

DAILY SKETCH.

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LONDON, FRIDAY, MAY 5, 1916.

[Registered as a Newspaper.] ONE HALFPENNY.



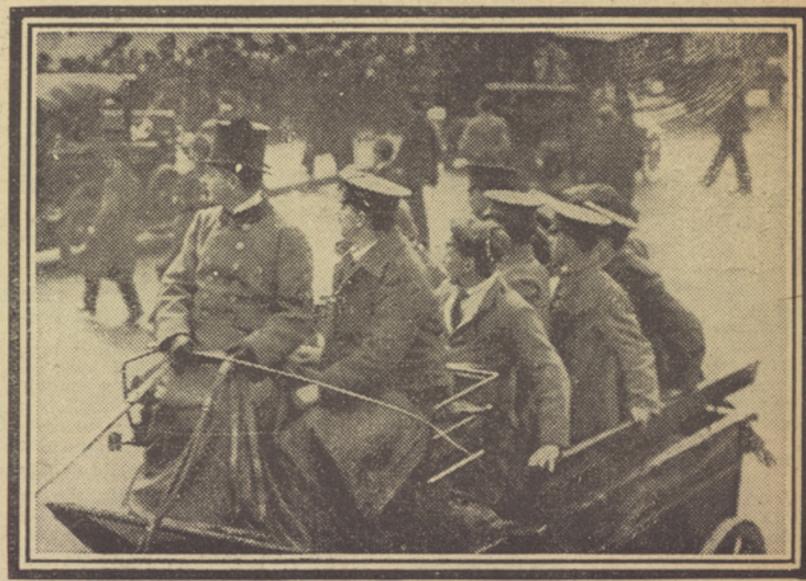
WANDSWORTH'S OWN U-BOAT FIGHTER.



Sir Evelyn Wood presents a cheque on behalf of the Gas Company to the gallant captain and his crew.



Captain Mastin was carried triumphantly from the ship by the gasworkers immediately she berthed.



Wounded Tommies paid their tribute to the crew of the collier.

The chief gunner was carried shoulder-high from the ship.



A huge crowd gathered in the grounds of the gasworks at Wandsworth to give the captain and his crew a hearty cheer for their gallant fight.

The s.s. Wandle, the collier of the Wandsworth Gas Co., which beat off an attack by a German submarine, received a great reception from Londoners when she came up the Thames yesterday. On arrival at the company's yard the captain and crew were carried shoulder high from the ship. They were afterwards presented with an address

TOWNSHEND'S LAST MESSAGE: "THE FORTUNES OF WAR."

EX-EMPRESS EUGENIE IS NINETY TO-DAY.

Nonagenarian Whose Faculties Are Undimmed By Age.

HER LIKES AND DISLIKES.

Woman Who Has Lived Down Many Hard Sayings.

By Edward Legge.

To-day is a double "date" in French history. On a 5th of May Napoleon I. died, and on a 5th of May the Empress Eugenie was born. I have witnessed, with one exception, since the "Terrible Year," 1870, all the great events which have marked the Empress's amazing career.

No more courageous woman ever lived than this one-time Empress of the French, whose ninetieth birthday friends all over the world are now remembering. I say "remembering" because she will not permit the event to be "celebrated."

Even to speak to her of her anniversary is repugnant to her—verging upon *lèse-majesté*. She is original in all she says and in all she does. Slandered and foully libelled as she has been throughout the greater part of her life, she is not revengeful, nor even reproachful. She regards all the evil-speaking about her with contemptuous and silent indifference.

A PRIVILEGED TRIO.

To have had the privilege of the acquaintance of the three persons who knew the real, not the imaginary, Empress gives one the right to speak of her with authority.

The trio referred to are Monsignor Goddard, who, at Chislehurst, was her almoner and spiritual director, called by some her "confessor"; Mme. d'Arcos, whose sister, Mrs. Vaughan, an equal intimate of the Imperial lady, is happily still with us; and M. Pietri.

After Monsignor Goddard's death his relatives, knowing the terms of intimacy I had been on with him, placed at my disposal the whole of his "papers"—documents of the greatest interest.

There are sceptics who may find it difficult to believe that, during the last forty years, down to the present time, the Empress has been an assiduous student of French and English literature. Learned works enthrall her; she delights in keeping herself au courant with everything new in the sciences. And she is ninety!

DON'T LIKE POETRY.

You will find on her table books treating of philosophy, science, and—medicine, her curiosity being perhaps most piqued about the latter. The doctors whom she meets find her anxious to discuss the progress of therapeutics, of which she has read in the medical reviews, both French and English; she wants to know the why and wherefore of all such recondite matters. Hardly does she seem the "flighty" Empress as she has been often characterised.

Poetry does not attract her, but novels do, preferably those of Anatole France and Pierre Loti. "Anatole France," she often says, "writes le plus beau français."

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

Those who enter her library find, to mention only a few, the works of Albert Vandal, Henri Houssaye, the great historian Frédéric Masson, Comte d'Haussonville, Gabriel Hanotaux, the French historian best known and appreciated in this country, and Pierre Nolhae.

Books relating to Marie Antoinette stir the Empress most deeply, more especially those by M. le Nôtre, which she knows almost by heart. Not a few people have told me that in the portraits of that Queen they find a strong resemblance to the Empress; personally I fail to see much of a likeness between the two, and think that the Empress in the period of her great beauty was incomparably the more lovely. I saw her once in those distant days in Paris in the late 'sixties.

A quality for which she is greatly envied by her intimates is her marvellously retentive memory. She recollects everything—even dates and names.

DESPISES LOCKS OF HAIR.

She despises locks of hair, teeth mounted in rings, and old gloves—articles religiously kept in boxes by some worthy people.

It is interesting to see her, scissors in hand, cutting out extracts from newspapers. One day, as she was so occupied, she picked up an infamous attack upon her in an old journal. Her indignation made her hand shake, with the result that she cut one of her fingers!

I have seen her several times in the Benedictine Abbey Church (her magnificent gift, with lands, to the Order ruled by Dom Cabrol, as charming as he is learned), and in the crypt, otherwise the Imperial Mausoleum; also at the Jesuits' Church, Farm-street, which she attended for the first time on the day of Mme. d'Arcos funeral, in November, 1913 when her beautiful goddaughter, the Queen of Spain, was present, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg.

And should you ever have the good fortune to

THE HOME OF A SOLDIER WHO "COULD NOT BE FOUND."

Wife's Pathetic Struggle To Keep Things Going.

WHO HAS BLUNDERED?

One of the saddest stories of the war's hardships, accentuated probably by an official blunder, has come to light as the result of a young soldier, Private Thomas Morris, of the West Kent Cyclist Battalion, appearing at the Marylebone Police Court, on a charge of being an absentee.

Morris is a decent young fellow, and was extremely agitated at his appearance at the Court. He told the magistrate that he had been in the Army nine weeks, and that he had a wife and two children at home.

When he arrived home on Saturday night he found that the baby was very ill and his wife absolutely destitute, not having received a farthing of Army pay since he had joined the Army.

Somebody's Mistake.

He thought it was his duty to stay at home and find food for his wife and children.

The magistrate said that a mistake had been made and that it would be rectified, and urged him not to be downhearted or bitter about it.

The magistrate also directed the police court missionary to attend to the family's needs.

And that is all the public would have known about the case. They would have said "How terrible," and forgotten all about it.

The *Daily Sketch* yesterday saw Mrs. Morris at her home. It was once a comfortable little place, but now it is sadly depleted.

Telling her story, the little woman, who kept up a brave smile, said: "My husband was one of the Derby recruits, but he did not wait to be called up. He went and joined straight away.

"Before he went he was a fish salesman, and he used to allow me 30s. a week. My separation allowance should have been 24s. per week.

Could Not Be Found.

"But since he went I have not had a penny piece from the Army. I have written asking all about it, but could get no reply. I tried the Soldiers' and Sailors' Association, and they wrote, but were told that my husband could not be traced.

"That might be all very well for the Army, but it was no good to me. I was without a penny in the world. Something had to be done, and I had to pawn my things one by one."

Here Mrs. Morris pulled out a bundle of pawn tickets, and said: "That is where my home has gone to."

The *Daily Sketch*, seeing a wedding ring upon her finger, tried to console her with the remark: "You have still your wedding ring."

The little woman looked disdainfully at the ring, and replied: "My wedding ring went with the other things. This is a brass one I bought for the sake of appearance.

"How we have managed to live I don't know, and baby has been very ill indeed. On Saturday I heard that my husband was coming home, and as I had no food in the house I pawned a pair of vases for 3s., so that he should have a cup of tea, at least, when he arrived.

Didn't Mean To Desert.

"He was awfully upset when I told him what had happened. On Sunday night, when his leave was up, I went to the station to see him off, and just before his train went I became ill. He said he could not stand it any longer, and told me that he was coming back to see if he could earn a few pence for me to buy food with. After he had done that, he said, he would go back to his regiment. He had no intention of deserting.

"Yesterday a gentleman came and made some inquiries, and gave me 2s. 6d. It was a perfect Godsend, although it does not go far towards providing food.

I went out full of happiness and bought—
½ lb. of tea, 1d. sugar, a tin of salmon.
Tin of milk, ¼ qn. flour, ½ lb. margarine.

I had 1d. left, and to give my little girl a treat I bought her some sweets.

Before the *Daily Sketch* left Mrs. Morris said: "I hope the Army people won't be long before they send me my money. I object to 'cadging' for food, but with my home gone and nothing left to pawn I don't know what will happen to us."

PREMONITION THAT CAME TRUE.

When Lance-Corpl. Stanley Reed, the Devon batsman and Torquay Town and Plymouth Argyle footballer, joined the Devon Regiment, he had a strong premonition that he would receive some injury that would spoil his career as a cricketer. Now comes the news that he has been killed during bombing practice in camp, a bomb having exploded in his hand. Reed, who was only 21, was made lance-corporal a month after he joined the regiment, and he had also qualified for the

marksman's badge. He was generally regarded in cricket circles as "Devon's finest batsman."



'WE HAVE DONE OUR DUTY.'

Gen. Townshend's Last Message: "The Fortunes Of War."

BEATEN BY HUNGER.

We are pleased to know that we have done our duty, and recognise that our situation is one of the fortunes of war.

We thank you and General Gorringe, and all ranks of the Tigris Force, for the great efforts you have made to save us.

This was the last message of General Townshend before the surrender of Kut.

It was read in the House of Lords by Lord Kitchener, who uttered a warm eulogy to General Townshend and his force.

Lord Kitchener said that imminent starvation compelled the surrender of the Kut garrison.

Adverse elements alone denied success to the Relief Force.

The surrender of Kut reflected no discredit on the Indian or British armies.

General Townshend had done everything that was humanly possible to resist to the last, and every effort was made to relieve the beleaguered forces.

CHEERS FOR THE WANDLE.

Reception Of Thames Collier That Fought U-Boat.

The Wandle, the Wandsworth coal boat which successfully defended herself against a German submarine in the North Sea, had a victorious progress up the Thames yesterday on her return with her cargo of Newcastle coal to London.

As the dark collier—more like a huge barge than a sea-going boat—was tugged slowly up the river she had a reception that any man-of-war might have envied. On the bridge was Captain Mastin. At the stern was the "popgun" which beat off the U-boat. Manning her were half-a-dozen naval men.

As the Wandle (named after the little tributary of the Thames which gives Wandsworth its name) passed by the Embankment, full-throated cheers went up from the crowds which had assembled.

Wandsworth was en fête for the reception of the gallant captain and his crew. Captain Mastin was borne ashore in triumph to an improvised platform, where the Mayor of Wandsworth, the directors of the Gas Company, and Sir Evelyn Wood awaited him. After a speech of congratulation by Mr. Jonas, one of the directors, a cheque for £250 was presented to the gallant captain, of which £50 was for himself and the remainder to be divided amongst the crew.

Sir Evelyn Wood made the presentation and shook hands with W. E. Norton, R.N.R., who fired the successful shot.

THE KING AND BLINDED SOLDIERS.

