

BRAVO, NAVAL GUNNERS: TWO ZEPPELINS SHOT DOWN.

DAILY SKETCH.

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LONDON, SATUR DAY, MAY 6, 1916.

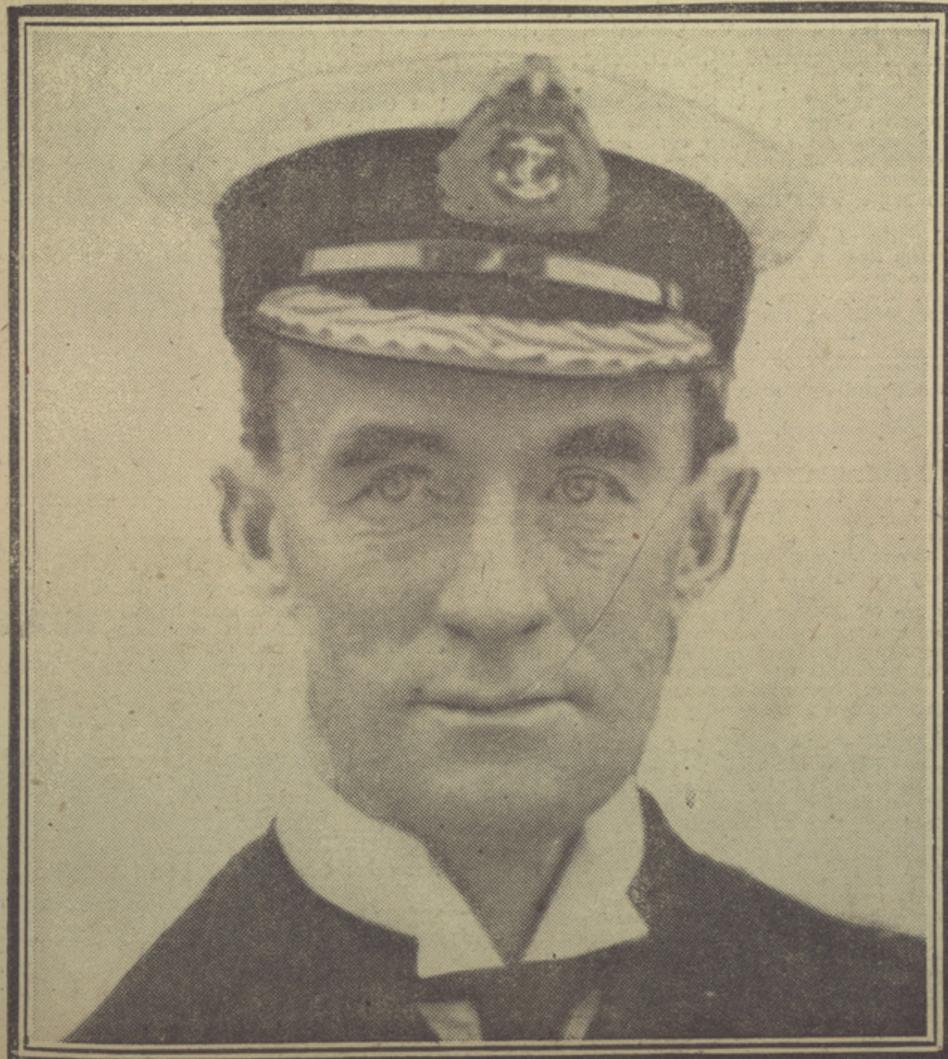
[Registered as a Newspaper.]

ONE HALFPENNY.

THE MEN WHO 'STRAFED' A ZEP: THREE BABY-KILLERS DESTROYED IN A WEEK.



Captain J. E. Cameron, R.N., M.V.O., of H.M.S. Phaeton, who hit the baby-killer off the coast of Germany and helped to bring it down.



Commodore E. S. Alexander-Sinclair, M.V.O., H.M.S. Galatea, who shared the credit of destroying the gasbag.



How a Zepppelin sank a British warship—according to the Berlin Illustrated Gazette. Where the British Fleet reversed the German dream is shown on the map (inset).

FOUR MORE OF THE REBEL LEADERS EXECUTED.

16 Other Death Sentences Commuted.

TEN YEARS' PENAL

Dublin Recovering From The Week Of Terror.

From Our Special Correspondent.

DUBLIN, Thursday.

Four more rebel leaders have been sentenced to death, and were shot this morning. Their names are—

**Joseph Plunkett,
Edward Daly,
Michael O'Hanrahan,
William Pearse.**

[Joseph Plunkett was the son of Count Plunkett (Count of the Holy Roman Empire), and wrote a little volume of verse a few years ago. He was quite a young man, and had never been heard of as a leading member of the Sinn Fein movement. Count Plunkett is curator of the National University in Dublin.]

The following were convicted, and sentenced to death, but the sentences were commuted by the General Officer Commanding in Chief to ten years' penal servitude:—Thomas Bevan, Thomas Walsh, Finian Lynch, Michael Mervyn, Dennis O'Callaghan, P. E. Sweeney, Patrick McNestey, Peter Clancy, William Tobin, George Irvine, John Doherty, J. J. Walsh, Thomas Melinn, J. J. Reid, John Williams.

Convicted and sentenced to death, but commuted to eight years' penal servitude:—John McGarry.

Convicted and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude, and sentences confirmed:—Francis Fahey, Richard Davys. Further trials are proceeding to-day.

The work of stamping out the Sinn Fein movement is proceeding with thoroughness, and yesterday for the first time the midnight silence was undisturbed by the activities of the sniper. The house-to-house search by the soldiers is dragging the rebels one by one out of their lairs and secret hiding-places.

STRUGGLING BACK TO NORMAL.

Dublin's Great Effort To Recover From Effects Of The Nightmare.

Meanwhile Dublin is slowly struggling back to normal conditions—that is, so far as business life and communications are concerned. Nothing can be quite the same again after this upheaval.

The military occupation necessarily makes progress of this kind a little more difficult. To-day there are queues of men—business men, artisans, workmen, Government and municipal employees—at Trinity College and the police stations, waiting for passes that will enable them to move freely to and from their business about the city and the suburbs. I am informed that this restriction is likely to be only of short duration so far as Dublin itself is concerned.

Most of the men wanted are already marked down. Regulations will not be relaxed, however, with regard to persons leaving the country.

In the main streets of the city the current of life is flowing freely in the usual directions. Most of the shops have opened their doors again, and are supplying the public. Many of the tradesmen whose stocks have been looted are making preparations to resume business as speedily as possible.

FED THE DUCKS REGULARLY.

Story Of Four Gentlemen Who Were Rebels' Prisoners For Four Days.

An interesting story is published to-day of the adventures of four gentlemen who were captured by the rebels at St. Stephen's Green on Easter Monday.

Mr. W. Hopkins Ashmore, a chemist, who relates the adventure, states that he was captured by the rebels in Harcourt-street, blindfolded, handcuffed, and taken to their headquarters in St. Stephen's Green. He was detained there to attend to the rebels' wounded. He and three other gentlemen remained until the following Saturday.

They were supplied with fresh bread and milk regularly by Mr. Kearney, the superintendent of the park, who went about his duties as usual, in spite of the frequent hail of bullets across the green. In addition to looking after the comfort of the prisoners, Mr. Kearney fed the ducks regularly.

THE COUNTESS APOLOGISES.

One of the four gentlemen became greatly excited when the machine-guns were firing across the park. His condition grew worse as time went on. Eventually he had to be handcuffed, strapped, and removed to the hospital, where he subsequently died.

When the rebels evacuated the park on the Saturday, Countess Markievicz, who was in the Royal College of Surgeons close by, apologised profusely to

Sir Thomas Miles, the eminent surgeon, was captured by the rebels to attend to their wounded. Mr. Kevin O'Duffy, founder of the Dental College in Lincoln-place, and one of the best known dentists in the city, was shot while walking along the streets, and died in Jervis-street Hospital.

FOUR DAYS IN THE RUINS.

Many acts of gallantry amongst the soldiers are reported.

Two soldiers were discovered yesterday among the ruins of the Coliseum Theatre, Henry-street. Sergeant Henry, School of Musketry, Dollymount Camp, and Private Doyle, Royal Irish Regiment, were, with two officers and 14 other men, taken prisoners by the rebels at the beginning of hostilities and detained as hostages in the General Post Office.

On Friday night, when the building was being heavily bombarded, they were lined up in front of the insurgents as a screen, and forced into a back-street. In this way some of the rebels managed to escape.

Sergeant Henry and Private Doyle sought safety in the Coliseum buildings, and, being under the impression that firing was still going on, remained amongst the ruins without food, until they were discovered. Though ravenous they were in good spirits.

EAGER FUEL GATHERERS.

Poverty-Stricken Women And Children Hunting In The Ruins.

An acrid smell of smoke still pervades Sackville-street, and a swarm of women and children were to be seen prowling over some of the ruins this morning. They were looking for firewood. One old crone, with an almost fiendish absorption, was grovelling amid a heap of rubble and masonry, flinging away bricks and dirt at either side of her like a terrier at a rathole. She was gathering up chunks of timber from the shattered beams of a great building. Men are engaged here and there demolishing the unsafe remnants of ruined buildings.

The electricity supply in the city is normal except for the Sackville-street area, and it is hoped to resume the gas supply on Monday. One of the chief difficulties with regard to gas is the damage done to the works at Ringsend, where there was some hot fighting. The containers were perforated by rifle bullets, and one was struck by a shell. The gas which thus escaped has to be made good before the supply can be restored. Part of the tramway service has been resumed.

CONNOLLY STILL IN HOSPITAL.

Connolly is still in Dublin Castle Hospital, recovering slowly from his wounds. His leg has been fractured below the knee. His ward at the castle has been guarded by half a dozen men with fixed bayonets.

BAIT THAT FAILED.

Irish In The Trenches Sing "Rule, Britannia!" To The Huns.

Mr. John Redmond, M.P., has heard from his brother, Captain William Redmond, M.P., who is with an Irish Division at the front, that the following notices were put up by the Germans in the trenches opposite the division:—

Irishmen.—In Ireland revolution. English guns firing on your wives and children. English Military Bill refused. Sir Roger Casement is persecuted. Throw your arms away. We give you a hearty welcome.

We are Saxons. If you don't fire we won't. Irishmen, heavy uproar in Ireland. English guns are firing on your wives and children.

