

DAILY SKETCH.

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LONDON, WEDNESDAY, MAY 3, 1916.

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ONE HALFPENNY.

DUBLIN IN FLAMES: Exclusive Daily Sketch Photographs Taken Under Fire.



The captors of a rebel flag. Emblazoned on the green silk are the words: "Irish Republic."



Troops behind a barricade ready to repel a rebel attack.



This photograph, with others on this page, was taken under fire by a *Daily Sketch* staff photographer. It shows Sackville-street as it was on Thursday night, when the rebels were in possession of the city, and the buildings in the famous thoroughfare were in flames. Silhouetted against the glare, in the background, is Nelson's Column.



Soldiers replying to the fire of the insurgents. While this photograph was being taken the bullets from the rebel rifles were flattening themselves against the buildings shown in the picture. One of the officers is seen directing the fire of his men.

INNER HISTORY OF THE DUBLIN REPUBLICAN PLOT.

THE REAL SECRET OF THE IRISH REBELLION.

Sinn Fein Enthusiasts Duped By The Larkinites.

"SAVIOUR OF IRELAND."

Loud-Mouthed Agitator Who Would Like To Be President.

From Our Special Correspondents.

DUBLIN, Monday Evening.

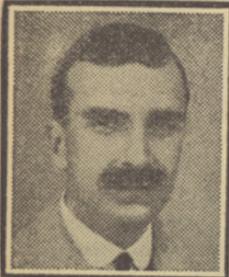
Now that the rebellion in Dublin has subsided one is able to gather more reliable news as to who is responsible for this pitifully futile revolt.

I write "subsided," because that is the general opinion among high officers in the Army. Isolated sniping parties will probably be encountered for some time. The danger will be if the Government treat the rebellion as definitely stamped out. Anything may happen in such a case, with Larkin still busy organising in the "States."

THEIR GREAT "ALLY."

I have been talking to a number of influential Irish men and women—both Nationalists and Ulsterites, and to two Sinn Feiners. They all agreed that Larkin and Larkinites were responsible for the revolt, and that the Sinn Feiners were cruelly deceived and thrown into the affair when they believed they were merely to take part in a review on Easter Bank Holiday.

The Sinn Feiners were told by Larkin's mob leaders that the Nationalists were helping them,



Mr. J. Bagwell, the general manager of the Irish Great Northern Railway, and Mrs. Bagwell, who were injured during the fighting in Dublin. —(Croker, Waterford.)

a great European "Ally" was landing troops and ammunition, and there was no need to worry because money was coming in "heaps" from the United States.

Many of the younger Sinn Feiners, boys of 14 and 15, were told—when they appeared nervous—that "it will be all over in a few days and you'll have no need to worry about money to play with."

"LARKIN, THE SAVIOUR."

Larkin, I was told by a well-known Dublin Nationalist, is an unscrupulous Syndicalist who believes he is the "Saviour of Ireland." This idea he has cultivated since his rise to notoriety in connection with the Dublin strike.

The war came, and Larkin saw the possible realisation of his ambition—to become first President of an Irish Republic. He had secured a great many Nationalists and Ulstermen in addition to his own rabble.

The Sinn Feiners attracted him. He would need their assistance. How well he succeeded in winning over the leaders, hoodwinking the rank and file, and covering his own "army" with the name of Sinn Fein is already well known.

The Sinn Feiners are conscientious workers for "Ireland for the Irish," and an overwhelming majority of them is nauseated with Larkinism and all that it means.

This was made apparent during the last few days. Over 1,500 Sinn Feiners surrendered to the military, and many of them said to the soldiers: "Sure, and we were served a dirty trick. We didn't want to fight. We just came for a review."

A GARRISON OF WOMEN.

On the other hand the Larkinites are still fighting—sniping. They are filled with blood lust. If one of these men can kill two or three English soldiers before he is himself killed, then he is satisfied.

One of the last of the rebel positions to surrender was the Royal College of Surgeons, which was under the command of the Countess Markievitz

Many of the garrison were women. They had been fighters, and carried rifles. They wore no skirts, but had men's uniform, including trousers and puttees, with the usual black feather.

Others of the women who surrendered were nurses, and displayed the Red Cross.

I was told a story of how the notorious Kelly, another Larkinite, appealed on his capture. He was brought before an officer, who took his name and questioned him. Interrupting the officer's question, Kelly blurted out: "I wish to have time in order to brief a counsel for my defence. I wish to secure the best counsel in the country."

The officer replied: "Certainly, your wish will be complied with." Turning round to an orderly, he instructed him to bring a priest. "That's the best counsel in the world for you."

It was during the surrender of Kelly that a pathetic incident occurred. The soldiers had rushed one or two houses and were making prisoners without being fired upon after Kelly's capture, when some commotion was caused a little further up the street.

ONLY BOYS.

The soldiers were quickly on the spot. They found four young Sinn Fein lads of fourteen taking off their green shirts.

A number of women made a ring round the boys to shield them from the military and cried to the boys to hurry. The soldiers quickly arrested them, but one of the number, a man of 45 to 50, remarked to his friend: "By God, it's a damned shame to give these lads rifles. The poor fellows are hardly out of their cot yet. Come on, sonny, we are not going to hurt you," he said to one lad, who seemed inclined to faint from nervousness.

THE RUINED CAPITAL.

The appalling tragedy of Sackville-street will remain in my mind for a long time yet.

The Post Office consists of four walls—an empty cracked shell. The Hotel Metropole has one wall standing. The Imperial Hotel is represented now by a myriad bricks—which were still smouldering as I passed on Monday evening—lying in a huge heap out into the road.

At the bottom of Sackville-street stands the O'Connell statue. O'Connell has his back to Sackville-street. One old Irish lady said: "It looks just as though the old gentleman was turning his back on it for fear of breaking his heart and losing his love for his brothers."

SOLDIERS WITHDRAWN.

All the police and military have been withdrawn, and the sightseers have been permitted to roam without let or hindrance.

Crowds flocked across the O'Connell Bridge into Sackville-street, which was black with a dense mass of people.

Practically the whole of the right side of the famous street has been battered to the ground. "Just like Belgium," was the favourite ejaculation of the people as they moved about.

The interior of the Post Office is open to the sky. The floor is a mass of debris, and the telegraph messengers' bicycles, which were lined up in the entrance hall, are a mass of metal all welded together.

Food is still very scarce, and prices are ballooned up to a formidable figure. This applies particularly to bread. I went into a shop near Sackville-street and had a rush snack of bread and cheese and a bottle of beer. The bread was 9d., cheese 1s., beer 6d.

Everyone is full of praise for the admirable behaviour of the troops, and cigarettes are freely given them.

The poor have had instilled into them a fierce hatred towards Englishmen, and particularly

(Continued in next column.)

FIRST WITH THE PICTURES AND THE NEWS.

How The Daily Sketch "Got There" Before Its Rivals.

In recording the Irish revolt the *Daily Sketch* has led the way with a combination of news and pictures in advance of any other morning picture paper.

While the whole country was on Saturday awakening with consternation to the critical nature of the situation which General Sir John Maxwell had hastily been sent to deal with in Dublin, and while the name of James Connolly was on everybody's lips, the *Daily Sketch* was the first London newspaper to portray what manner of man the rebel leader is.

Rival pictorial newspapers were content with the bald official report of the rebellion, but the *Daily Sketch* was publishing the full story of the wild fighting behind barricades in the streets of Dublin.

In Monday's editions the *Daily Sketch* published photographs taken within the military cordon while rivals were yet publishing photographs of the Dublin riots of three years ago.

Again, when the rebellion had collapsed and hundreds of the captured insurgents were being brought to England, the *Daily Sketch* photographers were there to meet them, and to record for all to see the type of misguided dupes of a futile movement.

To-day we publish further photographs illustrating the unhappy state of devastated Dublin. These were taken by Messrs. William Gore—whose war experiences range from the Balkans and Tripoli to the battlefields of France and Flanders—and Waterall, our own staff photographers. Their pictures, as well as the stirring narratives sent by Messrs. Simister, Noble, and Truelove, our special correspondents in Dublin, were already on their way to London in the hands of special couriers while the representatives of rival journals were still vainly endeavouring to reach the scene of fateful happenings.



Lieut.-Colonel Fane, of the Sherwoods, who is also among the Sherwoods, wounded in Dublin.—(Speaight.)

(Continued from previous column.)

soldiers. Now that the soldiers are doling out flour with kindly, smiling faces, the Dublin poor are beginning to realise that Larkin's idea of English soldiers was wrong.

All day to-day the barricades were being removed, but not always by the soldiers. Where barricades were made up of mattresses, pillows, chairs, sofas, and so forth the soldiers turned the other way if a poor old woman helped herself.

When I left Dublin in the evening the occasional sound of shots could be heard coming from the locality behind Balls Bridge. It is here that snipers have been extremely busy. House to house search for firearms goes on, but not always with success.

Rebel snipers in Dublin adopted in some cases female clothing. One was captured in the uniform of a postman.

Bread is being sent from London to Dublin to feed the poor. Over 2,000 loaves arrived from Euston on Monday.

EMBARKATION OF THE PRISONERS.

Despair Of Men As If On Brink Of The Grave.

REMARKABLE DELUSIONS.

Red Cross Armlets That Came From Germany.

From Percival Phillips.

DUBLIN, Monday Night.

Order has succeeded the brief reign of anarchy in Dublin, and the normal life of the city is being restored as rapidly as possible.

News from the provinces confirms the utter collapse of the revolt outside Dublin. The remaining belligerent rebels in Enniscorthy surrendered to-day, and reports received at military headquarters show that everywhere the insurgents are laying down their arms. All the leading rebels in Dublin are in custody.

The troops are still successfully ferreting out individual snipers, a few of whom continued a lone offensive to-day, particularly in the quarter around Westland-row railway station. But many others capitulated.

DELUSIONS OF THE PRISONERS.

One amazing delusion of some of the captured rebels is that they are legitimate prisoners of war. I am of opinion that the rebels must be divided into two classes: those who regarded their revolutionary "army" as an open ally of Germany just entering the world war, and those who were wholly ignorant of the impending revolt when they were mobilised last Monday morning.

The attitude of the "rebel" officers is particularly obnoxious. Whenever engaged in conversation they have insisted on discussing the revolt as a legitimate encounter between two bodies of troops, in accordance with the laws of international warfare.

MADE IN GERMANY.

Souvenirs of the German propaganda which made this tragedy possible are steadily coming to light. This morning a prisoner who was dug from a hiding-place in a barricaded house where food and ammunition were exhausted, had in his pocket a Red Cross armlet—made in Germany!

There are German cartridges in plenty—vicious lead bullets that would kill an elephant, with a perfectly blunt nose, like the unsharpened end of a lead pencil. Some rebels reversed them before firing. These diabolical missiles made ghastly wounds. An officer had his hand blown off by one of them.

PRISONERS DEPORTED.

The embarkation of prisoners for an unknown destination across the Irish Sea, which began at North Wall Quay last night, and continued to-day, was a sight not without pathos. For the most part, the population watched their departure in silence, although there were a few defiant cheers in some barricaded streets, where the inhabitants watched them behind heavy patrols. Neither the populace nor the prisoners had any idea of their destination, or of the fate awaiting them there, but the majority of the latter did not seem to care.

Probably one in twenty were in rebel uniform, and fully half of them were hatless. Black as sweeps, with their hands sore and powder stained from the unaccustomed handling of rifles, they looked as though they had not slept for years.

