

FIRST FULL STORY OF THE DUBLIN INSURRECTION.

DAILY SKETCH.

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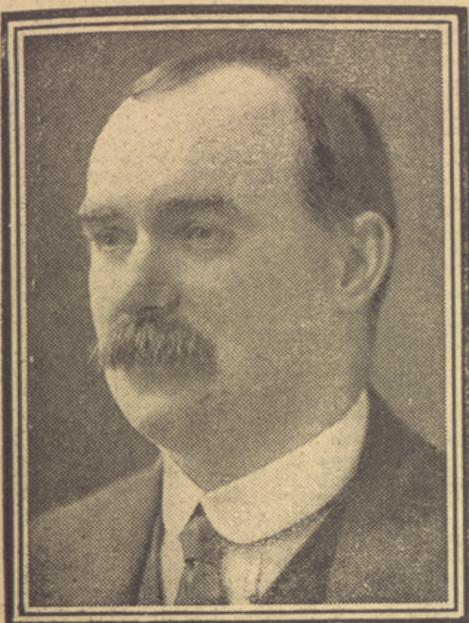
No. 2,228.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1916.

[Registered as a Newspaper.]

ONE HALFPENNY.

IRISH REBELS' LEADER.



James Connolly, Jim Larkin's lieutenant, now the self-styled Commander-in-Chief of the Irish rebels.

THE ATTACK ON BRITISH FRONT.

The Gallant Bedfords who raided the German trenches and bombed the enemy in their dug-outs.



Some of the Bedfords—the lads who made a successful raid near Carnoy, rushing the German trenches and routing the enemy with heavy losses after fierce hand-to-hand fighting—photographed at the front. One of them is seen keeping a close look-out over No Man's Land.—(Photograph exclusive to the *Daily Sketch*.)

FLAG-SHIP SUNK.



Rear-Admiral Sydney R. Fremantle, M.V.O., whose flagship, H.M.S. Russell, has been sunk. He is among the survivors.



Captain Bowden-Smith.



Fleet-Surg. W. R. Center. Lieut. R. E. Jeffreys. Lieut. H. E. Raymond. Commander F. E. Garforth. Lt.-Com. J. Cunningham

Some of the officers saved from the Russell. Admiral Fremantle has not left his post since the outbreak of war.

An official message from the Admiralty states: "H.M.S. Russell (Capt. Wm. Bowden-Smith, R.N.) flying the flag of Rear-Admiral Fremantle, struck a mine in the Mediterranean yesterday and sank. The Admiral, Captain, and 24 officers and 676 men were saved, and there are about 124 officers and men missing.

JIM LARKIN'S LIEUTENANT LEADS THE IRISH REBELS.

'COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF' OF THE IRISH REBELS.

Notorious Syndicalist Agitator Who Was Larkin's Lieutenant.

JAMES CONNOLLY.

Man Who 'Worked The Limelight' In The Dublin Strike.

A NOTORIOUS SYNDICALIST.

The self-styled "Commander-in-Chief" of the rebel forces in Ireland, says the Central News, is James Connolly, the notorious Syndicalist Labour agitator, who was the principal lieutenant of the equally notorious James Larkin.

Larkin is understood to be at present in the United States.

'BIGGER MAN THAN LARKIN.'

Connolly was Larkin's lieutenant in the Dublin strike of 1913. Some of his supporters regarded him as a bigger man mentally than Larkin. Whether this was so or not Connolly had as great an influence over the strikers as his chief.

Physically Connolly is on the small side. He is not more than five feet six inches in height, and, unlike Larkin, there is little of the mob orator about him.

In these words he was once summed up by his nominal chief, Larkin:—

I am only the boy in the limelight. Connolly, you realise as you hear him, is the man who works the limelight, which now and then becomes a searchlight, and occasionally, just as an earnest of his earnestness, a lump of lyddite.

SPEAKS LIKE A K.C.

Although a working man, Connolly speaks with the clarity of diction that one expects to find in a King's Counsel. He marshals his facts and words as though they were old campaigners on dress parade.

Seldom does a grammatical solecism escape his lips, when it does he immediately corrects it. The danger of his gospel is partly cloaked by a genial, gentle radiance.

Only now and then does he say anything to make his hearers realise that he is a seething cauldron of discontent and defiance. This spirit was demonstrated to the fullest on one occasion during the 1913 disturbance, when at the Free Trade Hall he shouted:—

They can beat us, they can gaul us, they can starve us, they can hang us, but they can never buy us.

SUCCESSFUL HUNGER-STRIKER.

Connolly was one of the strike leaders imprisoned, and was the first of those who were released from Mountjoy Prison through hunger-striking. His sentence was one of three months, but he was released at the end of the first week.

About 45, he has been a Socialist for years, and has written several books on Irish industrial and labour problems.

DUBLIN CASUALTIES.

Names Of Two Officers Killed And Five Wounded.

Official News.

Casualties at Dublin reported up to seven o'clock, Friday:—

KILLED.

Second Lieut. G. V. Pinfield, 8th Hussars.
Second Lieut. J. H. Calvert, Royal Irish Rifles.

WOUNDED.

Major C. A. J. A. Balck, R.A.M.C.
Major W. T. Rigg, Royal Irish Rifles.
Major W. S. B. Leatham, Royal Irish Rifles
Second Lieut. J. A. Battersby, Royal Irish Rifles.
Lieut. H. H. Thompson, Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry.

WOMEN STRIKE FOR WAR BONUS.

Because the Great Western Railway Company has refused to grant 73 women carriage cleaners at Old Oak Common a war bonus equal to that given the men the women have struck work. They have the sympathy of the men workers.

LORD MONTAGU'S AIR PLAN.

Board With Power To Start Long-Range Bombing Expeditions.

NEW BLOOD FOR THE CABINET.

Speaking at the aircraft demonstration organised by the Navy League at Queen's Hall yesterday, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu said there was a lack of co-operation between the Admiralty and the War Office in all matters concerning aviation.

There was talk of a healthy rivalry and competition between two great services. That might be all very well in times of peace, but in times of war we should have co-operation, not competition.

It is the absolute truth that to-day our dominion of the sea merely extends to the surface. Above the surface the Germans have more eyes to their fleet than we have. Under the sea we cannot say we are supreme.

Lord Montagu said he had submitted proposals for the reform of the Air Service to the Cabinet. Summarised they were:—

- (1) Abolition of the present titles of Royal Naval Air Service, Royal Flying Corps, and Anti-Aircraft Corps, and amalgamation of these splendid bodies under the title of the Imperial Air Service.
- (2) Establishment of a Board of Aviation which should concentrate at first on problems of design, construction and supply of airships, aeroplanes, and seaplanes.
- (3) The Board of Aviation, as soon as it had supplied the needs of the Navy and Army, should have independent power to start long-range bombing expeditions.

"Are You Out For A Job?"

"We must," said Lord Montagu, "have a man to carry these proposals into effect, and that man must have equal weight in the Government of this country to the Minister who represents the War Office or the Admiralty or any other great office of State."

In conclusion, Lord Montagu said he was asked, "Are you out for a job?" He answered frankly that if any Government offered him the position of head of an Imperial Air Service he would take it, or he would serve under any man who knew his business. He would even consent to sweep an office steps if that would help to win the war, or if he was not wanted for that humble job he would go back and resume his job on the Indian frontier.

It was said we could not replace the present Cabinet. Certainly it contained able men of both parties, but he thought new blood might be an advantage.

A resolution was carried calling for the creation of a Board of Aviation under the control of an Air Minister with a seat in the Cabinet.

HEAT WAVE CONTINUES.

Highest Temperature In April For 23 Years.

Summer temperatures continue to be reported from many parts of the country, and the long periods of bright sunshine are being enjoyed.

In London the thermometer during the last day or two has attained a reading within a degree or two of 80 degrees, which has been only previously beaten once in April during the last 42 years. This was on April 20, 1893, when the mercury stood at 80 degrees. At noon yesterday the readings at Messrs. Negretti and Zambra's, London, was:—

In the sun 105
In the shade 67

April this year has provided many changes, and until the closing days of the month the weather has been unusually cold.

May has only been wet three times in the last 10 years, and it is necessary to "wait and see" if next month will be dry or wet.

WELSH M.P.'S HERO SON.



—(Wickens.)

Lieut. I. G. John, South Wales Borderers—son of Mr. E. T. John, M.P.—who has been killed at the front. When war broke out he was at Balliol College, and had intended to follow the law as a profession.

MR. HUGHES' SPECIAL CAR.

Before leaving Glasgow yesterday Mr. Hughes, the Australian Premier, expressed a wish to make a journey in one of the Corporation tramcars run by women. This was arranged, and in the company of Lord Provost Dunlop he travelled round the city in a special car with a woman driver and a woman conductor.

£52,000 FOR THE RED CROSS.

The 15 days' sale in aid of the British Red Cross Society at Christie's concluded yesterday, having realised £52,690 16s. 6d., as compared with £37,383 12s. 8d. for last year's sale.

For aiding the concealment of her conscript brother Mary Trueman, a young woman, was at Chatham yesterday.

COMPULSION NOW, OR IN A FEW WEEKS?

Cabinet Dilemma: Either Decision May Mean Resignations.

NEW CAMPAIGN HUNG UP.

From Our Parliamentary Correspondent.

The fate which befell the Military Service Bill on Thursday has prepared every well-informed politician for the early introduction of a comprehensive scheme of military service.

Ministers meet to-day to consider the situation in the light of the happenings of the week.

As their decision must have far-reaching consequences Mr. Lloyd George has postponed his meeting at Conway, and the Parliamentary Recruiting Committee is holding its hand in connection with the big voluntary campaign which was to have started next week.

The sole issue on which Mr. Asquith and his colleagues presumably have to form a judgment is whether the comprehensive Bill should be introduced forthwith, with a stay of operation, or whether the big recruiting rally should be carried out, and the Bill, if necessary, introduced with immediate operation at its close.

Either decision may mean resignations, but on the whole there was a strong belief yesterday that any material change in the Cabinet will be averted.

The attitude of the Labour leaders to a full scheme of military service loses in hostility daily.

It is, of course, unlikely that a full scheme would be carried by general consent, but it cannot be disputed that there is a growing feeling in its favour in Parliament.

"COMPULSION IN A MONTH."

The Lord Mayor of Birmingham (Mr. Neville Chamberlain) said yesterday he thought the Government scheme meant compulsion in a month.

MARRIED MEN APPEAL TO THE KING.

The Married Men's League has decided to appeal to the King to receive a deputation upon the question of recruiting, "knowing," as their petition will state, "that national improvements are more likely to result when you receive opinions through the direct representatives of those most deeply concerned than through the intermediary of those whose lives, homes, and future employment after the war are not in such jeopardy."

KUT SUPPLY SHIP AGROUND

In The Tigris Four Miles From Townshend's Force.

From The War Office.

Friday Evening.

An attempt made on the night of Monday to send a ship with supplies to the Anglo-Indian force shut up at Kut, though carried out with the utmost gallantry, has unfortunately failed.

Our aeroplanes have discovered that the ship is aground near Magasis, about four miles east of Kut.

PUSHING ON TO KUT.

Extension Of British Line On Right Bank Of The Tigris.

By Edmund Candler.

AT THE FRONT, FALAHIEH, VIA BASRA, April 25.

Yesterday we extended our line on the right bank, driving the enemy from their advanced posts. The Turks developed a counter-attack, which was checked by our artillery before it came within range of our infantry fire.

