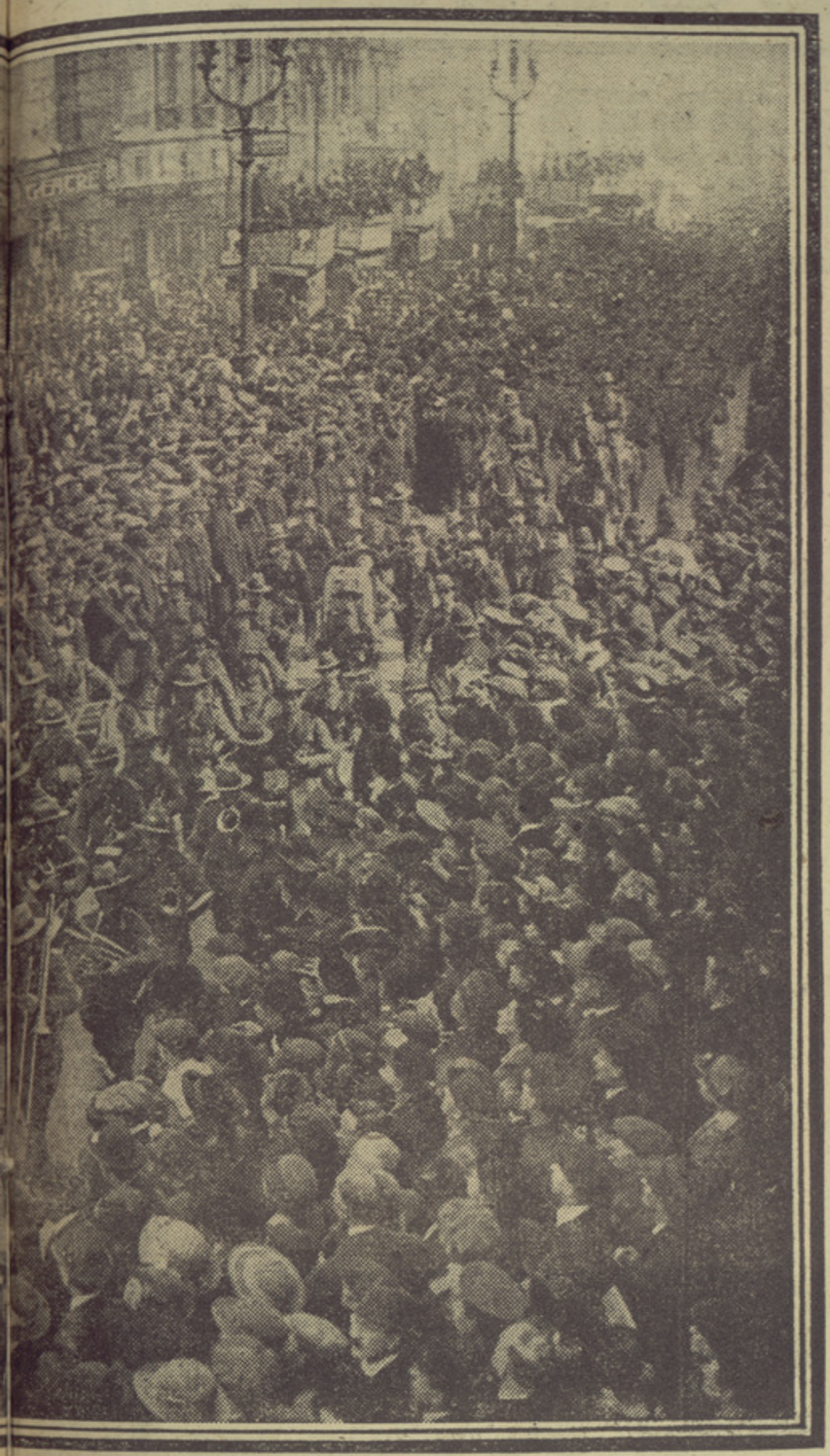
They gave the "boys" a rousing cheer from their grand stand, the lamp-post.—(*Daily Sketch.*)

Pte. R. R. Chapm D.C.M.s. Though a message u

Pte. S. Diamond, win the D.C.M. reti

BEY IN THE EMPIRE'S THANKS TO THE HEROES OF ANZAC.

London Since Coronation Day.



tion as they marched towards the Abbey with their mascot dog leading
ily Sketch.)

Mrs. Hughes, the wife of the Commonwealth's Premier, and her baby.—(*Daily Sketch.*)

A wounded Anzac secures a photographic memento.—(*Daily Sketch.*)

Nothing daunts the Anzacs. They wanted to see the King and Queen arrive and they stormed the Abbey and secured good observation posts.

General Birdwood stands in Whitehall to survey with thoughtful pride the column of stalwart Anzacs.—(*Daily Sketch.*)

, one of Anzac's
unded, he delivered
er heavy fire.

other Australian to
e helped to stop a
ent.

Mrs. Asquith and her son Anthony were at the Abbey service.

They took care that their wounded comrade was present.—(*Daily Sketch.*)

After the service at the Abbey the New Zealanders were reviewed by General Birdwood at their camp. He was accompanied by Sir Thomas Mackenzie, the High Commissioner.

"DAISY"

"Daisy" Brings Relief From

HEADACHE, NEURALGIA, AND ALL NERVY PAINS.