The Irish troops in the trenches replied by singing Irish airs and "Rule, Britannia!" to the accompaniment of mouth-organs and accordions.

An important meeting of the Irish Parliamentary Party will be held at the House of Commons at noon on Tuesday.

MARRIED AT FIFTEEN.

Mother Forbids Schoolgirl To Live With Her Husband.

Mrs. Agnes Rees, of Chatham, when a schoolgirl of 15, married Silas Rees, a young man lodging in her father's house.



That was in 1899. On the day of the marriage the young wife attended school as usual. A few days later the mother was told of the event, and she forbade the pair to live together. They never lived in the relation of husband and wife, and six weeks later Rees suddenly disappeared.

He wrote to his mother-in-law saying that he was off to America, and they would not hear any more of him. In September last, to the astonishment of the deserted wife, she received a letter from him saying that he had married another woman. Inquiries showed that he had contracted a bigamous marriage at Swansea.

On the grounds of desertion and of her

COMIC OPERA REBELLION IN THE WEST.

Rebels And Their "Ladies" Hold Revels In A Baronial Hall.

HOW "CAPTAIN" MELLOWS CAME BACK TO LEAD THEM.

From Our Special Correspondent.

GALWAY CITY, Thursday (via Belfast).

The rebellion in the west of Ireland has come to an end, and for the first time since the Union Jack was designed it flutters from the top of the little town hall of the tiny township of Athenry, about ten miles from anywhere, and fourteen from Galway.

There were sieges and battles, marchings and raidings, jigs and Irish reels, ambushes and surrenders this afternoon on the roadside a few miles from Athenry. I asked little Andy Doyno where were the Sinn Feiners.

"Sure," he said, "I'm thinking they're all swept up."

Shock-headed "boys" who had never been further than Ballinasloe went out with pikes and scythes to "fight for Ireland," and when they heard that troops (Catholics and Nationalists all) had dropped out of the skies in their neighbourhood they ran like rabbits and red deer for the hills, leaving behind a great collection of commandeered eggs, which the soldiers ate with relish.

It was an Athenry man named Mellows who took command of the army of the west. He organised the Irish Volunteer movement in Galway County, and helped to pour the Sinn Fein poison into the credulous ears of the innocent peasants. The little town hall of Athenry, one of the tiniest towns in Ireland, was the meeting-place of the leaders, and it was in Athenry that the "army" gathered on the night of April 25, the day after the rising in Dublin.

CAME BACK IN CLERICAL GARB.

"Captain" Mellows was regarded by the Government as so dangerous a conspirator that five weeks ago he was deported to England. He invested a little of the Kaiser's money in a suit of priest's clothes, and took the return boat back to Ireland. When the time for the rising came he blossomed in "Volunteer" uniform with a slouch hat cocked up with feathers.

Nearly all his followers were in their ordinary clothes. The army totalled 700 or 800 men, boys, and girls. The Amazons numbered about a score. Beyond the crime of cooking for the rebels, their conduct is said by those who saw them to have been irreproachable. A young priest named Feaney was chaplain to the forces. The usual purity of Irish peasant life was unswayed.

In the grey dawn of Wednesday morning a reverse, suffered by a part of the "army" at Carranmore between Athenry and Galway, shook the rebels' nerves. A small force of policemen went out from Galway in motor-cars to scour the country. About 150 of the rebels lay hidden behind stone walls at Carranmore, and as the cars passed a volley rattled round the policemen.

HALF-AN-HOUR WAS SUFFICIENT.

Constable Patrick Whelan, the best police shot in Co. Galway, was wounded in the side, and died in a few minutes. Another constable was also hit. The R.I.C. men dismounted their cars, and there was a battle for half an hour. When three rebels had been killed, and others hit, the remainder jumped the stone walls like Galway sheep and scattered.

A second party of rebels besieged the Athenry police barracks from a safe distance, and a third party tried to capture the barracks in the village of Oranmore, which is on the verge of the bay.

They were foiled by the iron nerve and the audacity of Sergeant Healey, of Oranmore, who, with four constables to back him, determined to fight to the death.

The sergeant and one man loaded their rifles and revolvers, and took their stand in a cottage opposite the police station. They knew the rebels would try and take the cottage.

THE SERGEANT'S MISTAKE.

The rebels approached the back door, and Sergeant Healey fired. One man outside fell wounded in the leg. The rest ran. "It was not the one I intended," said Sergeant Healey, "but a foolish young fellow. But I couldn't see through the door."

That day the rebel forces marched a few miles to Moyode Castle, a beautiful stone-turreted mansion belonging to Lady Ardilaun. Mr. John Shackleton and his wife and daughter take care of the empty castle. The rebels became their uninvited guests from the Wednesday to the Friday a week ago.

They filled the whole castle, but treated Mr. Shackleton and his family with respect, although they killed some chickens for dinner. They asked Miss Shackleton to play her piano for them, but she flatly refused. One of the girl rebels turned pianist to the "army" and played tunes, while the rebels and their "ladies" danced reels and jigs in the baronial hall.

On the Friday the scouts reported that soldiers were coming. The "army" loaded up its wagons and pushed off. It halted a few miles away.

Twenty R.I.C. men came up with fixed bayonets and charged towards the camp. The rebels, with different ideas of dying "dacent," took to their heels. That was the end of the rebellion in the west.

Father Feaney is still at large. It is estimated that the army of 700 or 800 men had 200 rifles and 150 shot-guns between them.

LADY MUSIC TEACHER ARRESTED.

Thirteen Sinn Feiners from Mid-Tyrone, one from Carrickmacross, and a lady music teacher named

CLANRICARDE MILLIONS.

Nearly £2,500,000 Left To Viscount Lascelles.

A VERY ELIGIBLE BACHELOR.

The Marquis of Clanricarde, Ireland's most hated landlord, died worth £2,500,000, most of which he left to his grand-nephew, Viscount Lascelles.

The will is dated February 2, 1916 (ten weeks before his death), a short document containing about 200 words.

An annuity of £1,000 is left to Miss Burga Weyland, daughter of his sister, Lady Catherine Wey-



Viscount Lascelles.

land; £20,000 to his nephew, Mark Weyland; and the residue to "Harry Lascelles, by courtesy called Viscount Lascelles, son of my nephew Henry, Earl of Harewood."

The witnesses are Louisa Cole, housekeeper, and Robert Morgan, butler.

Lord Clanricarde was a bachelor, and the marquessate died with him; the heir to his earldom was the Marquis of Sligo.

The death duties on the estate come to £375,000.

Wounded In The War.

Lord Lascelles now becomes the most eligible bachelor in Society.

He is 33 years of age, the elder son of the Earl of Harewood and the heir of a house which has been prominent in Yorkshire for over six hundred years.

He is an officer in the 1st Grenadier Guards and has seen considerable service in France. Nearly twelve months ago he was wounded in the head, but his injury was, fortunately, slight, and he was able to return to duty after a few days' rest.

Lord Lascelles has had some experience in diplomacy, having been aide-de-camp to the Governor-General of Canada. Two years ago he was the Unionist candidate at Keighley, Yorkshire, but was defeated by Lord Buckmaster.

Viscount Lascelles is at present in London on leave from the front. When the news of his succession to the vast fortune and estates of his great-uncle became known yesterday, he received congratulations from hosts of friends.

The young millionaire officer returns to France next week.

How The Recluse Made His Will.

The circumstances in which Lord Clanricarde made his will were, the *Daily Sketch* learns, in keeping with his solitary method of existence.

He consulted no one as to its provisions—not even his solicitors—and, with the exception of the two witnesses, no one was aware of its terms until after his death.

The witnesses, valet and housekeeper, were with him for many years at his lonely bachelor chambers in the Albany, and subsequently at his flat in Hanover-square.

PLIGHT OF A SOLDIER'S FAMILY.

When Private Thomas Morris, of the West Kent Cyclists, returned home on leave he found his wife and children destitute. For the nine weeks he had been away they had not received a penny from the State, and the woman had had to pawn practically everything she possessed.

Heartbroken, Morris decided to seek work to keep his family. He was arrested as a deserter and was discharged by the magistrate.

Yesterday the *Daily Sketch* told the story of the wife's pathetic struggle to keep the home going, and Mr. Herman Darewski, the composer, has now forwarded, through the medium of this paper, £2 to the unfortunate woman.

RURAL DEAN AS LABOURER.



Rector of Rotherhithe and rural dean of Bermondsey, the Rev. J. C. V. Durell spends his weekly day off working as a labourer in a Kent munition factory. He trundles shells and carries sackloads of bullets, travels by workman's ticket, and receives 3s. 2d. a day. He says

BRITISH FLEET BRINGS DOWN 2 ZEPPELINS IN TWO DAYS.

BRITISH SHIPS' GUNS BRING ZEPPELINS DOWN.

One Destroyed By Watchful Light Cruiser Squadron.

ANOTHER AT SALONIKA.

Fate Of Two-Fifths Of Raiding Airship Fleet.

From The Admiralty.

Friday.

A Zeppelin was destroyed yesterday by one of our light cruiser squadrons off the Schleswig coast.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet has reported that the ships which destroyed the Zeppelin yesterday were H.M.S. Galatea (Commodore E. S. Alexander-Sinclair, M.V.O., A.D.C.) and H.M.S. Phaeton (Captain J. E. Cameron, R.N., M.V.O.).

The Zeppelin was apparently employed on scouting duty, when she was destroyed by the gunfire of these two vessels.

CAME DOWN IN A BLAZE.

No Survivors From The Salonika Raider

Friday

Vice-Admiral de Robeck reports that at about 2.30 this morning a Zeppelin approached Salonika.

When passing over the harbour she was heavily fired on and hit by the Fleet, and came down in a blaze near the mouth of the Vardar river.

There were no survivors.

WINGED BY BRITISH SHIP.

Complete Wreck Of Tangled Wires And Stays.

From G. Ward Price.

(Copyright.)

SALONIKA, Friday.

A Zeppelin was brought down by a naval shell this morning at three o'clock while flying over Salonika Harbour.

It appeared at 2.30, and was immediately picked up by the searchlights from sea and land.

The airship appeared to be at a height of 7,000 feet. It was plainly visible in the yellow glare. The ship crossed the town, and was turning over the Gulf when a shell burst just above it, and it dived, amid the cheers of the Fleet, at an angle of 45 degrees, towards the marshes at the Vardar mouth.