Though we were held up by the marsh in our attack on Sanna-i-Yat on the 22nd, it appears that the enemy lost very heavily through our machine-gun fire from the other bank when they left their trenches for the counter-attack.

It is now the period in which the Tigris reaches the average annual maximum level, and it is to be hoped we are not in for an exceptionally prolonged flood season.

As for the last month, we have been as much occupied in fighting the Tigris as we have been the Turks.

"HE WAS A FINE SOLDIER."



"He was quite fearless and cool in all circumstances, and most popular with his comrades. He was a fine soldier and would have made a fine officer if he had chosen to take a commission." So wrote the officer of Bombar-dier C. N. Richardson, who was killed with three others while working a trench mortar. The funeral of these four brave men was attended by the General.

Operative bakers in South Wales are asking for another war bonus, after receiving two at

LOSS OF A 12-YEAR-OLD BRITISH BATTLESHIP.

The Russell Strikes A Mine In The Mediterranean.

700 OF HER CREW SAVED.

124 Officers And Men Reported Missing.

GERMAN SUBMARINE SUNK

From The Admiralty.

Friday Afternoon.

H.M.S. Russell (Capt. Wm. Bowden-Smith, R.N.), flying the flag of Rear-Admiral Fremantle, struck a mine in the Mediterranean yesterday and sank.

The Admiral, Captain, and 24 officers and 676 men were saved, and there are about 124 officers and men missing.

A German submarine was sunk off the East Coast yesterday. One officer and 17 men of the crew surrendered and were made prisoners.

The British steamer Industry was sunk by an enemy submarine and the crew left in open boats in the Atlantic 120 miles from the nearest land. The boats with the entire crew were picked up by the American liner Finland. The Industry was proceeding to a United States port, and was unarmed.

OFFICERS SAVED.

The Admiralty announces that these officers of the Russell have been saved:—

Rear-Admiral Sydney R. Fremantle, M.V.O.
Lieut. Robin E. Jeffreys.
Clerk, Francis E. Sanders.
Captain Wm. Bowden Smith.
Commander Francis E. M. Garforth.
Lieut.-Commander Henry Grattan.
Lieut.-Commander John H. D. Cunningham.
Lieut. Hugh E. Raymond.
Acting-Lieut. Wm. F. Malden, R.N.R.
Eng.-Com. Arthur W. Sutton.
Eng. Lieut.-Com. James M. Walker.
Temp.-Eng.-Lieut. Charles H. Fowling.
Major Charles D'Oharma, R.M.L.I.
Rev. George A. Greig, B.A., Acting Chaplain.
Fleet-Surgeon William R. Center, M.B., R.N.
Fleet-Paymaster William J. Johnston.
Surgeon Philip D. Pickles, R.N.V.R.
Sub-Lieut. J. K. Shaw.
Gunner (T.) Charles F. Wiltshire.
Acting-Gunner Isaac D. Turner.
Boatswain Patrick Cashman.
Boatswain Richard H. Hogg.
Sig. Boatswain Robt. H. Wrigglesworth.
Warrant Engineer John W. Heasley, R.N.R.
Midshipman Wm. E. N. H. Westall.
Artificer Engineer Wm. H. Leonard.

The under-mentioned officers belonging to the ship were not on board when she was lost:—

Staff-Surgeon Frederick E. Anley.
Bandmaster Albert V. Sparrow, R.M.

SISTER OF THE MONTAGU.

The Russell was a battleship of the "A" class, launched at Jarrow in 1901 and completed in 1904. Her tonnage was 14,000, and her ordinary complement 750 men. Her main armament was four 12in. and twelve 6in. guns. Her speed was 19 knots. Her cost was just over a million pounds.

She was a sister ship of the Montagu, which was totally wrecked off Lundy Island during a fog in 1906. The other vessels of this class, which were good sea boats, are the Duncan, Albemarle, Cornwallis, and Exmouth.

The British battleship losses in the war have been as follows:—

Bulwark (15,000 tons).	Ocean (12,950 tons).
Formidable (15,000 tons).	King Edward VII. (16,350 tons)
Triumph (11,800 tons).	
Irresistible (15,000 tons).	Majestic (14,900 tons).
Goliath (12,950 tons).	

HUN PRIZE—A TRAWLER.

German Official News.

During the night of April 26-27 (Wednesday) part of our advanced forces destroyed on the Dogger Bank a large British guard vessel. A British fishing steamer was brought in as a prize.—Reuter.

A Lloyd's telegram states that the Danish steamer Johanne is reported to have been blown up.

KILLED BY R.N.A.S. MOTOR LORRY.

Mr. Howard Candler (78), a member of Hampstead Borough Council, was knocked down by a motor lorry belonging to the Royal Naval Air Service in Heath-street, Hampstead, and died of his injuries. He is believed to have been on his way to a meeting of the Borough Council. Mr. Candler was formerly a public school-



DUBLIN REBELS RINGED IN BY GOVERNMENT FORCES.

INSURGENTS FIGHTING BEHIND BARRICADES.

Dublin Houses Converted Into Miniature Forts By The Sinn Feiners.

SHARP FIGHTING IN THE CITY.

Rumbling Of The Guns Heard In The Surrounding Districts: Communications Cut By Cordon Of Troops.

REBELS' REMARKABLY EFFICIENT ORGANISATION.

Vain Efforts Of The Catholic Clergy To Reason With Fanatical Youths; Misguided Patriots Believe By Injuring England They Help Ireland.

LORD FRENCH'S SATISFACTORY REPORT.

An official statement on the military position in Dublin by the Field-Marshal commanding the Home Forces (Lord French of Ypres) appears in column 4.

In the following graphic message the *Daily Sketch* special correspondent tells the first full story of the eventful happenings in the Irish capital. A stubborn resistance is still being offered by the fanatical rebels, but there is evidence that stern measures for dealing with them are in operation and that their complete defeat is only a matter of time. Progress in street fighting is tortuous if the destruction of property is to be avoided, and it is possible that such nice considerations will have to be waived before the insurgents are finally overwhelmed, as they inevitably will be.

From Our Special Correspondent.

Thursday Morning.

Very much sterner measures have been adopted within the last twenty-four hours to stamp out the rebellion in Dublin. These include, primarily, a bigger concentration of troops, with a number of guns—several batteries being mentioned—and the menacing shape of a gunboat in the bay. Entrance to the city has been denied throughout to-day to all except those possessing special permits issued by the authorities, and sentries have been placed upon all the roads leading into Dublin.

From various of these points, however, it has been possible during the morning to hear the sounds of firing in the city, and it would seem as if considerable progress must have been made since daybreak in the reduction of the rebels' strongholds.

ARTILLERY NECESSARY.

Fresh fires have also been observed, and it is evident that the strongest measures are being taken to quash the rebellion, even though the destruction of certain property in which the Sinn Feiners have established themselves and turned into miniature forts may be involved. Indeed, so strongly have the rebels barricaded themselves in most of these shelters that artillery bombardment, much as it may be regretted on the score of material damage, seems the quickest and most feasible way of defeating them without incurring the risk of too heavy losses upon the attacking forces of the Crown.

Protected in the windows of the Post Office by breastworks of mail-bags, and in other places by piled-up mattresses, the rebels have had ample protection from rifle fire themselves, and plenty of opportunities for sniping, of which they have taken advantage.

The cannonading which has been going on intermittently to-day must, it is considered, in the absence of definite news of results, have considerably weakened the resistance of the insurgents.

AN EERIE SENSATION.

It was an eerie sensation to stand upon the road about two miles outside Dublin this morning, with the smiling, peaceful countryside on the one hand and the calm waters of Dublin Bay upon the other, while in front was the growling of guns. It scarcely seemed a reality that British guns should be turned against traitors at home at a time when all our efforts are so much needed elsewhere, and that in front yonder were fanatics firing from behind barricades upon British uniforms.

Seeming in the clear air but a stone's throw distant, yet cut off from the peaceful country around by a mad outburst of anarchy, lay Dublin, where, as if the war were not enough with us, traitors must give us war within our streets.

But saddest of all was the thought that Irishmen were disgracing a name that thousands of other Irishmen have lately made so much more

glorious, and that Ireland must mourn for the things that Irishmen are doing to-day.

What precisely is happening within the cordon of troops drawn round the centre of the city cannot be told with accuracy from outside, but the statements of people coming out of various parts of the city throw some further light both on the nature of the struggle which is proceeding and upon the manner in which the rising was planned and organised beforehand.

FATE OF THE NEWSPAPERS.

At the time of writing—unless the soldiers have made more progress than is at present known—the rebels are in possession of, in addition to the buildings which have already been publicly named, Messrs. Jacobs's biscuit factory. They also hold the offices of the "Daily Express" and "Evening Mail," and, as the "Freeman's Journal" has not been published since Monday and its offices are close to the Post Office, it is feared that the Sinn Feiners hold it also. The only Dublin newspaper still being published is the "Irish Times."

The rebels, in addition to seizing large buildings, had also taken possession of a number of corner houses dominating the converging points of various streets, and as the soldiers marched past those points in order to take up their positions they were subjected to rifle fire.

REBELS WELL ORGANISED.

The organisation of the rising is remarkable, and the reflection cannot be escaped that the ability shown in connection with it might have been of value to the Empire had it been directed against the Germans, who are the enemies of Ireland as well as of England. With the greatest secrecy and with no outward demonstration the members of the Sinn Fein organisation in Dublin and the surrounding district quietly gathered together during the week-end.

I was told by a Catholic priest to-day that many young fellows from the neighbouring villages had no knowledge of the real reason why they were being summoned to Dublin. They went in on the Sunday, believing it was merely for some sort of parade, and blindly obeyed the orders of the organisation.

This, of course, could not apply to the bulk of those who have taken up arms against the State. Many of these are known for fanatical men.

SAVED BY VIGILANT SENTRY.

The organisation had indeed laid its plans carefully, insane and criminal though the traitorous purpose was, and it appears to have followed a prearranged programme fairly closely. The attempts upon Dublin Castle were abortive—in the former case the first essay having been frustrated by the vigilance and presence of mind of a sentry—but the element of surprise in their calculations served them well in other directions. As an example of their thoroughness they even provided their own ambulance unit.

In St. Stephen's Green they commandeered passing motor-cars to construct a street barricade; while it is stated that ammunition was conveyed into Messrs. Jacobs's factory in boxes labelled "margarine."

REBELS IN THOUSANDS.

Reports are current with regard to the character of the street fighting. Without accepting these at their face value, it is obvious that under such conditions in a period covering the best part of four days there must have been casualties, whose exact number or even general extent it may be yet impossible to discover. Certainly, the casualties on the side of the rebels will be very difficult to compute.

Probably the actual number of rebels concerned in the rising cannot be exactly known, but it must reach some thousands.

It is believed that several soldiers and some civilians were killed outright by shots from the shelter of houses.

There is ground for believing that by yesterday morning the military authorities had not merely fully gauged the dimensions of their task, but had at their disposal all the resources for successfully completing it.

THEY REALISE NOW.

Men, guns, and ammunition had been sent to Dublin during the night and early morning, and the besieged Sinn Feiners must yesterday have realised their plight. It was a formidable display of military strength with which they were confronted yesterday morning—not just detachments of men exposed in the streets to the rifle fire of hidden foes.

It is pointed out by military observers of the situation that if the rebels maintain their stubbornness without weakening and capitulating in face of the odds that are mounting against them, the dislodgment of them from one stronghold after another must necessarily take time, however firmly the soldiers may be in control of the general situation.