The *Daily Sketch* is authorised to state that "The entertainments being arranged for Sunday, May 28, in aid of blinded soldiers and sailors are not under the patronage of the King and Queen, as has been stated, but their Majesties are patrons of the Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Hostel, in aid of which the entertainments are being arranged."

HER HUSBAND'S CAR WAS SEIZED BY THE REBELS.



Mrs. Law Smith, the wife of Judge Law Smith, the County Court judge of Limerick, who was in one of the motor-cars seized by the Irish rebels.—(Swaine.)

CLUBS TO BE SPARED.

There is no truth in a report that the Constitutional Club or the National Liberal Club may be taken over by the Office of Works as additional offices for the Ministry of Munitions.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE'S ORDERLY

The death is announced of Private Baillie, 92nd

LONDON "SPECIAL" IN DUBLIN FIGHTING.

Derby Recruit's Quick Change From "Civvies" Into Khaki.

HOLIDAY EXCITEMENT HE DID NOT EXPECT.

With The Colours "For The Duration Of The Rebellion."

When Mr. W. E. Wolsey, of Hollyfield-avenue, Friern Barnet, went to Ireland for a holiday a fortnight ago, his vacation was not of the peaceful kind he had prescribed for himself.

In fact, he found himself transformed from a citizen on holiday to a real fighting soldier well within the space of an hour. He returned to London yesterday with his discharge paper in the form of a passport. And that paper is endorsed, "He has rendered good service here during the disturbances."

This is how Mr. Wolsey came to be a soldier and to be put on active service in what is probably record time. He was the Irish manager for the Ingersoll Watch Company, Ltd., before coming to London a few years ago to become the Central London representative of that firm. On the Thursday before Good Friday he went to Dublin for an Easter holiday, and on the day when the rebellion broke out he was in the country with some friends.

DONNED A KHAKI UNIFORM.

Returning to Dublin in the evening, and finding out what had happened, he promptly decided where his duty lay. "I was in the Shanghai Volunteers for several years, and had had some experience of street rioting," he told the *Daily Sketch* yesterday. "As I am a Derby man and a London special constable, I considered it my duty to offer my services to the military authorities.

"I went straight away to Portobello Barracks,



where I found myself one of a crowd which included soldiers on leave, sailors, and others who were on the same errand—waiting to place themselves at the disposal of the Royal Irish Rifles.

"We hadn't to wait long, and those of us who had never been in khaki before were turned out soldiers in about a quarter of an hour. I believe that within ten minutes of my presenting myself at the barrack gates I was getting into uniform.

"As soon as I had got into uniform I was armed and accoutred, and was 'standing by' waiting for orders.

"Orders for men in certain small drafts were coming in almost momentarily, and as soon as an order was received the required draft was told off and dispatched for the point where it was required.

"My peaceful holiday jaunt in the country on that Easter Monday was not followed by a comfortable bed. That night I was engaged with others in holding territory marked by the thoroughfare between Portobello Barracks and Jacob's factory.

REBELS' ESCAPE PREVENTED.

"All night long we kept a close vigil and a spasmodic fire upon the rebels whenever they showed themselves. The most exciting time our men had was early on Sunday evening, when the rebels were forced to evacuate Jacob's factory. It was, we afterwards learned, their intention to make a dash for the canal, throw their arms in the water, then scatter and seek to lose their identity by mixing with any other groups they could find. If that was their intention they were completely foiled. When they found themselves cut off from the canal they rushed St. Catherine's Church, and from there opened a sharp fusillade.

"But the soldiers were too strong for them. There was a sharp fight for about ten minutes, then, with a number put out of action, they realised the hopelessness of the fight and surrendered." Mr. Wolsey remained with the Royal Irish Rifles for a week. The terms of his enrolment were "for the duration of the rebellion," and his discharge brought an end to his military service.

COMMONS MAJORITY FOR COMPULSION BILL—292.

VOLUNTEER STILL AND AVOID COMPULSION.

Group System Reopened For Men Yet Eligible.

"WHERE'S YOUR PAPER?"

Police Power To Demand Certificate Of Exemption.

STRINGENT CLAUSE OF BILL.

2 Weeks Instead Of 2 Months Allowed For Renewal.

From the War Office.

Thursday.

The group system of enlistment, which was temporarily closed on April 26, has now been reopened.

Unattested married men and single men excepted from the Military Service Act, 1916, can again, therefore, join their respective groups.

A new group to be called Group A is being formed for all men born in 1898 [lads of 18].

Arrangements have been made at recruiting offices for men to be attested for this group, commencing on Saturday, May 6.

TEXT OF COMPULSION BILL.

The text of the new Compulsion Bill was issued yesterday:—

Among the points are:—

EXEMPTIONS may be granted as under the first Compulsion Bill [for single men] but—

These exemptions cannot be renewed without leave of the tribunals which granted them. There will be no appeal against the refusal of renewal by the tribunal.

EXPIRED CERTIFICATES cannot be renewed unless application be made within two weeks (instead of two months).

INSPECTION OF CERTIFICATES of exemption may be demanded by a constable or any person having authority from the Army Council. Penalty, £20 fine or three months' imprisonment.

292 MAJORITY FOR BILL'S SECOND READING.

Sir John Simon Musters Only 36 Followers.

The House of Commons divided last night on the motion for the second reading of the Compulsion Bill. The figures were:—

For the Bill	328
Against	36

Government majority 292

The debate was opened by opponents with singularly inconclusive speeches.

Mr. Holt declared that the Bill was an instrument for the excessive development of the military side of the war.

He could not see that there was any reason for the exclusion of Ireland. He further wanted to know by what process of reasoning those responsible for the Bill had not included industrial compulsion.

Corporal Lees-Smith, seconding the rejection, said the Bill was a gamble which was far more likely to weaken our total effective contribution to the war than to strengthen it. If the war were a long one this Bill would imperil the factors which this country alone could provide—the determining factors of finance and credit.

"WE MUST HAVE THEM AT ONCE."

Mr. Lloyd George States The Military Case For The Bill.

Mr. Lloyd George said he had looked in vain in the speeches of the opponents of the Bill for arguments in favour of the very serious course they were adopting. He wondered whether they realised what they were doing.

Those responsible for the conduct of the war, the most serious war in which we had ever been engaged—the military authorities—have come down and said:—

It makes all the difference between defeat and victory to find these men. We cannot find them in any other way. We must have them at once. The opponents of the Bill were advising the House to reject that advice. It was a tremendous responsibility for them.

military authorities, and they had come to the conclusion that it was an irresistible one.

It was a maxim of military practice that if they were to drive out an entrenched foe equally well organised, equally well led, equally well equipped, they must have a superiority in men.

If the opponents of the Bill examined the facts of the military situation, the demand of the military authorities would surely be intelligible to them.

The vast majority of the Members of the House and an infinite majority of the people outside believed in the Bill.

There had never, he went on, been a country yet faced with a great military peril that has ever saved itself without recourse to compulsion.

Every healthy body must be able to use all its members, and, thank God, Britain was not yet a paralytic which could not command the services of her every citizen.

THAT "SACRED PRINCIPLE."

The opponents of the Bill asked Parliament to reject it on the ground of some sacred principle—too sacred to make it public. They said that the results of the Bill would be insignificant.

He could tell the House that at the battle of Ypres one division of fresh troops to relieve the exhausted men on either side would have conclusively decided the issues of the battle.

Mr. Lloyd George thought the estimate of 200,000 men from the Bill was a moderate one, and he regarded it as important that when they talked of



Mr. R. D. Holt is a Liverpool shipowner.



200,000 men our Allies and our foes should know we were not yet at the end of our resources in the war.

He protested against those who spoke of the working classes as doubtful neutrals who had no stake in the country and who had to be converted to be friends.

There was no class whose interests in peace was greater than theirs. They hoped this was the last frenzy of war and they knew what the victory of Prussianism would mean.

UNITY AND DIVERGENCE.

Sir John Simon On Mr. Lloyd George Of To-Day And A Year Ago.

Sir John Simon was glad to see how essentially united the House was in the matter of the need for everyone to do his duty.

The point of division was one of method and machinery. He was convinced that a case had not been made out for compulsion. They did not increase the total national strength by pouring more and more of the male population of military age into the Army.

The problem was a difficult and delicate adjustment between the competing interests of the time. No one expressed these interests so well as Mr. Lloyd George a year ago to-day when he emphasised the part this country was to play in the economics of the war.

In the past 12 months the need of our Allies for financial help had increased. It was a disservice to this country to treat our military strength as the measure of contribution to the combat. Nobody who heard Mr. Lloyd George's speech that day could believe it was made by the same man who made the speech of a year ago.

CARSON ON ASQUITH.

"I Never Knew Him Enthusiastic About Anything But His Defence."

Sir Edward Carson, entertained at luncheon by the Unionist War Committee at the Hotel Cecil yesterday, said:—

"One of the greatest defects in the present Prime Minister, with all his great abilities, is that he endeavours to apply peace methods of party politics to the waging of war, and that he thinks he can get out of all his difficulties by the forensic use of eloquence in which he is unparalleled in this country.

"I have never yet heard the Prime Minister come down and recommend any measure that was necessary for the carrying on successfully of the war without putting aside his eloquence and making an abject apology for the proposals that he was to put forward.

"I never knew him enthusiastic about anything except his own defence, and I never knew him really apply the eloquence of which he is such a master except when the time arose for turning defeats into victory, and screening the negligence and incompetence of others.

"I am sick of oratory. I believe it has been the disaster of this country that our Prime Minister

GERMANS RAID BRITISH TRENCHES AT MONCHY.

Our Troops Return Compliment At Double Crassier.

LIVELY MINE WORK.

British Official News.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, FRANCE.

Thursday, 10 p.m.

Last night there was again activity in different parts of the line.

Artillery on both sides was active about Mari-court.

Near Monchy the enemy, after a heavy bombardment, raided our trenches, and caused some casualties.

At Neuville the enemy blew two mines ineffectually.

At the Double Crassier we followed a mine explosion by a small raid which was successful. Hostile dug-outs were bombed and casualties inflicted.

About Hooze we sprang a mine which damaged the enemy's underground workings. There was considerable bombardment on both sides in this sector.

To-day there is no special incident to report beyond artillery activity, which has been most marked opposite Angres, about Hooze, and Pilken.

At the latter place French and British artillery co-operated with good effect.

FIGHTING FOR "DEAD MAN."

French Curtain Fire Stops Attack On Captured Trench.

French Official News.

PARIS, Thursday, 11 p.m.

In the Argonne our artillery bombarded the enemy works in the Bois de Cheppy.

At La Fille morte there was mine fighting, which resulted to our advantage.

To the west of the Meuse the bombardment was very violent in the region of Hill 304. At the Mort Homme (Dead Man) a small German attack against one of the trenches recently captured by us was stopped by our curtain fire.

To the east of the Meuse and in the Woevre there was an intermittent activity on the part of our artillery.

There is nothing to report on the rest of the front apart from the usual cannonading.—Reuter.

WRECK OF THE L20.

Raiding Zeppelin A Victim Of A South-Easterly Gale.

COPENHAGEN, Thursday.

A message from Stavanger (Norway) to the *Aftenblad* reports that the German airships which raided Great Britain on Tuesday night left the station in Germany in fine weather. At midnight they spread over Great Britain on both sides of the English and Scottish border. Each Zeppelin was given her own field of activity.

The L20 (the Zeppelin which was wrecked near Stavanger) belonged to the northern party, and had rather a large area to cover. A south-easterly wind, with heavy snow, arose, the velocity of the wind reaching 16 to 18 yards a second (32 to 37 miles an hour).

Early on Wednesday the L20 left her field of activity, and owing to the heavy south-easterly wind a course was laid as north-easterly as possible.

By 9 o'clock on Wednesday morning it had become evident that the airship could not reach Germany, and her commander decided to try to land in Norway. All secret papers and the explosives still on board were dropped into the sea, as prescribed in his instructions. He then tried to land, with the result already reported.—Reuter.

THOUGHT OF THEIR PALS.