Just as "Daisy" has brought relief to thousands of sufferers from Headaches, Neuralgia and Nervy Pains, saving many an agonising hour in the trenches—on the sea—in the munition shops and in the home, so will this marvellous remedy bring relief to you.

Whatever may be the cause of your Headache, Neuralgia or Nervy Pains—overwork, nerve-strain, excitement, anxiety, digestive trouble or noise, a "Daisy" with a drink of water or tea will quickly cure the pain and make you feel fit and well again.

Always keep a packet of "Daisy" handy. It is easy to take and almost tasteless, the cost is a mere trifle and it acts like magic.

Remember, too, your Soldier and Sailor friends. Do not let them suffer from the terrible headaches due to gunfire, nervous strain and exposure. Keep them well supplied with "Daisies" and so earn their eternal gratitude.

"Daisy" is sold by Chemists and Stores everywhere in packets of 20—to cure 20 headaches—1/1½d. Single powder 1d. Get a packet to-day.

"Daisy" Ltd. (Dept. D.S.), Leeds.

REDUCTION IN PRICE!

MAYPOLE MARGARINE

SPECIAL MIXTURE of Choicest BUTTER, NUTS, and MILK.

8D. per lb. (1/- for 1½lbs.)

MAYPOLE MARGARINE

Made from Choicest NUTS and MILK.

7D. per lb. (1/2 for 2lbs.)

All Maypole Margarine is BRITISH-MADE and much superior to the foreign-made.

MAYPOLE DAIRY CO., LTD.

Branches Everywhere.

HOW TO STOP HEADNOISES.

GOOD ADVICE FOR THOSE WHO FEAR DEAFNESS.

People who are growing hard of hearing, and who experience a stuffy feeling of pressure against their ear drums, accompanied by buzzing, rumbling sounds in their head like water falling or steam escaping, should take prompt and effective measures to stop this trouble. Headnoises are almost invariably the forerunners of complete or partial deafness, and most deaf people suffer from them constantly. Sometimes these headnoises become so distracting and nerve-racking, with their never-ceasing "hum," they drive the sufferer almost frantic, and complete nervous breakdown and even violent insanity have been known to result.

Thanks to a remarkable scientific discovery made recently, it is now possible to almost instantly lessen the severity of these headnoises, and in a very short time to completely and permanently overcome them. With the disappearing of the headnoises the hearing also greatly improves, and very frequently can be restored to normal. It can easily be prepared at home for about 2/9, and is the most effective treatment known to science for this trouble. From your chemist secure one ounce of Parmint (double strength); take this home and add to it ½-pint hot water and four ounces granulated sugar. Stir until dissolved. Take one dessert spoonful four times a day. Parmint is used in this way not only to reduce by tonic action the inflammation and swelling in the eustachian tubes, and thus to equalise the air pressure on the drum, but to correct any excess of secretions in the middle ear, and the results it gives are both remarkably quick and effective.—Advt.

I use "TIZ" for Sore, Tired Feet

TIZ is grand, glorious for aching, swollen, perspiring feet, for corns or chilblains.

"TIZ makes my feet smaller."

Good-bye sore feet, burning feet, swollen feet, perspiring feet, tired feet.

Good-bye corns, hard skin, bunions, and raw spots. No more shoe tightness, no more limping with pain or drawing up your face in agony. TIZ is magical, acts right off. TIZ draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet—the only remedy that does. Use TIZ and wear smaller shoes. Ah! how comfortable your feet will feel. TIZ is a delight. TIZ is harmless.

Get a 1/1½ box of TIZ now at any chemist's or stores. Don't suffer. Have good feet, glad feet, feet that never swell, never hurt, never get tired. A year's foot comfort guaranteed or money refunded.

Calox

The Oxygen Tooth Powder

The moment Calox comes in contact with the moisture of the mouth, the teeth and gums are bathed in purifying oxygen, the bacteria of decay destroyed, the breath made odourless, the whole mouth cleansed and invigorated.

Use Calox regularly, and increased beauty and longer usefulness for your teeth will be your sure reward.

CALOX SENT FREE.

A postcard will bring you a generous-sized testing sample of Calox by return. *Calox is sold ordinarily by Chemists at 1/3 in non-wasting metal boxes. The Calox Tooth Brush reaches and cleans every part of every tooth, 1/-.*

G. B. Kent & Sons, Ld., 75, Farringdon Rd., London.

HAPPY FIANCEES OF SERVICE MEN.

Miss Margot Gilliat, of Stragglethorpe Old Hall, Notts, who is to-day marrying Lieut. John Leslie, 12th Lancers, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.—(Rita Martin.)

Lady Rose Bowes Lyon, daughter of the Earl of Strathmore, whose engagement to the Hon. W. S. Leveson-Gower, R.N., has just been announced.—(Hoppé.)

Miss Margaret Jenner-Davies, of Stonehouse, Glos., is shortly marrying Engineer-Lieut. H. N. Hayward, R.N.—(Bassano.)

A STRAW FOR SUNNY DAYS.

This biscuit-coloured straw hat has a crown of black and white striped ribbon.—(Manuel.)