The great hope, therefore, is for a speedy finish, with as little damage to the city as possible.

With reference to the facts and the rumours as to trouble in other districts, little is known on the south side of Dublin of events on the north, by reason of the interruption of communications.

FRENZIED PATRIOTS.

Latest reports from Cork confirm the original official statement that all was quiet in that vicinity.

I had a chat yesterday with a young Irishman who apparently possessed some sympathies with the Sinn Fein movement, but was very much upset by this latest development. He said he had come into contact with many members of the organisation while at college, and a considerable number of those in the movement were very young men, he said, scores of them mere boys.

"They are filled with a conviction, passionate enough to amount to a mania, that the only way to help Ireland is to injure England. They are genuinely ready to die for Ireland, and when they fall behind the barricades in Dublin they will think they have done it. They cannot see how much they are harming Ireland."

NO ESCAPE FOR FUGITIVES.

When the boat left Kingstown for Holyhead special precautions were taken by the military and police, presumably with a view to preventing the escape of any fugitives. The passengers were lined up in two ranks on deck, and required to give names, particulars of destination, etc.

I learn that on the first day of the revolt many of the Catholic clergy endeavoured to use their influence with the rebels in Dublin, with a view to preventing an outbreak of hostilities. Their efforts, however, were fruitless.

REBELS' FIRST BLOW.

Women In Uniform Carry Bandoliers Full Of Cartridges.

BELFAST, Tuesday.

The Belfast *Irish Daily Telegraph* says:—From the innumerable rumours of the most diverse nature one fact emerges clearly, namely, that from about midday on Monday a state of bloodshed prevailed in the city of Dublin.

An authentic eyewitness states that just as the clock struck 12—evidently the moment fixed upon as a pre-arranged signal—men dashed to an empty shop in Dame-street, where a supply of rifles with fixed bayonets attached had been stored. The windows of the shop were quickly broken in, and the rifles, with bandoliers of ammunition, were handed out with great rapidity.

(Continued on page 10.)

5 a.m. Edition.

LORD FRENCH'S REPORT ON THE RISING.

Considerable Damage Caused By Fires In Dublin.

PROVINCIAL OUTBREAKS.

Disturbances Local In Character; Most Of Ireland Normal.

SITUATION WELL IN HAND IN THE CAPITAL.

From the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief the Home Forces.

Friday, Midnight.

The military operations for the suppression of the rebellion in Dublin are proceeding satisfactorily.

What may be described as the organised forces of the rebels are confined to a few localities, the principal one being the Sackville-street district, in which the rebels' headquarters appear to be the General Post Office.

The cordon of troops round this district has been drawn closer, and the rebels in this locality appear now to be confined behind the line of their barricades.

SNIPING FROM HOUSES.

Sniping from houses in which small parties of the rebels have established themselves in various parts of the city still continues.

The district where this is most prevalent is that to the north-west of the Four Courts, which is still in possession of the rebels.

The clearance of the snipers is a matter of time.

Considerable damage was caused by fires on Thursday, and a large fire is still burning in Sackville-street.

GALWAY AND WEXFORD.

In other parts of Ireland the principal centres of disturbance are the County Galway and in Enniscorthy (County Wexford).

Disturbances have also been reported at Killarney, Clonmel, and Gorey.

Other parts of Ireland appear to be normal.

The general trend of the reports received indicates that the disturbances are local in character.

REBELS BOMBED OUT.

Liberty Hall Reported Destroyed By Gunfire From A Boat On The Liffey.

A Kingstown correspondent, writing on Wednesday, said:—

A body of troops this morning proceeded to Dublin. Just outside the city boundary they met with some sniping from private houses on the main road where Sinn Fein Volunteers had been lodged since Monday.

The military quickly took possession of these points and proceeded to Dublin. It was reported here that the body of Volunteers holding St. Stephen's Green had been bombed and driven out, and about 400 taken prisoners.

Liberty Hall, the centre of the activities of James Larkin, the Socialist agitator, which was held by armed men, has been destroyed by gunfire from a boat on the river Liffey.

It is impossible to get into the city from here, but so far as one can hear the city is under the control of the authorities.

A REDMOND-CARSON MANIFESTO.

A joint manifesto by Mr. John Redmond and Sir Edward Carson on the Irish outbreak is anticipated.

(British and French Official Reports of War on the Western Front on Page 10.)

PAT AND HIS MOTHER.



Mrs. Mervyn Beech, or, as she is better known, Stella Campbell, and her little son Pat.—(Bassano.)



Mrs. James Cecil Arthur, the wife of Captain J. C. Arthur, Ayrshire Yeomanry. Captain Arthur is the heir of Sir Matthew Arthur, Bt., one of Glasgow's most prominent citizens. (Va! L'Estrange.)

HAS NOT SEEN FATHER



Mrs. W. Marshall Dugdale and her baby girl. Major Marshall Dugdale, Montgomeryshire Yeomanry, has not seen his little daughter yet. He is at the front. —(Val L'Estrange.)



H. S. Harwood, Royal Flying Corps, has been awarded the Albert Medal for bravery during air raids at the front.

TOMMY THINKS OF HIS DEAD COMRADES.



Tommy has a thought for his dead comrades. He frequently buys flowers from the French flower-sellers to put on their graves.

FOR THE SPORTING WOMAN.



This American costume is specially designed for the sporting girl. It is easy fitting and allows of plenty of freedom for the limbs.—(Underwood.)

MAKE THEM OUTLAWS!

Judge Parry's Plan For Dealing With Conscientious Objectors.

His Honour Judge Parry, who has presided over one of the Tribunals, and knows the class of men who came before them, makes a striking suggestion in an article in to-morrow's "Sunday Chronicle."

He asks for the revival of outlawry for those who refuse to serve the State, and in a telling argument leads up to the remorseless conclusion that the citizen who refuses to do his duty to the State should be barred from the Protection which his fellow-citizens are always rendering him.

SHOULD OUTLAWRY BE REVIVED?

Read Judge Parry's Article in the

"SUNDAY CHRONICLE."

1d. All Newsagents. 1d.

ARE YOU SHORT?



If you are short, let me help you to increase your height. Mr. Briggs reports an increase of 5 inches; Mr. Ratcliffe 4 inches; Miss Davies 3½ inches; Mr. Lindon 3 inches; Driver El. F. 3 inches; Miss Leedell 4 inches. My system requires only ten minutes morning and evening, and greatly improves the health, figure and carriage. No appliances or drugs. Send 3 penny stamps for further particulars and my £100 guarantee. **ARTHUR GIRVAN**, Specialist in the Increase of Height. (Dept. D.S.), 17, Stroud Green Rd., London, N.

IT'S A MOTHER'S DUTY

to safeguard her health. If you suffer from any abdominal complaint send now for my **FULLY ILLUSTRATED** Free Booklet. It contains priceless information on all Women's ailments, and will be sent on receipt of 2½d. stamps. It also explains, with the aid of illustrations, how I cure Ruptures of all kinds, Displacement, Internal Weakness, etc., **WITHOUT OPERATIONS OR INTERNAL INSTRUMENTS**—the latter cause Cancers and Tumours, and should be avoided at all costs. Write to-day to **MRS. CLARA E. SLATER**, Dept. G 22, Belgrano, Finsbury Park, London, N.



HAPPY ANZAC INVALIDS.



A happy group of Anzac invalids in a hospital garden at Cairo. (Standing): Quartermr.-Sgt. Rattrey Wood, Sgt. W. E. Tarnley, Quartermaster-Sergeant Shaw; (sitting): Sergeant Varlow and Sergeant Straker.

LITTLE JUNE.



Little Miss June figures prominently in the Royal Academy this year, where there is a charming study of her.—(Bertram Park.)

BEST BRITISH BICYCLES

Get My Money-saving Lists of Big Bicycle Bargains. Half Shop Prices. Small deposit and easiest of Easy Terms. Grand Coventry-made Cycles from £4 cash (Makers' Price £8). 15 years' warranty. 10 days' free approval. Lists and expert advice free. Geo. King, Coventry's Great Cycle Dealer, Coventry.

PREMIER SWIFTS IMPERIALS ROYALS COVENTRY-MADE RAGLANS SINGERS CENTURYS

BICYCLES

A HERO—AND A MORAL.

IN a little Soho restaurant, as modest in appearance as it is excellent in quality of food and cooking, and in civility—nay, kindness of service—there is a waiter. No uncommon thing, you will say, in a restaurant. Well, I might be prepared to argue that point, but I won't. Anyhow, this is a waiter among waiters. I will tell you why. THE other day I noticed he wore a shield over his left eye. I asked him what was the matter. It appeared that his glass eye had not fitted properly and had begun to hurt him; he was to have another. That was all he told me.

BUT the other night I noticed my waiter showing an acquaintance a medal in a leathern case. Even then, foolishly enough, I did not clearly understand; but a vague suspicion of the truth caused me to ask for a look at the medal. It was a very handsome medal, and, after admiring it, I asked was it my friend, the waiter's. He nodded. HE had got it the day before. "One sent me a note," he told me. "I went up to the Embassy, and they hand me this." He stroked the medal with a loving gesture.

WEDGED in the back of the case was a paper. I took it out and read this:—
THE Military Medal has been awarded to the undermentioned soldier:—

...No. 8755, Sergeant of the ... Company of the ... regiment of infantry. A model N.C.O., volunteering constantly for the most dangerous missions. On the 29th May, 1915, bore himself most courageously in an attack on the German trenches and was dangerously wounded. Suffered the loss of the left eye. (Signed) General Joffre.

I LOOKED at my sergeant, standing quietly at my side in his white apron, with the shield over his left eye; and in my own eyes there were tears. As I folded the paper and put it back in its place I saw my brave in the trenches with the shells bursting round him; I saw him in that attack, calm and exultant, driving the Germans back. . . and now he was here serving odds and ends of civilians with bouillon and roast!

HE is not quite twenty-five—married to an Englishwoman, has a little girl. He was just finishing his two years' service when the war broke out. So he was sent straight away to the front. Was in the first terrible and glorious retreat, was in the Battle of the Marne, helped to drive the Germans back to the Aisne, was at La Bassée, turn and turn about in the trenches with an English battalion, was at St. Eloi.

NOW that was all over. All that was left of it was that blinded eye, that medal, that order of the day, and £40 a year.

WERE there no regrets? Not one! I am sure. He has done his duty to la patrie. She has honoured him. Is not that enough? He is a merry fellow, always up to his joke, but very respectful, very active and prompt in service. And, as it happens, he is a hero.

I WONDER! Do conscientious objectors ever come to dine at my restaurant? Do they bustle the sergeant about and grumble when the coffee is cold? Do some of our attested married men who would rather not fight discuss their plans of inaction before this married man with that glorious, pitiful badge of service over his left eye?

HE went back to France to do his service, he served, he was wounded, he came back, they sent him a note that he was to fetch his medal. How simple it is!

AH, my friend! you cannot understand all this squabble over who shall fight. To fight for one's country, you would say, is it not the proper thing to do?

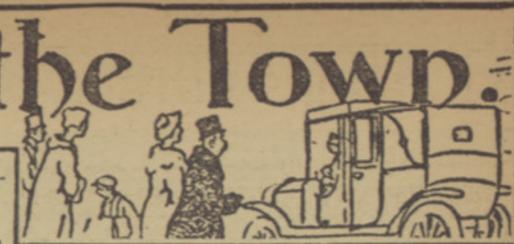
THANK God that most of us have been of your opinion. You agree, I think, that we have done well. I confide to you my hope that we shall do even better, and that scarcely a man of military age will hold back.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.