Sgt. H. Harper, North Actg. C. S. M. Wheeler, Staffords.



Both have been awarded the D.C.M. for their bravery in rescuing wounded comrades.

Mr. Harcourt stated yesterday that De Keyser's Hotel had been requisitioned for the use of the aeronautical department of the War Office.

ANOTHER REBEL DEAD.

Body Of The O'Rahilly Found In The Street.

GALLANT BOY HERO

Shot In Attempt On The Viceroy's Residence.

THE KING THANKS TROOPS IN IRELAND.

As already reported, three of the leading Irish rebels have been shot after trial by court-martial.

This left to be accounted for:—

James Connolly, now officially reported to be a wounded prisoner;

Edmund Kent (who called himself Eamon Ceannt);

John McDermott (or Sean MacDear-mada), and

Joseph Plunkett, all signatories of the Republican Proclamation, who have yet to be heard of; and

The O'Rahilly (a leader who did not sign the Proclamation). His body has been found in Moore-lane, near the General Post Office.

Search is being made for the three missing leaders. It is officially denied that rebels have been shot after surrender without trial.

The trial of further prisoners is proceeding.

The following telegram has been sent by the King to General Sir John Maxwell, General Officer Commanding-in-Chief in Ireland:—

Now that the recent lamentable outbreak has finally been quelled, I wish to express to my gallant troops in Ireland, to the Royal Irish Constabulary, and to the Dublin Metropolitan Police my deep sense of the whole-hearted devotion to duty and spirit of self-sacrifice with which throughout they have acted.

GEORGE, R.I.

BRUTAL MURDER OF A BOY.

Son Of Officer Returned From France On Leave.

DUBLIN (Via Holyhead), Wednesday Night.

The streets of Dublin were again given over to sightseers to-day. Thousands flocked to Sackville-street to view the ruins, but were kept moving by the police.

Searches of suspected houses are being energetically made and several captures were effected yesterday.

The bodies of 26 of the rebels were found in the office of the *Daily Express* and *Evening Mail*.

The attempt of the rebels on Phoenix Park (where the Viceregal Lodge is situated) was accompanied by the brutal murder of the little son of Mrs. Playfair, wife of an officer who had been in France, and was returning on leave.

The rebels cut the telephone wires. Seeing this the lad rushed off to use another telephone in the neighbourhood, but was met by a Sinn Feiner, who discharged three shots at him point blank.

The boy died next morning.

TRIAL OF CASEMENT.

Cause Of The Delay In Bringing Pro-German Traitor To Book.

The delay in the trial of Sir Roger Casement, which was the subject of comment in the House of Commons, is now explained.

He is to be charged under the ordinary law with the crime of high treason. He was arrested in Ireland before the proclamation of martial law, and though he is held under the Defence of the Realm Act, that statute only relates to matters within the United Kingdom, and would not embrace Casement's actions in Germany.

It is considered highly desirable that Casement's conduct in Germany should be investigated. Therefore the ordinary procedure in trials for high treason is to be adopted. Hence the delay.

Important evidence is now being collected, and proceedings will shortly be initiated, the first step being a charge before a police magistrate.

(Other Irish news on Page 10.)

Mr. Lloyd George has arranged to leave London to-day for Wales, where he will address his constituents to-morrow.

COMPULSION FOR ALL
"ASQUITH'S FIGURES
FIVE MILLIONS
AND STILL CROWDING!



Compulsory Service for all—and Compulsory silence for the Britain-belittlers.—(Copyright by Will Dyson.)

OPERA.
ALDWYCH THEATRE.—GRAND OPERA SEASON. Last 3 Performances. **THE CRITIC.** To-night, at 8; **MAGIO 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."
DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL.—Arthur Collins presents D. W. Griffith's 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 SHOP." "BE SURE AND SEE THE SHOW SHOP SHOW. NOTHING BUT LAUGHTER."—Times. Matinee Mon., Wed., and Sat., at 2.30.

LONDON OPERA HOUSE, Kingsway.—Daily, 2.15 and 7.45. Robert Courtneidge's Co. in "THE PEARL GIRL," and Fred Karno's Revue, "HOT AND COLD." Both attractions at all performances. Holborn 6840.

VARIETIES
ALHAMBRA.—"THE BING BOYS ARE HERE." Mr. OSWALD STOLL presents George Grossmith and Edward Laurillard's new Revue. **GEORGE ROBESY, ALFRED LESTER, VIOLET LORRAINE,** etc. Evgs., 8.30. Varieties 5.15. 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" **SHIRLEY KELLOGG, HARRY TATE, YETTA RIANZA, BERTRAM WALLIS,** Charles Berkeley, and Super Beauty Chorus

LONDON OPERA HOUSE, KINGSWAY. TWICE DAILY, 2.15 and 7.45 p.m. Both Robert Courtneidge's Co. in the Attractions at all Successful Musical Comedy, "THE PEARL GIRL," Per- Fred Karno's Big Revue, "HOT AND COLD." formances. Box Office, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Daily 6d. to 7s. 6d. (Saturdays and Holidays 1s. to 7s. 6d.). Phone Holborn 6840 (8 lines). Managing Director, OSWALD STOLL.

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

PALACE.—"BRIC-A-BRAC" at 8.35. VARIETIES at 8. MAT. WED. and SAT., at 2.
PALLADIUM.—2.30, 6.10, and 9. 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 DAMME, DAISY DORMER** and Co.

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

MISCELLANEOUS SALES.
DAVIS and CO. (Dept. 110), 284, BRIXTON-ROAD, LONDON.

GREAT CLEARANCE SALE OF UNREDEEMED PLEDGES of every description at less than one-third original cost price. WRITE FOR LIST OF 5,000 ABSOLUTELY GENUINE BARGAINS POST FREE.

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13/6—GENT'S 18-ct. Gold-cased KEYLESS LEVER WATCH, improved action, 10 years' warranty; timed to a few seconds a month; also double-curb Albert same quality, with handsome Seal attached. Week's free trial. Together, sacrifice, 13s. 6d.; approval before payment.

7/6 (worth £2 2s.)—LADY'S Solid Gold Half-marked Diamond and Sapphire Doublet Half Hoop Ring, claw setting; large lustrous stones; great sacrifice, 7s. 6d. Approval.

35/-—VALUABLE VIOLIN; magnificent Strad. model; lovely-toned instrument, in perfect condition with fully-mounted bow, in fitted ebony case, complete; sacrifice, 35s.; honestly worth £5; approval.

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.

45/-—PHONE, solid oak cabinet, with 10in. turn-table; powerful improved Symphonetta tone arm and sound box, with six 10in. disc, genuine hargis, 45s.; approval.

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

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

16/6—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 Parisian pearls and turquoises, 18-ct. gold (stamped) filled, in velvet case; sacrifice, 4s. 9d. Approval before payment.

17/6—LADY'S handsome 15-ct. GOLD-CASED KEYLESS WATCH EXPANDING BRACELET; fashionable pattern; will fit any wrist; perfect timekeeper; 10 years' warranty; sacrifice, 17s. 6d.; week's trial. Approval willingly.

12/6—LADY'S very handsome long NECKCHAIN or watchguard; exceedingly choice pattern; genuine 18-ct. Gold (stamped) filled, in velvet-lined case; great bargain, 12s. 6d. Approval before payment.

22/6—GENT'S tailor-made DARK TWEED JACKET SUIT, superior quality; fashionably made; 38in. chest 35in. waist, 31 1/2in. leg; never worn; sacrifice, 22s. 6d.; approval.

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

GENTLEMAN'S 1915 Model De Luxe Cycle, fitted with B.S.A. 3-speed gear, perfect condition; must sell; accept £5; approval willingly.—15, Upper Porchester-street, Hyde Park, London.

PRAM Rubber Tyres.—Fitted at home, wired ready to spring on wheels, from 1s. 9d. pair, posted; carriage saved both ways; no cement or cementing; clean, good, cheap; list free; rubber tyres for every kind of wheel. (Dept. 10), The Rubber and Wheel Specialists (Est. 1860), 63, New Kent-rd., London. Telephone Hop 2329. Close 1 o'clock Saturdays.

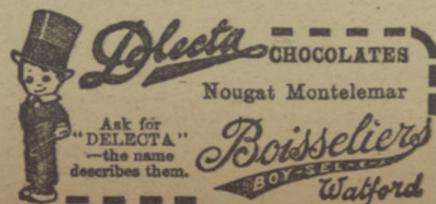
Dear Eggs are not essential for cakes and puddings if

Cakeoma

is used.

From all Grocers and Stores. 5d. per packet.

Send for free recipe book to B2 LATHAM & Co., Ltd., Liverpool.



Lady Winifred Gore, who has just undergone an operation for appendicitis, has been working hard as a war-nurse.—(Swaine.)



Tempy-Colonel C. A. Ballance, M.V.O., Army Medical Service, has had the C.B. conferred on him for his services in the field.—(Downey.)



Lady Moira Osborne, daughter of the Duke of Leeds, is to appear in "Ariadne in Mantua" at Lady Lytton's hospital matinee.—(Val L'Estrange.)

THE ARCHBISHOP AND THE BLINDED SOLDIERS.

IT appears that the Archbishop of Canterbury is angry. You have probably heard of the proposal that on a certain Sunday performances should be given in theatres throughout the country for the benefit of soldiers and sailors blinded in the war. And you probably thought it was a good idea. Well, you were wrong, the Archbishop says so, and he ought to know.

NEVERTHELESS, I am troubled with obstinate doubts, for though there are one or two fairly respectable arguments against the proposal, his Grace does not use any of them. The arguments he does use are—well, you can't say all you'd like to say when you're talking of an Archbishop.

HE might have pointed out, for instance, that it was the business of the nation to look after its blinded heroes, that the dole of organised charity is never successful. But he didn't. There would, of course, have been a reply to that:—If the Government won't do it somebody must. An unanswerable argument, that!—though it makes one blush for one's country.

HIS GRACE'S arguments soar far above such mundane things. Perpend!

It was perfectly well known that the proposal to hold performances on a Sunday was not unconnected with the general movement for a change in the observance of Sunday as regards places of amusement, theatres in particular. The owners of the theatres would lose nothing by the performances, but the services of the actors and actresses would be used for a purpose which might have another object.

SOUNDS funny! doesn't it? It comes to you like an echo. You seem to remember that in far-away peace time idle people used to fill up their spare time with talk like that. Is it possible that his Grace took that sort of talk seriously?

OF course, I don't suppose he really minds what people do on a Sunday. It's the look of the thing. This is only for once. This is obviously a very special occasion. But gracious! says his Gracious, it might spread, you know. You might get a charity performance every Sunday in every theatre.

WELL, I am in the awkward position of believing that this would be rather jolly—for the sake of the public, not for the sake of the charities. But I remember that when I said so once before I had all the theatrical profession against me. It isn't that actors mind working on Sunday, but they have a rooted objection against working seven days a week. A low-down way of looking at the matter, is it not, my Lord Archbishop? But ordinary people do look at things like that.

NOW, as Mr. Frank Allen points out:—"The Variety Artists' Federation, which strongly opposes the seven days' week, has on this occasion entirely waived its opposition." So your Grace's fear seems to be unfounded, and there is not much hope that the movement will spread.

THE Archbishop seems to be especially angry that the names of the King and Queen and the Queen-Mother are being used in connection with the charity. He thinks, I suppose, that this is likely to have a great influence over his flock. It is very loyal of him to think so. And perhaps the special flock beloved by Anglican Archbishops might be so influenced. BUT WHAT ABOUT THE CHARITY CINEMA SHOWS?

I HAVE treated this thing lightly because I think scorn is the proper retort to such folly; but I feel it is monstrous that the chief priest of the Anglican communion should indulge in such trivialities at a time like this. Wake up, Cantuar! there is a war on! Men are dying in their millions; the foundations of the world are heaving around you! Have you, as a priest of God, no higher task than to bother about the possible consequences of giving for the benefit of blinded heroes a theatrical performance on a Sunday?

THE MAN IN THE STREET.



Echoes of the Town.

