

DAILY SKETCH.

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LONDON, FRIDAY, MAY 12, 1916.

[Registered as a Newspaper.] ONE HALFPENNY.

THE TUBE OF DEATH: A BATTLE SERIAL ON THE ITALIAN FRONT IN 4 VIVID PHOTOGRAPHS.



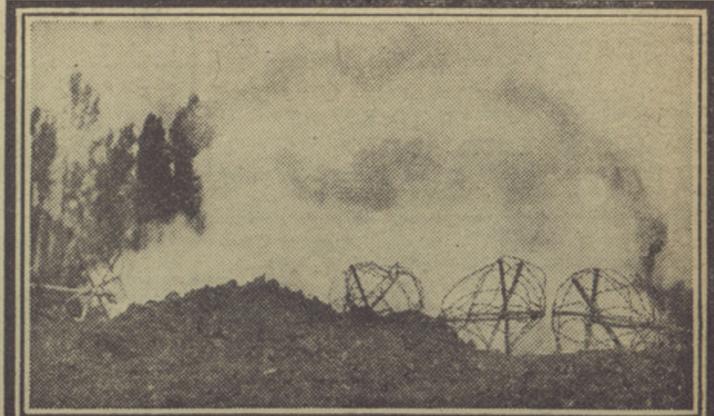
An Italian attacking party, wearing steel helmets and steel protective shields, carry across the stream a long tube of explosive with which to mine the enemy's trenches.



Safely across the stream the daring attackers creep forward with their tube through the thick undergrowth.



A number of expert bomb-throwers, fording the stream knee-deep, follow the attacking party. These remarkable photographs illustrate a new and deadly method of mining enemy trenches which our ingenious Italian Allies have devised in their offensive against the Austrians on the Isonzo front. They utilise for the purpose long tubes filled with explosive. These are borne right up to the attacking point, the tube-carriers being covered by expert bomb-throwers. The firing of the tube hurls death into the enemy's lines, tears up the wire entanglements, and often completely destroys the trenches.



The tube is fired with deadly destruction to the enemy.

—Photographs taken by the L.N.A. staff photographer with the Italian Army, and exclusive to the *Daily Sketch*.

WILL IT BE TOO LATE ONCE MORE?

Red Tape Coiling Round The Home-Saving Scheme.

DETAILS—IN A FORTNIGHT.

60 Commissioners To Wade Through A Million Claims.

The *Daily Sketch* regrets that it has only cold comfort to offer to-day to the hundreds of thousands of harassed husbands who are still waiting for the Government to disclose the terms of its scheme to relieve their financial position.

Inquiries in Whitehall yesterday yielded one fact:—

A statement outlining the scheme will be issued on May 25, if possible.

So that if the Local Government Board can nerve itself for the effort, you will see in the *Daily Sketch* a fortnight hence what may or may not be helpful to you.

WHAT ABOUT THE HOME?

Meanwhile many married men who attested on the understanding that something really effective would be done to help them have already been called to the colours. Thousands more are due to report on May 29, four days after the issue of this problematical statement by the L.G.B. All the available Derby group married men, half a million in number, are now either in khaki or under notice to join. Yet they do not know whether the Government assistance will enable them to keep the home fires burning, or whether the furniture must be sold for firewood prices and the family sent into the cheapest lodgings, or to subsist on the charity of relatives—possibly unwilling relatives.

The plain fact about this cruel business is that Cabinet Ministers and the elderly gentlemen firmly entrenched in the comfortable offices in Whitehall do not realise the precarious financial conditions in which the middle-classes exist.

FROM HAND TO MOUTH.

Thousands of families are so situated that the loss of only a week's salary by the breadwinner means privation. They live, in these expensive times, literally from hand to mouth. The husband's pay is mortgaged up to the last penny.

To take the breadwinner away before he knows what provision will be made for the family is to expose that family at once to privation, debt, and misery. How many families living in decent circumstances in the suburbs could carry on for a month if no money beyond the Army separation allowance were coming in?

A FEW MORE FORMS.