Echoes of the Town.

Pictures and People at The Academy—
Recruiting Tangle and Ireland—
A Weather Guide.



Merely A Matter Of Time.

WELL, REALLY— After consideration of the recruiting crisis so minute that the Government appears to have had no time to attend to the small matter of Ireland, a compromise was arrived at, and the country was saved. Now we have had the first-fruits of the compromise in the shape of a Bill not so much rejected as kicked out of the House. So that all the business of a fortnight, the secret session, the long Cabinet meetings, the sound and fury have gone for nothing. There was a time when Cabinets took the trouble to find out by well-recognised means what would be the attitude at least of their supporters to legislation proposed. General compulsion is now only a matter of time—and not much time.

Why Wait?

SIMULTANEOUSLY we are told that the Labour people are starting a new great recruiting rally, and that the group system is finally closed, which does not seem the happier conjunction. Few people believe that there is the smallest prospect of getting 50,000 volunteers in a month, and well informed Labour seems prepared at last for compulsion. Then why wait?

Joe Devlin.

WHAT HAS happened to Joe Devlin? He is a Nationalist member who is not seen much about in town in these days. In any Irish Parliament Joe would probably be the leader of the first Opposition; and the spokesman of Irish labour. The Ancient Order of Hibernians and not the Sinn Feiners—the language cranks—are his people.

Professor Kettle.

ANOTHER Nationalist who has dropped out of sight lately is Professor "Tom" Kettle. I met this brilliant Irishman, of whom great things were expected at one time, in London three or four weeks ago. He was then going back to Ireland. He wanted to know when England was going to redeem its promise to Ireland of Home Rule.

The R.I.C. And Sinn Fein.

PERHAPS one consideration which prompted Sinn Fein to go through its little act the other day was the absence on service with the Irish Guards and other crack regiments of no fewer than six thousand members of the Royal Irish Constabulary. The R.I.C. knows Sinn Fein of old time, and has a wonderful way with it.

"Black Michael."

THERE is great sorrow in the house of Hicks-Beach. The heir to the St. Aldwyn earldom, Lord Quenington, was killed in action, but a few short months after the death of Lady Quenington in Egypt. Now I hear that the aged earl himself is lying seriously, critically ill at his town house. "Black Michael," as he was always known in his great Parliamentary days, is nearly eighty, and he is now left with an orphaned grandson,



—(Lafayette.)

only four years old, to carry on the title. "Black Michael" has held Government office many times. He is best remembered as Chancellor of the Exchequer for two periods, the latter from 1895 to 1902. Like Lord Morley, he is "one of those unwise people" who have been Chief Secretary for Ireland twice.

Where R.L.S. Suffered.

IT is surely a matter for surprise that no lover of literature has come forward and purchased Skerryvore, the house at Bournemouth where, for nearly three years, Robert Louis Stevenson waged the "bed and physic" battle, and where he wrote some of his best-known works. Though there was a large and interested company at the auction sale at Bournemouth the other day, I see no sale was effected.

Zepps. As Weather Guide.

IT WAS quite a disappointment when there was no raid announced yesterday morning, especially as it made people afraid that the Huns are estimating that there will be an early change in the weather. About the time it arrives we shall be beginning to adapt our costume to seventy something in the shade. Some daring people have had tea on the Terrace at the House of Commons; there are a few straw hats to be seen; now and then one meets a woman who looks "summery," or a man in light grey.

Retrenchment.

HERE'S a war economy item from the Inland Revenue (Income Tax) Department. In normal times surveyors of taxes commence their nefarious operations as assistant surveyors at £100 a year after passing a competitive examination. But, having a war on, the Board has done away with the examination, and is appointing assistant surveyors by patronage at a commencing salary of £250!

Paid More Than His Chief.

YOUNG SOLICITORS are coming in for a good many of these plums, and I have been told that one of them is assistant (at £250) to an old-style surveyor who only gets £200.

Aged Duke's Great-Grandchild.

HERE is Lady Ipswich, who has just presented his lordship with a daughter and the aged Duke of Grafton with another great-grandchild. The succession is all right, because there is the Hon. John Charles William Fitzroy, aged one year and eight months. He is just as old as the war, in the early stages of which his father was wounded. The Fitzroys are a vigorous old family. The Duke, now 95, has had several serious accidents in recent years, without apparently affecting his wonderful vitality; and the new baby's grandfather, the Earl of Euston, remarried about three months ago.



—(Sarony.)

A Sight For Soldiers.

I WALKED a long stretch of Piccadilly the other day behind a full-dressed Grenadier Guards bandman. Beneath his towering busby he was doing a tremendous business in salutes, and I caught one or two fresh young subalterns trying their hardest not to take a peep at the strangest of sights these war-times in town.

Disillusioned.

A YOUNG MAN who held back from enlisting until the eleventh hour, declaring that he was "indispensable" to his father's business, confessed the other day, when home on leave from his training camp, that he had been thoroughly disillusioned as to his commercial value. A girl relative had taken his place, and had proved smart enough to increase the turnover so as to beat all past records in the business. So he thinks seriously of making soldiering his future profession.

The Retort.

HERE is a typical Pett Ridge story. A coster woman, with an empty basket smelling strongly of fish, entered a motor-bus near Shoreditch. As she sat down next to an immaculately attired "knot," he edged away. The woman looked round at him and said: "I suppose yer wish yer'd a gentleman sittin' next to yer, eh?" "Yes," replied the youth. "Well, so do I," was the retort.



—(From Mucha.)

GERMAN MICHAEL: What! The axis of the earth passes through the Poles! We will fix the axis through Berlin. For ever the capital of Prussia shall be the centre of the Globe!

The Pictures—Real Ones.

THE tall hat reappeared with peace-time prominence at the Academy private view yesterday morning, and khaki was, much to my surprise, in the minority. In fact, there was little to suggest the war at Burlington House about midday, except, perhaps, a preponderance of black among the women's garments. Even here there were touches of gaiety, and, with the glorious sun outside, the rooms were looking their best.

Anthony Looks Bored.

THERE was the usual sprinkling of well-known people, who were there to see each other and the pictures. Mrs. Asquith was in black and grey, with grey fur round the edge of a rather short frock. She wore a bunch of sham green grapes. With her were her daughter Elizabeth and the hatless, curly-headed Anthony, who looked rather bored. This interesting family party was discussing matters artistic with Mr. William Gillett. A few yards away was Lord Lonsborough.

The Spencer Collar.

LADY CURZON, with a blue hat and white fox furs, was with Lady Randolph Churchill before a picture of "Bobby" Spencer, whose collar the artist seems to have made higher even than it is "in real life." Mr. Justice and Lady Horridge represented the law, Sir Frederick Bridge music, and Sir Squire Bancroft and Sir Arthur Piners the stage. And there were others.

John Lavery.

MR. JOHN LAVERY, with his Pickwickian side-whiskers, and his beautiful wife, was standing (in what I suppose was rapt admiration) before his own portrait of Lord Derby. A fine piece of work, this. With the exception of Mr. St. Helier Lauder's portrait of General Phillips, portraits are not a particularly strong line this year. Mr. Longstaff's Sir George Reid had a crowd round it though.

The Picture Of The Year?

THE picture of the year? Well, the question is a bit difficult. Collier's election picture, showing a successful candidate after the declaration of the poll, has nothing problematical about it, and little that is clever or beautiful, either. Byam Shaw's "The Twisted Spear" (a scene from "Parsifal") will cause a lot of discussion, with its many-coloured nudities. And you ought to see the Brangwyns. I can't show you one of them, but here's the man who painted them.



A Young Sculptor.

I MET ALBERT TOFT, the sculptor, yesterday, with his close friend, Mark Hambourg. Toft, who looks as young as ever—indeed he is the most youthful of well-known sculptors—had a struggle in his early days. His father was in Wedgwood's pottery, and apprenticed him there at the munificent salary of 3s. 6d. a week. Winning a scholarship, he was able to escape from the drudgery of the potteries, and when he came to South Kensington as a student soon forged ahead. His statues now sell, of course, for thousands.

Ugly Jobs.

A WOMAN who knows has been telling me that, in spite of the great rush of women to take jobs left vacant by men in the big department stores, there are practically no women in the fish, poultry, or butcher's departments. She was curious to know what reason I assigned for this state of affairs, and asked me if I did not agree that the jobs in question are essentially ugly ones.

The Dangerous Trade.

THE NERVOUS bomber dropped his grenade in the trench, and he and the sergeant had only just time to get round the corner, when it went off. The sergeant was furious. "Yer blinkin' substantive," he shouted. "D'you think you're actin' for the pictures?"

Very Cold Collation.

A LITTLE KNOT of people were gathered round two policemen looking for Zepps. One working man said to another: "I 'ope the Zepps won't injure the 'Ouse of Commons." "I 'ope they jolly well will," said his mate, "and blow the 'ole damn lot to blazes. Ever since this Collation Government came in they've done nothing useful."

MR. GOSSIP.

MISS ASQUITH AT REHEARSAL.



Miss Elizabeth Asquith, the Premier's daughter, rehearsing with Mr. Nelson Keys the sketch in which she will appear at Lady Greville's Drury Lane performance in aid of the Serbian Relief Fund.—(Hoppé.)

WOUNDED WAITER HERO RETURNS TO SOHO.



A French waiter in the European Restaurant, Soho, who has returned from the front with the loss of one eye. He won the French Military Medal.—(Daily Sketch Photograph.)

ANZAC'S SACRIFICE.



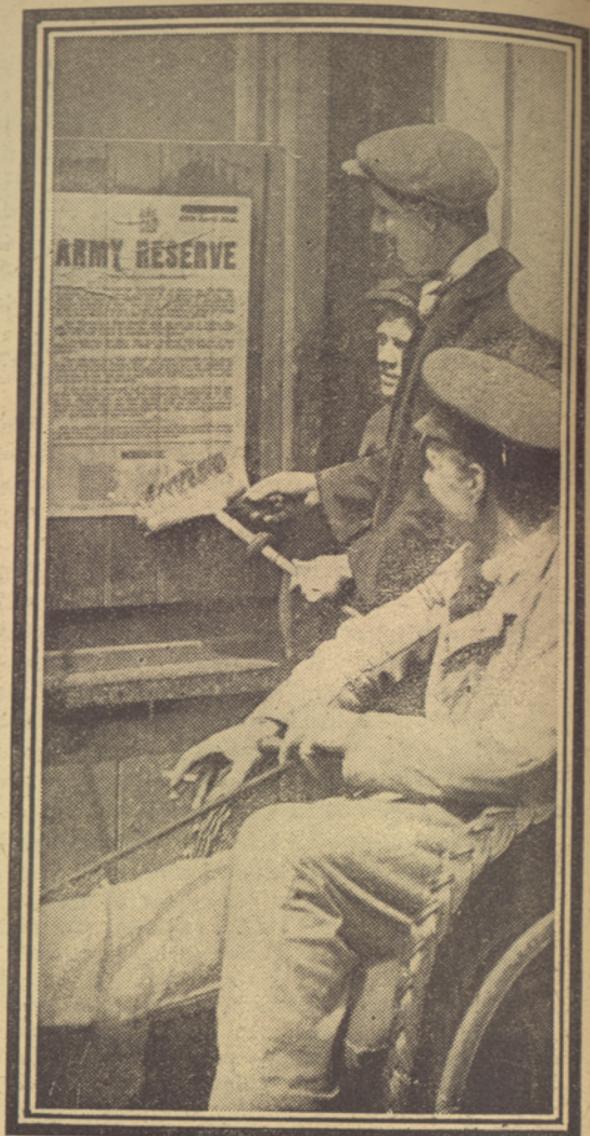
Pte. Mackenzie, the son of the High Commissioner of New Zealand, lost his eyesight in Gallipoli. He is seen with his father and General Birdwood (on the left).