Two explosions, probably in the petrol tank, occurred before the airship struck the ground, lighting up the sky.

It now lies a wreck, 15 miles along the shores of the gulf from the town, two miles inland.

The Zeppelin was first sighted at Karasuli, south of Gevgheli. It was followed with searchlights all the way to Topsis, where it turned east and flew over the town.

It had, apparently, been put out of its reckoning by the extinction of the electric light of the town, where only the gas remained burning.

The airship hung about over the harbour

Four Months' Zepp. Losses.

1916.

- Feb. 3.—L19 lost in the North Sea. Crew drowned.
- Feb. 21.—Zeppelin brought down by French gunfire south of the Argonne. Crew killed.
- April 1.—L15 damaged in raid on England, sank off Thames Estuary. Crew surrendered.
- May 3.—L20 descended and wrecked near Stavanger, Norway. Crew interned.
- May 4.—Zeppelin destroyed by British light cruisers off Schleswig coast.
- May 4.—Zeppelin destroyed at Salonika. Crew killed.

English ship, and made for the Vardar mouth.

An English destroyer patrolling, which was within a mile of it as it came down, fired two shots, one while it was in the air, and one after it landed.

English officers, who were first on the scene, say it is a complete wreck, a tangled mass of wires and stays. It was evidently of very large size.

No bodies were found. A few hundred yards before it landed charts were dropped overboard which were found.

Reuter's special correspondent at Salonika states that French airmen who ascended in the darkness claim to have got over the Zeppelin and to have got home two bombs.

TWO OUT OF FIVE.

Ignominious Fate Of Fleet Which Attacked Ploughed Fields.

The above messages show that three Zeppelins have been destroyed in a single week.

Two of the three belonged to the fleet of five which raided the North-Eastern coasts of England and the Eastern coasts of Scotland on Tuesday night.

The first—L20—was discovered in difficulties over the Norwegian coast, off Stavanger, on Wednesday. It was reported that she had been chased by a French cruiser, and got into difficulties partly owing to lack of petrol.

The ship was obliged to land, badly damaged, and yesterday morning Norwegian soldiers completed her destruction by firing into the gas-bags and causing loud explosions.

WARSHIPS AS ZEPPEL-CHASERS.

The use of warships for the pursuit of Zeppelins is a novelty from the public point of view, but will cause no surprise to those who are familiar with recent aerial development (writes a special correspondent)

It has been assumed by many people that a fleet of warships was a natural target for aircraft fire.

The contrary is the case.

Two reasons for the immunity of the Fleet are that—

1. A Zeppelin cannot manoeuvre with the same facility as a warship, which is specially constructed to bring the maximum fire to bear instantaneously from any direction;
2. The anti-aircraft protection of modern warships has reached such a pitch of excellence that the danger to any air machine coming within range is extremely serious. Extraordinary progress has been made in the rapid finding of the correct range with extreme precision.

This immunity of warships was first ascertained in the naval raid on Cuxhaven on Christmas Day of 1914, when Zeppelins joined in the battle, and were unable to influence the result.

(Pictures on page 1.)

AUSTRIAN DESTROYER SUNK

Four Italian Warships Chase In Enemy Vessels In The Adriatic.

ROME, Friday.

The day before yesterday in the Upper Adriatic four Italian destroyers sighted and gave chase to 10 enemy torpedo-boats (destroyers), which immediately fled in the direction of Pola.

The Italian destroyers continued the chase to within 20 miles of Pola, shelling the enemy continuously, and only abandoned the pursuit when several large enemy warships were seen leaving Pola to support the hunted torpedo-boats.

Enemy seaplanes attempted unsuccessfully to drop bombs on the destroyers.

Yesterday afternoon five enemy aeroplanes dropped bombs on Brindisi. The damage done to property was insignificant. The building that suffered most was the hospital, where the enemy bombs killed four patients and wounded five. A few persons were injured in other quarters.

The same day in the Lower Adriatic the French

'THE NEVER-RIGHT CABINET.'

Lord Curzon's Slashing Reply To Sir Edward Carson.

"QUITE READY TO RETIRE."

I have little doubt that if a body of Seraphim and Cherubim were brought down from Heaven and put in Downing-street, particularly in time of war, within a few weeks time there would be influential organs of the Press to point out that they were a body of incompetent noodles.

This was one of the striking passages in a speech by Lord Curzon, replying to attacks by Sir Edward Carson and some of the newspapers in an address to the Primrose League at Caxton Hall yesterday.

As a member of a much-attacked Government, said Lord Curzon, he would be prepared, if challenged, to account for every action over a wide field during the past year.

There were two prerogatives of an Englishman. One was a passion for depreciating himself, which he usually exercised in public, and the other the divine right to abuse his Government, which he did both in private and in public.

MIGHT OFFEND SIR E. CARSON.

He was diffident of saying anything about the Government, because he might expose himself to the criticism of Sir Edward Carson of always speaking in terms of self-complacency and self-appreciation about themselves.

As for the Cabinet, he had been reminded by Lord Middleton of the familiar reproach that they were 23. The number in France was as large, and perhaps larger, but nobody seemed to find fault with them in a less censorious country.

It was not surprising if the business of a great Empire in the supreme crisis of its history required the skill of so many men to carry it through.

There were three particular illusions that he wished to dispel. The first was that the Government spent its time in viewing and reviewing or modifying or amending or endorsing or rejecting the decisions of the War Committee of Six.

ILLUSIONS DISPELLED.

There was no truth whatever in that particular allegation. The War Committee had an absolutely free hand.

If the number of the War Council were reduced to three we should then have an agitation to bring them down to one, and if they had one there would be a public appeal to cut off his head.

The second illusion was that civilians in the Government either overruled or ignored the advice given by their military or naval advisers. The first protests against such a thing naturally would come from the military and naval advisers themselves.

The third illusion he wished to remove was that the Government considered themselves indispensable. Neither collectively nor individually were they guilty of that mistake. "We are all quite ready to retire," said Lord Curzon, "if Parliament withdraws its confidence or says by a vote of censure that we are an irresponsible Ministry, or that Parliament can find another Ministry to take our places."

FOR SERVICES AT HOME AND ABROAD.



Sergt. T. Douthwaite, R.G.A.



Sergeant G. McMullen, London Divisional Signal Co. (T.F.).

For his services during the bombardment of the Hartlepool, Douthwaite has been awarded the D.C.M. McMullen won the medal for laying a heavy cable under heavy shell-fire.

SCRUBS HIS PRISON FLOOR.

Scott Duckers A Passive Resister To Military Service.

Mr. Scott Duckers, the solicitor, who is a passive resister to military service, has been for the past fortnight confined in one of the guard-room cells of the Rifle Brigade Barracks at Winchester.

He refuses to wear uniform, and is therefore kept in durance vile. He sleeps on a plank bed, rises at 6 a.m., scrubs the floor, and goes through all the other items of prison routine.

He is said to be in good spirits, and declares that he is having a capital time.

The court-martial upon him has been postponed, the military authorities having dropped the charge against him of refusing to be medically examined. Evidence is being taken with regard to his refusal

5 a.m. Edition.

NEW U-BOAT WRIGGLE.

Germany Offers To Give New Submarine Orders.

WARNED BEFORE SINKING.

Germany's official reply to President Wilson's "last word" has been sent—just in advance of "Lusitania Day" (to-morrow), when the American time limit for an answer would have expired.

The Note is much more conciliatory in tone than previous replies and offers to give new instructions to naval commanders not to sink merchant vessels without warning; but this is coupled with conditions which experience shows to be valueless.

The merchant ships must not attempt to defend themselves.

America must join Germany in securing the "freedom of the seas," that is, in resisting the British blockade.

The following is the new order to be given to German naval forces:—

Such vessels both within and without the area declared as a naval war zone shall not be sunk without warning and without saving human lives unless the ship attempts to escape or offer resistance.

THE CONDITIONS.

The Note proceeds:—

But neutral vessels cannot expect that Germany, forced to fight for her existence, shall for the sake of neutral interests restrict the use of her effective weapon if the enemy is permitted to continue to apply at will methods of warfare violating the rules of International Law.

By this is meant the British blockade of Germany.

Accordingly, the German Government is confident that in consequence of the new orders issued to her naval forces the Government of the United States . . . will now demand and insist that the British Government shall forthwith observe the rules of International Law universally recognised before the war, as are laid down in the Notes presented by the Government of the United States to the British Government on December 23, 1914, and November 5, 1915.

A THREAT.

Should the steps taken by the Government of the United States not attain the object it desires, namely, to have the laws of humanity followed by all belligerent nations, the German Government would then be facing a new situation, in which it must reserve for itself a complete liberty of decision.

WAR NEWS IN BRIEF.

South of THE SOMME a surprise attempted by the enemy against French trenches near Cappy failed completely.

HILL 304.—French positions attacked after bombardment. Enemy repulsed generally but set foot in points of advanced trench. Bad weather intervened yesterday and hampered operations.—French Official News.

TIGRIS.—On Wednesday military situation was unchanged. Arrival of the first batch of sick and wounded from Kut is reported.—General Lake's dispatch.

BRITISH FRONT.—"Fighting between Armentières and Arras again lively. At Givenchy-en-Gohelle hand grenade engagements developed for possession of a crater into which the enemy had temporarily succeeded in penetrating."—German Official News.

BELGIAN FRONT.—Lively battle with mine-throwers and guns of every calibre. German positions seriously damaged.—Belgian Official News.

AIR BATTLES.—As result of fights in the air two German machines driven down in enemy's lines. One British brought down in German lines.—British Official News.

PRINCE ALBERT REJOINS HIS SHIP.

The *Court Circular* states that Prince Albert, having been passed fit for service by the Medical Board at the Admiralty, left Windsor Castle yesterday to rejoin his ship with the Fleet.

MR. HUGHES WILL BE THERE

Mr. Hughes, the Australian Premier, will attend, and probably speak at, Mr. Lloyd George's meeting at Conway to-day.

ANARCHIST PAPER RAIDED.

The offices of *Freedom*, an Anarchist organ, 127, Ossulston-street, Somers's Town, were raided by police yesterday. Pamphlets, books, and type were seized, and nearly a van-load of material was taken to Scotland Yard.

To-day being the anniversary of the death of King Edward VII., a special service in the Royal



The Hon. Mrs. Robert Boyle, wife of Rear-Admiral Boyle, with their 'son,' Vivian Francis Boyle, a naval cadet.—(Val L'Estrange.)