They were extraordinary studies in defiance and despair. The tallyman on deck clicked his recorder, and at every fiftieth man halted the procession for a moment. The fifty-first would pull up sharply, look around him with sudden apprehension in his eyes, and then, with his head bent forward, wait for what might happen. He did not know how near he might be to the firing party he expected to encounter at the end of his journey. His look was not exactly one of fear, but there was hopelessness in it, and you could see the quick bracing of his tired muscles.

It was the look of a man who considered himself already on the brink of the grave.

FACES OF FANATICS.

So they passed by in the glare of the deck lamps—labourers and dock rats, and men with the wild faces of fanatics with white metal crucifixes hanging around their necks, and medallions of the Virgin Mary blessed by their priests pinned to their ragged coats or tunics.

An officer came suddenly to the top of the gangway. He wore the regulation pattern British kit, tunic, breeches and dark leather kneeboots, and a peaked cap. The two stars of a lieutenant were on his cuffs. He was a boy of perhaps 22, with a thin, well-shaped head and keen black eyes. He was a rebel "officer," yet at first glance he seemed to be a soldier of the King.

WOMEN CAPTURED.

Of the 60 or more women prisoners—Red Cross workers and "loaders" who were taken yesterday and the preceding night—two were said to be on board with the first batch of exiles, but I could not find them in the crowd. If they were there, they wore men's clothes, or long coats which fully hid their skirts.

Some of the men were returning to England after an absence of less than a fortnight. They had come to Ireland for the revolt. One, a clerk at Carlisle, crossed only two days before.



A city tramcar, used as a barricade, was destroyed by the fire.

IMMEDIATE COMPULSION FOR ALL: ZEPPELINS LAST NIGHT

SINGLE BILL TO END PIECEMEAL RECRUITING.

**Married Men Are Wanted,
Attested Or Not.**

COMPULSION FOR ALL.

**Unattested Men Can Be Spared
From Industry.**

PLEA FOR UNITY.

In order to get rid of the recruiting controversy "once for all," Mr. Asquith announced the following important Government plan in the House of Commons yesterday afternoon:—

General and immediate compulsion. Unattested married men are included in these proposals. They are required by the military necessities of the nation. No more piecemeal recruiting. Unattested married men can be spared from essential industries. They cannot be obtained by existing machinery. Bill to legalise these proposals to be introduced to-day.

Mr. Asquith made a stirring plea for national unity, and rebuked the critics who attacked the Government at a time when its contribution to the common cause was greater and better directed than it had ever been.

The Government were prepared to shoulder these great responsibilities so long as they retained the confidence of the country and the House.

If they had not that confidence, let the House say so.

SPEECHES SUMMARISED.

SIR EDWARD CARSON.

No one doubted that this country had made gigantic efforts, but the question was not what we had done but had we done enough? He was glad they were going to have a Bill to settle the recruiting question.

SIR JOHN SIMON.

The grounds on which the Bill was founded were such that they could not change their convictions as to the wisdom of introducing compulsion. He agreed that the Bill was the logical consequence of the Bill of last January, but as an instrument of increasing the national strength compulsion was a failure.

SIR F. CAWLEY.

He was a Radical, and believed in one man one vote, but he also believed in one man one rifle.

MR. J. H. THOMAS.

He hoped there would be no Labour trouble as a result of the Government's policy, but he would go into the lobby against the Bill.

MR. C. B. STANTON.

Left alone, away from men like Mr. Thomas, Labour would be as loyal as any section of the community.

EMPIRE'S FIVE MILLIONS.

**Mr. Asquith Explains Why More
Men Are Wanted.**

In opening the debate the Prime Minister made a frank and manly statement, well received in all parts of the House, except by the small anti-compulsion group.

Last week's Bill, he said, was intended to deal with the question of recruiting in instalments.

That plan did not meet with approval. The Government had therefore decided to invite the House to deal without delay with all sides of the recruiting problem in a single measure. (Cheers.)

He thought it right before that measure was introduced—which he hoped would be to-day—to summarise in public some of the reasons he gave in private last week for the necessity of their main demand.

In August, 1915, our Army constituted six Regular and 14 Territorial divisions at home, in addition to garrisons over the seas which might

We had to-day 42 Regular and 28 Territorial divisions, making, in all, with the naval division, 71 divisions.

To that had to be added the contribution of 12 divisions from the Dominions, a total of 83 divisions in all.

In other words, the total naval and military effort of the Empire—India excepted—exceeded five million men. (Cheers.)

THREE ESSENTIALS.

The Cabinet had now, after due deliberations, come to three conclusions:—

- (1) That the provision of men included in the Bill brought in last week and of the additional 200,000 unattested married men were essential to the maintenance of our armies in the field.
- (2) That that number of men could not be obtained in due time by existing machinery.
- (3) That this number of men now demanded were available; that is, they could be spared from the industries essential for the successful prosecution of the war.

The inference from these conclusions was plain. It was the duty of the country to provide these men. (Cheers.)

He had never concealed the fact that he believed compulsion to be a question of practical expediency, and the proposals that were placed before the House were, in the form in which they were so as to secure the consent of the great mass of the people of the country.

THE FALL OF KUT.

Mr. Asquith referred to the depression caused by "that deplorable incident, happily without serious military significance," the surrender of the heroic garrison at Kut.

There had been moments of depression and severe criticism of the Executive in every war of the country's history. They had only to turn to the speeches, articles and pamphlets in the early days of the Revolutionary War, when Pitt was Prime Minister, to find a precedent for every criticism which had been made against the present Government.

GROWING AND WILL GROW.

His answer was that there might have been mistakes in strategy and in policy; but the British contribution to the common cause had grown and was growing steadily month by month and was greater and better directed than ever it had been. The naval and military situation of the Allies was never so good as it was to-day.

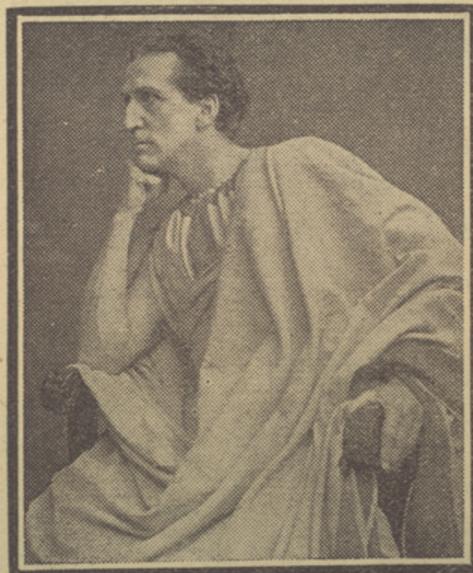
The Government would put up with all the criticism that was directed against them so long as they felt they had the confidence of the country behind them.

An Hon. Member: You haven't.
Mr. Asquith: If we have not, let the House say so. Let the House say so, and let it find another body of men. (Cheers.)

It will find none, I venture to say, more zealous, more loyal, more assiduous in the discharge of their duties.

F. R. BENSON KNIGHTED.

The King and Queen were present at the Shakespeare Tercentenary commemoration performance at Drury Lane yesterday afternoon, when Mr. F.



SIR F. R. BENSON.—(Lafayette.)

R. Benson, the eminent Shakespearean actor, was knighted. Full description appears on page 10.

CAPTAIN AND COLONEL'S WIFE.

Lieut.-Colonel Alexander H. C. Birch, R.A., was granted a decree nisi yesterday on the ground of his wife's misconduct in California with Captain Edward Lorimer, Indian Army, whom they met in Quetta in 1910.

THE MAN FOR TEWKESBURY.

At a meeting of the Tewkesbury Division Conservative Association yesterday Mr. W. F. Hicks Beach, younger brother of the late Earl St. Aldwyn, accepted the invitation to become candidate for the seat rendered vacant by the death on active

FIVE ZEPPELINS RAID BRITISH COAST.

**North-East England And South-
East Scotland Visited.**

BOMBS IN YORKSHIRE.

*From Viscount French,
Commanding-in-Chief Home Forces.*

Wednesday, 12.20 a.m.

Five hostile airships attacked the North-East Coast of England and South-East Coast of Scotland last night.

The movements of the raiders appear uncertain.

A few bombs were dropped in Yorkshire, but no details are yet to hand as to casualties and damage caused thereby.

DOUBLE GERMAN FAILURE ON BRITISH FRONT.

**Attacks Near Ypres And Arras
Stopped By Fire.**

British Official News.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, FRANCE,
Tuesday, 10.35 p.m.

A German attack east of Ypres last night preceded by an hour's bombardment broke down under our fire without reaching our lines.

Another attempt by the enemy to leave his lines north of Albert was also stopped by fire.

To-day there has been some artillery activity near Montauban, Thiepval, between Carency and Vermelles, opposite Wyttschaete, and east of Ypres.

As the result of a combat in the air yesterday two hostile aeroplanes were driven down in a damaged condition, and were seen to land a short distance behind the German lines.

2 GERMAN TRENCHES TAKEN.

**1,000 Yards On The Dead Man,
500 Yards Near Douaumont.**

French Official News.

PARIS, Tuesday Afternoon.

West of the Meuse (Paris side) artillery activity continued during the night from the Avocourt region to the Dead Man.

East of the Meuse (Metz side) at the end of yesterday our troops carried out a lively attack against the enemy's positions south-east of Douaumont Fort.

In the course of this operation we occupied a German first line trench for a length of about 500 yards and took some hundred prisoners.

According to fresh information the actions fought by us on Friday and Saturday on the slopes north of the Dead Man brought into our hands about 1,000 yards (three-quarters of a mile) of the enemy's trenches, their depth varying between 300 and 600 yards.

RELATIVELY QUIET DAY.

PARIS, Tuesday, 11 p.m.

In Champagne the bombardment by our artillery of a German battery in the region of Moronvilliers (north of Prosnès) caused several explosions and a fire. Another battery which was fought by us to the north of Massiges suffered serious damage.

In the Argonne the mining duel continued to our advantage in the sector of Hill 285 (Haute Chevauchée).

To the west of the Meuse there was an artillery duel from the region of Avocourt as far as the Mort Homme.

To the east of the Meuse the bombardment assumed some intensity between the Thiaumont Farm and Damloup. Our batteries dispersed enemy detachments to the north of the Chaffour Wood and gatherings to the north-west of Vaux Pond.

The day was relatively quiet on the rest of the front.—Reuter.

BELGIANS REPULSE HEAVY ATTACK

Belgian Official News.

Tuesday Night.

After a violent artillery bombardment by the enemy at dawn against the Belgian positions due north of Dixmude the Germans attempted to carry out a coup de main against our positions from the eastern bank of the Yser.

The enemy, who succeeded in obtaining a foothold in three of our advanced posts, was immediately driven out again.

The artillery duels continued with great violence throughout the day in the region of Dixmude.—

5 a.m. Edition.

CORDON TIGHTENING ROUND REBEL REMNANT.

**Irish Capital Resumes Its Normal
Condition.**

AFFRAY IN COUNTY CORK.

**Head-Constable Killed In Attempt
To Arrest Sinn Feiners.**

*From The Field-Marshal Commanding In
Chief Home Forces.*

Tuesday, 7 p.m.

(1) Dublin is gradually reverting to its normal condition.

The work of clearing some small districts around Irish Town is being carried out by an ever-contracting cordon.

(2) Cork.—All is quiet in this county, with the exception of an affray in the Fermoy district, where the police, on attempting to arrest two men in their house, met with armed resistance, the head constable being shot dead.