Winston Churchill And Ireland—Le Gallienne Looking For Gold—Threadneedle St. Frivolity.



Winston's Lost Chance.

WINSTON'S friends and admirers, and they are many, have another reason to regret his abrupt departure from the Cabinet. If he had remained in office he would have been side by side with L. G. in the recent Cabinet tussle over compulsion, and now he would have been the obvious successor to Mr. Birrell as Irish Secretary. His claims to the post would have been beyond dispute because of the prominence, sometimes reckless and audacious, he occupied when the Irish question was at its height.

A Student Of Irish Affairs.

IT is well known that Winston has been a keen student for several years of everything affecting Ireland. Undoubtedly, had he chosen, he could have had the Chief Secretaryship during the last Liberal Administration. But his acceptance would have meant spending most of his time in Ireland, for Winston likes to be on the spot to study problems at first hand. One qualification: he has kissed the Blarney stone.

Empress Eugenie Ninety To-day.

WHAT A wonderful career, that of the Empress Eugénie, who is ninety to-day! And what a wonderful woman! She has had her joys and sorrows, her triumphs and her defeats in no ordinary measure. From Mlle. de Montijo (she has Scotch as well as Spanish blood in her veins), she rose to be Empress of the French, and to enjoy the intimate friendship of our own Queen Victoria. She held sway brilliantly among the glories of Versailles and the Tuileries. Then followed the Franco-Prussian War, disaster, the fall of the Napoleonic dynasty, and flight. The death in the Zulu War of her beloved son, the Prince Imperial, struck her another blow which left an ineradicable mark.



Her Great Wealth.

THE EMPRESS is immensely wealthy. It is certain that the events of 1871 did not affect a considerable private fortune. With the English Royal Family she is on excellent terms, her favourite being Princess Henry of Battenberg, who is a frequent visitor to Farnborough. Of the Queen of Spain, who is her god-child, she is extremely fond, and her Majesty is reputed to be the heiress of the Imperial millions.

Enter The Irish Attorney-General.

I NOTICE that the Right Hon. J. H. Campbell, the new Irish Attorney-General, was introduced on retaking his seat in Parliament by two such old personal friends as Mr. Walter Long and Sir Edward Carson. Henceforth Mr. Campbell will sit on the Treasury Bench, and will no doubt watch across the table with much interest the efforts of his crony, "Ned" Carson, to bring the Government to the ground.

Our Hun Peers.

I HEAR that the Dukes of Cumberland and Albany are soon to be deprived of their British peerages. The Hun Knights of the Garter have already been struck off the Most Noble Order, the Duke of Cumberland being one of them.

Economy Exhibition.

THE WAR SAVING people are striking out on new lines, I hear. They have taken Prince's Skating Club for a week from June 26, and are going to show the public how to economise in the home, in food, in dress and in health. Harley-street specialists and other experts are to lecture each day. Mrs. Schofield, of Simple Life Exhibition fame, is organising the concern, and a well-known public official is chairman of the committee, which is composed of war saving and economy experts.

Spring Flowers In The Squares.

THE rain has done one good thing—it has helped the lilacs, and in the more favoured square gardens the best of spring flowering shrubs will be in full beauty this week-end, and the lilac introduces the laburnum, and then the chestnuts and the may trees, and we are really on the threshold of summer. By the way, do you know that one of the best shows of iris in town is just opposite the Grosvenor, round the Y.M.C.A. hut?

The Gay "Old Lady."

THE "OLD LADY of Threadneedle Street" is showing signs of frivolity. The other afternoon I encountered quite a number of girls in the corridors. Some were dressed in navy blue costumes, with silken hose and silver-buckled shoes, while others wore short skirts and white silk blouses. The whole thing suggested a reception rather than the business premises of a staid bank. I also met young gentlemen puffing at cigarettes.

Parsons In Plenty.

LONDON is full of parsons, and the May meetings leave their mark on the streets, the restaurants, the tea-shops and the theatres. Parsons of all grades, high and low, rich and poor. You see them consuming poached eggs in tea-shops, or doing themselves proud (with due dignity and decorum) in more exciting places.

Piccadilly Grill—

I COUNTED seventeen in the Piccadilly Grill Room yesterday—cheery, grey-bearded vicars, Penley-like curates, robust Charles Kingsley sort of men, the I-enjoy-a-good-dinner-and-a-cigar-and-why-not type, the lantern-jawed-if-you-don't-look-out-I'll-read-the-lessons-at-you type—all were there.

And Theatres.

COUNTRY PARSONS are great theatre-goers—enthusiastic "pittites" many of them. They form a splendid audience. They go to the play to enjoy themselves, and are splendidly unblase. Of course, a visit to Burlington House must be included, in many cases with the wife and family. The catalogue is studied, notes taken, and the whole thing done thoroughly. And business must be attended to, a round of the shops fitted in, purchases made, as there's no time for idling.

Clerical Cut.

PEOPLE sometimes have an idea that, apart from bishops and so on, all parsons dress alike, but you may now see parsons obviously tailored off Piccadilly rubbing shoulders with jolly old fellows who seem to be saying, "Oh, yes, the village tailor turned me out, and I'm not ashamed of it." There are parsons who think that a Roman collar is the only concession they need make to clericalism, and parsons whom you suspect of wearing clerically cut pyjamas.

Lord Gormanston.

VISCOUNT GORMANSTON, who has just been gazetted a military transport officer, is a popular Irish peer, the fifteenth of his line, too, for the title dates from 1478. He is a comparatively young man, well on the right side of forty, and owns about 11,000 acres, mostly in County Meath, where he has two seats. He was for some time a lieutenant in the Manchester Regiment, and joined up again when war broke out. Lady Gormanston is a daughter of the late General Sir William Butler, and of the marriage, which took place in 1911, there are a son and daughter.



—(Lafayette.)

Irish M.P. And The Bar.

AMONG THE names of those who passed the Easter Bar examinations I notice that of Mr. Jeremiah MacVeagh, the popular Nationalist member of Parliament. He has been successful in Roman Law and Constitutional Law and Legal History. The number of students who were examined was much below the pre-war average.

Hidden Treasure.

I DON'T SUPPOSE we'll ever see Mr. Richard Le Gallienne in London again. In the nearly forgotten and never likely to return days of "Yellow Book" degeneracy his long hair and velvet knickerbockers were tolerated. He seems to have become acclimatised in the States, and the latest news I have of the author of "The Golden Girl" is that he's searching for buried treasure "somewhere in the Bahamas." So even a romantic poet may sigh for something more substantially golden than girls.

A Fair Retort.

"DON'T call me dear," said the lady conductor to a facetious middle-aged fare. "Oh, you must not mind that. I am old enough to be your father," he replied. "Yes, but not old enough to behave like a gentleman, apparently," she retorted, punching his ticket viciously.

Horrible!

DURING THE heat-wave a lawyer friend of mine, who rarely goes out of town, crept from the Temple and fared him to Brighton. It was very hot, and the train journey had been almost unbearable. Throughout the afternoon he sat gasping and parching for 6.30, that he might go forth and purchase something long with ice in it. The half-hour struck, and he spoke to the presiding genius of an establishment. "I suppose at last I may have a whisky and soda?" He reeled under the reply: "Why at last? You could have had one at any time you fancied it."

"Pen."

"PEN," over which I wasted the greater part of Wednesday afternoon, is the slightest play I have ever seen spun out into three acts. Also it is one of the silliest. It was not entirely Marie Hemingway's fault that one tingled to give Pen herself a good shaking or hiding or both, although her extravagant care to pronounce English in a manner befitting Belgrave-square (the scene of two of the acts) suggested only that unfortunate adjective "genteel." Why will our ingenues be so infernally refined? Lady Penelope, like Homer's Mrs. Ulysses, had lots of suitors. Only they were not killed in the last act. I marvelled that they did not kill her in the first.

Allan Aynesworth.

ALLAN AYNESWORTH (I caught sight of Tom Titt peering over the front row of the dress circle, and this is the result) was suave and dignified as an elderly peer, and Ellis Jeffreys played a distraught Duchess with consummate skill and charm. *Quelle artiste!* I hate little boys on the stage, and one saw far too much of a little boy whose name I forget, but who, I suppose, acted the part of a little boy as well as any other little boy would have done. I'm afraid Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell has broken his run of good luck, and that Sir George Alexander, who deserves never to choose a bad play, for there are few more charming or more kind-hearted men, has picked out a "stumer" this time. Pity.



What Next?

THIS IS what I read yesterday in a literary article on Shakespeare's London: "A golf-shot away from the whats-its-name you come across the something or the other." I am not quoting the whole sentence correctly, but it's the golf-shot that worries me. What's the matter with the good old bow-shot or stone's-throw? And what sort of golf-shot? I don't call this literary at all. Shakespeare wouldn't have liked it.

Zeal—

THIS happened in France the other day. A party of signallers, having been hard at work all day, sat down by the roadside to enjoy a well-earned meal. Suddenly a Terrier battalion swung past, and as the signalling officer made no move the colonel of the Terriers halted his men, had the wretched subaltern up before him, and started strafing him like one o'clock. "Why did you not call your men up to attention?" he demanded. The poor lad explained that the boys had been working all day on nothing to eat, and he did not think it necessary to interrupt them at their first meal. But the colonel only raved the more.

And What Came Of It.

IN the middle of the discussion up came a well-known and much-loved cavalry general, and wanted to know what the row was about. The colonel explained, and the general beckoned him on one side. "If you're not careful," he said crisply, "you'll make yourself the laughing-stock of the whole Western front." So that remained that, and the signallers finished their meal in peace.

Plovers' Eggs Down.

PLOVERS' eggs are down to three-and-six a dozen—a record price. Soon they will be cheaper than hens' eggs, and we shall have them fried or poached with the matutinal bacon. Yet they figured on the menu of a certain grill room, where I supped last night, at one shilling each.

MR. COSSIP.

Their Son Saved.



Admiral Sir E. R. and Lady Fremantle leaving St. Paul's Cathedral after attending the annual service of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. Their son, Rear-Admiral Fremantle, was saved from H.M.S. Russell when she was mined last week.

COMEDIAN IN FLOUNCES.



Robert Hale disguises himself as Shirley Kellogg in "Slumberland."—(Daily Sketch Photograph.)

SOLDIER'S STARVING WIFE.



Mrs. Morris, a Marylebone woman, with her children. Her soldier husband (inset) came back home because she had not received any separation allowance for nine weeks. Story on Page 2.—(Daily Sketch Photograph.)

EARL'S DAUGHTER WED.



The bridal party of Lieut.-Com. Lord Alastair Graham, R.N., brother daughter, who were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, yesterday. Lady Mary, and the Earl of Kincardine. In the back row (reading from left) Lieut. R. H. Errington.



A trainload of camels leaving Cairo for the Egyptian frontier. Each headstall rope is attached to a line through the length of the train.

THEIR EXAMPLE TO YOUNGSTERS.



Their ages range from 48 to 59. They have all seen service in the Near East and are recruiting their health at Malta.



Flight-Lieut. C. W. Palmer was brought down by Immelman. He has since died.



2nd Lieut. A. J. Morley Brown — killed — joined as a private.

COLLEEN'S BURDEN.



A little Dublin "mother" takes baby with her on a search for firewood among the debris. The tragedy of it all. Making a fire from the ruins of a city.

ARMOURED C.