The political correspondent of the *Times* has been permitted to hint at the procedure that will be adopted. When the promised statement by the Local Government Board has been issued, claimants must:—

1. Get a form from the Post Office. This form, it is feared, will be so complicated and voluminous as to make the historic Form IV look as simple as an application for a season ticket.
2. He then sends it to his Local Commissioner, wherever he may be. At present it is intended to appoint only 60 Commissioners, and as there will be at least a million claimants (all married soldiers, Derby recruits or not, can claim) the Commissioners will be lucky—and so will the claimants—if their business is disposed of before the war is over.
3. He must then appear in person before the Commissioner. The hearing will, very rightly, be in private. What will happen if the claimant is by that time in the Army is not very clear. Many wives are not sufficiently well acquainted with their husband's finances to be able to answer the searching questions of a trained lawyer.
4. The next step is with the Commissioner, who will fill up more forms, and make recommendations on each claim to a Central Committee in London.
5. The Central Committee, after mature consideration, will make the necessary grants, if any.

TOO LATE AGAIN?

By that time those who are entitled to relief will probably be in the workhouse.

We can only repeat the advice we gave yesterday. Write to your M.P. (at the House of Commons) now, pressing him to hurry up both the scheme and its administration. The matter is urgent to you; make it urgent to him, and he will apply the pressure in the right place. That, as we said before, is what he is there for.

COMPULSION BILL'S PROGRESS.

The new Compulsion Bill cannot now become law this week. The report stage, and if possible the third reading, will be taken on Monday. After that it has to pass through the House of Lords.

NO MORE SINN FEINERS.

No Sinn Feiners will be employed in the service of the Government, said Lord Lansdowne yesterday.

BOYCOTTING THE SIXPENNY QUART.

Suburban Scheme To Do Without The Dairyman.

Ealing people are taking a keen interest in the *Daily Sketch* controversy: Is there a Milk Trust?

They firmly believe there is a trust, and are taking practical steps to kill it.

They have formed a Milk Consumers' Defence League to resist the imposition of the sixpenny quart, and members are pledged either to boycott the offending dairymen altogether or to use milk only within the narrowest possible limits, treating milk puddings and custards as luxuries that can be done without, and buying condensed milk where milk is absolutely necessary.

"You Needn't Call Again."

Councillor W. E. Marshall, the hon. secretary of the league, writes from 69, Drayton-gardens, West Ealing:—

Thousands of people are either cutting down their consumption or telling the milkmen that they need not call again until milk is reduced to 5d. a quart. The use of condensed milk is becoming very general, and on the Brentham Garden Suburb at Ealing (600 houses) a temporary "Condensed Milk Co-operative Society" has been started, and a house-to-house canvass is taking place urging the people to boycott the milkmen.

Similar leagues are being formed at Acton and Southall, and it may be elsewhere.

With cows relling in the green grass the increased charge is a wicked imposition, and our national welfare demands that it should be strenuously resisted.

Ealing's example, if followed by other localities, would soon bring the dairymen to their senses.

POSTMAN-AUTHOR'S EARLY END.

Could Not Get Exemption, But Not Long In Khaki.

Private Wm Carlyon, of the Welsh Regiment, who has died from pneumonia at Kinmel Park, Rhyl, at the age of 23 years, was a postman, who took to short-story writing.

After seven years' failure he was establishing a magazine reputation, and his widowed mother and sister—aged fifteen—were his amanuenses.

Carlyon invented his plots while going his postal rounds, writing them up in his spare time.

He plodded on without having a story accepted, until his first success redoubled his efforts. Then his further literary output found a ready market.

When called up the postman-author appealed for exemption as the sole support of the family, and on grounds of unfitness.

Exemption was, however, refused, but Carlyon has not lived to be a soldier long, and his mother and sister are naturally disconsolate. He left several manuscripts, which they will publish.

DETECTIVES GOING TO BRING BACK TRIBICH LINCOLN.

Scotland Yard Men Packing Their Valises For The Voyage.

Tribich Lincoln, the ex-M.P. and self-confessed spy, is to be brought back to England.

Chief-Inspector A. Ward, the famous Scotland Yard detective, and Detective-Sergeant Brewer will leave England in the course of the next few days for New York to bring Lincoln to London.

It is expected that Mr. Ward will be back in England by the middle of June, and by the end of that month it is anticipated that Lincoln will be brought for trial at Bow-street on a charge of forgery.

Chief-Inspector Ward, accompanied by Detective-sergeant A. Cooper, it will be remembered, went to New York some months ago for the purpose of bringing Lincoln back to England.

Lincoln, however, had other views on the subject, and declined to come. His determination was strengthened by the fact that by virtue of the international extradition laws he was not obliged



LINCOLN.



CHIEF-INSPECTOR WARD.

to come until a considerable time had elapsed. The English police did not wait but returned to England.