On the arrival of military reinforcements, the occupants of the house, two of whom were wounded, surrendered.

The Sinn Feiners in Cork City, where there has been no rising, have handed in their arms.

(3) Wexford. The column which went to Enniscorthy is carrying out the arrest of the rebels in Co. Wexford.

(4) The rest of the South of Ireland is reported quiet.

BOTHA TO REDMOND.

Mr. John Redmond, M.P., has received the following cablegram from General Botha, the Prime Minister of South Africa:—

Cape Town, Saturday.

Accept my heartfelt sympathy and regret that a small section in Ireland is jeopardising the great cause. I hope the Irish people will follow your line of action, and that your policy will be successful.—Louis Botha.

Mr. Redmond has cabled the following reply:—"On behalf of my colleagues and myself, and the overwhelming majority of the Irish people, I send you sincere thanks for your message of sympathy and support."

28 POLICEMEN SHOT.

A Belfast telegram states that whilst County Inspector Gray, of Navan, and a force of 50 constables in motor-cars were on their way to Ashbourne to deal with a party of rebels last Friday they were ambushed at Rathgate in the fields.

The Sinn Feiners shot a sergeant through the heart, and in all 10 of the constables were killed and 18 wounded.

Being in a hopeless position, the police, after a brave fight, had to surrender. Amongst the killed was the county inspector, two sergeants, and a district inspector.

SHERWOOD FORESTERS' LOSSES

Apparently the heavy losses of the Sherwood Foresters were inflicted as they were marching through Balls Bridge from Kingstown to Dublin. They were ambushed, the rebels firing on them from the grounds of an institution. A machine-gun was brought up and summary vengeance was taken.

MORE DUBLIN CASUALTIES.

Last night the War Office issued the first list of casualties among non-coms. and men in the Dublin fighting.

Three men are reported killed—a lancer, a Scots Guardsman, and a private in the Royal Irish Regiment; and the wounded include 12 mounted men and three infantrymen.

COURTESIES ON THE TIGRIS.

**Turkish Commander Agrees To Exchange
Sick And Wounded Prisoners.**

From The War Office.

Tuesday Evening.

General Lake reported that a small British force moved out of Bushire (Persian Gulf) on Saturday and attacked a hostile force which was strongly entrenched in the vicinity.

The enemy were quickly driven off, and our troops returned to Bushire unmolested.

Our casualties consisted of a British officer killed and a native Indian trooper wounded.

In Mesopotamia a letter dated May 1 has been received from the Turkish Commander-in-Chief, Khalil Pasha, in which he agrees to exchange General Townshend's sick and wounded for an equivalent number of Mohammedan Turkish prisoners. Hospital and other ships have been sent to begin the operation.

LOYAL NORTH LANCASHIRES WITH THEIR STEEL HELMETS.



An inspiring official photograph from the Western battlefront. It depicts the lads of the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment parading for the trenches, with that laughing cheerfulness with which Tommy faces duty at all times and under all conditions.

PREMIER READY FOR SOLDIERING.



Mr. T. J. Ryan, the Premier of Queensland, and his wife, photographed in London yesterday. He volunteered for active service, but was told his present services were of greater value to the Empire.



Miss Muriel Dodd, the well-known lady golfer and English champion, yesterday became the bride of Mr Allan Macbeth, another familiar figure on the links.

DANCER'S HELP FOR SICK ARMY HORSES.



Mme. Karina, the famous Danish dancer. She will dance at the Savoy to-day in aid of the R.S.P.C.A. fund for sick and wounded Army horses.

PRACTICAL PRESCRIPTION AGAINST STOMACH ACIDITY.

BY A SPECIALIST.

"Nine-tenths of all cases of stomach trouble nowadays," says a leading specialist, "are caused by too much acid. In the beginning the stomach itself is not diseased, but if this acid condition is allowed to continue, the acid is very likely to eat into the stomach walls and produce stomach ulcer or cancer, either of which may render a radical surgical operation necessary, even to prolong life. Therefore an 'acid stomach' is really a dangerous condition and should be treated seriously. It is utterly useless to take pepsin and ordinary stomach tablets. The excess acid must be neutralised by the administration of an efficient antacid. For this purpose physicians nearly always recommend taking half a teaspoonful of bisurated magnesia in a little water after each meal. Larger quantities may be used if necessary, as it is absolutely harmless. But be sure to get the bisurated magnesia, as other forms of magnesia have not the same action in the stomach as the bisurated, and frequently do more harm than good."

IMPORTANT.—We are advised that Bisurated Magnesia is now obtainable of all chemists at the following prices:

Powder form, 1/9 and 2/9 per bottle.
Mint-flavoured Tablets, 1/1 and 2/1 per flask.—Advt.

OPERA.
ALDWYCH THEATRE.—GRAND OPERA SEASON. Last 5 Performances. CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA and PAGLIACCI To-night, at 8. ROMEO AND JULIET, Thurs., at 8. THE CRUCIF. 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.
A POLLO.—"PEG O' MY HEART." Daily, 2.30. Evenings, Weds., Fris., and Sats., 8.15.

COMEDY.—Sole Lessee, Arthur Chudleigh. Nightly, 8.30. Mat. Mon., Fri. and Sat., 2.30. "HALF-PAST EIGHT."

DURRY LANE THEATRE ROYAL.—Arthur Collins presents D. W. Griffiths' Mighty Spectacle, "The Birth of a Nation," Twice Daily, at 2.30 and 8 p.m. Prices, 1s. to 7s. 6d. Tel. Gerrard 2588.

GLOBE.—Every Evening at 8.30. "THE SHOW SHOW." "BE SURE AND SEE THE SHOW SHOW. NOTHING BUT LAUGHTER."—Times. Matinee To-day, and Mon., Wed., and Sat., at 2.30.

VARIETIES.
ALHAMBRA. Mr. OSWALD STOLL presents "THE BING BOYS ARE HERE." George Grossmith and Edward Laurillard's new Revue. GEORGE ROBIEY, ALFRED LESTER, VIOLET LORRAINE etc. Evgs., 8.30. Varieties 6.15. Mat. Weds. and Sats., 2.15

COLISEUM. 2.30 and 8 p.m. Mlle. ADELINE GENEE and Co. in "A Pretty Prentice." FLORENCE SMITHSON, MARK SHERIDAN, G. H. ELLIOTT, OSWALD WILLIAMS, ERNEST HASTINGS, BROS. GRIF-FITHS, etc. Gerrard 7541.

HIPPODROME, London.—Twice Daily, 2.30, 8.30 p.m. New Revue, "JOYLAND." SHERLEY KELLOGG, HARRY TATE, YETTA RIANZA, BERTRAM WALLIS, Charles Berkeley, and Super Beauty Chorus

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PALLADIUM.—2.30, 6.10, and 9. Chas. Gulliver presents Albert de Courville's production, "FUN AND BEAUTY," featuring JOHN HUMPHRIES, IDA CRISPI, Elsie Spain, George Manton, Garry Lynch, Gordon Sherry, etc. Varieties by WHIT CUNLIFFE, VAN DAMMES, DAISY DORMER and Co.

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TALKING Parrots from 12s. 6d., 3 years' warranty.—Pae

KHAKI FOR ALL.

THE moment I anticipated has come. I have expressed all along my belief that the public generally, while objecting to any attempt to stampede the Government into all-round compulsion, would agree to such a proposal willingly enough if Mr. Asquith assured us it was necessary. Well, he has done so. Speaking as the mouthpiece of the Cabinet, he tells us that the services of the 200,000 unattested married men are required by the military necessities of the situation, that the requisite number could not be otherwise obtained, and that these men could be spared from industry.

AFTER such plain speaking there is nothing more to be said, there is no possible argument against compulsion. The men are wanted, they are available, they must be taken.

WE now see how important it was that Mr. Asquith should dissociate himself altogether from the supporters of compulsion for compulsion's sake. That is, therefore, why we are so confident that he in no way exaggerates the military needs of the hour, nor misleads us when he affirms that the only way of satisfying those needs is to enlist compulsorily all unattested married men.

NOT for an instant do we regret that compulsion has been delayed until now. We are very proud of those five million naval and military recruits—nearly all of them volunteers. We know how much more a volunteer is worth than a conscript; we know that a raw conscript army could never have done what our raw volunteers have done. Yes, we are very proud of those men; we are proudly conscious of the fact that the burden of the war has been borne by a volunteer army. But now we want more men, and quickly.

I ASK any inveterate opponent of conscription (and that I have always been) what we are to do. Are we to lose the war rather than force those married men to enlist? Are we even to risk losing the war rather than force those men to enlist? You think compulsion is a risk to the liberties of this nation! But which is the bigger risk?

THIS Bill introduces no new principle. Some men—the single men—are already compelled to serve; the Bill merely applies the principle of compulsion to some others.

I HAVE endeavoured to meet any possible objections, but I hope that none will be offered. I believe with Mr. Asquith that there is a general desire to settle the whole matter once and for all, and to get it finally out of the way. I believe that the number of men who wish to evade service is very few, and that nowhere is the desire to serve so strong as among workmen.

THE national unity for which the Premier pleads so finely, and which is so imperative at this moment, is assured as long as he leads us. We know he will never countenance any misuse of the powers bestowed by the new Bill. Yet we could wish that a clause were embodied in it barring the use of forced labour in the workshops. Failing that, let us but support him loyally, and we need have no fear.

WEIGH well the Premier's answer to his critics:—

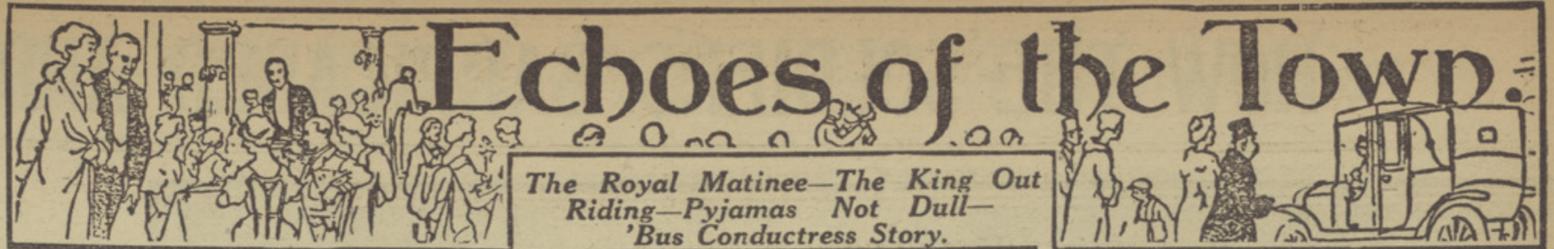
The contribution of this country to the common cause has grown and is growing steadily and is greater and better directed now than ever it has been.

The naval and military situation of the Allies as a whole was never so good as it is to-day.

The Government are prepared to shoulder these great responsibilities so long as they retain the confidence of the country and the House.

If they had not that confidence, let the House say so.

THIS was a brave challenge, and the House responded to it by cheering the Premier to the echo. The Government have the confidence of the House and of the country. We trust that Mr. Asquith will be at the head of affairs when the Allies win the war.



Echoes of the Town.
The Royal Matinee—The King Out Riding—Pyjamas Not Dull—'Bus Conductress Story.

No Half-Measures At The Lane.