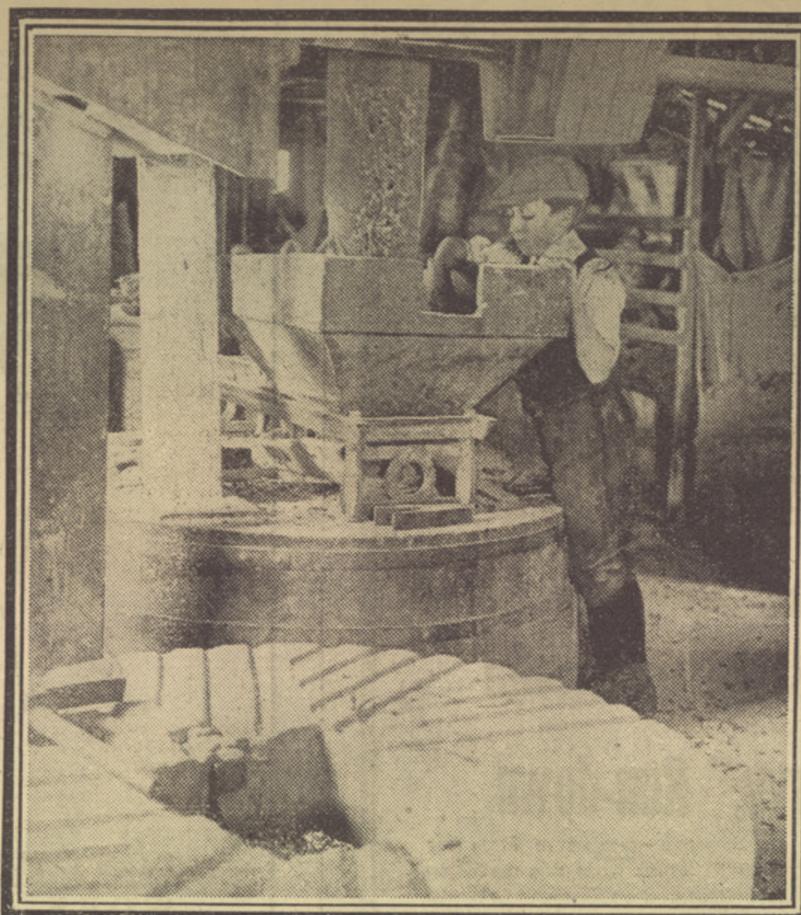
This armoured car work they showed it be

EDS DUKE'S NAVAL SON.



...er of the Marquis of Graham, and Lady Meriel Bathurst, Earl Bathurst's
The children are the nephews and niece of the bridegroom, Lord Ronald,
from the left): Miss Leonard, Lady Doreen Browne, Miss J. Harford,
... R.N.—(Daily Sketch.)

TOOK HIS BROTHER'S PLACE



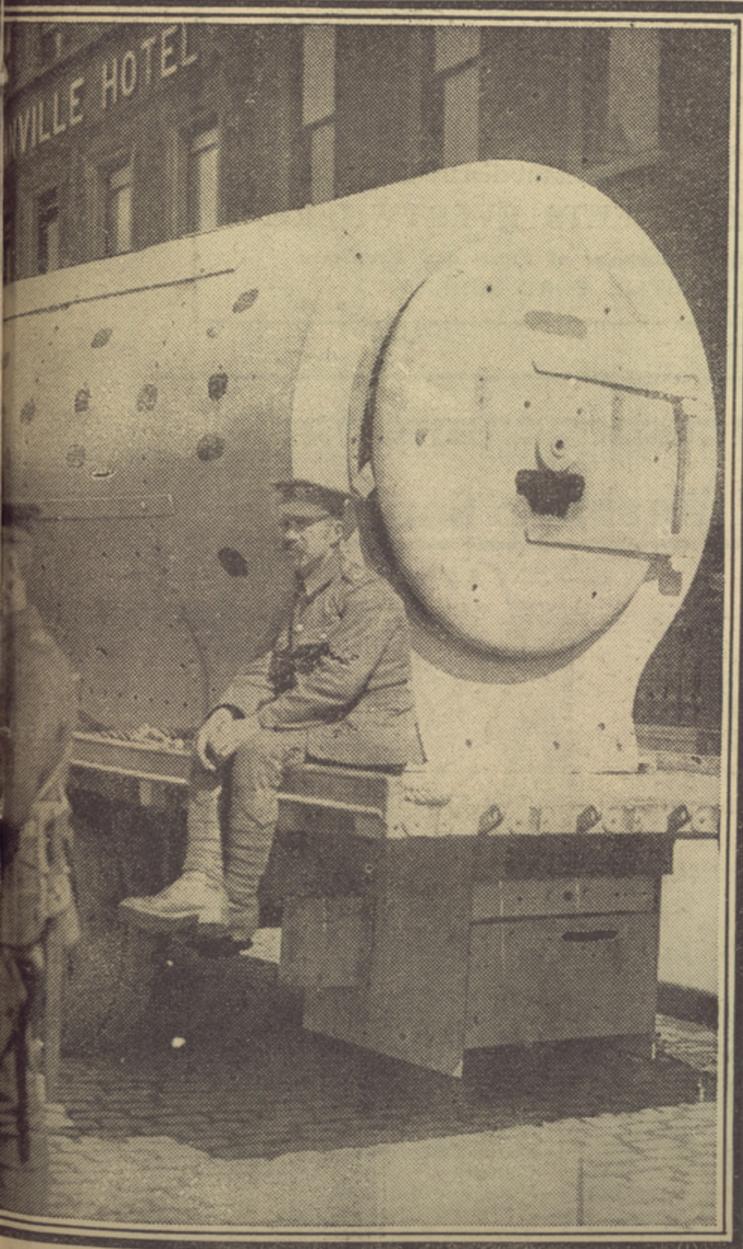
His brother is a lieutenant in the Royal Irish Rifles, so Frank Tooley, the
12-year-old son of a miller, of Eaton Bray, helps in his father's mill between
school hours.

The Ducal D.S.O.



Major the Duke of Westminster, D.S.O.,
photographed on the terrace of Shepheard's
Hotel at Cairo just after returning from his
brilliant motor-car dash into the desert.

CAR MADE OUT OF A LOCOMOTIVE BOILER.



...ed in the fighting at Dublin, was made out of locomotive smoke-
stacks, and put together in a brewery yard. Once the military got to
the initiative. It was not their fault that the misguided rebels had
been allowed to form themselves into an army.



Merry Australian lads of the Imperial Camel Corps on their way to the
western frontier of Egypt, in charge of a trainload of camels.

FOR THEIR FIGHTING MEN.



C.Q.M.-Sgt. McGold-
rick, Irish Guards,
won the D.C.M. for
carrying dispatches



Pte. Henry, another
Irish Guards D.C.M.



A class of French girls spending their spare time
making clothes for their menfolk in the firing-line.



Even the street knife-grinder has donned
khaki. This is his substitute in North
London.



New Health—delicious, vigorous Health for all who are Weak, Anæmic, "Nervy," Run-down.

New strength for the Weak—new blood for the Anæmic—new nerve force for the "Nervy"—and new vitality for the "Run-down." Think what this means to you who are ailing and depressed by ill-health. Think what it would mean to you to be free from suffering and be able to revel in new, delicious, vigorous health. That is the health that 'Wincarnis' offers you. 'Wincarnis' (the wine of life) possesses a four-fold power in creating new health. It is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-maker and a Nerve Food—all combined in one rich, delicious, life-giving beverage. This four-fold power enables 'Wincarnis' to create new strength, new blood, new nerve force and new vitality. That is why over 10,000 Doctors recommend it.



is not a luxury, but a positive necessity to all who are Weak, Anæmic, Nervy, Run-down—to invahds striving to regain strength after an exhausting illness—to all martyrs to indigestion—to all enfeebled by old age—and to all who are depressed and "out-of-sorts." 'Wincarnis' offers prompt relief, because the benefit begins from the first wineglassful. You can feel it doing you good—you can feel the new rich blood dancing through your veins—you can feel it surcharging your whole system with new vitality. Remember 'Wincarnis' does not merely "patch you up"—it gives you new life.

All Wine Merchants and licensed Chemists and Grocers sell 'Wincarnis.' Will you try just one bottle?

British Troops in France can obtain 'Wincarnis' at all Chemists in France.

Begin to get well—FREE

Send the Coupon for a Free Trial Bottle—not a mere taste, but enough to do you good.

Free Trial Coupon

Coleman & Co., Ltd., W324, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

Please send me a Free Trial Bottle of Wincarnis. I enclose FOUR penny stamps to pay postage.

Name _____

Address _____

Daily Sketch.
5/5/16.

Send this Coupon.



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DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 112), 26, DENMARK HILL, LONDON.
UNREDEEMED PLEDGE SALE.
SPECIAL SUPPLEMENTARY LIST OF THIS MONTH'S UNREDEEMED PLEDGES NOW READY.

Sent Post Free List of 5,000 Sensational Bargains. Don't delay. Write at once. Guaranteed Genuine Items.

IT WILL SAVE YOU POUNDS.
A REVOLUTION IN PRICES—ASTOUNDING VALUE
ALL GOODS SENT ON SEVEN DAYS' APPROVAL.
BUSINESS TRANSACTED PRIVATELY BY POST.

14/6—FIELD, RACE, or MARINE GLASSES, Binocular (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 £5 3s. 6d.; sacrifice, 14s. 6d.

36/6 (Worth £8)—MILITARY BINOCULARS, as supplied to the British Government; 5x magnification power (by Lumiere); extra long range; 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 3s., 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; 3s. 9d. Ap.

4/9—PRETTY NECKLET, with Heart Pendant attached; set Parisian Pearls and Turquoises; 18ct. gold stamped; filled, in velvet case. Bargain. 4s. 9d. Approval willingly.

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

SHOPPING BY POST.
DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 112), 26, DENMARK HILL, LONDON.
UNREDEEMED PLEDGE SALE.

12/6—GENT'S Massive Double Albert; 18-ct. Gold (stamped) filled solid links, curb pattern, 12s. 6d. Ap (Worth £5 5s. 0d.)—LADY'S Solid Gold English Hall-marked WATCH BRACELET, will fit any wrist; perfect timekeeper; 10 years' warranty; week's free trial. 27s. 6d.

14/6 (Worth £2 2s.)—Solid Gold Curb Chain Padlock BRACELET, with safety chain. 14s. 6d. Approval.

19/9—LADY'S Trouseau; 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.

59/6 (Worth £12 12s. 0d.)—Gent's Solid Gold English 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 pattern; will fit any wrist; perfect timekeeper; 10 years' warranty; sacrifice, 14s. 6d.; week's free trial. Approval willingly.

9/9 (Worth £1 1s.)—Pair full-size BLANKETS; exceptionally choice, superfine quality; sacrifice, 9s. 9d. Appro.

22/6—GENT'S Fashionable Smart Grey Yorkshire TWEED JACKET SUIT, by Longford, high-class tailor; splendid quality; latest West-End style and finish; never worn; breast 39in., waist 36in., leg 32½in.; 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.

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

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



**DON'T HESITATE TO GIVE YOUR FANCY-
WORK INTO THE CARE OF LUX.**

DAINTY fabrics are *dear* fabrics—dear for the pocket and dear to the heart. LUX loves to take care of them in the wash, where it preserves to them all their original beauty—beauty of snowy whiteness—beauty of unimpaired delicacy of workmanship and texture.

LUX is a unique washing preparation made in the form of flakes or wafers, which specializes in the washing of blankets, flannels, woollens, dainty and loosely woven fabrics. Lux gives a lather, rich and creamlike, in which dainty hands and dainty fabrics need never fear immersion. It coaxes rather than forces the dirt from the clothes.

IN 4d., 3d., 2d. & 1d. PACKETS EVERYWHERE.

The name Lever on Soap is a Guarantee of Purity and Excellence.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

Lx 104—23

Shortage of Washing Soda.

"CREX" the very latest in washing powder will do at less cost everything that washing soda does—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 CREX CREX CREX CREX



Chymol

is recommended by doctors both as a stay for invalids and as a necessary food-reinforcement for all who are weak, run-down or losing weight. In itself highly nourishing and easily digestible, Chymol assists the digestion of other food. Chymol is both pure and palatable, and readily taken either before or with meals.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST—HE KNOWS.

1/- & 2/6 sizes.

Full particulars from THE CHYMOL CO., LTD.,
4, Atlantic House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Less meat is eaten in the Spring-time and more



It provides an excellent substitute for meat, being a light and more nourishing food.

"TIZ" Cured my Sore, Tired Feet

"Oh! Girls! Don't have puffed-up, aching, perspiring feet or corns—Just Try TIZ."

"TIZ makes my feet just dance."