A BUSY SISTER



Miss C. Grant is one of five sisters busy on war work. She is in the Red Cross.—(Russell.)

WOMAN PHOTOGRAPHER.



Mrs. Albert Broom, the woman photographer, who is recognised as the photographer to the Brigade of Guards.—(Daily Sketch.)

NURSE MAKES THE MOST OF HER LEISURE HOUR.



A happy picture of two of the British nurses who have been nursing our wounded and sick soldiers at Malta enjoying a sea bathe during their time off duty.



Nothing like a dip to make you ready for work again. It was very hot, and nurse found this costume cool.

FLOWERS FOR THE GRAVES OF ANZACS' HONOURED DEAD.



Flowers arriving at the "Anzac Hotel, Cairo." They were made into wreaths which, on the anniversary of the landing of the Anzacs on Gallipoli, were placed on the graves of Australians who had died of wounds in



The Hon. Francis Charteris, the little son and heir of Lord Elcho. Lord Elcho is reported as "missing, believed wounded."—(Yevonde.)

ARMY FIANCEES.



Miss Violet Hammet, daughter of the late Vice-Admiral J. L. Hammet, is marrying Lieut. J. A. Hartcup, Royal Flying Corps.—(Lafayette.)



Miss Eileen W. C. Gundy is engaged to Sec.-Lieut. R. Spicer, Honourable Artillery Company.—(Lafayette.)



Miss Alice Maud Harris, youngest daughter of Surgeon-General Harris, the fiancée of Captain D. B. Morris, India

TWO THINGS NEEDFUL.

NO sooner is the new Military Service Bill in sight of safety than from many of those who were afraid to oppose it has come a flood of objections and quibbles. The Bill means this, it means that; it will produce a million men, it will produce nine men and a conscientious objector; if this and this is not done it will be a dead letter; and, finally, our whole system of recruiting must be reorganised. Now while it is essential that the Bill as passed should be a simple, straightforward measure, we cannot afford to hang things out. The reason-to-be of the Bill is that we want all the men we can get at once.

ONLY two of the objections are worthy of consideration. One is that the Bill as it stands affords a loophole for industrial conscription, which would meet with strong opposition from a section of the Labour Party; the other is that unless its passage is ACCOMPANIED by the inauguration of a businesslike scheme of relief for recruits with heavy financial responsibilities much needless misery will be caused or the operation of the measure will be greatly impeded.

THE first difficulty will be avoided if an amendment proposed by the Labour Party is accepted. This amendment is to the effect that men of the new special reserve shall not be under military discipline while still at their civilian occupations.

THAT a scheme of relief for recruits should at once be put in hand is obvious. We have heard much of what is to be done, but nothing has yet been done. A daily paper points out that as matters now stand men called to the colours and appealing for relief will be put back while their claims are investigated and pending the inauguration of the promised scheme. The suggestion that claims for relief and claims for postponement or exemption should be decided by the same tribunal is excellent. Most of the unattested married men who will now claim postponement will do so because they need financial assistance. Plain common-sense suggests that the whole business should be settled out of hand. Otherwise it may be many months before those much-needed 200,000 married men are enlisted.

IT is impossible to imagine that the Cabinet has not been considering this question, and that a scheme is not ready to be laid before the House. We have the right to ask for it at once. We want to know that we shall be relieved of our leases AUTOMATICALLY on enlistment, that it shall be IMPOSSIBLE for the dependants of a recruit to be evicted or deprived of their furniture, that it shall be impossible for the children of a recruit to be deprived of their schooling.

THE suggested maximum of £2 a week, with the probable minimum of a few shillings a week (possibly of a small and fluctuating dole) does not seem to me high enough. Adequate relief must be granted, to take effect simultaneously with enlistment and to be paid out by the military authorities with the separation allowance week by week.

MOREOVER, we have yet to be guarded against unnecessary inquisition by private busybodies. At present the various revising barristers are to be given the task of investigation, and they are to have a free hand apparently as to the method of investigation and the personnel of the investigators. Now whilst inquiries must be made to guard against fraud and misrepresentation the home of the recruit should be saved from unnecessary intrusion by Mr. and Mrs. Paul Pry. A man's financial commitments can be plainly set forth on a sheet of notepaper, with summaries of any leases, mortgages or agreements attached, and the statements can be checked by a chartered accountant.

THERE is one thing, however, which cannot be put in a Bill or embodied in a scheme: I mean the attitude of officials towards the claimants. This must be a matter of instruction from the Committee appointed to manage the scheme. We are not beggars; we are claimants of a right.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.



Echoes of the Town.

Lloyd George And His "Friends"—If Carson Defended Casement!—Daylight And Other Saving.



Lloyd George's Day.

IF SIGNS and portents go for anything there should be a lively time at Conway this afternoon. People who once licked Mr. Lloyd George's boots had been taunting him with not replying to the attacks made on him. Yesterday they were wondering what hit them, and to-day he will probably finish them off in style. People are saying that his speech on second reading is the best thing he has done.

Munitions And The Clubs.

IN SPITE of official denials the Ministry of Munitions, I am told, was seriously considering the taking over either of the Constitutional Club or the National Liberal Club. They preferred the latter, but it is to be spared, at least for the time being. Mr. Lloyd George has full power under the emergency legislation of the war to take over any building to which he takes a fancy.

Casement Trial.

THE Casement trial will be a long-drawn business, for it is to follow all the usual forms, beginning before a magistrate, continuing before Reading C.J. and probably two other judges, and going on (if necessary) to a Court of Criminal Appeal. Sir F. E. Smith will appear for the Crown, and I believe it is not yet settled who will undertake the defence. They say that Sir Roger would like to have Ned Carson—but.

Lord Hartington's Majority.

IF THE Marquis of Hartington, who to-day comes of age, follows the example of his father and his great-uncle, it will not be long before he enters Parliament. The present Duke was only just twenty-three when he entered the House of Commons, while the last Marquis of Hartington, who became so great a figure in the elected Chamber, made his debut at Westminster at the age of twenty-four. The present Marquis, who was one of the King's train-bearers at the Coronation, joined the Derbyshire Yeomanry over three years ago, and is now an A.D.C. on the Personal Staff.



Week-end Saving.

I SUPPOSE it is appropriate that the House should meet specially on Monday so as to save time and discuss the Daylight Saving Bill at the same time, but some members are not very enamoured of the idea, for week-ends are just beginning to become really worth having, and lots of people think Tuesday's quite soon enough to come back to town.

My Daylight-Saving Scheme.

HAVE YOU ever been struck by the beauties of Leicester-square? Not the human and female sort. Yesterday morning I was walking through there between half-past three and four. The early spring morning was fresh and fine, the trees looked greener than I have ever seen them, and the rising sun "caught the *Alhambra's* turrets in a noose of light." Very smart are those burnished domes against the blue sky.

Spring And Autumn.

WHAT queer companionships have been founded in this unconventional war of ours! I know two subalterns in the same company who are inseparable. Both are models of efficiency with a platoon. One is just eighteen, and the other will soon be fifty. I rather think the elder man is the senior of the two, but I am not sure. They rag each other and chaff and joke, and go about together without feeling their companionship to be at all incongruous.

Colonial Courtesy.

NIGERIA sets an example of equally courteous treatment of black and white. In a number of the *Nigeria Gazette* just to hand, I note the announcement of the death of a native official in the following sympathetic style:

OBITUARY.—His Excellency the Governor-General has to announce with deep regret the death at Shagamu of Owolesi, the Akan'gbo, on the 25th of February last.

Ju-Jitsu In War.

I WAS surprised to learn from a Japanese teacher of the art how many officers take lessons in ju-jitsu before going out to the front.

Peer, Poet And Soldier.

I'M GLAD to hear that Lord Dunsany is progressing favourably and has been discharged from the private hospital where his wounds were attended to. He was, you may remember, motoring in the streets of Dublin when he was fired at from behind a barricade. He was wounded under the left eye. Lord Dunsany is, *par excellence*, the poet-peer, although other peers have written poetry. He also writes delicate, fantastic plays, one of which, "The Gods of the Mountain," was produced some few years ago at the Haymarket and achieved considerable success. He is a soldier, too, and holds a commission in the Coldstream Guards. I have heard Lord Dunsany wax eloquent and witty about his pet subject at the dinners of the Poets' Club.



—(Lafayette.)

From Dublin.

I WAS TALKING yesterday to a cheery little Scot who had just reached London, with a bullet wound in his leg, after going through the Dublin battles. He showed me bits of shell, which he carried in his pockets, and some live cartridges, unmistakably German. He was in one of the few unmolested hotels, but doesn't express an opinion about anything at the time for fear of waiters. He could get nothing to eat but ham, for which he was charged 5s. a plate. He told me other things, and there would be a devil of a row if I revealed them.

Roundabout Route.

A LADY IN London got a censored telegram from Cork from a relative anxious about the fate of a Cork doctor who went to Dublin before the riot broke out, and has not been heard of since. This lady was requested to wire to Dublin and telegraph the reply to Cork. Truly a roundabout route.

"Indispensable."

A CIVIL SERVICE friend tells me a good story of "Indispensability." It appears that a certain Government office (A) required two experienced clerks, and applied to another Government office (B) for the transfer of two particular men. B agreed, but, as the men were of military age, A would not accept them unless B gave them certificates stating that they were indispensable to B, and therefore must not be called up!

Trench Pets.

AN OFFICER from the front tells me that the number of pets kept by our Tommies in the trenches and at their rest billets is remarkable, and so is the variety of kinds. They range from canaries to bears. "Cats and dogs are naturally in the majority, but you'll find squirrels, rabbits, monkeys, mice, goats and parrots. But the strangest pet I've struck," he added, "is a tapir, and this is kept by one of the French Alpine regiments."

J. W. H. T.

THE PROMOTION of Captain J. W. H. T. Douglas, captain of the Essex County cricket team, to the rank of Major will call for congratulation among cricketers, who do not, as somebody remarked the other day, number conscientious objectors in their ranks. Major Douglas is not only a cricketer, but amateur champion light heavy-weight boxer (his father was president of the Amateur Boxing Association). He is a fine player, and a most popular man, his characteristic as a batsman being the slowness with which he makes runs. A wag once concocted a sentence which included his four initials as follows: "Johnny Won't Hit To-day," and the tag has stuck to him ever since.



Train Competition.