THERE WERE no half-measures about the way they celebrated Shakespeare's Tercentenary at Drury Lane yesterday afternoon. Seats cost a lot of money, and so did programmes and souvenirs, but you got a lot for that money, and although I missed my lunch to get to the National Theatre by half-past one, half-past seven found me still there, unfed but unbored, and the show still going on. If you want to know who was there in the theatrical line, just turn up a neat little book entitled "Who's Who in the Theatre." You won't have to cross out many names.

Actor-Managers.

I DOUBT the wisdom of giving the whole of "Julius Cæsar," adorned with scraps of Raymond Rozeate Wagner, but Henry Ainley was a magnificent Mark Antony, and rather put other eminent folk in the shade. Actor-managers teemed. Two of them made speeches, and two others, H. B. Irving and Arthur Bourchier (Cassius and Brutus) kissed each other. All sorts of aristocratic ladies sold programmes and chattered to each other hard in the quiet parts of the play.

One More Theatrical Knight.

HOWEVER, it was an afternoon no one should have missed, and the knighting of "Pa" Benson was most dramatic and well deserved. I wish it could have been done immediately after he was murdered, on the stage itself, with one of the conspirators' bluggy swords. But dignity forbade. The tableaux were wonderful, and Mary Anderson, Ellen Terry, and, particularly, Fred Terry, had great receptions. Celebrities swarmed on both sides of the footlights.

The King's Early Ride.

THE KING is looking all the better for his rest and change at Windsor, and has now almost entirely recovered from his accident. For a long time he had to refrain from horse-riding, which tries the muscles of the legs much more than walking, but now, I hear, with the exception of a little stiffness of the hip after riding, his Majesty feels no effects of the accident. He did an early ride in Windsor Great Park with Lord Annaly the other morning. Out of the Castle at 8.30!

Lord Dartmouth's Accident.

SORRY to hear that Lord Dartmouth has broken his ankle, "the result of an accident," a news agency adds in tactful explanation. I did not suppose that his lordship did it for fun, or, fakir-like, in religious fervour. So much for his ankle. As for his uncle, he was the late Bishop of Lichfield. Lord Dartmouth owns a lot of property near Wolverhampton, including Patshull House, where he is now lying.

—(Lafayette.)

For many years he was a Conservative Whip.

Lloyd George Satisfied, But Determined.

IT WAS a matter of general comment among M.P.s that Mr. Lloyd George was a prominent figure on the Treasury Bench yesterday, sitting next to the Prime Minister all through the opening of the proceedings on general compulsion. He looked very determined, but satisfied. He has won his battle, and the anti-compulsionists may expect to hear something from him if they attempt to obstruct the full measure which the Government hope to introduce to-day.

Redmond And Carson.

A SENSATION was caused in the Lobby yesterday, I am told, by the spectacle of the Nationalist and Unionist Irish leaders holding earnest and animated converse for not a few minutes. Such a sight has rarely, if ever, been seen before just outside the door of the House.

The Inevitable "Bull".

A FRIEND WHO is an agricultural expert has just returned from Dublin, where he has been to attend the Show, which was held within the sound of guns. He was not allowed to leave Ireland without an Irish "bull." He got into conversation with a man on the quay, and asked him what he had seen of the fighting. "Sure, yer honour," he replied, "I saw a lot of it. College Green is alive with dead men!"

Pun That Failed.

THE pronunciation of Sinn Fein (which is "Shin Fane") seems to have been a stumbling block to many. For example, a contemporary thought it saw a terrible pun, and talked about Sinn Feiners feigning sin! No wonder they

The Irish News In Italy.

IT IS CURIOUS that, while Germany naturally is trying to make the most of the late Irish rebellion in the neutral countries, our Allies the Italians should have been led to make more of it than was justified. Some of the more prominent Italian papers published the news as if it were a revolt in general, and not merely the rebellion of the Sinn Feiners. Now this was not the fault of the London correspondents. I know for a fact—he told me so himself—that one of them, at any rate, was careful in his message to describe the outbreak as purely a Sinn Fein affair, and he believes the others did so, too. Yet the words Sinn Fein disappeared somehow, somewhere before publication.

Lady Rhondda, Churchwarden.

WHETHER IT is the result of the war I know not, but here is the awe-inspiring fact, nevertheless. Lady Rhondda has been elected churchwarden at Llanwern, Monmouthshire. She has consented to serve in that capacity, and shortly she will be handing round the plate and wrestling with collection totals with the best of 'em. A few years ago she wrestled with the police in the Palace Yard, Westminster. In those days she was known as Mrs. D. A. Thomas (D. A. Thomas, the famous director of the Cambrian Coal Mine, is now, of course, Lord Rhondda), and was a prominent and militant Suffragette.



—(Swaine.)

Is Summer Over?

BRRH! (You see, I have soon been able to change my "Phew!") "Spring has come, the woods are awake," chortled someone at me. The woods may be, but the man who stokes the heating apparatus is not. I wonder whether any meteorologist will ever be able to explain our climate, or any consumer be able to fit it. Straw hats came out on Monday, to encounter a thunderstorm at night. Yesterday the ladies trotted out their furs, and so far they are still justified. I suppose somewhere the sun is shining.

The No-Meat Cry.

I DON'T think the no-meat-on-Thursday and no-alcohol-on-Monday appeal is likely to get an enthusiastic response from people generally. The case of the King's pledge ought to have warned everyone that even those of us who have the very highest respect and admiration for Majesty prefer to choose for ourselves in such matters, and what people did not do at the King's example they certainly will not do at the behest of the Bishop of London, Mr. Wells and Mr. Arnold Bennett.

Why Drink At All?

COMPULSION is in the air, and if it is necessary that we should abstain on one day in the week, let the Government take action. And I don't quite understand why alcohol is dragged in, especially at the moment when the rise in minerals and teetotal drinks is becoming effective. To be consistent we should have been asked not to drink at all.

M.D.F.C.T.A. Economy.

TALKING OF economy, I see that admirable institution, the Metropolitan Drinking Fountain and Cattle Trough Association, is carrying on business as usual, and actually contemplates erecting no fewer than 30 troughs and 20 fountains in the metropolis this year. And a war on, too.

Zeppelin Secret Revealed.

INCIDENTALLY THE annual report gives away one of those closely-guarded secrets which everybody knows, despite the Defence of the Realm Act and things—the exact spot on which a Zeppelin bomb fell on a certain date. And this report is signed by Lord Chylesmore, who also presides over courts-martial.

In The Original Wrapper.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "I was at a cure at Baden, in Germany, at the beginning of August, 1914, and got away by the last train from Strasbourg to Paris. I was having the *Daily Sketch* sent to me, and two days ago a copy of it, which had been sent on August 3 to the sanatorium, was returned to me in the original wrapper." The Germans don't keep anything!

Hold Tight, Please!

SOME of the girl 'bus conductors are of the right sort. Coming down the steps as the 'bus was on a particularly bumpy stretch of road one of them was pitched off. Horrified passengers rushed to her assistance, but she was back again while most of them stood gasping on the road. "Hold tight, please!" quoth she, with a merry twinkle as, when the 'bus moved on again, they clambered back.

Solomon's Pyjamas.

STROLLING BY Bond-street and the Burlington-arcade, it was borne in on me that if many people by sad necessity wear dark clothes in the streets, tradesmen are attempting to correct the balance for purposes of domestic privacy. For the dressing-gowns and pyjamas now being offered are of the "Solomon in all his glory" type. But who is intended to wear the gorgeous regimental ties that one sees? You can't wear them with uniform, and the pukka soldier has the greatest contempt for the man who comes up to town and immediately jumps into mufti. Some boys think it's smart, and so betray their ignorance of the real thing—in wartime.

"Half-past Eight."

"HALF-PAST EIGHT" at the Comedy went on until nearly half-past eleven on Monday night, and there is a good deal of it that could well be spared. This isn't to say that there aren't good things, a "Black and chintz" song, delightfully sung by pretty Peggy Primrose, is one of the 'cutest things I have seen, and Estelle Winwood makes good with everything she has to do, but unfortunately these are in the minority. No show with which Charlie Cochran has been associated has ever been dull yet, and doubtless "8.30" won't be dull for long.

Will Evans.

WILL EVANS (Titt's been and gone and done it again) is responsible for most of the humour, and serves it out in good old-fashioned knockabout style. I couldn't track down much wit, though. A small theatre gives an author a chance for amusing lines, so why not take that chance, if possible? An American comedian, Rube Welch, is in the cast, and so, too, is Hugh E. Wright, whom I remember at the Alhambra in the old days. There is some bright music, and Willy Redstone conducts it with due decorum.



My Bouquet.

IF FLOWERS can ensure the success of a show, "Half-Past Eight" will run for many years, for a record number of offerings were passed up by an already per-

spiring orchestra, not always with strict regard to merit. But this is the business of the donors, and I hope the hospitals will benefit. Had I been in flower-giving mood my offerings would have gone to Estelle Winwood, whom, I hasten to add, I have never met.

Who Were There.

THE Duke of Manchester, Lord and Lady Drogheda, Alfred Butt, Sir Arthur Pinero, Sir Alfred Fripp, Nelson Keys (who helped to "produce") and his wife, André Charlot, Albert de Courville, "Pa" Payne and Grahame-White. This is just to give you an idea of the circles in which I move sometimes.

The Club Bath.

I DON'T LIKE the policy of one or two West End clubs which reduced their fees for the benefit of active service members. Their committees are now passing special rules whereby all sorts of club privileges, formerly enjoyed by members free, are charged for. In one case the price of a bath has risen from nothing to a shilling. But, after all, their leave is very short, and why should it include a free tub?

Tales For The Lambs.

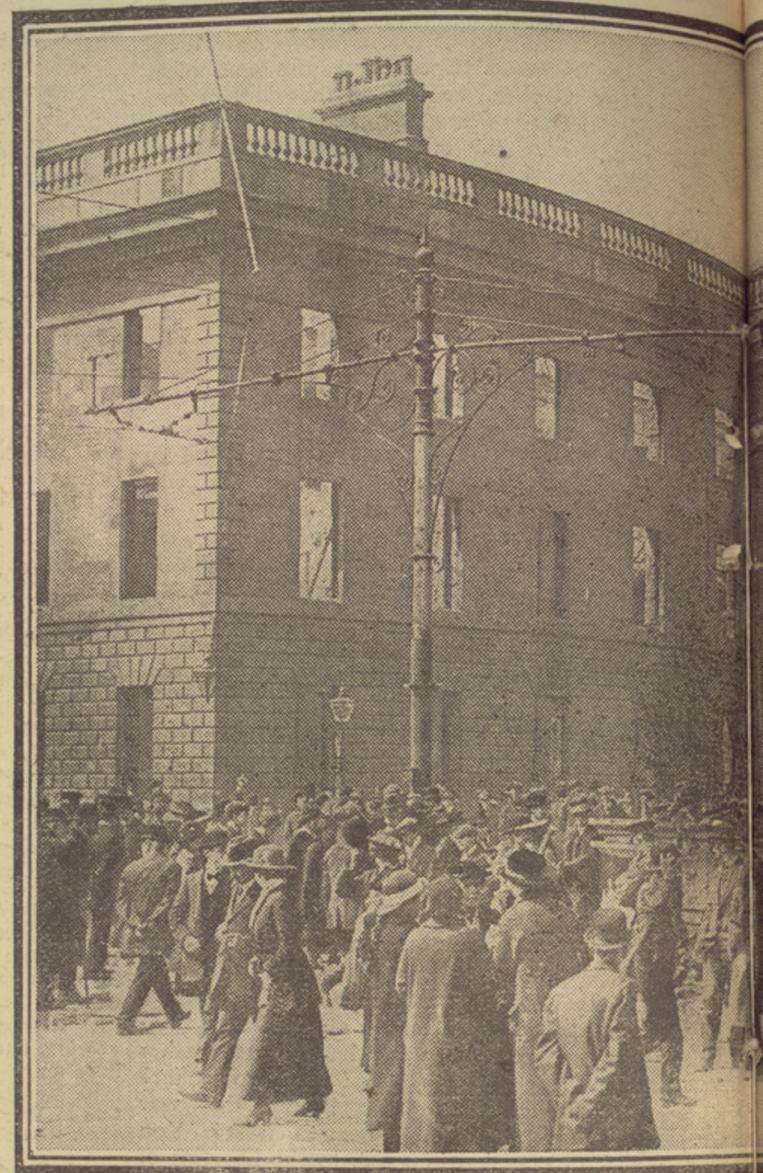
FROM one who was at St. Eloi I learn that the prisoners we took were largely of the peasant class, and inclined to be insolent. They said they could never be taken to England, but would have to stay in France, because Deutschland was ruling the waves. Some Wolf, what?