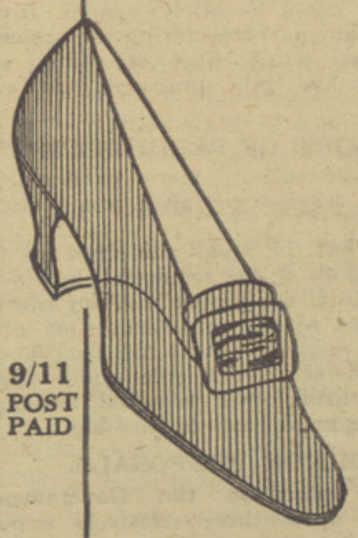
NURSING AT HER HOME.

Miss Marjorie Boyde, daughter of Lady Burdett, is nursing at her mother's Derbyshire home, now a soldiers' hospital.—(Bassano.)

INEXPENSIVE FOOTWEAR BY POST

HERE are two examples of value from the Boot Department at Marshall&Snelgrove's. The first is a smart Parisian Langtry model cut from fine poplin. In buck, navy, brown or white. Price 9/11 Post Paid. The second example is trimmed with large steel buckle and is made in patent leather, glacé kid, white or grey suède, with substantial walking soles. The price is 16/9 Post Paid.

WRITE FOR BOOT BOOKLET No. C 19. Posted free on request.



9/11 POST PAID

16/9 POST PAID

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE LIMITED OXFORD STREET LONDON W

WHAT MR. ASQUITH SAID AT SECRET SESSION.

Cabinet's New Recruiting Scheme Unfolded.

CONTINGENT COMPULSION.

50,000 Volunteers In The First Month; 15,000 A Week After.

200,000 MORE MEN NEEDED.

Generous Relief To Save Homes Of Soldiers.

HELP UP TO £104 A YEAR.

The following report of the proceedings at the Secret Session of the House of Commons yesterday was communicated to the Press late last night:—

The Prime Minister, in moving the adjournment of the House, gave particulars of the expansion of the Army from the first days of the war up to the present time, and of the total military effort of the Empire, including the contributions from the self-governing Dominions and from India.

HOW MANY MEN CAN BE SPARED.

He reviewed the inquiries conducted by the Government in order to examine all considerations relevant to the recruiting problem, including the demands made on our supply of labour in providing for the needs of the Navy, the mercantile marine, ports, munitions, and other essential national services.

The bearing of finance on the question of recruiting, and, in particular, of the financial assistance rendered to our Allies, was then explained.

From these inquiries were deduced the number of men that could be safely spared from industry for military purposes during the present year, and the anticipated effect of calling up these numbers at the rate proposed was explained.

NUMBERS SHORT OF REQUIREMENTS.

The results of recruiting, more particularly since August last when registration was carried out, were reviewed.

It was shown that the results obtained up to date had fallen short of the requirements which are necessary to fulfil our proper military effort.

This was due not to an over-estimate of the number of men available, but to the length of time which must be occupied in sifting individual cases without impairing other essential national services or causing grave cases of hardship.

THREE MINOR PROPOSALS.

To meet the situation the Government have determined upon three relatively minor proposals:—

(a) The prolongation until the end of the war of the service of time-expired men whose period of service under the present law can be extended for one year only;

(b) To empower the military authority to transfer men enlisted for Territorial battalions to any unit where they are needed;

(c) To render an exempted man liable to military service immediately on the expiry of his certificate of exemption.

With a view to an ultimate addition to the forces available they will further propose to bring under the terms of the Military Service Act all youths under 18 on August 15 last as they reach that age.

WILL YOU COME OR BE FETCHED?

Further the Prime Minister stated:—

1. That the Government, recognising that the necessary numbers required for the discharge of our military obligations will not be available for service at the time required under the present arrangements, agree that an immediate effort be made to obtain the men required by voluntary enlistment from among the unattested married men.
2. That if at the end of four weeks ending May 27 50,000 of these men have not been secured by direct enlistment, the Government will forthwith ask Parliament for compulsory powers.
3. That if in any week after May 27 15,000 men have not been secured by direct enlistment, the same course will be taken, any surplus over 15,000 in one week being carried over to the next.
4. That the arrangements in paragraphs 2 and 3 are to hold good until 200,000 unattested men have been obtained. In the meantime the position will be under constant review by the Government.

It was pointed out that as under this scheme all available unattested married men would be enlisted either voluntarily or by compulsion, the main ground alleged for the release of attested married men would disappear.

The Prime Minister also referred to the question of the assistance to be given to enable men in his Majesty's forces to meet their civil liabilities.

On March 29 Mr. Long informed the House of Commons that his Majesty's Government proposed to take certain steps with a view to meeting cases of hardship which might arise out of the civil liabilities of men joining the Forces. In addition to the proposed amendment of the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act, Mr. Long intimated that financial assistance would be provided through the medium of the Statutory Committee.

As the Statutory Committee found that they could not undertake this work, it was decided to set up a Special Committee for the purpose. This Committee consists of Mr. Hayes Fisher, the Solicitor-General, the Lord Advocate, Sir Paul Hervey, and Mr. A. V. Symonds.

SCHEME TO APPLY TO ALL.

The Committee have made considerable progress with the scheme, and have obtained the concurrence of the Treasury to the following general principles:—

(1) The scheme of assistance will apply to all men who have joined the forces since August 4, 1914, or who may join hereafter, and to single as well as to married men.