Ah! what relief. No more tired feet; no more burning feet; no more swollen, perspiring feet. No more pain in corns, hard skin, bunions, chilblains. No matter what ails your feet or what under the sun you've tried without getting relief, just use TIZ. TIZ is the only remedy that draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet; TIZ is magical; TIZ is grand; TIZ will cure your foot troubles so that you'll never limp or draw up your face in pain. Your shoes won't seem tight and your feet will never, never hurt or get sore, swollen, or tired. Think of it, no more foot misery. Get a 1s. 1jd. box at any chemist's or stores, and get instant relief. Get a whole year's foot

Changes In Negligees

IN no item of women's dress has the war brought about more changes than in the negligée, which from a luxurious and elaborate object has turned into a practical and economical one.

For the woman who plans a rest-gown in these days knows that she really will be tired when she puts it on. She knows also that she will not have periods of absolute leisure in which to wear it, but that at the end of her real day's work there will be personal affairs to attend to, letters to write,

possibly friends to see. So the new negligée is not an affair so informal that one dare not be seen in it away from one's private rooms, and yet so elaborate that only a maid who was paid for the task could have patience to fasten all its hooks and straighten out all its ribbons. Instead, in its best examples, it is simple enough for breakfast, easy to put on as a pinafore, and yet sufficiently becoming and dignified to wear for dinner at home.

A Good Example.

The little frock in the sketch, of braided crêpe-de-Chine with a muslin under-blouse, is a charming example of the house-frock which is loose and comfortable, and will serve for almost all indoor occasions. The same design might be followed successfully in alpaca or taffeta, or a washing material.

Another type of loose house frock is in two pieces and suggests a short surplice worn over a short full cassock. Soft crêpe is the material used, and bands of embroidery adorn the hems of both surplice and cassock parts. A more elaborate working out of this design shows the upper garment of semi-transparent crêpe through which a sequin girdle gleams

Overall Types.

From the munition overall came the suggestion for a house-frock of blue charmeuse, which was cut in one piece from shoulder to hem, but held about the waist by a belt of gay embroidery. The well-set-in sleeves and a lawn collar further redeemed the simple scheme from dowdiness.

Now that the petticoat is worn again the dressing-jacket has also been revived. Serviceable jackets are cut Chinese fashion and lined with quilted silk, while the jacket of white muslin with a lace-floated collar will be used in warmer weather. A very ingenious jacket slips on over the head. Its front and back are not joined under the arm, and the corners of the back are buttoned together in front, and then the front corners are taken round and buttoned behind.



A crêpe-de-Chine rest frock with spotted muslin sleeves.

Putting Away The Winter Clothes.

"STRAFE that moth!" is the battle-cry of every conscientious housewife, and it should be cried more loudly just now, before the winter clothes have all been stored away, than later on, when flying moths, having by then done their mischief, are more frequent.

The safe bestowal of the winter clothes means a good deal of hard work, but it should not be neglected during these times of economy. The woman who lacks energy to protect woollen things against the moths should rather give them away to a poorer sister than merely allow them to be destroyed.

The preliminary brushings and cleanings are very important in putting away furs and woollens. If these are done thoroughly, all that remains is to put the garments in airtight receptacles, for "moth-killers" are not required where there were no moth eggs to begin with, and where no moths can enter.

A sunny day should be chosen for the cleaning, so that the garments may be hung out to air while the boxes and wardrobes are made ready for them. Petrol, black pepper, camphor

and turpentine are all things that moths avoid, but more important than these is the choice and sealing up of bags and boxes.

Moth-proof paper bags are now to be bought in most big shops, and these greatly simplify the putting-away problems. An old tin trunk, however shabby, is worth keeping for storage purposes, if it is airtight. Small articles should be wrapped in newspaper. White furs should have blue wrappings, which help to preserve their whiteness.

Owners of valuable furs may save themselves a lot of anxiety by sending them away to the furrier's cold storage chambers, but if the expense of this seems too great, the furs should be put away very carefully, but not in an almost inaccessible place. Occasionally they should be taken out and examined.

The winter "clothes" of the house, as well as those of its inmates, should be put away in summer, as their life is thereby prolonged, and the house looks cooler.

Carpets and hangings should be well beaten and rubbed with damp cloths dipped in turpentine before being sealed up in their moth-proof bundles.

Economise in your Bakings.

Fewer eggs and less butter are required when you use "Paisley Flour," and bread, cakes and pastry are more digestible, because "Paisley Flour" makes everything light and ensures complete baking; no heavy, half-cooked lumps in the middle.

"Paisley Flour"

The SURE raising powder.

Add one part to eight parts ordinary flour.



Made by Brown & Polson the Corn Flour firm. Useful recipes in every 7½d., 4d. and 1d. packet.



A HAPPY CHILD IN A FEW HOURS!

When Cross, Constipated, or if Feverish, give "California Syrup of Figs," Then Don't Worry.

Mothers can rest easy after giving "California Syrup of Figs," because in a few hours all the clogged-up waste-matter, sour bile and fermenting food gently move out of the bowels, and you have a healthy, playful child again. Children simply will not take the time from play to empty their bowels, which become tightly packed, and then the liver gets sluggish and the stomach disordered.

When cross, feverish, restless, see if the tongue is coated; then give this delicious "fruit laxative." Children love it, and it cannot cause injury. No matter what ails your little one—if "stuffy" with a cold or a sore throat, or diarrhoea, stomach-ache, and tainted breath, remember, a gentle "inside cleansing" should always be the first treatment given. Full directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups are printed on each bottle.

Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," then look carefully and see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." Hand back with contempt any other fig syrup. "California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all leading chemists, 1s. 3d. and 2s. per bottle.—Adv't.



Ven-Yusa is a scientific preparation of remarkable refinement and originality. It conveys oxygen to the skin in a novel way, and affords a pleasant way of escape from the many complexion worries that come with Spring and early Summer.



Ven-Yusa meets the urgent need for something to keep the skin soft and spotless, and to counteract the destructive effects of worry, the dust of the streets, over-exertion, or the heavy air of sick-ward or munition factory.

1/- per jar of Chemists or C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.

IS THE 1,000 GUINEAS FOR FIFINELLA?

Lance Chest Lowers The Odds In March Stakes.

MOUNT WILLIAM'S VICTORY.

The fillies will have their first classic test of the season to-day in the One Thousand Guineas. The following are the probable starters and jockeys:

- Lord Falmouth's br J ANGELINA H. Jones
- Mr. J. B. Joel's b f BROKEN DOLL F. Bullock
- Sir E. Cassel's br f CANTERBURY BELLE E. Lancaster
- Lord Derby's b f CANYON F. Rickaby
- Mr. E. Hulton's ch f FIFINELLA J. Childs
- Mr. Fairie's b f LADY MINTA F. Templeman
- Col. Hall Walker's b f MANY LANDS W. Grigg
- Sir John Thursby's b f MONEY MOON F. Fox
- Mr. Sol Joel's b f POMERANIA S. Donoghue
- Major W. Astor's b f POPINGALE R. Cooper
- Mr. L. Neumann's br f SALAMANDRA A. Whalley
- Mr. Foxhall Keene's b f PUSS IN BOOTS II N. Spear
- Lord Hamilton of Dalzell's b f WEEROONA E. Wheatley

Of these Fifinella stands out as easily the best of the public performers, and it can be said of her that she has done well from two to three years of age.

The running of Atheling in the Two Thousand Guineas was not very encouraging, but there does not look to be a great lot to bet to-day, unless Pomerania is something out of the ordinary.

Pommern's sister has yet to run in public, but she won a trial in good style on Sunday, and is apparently the hope of the Newmarket contingent.

It is naturally difficult to appraise properly an unknown quantity, but she will have to be very smart to beat Fifinella.

Canyon will run well, and the same may be said of Canterbury Belle, Broken Doll and Salamandra; but they are content to rely on Fifinella.

Age Versus Youth.

The March Stakes has before now provided a hint for the Derby, and two Derby colts in Gratian and Flaming Fire were in the field yesterday.

The latter had been narrowly beaten by his stable companion, Analogy, in the Greenham Stakes at Newbury on Friday, probably through want of strong handling, and the precaution was now taken of declaring 4lb. overweight, so that Donoghue might have the mount.

The three-year-old, however, was again on the wrong side of luck, for, though he was running on up the final hill, he failed by a neck to catch Lance Chest, who had come through the dip with a clear lead, but was stopping fast.

It was a case of age and youth fighting out the finish, but for once in a way youth did not triumph.

Gratian ran very well, but was beaten two lengths for second place, and he cannot have much chance in the Derby.

A field of nice two-year-olds went to the post for the Newmarket Plate, but only three were really backed with confidence.

It was not a good start, but Dark Dinah colt was one of the smartest away, and he made amends for an unlucky defeat at Newbury by scoring easily from Fleetwood.

Rather Bolder and My Ronald met in the Brinkley Welter Handicap on the same terms as in the Newbury Cup, but Mount William not only turned the tables, but won.

Mount William's Storming Effort.

It was a good effort which landed Mount William a winner, for he appeared to drop out of the race at half-way, but came up the hill in storming fashion to run Chapel Brampton out of it in the last few strides.

Rather Bolder is too small to carry such a big weight, and he fell away after doing well to the Bushes.

After his good second to Friar Marcus at the Craven meeting, Jameson appeared to have a capital chance in the Peel Handicap, but backers were always able to trade at a fair price, owing to the demand for Black Walnut.

Jameson's most dangerous opponent, however, turned out to be Elevator, but the top-weight won by a head.

Salandra had a big weight to carry in the Ely Plate, but odds were laid on him, and he won in a canter. GIMCRACK.

SELECTIONS.

- 12.45—AJALON. 2.25—FIFINELLA.
- 1.15—REIGNING MONARCH. 3.0.—JOYLAND.
- 1.45—GOLDEN MAID. 3.30—CRIMSON SQUARE.

Double.

AJALON and FIFINELLA.

YESTERDAY'S RESULTS.

2.0—BRINKLEY WELTER HANDICAP.—MOUNT WILLIAM, 9-1 (J. Childs), 1; CHAPEL BRAMPTON, 7-7 (Wheatley), 2; ESPLANDIAN, 7-2 (Dickens), 3. Also ran: My Ronald, Rather Bolder, St. Antoine, Haki, Modabegh, Arcot, Ocydrome, Market. Betting: 3 to 1 Rather Bolder, 100 to 20 MOUNT WILLIAM, 5 to 1 Esplandian, 7 to 1 My Ronald, 10 to 1 Arcot, 100 to 6 Ocydrome, 20 to 1 others. 1/2 length; head.

2.30—LITTLEPORT PLATE.—FAIR RELATIVE F, 8-1 (Spear), 1; TOOWOOMBA, 8-11 (F. Bullock), 2; EXCELITA, 8-6 (A. Smith), 3. Also ran: Solidago, D'Anet, Balnacoll, I. Palma, Wingfoot, Old Flamme, Bridgehead, Radesia, Damaris, Eppleworth. Betting: 11 to 4 Damaris, 5 to 4 Solidago, 11 to 2 Excelita, 6 to 1 FAIR RELATIVE F, 10 to 1 Toowomba, 100 to 8 Bridgehead, 100 to 6 others. 3 lengths; same.

3.0—MARCH STAKES.—LANCE CHEST, 8-4 (Whalley), 1; FLAMING FIRE, 7-3 (carried 7-7) (Donoghue), 2; GRATIAN, 7-5 (Fox), 3. Also ran: Trois Temps, Duggie, Martellus, Frusquin's Pride. Betting: 4 to 6 Flaming Fire, 6 to 1 LANCE CHEST, 7 to 1 Gratian, 10 to 1 Trois Temps, 100 to 7 Frusquin's Pride, 20 to 1 Duggie, 35 to 1 Martellus. Neck; 2 lengths.

3.30—LONG COURSE PLATE.—BLUE DANUBE, 5-5 (F. Templeman), 1; FORTYFOOT, 8-3 (Wheatley), 2; AUERBAN, 8-5 (Rickaby), 3. Also ran: King's Common, Sandwort, Chance Bird, Angus. Betting: 3 to 1 BLUE DANUBE, Sandwort, 7 to 2 Fortyfoot, 4 to 1 Auerban, 20 to 1 others. Head; 1/2 length.