Lincoln spent his time in prison writing a book of his experiences, extracts from which appeared in the *Sunday Herald* and aroused considerable interest.

Three separate charges of forgery are preferred against the ex-M.P., involving sums of £756, £200, and £150.

£20,500 GIFT FOR WOUNDED.

The Auctioneers' and Estate Agents' Institute has given £18,000 for the endowment of rooms in the Permanent Home for Disabled Soldiers at Richmond. This is in addition to the £2,500 given by the institute towards the cost of the site of the Star and Garter.

SOUTH AFRICA'S GIFT TO BRITISH WOUNDED.

£50 Worth Of Finest Fruit Sent Weekly To Field Hospitals.

A LINK IN EMPIRE CHAIN.

Every week the people of South Africa subscribe £50 for the purpose of supplying the British wounded in France with the best fruit that South Africa produces.

Some of the subscribers were fighting against us 15 years ago; many women, too, who send their contributions to the fund are the wives, mothers or sisters of the brave burghers who fought so strenuously for the Boer Republics.

To-day one of their chief desires is to see that Tommy, when wounded, is regaled with fruit for which South Africa is famous. Thus have old wounds healed, and the bonds which unite the Empire been drawn tighter.

Choosing The Best Of The Best.

The money is remitted to the South African Trades Commissioner, Mr. Charles du Plessis Chiappini, and immediately a consignment of South African fruit reaches Covent Garden, where one of his staff, Mr. Richardson, proceeds to Parson and Co.'s premises to search for the best varieties to send to Mr. Thomas Atkins.

There are luscious grapes, grown in the open air, huge juicy pears, peaches, apricots, plums, pineapples, melons, apples, oranges, in fact all the numerous varieties of fruit which South Africa so prolifically produces.

How the wounded appreciate the gift of the people of South Africa can best be gauged from the following extract from a letter written by the matron of No. 22 General Hospital, France, to Mr. Chiappini:—

The fruit was in excellent condition. I have been able to keep it for as long as two weeks after arrival, and have thus had it on hand for our sick patients.

The patients enjoy it more than I can tell you, and I can think of nothing more acceptable to the sick men, just down from the trenches, than these cool, delicious grapes. Please accept my thanks, as well as those of our patients.

"South Africans," said Mr. Chiappini yesterday, "are only too glad to be able to send fruit to the British wounded. Of course, South Africans have an added interest in France now—you see 'Die Springbokken' (South Africans) have now joined the Canadians and the Anzacs over there."

LORD DERBY'S HEIR WOUNDED.

Lord Derby, whose great recruiting services have largely helped to make the Army what it now is, has received news that his soldier-son, Lord Stanley, has been wounded, but happily not seriously. Lord



LORD STANLEY.—(Lafayette.)

Stanley, who is a lieutenant and temporary captain in the Grenadier Guards, attained his majority in July last year.

REV. R. J. CAMPBELL MUST SPEAK.

Congregationalists Think That An Explanation From Him Is Due.

Speaking on "The Validity of the Congregational Ministry" at the City Temple yesterday the Rev. Dr. Jones, of Bournemouth, said it had startled them a little bit when the minister of their leading pulpit left their communion and submitted to reordination.

The motives of Mr. Campbell's change, he thought, were not ecclesiastical, but personal, and their only regret was that he did not state that the change was not due to any doubt he had as to the validity of their ministry.

He really thought that the Rev. R. J. Campbell believed that the Congregational churches were real churches, and their ministers real ministers.

His action, however, had been construed as a reflection on the validity of their ministry, and it had disturbed the faith of some of their young people. He, therefore, thought that perhaps a statement from Mr. Campbell was due.

MILLINER'S SPOILT ROMANCE.

Miss Lottie Lucretia Underwood, a milliner, of Canonbury, London, N., was at the Middlesex Sheriff's Court yesterday awarded £175 damages against Ernest Bowen, a toolmaker, of Reddings-lane, Hall-green, Birmingham, for breach of promise.

Princess Arthur of Connaught left London yesterday for Dalmeny.

SHEEHY SKEFFINGTON SMILED AT DEATH.

Widow's Moving Story Of Her Husband's Last Moments.

DOOMED MAN'S WARNING.

Said Authorities Would Find They Had Made A Mistake.

He refused to be blindfolded, and met death with a smile on his lips, saying before he died that the authorities would find out after his death what a mistake they made. He put his hand to his eyes, and the bullet passed through his hand to his brain.