(2) The items in respect of which assistance will be granted include—
- Rent (including ground rent and rent of business premises).
- Mortgage interest.
- Payments in instalments in virtue of contracts such as purchase of premises, business or furniture.
- Taxes.
- Rates.
- Insurance premiums and school fees.

(Relief will not be given for the purpose of enabling any person to discharge such liabilities as ordinary debts to tradesmen.)

NOT MORE THAN £2 A WEEK.

(3) It is not contemplated that the assistance to be granted in any individual case should exceed £104 per annum.

(4) Persons desiring relief will be required to make application in a prescribed form.

(5) These applications will be investigated locally by Commissioners (who will be barristers) specially appointed for the purpose. The Commissioners will make recommendations to the central committee, who will be authorised to make grants.

A debate thereupon arose, in which the following members took part:—

Sir Edward Carson.	Mr. Ellis Griffith.
Sir John Simon.	Mr. Bonar Law.
Mr. Wardle.	Sir Henry Dalziel.
Sir Norval Helme.	Captain Amery.

The debate was continued by

Sir Ivor Herbert,	Mr. Morrell,
Mr. Sherwell,	Sir Mark Sykes,
Mr. Billing,	Sir Arthur Markham,
Mr. King,	Col. Churchill,

and lapsed at 11 o'clock. Before the rising of the House it was arranged that to-morrow's sitting should be held under similar conditions as to-day's.

IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

The Marquis of Crewe made a statement in the House of Lords similar to that made by the Prime Minister earlier in the afternoon in the House of Commons.

"GINGER GROUPS" MEET.

Sir E. Carson presided over a largely attended meeting of the Unionist War Committee to discuss the Prime Minister's statement last night, and the Liberal War Committee also met in private.

PRISONERS FROM THE DESERT.

CAIRO, Tuesday.

Some 40 prisoners from the Suez Canal arrived here by train yesterday evening. They are sturdy men, presenting the appearance of regulars, and dressed in khaki.—Reuter.

MONEY MATTERS.

Yesterday was an idle day in the Stock Exchange, a great many members still being holiday-making. There was a fairly good tone about markets, but the business done was scarcely sufficient to test quotations. Consols were quoted at 57¼. War Loan stock at 96 13-16 and French National Defence bonds at 85⅝.

Kaffirs and Rubber shares showed most life and several shares improved, including City Deep, Geduld and Highlands and Lowlands.

Among oils Shells were wanted up to 102s., and Royal Dutch changed hands up to 56⅝.

Courtaulds were firm at 94s. 6d., and Furness Withy were supported at 44s.

The annual report of the Anglo-Continental Mines recommends a dividend of 7½ per cent., tax free, but otherwise there is nothing very exciting in the document and certainly nothing to encourage a gamble in the shares.

AMERICAN COTTON (close):—New York, 3 to 7, and New Orleans, 5 to 7, points up. Tone steady.

OUR CIGARETTE FUND.

£4 17s. 6d.—Friends in Barbados (per F. N. Martinez). 10s.—B. C. Davidson, Kilmallock. 5s.—Parlour Company, Hare and Hounds, Hindley (75th cont.). 3s. 10d.—The Employees of the Lanchester Motor Co., Birmingham (74th cont.). 3s.—Mrs. P. Herd and Family, Harrogate. 2s. 6d.—Towards a Highland Regiment. 2s.—J. W Simpson and W. H. Roberts, Chesterfield. 1s.—M. M. Stott, Notting Hill.

YESTERDAY'S FOOTBALL.

LEAGUE: MIDLAND SECTION.—Huddersfield Town 2, Nottingham Forest 0; Sheffield United 1, Leicester Fosse 1; Barnsley 4, Sheffield Wednesday 0.

BILLIARDS (close): Falkiner, 11,408; Stevenson, 8,533.

Coup de Main, who was engaged in the Newbury Spring Cup on Saturday, died during Monday night.

ZEPPELINS PUT TO FLIGHT BY BRITISH AIRMEN.

(Continued from page 3.)

The enemy pilot was killed, and the machine dropped, the enemy observer falling out while the machine was still at a height of 3,000 feet.

The hostile seaplane crashed into the sea and sank.

During the operations against the German battle-cruiser squadron which appeared off the East Coast on Tuesday morning two Zeppelins were pursued by naval land machines over 60 miles out to sea.

Bombs and darts were dropped, but apparently without serious effect.

HUN BATTLE-CRUISERS BOMBED.

An aeroplane and a seaplane attacked the German ships off Lowestoft, dropping heavy bombs.

Four enemy submarines were also attacked by bombs.

One seaplane came under heavy fire from the hostile fleet, but the pilot, although seriously wounded, succeeded in bringing his machine safely back to land.

It is regretted that one pilot is reported missing. He ascended during the course of the Zeppelin raid earlier in the morning, and appears from reports to have attacked the Zeppelin off Lowestoft at about 1.5 a.m. He has not been heard of since.

RUNNING FIGHT WITH RAIDERS.

British Ships Return To Port Safely; 25 Dead And Wounded.

The British light cruiser squadron and destroyers that took part in the naval engagement off Lowestoft have all safely returned to port (says the *East Anglian Daily Times*).

Two of the light cruisers are battle-scarred, one in particular bearing unmistakable signs of having been struck, although not in a vital part. She had a few wounded on board, although none of the cases was of a serious character.

The other light cruiser was only slightly damaged.