HOW THE SOLDIERS BARRICADED AND HELD THE STREETS

WHERE THE REBELS MADE THEIR STAND



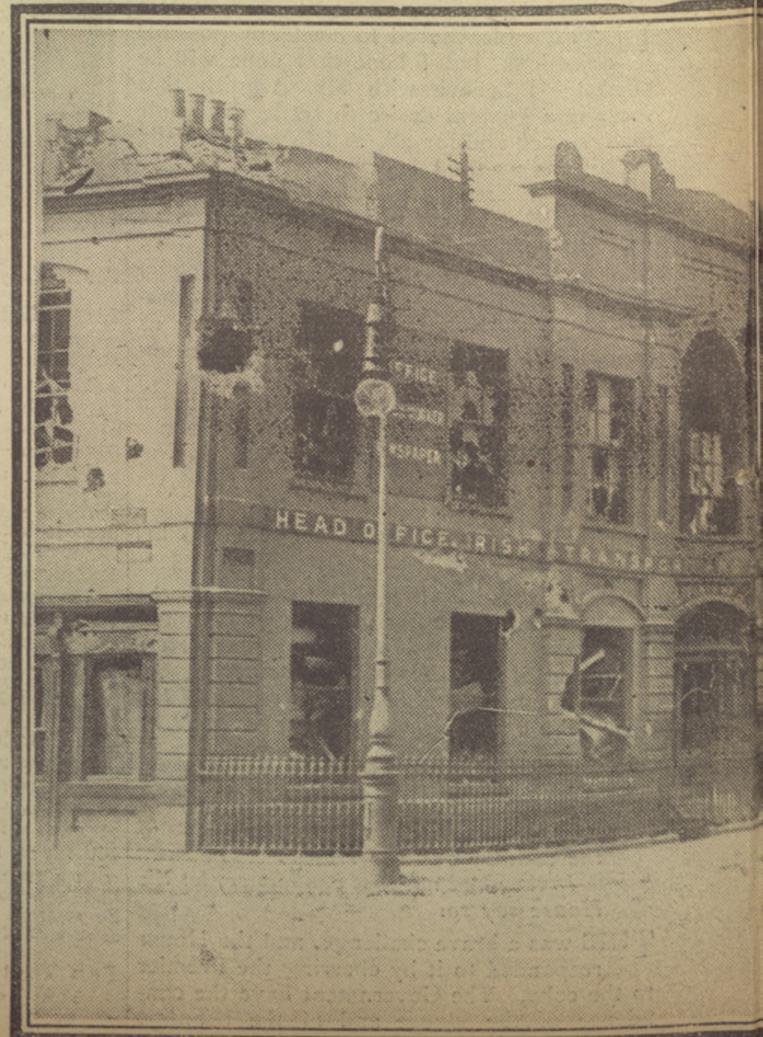
Soldiers bivouacking in the street opposite Liberty Hall were a centre of silent interest to an awed crowd. It was the first moment's breathing space the lads in khaki had had since reaching Dublin.



Only the gaunt, gaping walls and massive portico remain of the impregnable Sackville-street. It was here that Connolly and his followers made their stand.



A group of officers with the captured rebel flag. The trophy, taken from the roof of the General Post Office in Sackville-street, bore the symbol of the Irish Republic of the Sinn Feiners' foredoomed dreams.

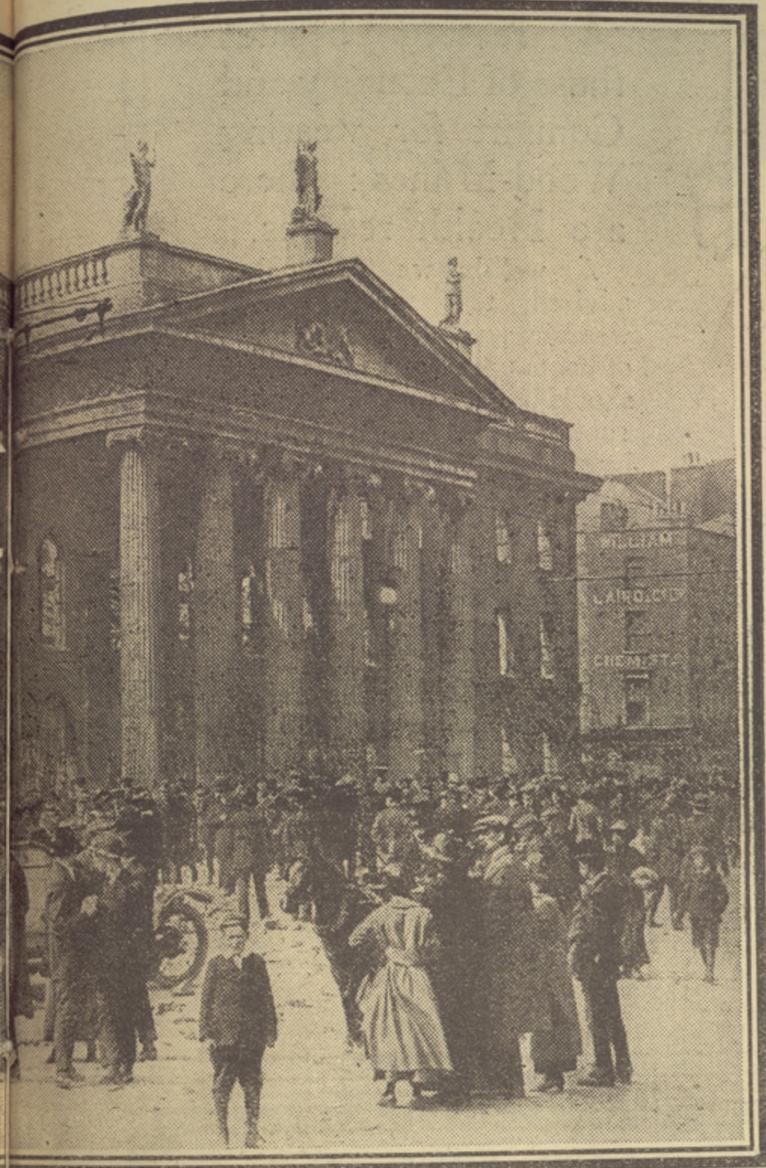


A mounted patrol passing along one of the riverside quays. Cavalry were used effectively in rounding up the armed commandos

Liberty Hall, notorious as the headquarters of Larkinism and later

S OF DUBLIN AGAINST THE REBEL MOB—MORE DAILY SKETCH EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPHS.

THEIR LAST DESPAIRING STAND.



...ing General Post Office which had for years been an architectural feature behind barricaded windows, put up such a desperate fight.



...ly the drill hall of the "Citizen Army" as it is to-day. A corner build-... by the rebels on immensely...



Soldiers lining a street barricade. Furniture of all sorts and shapes and sizes, including a drawing-room sofa, had been hastily thrown into the roadway for defensive purposes.



Both sides of Henry-street, a thoroughfare converging on Sackville-street, have suffered heavy damage by fire. A dozen shops on the west side were completely gutted. The Coliseum music-hall was also shattered.



Overturned lorries and carts provided the troops with a barricade shelter in Talbot-street. So deadly was the accuracy of the rebel sniping with flat-nosed bullets that every shred of shelter that could be improvised was necessary.



Ready for Action.

Bring VIM into action if dirt seems to have got the upper hand of you. Shake a little VIM on a damp cloth or brush and apply to what you wish to clean. Things that have been neglected are quickly restored to their proper state of Cleanliness and Brightness with VIM. Rust is swept away from Metalware—Finger marks disappear from Paintwork—Stains vanish from White Woodwork the instant VIM is used. Do not apply VIM dry. IN SPRINKLER TOP TINS OF THREE SIZES.

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Walks at a terrific rate:
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after the day's work?

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'CAMP'

COFFEE

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Sent Post Free List of 5,000 Sensational Bargains. Don't delay. Write at once. Guaranteed Genuine Items.
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A REVOLUTION IN PRICES—ASTOUNDING VALUE.
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14/6—FIELD, RACE, or MARINE GLASSES, Binoculars (by Lelaier), 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 £5 5s. Od.; sacrifice, 14s. 6d.
36/6 (Worth £8)—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 15s. 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 worn; sacrifice, 13s. 9d. Approval willingly.
13/6—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.
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14/6—Solid Gold Curb Chain Padlock BRACELET, with safety chain; 14s. 6d. Approval.
19/9—LADY'S Trousseau; 18 Superfine quality Night-dress, Chemises, Knickers, Petticoats, Combinations, etc.; worth £3 5s.; 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.
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 pattern; will fit any wrist; perfect timekeeper; 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. Appro.
22/6 (Worth £3 10s.)—GENT'S Fashionable Smart Grey high-class tailor; splendid quality; latest West-End style and great bargain, sacrifice, 22s. 6d. Approval willingly.
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If Tongue is Coated, Stomach Sick, or the Child is Cross, Feverish, Constipated, give "California Syrup of Figs."

Don't scold your fretful, peevish child. See if the tongue is coated; this is a sure sign that the little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with bile and imperfectly digested food.



When listless, pale, feverish, with tainted breath, a cold, or a sore throat; if the child does not eat, sleep or act naturally, or has stomach-ache, indigestion or diarrhoea, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the waste matter, bile and fermenting food will pass out of the bowels, and you have a healthy, playful child again. Children love this harmless "fruit laxative," and mothers can rest easy after giving it, because it never fails to make their little "insides" sweet and wholesome.

Keep it handy, mother! A little given to-day saves a sick child to-morrow, but get the genuine. Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages, and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Remember imitations are sometimes substituted, so look and see that your bottle bears the name of the "California Fig Syrup Company." Hand back with contempt any other fig syrup. All leading chemists sell "California Syrup of Figs," 1s. 3d. and 2s. per bottle.—Advt.

HOW I DARKENED MY GREY HAIR.

Lady Gives Simple Home Recipe that She Used to Darken Her Grey Hair.

For years I tried to restore my grey hair to its natural colour with the prepared dyes and stains, but none of them gave satisfaction, and they were all expensive. I finally came across a simple recipe which I mixed at home that gives wonderful results. I gave the recipe, which is as follows, to a number of my friends, and they are all delighted with it. To 7 ozs. of water add a small box of Orlex Compound, and 1 oz. of bay rum. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Use every other day until the hair becomes the required shade, then every two weeks. It will not only darken the grey hair, but removes dandruff and scalp humours, and acts as a tonic to the hair. It is not sticky or greasy, does not rub off and does not colour the scalp.—Advt.