IN CONNECTION with Douglas's slowness of scoring a good tale is told of a certain match at Melbourne, where the railway runs by the ground. Two members of the club arranged a little bet when they saw the man of Essex come along to bat. "I bet you," said one, "that more trains will pass here in an hour than Douglas will make runs." He won. There were twenty-three more trains.

Life-Saving.

YARNS about Chief Secretaries grow on trees just now. Here is one. A violent agitator once shook Arthur James Balfour warmly by the hand because his brother Gerald, when Chief Secretary, had saved his life. "He got me three months for treason—and a new liver with it," he said.

Poor Old Bank.

I AM SORRY to hear that the Bank of England is not always the bright, cheery place I found it, that the dresses I thought so becoming are merely—business-like, that the ladies are sometimes, shall I say, cross? Listen to this from one of them:—

May we ask what you would suggest as being more business-like in the way of dress than a navy-blue costume and a white blouse? And is it really true that such apparel suggests a reception? That was surely a very "war reception," such as you are scarcely likely to see before the twentieth year of war economy! And on what urgent and most particular business were you bent, I wonder, when you found yourself in the precincts of the Bank of England at a time when the public are most carefully excluded? I, too, have my secrets.

A Real Shaw Joke.

IN A CERTAIN London suburb the appeal to save made by Mr. H. G. Wells and the Bishops and Mr. Will Crooks is expected to have one definite effect; and that is upon the five-shilling seats of a lecture to be delivered by Mr. George Bernard Shaw. The subject of the lecture is also—"War Economy"!

A Flourishing Irishman.

JOHN McCORMACK, of the sweet voice and unmistakable brogue has been piling up the dollars in New York of late, grand operatic stars who demand vast salaries being somewhat at a discount over here just now. The result of his charming "La Bohème" and such-like works of melody and passion is that he has been able to buy a Corot, and to give 20,000 dollars, which pans out at about £4,000, for it. The subject is "Nymphs Bathing," and the picture used to belong to the late Mr. Andrew Freedman, a well-known American art-collector. John McCormack is a very Irish Irishman, and although his may be "the most distressful country," he himself is particularly flourishing.



—(Dover-street Studios.)

"L'Enfant Prodigue."

FAREWELL to "L'Enfant Prodigue." If you want to see the little masterpiece you must hurry up, for the run of the revival ends at the Kingsway to-night. Mr. Walter Knight has made a splendid fight (as did the knights of old), for the British public is slow to realise what is really beautiful. I went along a little while ago to watch and listen for the last time, and found Sir Thomas Beecham and Lady Maud Warrender among the audience. I hope "L'Enfant Prodigue" will reappear among us in the near, and happier, future.

Billions Of Beauties.

REHEARSALS have already started at Drury Lane for De Courville's coming revue, and folk from the Hippodrome are getting acquainted with the mysteries of that wonderful stage. I hear it is intended to produce somewhere about June 10. Billions of beauties have already been engaged for thinking parts.

The Chain Prayer Nuisance.

DIRE and dreadful things will shortly happen to me. I have broken three "chains" in the last two days. For some inscrutable reason the "chain prayer" pestilence has broken out again, after an interval of perfect peace. Take note, please, all who pester me with prayerful postcards, that these are instantly consigned to the waste paper basket. I forgo the "great joy" and risk the "great calamity."

Waste!

"This Government," said the sad-faced rifleman, "has no sense of the appropriate. They take men from the necessary occupations, and crowd them into the six-a-peeny jobs. Take Lieut. Brown—a musketry expert is what they've made of him. And he was managing director of a distillery."

Doors Open Again.

"So THE 'group system' is open again for the moment," said the cynic. "They ought to fix swing doors on it."

MR. COSSIP.

SOCIETY BEAUTY CHORUS TO SING AT DRURY LANE CHARITY MATINEE.



Mrs. Charles Gerard. The Hon. Aurea Baring. Lady Broughton. Miss Enid Scott Robson. These Society women are taking part in Lady Greville's charity matinee at Drury Lane on Tuesday next. Lady Broughton and the Hon. Aurea Baring are singing in the Blonde chorus and Mrs. Charles Gerard and Miss Robson in the Brunette chorus.—(Val L'Estrange and Yevonde.)

ROYAL CONGRATULATIONS FOR A SOLDIER WHO ESCAPED FROM A GERMAN PRISON.



Pte. R. Woodcock, Royal West Kents, has been personally congratulated by the King on his escape from Germany. He was captured at Neuve Chapelle while trying to rescue a wounded comrade. He is seen on the left in the uniform of the 17th Lancers, in which he formerly served. In the group he is seated third from the left.

BRITISH NAVAL PRINCE'S RUSSIAN FIANCEE.



Countess Nada Torby (whose engagement to Prince George of Battenberg has just been announced), with her father, the Grand Duke Michael, and Lady Curzon posed for Mrs. Albert Broom at the British Women Workers' Exhibition.

LUSITANIA VICTIM.



Little Helen Smith, who lost both her parents on the Lusitania. Tomorrow is the anniversary

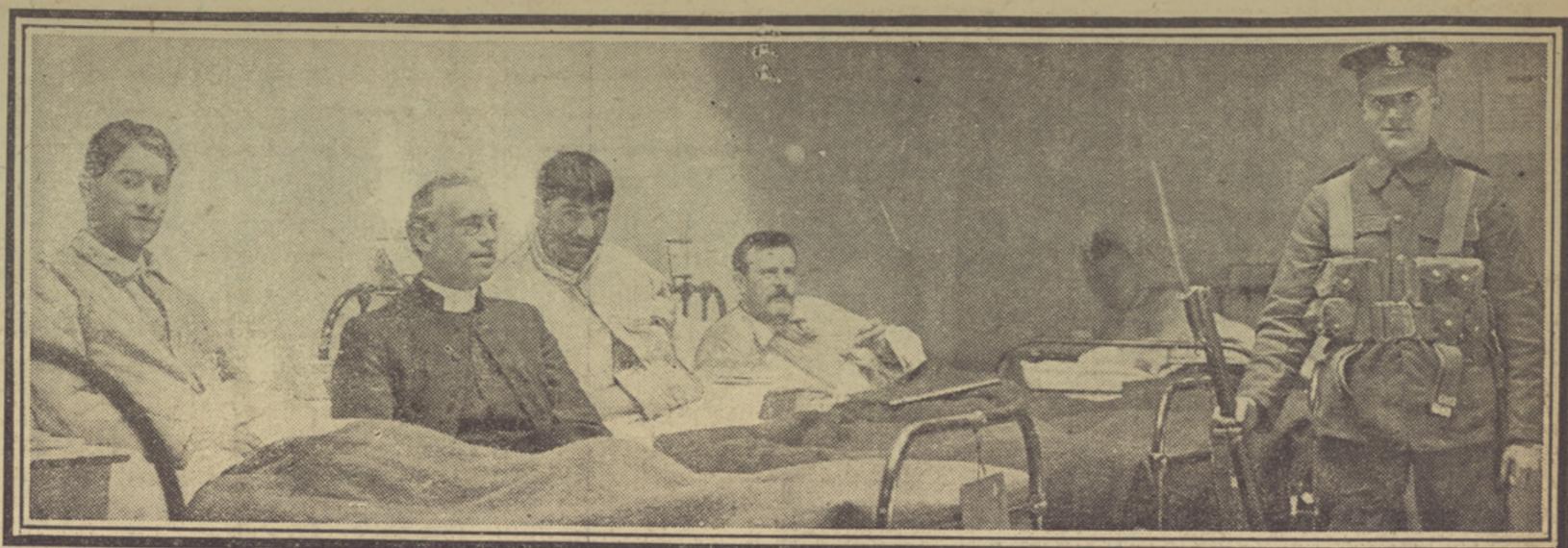


Lady Rothermere as Kitty Grey, the part she will take in Lady Greville's matinee for the Serbian Relief Fund.

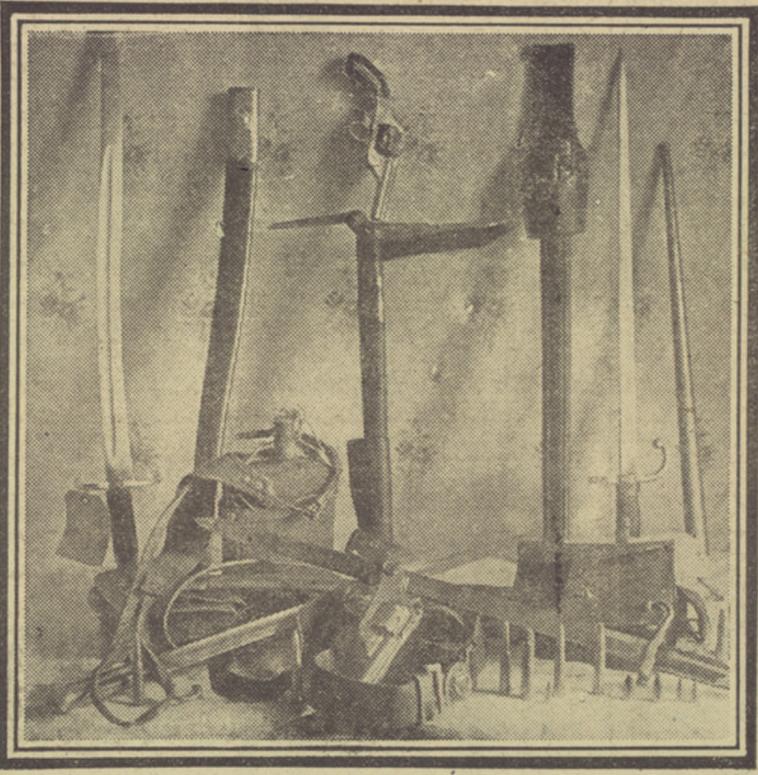
HEROES AND DUPES OF THE IRISH REBELLION PHOTOGRAPHED IN HOSPITAL.



Outside the Birmingham Tower of Dublin Castle. On this spot Sergt. Burke was shot dead by a rebel.



Several apartments in Dublin Castle have been fitted up as emergency hospital wards. In one of these lie a number of the rebels wounded during the fighting in the streets. They have a priest in attendance at their bedsides, while armed sentries mount guard over them.



A doctor's collection of trophies taken from Sinn Fein rebels. It includes cartridges, haversacks, trenching tools, and, significantly enough, German sword-belts.