One of the British destroyers which had on a previous occasion played a prominent part in naval warfare in the North Sea was again in the thick of the fight. A shot penetrated her engine-room, but apart from four of the crew being scalded there were no casualties.

So far as can be ascertained there are approximately 25 casualties in dead and wounded.

It seems clear that the enemy ships after firing upon the open town of Lowestoft for some twenty minutes beat a hasty retreat, and it was in the running fight that the casualties on the British ships occurred.

No information is at present available concerning the enemy ships, but it is generally believed that they did not escape the attention of the British gunners.

STRONG GERMAN ATTACK IN LORRAINE.

Enemy Completely Repulsed And Small Forces Cut Up.

French Official News.

PARIS, Tuesday, Midnight.

To the north of the Aisne, after an artillery preparation, our troops this morning carried a small wood to the south of the Buttes wood (region of the Ville au Bois).

In the Argonne the fire of our heavy batteries destroyed a German post, and wrecked about 50 yards of the enemy trench in the sector of the Four de Paris.

At Hill 285 the Germans blew up a mine.

Our curtain fire prevented the enemy from occupying the crater, the southern lip of which we are organising.

To the west of the Meuse there was an intense bombardment of Hill 304 and of the regions of Esnes and Cumieres.

To the east of the Meuse the day was comparatively quiet.

In the Woevre there was a very violent bombardment of the sector of Moulainville.

There was no infantry action in the course of the day.

In Lorraine, to the south-east of Badonvillers, the Germans, after an intense bombardment, made a strong attack about noon on the salient which our line closes at La Chapellotte.

The attack was completely repulsed. Some parties of the enemy who had gained a footing in the north-east part of the salient were driven out again in the course of the afternoon, and in part annihilated by our fire. We took 15 prisoners, including the officer.—Reuter.

SOLDIERS' PAY.

SOME CURIOUS DIFFERENCES.

See To-day's EVENING STANDARD.

PAIN AND THIN BLOOD.

Many people think they have kidney trouble because they have backache, but more backache is caused by over-strained and under-nourished muscles than by anything else. In such cases the blood needs building up.

Many rheumatic people suffer pains that could be avoided by building up the blood. When rheumatism is associated with thin blood the rheumatism cannot be cured to stay cured until the blood is built up.

Dr. Williams' pink pills build up the blood, and sufferers from backache would do well to try this treatment before giving way to worry over a fancied organic disease. Plenty of rest and the tonic treatment with Dr. Williams' pink pills will correct most forms of backache, even the rheumatic form.

For people who work too hard and sleep too little a course of treatment with Dr. Williams' pink pills is most essential to drive away the pains and aches that are warnings of a coming breakdown. Delay may be dangerous, so begin Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people to-day. Most dealers sell them, but take care that you obtain Dr. Williams'.

FREE.—A useful Health Guide will reach you free if you send a postcard request for a copy to Book Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London.—Advt.

THE LION LEADS IN CURING.

It is Nature's Remedy

BURGESS' LION OINTMENT.

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

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COLLECTION of TALLBOYS, antique chests, secretaires.
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12,000 CARPETS.—Mirzapore, Turkey, Aubusson, Axminster, Wilton, Brussels, and art squares, from 7s. 6d.
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Orders packed free for country and sent carriage free.
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE NOW READY.

MISCELLANEOUS SALES.

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

FRINGE NETS, full size, 1s. 1d. doz., list free, combings purchased.—J. BRODIE, 41, Museum-street, London.

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

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ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

ARTIFICIAL Teeth (old) Bought.—Messrs. Browning, Dental Manufacturers, 63, Oxford-st., London, the Original Firm who do not advertise misleading prices; full value by return or offer made; call or post. Est. 100 years.

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N.B.—FINANCIAL AGENTS paid handsomely.

THE LOVE CHEAT.

Serial Story Specially Written for the Daily Sketch.

By YELVA BURNETT.

After The Accident.

There was blood in the car. Betty's black dress was soaked in it. When she could feel anything at all she thought that her face was a mountain of flesh that threatened to roll over her sunken eyes.

She felt blood oozing from beneath the thick scarf which Withy had torn from his neck and fastened round her face. Her bonnet, a wreck of chip straw and chiffon cobwebs, lay upon the seat beside her.

She felt that the cushions against which she crouched were sticky and adhered to her torn, dusty frock, while opposite to her, by peering across the scarf and the two handkerchiefs that lined it Betty saw a spread of sinister scarlet under a gleam of April sun.

The rain had ceased, the sky was clear of that bronze-edged sullen cloud. The baby leaves and buds of trees were necklaced in silver water beads, and these water beads slipped slowly down to lodge in the cups of dancing flowers. In spite of the shock to which it had been subjected, the sturdily-built car was not badly damaged. Cotwood had lifted Betty from the roadside, had effected necessary repairs, and was now making at full speed back to Talebriar.

As her fancies wandered into a confusion of lapses and half-awakenings, Betty thought that this car, which had once been of an unblemished silver and green, was her hearse, and Uncle Tom the undertaker who drove her to her grave. She certainly journeyed through places that were as black as the tomb, but every now and then a cruel, blinding light clove its way through, and pierced her aching eyeballs so that she tried to cry out in her pain, and found her lips so swollen and stiff that the cry went forth in an incoherent gibbering, such as a monkey or maniac makes.