W. J. HARRIS & Co. Ltd.



The NATIONAL. New Model for 1916. **52/-**

Carriage Paid. Crate Free. Extra Long Seat Line. 4 Cee Strap Springs, Wired-on Tyres.

All kinds on Easy Terms. New Catalogue No. 6 sent Post Free 51, Rye Lane, London, S.E. And numerous Branches.

NO MORE GREY HAIR

Grey hair changed at once to a natural shade of light brown, dark brown, or black by the use of VALENTINE'S EXTRACT (WALNUT STAIN.)

A perfect, cleanly, harmless, and washable stain. Does not soil the pillow. Prices 1s., 2s., and 5s. 6d. per bottle. By post 3d. extra. Securely packed. Address S. VALENTINE, 46a, Tottenham Court Road, W. 1.

THE KING HONOURS SHAKESPEARE DAY.



The King and Queen arriving at Drury Lane yesterday to attend the Shakespeare Tercentenary performance, which included an all-star cast in "Julius Cæsar" and a pageant of Shakespearean characters.—(Daily Sketch Exclusive Photograph.)

ANXIOUS WIVES OF MISSING YEOMEN.



Lady Elcho and her children. Her husband, Lord Elcho, heir of the Earl of Wemyss, is among the yeomanry officers officially reported missing.—(Speaight.)



Lady Mary Strickland, whose husband, Lieut. A. W. Strickland, is another yeomanry officer reported missing.—(Lafayette.)

EARL AS AUCTIONEER AT A RED CROSS SALE.



At this Reading Red Cross gift sale the Earl of Northbrook was auctioneer and Lord Reading was among the bidders.



PROTECT YOUR COMPLEXION

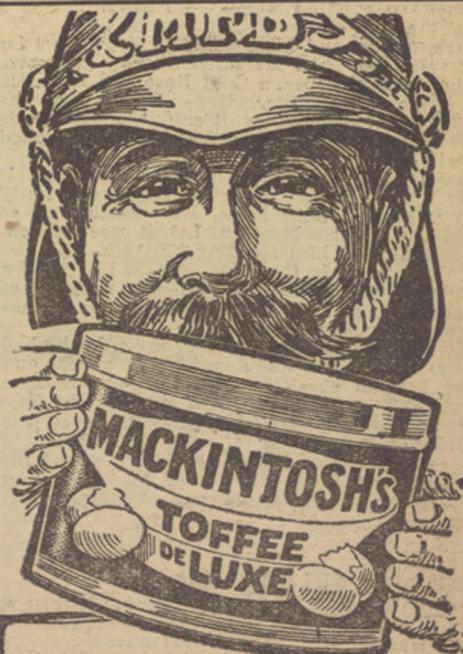
The most Tender and Sensitive Skin becomes immune from the injurious effects of variable weather conditions and sudden changes of temperature by the regular use of

BEETHAM'S La-rola

La-rola is a complexion emollient which, when applied to the Face and Hands, has a special softening influence on the Skin Tissues. It is easily absorbed by the skin and effectually removes and prevents all Roughness, Redness, Irritation, etc., arising from exposure to Frost or Winds or from the use of Hard Water. No lady's toilet table is complete without its bottle of La-rola.

Bottles 1/1½ of all Chemists and Stores. M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENG.

PALE COMPLEXIONS may be greatly IMPROVED by just a touch of "LA-ROLA ROSE BLOOM," which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives THE BEAUTY SPOT! Boxes 1/-



The FIREMAN says:

"Yes—we always keep a tin of Toffee de Luxe at the Station,—and of all the calls we get, there's none to equal the call on that tin! It's inextinguishable! We've even fixed up a proverb about it—"Between two fires, take to Mackintosh's"

Sugar and cream and butter, blended into one delicious whole.

Try also Mackintosh's Mint de Luxe, Cafe de Luxe and Chocolate de Luxe, all so very "de Luxe."

TENTS FOR THE WOUNDED.

White.	Stripe.
6ft. and 12ft. 33/-	39/6
Super	39/6 50/9



CARRIAGE PAID.

SENT ON APPROVAL

B MAGGS & CO. BRISTOL

THE 2,000 GUINEAS.

Expected To Take A Good Horse To Beat Figaro.

A TREBLE FOR TABOR.

To-day is big with the fate of the Two Thousand Guineas, which should provide a capital race, for from all accounts several animals are well fancied.

The following are the probable starters and jockeys:—

- His Majesty's b c SIR DIGHTON H. Jones
Lord Derby's b c PHALARIS F. Rickaby
Lady James Douglas's ch c HARLESTON C. Childs
Mr. Fairrie's b c KWANG SU F. Templeman
Lord Fairmonth's ch c CLARISSIMUS J. Clark
Mr. C. T. Garland's ch c POLYDAMON E. Lancaster
Mr. E. Hulton's b c ATHELING C. Childs
Mr. J. B. Joel's b c KING'S JOKER F. Bullock
Mr. J. B. Joel's b c SIRIAN Fox
Capt. D. McCalmont's ch c ROI D'ECOSSE S. Donoghue
Mr. I. Neumann's br c FIGARO A. Whalley
Mr. Russell's b c LIMOND Wal Griggs
Mr. J. Sanford's b c NASSOVIAN N. Spear
Mr. E. S. Tattersall's b c GROSSEVENOR R. Cooper
Duke of Westminster's b c ALL BEY J. H. Martin
Colonel Hall Walker's b c PAGEANT C. Trigg

I discussed the most prominent candidates yesterday, and nothing has occurred to cause me to change the views then expressed.

The view held at Newmarket is that it will take a very good horse to lower the colours of Figaro, though a few dissentients favour the chance of King's Joker.

I, however, am in the majority, and quite expect to see Figaro win.

Reports from the "provincial" quarters are favourable to Clarissimus, Roi D'Ecosse, Kwang-Su, and Atheling, but I am content to be represented by Figaro

Bad Day For Backers.

It was a bad day for backers yesterday, favourite after favourite going down with almost monotonous regularity.

Perhaps the biggest surprise of the day was when Margarethal beat Tagamor by a head in the First Spring Stakes.

This race provided as fine a struggle as has been seen this season, the two youngsters fighting out a strenuous struggle from the Dip, and neither jockey sparing his mount.

Margarethal pecked a hundred yards from home, but she would not be denied, and had a slight advantage over Tagalie's half-brother as the post was reached.

The second was joint favourite, but the winner did not have a quotation, the stable being of the opinion that she was not yet at her best.

A Beautiful Filly.

A beautiful filly, she is half-sister by Sunstar to Atheling.

The Killising colt, by Desmond, who finished third, is a very nice colt, and will win races.

The other two-year-old event, a Maiden Plate, also furnished an exciting finish, and again it was a case of the outsider coming out on top.

Assurance filly and Beguilement filly ran fast for half a mile, but then the issue seemed to resolve itself into a duel between Gold Rose and Dalkeith.

The latter soon got the better of this, but he was immediately challenged by Resolution, who made up a lot of ground in the last furlong, and snatched the spoils on the post.

Marconi is apparently a hopeless creature. It was thought he would carry the Royal colours to victory in the Hastings Plate, after having run so well at the Craven Meeting, but it was not encouraging to find him sporting blinkers.

Still he was made favourite, and had as good a chance as any for a mile, only then to drop out of the argument, and it is to be feared that he has no heart for battle.

Valais was probably an unlucky loser, for he had none too good a position a quarter of a mile out. Tabor had an excellent day, turning out three winners.

He opened with Mustapha in the Two Thousand Guineas Trial Selling Plate at the nice price of 10 to 1 and followed with Canard in the Visitors' Handicap, while he later secured the Short Course Selling Plate with Mediator, who started favourite. J. Clark rode Mustapha and Mediator.

GIMCRACK.

- 2. 0.—HALF HOOP. 3.45.—MISS L. THRUSH F.
2.30.—FRIAR MARCUS. 4.15.—TRINITY SQUARE.
3.10.—FIGARO. 4.45.—HASTA.

Double.

HASTA AND TRINITY SQUARE

YESTERDAY'S RESULTS.

2.0—TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS TRIAL PLATE.—MUSTAPHA, 8-11 (J. Clark), 1; TUXEDO, 9-0 (J. Childs), 2; LADYBRIDGE, 8-11 (C. Childs), 3. Also ran: Blue Stone, Watergruel, Outram, Candytuft, Talana Hill, Pip Pip Pip. Betting: 11 to 10 Watergruel, 100 to 30 Tuxedo, 10 to 1 MUSTAPHA and others. 1/2 length; 2 lengths.

3.0—FIRST SPRING TWO-YEAR-OLD STAKES.—MARGARETHAL, 8-9 (J. Childs), 1; TAGAMOR, 8-12 (Donoghue), 2; KILLISING, C. 8-12 (F. Bullock), 3. Also ran: Cranford, Lucknow, Fluellen, Green Boy, Treacle, White Rat, Katak, c. Fragrant c. Planet, Gagle, Apachka, Indian Star, Pamfleta, Polina, Freney, Wildwood, Game Hen f. White-wash. Betting: 7 to 4 Tagamor, Pamfleta, 10 to 1 Cranford, 100 to 6 Lucknow, Killising c., 20 to 1 MARGARETHAL and others. Head; 1 1/2 lengths.

3.50—HASTINGS PLATE.—KING ROBERT, 8-3 (Walter Griggs), 1; VALAIS, 8-3 (J. Childs), 2; THE VIKING, 8-3 (Rickaby), 3. Also ran: Marconi, Kelso, Gilbert, the Filbert, Furor, Billycock, Saxon, Adorno, Neigherry, Land of the Leal. Betting: 5 to 2 Marconi, 6 to 1 Furor, Valais, The Viking 10 to 1 Gilbert the Filbert, Kelso, 100 to 7 Adorno, 100 to 6 KING ROBERT and others. 1/2 length; 2 lengths.

4.0—MAIDEN TWO-YEAR-OLD PLATE.—RESOLUTION, 9-0 (Donoghue), 1; DALKEITH, 8-11 (E. Wheatley), 2; GOLD ROSE, 8-11 (Wing), 3. Also ran: Melinda c. Group System, Speedy c. Belveder, Will Gale, Jane Shore, Ho-lee, La Coquille, Golden Ide, Flora Danco, L. Nereid, Moll Pitcher f. Quail, Assurance f. Fair Relative, Simon's Joy g. Beguilement f. Rhondia f. Drins, Marie Odile. Betting: 9 to 2 Assurance f., 6 to 1 Gold Rose, Beguilement f., 8 to 1 Dalkeith, 9 to 1 Quail, 100 to 6 RESOLUTION, 25 to 1 others. Head; 1 length.

4.50—SHORT COURSE PLATE.—MEDIATOR, 8-13 (J. Clark), 1; IRONPRUFE, 8-0 (Diek), 2; THE ANGEL MAN, 8-10 (E. Wheatley), 3. Also ran: Pangbourne, Castleton, Buongiorno, General Picket, Bluerock, Maltinata, Tredette, Closcina, Patcham, Grizzly. Betting: 9 to 4 MEDIATOR, 9 to 2 Pangbourne, 7 to 1 The Angel Man, 8 to 1 Castleton, 100 to 8 others. 2 lengths; 3/4 length.