These moving sentences are a description of the last moments of Mr. Sheehy Skeffington—who was executed in Portobello Barracks, Dublin—



conveyed to his widow from private sources and appended to a long statement by her.

Mrs. Sheehy Skeffington says:—

I last saw my husband on Tuesday evening, April 25, between 5.15 and 5.30, at Westmoreland Chambers. He had called a meeting there to stop looting (see enclosed poster), and was waiting to see if any people would attend same.

On that and the previous day he had been active personally, with help from bystanders, at the same work, and had succeeded in stopping some looting by personal efforts and appeals.

All this there is independent evidence to testify. On Monday afternoon, outside Dublin Castle, an officer was reported bleeding to death in the street, and the crowd being afraid, owing to the firing, to go to his assistance, my husband himself went at imminent danger of his life to drag away the wounded man to a place of safety, to find, however, that by that time the body had been rescued by some soldiers, there being left merely a pool of blood.

This incident can also be corroborated.

THE UNFULFILLED PROMISE.

He stated to me that if none turned up to help on Tuesday at the meeting to prevent looting he would come home as usual to his house at 11, Grosvenor-place. He was afterwards seen by several friends (whose testimony I possess) going home about 6.30.

In the neighbourhood of Portobello Bridge he was arrested, unarmed and unresisting (he never carried or possessed any arm of any description, being, as is well known, a pacifist and opposed to the use of physical force).

He was conducted in military custody to Portobello Barracks, where he was shot without trial on that night or early on the following morning.

No priest was summoned to attend him, no notification was or has since been given to me, his wife, or to his family of his death, and no message written before his death has been allowed to reach me.

Repeated inquiries at the barracks and elsewhere have been met with refusal to answer, and when my sisters, Mrs. Kettle and Mrs. Culhane, called at Portobello Barracks on Thursday, April 27, to inquire they were put under temporary arrest.

"HANDS UP!"

On Friday night, April 28, a large military force surrounded my husband's house in 11, Grosvenor-place, fired without warning on the windows in front, which they burst through without waiting for the door to be opened.

They put myself, my son, aged seven, to whom they shouted "Hands up!" and my maid (the sole occupants) under arrest and remained in the house for over three hours.

They found no ammunition of any kind, but burst locks, etc., and took away with them a large amount of documents, newspapers, letters and books, as well as various personal property (of which details are given).

One officer remarked that this was not a "very exciting search."

[Mrs. Sheehy Skeffington concludes with a demand for a full inquiry, at which she claims to be legally represented, and in a postscript she tells the story of the death scene quoted above. She says that since she wrote the statement her husband's body was dug up from Portobello Barracks and transferred to Glasnevin Cemetery without her knowledge.]

PREMIER GOES TO IRELAND TO SEE FOR HIMSELF.

MR. ASQUITH ON THE WAY TO IRELAND.

794 Civilian Casualties In The Black Week.

KILLED 180, WOUNDED 614.

No More Executions Except For Actual Murder.

FUTURE OF IRELAND.

In the House of Commons last night Mr. Asquith announced that he was going to Ireland at once to consult with the civil and military authorities.

This announcement was made in reply to a bitter and passionate speech by Mr. Dillon on the secret trials and executions, by which, he said, the loyalty of friends was being embittered and the Irish people was being maddened.

Mr. Asquith pointed out that the casualties to civilians in Ireland were, up to May 9—

Killed	180
Wounded	614

Total 794

As against these figures the total number of rebels executed have only been so far 13. Mr. Tennant, however, gave the following figures yesterday afternoon :

Executed	14
Sentenced to death, but not executed	2
Penal servitude	73
Imprisonment with hard labour	6
Deported	1,706

The following figures were given of the casualties to the ambushed Sherwood Foresters :

Killed in Dublin—	
Officers	6
Other ranks	24
Wounded—	
Officers	15
Other ranks	142
Missing	9

Total 196

"TRAGEDY ALMOST COMPLETED."

Mr. Asquith On Sympathy For Gallant Young English Soldiers.

After the passionate outburst of Mr. Dillon in the House of Commons yesterday, attacking the Government's policy in suppressing the revolt in Ireland, Mr. Asquith made the announcement that he was going to Ireland himself in a few hours. He said:—

In dealing with the misguided men concerned in the rebellion, it was not a question of revenge or reprisals; but when they remembered those gallant young English soldiers who had lost their lives, and the sorrowing homes to which they belonged, they could not let their sympathy go out entirely to the misguided insurrectionists. (Cheers.)