LION CUB OUSTS THE LAP DOG AS PET.



American women are free from the anxieties of war, and so can indulge in freak pets and such-like frivolities. Miss Bonfils, of Denver, is proud of her lion cub.

HE HAS DONE HIS BIT



Wounded soldiers who have already done their share watch with smiling interest the posting of the latest call to the attested married men.

THEIR COUNTRY WANTS THEM.



The attested married men who have been called up are some on their way to Waterloo en route.

A MILITARY ROMANCE.



Miss Christine Tirard, daughter of Lieut.-Col. Tirard, marrying—



Sergt. Hugh Towshend, a machine-gun instructor with the Expeditionary Force.—(Swaine.)

SNOW LIES WHERE THE



Though London was yesterday basking in summery sunsh Motor followers of the Somerset staghounds

QUEEN OF THE MAY.



Cecil Smith, of Streatham, is to be crowned Queen of the May at Hayes Common.

VETERANS JUDGE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' BABIES.



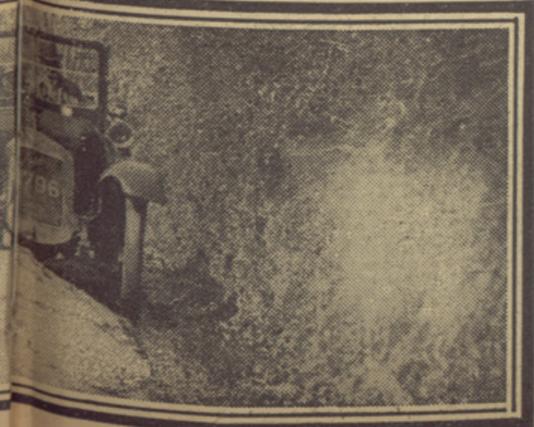
Veteran soldiers and sailors acted as judges at a baby show at Hove yesterday. The competitors were children whose fathers were serving as soldiers and sailors. The aggregate service of the judges was over 700 years.

SO THEY GO CHEERFULLY.



making the best of their situation. Here are their headquarters yesterday.

STAGHOUNDS HUNT.



snow still lies on the West Country uplands. and themselves held up on Hawkridge.

TO KEEP THEM QUIET.



This iron cage is what the Americans used to clap on the heads of obstreperous prisoners in their famous Sing Sing gaol.



Master Wright, the winner, weighing in. He gained first prize for the Navy; the Army champion who secured second prize is seen in the background.

SIR ROGER CASEMENT AS I KNOW HIM.

What should be the fate of Sir Roger Casement—the firing party or the lunatic asylum?

This question is being asked in the Press. Before you answer it you should read a remarkable article on Casement by a writer who formerly was closely acquainted with him.

COALITION FAILURES.

An M.P. discusses the present vehement attack on Mr. Birrell, and gives a candid criticism of other members of the Ministry.

DEMOCRACY ON TRIAL.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell, in an illuminating article, discusses the wartime test of democracy, and frankly points out the handicaps which our present system of Government involves at a critical time.

LIARS IN LONDON.

There is quite an epidemic in London just now of stories about certain big things of the war which are being kept "secret," about our Generals, and about our Politicians. They are told in club and train, and the story-teller always gives his information as coming "from a friend in the War Office." A well-known writer will trace the origin of some of these stories, and have some trenchant things to say about the type of man who so readily accepts them.

For the best and brightest articles this week-end get the

ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY HERALD

In addition will be found PAGES AND PAGES OF PICTURES—ALL THE LATEST NEWS—"GOSSIP" AND FASHION PAGES.

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P. 593

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while being prepared becomes blended into a dainty cream by a gentle first process of digestion, self-contained in the Food.

To this, and to its great nutritive power, Benger's owes its unique position as "the Food the Doctor orders."

From an M.D., M.R.C.P., F.R.C.S.

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ALL GOODS SENT ON SEVEN DAYS' APPROVAL. BUSINESS TRANSACTED PRIVATELY BY POST.
14/6—FIELD RACE or MARINE GLASSES Binoculars by Leica, as supplied to officers in the Army and Navy; 10-lens magnification power; 50 miles range; shows bullet mark at 1,000 yds.; wide field; saddle made case; week's free trial; worth £3 3s. Od.; sacrifice, 14s. 6d.
36/6—MILITARY BINOCULARS, as supplied to the British Government; 5x magnification power (by Lumiere); extra long range, name of ship can be distinctly read five miles from shore; fitted in solid tan English leather case; week's free trial; sacrifice £1 16s. 6d. Approval.
13/9—LADY'S most handsome 5-stone, Half-hoop OPAL RING, solid Gold, Government hall-marked; the opals are of the finest quality, full of scarlet, purple and green fire, and are intersected by 8 small diamond points; originally £3 5s. reduced to 13s. 9d.; approval before payment.
11/9—WORTH £1 15s.—NAVY BLUE SERGE full 6 yds. LENGTH, double width, superfine quality; suitable for lady's costume or dress length; sacrifice 11s. 9d.; approval.
13/9—(Worth £2 10s.)—BABY'S LONG CLOTHES, superfine quality, magnificent parcel 40 articles, everything required. Exquisite embroidered American robes, etc.; beautifully made garments, the perfection of a mother's personal work. never-GENT'S 18-ct. Gold-cased Keyless Lever Hunting 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.
3/9—LADY'S 21s. Solid Gold Marquise Ring, set one mass of lovely Parisian Pearls and Turquoises; 5s. 9d. Ap.
4/9—PRETTY NECKLET, with Heart Pendant, 18-ct. gold stamped; filled, in velvet case. Bargain 4s. 9d. Approval willingly.
12/6—GENT'S Massive Double Albert, 18-ct. Gold (stamped) filled solid links, curb pattern, 12s. 6d. Ap. (Worth £5 5s. Od.). LADY'S Solid Gold English Hall-marked WATCH EXPANDING BRACELET, will fit any wrist; perfect timekeeper, 10 years warranty; week's free trial 27s. 6d. (Worth £2 2s.). Solid Gold Curb Chain Padlock 14/6 BRACELET, with safety chain, 14s. 6d. Approval.
19/9—LADY'S Troussseau; 18 Superfine quality Night-dresses, Chemises, Knickers, Petticoats, Combinations, etc., worth £3 3s.; sacrifice, 19s. 9d. Approval willingly.
8/6—MASSIVE CURB CHAIN PADLOCK BRACELET, with safety chain; solid links; 18-ct. gold stamped filled in velvet case; sacrifice, 8s. 6d. Approval before payment. (Worth £1 12s. Od.). GENT'S Solid Gold English 59/6 Hall-marked Keyless Lever, centre second, high-grade Chronograph Stop Watch (Exam R. Stanton, London), timed to minute month; 20 years' warranty; 7 days' trial; 59s. 6d.
14/6—LADY'S handsome 18-ct. GOLD-CASED KEYLESS WATCH EXPANDING BRACELET; fashionable 10 years' warranty; sacrifice, 14s. 6d.; week's trial. Approval willingly.
9/9—(Worth £1 1s.)—Pair full-size BLANKETS; exceptionally choice, superfine quality; sacrifice, 9s. 9d. Approval.
22/6—Yorkshire TWEED JACKET SUIT, by Longford, high-class tailor; splendid quality; latest West-End style and finish; never worn; breast 35in., waist 36in., leg 32 1/2in.; great bargain, sacrifice, 22s. 6d. Approval willingly.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 112), PAWNBROKERS, 26, DENMARK HILL, CAMBERWELL, LONDON.

BABY'S LONG CLOTHES; 50 pieces 21s.; lovely and of high quality; a genuine bargain; instant approval.—Mrs. MAX, The Chase, Nottingham.

BABY looks like a Boy in her new crawlers.—Combination knicker-overall, with pocket, sax or rose casement cloth, keep romping children clean; elastic at knee; 2 1/2 years and under. 2s. Post free; approval.—FENWICK LTD., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

CHINA, Earthenware Assorted Crates, 21s. 6d., 40s., 50s. Lists free.—REGENT FINE ART POTTERY, Hanley.

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

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RUBBER Tyres fitted to wheels in a few minutes; best only; fine prices; send wheels at once and obtain satisfaction; 25,000 new wheels always in stock; lists free. Wheel Specialists (Est. 1860), 65, New Kent-rd., London (Dept. 10). Telephone Hop 2329, Close Saturdays 1 o'clock.

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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; 39 1/2 in. chest, 26 in. waist, 31 1/2 in. leg, genuine bargain, 22s. 6d.; worth £3 10s. (Worth £6 6s. Od.).—Magnificent Hornless GRAMO-powerful improved, 8-phononetta tone arm and sound box, with six 10 in. disc tunes, genuine bargain, 45s.; approval.

12/6—GENT'S Massive Double Albert, 18-ct. Gold (stamped filled), solid links, curb pattern, 12s. 6d. Approval.

4/9—GENT'S 17s. 6d. Oxydized Keyless Lever Watch, perfect timekeeper; non-magnetic action; 5 years' warranty; week's free trial; sacrifice, 4s. 9d. Approval.

16/6—ARMY SERVICE WRIST WATCH, solid nickel silver 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 filled, in velvet case; sacrifice, 4s. 9d. Approval before payment.

14/6—LADY'S handsome 18-ct. GOLD-CASED KEYLESS WATCH EXPANDING BRACELET; fashionable 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 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; 35 in. chest, 31 1/2 in. waist, 31 1/2 in. leg; never worn; sacrifice, 22s. 6d.; approval.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 110), LICENSED PAWNBROKERS, 284, BRIXTON-ROAD, LONDON, 3 W.

GREENHAM STAKES FALLS TO ANALOGY.

His Stable Companion Beaten By A Neck.

THE NEWBURY CUP.

"Follow the Whatcombe stable at Newbury" has become an axiom with many racegoers consequent on the numerous successes gained by Dawson's horses on what might be called the home course.

The stable was represented by Analogy and Flaming Fire in the Greenham Stakes, and the pair passed the post respectively first and second, the former having a neck advantage at the finish.

The winner, too, started at the nice price of 8 to 1, as he was entitled to do on his running behind Aberdare at Newmarket a fortnight ago.

Analogy is not in any of the classic races, but Flaming Fire is in the New Derby, and there is plenty of room for improvement in him.

Melissa was third three lengths behind the second, but she was not ridden out to the end when Donoghue saw she could not win. She has grown into a nice filly, and was always a sound favourite, but though beaten she was not disgraced, for she was giving the first and second 7lb. each, not including the sex allowance.

Duggie was well fancied, but he dropped out suddenly after running fast for six furlongs, and it is to be feared he will not be a dangerous factor in the New Derby.

The Whatcombe stable scored a second success by the aid of Salandra in the Chieveley Double Handicap.

Newbury Cup Reflections.