5.0—RISBY THREE-YEAR-OLD PLATE.—RUSSET, 8-4 (Rickaby), 1; NISUS, 8-7 (J. Childs), 2; MYRTILUS, 9-0 (Walter Griggs), 3. Also ran: Armandave, St. Patrick's Blue, Dog Out, Louvre, Miss Flapperton, Mary Machree, Joan Beaufort, Red Spear, Moyglare, Doxy, Cobber's Wax, The Raven. Betting: 13 to 8 RUSSET, 4 to 1 Miss Flapperton, 6 to 1 Myrtilus, 7 to 1 Nisus, 10 to 1 Armandave, 20 to 1 others. 1 1/2 lengths; head.

A LOWESTOFT SHELL FROM A GERMAN GUN.



A sentry on guard over a German 11-inch shell which was hurled on unfortified Lowestoft by the Hun warships and which failed to explode.

8-10 (E. Wheatley), 3. Also ran: Pangbourne, Castleton, Buongiorno, General Picket, Bluerock, Maltinata, Tredette, Closcina, Patcham, Grizzly. Betting: 9 to 4 MEDIATOR, 9 to 2 Pangbourne, 7 to 1 The Angel Man, 8 to 1 Castleton, 100 to 8 others. 2 lengths; 3/4 length.

5.0—RISBY THREE-YEAR-OLD PLATE.—RUSSET, 8-4 (Rickaby), 1; NISUS, 8-7 (J. Childs), 2; MYRTILUS, 9-0 (Walter Griggs), 3. Also ran: Armandave, St. Patrick's Blue, Dog Out, Louvre, Miss Flapperton, Mary Machree, Joan Beaufort, Red Spear, Moyglare, Doxy, Cobber's Wax, The Raven. Betting: 13 to 8 RUSSET, 4 to 1 Miss Flapperton, 6 to 1 Myrtilus, 7 to 1 Nisus, 10 to 1 Armandave, 20 to 1 others. 1 1/2 lengths; head.

TO-DAY'S PROGRAMME.

2.0.—WILBRAHAM PLATE of 200 sovs, added to a sweepstakes 5 sovs starters; 5f.

- Margarethal 9 2
Half Hoop 8 12
Cranford 8 12
Myltine 8 7
Silver Wand 8 7
Spirit of Bay 8 7
Mazurka 8 7
Sophia II 8 7
Rosamond 8 7
Pamfleta 8 7
Marchetta f 8 7
Vulpina 8 7
Black Maria 8 7
Via f 8 7
Bellatrix f 8 7
Damaris 8 7

The above are there

- Fleetwood 8 12
Miss Flora f 8 7
Helvia f 8 7
Prime Value 8 7
Queen Kitty 8 7

2.30.—BRETRY HANDICAP of 200 sovs; 6f.

- Friar Marcus 4 9 7
Siller 5 8 5
Cou Cou 4 8 2
Barbed Wire 4 8 2
Erl King 6 7 0
Clever Dick 4 6 12
Amphitryon 3 6 12

The above are there.

3.10.—TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES; R.M. For Probable Starters and Jockeys see "Gimcrack."

3.45.—BARROW 2-Y-O. SELLING PLATE of 103 sovs; 5f.

- Cobbold 8 12
Sandowner 8 12
Pythagoras 8 12
Speedy c 8 12
Nosey Parker 8 9
China Song g 8 9

The above are there.

4.15.—HEATH HIGH-WEIGHT HANDICAP, 10 sovs starters, with 200 sovs added; 5f.

- Happy Fanny 6 9 10
Vanitie 6 9 8
Trinity Square 5 9 6
Colour System 3 9 0
Cou Cou 6 8 13
Jungle Cock 4 8 4
Dulce Domam 3 8 3
Amphitryon 3 7 12

The above are there.

4.45.—CHIPPENHAM PLATE of 200 sovs; 1 1/2m.

- Conqueror 5 10 1
Follow Up 4 9 0
Cromdale 4 9 0
Hasta 4 8 11
Canute 4 8 2
Haki 4 8 2
Aynsley 3 7 8

The above are there.

Fix Yama a 9 12
Strathgibby 4 9 0

MONEY MATTERS.

The Stock Exchange found little business awaiting it on its return from the May Day holiday, but it is at least satisfactory to report that there was no selling of stock consequent upon recent developments, and it may be said that quite a steady tone prevailed. Consols were unchanged, and the same may be said of War Loan stock after allowance is made for the deduction of the half-year's dividend.

There was very little doing in Mining shares, except in Mexican and Silver Lead securities, the latter being influenced by the resumption of the rise in silver, the price of which was 36d. per oz. Furness Withy shares were a good market. Forestal Land continued in demand. Marconis, on the reassuring news from Ireland, recovered to 43s. 9d. Thorneycrofts' interim dividend is announced at 7 1/2 per cent.

LIVERPOOL COTTON (close): American, 16 up for near months, and 10 up for distant. Egyptian strong, 15 to 20 up.

SIR T. LIPTON'S FAMOUS YACHT LOST.

The Erin Mined In Mediterranean On Government Service.

It is believed that the Agusa, reported to be mined in the Mediterranean, was Sir Thomas Lipton's steam yacht.

The Erin is the best known of privately-owned yachts which have done war service for the Allies.

When the war broke out Sir Thomas Lipton placed the Erin at the disposal of the Red Cross. She was a beautiful and serviceable boat, and was readily accepted.

At the beginning of last year the Erin sailed from Southampton Water carrying grievously needed help to the Serbs and Montenegrins, then fighting for their freedom against tremendous odds.

A specially qualified staff of doctors and nurses was carried.

The Erin returned to England and went back to Serbia last June with a second supply of medical necessities. Later she has been used by the Admiralty as a patrol boat, in which duty she has met her end.

WRESTLER AND LINGUIST.

Egypt's Champion Now In A London Battalion As Private.

Speaking no fewer than 13 languages, and possessing a reputation throughout Northern Africa of being a champion wrestler, Mario Dellolio, of Cairo, is now a full-blown private in the 19th (St. Pancras) Battalion the London Regiment.

Dellolio is over 6ft. 3 1/2in. high, and speaks fluently:—

- English.
French.
Greek.
Russian.
Spanish.
Tartar.
German.
Italian.
Turkish.
Serbian.
Portuguese.
Yiddish.
Arabic.

"So soon as I was able to get away from Egypt," said Private Dellolio to the Daily Sketch yesterday, "I collected about 80 other white Egyptians and brought them over here to join the British Forces."

"Some had a preference for the artillery, others wanted to be riflemen, but the 19th County of London took my fancy, and with some other friends I joined."

"I don't want to boast, but I would dearly like to have a stand-up match with any of the champions of the Prussian Guard."

THE SOLDIER AND HIS DOG.

A private in the Manchesters, summoned at Grimsby yesterday, along with several civilians, for keeping a dog without a licence, said in all seriousness: "I thought a soldier was allowed to keep a dog without a licence."

The Chairman (smiling): No, there is no distinction between soldiers and civilians. You must pay a fine of 15s. like the rest.

EMINENT SHAKESPEAREAN ACTOR KNIGHTED.

The King Honours Mr. Benson At Tercentenary Performance.

A BRILLIANT PAGEANT.

Drury Lane Theatre has seen many historic performances, but none more unforgettable than that of yesterday, when all the most famous English actors were gathered on the stage to do honour to the Shakespeare Tercentenary, and the audience included the King and Queen and many members of the Royal Family.

An item not heralded by the programmes was the conferring of a knighthood on Mr. F. R. Benson. Sir George Alexander, dressed as Benedict, led the new knight (wrapped in a toga) on to the stage after a wonderful performance of "Julius Caesar" had been given, and told the audience of the honour done to his friend and profession, whereupon were great applause and cheering. The King, it appeared, had summoned the actor to the Royal box, and there had administered the accolade with a sword which was found by one of the company.

Wordless Pageant.

Eight of the more familiar plays were shown in the pageant, which was wordless. The characters appeared on a black and white staircase, backed by grey curtains and black pillars, grouped themselves to express a super-potted version of their play, and disappeared below the stage. Again and again the audience would have had them stay, for, down to the pages (who included a grandson of Ellen Terry and a son of Mary Anderson) every player was interesting.

Then came Ellen Terry herself in her red robes as Portia, beautiful Mary Anderson as Hermione, and Genevieve Ward as Volunnia. A fair-haired Juliet (Marie Lohr) was led away by a romantic Romeo (Owen Nares); a merry Rosalind in doublet and hose came laughing through the curtains, and at once was hailed as Irene Vanbrugh; a haughty jewelled Beatrice swept on with a magnificence of gesture which proclaimed Julia Neilson.

The Three Merry Wives of Windsor were Lady Tree, Winifred Emery and Lottie Venne. Lillah MacCarthy faced Evelyn Millard.

Then came Matheson Lang as Shylock, Dennis Eadie as Master Ford, Fred Terry as Don Pedro, George Grossmith as Touchstone, Harcourt Williams as Sebastian—and constellation after constellation of the famous on the English stage.

As the last tableau finished the back curtain rose and showed the characters of all the others grouped about a huge bust of Shakespeare, at the base of which stood Genevieve Ward holding a mask of comedy and Ellen Terry that of tragedy. The principal characters bore laurel wreaths, and laid them before the bust, after which Miss Muriel Foster came on and sang the National Anthem.

The New Knight.

Sir F. R. Benson is a nephew of the late Archbishop Benson, and was born at Alresford, Hampshire, in 1859. He was educated at Winchester and Oxford, and his first appearance on the stage was at the Lyceum Theatre in 1882, when, under Henry Irving's management, he took the role of Paris in "Romeo and Juliet." The following year he started his own Shakespearean touring company, which he has maintained ever since.

Lady Benson, as Miss Constance Featherstonhaugh, played lead in the early 'eighties, and married Mr. Benson in 1886.

RAIN HOLDS SMUTS UP.

From The War Office.

General Smuts, in a telegram of May 1 (Monday) reports that the rainy season has set in with great violence (in German East Africa).

The enemy is holding a strong position in the hills to the south-east of Kondoa-irangi. The movements of the Belgian forces in Ruanda have been delayed by the heavy rains.

THE JAPANESE HUN.

According to the British Manufacturer (a new monthly journal for the promotion of trade in the Empire and beyond) some German firms in Japan have begun doing business under Japanese names.

The BRITISH ARMY HORSES NEED YOUR HELP

in every theatre of the War for Veterinary Hospitals, Ambulances, etc.

LONDON BADGE DAY TO-DAY, May 3.

The R.S.P.C.A. FUND for SICK & WOUNDED HORSES is the ONLY FUND approved by the Army Council to help the British Horses in the War, and is not in any way connected with the Blue Cross or Purple Cross Funds.

105, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.



The Rugby team of the New Zealanders at Hornchurch has raised over £1,000 for war charities, through the various matches they have taken part in. Miss Lind-at-Hageby is at present at Carqueiranne, South of France, where she is preparing to open her sanatorium for wounded French soldiers who are threatened with tuberculosis. —Adv.

LADIES! LOTS OF BEAUTIFUL HAIR.

"Danderine" makes hair thick, glossy and wavy.

Removes all dandruff, stops itching scalp and falling hair.

To be possessed of a head of heavy, beautiful hair; soft, lustrous, fluffy, wavy and free from dandruff is merely a matter of using a little Danderine.