Once, in an anguish such as she had never known, Betty tried to discover the extent of her hurt, passing cut bleeding hands that were glued to her gloves slowly and painfully over her limbs. They were stiff, numbed, and bruised, but she imagined she had escaped being maimed for life.

Oblivion.

She touched her heart lightly with those fingers of hers that were pinched and jammed together in her glove; its beat went faintly, but her ribs and shoulders were unimpaired. That was fortunate, miraculous, considering the violence of her fall. Her body did not ache much, it burned and throbbed, and she supposed that she was badly bruised.

The most of the injury had been done to her face, her most precious possession; and half-realising the havoc her beauty might have suffered, Betty gasped for breath; then her attention was momentarily detached from herself to the car, which slowed down and began to glide beneath sturdy oaks.

Presently she felt the grind of a brake, the car stopped, and she heard Withy climb down from his perch.

She heard a bell clang loudly, the door of the car opened, two men bent over her, a third was visible, but only in dim outline. She knew it was Vivian, because of his jewelled tie-pin; the other person, pompous and fat-throated, was the butler. She heard Vivian's pained and half-smothered outcry as he bent over her, and she wondered what she looked like with her muffled head and quivering body.

"Betty! Betty! My God!"

Someone said: "The doctor immediately."

Uncle Ben seemed to be hopping over Betty. "Can we lift her?"

Hands were stretched over and under her body; they were trying to remove her from the car.

"Gently—ever so gently——"

Betty screamed, and sank into a merciful oblivion.

The Squire Makes Inquiries.

With poor, torture-racked Betty Chevonne, Withy challenged the general interest of the Talebriar dwellers.

An hour after Mrs. Chevonne had been carried to her room the squire faced the under-gardener in the library. Withy's big, muscular hands were locked upon the brim of his hat, his features worked spasmodically

The Squire was furious, puzzled, too, that Withy should have schemed to drive Betty, and, searching the reason, he all at once remembered how, on a late afternoon, as he returned from golf, Withy had come up to him in a state of great agitation. On that occasion he had begun a feverish indictment against Mrs. Chevonne, but the girl Cotwood had intervened with a very plausible explanation.

Uncle Ben could not get at the root of the matter. Surely no man in his senses would try to injure Betty for so small a cause. Cotwood had only been deputy to Felix for a brief while, and Withy should have been grateful to the widow for summoning her to Talebriar.

Here was mystery upon mystery which baffled Uncle Ben; the haggard Withy held the key to the secret, but he might refuse to surrender it. The Squire felt acutely responsible for Betty's injury, because, in his pity for a hungry tramp, he had found place for this malefactor among his servants.

Uncle Ben lighted a cigar, and, seating himself, regarded Withy over his glasses. The man was wrinkled with grief, but he was not afraid, and the Squire decided that had he been an out and out rogue he would have robbed Betty and left her on the roadside.

"Tell me everything," he commanded.

Withy lowered his lids, his hat began to revolve slowly under his loosened fingers.

"Sir, do you think I did this on purpose?"

"I don't know what to think; I'd rather not think at all. I want the reason why you told Cummins that I ordered you to drive Mrs. Chevonne to Maddox Court."

Withy Explains.

"I lied, Squire," Withy replied.

"That is self-evident, but why?"

"I wanted to get her . . . away, to—to punish her because her husband, Cecil Chevonne, robbed me of all I had."

"Robbed you! Confound it all, what do you mean?"

Withy told his tale in quick, broken sentences, but he laid no blame on Betty—nor did he reveal her real identity.

The Squire heard of the dastardly cunning employed by Cecil Chevonne, who had beggared Withy.

"I intended that Mrs. Chevonne should suffer in her husband's place," Withy confessed. "I couldn't reach him, but I could reach her," he laughed drearily. "I suppose I was a bit mad, but perhaps you'd have been the same in my place."

"What?" said the Squire. "Wreak my vengeance upon a defenceless woman because her dead husband had treated me ill? You actually imagine you were justified in such dastardly conduct? And presuming that this Cecil Chevonne was the bounder you make out, were you not to blame for your own blind folly?"

"I'd sooner be a fool than a knave!"

"It seems to me you are both—but get on with your story."

"Mrs. Chevonne recognised me when I came here. She was frightened."

"Ah!" Uncle Ben drew his breath sharply. "This is the reason you peeped in at the dining-room window one night?"

Withy nodded. "When I saw her here, I vowed I'd tear her down from her place. It was slow work, for I couldn't see my way to the end, but I hated her as I'd hated him, her husband, and I vowed I'd do something to show her what it was like to tramp London without a crust in her pockets."

"You meant to take her to London?" inquired Uncle Ben, restraining himself with difficulty.

Withy nodded.

"You ruffian!" roared the Squire. "You ought to be in a madhouse."

Withy remained calm.

"I meant her to suffer, as I said before, but I couldn't have laid a rough hand upon her."

"Singular chivalry!" sneered Uncle Ben. "I should have thought murder was kinder than lingering starvation."

"I didn't intend she should starve; I meant her to know what hardship was; what want was. I meant her to learn what it feels like to ask for honest work, and to be insulted for your pains."

"You were not always insulted! I took you on, more fool I, without references of any description."

The Squire's Decision.

"I shall never forget that, sir!" Withy answered, and a dry sob broke from him. "I'd do any mortal thing to prove my gratitude.'