The field for the Newbury Cup will not reach a score, but there are several very interesting problems which only the race will solve. The following are the probable runners:—

- Mr. E. Hutton's ch. SILVER TAG, 4-9-2 J. Childs
- Lord Rosebery's b. VAUCLOSE, 4-8-10 J. H. Martin
- Lord Stanley's b. h. YOUNG PEGASUS, 6-8-4 S. Donoghue
- Mr. J. San Miguel's br. h. RATHER BOLDER, 6-8-5 (—)
- Mr. J. B. Joel's ch. c. POLYSTOME, 4-7-13 F. Bullock
- Mr. W. M. G. Singer's b. h. SIR EAGER, 5-7-12 (—)
- Mr. R. J. Farquharson's br. h. MOUNT WILLIAM, 5-7-11 A. Whalley
- Mr. H. J. King's ch. h. PETER THE HERMIT, 5-7-9 H. Ashworth

- Mr. F. Phillips's br. h. CLAP GATE, 5-7-9 E. Gardner
- Mr. J. Buchanan's ch. h. GAY LALLY, 5-7-8 F. Fox
- Mr. J. G. Wilson's b. g. CHERFILL, 6-7-8 E. Lancaster
- Mr. F. R. Hunt's ch. h. CERVAL, 5-7-7 (—)
- Mr. H. S. Perse's ch. c. ARCHISTOWN, 4-7-3 (—)
- Mr. J. Ellis Potter's b. h. GOLDEN RULE, 5-6-12 V. Smyth
- Mr. B. W. Parr's b. g. SILVER RING, 4-6-12 J. W. Martin
- Vicomte de Fontarès's b. c. JACK ANNANDALE, 3-6-3 G. Hulme

There has been no ante-post betting, and it is not an easy matter to say what will start favourite. Clap Gate has gone up in the scale consequent on his Lincolnfield Handicap success, but he will not lack support.

I am afraid the severe mile will find out a weak spot, and perhaps the same will be so in the case of Young Pegasus.

Mount William was not at his best when running at Lingfield, and should do better to-day, which can also be said of Peter the Hermit and Gay Lally.

Cheerful would probably win if doing his best, but he is too unreliable in public for my fancy.

I have no information as to whether Vauclose has regained her best form, but Polystome is not yet in condition to do himself justice, and we shall have to wait a bit for Irish Justice.

Sir Eager is fairly handicapped, but Cerval's best performances have been accomplished over longer distances, though he will give way to none on the score of fitness.

Another that will not fail for lack of condition is Archiestown, who is fit from hurdling, and Jack Annandale may give a good account of himself.

GIMCRACK.

SELECTIONS.

- 1.50—MEADOWCROFT. 3.45—CLARILAW COLT.
- 2.5—SUBMIT. 4.15—ROSCIUS.
- 2.30—LORD ANNANDALE. 4.45—LINEN.
- 3.10—MOUNT WILLIAM.

Double.

LORD ANNANDALE and CLARILAW COLT.

TO-DAY'S PROGRAMME.

- 1.50—COMPTON SELLING HANDICAP of 150 sovs; 1 1/2 m.
- My Birthday 4 9 0
- Alario 8 11
- Kanran 4 8 9
- Michel Grove 6 8 4
- Bordello 5 8 4
- Hill Fox 4 8 2
- Donnithorne 4 8 1
- Taxi Girl 5 8 13
- The above have arrived.
- Anjou 6 8 12
- Vergor II. 6 8 11
- Cock of the Rock. 4 8 9
- Brazil 4 8 9
- Cheriton 4 8 7
- Chance Bird 4 8 6
- Bundock 4 8 5
- Euneva 5 8 3
- Desperato 4 8 2
- Carpe Diem 4 8 2

- 1.5—MATCH of 100 sovs aside; 2m.
- Submit a 11 0
- 2.30—WILTS SELLING PLATE of 175 sovs; 7f.
- Highwayside a 9 4
- Candytuft a 9 4
- Lord Annandale 6 9 4
- Minster Bell 6 9 4
- Swan Song a 9 1
- The above have arrived.
- Cincinnati 5 9 4
- Matelot a 9 4
- Talana Hill a 9 4
- Whroo 6 9 4
- John Chinaman 6 9 1
- Steventon II. 5 9 1
- Sanson 5 9 1
- Menlo a 9 1
- Minstrel Park a 9 1
- Grey Barbarian 5 9 1
- Ranelagh 5 9 1
- Volociter a 9 1
- Charger 4 9 0

- 1.10—NEWBURY SPRING CUP of 550 sovs; 1m.
- (For probable starters and jockeys see Gimcrack.)

3.45—2-Y.O. MAIDEN STAKES of 100 sovs, added sweepstakes 3 sovs; 5f.

Midnight Sun	9 0	Paide of Lothair g	8 11
Saniter	9 0	Berta	8 11
Clarilaw	9 0	Lady Randy	8 11
Poignant	9 0		

The above have arrived.

Cambrio c	9 0	Mitylene	8 11
Income c	9 0	Declaim	8 11
Dark Mitt	9 0	Duquessa f	8 11
Gunton	9 0	Miss Flora f	8 11
Hainaby	9 0	Virginia f	8 11
Moulded	9 0	Half a Chance	8 11
Sweet Clarane c	9 0	Podarqua	8 11
Henry Clay	9 0	You Two	8 11
White Cliff	9 0	Lazy Loo	8 11
Irish Emigrant	9 0	Welbury f	8 11
Tredde	9 0	Bembridge f	8 11
Riven	9 0	Bank Note	8 11
Corydon	9 0	Dalketh f	8 11
Corinth	9 0	La Sotta f	8 11
Ranelot	9 0	Ada f	8 11
Mascot	9 0	Prentissima	8 11
Porringer	9 0	Montem f	8 11
Oros	9 0	Orveen	8 11
Jessica c	9 0	Maud g	8 11
Laugh	9 0	Proud Agnes g	8 11

4.15—3-Y.O. MAIDEN STAKES of 100 sovs, added sweepstakes of 3 sovs; 1m.

Willumson	9 0	Blackadder	9 0
Ardreock	9 0	Sultan of Egypt	9 0
William the Lion	9 0	Breeze o' the Mora	8 11
Brandwine	9 0	Diabolino	8 11
Irish Recruit	9 0	Musical Honours	8 11
Baronvale	9 0	Sly Lassie	8 11
Banbury	9 0	M'dama	8 11
Lord Carbery	9 0	East Thrush	8 11

The above have arrived.

Giant Stride	9 0	Tom Bernay	9 0
Duncan	9 0	St. Leo	9 0
Lock View	9 0	Old Castle	9 0
Seventy Five	9 0	Evan	9 0
Roscius	9 0	True Blue	9 0
Billycock	9 0	St. Kilda	9 0
Ampleforth	9 0	Sweet Sorrow	8 11
Meyrick	9 0	Seigle	8 11
Bowlay	9 0	Crystal Rock	8 11
Damless	9 0	Aurora	8 11
Bright Bird	9 0	Seriland	8 11
Herodotus	9 0	Minorotas	8 11
Jaragua	9 0		

4.45—CHIEVELEY DOUBLE HANDICAP (Class 2) of 225 sovs; 5f.

Amphitryon	3 8 12	Dusky Boy	3 8 3
Granny's Darling	5 8 8	Earlock	3 8 0
General Picton	6 8 6	Parley	3 7 12
Cock of the North	3 8 6	Royal Bucks	3 7 1

The above have arrived.

Black Walnut	5 9 0	Helvetia	3 8 5
Sun Umbrella	4 8 13	Purora	3 8 5
Bird's Nest	4 8 10	Little Mabel	4 8 4
Turpitude g	3 8 10	Paryus	5 8 2
Linen	3 8 9	Orphrey	3 8 1
Royal Song	3 8 8	N.V.E.	3 7 9
Happy Bird	3 8 5	Beck	3 7 9
Lady Isabel	3 8 0		

YESTERDAY'S NEWBURY RESULTS.

2.0—JUVENILE PLATE.—CASCATELLA, F, 8-11 (E. Wheatley), 1; ALLIE F, 8-11 (Donoghue), 2; MORRIS DANCER, 9-0 (H. Randall), 3. Also ran: Johnnie H. Green, Munita c, Glenalvon, King Arthur, Memphian f, Heatheride, Paraffin Lass f, Miss T. Gelling, Katusha f, Sula Harris, Coral Strand, Styronne f, Hongkong, Trivia f, First Harvest, Boom, Betting: 5 to 1 CASCATELLA, 4 to 1 Katusha, 6 to 1 First Harvest, 8 to 1 Johnnie H., 10 to 1 Morris Dancer, Boom, 100 to 8 Munita c, Allie f, 100 to 6 others. Head; neck.

2.30—BERKSHIRE THREE-YEAR-OLD HANDICAP.—NICKY MAN, 8-11 (J. Clark), 1; WIGMORE, 8-11 (Fox), 2; BEN LEDI, 8-3 (H. Southey), 3. Also ran: Spearfoot, Goodie's Birthday, I.M.D., My Memo. Betting: EYENS NICKY MAN, 7 to 1 Spearfoot, Wigmore, 8 to 1 I.M.D., 10 to 1 Ben Ledi, 100 to 7 others. 2 lengths; same.

3.10—GREENHAM STAKES.—ANALOGY, 8-5 (J. Childs), 1; FLAMING FIRE, 8-5 (P. Mason), 2; MELISSA, 8-12 (Donoghue), 3. Also ran: Duggie, Eos, Verdun, Polydamon, Grandborough, Despotie, Blackadder, Angelina, Weeroona. Betting: 7 to 1 Melissa, 4 to 1 Duggie, 7 to 1 Angelina, 8 to 1 ANALOGY, 10 to 1 Poldamon, 100 to 9 Eos, 100 to 8 Flaming Fire, 20 to 1 others. Neck; 3 lengths.

3.45—THATCHAM HANDICAP.—HERODE-AGRIPPA, 7-4 (R. Stokes), 1; SEALBY, 7-0 (R. Cooper), 2; THE ANT, 7-4 (Robbins), 3. Also ran: Fitz-Yama, Hare Hill, Asparagus, Early Hope, The Revenge, Ragtime King, Angus, Teadstone, Birdsye, Brunswick, Marita, St. Bouve, Regal, The Nab, Gummy Dean. Betting: 10 to 1 Ragtime King, 4 to 1 The Ant, 7 to 1 Hare Hill, Early Hope, 3 to 1 The Revenge, 10 to 1 HERODE-AGRIPPA, Sealby, Regal, 20 to 1 others. 1/2 length; length.

4.15—MANTON STAKES.—PUBLICAN, 8-10 (Donoghue), 1; DARK DINAH c, 8-10 (Dick), 2; BARONESA L, 8-7 (W. Earl), 3. Also ran: Dark Mitt, Coercton, Hair Apparent, Asbestos, Sophia II, Greenmount, Miss Slyboots, Caroline Fanny. Betting: 7 to 1 Greenmount, 9 to 4 Dark Dinah c, 7 to 1 PUBLICAN, 10 to 1 Dark Mitt, Baronesa L, 100 to 7 others. 1/2 length; 5 lengths.

4.45—CHIEVELEY HANDICAP (Class 1).—SALANDRA, 6-8 (G. Hulme), 1; COU-COU, 7-7 (R. Cooper), 2; COMEDIENNE, 6-1 (A. Smith), 3. Also ran: Torloak, Hornet's Beauty, Eager Eyes, Pennant, Wynbury, Mazboot, Castellan, Polygram, Desmond M., Chaplain, Francois, Nachdodorne, Tingvalla. Betting: 3 to 1 Cou Cou, 4 to 1 SALANDRA, 6 to 1 Eager Eyes, 10 to 1 Hornet's Beauty, 100 to 8 Torloak, 100 to 7 Polygram, 100 to 6 others. 1/2 length; 3/4 length.