Corpl. Frank D'Alroi, an Australian serving in King Edward's Horse, who was shot three times while clearing houses of rebel snipers.



A survey of Dublin's ruined homes in the district to the north of Sackville-street. These remarkable photographs, taken from the top of the Nelson Pillar in Sackville-street, give a vivid impression of the extent of the destruction which Dublin has suffered in the Sinn Fein rebellion.



A view of the wrecked General Post Office. Only the portico and outer walls remain.

J.B.

Side Spring Corsets

Distinctive Wear.

Are pre-eminent for the SATISFACTION they give. Satisfaction for their distinctive shape no less than for their comfort, healthfulness and entirely moderate prices.

Leading Drapers Everywhere.

Write now for style book, "Comfort and Elegance," post free on request. James S. Blair and Son, 15, Fore Street, London; Great Ancoats, Manchester; 49, Queen Street, Glasgow.

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YOURS FOR 1/- DEPOSIT.



Large Manufacturer's Stock FIELD RACE or MARINE GLASSES

HOLIDAY TIME is fast approaching. Let us make YOUR HOLIDAY the best you ever had. All have experienced that very interesting event JUST BEYOND our clear vision—the "Warship," "Aeroplane," a choice bit of scenery with those wonderful hills. Let us supply the EXTRA VISION before you go. All that is necessary is 1/- Deposit and the GLASSES ARE YOURS. Upon receipt of 1/- P.O. we will forward you the magnificent £3/3. Binoculars illustrated here, with which the time of a church clock can be distinctly read at a distance of three miles. 10-lens magnification power.

Perfect in every mechanical and optical detail, fitted with the finest combination of achromatic crystal lenses; extra wide field of view, enhanced stereoscopic effect; damp and dust proof, the lightest and handiest Glass procurable, brilliant definition, great illuminating and penetrating power. We have supplied these Glasses in large quantities to the War Office for use of our Army, and can therefore recommend them to the most critical observer; they are fitted in saddle made Sling Case, with Straps complete.

£3/3- BINOCULARS.

Reduced to 26/6 per pair.

We deliver immediately this very powerful Binocular, carriage paid, upon the receipt of your first Deposit of 1/-. After receiving the Glasses, if satisfactory, the balance is payable 1/6 on receipt and 2/- monthly. Cash Discount of 3/6 will be allowed for full cash with order, or balance within 7 days, making Cash Price £1/3/- only. But if in any way you are disappointed you are under no obligation whatever to keep the Binoculars, and your Deposit will be refunded in full if Glasses are returned within 7 days.

We hold the Government Permit to deal in Optical Munitions.

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Labour and Capital After The War

A PLAN TO ENSURE INDUSTRIAL PEACE

In the next issue of the *Sunday Chronicle* the Rt. Hon. J. M. ROBERTSON, M.P., a former Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, outlines the conditions which will face Employers and Workers after the War, and makes some notable suggestions for avoiding industrial chaos.

A wrong handling of industrial problems when fighting ceases may damage national interests even more than war, and the problem so skilfully handled by Mr. Robertson should be read by people of all classes.

MEETING NEW DANGERS

SIR LEO CHIOZZA MONEY, M.P., who recently pointed out in the *Sunday Chronicle* the new dangers threatening Britain's security, will, in Next Sunday's issue, suggest the steps that should be taken to re-establish our insular security.

A Splendid Selection of Articles and Stories will be found in the

SUNDAY CHRONICLE

ALL NEWSAGENTS. ONE PENNY.

MACKINTOSH'S

More Questions and answers about MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE DE LUXE.



The TEACHER says: "The child in all know what 'de Luxe' means, applies to Toffee! They say it means Mackintosh!"



The BARRISTER says: "Yes my lud, I claim this Toffee de Luxe is a food. I have here a sample tin. Try some, my lud!"



The PRIMA DONNA says: "This lovely Toffee de Luxe keeps me in wonderful voice! It's the 'top-note' in Toffees."

Q You claim that Toffee is more of a food than a sweetmeat, do you not?

A. Well—to be exact—we claim that our Toffee de Luxe is a food.

Q I appreciate the distinction. But can you substantiate the claim?

A. Most certainly we can. We need only name its chief ingredients.

Q What are they?

A. Butter, Sugar and Cream. All of them recognised foods.

Q But these things are very dear just now, are they not?

A. Yes! Butter is about 50 per cent. up, Sugar is three times its normal price, and Cream is scarce and dear.

Q Then I suppose the price of Toffee de Luxe has gone up tremendously?

A. Not tremendously. It is even now only 1½d. per oz.

Q Well, that's not a big jump considering there have been two Budget sugar-taxes.

A. And also several other rises during the War. But we have been very reluctant to raise the price, for the public have been good friends to us.

Q Have they stopped buying?

A. Not at all. In fact, we are weeks behind with our orders. You see, everyone recognises that as the Toffee costs us more to make, so must the price go up.

Q I suppose you couldn't use cheaper substitutes?

A. We could if we would, but we wouldn't. For then it would cease to be the real Toffee de Luxe.

Q Of course you are right. Toffee de Luxe is too good to risk spoiling.

A. We are glad you agree with our policy. Don't be put off with a substitute.

JOHN MACKINTOSH, Ltd.,
The Toffee Mills,
Halifax.

TOFFEE de LUXE

Bournville

Cocoa

"OF EXCEPTIONAL FOOD VALUE."

What Women Are Doing:

By MRS. GOSSIP.

*A Royal Song Writer—
The Bathurst Wedding—
Lady Lytton's Matinee—*

PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG is always interested in plans for the disabled, and it was no surprise to find her at the Royal Automobile Club on Thursday, when a most attractive concert took place in aid of Lady Llangatock's House of Help, in the Lillie-road.

The Princess wore a becoming shade of heliotrope, and black and white feathers in her hat. She was received by Lady Llangatock and the Rev. P. S. G. Probert.

The Princess's Song.

Dora Lady Chesterfield, Lady Jephson, Lady Herbert of Llanarth, and Lady Muir Mackenzie, who left early as she was off to Stratford-on-Avon, were in the very large audience. Miss Minnie Cochrane and Mr. Victor Corkran were in attendance on the Princess.

Interest centred in a song, "Retrospection," composed by Princess Henry, and charmingly sung by Mme. Gleeson-White. Margaret Cooper—with a piano and some songs—delighted everyone.

Comparing Thrills.

Excitement seems to run in some families. Lady Donoughmore, who was in the car with her husband when the rebels shot him in the arm on the way to Dublin, has a sister-in-law with whom she will be able to compare thrills.

Lady Evelyn Farquhar, who has been looking after the Donoughmore children during their parents' absence, had a terrifying experience in one of the air raids. Bombs ploughed up her garden, and several people in the village were killed. She doesn't look much perturbed in the photograph I am giving of her here, does she?



—(Langflier.)

No Trimming, No Bouquet.

Lady Meriel Bathurst, now Lady Alastair Graham, made an extremely pretty bride, and I admired her gown of white satin, very simply made, with a full Court train of cloth of silver, embroidered round the edge with leaves made of white chiffon. A tulle veil was worn over a full green wreath, and she wore some beautiful pearls.

The church was decorated with Madonna lilies, and the bride carried a bouquet of the same flowers, which are always so effective and yet simple.

The bridesmaids looked very well in shell-pink

chiffon, full skirts and severely plain bodices, with wide sashes of a deeper shade of pink. They carried pink rose bouquets. Lady Bathurst, the bride's mother, set a fashion in simplicity of dress; her gown was of marine blue crêpe-de-Chine, possessing no trimming, and she carried no bouquet.

Guests.

Lady Crewe also wore blue, with the addition of a silver fox fur and a black straw hat wreathed by coloured foliage. Lord Crewe came with his wife.

The Duke and Duchess of Montrose were early arrivals and occupied a front pew on the bridegroom's side. Lady Greville looked so pretty in navy blue and a small quilled black hat. Sir Bryan and Lady Leighton, who looked well in black with a white-feathered toque, were there. I also saw Lady Cynthia Graham with Sir Richard, and the Countess of Dundonald, who was in mushroom-coloured cloth and a rose-trimmed hat.

"Joyland" If He Wins.

Miss Shirley Kellogg has registered her racing colours—grey, rose pointed body, and rose cap. She has already purchased a two-year-old colt, which she has named "Joyland." He ran third in a selling race yesterday and is entered for Windsor next week.

The Other Army.

It isn't often that I give you portraits of men, but I really must include handsome Ian Malcolm, M.P., in to-day's gallery. He was presiding at the Church Army's annual meeting at the Queen's Hall.

Lady Bagot, wearing a black cloth costume, told us of the help the Church Army had given to her hospital in Belgium.

Amongst the large audience were the Dowager Countess of Crawford, in black, Lady Blythswood, Lady Ann Marsham, Lady Webb, Lady Dickson, Lady Richmond Brown, Lady Carlile, Lady Herbert, Lady Russell, and Lady Vincent.

Begin Late: Finished Early.

I supped at Ciro's after going for the second time to see "The Show Shop," which I very much enjoyed.

Ciro's was crowded with those wishful to eat and others longing to dance. The latter got their heart's desire first.

Amongst the dancers I noticed Lord Churchill, Lord Drogheda, Mrs. Shirley Falcke, very pretty

in pale heliotrope, and her husband, and Lady Victor Paget, in all black.

Others having supper were Raymond Hitchcock, with the Baroness d'Erlanger and a party of friends, Paul Arthur, Joe Coyne, and Haddon Chambers. There were several very pretty frocks, mostly composed of tulle, with extremely short skirts, and little or nothing left to say about the bodice.

"Ariadne."

The Countess of Lytton's matinee in aid of her hospital for Tommies takes place next Friday, at the Gaiety Theatre, under the patronage of Queen Alexandra.

Lady Lytton—her picture—is naturally very anxious for the entertainment to be an enormous success, and from what I have heard there should not be the least doubt about it.

A splendid programme has been arranged. There is a play by Sir James Barrie, and the first production of "Ariadne in Mantua," by Vernon Lee, with incidental songs by Ivor Novello.



—(Rita Martin.)

Viola's Voice.

Miss Viola Tree, who takes the principal part, does quite a lot of singing, which should be one of the chief attractions of the play. Her voice at rehearsals, I'm told, has really been beautiful.

Mr. Ben Webster, Mr. Fisher White, Miss Lilian Braithwaite and Miss Gladys Cooper will also be in the cast.