"So it seems." retorted the Squire, his wrath giving place to a more fervent curiosity. Withy's face, his courage, and the grief of his eyes, perplexed him more and more. "Well, on to the end."

"When Mrs. Chevonne realised I wasn't taking her to Maddox Court, she was terrified. She began to scream. Knowing that I had been one of her dead husband's victims, she about guessed I was taking her away for good and all. I took no notice of her, she became quiet, and I thought she'd realised it was no good making a fuss; but all at once I looked round and saw her climbing in beside me, from the footboard. We struggled. My God. . . ."

Withy raised his hand to wipe the moisture from his face. He broke off for an instant, staring across the room as though he still saw Betty as she was flung through the wind-screen.

"After the accident, sir. I hated myself. I came back here to bear any punishment and to tell you the truth."

The squire began to pace the room, ignoring Withy's spent and broken figure.

To prosecute the man for his misdeed would place Betty in a position of appalling publicity. None save the squire knew of Withy's futile attempt to dethrone the widow. Even Vivian imagined that the accident had occurred either on the way to Maddox Court or on the drive back to Talebriar.

But what to do with the wrongdoer was the problem that presented itself.

The man could not remain at Talebriar, and yet should he send him adrift without means to earn his livelihood? . . . It counted in his favour that Betty's hurt came of her own foolhardiness and that Withy had risked his liberty to bring her back.

The man had been suffering a wormwood bitterness, all the more dangerous because it was suppressed, but Uncle Ben, gifted with rare powers of intuition, saw into the aching heart.

Withy was not capable of villainy for villainy's sake. He had been overwrought, he had been harrowed by hopelessness and the diseased thoughts which starvation brings to the human brain, and, peering at him, the Squire considered that his present punishment of self-horror was greater than any a human being could devise. Suddenly he wheeled, addressing the man:

"You will go immediately to my estate in Yorkshire and remain there as gardener until I see fit to send you elsewhere."

Betty's Ordeal.

The next scene Betty lived through after she was lifted from the car was of a kind that tried her courage to the utmost.

She was propped up in some way and wore a loose white wrapper; there was a queer taste in her mouth, and, peeping out of lids that seemed strangely overgrown, Betty saw that she was in her own room in Talebriar.

Dr. Wychett stood before her with his sleeves rolled to the elbows; she could hear water being poured into a basin; she thought she saw Gimp with a towel across her arm; she certainly saw Felix, thin, angular, with tightly-fastened lips and a stretched hand that shook perceptibly.

Dr. Wychett, speaking to her, said:—

"You must be very brave, very brave, Mrs. Chevonne."

She widened the distance between himself and her slightly by an inevitable flinching. The kind, patient voice reached her again.

"Steady, now steady! It will soon be over, Mrs. Chevonne."

From Betty's eyes came a glare of pain and fear. What were they going to do with her?

She tried to raise herself and push Dr. Wychett away, but she discovered that her hands were bandaged and bound together, wrist to wrist. She was tied to a chair; somebody behind her held her head in his hands so firmly that she could not move. Then she heard Felix scream:—

"I can't bear it! I can't bear it!"

Mrs. Gimp snapped hold of the maid's arm and dragged her from the room. Betty heard the door shut behind her, and it seemed to her fevered brain that she was shut in some chamber of the Inquisition, and that Felix, her only possible deliverer, had fled.

She tried to speak, to cry out, to rush from her chair; but she could not move. She turned up her eyes and saw that Vivian held her head, his look repeated the anguish of hers. He whispered to her gently: "For—my sake, Betty—bear it——." He glanced at Dr. Wychett. "Can't you hurry?" Then she knew what they were going to do. The doctor came near. He held a needle, from which a strand of gold thread dangled.

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

WEAK, THIN PEOPLE MADE STRONG AND FAT.

Weak, thin people—men or women—are nearly always nervous wrecks; thus proving what specialists have long claimed, that thinness, weakness, debility and neurasthenia are almost invariably due to nerve starvation. Feed your nerves and all these symptoms will disappear. Eminent specialists state that the best and only real nerve food is *bitro-phosphate*, a five-grain tablet of which should be taken with each meal. Being a genuine nerve food and not a drug, *bitro-phosphate* can be safely taken by the weakest and most delicate sufferer, and the results following its use are simply marvellous. Weak, tired people regain strength and vigour; thinness and angularity give way to plumpness and curves, sleep returns to the sleepless, confidence and cheerfulness replace debility and gloom, dull eyes become bright, and pale, sunken cheeks regain the pink glow of health. *Bitro-phosphate*, the use of which costs about 2d. a day, also wonderfully promotes the assimilation of food, so much so that many people report gains of one to two stone in less than six weeks.

CAUTION.—Although the above prescription is unequalled for relieving nervousness, sleeplessness and general debility, it should not, owing to its remarkable flesh-growing properties, be used by anyone who does not desire to put on flesh.

OPERA.

ALDWYCH THEATRE.—Grand Opera Season.—TALES OF HOFFMANN, To-night, at 8; MADAME BUTTERFLY, Thurs., at 8; ROMEO AND JULIET, Fri., at 8; MAGIC FLUTE, Sat. Mat., at 2.30; CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA and PAGLIACCI, Sat. Evg., at 8. Prices, 10s 6d. to 1s. Gerr. 2315.