THE FOOTBALL CARD.

LONDON COMBINATION.—Chelsea v. Queen's Park Rangers; Watford v. Arsenal; Brentford v. Luton; Clapton Orient v. Croydon Common; Reading v. Fulham; Tottenham Hotspur v. West Ham; Millwall v. Crystal Palace. LEAGUE: MIDLAND SECTION.—Bradford City v. Leeds; Huddersfield v. Bradford; Rochdale v. Barnsley; Hull City v. Sheffield Wednesday; Rotherham v. Lincoln City; Sheffield United v. Grimsby; Chesterfield v. Derby County; Leicester Fosse v. Notts Forest; Notts County v. Stoke. LEAGUE: LANCASHIRE SECTION.—Bolton Wanderers v. Blackpool; Preston North End v. Bury; Southport Central v. Burnley; Everton v. Oldham Athletic; Manchester City v. Manchester United; Stockport v. Liverpool. SOUTH-WESTERN COMBINATION.—Swindon v. Portsmouth. ORDINARY.—Newcastle United v. Sunderland.

SILVER AGAIN ADVANCES.

Stock Markets yesterday remained dull and depressed, except as regards American securities, which made a strong recovery. Consols were marked down to 57, War Loan 4 1/2 per cent. stock to 96 1/2, and 3 1/2 per cent. stock to 87 1/2, while French National 5 per cent. Bonds dropped to 85 1/2.

There was not much doing in rubber shares, and Lingis were sold following on the dividend announcement. Forestal Land shares continued to be bid for and improved to 52s. 9d.

In the Mining Market the only feature was a sharp jump in Cam and Motor shares on a reported rich strike at the 7th level. Mexican Mines retained the improvement of the previous day, and there was a further advance in Burma Corporation shares to 42s. 6d.

The price of silver advanced to 34 1/2d, a figure not reached since 1895. Copper rose to 213 7/8. 5d. per ton.

AMERICAN COTTON (close): New York, 1 point up to 3 points down. New Orleans, 1 up to 1 down. Tone steady.

GALLIARD Sunday Chronicle.—22 23 20 2 25 25 25 2 26 24—18 23 7 25 6 16 14 6 26 9 7 9—1 2 25 1 14.

TETRARCH (Illustrated Sunday Herald).—10 11 22 23 5 22 16 4—5 24 6 18 11 26 26 11 26 18 11 5 4.

DESMOND (Empire).—*20 12 3 25 8 14 13 5 16 10 9—12 16 18 3 8 23 15—17 14 20 24 16 10 3 12 19 7 5.

Bayodee and Ferex were scratched from the Two Thousand Guineas at 9 a.m. yesterday.

Lance-Corporal Stanley Reed, of the Devons, the Devon professional cricketer and Plymouth Argyle footballer, was killed, and Lieutenant Puddicombe and seven men injured more or less, by the accidental bursting of a bomb, which Reed was holding in his hand and about to throw, at a military bombing school.

REBELS' FIRST BLOW.

(Continued from page 3.)

These having been distributed a move was made towards the upper Castle yard. Here a policeman on duty was shutting the gates, and was immediately shot dead.

The rebels then turned their attention towards the offices of the Dublin Daily Express and Mail, at the corner of Cork Hill and opposite the City Hall.

The premises were taken possession of, and at the lower entrance to the Castle a soldier was shot, falling instantly dead with a bullet through his brain.

By this time the rebels were gathered in strong force, and at the side of each man there marched a woman in uniform carrying bandoliers with a plentiful supply of cartridges.

At one point, after a bayonet charge and volleys of shots, the streets were scattered over with dead and dying people. At the hospitals the medical staffs were busy attending to the wounded.

STREET LITTERED WITH BODIES.

For a considerable time Abbey-street, Earl-street, Ormonde Quay and O'Connell-street resounded with the crack of rifle fire and the screams of injured people.

It is computed that at least 19 people were killed outright, and a great many are reported injured.

Some Northerners, who were in the Metropolis on Monday, aver that bodies littered Sackville-street from the Nelson Pillar to O'Connell Bridge; that the rebels fired unceasingly, and as soon as their magazines were empty they were handed fresh supplies of cartridges by the uniformed women who marched side by side with them.

As the volleys rang out the people dashed for shelter, but inoffensive citizens were attacked and ill-treated by the processionists on the mere suspicion that they had loyal tendencies.

The rebels for some hours held command of the centre of the city, and dared the soldiers to dispute possession with them.

MR. ASQUITH AND LORD KITCHENER SEE THE KING.

The King went to London from Windsor yesterday and gave audiences to Mr. Asquith and Lord Kitchener at Buckingham Palace. In the evening the King returned to Windsor.

MR. BIRRELL'S POSITION.

I am told that Mr. Birrell's resignation is inevitable, but that it will not be immediate, writes the London correspondent of the Daily Dispatch.

The mischief having been done, and General Maxwell being in absolute control, it matters little who the nominal head of the Irish Executive may be. The difficulty will be to find a successor. Nobody is anxious for what has always been a thankless post.

REPULSE OF NEW ATTACK ON THE BRITISH FRONT.

Beaten At Loos, The Germans Try Elsewhere—And Fail Again.

HUNS FAIL IN 2 TO 1 AIR FIGHT.

British Official News. GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, FRANCE, Friday, 10.29 p.m.

Early this morning the enemy tried to enter our trenches at two points north of Roclincourt after exploding five mines followed by artillery and trench-mortar bombardment.

The enemy was successfully repulsed. The day has passed quietly in the neighbourhood of Loos since the gallant fighting of the 16th Irish Division broke up the German attack delivered there yesterday under cover of gas.

Elsewhere on the front nothing but unimportant artillery actions at isolated points.

Air Activity: 24 Combats.

In the air there was considerable activity again, 24 combats taking place.

Four of our machines attacked eight hostile machines flying in formation, and drove a wedge into the middle of them.

After a fight lasting 10 minutes four of the enemy's machines were driven down, one landing in a ploughed field.

One of our machines was hit, but we suffered no casualties.

In another fight a hostile machine is believed to have been hit.

QUIET ON THE FRENCH FRONT.

Only Artillery Actions In The Region Of Verdun.

French Official News. PARIS, Friday, 11 p.m.

To the north of the Aisne there was a somewhat lively cannonade in the region of the Bois des Buttes.

To the west of the Meuse there was an artillery duel in the sector of the Bois de Malancourt.

To the east of the Meuse our positions between Poivre Hill and Douaumont were violently bombarded.

The day was comparatively quiet in the Woivre. In the Vosges our batteries shelled an enemy convoy in the vicinity of Moussey, south-east of Celles.

During the night of Thursday-Friday our aeroplanes bombarded the station of Audun la Romains, hutments near Spincourt, and the stations of Grand Pré and Chalrange.—Reuter.

OUR CIGARETTE FUND.

12s.—Tommy's Friends, Colne (88th cont.). 5s.—Parlour Company, Hare and Hounds, Hindley (76th cont.). 1s. 6d.—Sunbeam, 1s.—M. W. Scott, Notting Hill. 8s.—Daily Sketch Readers and Comps. 2s.—May Keegan, Manchester.

The public, as well as the medical profession, will have an opportunity of hearing Mr. Alex. Erskine, the well-known specialist in hypnosis, at the Smith Memorial Hall, Kingsway, at 2.30 to-day.

CREX Shortage of Washing Soda.

"CREX" the very latest in washing powder will do at less cost everything that washing soda—and you need only one-third the quantity.

"CREX" contains no injurious chemicals. No caustic, no bleach, no silicate.

(British Manufacture.)

CREX

The Soft, Quick, Snow-white Cleanser.

Ask your Grocer for it to-day—also for pamphlet with full particulars.



Washes Clothes, Glass, Chinaware, Silver, Plate and Cutlery, Painted and Unpainted Woodwork, Pots, Pans and Enamel ware. Guaranteed pure. Use it for Cooking Vegetables.

CREX Shortage of Washing Soda.

THE LOVE CHEAT.

Serial Story Specially Written for the Daily Sketch.

By YELVA BURNETT.

Betty Enjoys Herself.

The ceremony over the Vicar excused himself and went away; the women kissed each other, and a tear sprang from Mrs. Drayton's eye.

It was difficult to reach any part of Betty's face; Mrs. Drayton's lips and hers had been separated by the grey and gold scarf which covered all save Betty's eyes and the white margin of crumpled brow beyond it. Laurette stood apart, so pale that she might have been one in a mournful funeral procession rather than the witness of a wedding. The servants felt awkward and slipped one by one from the room.

The Squire conducted Betty to a chair and bent over her hands, murmuring something gentle and consoling. Betty being by nature an actress rather enjoyed herself. Again she was the central figure of interest, and occupying a new role. The novelty of her marriage in such tragic circumstances appealed to her artistic sense. All in the room looked at her as at a martyr whose affliction is supported by an admirable courage.

In her strange head-dress Betty was picturesque, appealing and mysterious. If she could go about the world like this she might create a vaster interest, and possess a power even greater than that recently hers because of her unusual beauty. She felt excited and full of hope. Vivian was her husband, he was rich. She might still have things all her own way so long as no one saw her face.

It was suggested that she should rest, but Betty thought otherwise.

"What, uncle; no champagne, no breakfast? Oh, I am very well, for I am happy; let me be as jolly as possible, and I want to see the wedding presents. I shall coax Dr. Wychett to let me go away with Vivian. The change will do me good. You are all very kind to me. I am so grateful."

"But, darling Betty," Vivian intervened, "we can't take too much care of you. You really should keep quiet a little longer, and if we went a journey to-day or to-morrow, you might catch cold and have to go back to bed."

The Squire nodded.

"Wychett will be calling presently," he tried to be jocular. "How surprised he will be to find that his naughty little patient has been married during his absence."

"Whatever he says I shall get Felix to pack my clothes," Betty said firmly. "I am not going to remain in the dark any more."

Gimp was summoned, and told to arrange the wedding breakfast.

"Of You And Our Love."

At last Vivian persuaded Betty to take a brief rest on the couch.

"I shall stay with you, darling, if you wish," he said.

His wife submitted gracefully to his decree. Laurette's wistful eyes troubled her. She feared that in her increasing compassion her sister might suddenly embrace her. As for Mrs. Drayton, "she looks like a death's head," Betty thought. "How cold and clammy her lips were when she kissed me just now. How sick she is to see me in Laurette's place."

A smile played upon her hidden mouth, "A good omen for the future that even with my beauty gone I have succeeded where Laurette failed."

"Of what are you thinking, dearest Betty?"

Vivian inquired, watching her as she lay back with a strange, deep expression in her changing eyes.

"Of you and our love," she answered sweetly. "Oh Vivian, do you know what it means to me to be cherished and considered by you, even although I am such a feeble creak? A little bit of dainty Dresden that has had a bad fall," she went on rather bitterly, "chipped and put together, but the cracks are still visible."

"Yet always Dresden," Vivian answered tenderly, "still priceless and rare."

"Viv, you're an angel!"

"I wish I were, Betty, for your sake, but oh, my dear, I think I needed just this to fill my empty life. For a long time my whole existence has seemed so purposeless, but now I have someone to take care of. Such an exquisite duty! You shall be my queen, darling; you shall do as you choose. Whatever pleases you will make me happy."

She peered at her husband from under silky lashes.

This devotion was well worth having. If because of her misfortune she could do with Vivian anything she pleased, her scarred face might not prove so vast a misfortune after all. Yet even while he held her little hand in his own and stroked it gently and delicately, so as not to cause a single twinge to her recently torn flesh, Betty already felt slightly bored.