"Ariadne in Mantua" consists of four scenes, and in the last one there is a masque acted to the ducal court, with the addition of a lovely ballet, arranged by Odette Goimbault and a host of children.

Lady Di In Charge.

Lady Lytton has asked Lady Diana Manners to take charge of the programme selling, and with the aid of Miss Elizabeth Asquith, Mrs. John Lavery, Miss Gladys Greenwood, Miss Violet Keppell and Miss Bettine Wortley, she should do remarkably well.

I am delighted to hear that the tickets are selling wonderfully well. Stalls are three guineas and two guineas each; the dress circle 21s. and 10s. 6d.

The Duchess of Leeds, whose daughter, Lady Moira Osborne, is one of the nurses in Lady Lytton's hospital, is selling tickets, as is the Duchess of Wellington, mother of Lady Eileen Wellesley, who is another devoted nurse there.

A Garden Concert.

How very charming of Lady Reid to lend her beautiful garden to-morrow and on the two following Sundays to the Actresses' Garden Club Committee, who are organising entertainments for our wounded officers during the summer months.

There will be a delightful entertainment. Mr. Frederick Morton, Miss Estelle Ward (the Australian contralto), Mr. Leslie Henson, of Gaiety fame, Mr. Frank Gleeson, another Australian, who has a fine tenor voice, and several others, will, I feel sure, do their uttermost to make this new enterprise a huge success.

In Bond-street.

I met the Duke of Somerset, in grey frieze and a Monte Carlo hat, the Duke of Beaufort, in immaculate town kit, and the Duke of Westminster turning into the Grosvenor Gallery, where the International Society has its show.

Mrs. Asquith was flitting about from picture to picture; Mrs. John Lavery, too, I saw after luncheon; Lady Juliet Duff, in country clothes, was with Mrs. Rupert Beckett, and Mr. Burdett Coutts was with Lady Bagot.

Lady Curzon and Lady Mainwaring both wore tight little caps and full frocks. Lady Newborough looked remarkably well, Lady Garvagh was faithful to the clinging cut of garments, and Lady Barrington wore indigo blue and a small hat.

Lady Drogheda was in a gown and hat—quite a style of her own—and heaps of the ultra-artistic people were in evidence.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.
A CONSTANT READER, A DOVERCOURT READER, and L. F. (Gillingham).—Many thanks for so kindly sending socks.
COUNTRY MOUSE.—If you write they will give you full particulars: Orange-street, Haymarket, W.



Flowerseller: "Buy a lovely fern, Lidy."

Lady: "Don't want it."

Flowerseller: "You can 'ave it fer a pair of old boots, Lidy."

Lady: "We don't hae any old Boots—we use

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH, which preserves the leather!"

To MAKE THE MOST of MILK
use it in sweets and savouries made with

Brown & Polson's "Patent" Corn Flour

SWEETS: SAVOURIES:
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THE BREEZIEST STORY OF THE YEAR BEGINS TO-DAY.



Hester Rebels.

As the train that had arrived from the city a few seconds before steamed out from Heaton Chevrel station, amidst a roar of escaping steam, a girl on horseback, who was waiting in the roadway at the exit from the booking hall, stooped over her frightened animal and patted its neck.

"Don't be so silly, Ruby. It's only an engine!"

As the mare quietened down, she turned to scan the faces of the passengers who were beginning to stream through the doorway. The sun of the glorious May evening lit up a face of sweetly composed beauty—the face of a girl of barely twenty for whom life had always run on easy lines—and cast into relief the lithe contour of her graceful figure. Suddenly a smile of welcome illumined her features, and she waved her whip.

"Gordon!" she cried.

A man came out of the booking hall, dressed in an irreproachable morning-coat, with the shiniest of silk hats upon his head, and carrying in his hand a leather attache case, stamped neatly with the initials G. K.

Against the setting of the evening sky, and the rolling hills beneath which the little village of Heaton Chevrel slumbered, he seemed, in his business man's immaculate dress, strangely out of place.

He came towards her, his clean-shaven, square-set, purposeful face lighting up with pleasure at the sight of her.

"How jolly of you to come and meet me, Hester!" he exclaimed. "I didn't expect to see you until the meeting. . . . But what are you going to do with your horse?"

He looked round inquiringly for the groom, but there was nobody in attendance upon Hester. The girl shook her head and laughed.

"I came to tell you I am not coming to the meeting, Gordon!" she exclaimed. "It's such a perfect evening for a ride on the downs."

His face expressed disappointment.

"But, Hester," he protested, "you're on the committee, you know."

"Oh, bother committees," she laughed. "You know you get on perfectly well without me, Gordon. I'm always too shy to open my mouth—even supposing I ever had anything to suggest."

She regarded him with a little quizzical smile, but there was no answering amusement in his own eyes. By doing everything wholeheartedly and with immense seriousness, Gordon Kemp had amassed a large fortune in business, and his restless organising genius found an outlet, when he was away from the city, in the performance of various public duties in Heaton Chevrel. He flattered himself that since he had become engaged to Hester Gervais he had inspired her with some of his own high sense of public responsibility.

And now suddenly and inexplicably she was in revolt. It hurt him curiously, out of all proportion to the incident.

"You ought to come, Hester—really you ought—only for the sake of setting an example."

Had he responded to her mood—had he treated the matter lightly—she would probably, after all, have done as he wished. But his tone was didactic, and she bridled under his schoolmasterly manner.

"I'm not going to miss my ride!" she exclaimed. "I'll see you after the meeting. Good-bye for the present, Gordon."

The Accident.

She touched her mare with her whip, and without another word cantered up the sloping road that led from the station.

In five minutes she had climbed the hill and found herself out on top of the downs, with a glorious stretch of level turf ahead of her. She let her horse stand for a moment while she looked out across the sun-kissed valley to the hills beyond, lined with beech trees that were already changing from red brown to a sheen of green.

She was conscious of a certain irritation. Somehow or other that meeting with her lover had left her with a sense of dissatisfaction. He had been so grave, so composed, so perfectly dressed—so "well-appointed," that was how she expressed it to herself—and her mood on that May evening had been caught from the more uncivilised atmosphere of nature.

"Bother!" she exclaimed, and began to walk her horse slowly across the short-cropped grass.

But swift upon this mood of irritation came one of remorse. She had seen the pained expression in Gordon Kemp's eyes when she had announced her intention not to attend the committee. She knew what great store he set upon these small public duties; he had been so good and kind and patient

THE LOVE OF AN ANZAC

Specially Written By
LADBROKE BLACK.

been such a small thing to have done for him, and she had refused . . . simply out of pique.

"Oh, bother!" she exclaimed again, and as she spoke she half unintentionally struck the mare lightly across the neck with her crop.

The animal threw up its head suddenly and reared. The next moment, half jolted from the saddle, she was pulling hard at the reins to keep Ruby back from the mad gallop into which she had broken.

For perhaps a few seconds, as the green sward raced beneath her, Hester managed to retain her seat, and then with a very good imitation of a buck jump, Ruby rid herself of her burden. With a little cry Hester fell sideways off the saddle. Her foot was still in the stirrup, and the long skirt of her habit prevented her from disengaging it. . . . She had a vision of the blue sky above, all blurred and broken by the force of her fall, and then she was being dragged across the turf by the terrified mare.

The Coming Of The Anzac.

Hester was helpless, on her back, unable to free herself, unable to stay Ruby's mad rush. Her head bumped up and down upon the turf, only the thick massed coils of her hair saving her from being stunned. How long it lasted—how far she was dragged—she did not know. She remembered crying out at the top of her voice, and then, when it seemed as if she must be killed, from behind a furze-bush rose, unexpectedly, the figure of a man.

Though the mare at that moment was in her full stride, and crazy with the unaccustomed drag upon her movements, the man flung himself straight in her path. It seemed for a moment as if he must be dashed to the ground. He stood firm—firm as a rock. His hand gripped the bridle. Amazing as it seemed, the horse was stopped in full career and forced back upon its haunches.

Hester felt a momentary grip upon her ankle, and then her foot was freed from the stirrup and she lay prone upon the grass.

"Don't say you're hurt or have broken anything," said a deep, gruff voice.

She struggled dazedly to a sitting posture, and found herself looking up into the bronze-burnt face of a man who, viewed from that angle, seemed of almost gigantic proportions. He was dressed in khaki, and was wearing a slouch hat. . . . these were all the details she was able to comprehend in her still bemused condition.

"No, I don't think I'm hurt," she stammered, putting her hand up to her head as if to investigate the matter.

"Your hair's come down. I reckon that must have saved your silly little head from being broken."

Things were steady now, and the sky and the earth were no longer reeling drunkenly before her eyes. She was able to take in more clearly other features of this strange man who spoke to her with such brutal frankness.

His height was well over six feet; he was square-jawed, with a mouth, save that the ends were slightly curved, like a straight line. There was a suggestion of combativeness about his nose, fire-cut though it was, and his eyes, set deep, had the quality of blue steel. The jacket of his coat was open, and she could see the graceful ripples of the muscles of his sun-browned neck. One big hand held Ruby's bridle while the other stroked her nose.

With as much dignity as she could muster Hester rose to her feet.

Hester Gets Angry.

For a while she busied herself with pinning up the long massive coils of her hair.

She was trying to think what to say to him. She was grateful to this man for having saved her life, but set against this obligation was his rudeness.

The mare was nozzling her nose against his shirt, and he was talking to it with the quiet intimate confidential air of the man to whom all animals are friends. She had time to notice the brass letters of some Australian regiment upon his shoulder.

And all the while she was conscious that he was regarding her with an expression of frank, undisguised admiration.

She finished her hair at last, and she came forward, a little primly, her manner suggesting that she wished him to realise that though he had saved her from what might have been a very serious accident, that was no excuse for his familiar rudeness.

"I am exceedingly grateful to you for stopping my mare," she said.

His face was lit up with a smile that showed the two rows of glistening white teeth.

"Stopping the mare only!" he exclaimed. "Why, I reckon I saved your life! They oughtn't to let you loose, you know. Riding an animal like this on a curb is just sheer baby nonsense."

She coloured vividly. Never before in the whole course of her life had any man spoken to her in such a way. . . . But even as her pride rebelled against his tone she was filled with a strange wonder and curiosity. He seemed, standing there with his immense stature and broad shoulders and deep chest, so entirely in keeping with the scene around them, a natural man in the bosom of nature.