THEATRES.

AMBASSADORS.—"MORE," by H. Grattan. (Last weeks.) Evgs., 8.30. Matinee Thurs., Sats., at 2.30.

APOLLO.—"PEG O' MY HEART." Daily, 2.30. Evenings, Weds., Fris., Sats., 8.15.

COMEDY.—Sole Lessee, Arthur Chudleigh. TO-MORROW at 8; following nights, 8.30. Mat. Sat. next and following Mon., Fri. and Sat., 2.30. "HALF-PAST EIGHT."

GLOBE.—Every Evening at 8.15. "THE SHOW SHOP." Matinee, To-day, and Weds. and Sats., at 2.30.

LONDON OPERA HOUSE, KINGSWAY. TWICE DAILY. 2.15 and 7.45 p.m.
THIS WEEK. Seymour Hicks, Ellaline Terriss and Co. in "Broadway Jones." Ernest C. Rolls' Revue, "The Other Department." BOTH ATTRACTIONS AT EVERY PERFORMANCE.
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ALHAMBRA. "THE BING BOYS ARE HERE." George Grossmith and Edward Laurillard's new Revue. GEORGE ROBEY, ALFRED LESTER, VIOLET LORAINE, etc. Every Evening at 8.30. Varieties 8.15. Matinees Weds. and Sats., at 2.15.

COLISEUM. 2.30 and 8 p.m. Mlle. ADELINE GENEE and Co. in "A Pretty 'Prentice." FLORENCE SMITHSON; OSWALD WILLIAMS; MAIDIE SCOTT, etc. Gerrard 7541.

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

MASKELYNE'S MYSTERIES, St. George's Hall, W. At 3 and 8; 1s. to 5s.; children half-price. 'Phone 1545 Mayfair.

PALACE.—"BRIC-A-BRAC," at 8.35. VARIETIES at 8. MAT. WED. and SAT., at 2.

PALLADIUM.—2.30, 6.10, and 9. HARRY TATE AND CO., MISS CLARICE MAYNE AND "THAT," HARRY WELDON, CORAM, ERNIE MAYNE, BARTS TRIO, J. H. WAKEFIELD AND PERCY HONRI IN HIS 1916 REVUE.

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MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.—Baker-street Station. Life-like portrait Model of Sir Ernest Shackleton in Explorer's Attire. Heroes of the War on Sea and Land. Unique War Relics. Free Cinematograph Pictures. Delightful Music. Luncheons, Afternoon Teas, etc. Admission 1s., Children 6d. Open 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.

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If you are tired, weak, run-down and lack ambition or nerve force, and feel discouraged, don't dose your stomach with worthless tonics nor harbour the idea that help for you is impossible. If you have drawn heavily on your bank account of "Strength" weakness is but a natural result. However, if you reverse the order of things and obtain more strength from your food than what you use in performing your daily toil or pleasures, you will be as strong, happy and vigorous as ever. To do this spend as much time as possible in the open air, breathe deeply and take a little Sargol with each meal. You will simply be astonished to see how quickly your strength will return. It does not matter how you have lost your strength, whether the cause be from illness, late hours, smoking, drinking, over-eating, or from over-indulgence of any kind, Sargol will enable you to get every atom of strength and nerve power from the food you eat.

In fact, one small tablet with your three meals a day will give you more strength and vitality than twelve meals would give you without it. Sargol costs little, is pleasant to take, and is highly recommended by the medical profession. Anyone suffering with "nerves" or from weakness of any kind should give this treatment a trial. You will find it is just what you need.—(Advt.)

NORTH SEA BATTLE: GERMAN FLEET CHASED HOME.

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"RATTLE'S WEDDING MORNING."
Read Berta Ruck's Brilliant Story In Next Sunday's Illustrated Sunday Herald.

A MOURNING MOTHER.

Lady Farnham is doubly bereaved by the deaths of her little sons—Arthur, aged two, and Barry, aged six—within nine days of each other. —(Lafayette.)

ANZACS' JAUNT TO KILLARNEY.

Two Australian soldiers, with their Australian nurses, touring the lovely lakes of Killarney, enjoy the novelty of side-car riding.

THE PRETTY MARCONI CHILDREN.

Master D. and Miss Guiba Marconi, the pretty children of the Wireless King. Their mother was the Hon. Beatrice O'Brien, the beautiful daughter of the 14th Lord Inchiquin.—(Val L'Estrange.)

THE M.C. BRIDEGROOM.

Major Everard Le Grice Whitting, M.C., Royal Artillery, with his bride, Miss Annie Kathleen Laurie, of Dorset.

NEW BARONET'S WIFE.

Mrs. G. Mildmay, whose husband now succeeds his brother, Sir Henry St. John Mildmay, Bart. —(Swaine.)

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE DAUGHTER.

Josie Collins, who is shortly appearing in a new West End play, is daughter of Lottie Collins, of "Tarara-Boom-de-ay" fame. —(Hoppé.)

JACK'S PADRE-FRIAR.

Father Benedict Coffey, of Co. Clare, and Guardian of the Franciscan College, Rome, is now chaplain to the British Fleet in the Adriatic.

HER WAR-TIME WORK.

Miss Beatrice Fulton, only daughter of Sir Robert Fulton, is a worker for the Ladies' Emergency League. — (Val L'Estrange.)

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