4.0—NEWMARKET TWO-YEAR-OLD PLATE.—DARK DINAH C, 8-10 (Killean), 1; FLEETWOOD, 8-12 (E. Wheatley), 2; SUNSET GLOW, 8-7 (Whalley), 3. Also ran: Cranford, St. Cyrus, Shepherd's Plaid, Spearwood, Pollux, Tufts, Senator, Samphire c, Pampas Grass c, Kilkenny Lass c, Maple Copse, Koura, Kaitoh, Nun's Veiling, Trichard, Greenmount, 100 to 8 Cranford, 70 to 1 others. 3 lengths; same.

4.30—PEEL HANDICAP.—JAMESON, 9-2 (Martin), 1; ELEVATOR, 6-12 (Palmer), 2; BLACK WALNUT, 7-8 (R. Cooper), 3. Also ran: Flying Pilgrim, Primrose, King's Day, 10 to 1 Jameson, 100 to 10 Elevator, 100 to 10 Black Walnut, 100 to 10 others. 1 1/2 lengths; same.

RELIQS OF THE DUBLIN REBELLION.



Souvenir-hunting among the wreckage of a demolished street barrier. Now that Dublin streets are safe for pedestrians it is a favourite pastime of the children.—(Daily Sketch Photograph.)

MITCHAM ENTERTAINS WOUNDED SOLDIERS.



Wounded soldiers from Springfield war hospital who were entertained by the Mitcham Women's Liberal Association. The Mitcham band gave a musical programme.—(Daily Sketch Photo.)

9 to 4 Black Walnut, 6 to 1 Primrose, 100 to 8 L'Avenir, 100 to 7 Elevator, 20 to 1 others. Head; 1 1/2 lengths.

5.0—ELY PLATE.—SALANDRA, 9-7 (Donoghue), 1; CHARCOAL, 8-4 (H. Jones), 2; TROUTSDALE, 9-0 (R. Cooper), 3. Also ran: Sea Dog, Aorangi, Oriental Star, Verbasa, Cerasa, Pomace. Betting: 4 to 7 SALANDRA, 9 to 2 Charcoal, 10 to 1 Cerasa, 100 to 8 Troutsdale, Sea Dog, 20 to 1 others. 2 lengths; 1 1/2 lengths.

TO-DAY'S PROGRAMME.

12.45.—MILDENHALL PLATE of 200 sovs; 1 1/2m

Spearpoint	5	8	6	Myrtilus	3	7	11
Ladybridge	5	8	3	Spey Pearl	3	7	6
Ajalon	4	8	2	Forum	3	7	6
Ajaccio	4	8	2	Saint James	3	7	6
Prince Merriem	4	8	2	Dinner	4	7	3
Fair Springs	4	7	13	Miss Flapperton	3	7	3

The above are there.

Merry Mac	4	9	9	Xeret	4	8	2
Tom Berney	3	8	4	Reigning Monarch	3	7	6
Polly's Jack	4	8	2	Ydr	3	7	3

1.15.—THREE Y.-O. HANDICAP of 300 sovs and 5 sovs for starters; 1 1/4m.

Clematis	9	0	St. Patrick's Blue	7	13
Martellus	8	12	Athletic	7	12
Bosket	8	8	Top Cover	7	12
Marconi	8	8	Raybarrow	7	11
Saxon	8	8	Section Leader	7	8
Theovil	8	5	Monbretia	7	7
Aynsley	8	3	Serenissima	7	7
Reigning Star	8	3	Cormac	7	7
Shand	8	2	Catrine I	7	3
Pompey	8	0			

The above are there.

Bramble Twig	8	10	Reigning Monarch	7	12
Trevella	8	8	Principal Girl	7	11
Ahanesk	8	7	William Orme	7	12
Ahansack	8	6	La Flotte	7	9
Bewlay	8	5	Meyrick	7	7
Escomb	8	4	Chrysochryse	7	6
Beck	8	0	Cyanite	7	3
Sweet Sorrow	7	13			

1.45.—MAY PLATE of 200 sovs; 2-y.-o.; 5f.

Francis Armand	8	13	Half Hoop	8	5
Elidon	8	10	Helford	8	5
Zetlinger	8	10	Farivale	8	5
Saint's Bay c	8	10	Toowomba	8	2
Tom Peel	8	8	Nun's Veiling	8	2
Greenlighting	8	7	Stage News I	8	2
Lupercalia	8	7	Bombe	8	2
Tabard g	8	7	Half a Chance	8	2
Quail	8	7	Breadfruit	8	2
Greenmount	8	7	Selinute	8	2
Merry Feast	8	5	Silver Wand	8	2
Carless	8	5	Herencia	8	2
Cardigan	8	5	Simonstone	8	2
Rog c	8	5	Golden Maid	8	2
St. Virgila c	8	5	Uncanny I	8	2
Amazon c	8	5	Deer Play	8	2
Lady Redcar c	8	5	Oh Fie I	8	2
Lady Birdie c	8	5	Farce II. I	8	2

The above are there.

Publican	8	13	All Silk	8	5
Pizz Bang	8	10	Arthur Bos	8	5
Mini Rifle	8	10	Brook	8	5
Flumore	8	10	Prime Value	8	2
Riverton	8	5	Queen Kitty	8	2
Vasvesca c	8	5	Cherrie	8	2

2.25.—ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS.

(For probable starters and jockeys see Gimcrack.)

3.0.—T.-Y.-O. (S) PLATE of 103 sovs; 5f.

Green Boy	9	0	Navallo c	8	11
Pythagoras	9	0	Favourite Scene g	8	11
Penian	9	0	Episode	8	11
Joyland	9	0	Sunnymor	8	11
Magicienne	8	11	Allie Filly	8	11
Assurance c	8	11	Gipsy Girl c	8	11
Frangy	8	11	Grape Shoot	8	11
Sandy Way c	8	11			

The above are there.

5.30.—FRIDAY HANDICAP of 100 sovs and 5 sovs sweep; 7f.

Outram	4	9	3	Vale rtock	4	8	3
Calgary	5	9	2	Indian Feast	4	8	3
Zuider Zee	4	9	0	Fair Springs	4	8	0
Red Gale	4	8	9	St. Maria	3	7	9
Stapleton	5	8	9	Caryanda	3	7	9
Tinkbell	6	8	8	Crimson Square	3	7	3
Cirrus	4	8	6	Ben Land	3	7	0
Elevator	4	8	6	George Gravez	3	7	0
Newlay	5	8	4				

The above are there.

Calder Vale	4	8	11	Crosshea	5	8	4
Desmond M	4	8	9	Lort	4	7	10
Sweetest Melody	5	8	8	William Orme	3	7	4
Matcho Paani	5	8	6	Alborak	4	8	4

SUBSTITUTE ST. LEGER.

The following have been entered for the September Stakes:—

Sir Dighton	King's Joker	Gratian
Hurry On	Sirian	Tom Berney
Lisarb	Pomerania	Limoed
Gallroguis	Ardreck	Terre de Sienne
Canjda	Roi d'Ecosse	Vaia
Kwang Su	Bewley	Flaming Fire
Clarissimus	Bavodse	Call of the Wild
Perox	Figaro	Grosvenor
Atheling	Argos	Forest Guard
Fifinella	Salamandra	

MONEY MATTERS.

In the Stock Exchange yesterday business was still at a low ebb; brokers and dealers were wondering how they would be able to carry on when their staffs are further depleted under the Compulsion Bill.

There was no change in Government Loans, but, perhaps, the market for War Loan stock was a little steadier.

American securities were generally easier, and Grand Trunk stocks were not over strong.

In the Mining Market the feature was the strength of Santa Gertrudis shares, which rose to 15s., the shares of other silver-producing mines being also well supported. Cam and Motor shares fell back to 17s. 6d.

A further improvement occurred in Forestal Land shares, which continued to be bought on American account. Marconis were better and shipping shares were still wanted, Furness Withy improving to 47s. 6d.

Rubbers continued to droop, the commodity falling to 2s. 9 1/2d. per lb.

Mr. Fred Terry underwent an operation for appendicitis yesterday, and is reported to be going on very well.

J. W. H. T. Douglas has distinguished himself on the field of battle, and been promoted Major in the 2nd Batt. Bedfordshire Regiment.

In a 15 rounds contest at the Ring yesterday afternoon Nat Brooks, Aldgate, beat Sergeant Jack Irving, A.S.C., on points, and in ten rounds Seaman Stone, Royal Naval Division, outpointed Fred Needs, Barnsbury.

For the third time Sergeant Jack Miller, 1st Loyal Lancers, has been wounded. He is well known in boxing circles, and in 1910 and 1911 he secured the light-weight championship of the Navy and Army, and the following year won the feather-weight championship.

TETRARCH (Illustrated Sunday Herald): 26 10 25 10 22 13 9 11—20 2 23 25 13 4.

THE ENNISCORTHY RISING.

Town Seized By Sinn Feiners In The Early Morning.

REBELS AT CONFESSION.

The rising in Enniscorthy started shortly after two o'clock on Thursday morning, April 27. At that hour about 200 Sinn Feiners who had gathered about town during the night assembled at the Athenæum, one of the principal buildings in the town. The Athenæum was seized and utilised as headquarters for the insurgent staff.

At a quarter past six o'clock arms and ammunition were served out at the Athenæum to recruits for the Republican forces, and the Republican flag of green, white and yellow was hoisted at the headquarters.

R.I.C. BARRACKS ATTACKED.

Shortly after seven o'clock an encounter took place between the police and the rebels, and two policemen who were cut off from their barracks had to take refuge in the Bank of Ireland. The R.I.C. Barracks, which had been barricaded by the authorities, was stormed by the insurgents, but as the police had plenty of ammunition the rebels failed to take it.

The Sinn Feiners were now in complete possession of the town, and large supplies of food and bedding were commandeered by them.

HOSPITAL IN THE ATHENÆUM.

The ladies of the Cumann na Ban fitted up the top storey of the Athenæum as a hospital, and preparations were made for the reception of the wounded. During the day commandeering of supplies continued. In the afternoon Enniscorthy Castle, which stands on an eminence commanding the town, was taken by the rebels, and the occupants, Mr. Henry Roche, J.P., and his family, were evicted. A large number of young men joined the forces that night, and were sworn in as Republican police.

Food was becoming very scarce in Enniscorthy, and by order of the Sinn Feiners the shopkeepers were only permitted to sell limited quantities of certain commodities.

On Saturday evening all the rebels proceeded to the Cathedral, and went to Confession. The townspeople were eagerly awaiting the arrival of the military to relieve them, as the situation was becoming desperate.

SAW PEARSE IN PRISON.

On Sunday after Mass, which was attended by the insurgents, a party of citizens from Arklow came to Enniscorthy by motor under a white flag, and conveyed the news that the rebels in Dublin had surrendered. The rebels refused to believe this, and declined to give up possession of the town. Captains Etchingham and Doyle, of the Republicans, were allowed to proceed to Dublin under a military escort, where they interviewed Commander Pearse at Arbor Hill Internment Barracks. On their return to Enniscorthy the rebel commanders held a conference, and after much persuasion on the part of the chief citizens present at the proceedings agreed to an unconditional surrender.

On Monday morning a force of 2,000 military, comprising infantry, cavalry and artillery, under the command of Colonel French, entered the town, and were accorded a hearty welcome by the suffering townspeople.

BOUGHT RACEHORSES "FOR FUN."

Mrs. Marjorie Annie Hatton, described as of an address in Buckingham Palace-road, S.W., said at the public examination in the Bankruptcy Court yesterday that she lost £2,000 over the purchase, running and sale of racehorses which she bought for fun. They sometimes won, and she sometimes betted on them, but could not remember whether on the whole she lost on her bets. Liabilities were returned at £4,225, and the assets at £482.