It is easy and inexpensive to have nice, soft hair and lots of it. Just get a shilling bottle of Knowlton's Danderine now—apply a little as directed and within ten minutes there will be an appearance of a abundance, freshness, fluffiness and an incomparable gloss and lustre, and try as you will you cannot find a trace of dandruff or falling hair; but your real surprise will be after about two weeks' use, when you will see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—sprouting out all over your scalp. Danderine is, we believe, the only sure hair grower, destroyer of dandruff and cure for itchy scalp, and it never fails to stop falling hair at once. All chemists sell and recommend Danderine, 1/1½ and 2/3 a bottle. No increase in price.

If you want to prove how pretty and soft your hair really is, moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair—taking one small strand at a time. Your hair will be soft, glossy and beautiful in just a few moments—a delightful surprise awaits everyone who tries this.—Advt.



For Your Baby

The following are the chief reasons why Savory & Moore's Food is likely to suit your baby better than anything else:—

Infants like it, and take it readily.

Its use may be begun gradually, while the child is still being nursed by the mother.

It provides the essential elements of nutrition in a form that even the most delicate infant can easily digest.

It makes healthy bone and good teeth, which are so necessary for proper physical development.

It relieves constipation, which, in infancy, is so often caused by improper indigestible food.

It is an inexpensive food, and is used by parents in every station of life from the highest to the lowest.

SAMPLE FREE.

Messrs. Savory & Moore are making a Special Offer of a FREE TRIAL TIN of their Food, which will be sent on receipt of stamps for postage only. This tin is not a mere sample, but contains quite sufficient food for a thorough trial. If you will fill in the coupon below and send it with 2d. in stamps, for postage, the special trial tin will be forwarded by return with full directions.

FREE COUPON

To Savory & Moore Ltd., Chemists to The King, New Bond St. London. Please send me the Free Trial Tin of your food. I enclose 2d. for postage.

Name _____
Address _____
D.S., 3/5/16.

THE LOVE CHEAT.

Serial Story Specially Written for the Daily Sketch.

By YELVA BURNETT.

The Secret Comes Out.

At that moment speech was beyond Laurette's power, she stood silent, yet drawing back from Vivian in a way that he understood. Quite obviously Laurette was unpleasantly startled, and now that Betty had let in some light upon an incident which had mattered greatly, both to Laurette and himself, he could not blame her.

"Come under the porch a little more," he pleaded gently. "The rain catches you there, you will be wet through in no time."

She moved obediently across the threshold, avoiding his troubled gaze.

"I did not know," he said, "that we were destined to arrive together. My aunts wired me to come immediately."

At that remark Laurette found her voice, but in her anxiety she forgot everything save her sister.

"Is Betty ill?" she asked quickly.

"Betty!" he echoed.

Laurette did not understand his surprise.

"Is anything the matter with my sister?" she demanded. "Please tell me at once, Mr. Grant!"

"Your—sister!" he repeated, as one dazed.

"What does this mean?"

A burning flush climbed Laurette's white cheek. She was frightened at the slip she had made. She had broken her solemn promise to Betty. Her eyes were blinded with tears.

"Oh, Mr. Grant; please don't tell her or anyone else—it just slipped out. I—I had forgotten my promise!"

"You are sisters?" Vivian's face grew hard and cold, his brows gathered. "Is this true?" He looked through puzzled eyes at Laurette. "How is it the Rear-Admiral didn't claim you?"

"He was no relation," she answered, feeling that in such circumstances the whole truth was best. "Oh, I beg of you not to say a word, you can't understand Betty as I do. She—she rushed into things without thinking, she was ashamed to be sister to a lady's companion. She's so ambitious. Don't blame her please—please! She was made that way, and as a little girl it was just the same—I mean she didn't mind what she did in order to come first."

"Laurette!" Vivian said sternly, unconscious that he used her Christian name, "what lies behind this terrible deception of hers? I scarcely dare to think! How was it possible for her to pose as poor Starre's daughter without being found out?"

"She might have been found out had he lived."

"But what was Betty's object in wanting to be—?"

"Please don't ask me any more questions. I did wrong to say a word. I promised her most faithfully I would never tell: soul, and now—"

Vivian Blames Laurette.

"You should have spoken long ago, Laurette," Vivian said.

"Condemn Betty? I couldn't!"

"You might have known her story would have been disproved some time or other; what about Miss Maddox—and Withy the gardener? Betty says he is your uncle; if that is so, he is hers as well. That was why she didn't wish me to tell of his attempted theft—I can see it now!"

"He never tried to rob your uncle," Laurette said, impelled by a sense of justice to defend the old man.

"What!" shouted Vivian, as he searched her face. "Betty—was it she?"

"Sometimes I don't think she knows what she is doing. Oh, don't look so angry!"

"You knew all this, and yet you kept silent," Vivian cried.

"If I had spoken against Betty, who would have believed me? Besides, had I done so I should have hated myself."

He caught hold of her hands and pulled her directly under the lamp. She saw that his face was twisted with pain, that his eyes smouldered.

"Don't you see what you've done?" he asked passionately. "The unkindest act a woman could do to a man. Yes, yes, even Betty is not so guilty as you."

"What are you saying? Let go my hands!" she panted.

But Vivian held them more firmly. "She, this sister of yours, is a wicked little wretch; but I blame you more!"

"Blame me!" she stammered, as though stupefied.

"Don't you deserve that I should?" Vivian demanded. "To look on and watch her success in tricking me, to allow me to marry her!"

"I could not prevent it."

"You mean you wouldn't." He flung down her hands. "It makes me wonder—such a strange story as this—where your interest came in. What was she going to give you for all this self-abnegation?" Vivian laughed angrily. "Were you going to serve her, eat your meals with servants and guard her secret all your days?"

More Treachery Revealed.

"Why haven't they sent a carriage for us?" Laurette interrupted violently. She must end this conversation. "I shan't wait any longer. I shall walk to Greycliffe—alone."

"You will do nothing of the kind while I am here to prevent you," he returned. "My aunts have certainly sent the car; it must have broken down or been delayed. When we reach the house you can keep out of my way if you wish; but now that I have you here alone I shall get to the root of the matter. My God, you owe me that, at least! Whatever I have done to offend you, I didn't deserve you should ruin my whole life by permitting me to walk blindfolded into the net she spread!"

Laurette's lashes lifted, her face showed him that she was losing her temper.

"Who blindfolded you? What had I to do with your private affairs, Mr. Grant?" she demanded hotly. "I would remind you that you are speaking

of my sister, whom you have practically deserted. If she made you suffer you have also made her very unhappy, and that is why she has sent for me."

"I see that, in your opinion, all of us should be bent and broken, so that Betty may have her every whim gratified. Look at me, Laurette," he commanded fiercely, as she made an impatient movement, turning her head so as to peer through the darkness to the top of the hill. "I am one of her whims, or was once; but now she is utterly weary of me—as I am weary of her."

"Because she is no longer beautiful?"

"Laurette, how dare you? Was she ever beautiful—this wax-faced, heartless woman who has wronged us both?"

"Will you be quiet? Will you be quiet?" cried Laurette.

"Quiet? Quiet? Until I go mad? Have you no blood in your veins that you can forget and forgive such treachery as hers? What about that money—the twenty five-pound notes which she asserted was your price for silence? You would bear false witness against me, so Betty declared,

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unless I made it worth your while not to speak. This was a trick of hers, as was her every act. A trick to part us. She has confessed as much to me!"

While he spoke Laurette's head was gradually lowered until her chin was on her breast; then a low sob broke from her and her gloved hands went up to cover her face.

"Don't tell me any more—let me go!" she moaned. "Don't look at me, don't speak to me again. I believed her when she said you feared I might make—things difficult for you. That is why I detested you with all my heart!"

"Laurette, hush child; I didn't mean to hurt you so much!"

"You—you kill me with—shame!" she answered through her sobs. "Why need you tell me all this? What is the use—now?"

"God! you may well ask! She is my wife before the world, entitled to all I have, but I will not go near her unless I am absolutely obliged. Laurette," Vivian said more quietly. "I belong to you, and you to me, we might have been very happy together."

"This Is Good-bye."

Vivian was silent for a time—oppressed by thoughts that pained him.

"Ah, well, all that is over," he said at last.

"Don't shrink from me, dear; I am loyal to you, I would not hurt a hair of your head, only this: listen, listen, Laurette—all my rough, cruel, angry words and thoughts of you were because you seemed to have fallen so far from the high white place where I set you. Don't cry, child; I know now how mistaken I was."

Laurette saw the yearning in his eyes.

"I am going to Greycliffe to-night," he continued, "because it seems that my aunts are in some kind of trouble, but I shall not call that place my home while—she is there. You were my true mate, little

Laurette, but happiness is denied us. Yet you mustn't be bitter on that account, my dear. One day you will forget all this sorrow. You will find someone else. Laurette, this once may I kiss your hands?"

She glanced behind her, and saw, through wet, aching eyes, that the delayed car was at last approaching, but she tore her little gloves from her hands; she stretched her arms to him as though she were blind.

Vivian seized her fingers, and gathered them into his clasp, then he laid his cold lips upon her little white wrists. When he looked up she was regarding him steadily through mournful eyes; she was in the same attitude as on the night when he had seen her in the Corona garden. He yearned to crush her against his heart.

"This is our good-bye," he said. "You understand?—and there is nothing to fear from me. I will guard your secret, even although it is hers."

The car was only a few yards off. As it came to a standstill Vivian shouted to the chauffeur in his ordinary voice, while Laurette struggled to check her breaking sobs.

"Why so late, Grove?"

The man looked curiously at his young master.

"Mrs. Grant is giving a party, sir, and could not spare the motor till an hour ago. I've been back and forward all the afternoon, fetching the guests."

Vivian returned no answer, but he took Laurette's hand, and guided her towards the car.

"Vivian Knows."

That night Betty took hours over her toilet.

She was so sensitive about her face that she could not endure the assistance of a maid. She was obliged, during certain processes, to look directly at her reflection in the glass. It unnerved her; she had spasms of bitter misery, moments in which she hated herself for the vicious seams upon her cheeks and brow.

A terrible depression stole upon her. Greycliffe was filled with her guests; each room at her disposal had been prepared for them. She thought of the women who had once had reason to envy her; they need feel no stinging shame, nor crouch in hiding, as she did.

Betty looked at herself through burning eyes. A weight of misery previously kept back by excitement fell upon her heart. She was as a crushed, maimed animal seeking some hole in which to die.

Betty bent over her dressing table, seeing no single ray of hope in all the desolation of long years that stretched before her. Then, in the glass she perceived that the door behind her was gradually opening. She watched it in a speechless horror, born of the fact that her face was bare. Who dared enter her room without knocking? Was it one of her easy-going Bohemian friends? Hastily she pulled her beautiful hair down across her cheeks. She rose. Laurette came into the room.

"Why didn't you knock?" snapped Betty.

"Your husband is here, and wants to speak to you immediately," answered Laurette in a cold, strange voice.

"Vivian here!" cried Betty. She rose from her chair, her eyes flashed from between the bands of gold drawn close against her cheeks. "Why? How did he come?"

"We came together," Laurette replied. "Betty, Vivian knows everything—that we are sisters!"

(Do Not Miss To-morrow's Instalment.)

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THE BLACK RUINS OF A RED REBELLION



Soldiers clearing away the debris that blocked Church-street Bridge. Some of the streets were absolutely impassable on account of the fallen masonry.—(Daily Sketch Photo.)



Searching among the ruins of the battered buildings for firewood to take home.—(Daily Sketch Photograph.) All that was left of the Hotel Metropole (seen on left), from which the rebels took their first supplies of food, was a gaunt wall. Next to the hotel is seen the Post Office.—(Daily Sketch Photograph.)