And, moreover, there was something else which kept her back from the expression of her indignation at his rudeness.

There was that look in his eyes, which were fixed upon her face so intently—such a look as she remembered to have seen in the pictured face of the first man when he catches sight of the sun. A simple chain of association made her think of that picture, for the man figured to her as something

"I prefer to ride her with a curb," she gasped, and then, rather weakly, she added, "Anyway, it's no business of yours."

Those blue eyes of his were twinkling with merriment.

"D'you think I'd let a pretty girl like you commit suicide without attempting to stop her? Not much! You've no business to ride this mare on a curb; and, what's more, you've got to walk home."

She was furiously angry, but words seemed utterly inadequate to the situation. Apparently he treated her like a child; he did not even condescend to argue with her, but simply issued his commands. She walked up to where he stood, and put her hand upon the reins.

The Anzac Takes Command.

"Ruby will be quite quiet with me now," she said. "You needn't bother to hold her any more."

He made no attempt to release his hold of the bridle.

"Remember you've got to walk," he said. "There's to be no hanky-panky. I'm not going to see you killed. By the way, what's your name? Mine's Jim Stratton."

She did not reply to his question; instead her anger flared out.

"How dare you speak to me like that!" she exclaimed.

A broad grin spread itself over his sunburnt face. "My dear little lady, I've got to look after you, since you aren't fit to look after yourself. I've jerked my bad arm stopping your mare, and I don't want to have to do it again. You've got to promise to walk or I'll have to lead the mare back to your stable myself."

For a second she thought of snatching the bridle from his grasp and getting away, but a moment's reflection showed her how madly absurd such a plan would be; to pit her strength with any hope of success against his would be very much like a mouse fighting with a lion. Even in her anger his strength, his savage masterfulness, impressed her. "I want my horse," she stammered.

He looked her full in the face. She was aware that her own eyes were full of tears, but in his there was nothing but laughter—and that haunting expression of admiration that she had detected there from the first.

"Not until you promise," he said firmly.

For a second she hesitated, and then the utter futility of arguing with him dawned upon her. She realised that his will was as hard and tough as the sinews and muscles of his big body—instinctively she knew it, though she had never met a man of his type before. . . . Gordon Kemp would have reasoned quietly and gravely with her—have managed her, and in managing her have made it appear that she was conferring an inestimable favour upon him which he could never hope to repay. . . . But this man . . .

"Very well—I promise," she stammered.

A Promise Broken.

Immediately he released his hold of the bridle.

"Good-bye," he said, and then, after a pause, he added, "I suppose I shan't have the luck to see you again up here?"

She did not answer him, but swung the mare round, turning her back upon him, trying to ignore his very existence, and with her head erect, and one hand holding up the skirt of her habit, she walked away across the downs.

It was not until she had gone some two hundred yards that she glanced back. He was standing there against the skyline like a statue watching her. . . . It angered her that he was watching her—as if he suspected that she would not keep her promise.

And then the question formed itself in her mind—Why should she keep her promise? It had been extracted from her by force, under distress; it was not binding. . . .

Besides, she would like to show this man that he could not go about the world dictating to strangers what they should do.

With the feeling that she was doing something very daring, she halted Ruby and, with great difficulty restraining herself from looking back, clambered up into the saddle. As she did so a stentorian voice hailed her from over the downs.

"Stop—you little idiot—stop!"

She smiled to herself, and then, glancing over her shoulder, saw that he was running with great strides across the turf.

"Come on, Ruby," she said, patting the mare's neck.

At a smart canter she made her way off the downs on to the road, and there, without pausing, rode straight to the school where the committee meeting was being held. As she reached it a little group of ladies and gentlemen came out chatting. She caught sight of Gordon. She had a view of him for a moment standing in the doorway talking to the vicar.

Gordon's Plans.

She knew that he was tactfully explaining how things should be done, and bringing to bear upon the simple problem that had been discussed at the meeting that precise, methodical mind of his that seemed capable of reducing all chaos to order.

They strolled presently towards her, and abruptly she found herself comparing Gordon with the man she had just left—that blunt, discourteous savage who imposed his will upon other people by sheer brute force. What had he said his name was? . . . Jim Stratton. . . . In some way it seemed an appropriate name for him.

She got out of her saddle as Gordon came up, and after shaking hands with the vicar, walked by

sorry I didn't come to the meeting. It was beastly of me when you so particularly wanted me to."

He looked up into her beautiful, flushed face with an expression of pleasure.

"I expect, as a matter of fact, you chose the better part, dearest," he said. "It must have been lovely up on the downs this evening. Did you have a nice ride?"

"Yes," she said, and then stopped abruptly.

Somehow she did not feel that she wanted to tell him about her accident and her meeting with Jim Stratton. He did not notice her hesitation. He had evidently something on his mind.

"Hester," he said, "I wanted to speak to you particularly to-night. It's about our engagement, dearest. We have been engaged now how long?"

"Six months, Gordon," she answered.

"Well, dearest, I had to come to a decision to-day. You see we're so short-handed up at the office that I and I must give more attention to the business. I propose to shut up my house here and move to London."

Hester had an odd feeling that somebody was walking behind her on the opposite side of the road.

"Yes, Gordon?" she questioned abstractedly.

"It would mean that I shouldn't see half as much of you, dearest. . . . And I was wondering, Hester, if you would marry me at once, so that we could both move to London and begin our life together there."

The ready words of consent hung upon her lips, when that sensation of somebody following her made her look round. Across the road her eyes met those of Jim Stratton, and for a fraction of a second his gaze held hers. Her heart began to beat furiously, and she was conscious of a throng of vague, impalpable emotions that frightened her. Those deep-set eyes, with their quality of hard, blue steel, seemed to convey some message to her, some command.

She had always looked forward to her marriage with Gordon as the culmination of her happiness. But now, for no reason that she could disentangle from the complexity of her emotions, she hesitated.

"Gordon," she stammered, half-incoherently, "I—I couldn't marry in such a hurry. . . . I couldn't marry you—yet. I must have more time."

And as she spoke the colour flared up into her cheeks.

(Do not miss Monday's instalment.)

THE LOVE CHEAT.

Serial Story Specially Written for the Daily Sketch.

In Vivian's Arms.

More than a year later a young man, tanned by the heat of Eastern suns, alighted from the train at the village of Cowbrook, and disdaining the one public conveyance placed at his disposal, set out on foot, carrying his valise, along a pleasant country lane.

Within him his heart sang, and his lips formed to a joyous whistling, for he was no less happy and care-free than the soaring lark above his head. Devon gave him of her sweetness and plenitude, the soft dune breezes brushed his cheek, the sunlight smiled at him across the dancing corn. All nature read his secret, all nature made him thrice welcome, not only because he had been a pilgrim, an exile on foreign shores, but because he was a lover to boot, with a merry lilt of mirth to his eye and that expression of eagerness upon his face which a man only carries when he is treading towards the woman he loves.

The birds that sang to Vivian Grant had one theme for their carols, over and over again they chanted "Lau-rette"—"Lau-rette"—"Lau-rette." The sweetest and most musical of any name ever given a maid, and another quarter of a mile would bring him to her feet, to her arms.

Into those pure eyes which he had so often seen dark with trouble and pride he might gaze at will, and know that she was his own, and that she awaited the moment of their embrace with an eagerness that was not less quick and strong than that which sent him on and on through the winding lane.

She had written him by every mail from her Devonshire home. So aptly had she described it that he knew the brown-thatched roof, the garden, and orchard as men know the places in which they were born and reared.

Now there was a stile to cross, then a meadow-land, and a chuckling stream, beyond which was the little white gate of Laurette's home. He heard a spade clip on a stone, and he sighted Uncle Tom at work. Beside him grew a little bush of sweet-briar, and between the leaves Vivian saw Laurette.

She wore a garden hat and a muslin dress of forget-me-not blue. Vivian opened and closed the gate softly, for he meant to take her unawares. She was speaking to Uncle Tom, laughing at him with frank, girlish gaiety.

"You're a dear, naughty, precious old thing; tea is getting cold. When Vivian comes to-morrow I shall make him scold you severely. Oh, Uncle Tom, I say that over and over again in my dreams: 'When Vivian comes!'"

The lover could wait no longer, he strode towards the sweet briar. Laurette heard his steps. She stood on tip-toe, peering over the bush. Their eyes met. Laurette turned rosy red.

"Look! Look!" she cried to Uncle Tom.

When he slowly lifted his body, she had tripped away. He heard her sob tremulously.

"Well, well!" he said. He chuckled a little, for

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FLAGSHIP'S PADRE.



The Rev. George Greig, naval chaplain, saved from the mined flagship H.M.S. Russell, has since died. An all-round athlete, he was formerly attached to Christ Church, Glasgow.

A BEAUTIFUL FIGURE-HEAD.



This striking portrait study of Miss Beatrice Sinclair, the "modern Venus," is reminiscent of the beautiful figure-heads which adorned our ships in olden times.
—(Claude Harris.)

"HALF-PAST EIGHT" BELLES.



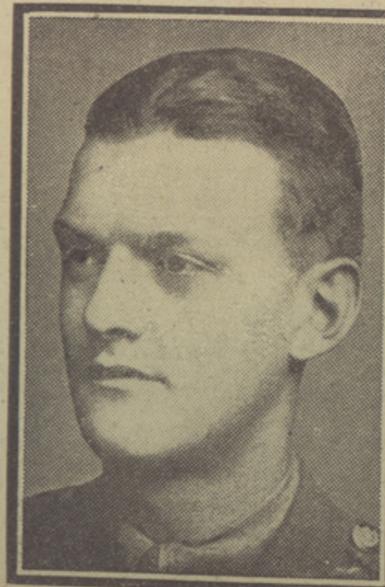
Birdie Courtney and Eileen North, who are appearing in "Half-past Eight," the sparkling revue just produced at the Comedy Theatre.—(Foulsham and Beafield.)

DUBLIN DOCTORS WHO TENDED THE WOUNDED UNDER FIRE.



Doctors Burt, Waiters and Brodrick, who were the first civilian doctors to attend the wounded under fire during the street fighting in the Dublin rebellion.

BARONET AND SUBALTERN WOUNDED.



Sec.-Lieut. Sir Joseph Napier, Bt., South Wales Borderers, wounded. His father was killed in Gallipoli last year.



Sec.-Lieut. G. A. Nicholls, R.F.A., who has been wounded, joined the H.A.C. as a private.