She had never had any occupation, and had lived on an income of £400 per annum, derived from a settlement executed before marriage, until February 13, when a further settlement of £25,000 was made in her favour.

THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY.

A curious letter from husband to wife was read in the Divorce Court yesterday by Mr. Harvey Murphy, counsel for Mrs. Julia Roe.

Her husband, Dr. Robert Lloyd Roe, until recently a captain in the R.A.M.C., at one time held an appointment in Nigeria. While out there he wrote home saying a chief had made him a present of a pretty little nautch (a native girl) as a practical way of showing his good wishes:—

They get to be very useful and affectionate, and this one likes me very much. It is a custom of the country, and every officer has one or more, so get over your repugnance, or I shall become a Mohammedan and have plenty of them.

THE KING'S GIFT OF £100,000.

Mr. Asquith yesterday told Mr. Hogge, in reference to the Royal gift of £100,000, that the Government is preparing schemes to lay before the King, and when his pleasure has been taken it would be made public.

VOLUNTEERS' WAR HOLIDAY.

The 3rd (Dulwich, Camberwell, and Norwood) Battalion of the South London Volunteer Regiment is forming a permanent summer camp upon the site of the National Emergency Work, recently assigned to them, in order that members may go down whenever they have a day or two to spare, and so do useful national work amidst delightful surroundings.

OUR CIGARETTE FUND.

11s. 3d.—Daily Sketch Stereo Dept. 9s.—Tommy's Friends, Colne (89th cont.). 8s.—Daily Sketch Comps and Readers 5s.—British Stationery Co., Glasgow (6th cont.) 5s.—Miss

THE LOVE CHEAT.

Serial Story Specially Written for the Daily Sketch.

By YELVA
BURNETT.

A Woman Enraged.

The unlighted reception room was filled with a murmur of voices mixed with the women's amused laughter.

The musicians continued their dreamy music from the gallery overhead. Vivian heard Betty brush past him with a stifled sob. When she had safely scaled the stairs he opened a door in the hall, and, summoning an astonished man-servant, ordered him to restore the lamplight before he walked up after Betty.

None of the guests had seen Vivian standing in the doorway watching his wife's graceful dancing. He left them severely to themselves to discuss this strange happening as they chose. The unanimous intention to deprive Betty of her lovely veil was sufficiently obvious, and he hated the knowledge that Greycliffe gave shelter to such company as this.

He decided to grant Betty a few moments in which to recover before he approached her, and he walked the corridor that led to her room, feeling completely at a loss.

What was the use of a scene with Betty? He dreaded to be alone with her, and yet an interview was essential because she had broken the condition upon which his generosity to her depended.

Not only had she interfered with his aunts, but she had terrified them with her ridiculous threat to drive them forth from Greycliffe unless they submitted to her despotic rule. He had spent some hours with the old ladies trying to soothe their fears. Vivian was tired and worn from a succession of sleepless nights. Despair ate into his heart. That chance meeting with Laurette and her faltering revelation had distressed him terribly. He wondered if any man had ever been placed in so desperate a situation as himself.

While he strode the dark corridor above the lighted apartments, and heard the merriment of Betty's guests spring up afresh from the heart of that moment's silence which had resulted from his defence of his wife, Betty was pacing her room distractedly, tortured with wrath and impotent misery. She made swiftly for the mirror that looked like a sheet of ice between the flaring candles; she pressed her head forward, staring inexorably at that other face which threw its mocking scowls back to her eyes.

Who, seeing her thus, day after day, could bear her any feeling save what she had for herself, overwhelming hatred and disgust? Her very friends downstairs had tried to betray her, they must have heard of her tragedy, and, hearing, they were ready to believe. How was it possible ever again to walk regally and with disdain amid them now that they guessed what her veil concealed? She leaned silently against the toilet table, motionless and wretched, not because of the many injuries she had inflicted upon others, but because of this one injury which had been inflicted upon herself.

Vivian's Warning.

It was not in Betty's nature to repent the havoc she had wrought in the lives of Vivian and Laurette. To her they did not matter in the least. The only one who did matter was herself.

Whilst she stood hunched together and silent, she heard a rat scurry across the floor. She jerked in horror from the table, and stood stiffly for an instant, awaiting another movement from the hidden animal, biting her lip, and with her hands locked upon her breast.

It seemed to her that the surface of the mirror was like a creamy moonstone, in which she saw her fate lurking dimly and awaiting her with outstretched hands. She became enrapt and swept off her feet by a flood of dark superstition.

For some five minutes she watched the imagined veil spread between herself and her reflection, then she stretched her arms above her head, as though she were very weary, and a peculiar gloating came into her eyes. She did not know that only the door divided her from her husband, for Vivian had at last made up his mind to enter.

He tapped at the panel. "May I come in, Betty?"

"Please do!" she answered. She looked at him oddly; she was very pale, but a smile rested upon her scarlet mouth.

"I feel highly honoured," she said. "Usually the rats are my only company."

"I am sorry the rats disturb you," Vivian said courteously and coldly as to a stranger. "We have done a good deal to exterminate them, but they are wily creatures. They come out from crevices behind the old moat. I must see what can be done. This part of the house has not been used for some time," he looked at her rather sadly. "It belonged to my mother."

"And now it belongs to me. God! what a bit of good fortune!"

"You have altered it almost beyond recognition," he said, looking round at the vivid Oriental tapestries that concealed the oak.

Betty shivered. "It was like a dungeon before, but you haven't come here to discuss the room, I suppose?"

"I have been speaking to my aunts," he answered.

"Well?" she retorted. "You've got to behave differently, Betty," he said wearily.

She regarded him from under frowning brows. "You haven't much power when all's said and done. Should you refuse me money, I'd talk. You know what people think of a man who leaves his wife alone without a penny for her hats and gowns?"

The Rats' Supper.

"Betty," Vivian protested. "You have spent all your life in doing others harm. I think it is high time you mended your ways."

"I'll never mend them!" she cried, with sudden passion. "Oh, go, will you? I'm sick of you and your relations!"

He looked at her sternly. "That being so, keep out of their way. I give you fair warning that I will not have their peace and privacy disturbed."

"I'm sure I've no wish to go near them. But, listen, Vivian, I want to say something. Don't go for a moment."

Her manner and voice had completely changed, her hostility and anger vanished, she motioned him back towards her with some of the winning charm she had evinced during their fatal engagement.

"What is it, Betty?"

She answered abruptly: "Thank you for coming to my rescue downstairs."

"There is no need to thank me," he returned gravely. "You are my wife, and entitled to my protection at all times."

He heard her laughing softly as though she were amused.

"Vivian," she said, strangely, "could I have some poison for the rats? I'm sure I could soon get rid of them."

"I'll tell Jane to see to it. Meanwhile you'd better change your room."

Vivian bowed and retired. He had not said as much to Betty as he had intended, but he believed that she had been impressed by his order. He fancied she would not again intrude upon his aunts.

A little later Jane came into Betty's room, carrying a packet of powder and a plate. The bride had drawn her veil against her face. She watched Jane dipping small cubes of cheese into the poison. Jane was astonished and curious to find Vivian's wife alone in her room while her friends amused themselves downstairs.

Observing her wondering look, Betty said: "My head aches terribly; that is because the rats keep me awake every night. Please give the rat's supper to me. I know their favourite places, and I hope there's enough to kill the lot."

Jane handed her the plate. "There's enough to kill a regiment of soldiers, mum," she said.

The Legend Of Greycliffe.

Betty's guests were becoming anxious at the failure of their plans. They longed for Betty's return. They were puzzled by her long absence.

The playwright's sister realised that she had gone too far. Betty was evidently offended, and after to-night Greycliffe might be inexorably closed against them all.

They continued to amuse themselves, but without any pleasure, and some of the women decided to visit Betty's room and implore her to return. They intended to convince her that no malice nor conspiracy lay behind the playwright's wish to unveil her. Betty was susceptible to flattery. They had only to say, "We wanted so much to look at your beautiful face again," and they felt sure she would pardon them.

But when five of them moved across the hall, they were pleased to see Betty descending the stairs. She was closely veiled, and carried a goblet between fingers that flashed with diamonds and pearls.

"Good old Betty, back at last," someone said. "It was dull without you," another remarked.

Other guests hurried in. They were all speaking at once, and Betty, stepping slowly down the stairs towards them, smiled her pardon and understanding.

"I only left you to find a particular wine which the legend of Greycliffe bids a bride drink at midnight on the evening of her first reception." She looked towards a stately clock in the hall. "It is five minutes to twelve, and I must drink a toast while standing on the table. By this means I am supposed to secure my own prosperity and yours."

The quaint idea was accepted. Everyone was pleased to see that Betty bore no animosity for the action which had driven her to her room. Her friends trooped behind her to the lofty apartment which adjoined the reception room. A chair was placed ready for Betty's feet, hands aided her careful ascent to the table, for she would not allow anyone to relieve her of the goblet she carried.

Death.

Standing erect upon the oak boards she looked down at her companions with a coo of pleased laughter.

"You must all stand near the table with your glasses filled; the legend declares that should anyone sit down before the bride has quaffed the cup she or he will die before the year is out. Come, take your glasses quickly, my friends, and fill them before the clock strikes twelve!"

Almost immediately glasses were snatched, and a half-circle of excited faces was lifted towards Betty.

She regarded them for a moment with an enigmatical expression. They saw that she raised the goblet towards her lips very slowly.

"May we all meet again before much longer," she said, and her lips touched the rim. Without hesitation she drank down the wine, and those around her simultaneously emptied their glasses. Suddenly Betty opened her hands, the goblet crashed to the floor.

"Lift-me-down," muttered Betty in a hoarse, sobbing monotone.

"Good God! She is ill!" someone said. But she managed to reach the floor without undue pressure upon the hands that supported her. There was an awkward pause, for Betty's fingers were tearing at her veil!

"You wished to see my face a little while ago, didn't you?—didn't you?" She addressed those who watched her with growing dismay. "Here, then, look for yourselves!"

They began to wonder whether she were mad. But Betty's fingers became strangely incapable. It seemed that she could not undo her veil. She put down her hands, wearily.

"No matter! Good-night, dear, loyal friends; I am going to sleep." Then, looking round from eyes that grew cold and iron-tinted, she said something they did not understand. "The Rats' Supper—and I am first at the feast!"

The clock in the hall began to strike the hour. Betty hearkened. No one spoke to her, for all were spell-bound by her looks and words. She lifted her hands high above her head.

"At last!" she said, and collapsed upon the floor. Amid the shining splinters of the broken goblet Vivian's wife lay curled in death!

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A WORD TO NEEDLEWOMEN

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

VISCOUNTS DAUGHTER TO MARRY.



Miss Sybil Colville, youngest child of Viscount Colville, is engaged to Mr. R. Carington, heir presumptive to his brother, the Marquis of Lincolnshire.—(Lallie Charles.)

HER HUSBAND IS ON ACTIVE SERVICE.



Lady Victor Paget is busy acting as a war nurse while her husband, who is in "The Blues," is serving on the staff in Egypt.—(Lallie Charles.)

A PRETTY STUDY.



A new portrait of Margot Bannerman, who is appearing in "Tina" at the Adelphi Theatre.—(Foulsham and Banfield.)



Loading one of our heavy guns outside Salonika. Our positions on Greek soil are admirably constructed, and heavy guns command all possible points of attack.

THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER.



Miss May Buttenshaw, daughter of Col. E. T. Buttenshaw, is the fiancée of Capt. G. T. Burney, the son of Brig.-Gen. H. H. Burney, C.B.



Guy Aldred, the Socialist editor, with his "wife." Yesterday Mr. Fordham held he was not married and fined him as an absentee.



Mr. A. C. Banfield, the well-known London theatrical photographer, spends his leisure time making munitions in his workshop.—(Foulsham and Banfield.)



Sir Francis Lloyd inspecting the 2nd Battalion of the Honourable Artillery Company. Immediately behind him is seen Colonel Boyle, H.A.C., and the officer with drawn sword is Captain Blake. After the inspection Sir Francis expressed the opinion that the battalion was worthy of the great regiment to which they belonged.