She craved from Vivian a complete obedience to her every whim, but she knew that would soon be utterly fatigued by too frequent demonstrations of this nature. However, she suppressed her growing impatience, this was their wedding day, and downstairs the servants were preparing the wedding feast.

Betty's New Home.

Betty's new home, Greycliffe, faced the sea. It was a smaller property than Talebriar, and far older. She regarded it at sight with disfavour.

Betty had neither love nor reverence for ancient buildings and relics, and Greycliffe was to her a gloomy, moth-eaten place, standing upon firm, iron-like foundations above a tiny village.

As Betty looked out upon the little houses pitched upon the slopes of the vale and surmounted by frowning heights, she felt a bitter disappointment creep through her. She had imagined the dwelling-house of Vivian's ancestors an up-to-date, smartly-kept place, but she observed rust on the griffoned gates, and an old one-legged lodge-keeper popped from a small cottage, and with a smile wrinkling his toothless old mouth, lifted the iron bars and allowed the landau admittance to lands of sun-browned grass, wherein the trees were few and far between.

The severe beauty of Greycliffe, which was evident to cultured eyes, was regarded by Betty as an unsightly desolation.

"How ugly everything is," she thought; and looking askance at Vivian, she wondered if he were miserly. His frank eyes met her dubious ones.

"I played here as a kiddie. I love Greycliffe and the village, Betty. I have so many friends here of quite a humble kind; it seems a shame to have forsaken the place for so many years, but it was lonely after mother's death, and I couldn't stand it."

"Yes, it is lonely," Betty agreed, trying to suppress a shiver. "And what a noise the sea makes. Everything needs doing up very badly, Vivian!"

He was rather hurt. "Greycliffe is one of those places which impress most people unfavourably at sight, but when you get to know it, as I do, it seems just the dearest and most restful spot on earth." He looked up at her muffled face—he had never seen it unmuffled since the accident—with a tender smile.

The Inmates Of Greycliffe.

Betty was not listening. "Why are there so few trees? The grass looks withered."

"The soil here—so close to the sea, is not very kind to vegetation, Betty. You must go farther inland for the woods and wild flowers, but that is why Greycliffe appeals to me, it is so royally splendid, and this air is supposed to be of the most bracing in England. My aunts Tabitha and Fanny have felt the benefit since they came here."

Betty stared at him in frank displeasure. "You have aunts at Greycliffe—oh, I remember Uncle Ben speaking of your mother's sisters. But—they aren't there now?"

"Darling, yes; but they are ready to leave should you wish. Indeed, they offered to go somewhere else the moment I told them the date of our marriage, but Aunt Tabitha has a delicate chest, and her physician wrote me most candidly to say that a removal from Greycliffe would be fatal."

Betty clenched her hands in her lap.

"Am I to—nurse Aunt—Tabitha?" she asked, enunciating the last word with scorn.

"Dear me, no, Betty! Aunt Fanny is devoted to her, and so are the servants. My aunts love young people; they will be so glad to see one so bright and sweet as you are."

"Bright and sweet!" thought Betty. "And to be cupboarded up with these sour old spinsters!"

"Why didn't you tell me of your aunts before?" she demanded crossly.

"Because I thought they were going to leave. Then, when I received the doctor's letter, you were all upstairs. To worry you about the matter was impossible, darling, but I knew you would agree with me that it would be shameful to turn them out."

Betty returned no answer. They had reached a wide oak door which, thrown back, disclosed a hall of rugged stone, with wide oak beams supporting the roof.

Behind the bent form of a manservant as ancient as the lodge-keeper Betty espied a little lady in grey taffeta, with mittened hands and silver white curls, which were crowned by a small cap of old lace. This little person rose from her chair and lifted kind, spectacled eyes of an intense forget-me-not blue to Betty's proud cold look, and from a corner an upright and taller woman, becaped, bespectacled and mittened, garbed exactly as her sister, advanced towards the chagrined bride. Two pairs of small wrinkled hands fluttered out to Vivian and Betty.

"Why Did You Bring Me Here?"

"Oh, my dear, my dear," Miss Tabitha said softly, and embraced Betty. The taller sister grasped hold of Vivian.

"Welcome, welcome, both of you." She turned to Betty, kissing her through the long-hanging veil. "How glad I am to see you, dear. Vivian was always running away, but now he will settle down and see to his affairs."

"Settle down?" sneered an imp in Betty's soul, "with these moulting old hens!"

"You will want to go upstairs and take off your things," piped little Miss Tabitha, who looked at Betty with open-eyed admiration. "I will ring for Jane."

But Vivian, watching the three faces somewhat anxiously, intervened.

"I will take Betty up, Aunt; come along, darling, you'll be charmed with your room."

They went up the broad, shallow stairs together. Betty paused beneath a row of family portraits; squires and dames watched the ascent of Vivian's bride with strange, yellow-tinted eyes. There was a musty, woody smell in her nostrils.

"This used to be the musicians' gallery," Vivian said when they reached the first floor.

Betty answered, "Which is my room?"

Vivian led her forward to an open door from which came the glow of candle and firelight. Betty went to the centre and took in the monastic simplicity of the apartment. It was narrow, yet lofty, with three mullioned windows; the faces of primroses greeted her from a blue Nankin bowl. Vivian had barely closed the door when Betty flung round upon him.

"Why did you bring me here?"

Vivian hesitated, watching her uneasily, then with dignity he said: "Because it is my home."

Betty tugged at the strings of her motor bonnet, she felt that they were strangling her. "That is not the real reason!"

"Betty—darling!" he faltered. "What do you mean?"

Behind The Veil.

"Isn't it obvious?" she retorted.

"I'm afraid not," he said, mindful of his uncle's advice and his own glowing resolve to be patient and considerate to Betty, no matter how fitful and exacting her moods.

Betty still tugged at a ribbon, and it came off in her hand; that trivial happening seemed to exasperate her. She walked close up to Vivian.

"An ugly bride and one of whom you are downright ashamed. My God, don't deny it; haven't I eyes to read to your heart? Wasn't all the talk of Paris and Rome until—"

"Betty, Betty!"

"Don't touch me; don't come near me. You brought me here so as to hide me from everybody, and with two old fogies for my daily companions! Don't speak, I tell you; it only makes matters worse; but listen to me: I'd sooner be dead than buried in this tomb! Isn't it a tomb? Oh, yes, yes it is—and as though I were a lunatic, a leper! Such treatment from you after all the talk of love! But you're punished, too—wait!"

In a reckless, passionate movement she flung back her veil, and, rushing away, brought a branched silver candlestick, which held seven candles. These, flaming and flaring in the draught, let trails of blackening smoke shoot up towards her uncovered face. She was laughing wildly and looking towards Vivian, who appeared as vague and blurred as a thin shadow painted upon the oak panel.

"Look!" scoffed Betty, "at what you have brought to Greycliffe!"

She pushed her bonnet impatiently backward. It tumbled to the floor. Vivian's eyes were upon her face, and he moved towards her one step at a time. Betty set her teeth, but only for an instant. She was wild with pain and disgust. Her misfortune had caused her to be deeply suspicious of everyone's conduct when it affected herself.

"Look!" she whispered. "Are you not pleased?"

There was dead silence, but she could still see Vivian's eyes.

"Married to me—married! You can't untie the knot. No, not until you die; poor Vivian, and you might have had Laurette!"

(Do not miss Monday's instalment.)

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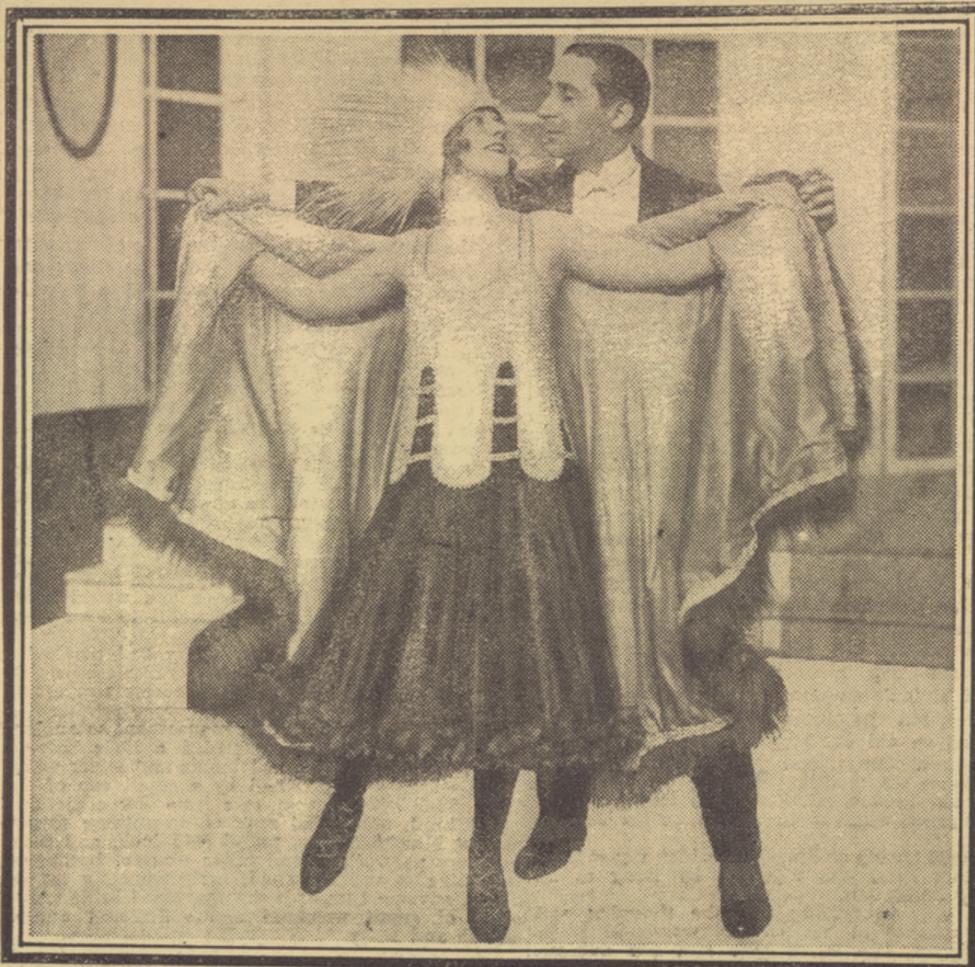
See Monday's Daily Sketch.

AIR CONFIDENCES.



A British naval airman discussing the outlook with a French airman at Salonika.—(British official photograph.)

THE “BING BOYS” COME TO TOWN.



Phyllis Monkman and Jack Morrison in one of their clever dances.

FELLED BY A FOKKER



Air-Mechanic Percy Shaw, R.F.C., now a prisoner in Germany. His machine was the thirteenth brought down by Immelmann, the Fokker expert.

A SUN-BATH AT SALONIKA.



A British officer enjoying a Salonika sun-bath on the hawse-pipe through which the anchor cables pass.—(British official photograph.)

A TAUBE'S BABY VICTIM.



This Jewish child was wounded in the head by a bomb splinter from one of the Taubes repeatedly flying over Salonika.—(Official photograph.)



Alfred Lester and George Robey as the Bing Boys “seeing life” in London make merry with Violet Loraine, the Cockney housemaid, also up from Binghampton.

Peeps at the Alhambra's new revue, “The Bing Boys are Here,” which has already scored a big success.—(Foulsham and Banfield.)