NO FURTHER DEATH SENTENCES.

There were still two other cases of men under sentence of death, both of whom signed the proclamation and took an active part in the rebellion in Dublin. He did not see his way, and the Government did not see its way, to interfere with the decision of Sir J. Maxwell—that the extreme penalty must be paid. (Cheers.)

If it was justifiable in the case of the other five persons who were similarly situated, it would be extremely difficult to discriminate in favour of the two. (Cheers.)

He was glad to think that that practically completed the tragedy.

As far as the Government and the Commander-in-Chief knew, there would be no other case in which the extreme penalty would be necessary, except in the case of proved murder, where a trial would be held in open Court. (Cheers.)

As to the continuance of martial law, it was very desirable that the present condition of things in Ireland should cease at the earliest possible moment.

He had come to the conclusion that it was his duty without delay to go to Ireland, if possible in the course of the next few hours, without any intention of superseding the executive authority there, but for the purpose of consulting with the civil and the military authorities and arriving at some decision as to the immediate future of Ireland.

tion to maintain law and order, and their resolution to prosecute the war; and that they should seize the opportunity if they could to develop these potential sentiments to the full, and to put upon one side many of the controversies of other days, so that they could unite Ireland herself and Ireland as a constituent part of the Empire into the common task which absorbed the energies and hopes of all of them. (Loud cheers.)

MR. DILLON'S OUTBURST.

"Insane Policy Of Bloody Executions And Arrests."

Mr. Dillon's tirade in the House of Commons yesterday on the Government's policy in repressing the rebellion was to the following effect:—

If Ireland were governed by men out of Bedlam they could not pursue a more insane policy than was being applied at the present time by the continuance of executions and the arrest of men in districts which had remained absolutely loyal.

Mr. Dillon concluded with the following outburst:—

It would be a damned good thing if your soldiers were able to put up as good a fight as the rebels—3,000 against 20,000, with machine-guns and artillery.

Mr. Timothy Healy, in congratulating the Prime Minister on his decision to go to Ireland, considered that those who had had the task of governing Ireland had been grossly misled by some of his own countrymen.

Referring to the shooting of Mr. Skeffington, Mr. Healy said the terrible facts connected with it would never be forgotten while years grew and water ran.

The officer concerned was not an Englishman but an Irishman.

MR. ASQUITH ON THE WAY.

Quiet Departure From Euston Station For Ireland Last Night.

Mr. Asquith left Euston Station for Ireland last night. He was accompanied by his private secretary (Mr. Bonham Carter), who, just before the train left, told a *Daily Sketch* representative that the Prime Minister could not then say when he would return.

The Premier's departure was very quiet and unceremonious. Mrs. Bonham Carter came to the station to see her father and her husband off, and as the train left the station a cheer was called for the Premier, and heartily given by a small group.

TRIALS AND SENTENCES.

General Maxwell's Tribute To Loyalty Of The Dublin Priests.

From Our Special Correspondent.

DUBLIN, Thursday. The following further results of the trials by Field General Court-Martial are officially announced:—

Sentenced to death and sentence commuted to penal servitude by General Officer Commanding-in-Chief:—

Edward de Valera, penal servitude for life; John McArdle, three years' penal servitude; C. O'Donovan, five years' penal servitude; John Shoultice, five years' penal servitude; Thomas Ashe, penal servitude for life; Frank Lawless, 10 years' penal servitude; James Lawless, 10 years' penal servitude.

Sentenced to penal servitude and confirmed by the General Officer Commanding-in-Chief:—

Richard Hayes, twenty years; Harry James Boland, ten years (five years remitted); Gerard Crofts, ten years (five years remitted); Frank Drennan, twenty years (ten years remitted).

Sentenced to imprisonment with hard labour, Charles O'Neill, one year.

The trials for the murder of Head Constable Rowe took place at Cork on May 4, with the following results: William Kent, acquitted; Thomas Kent, found guilty and sentenced to death. Finding and sentence were confirmed, and the execution took place on Tuesday.

The trials by court-martial of those who took an active part in the rising in Dublin are practically finished; those arrested in the provinces are now being dealt with.

General Maxwell has sent a letter to the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin expressing his appreciation of the services and fidelity of the priests during the disturbances, and asking for the names of those who had displayed special gallantry and devotion.

Archbishop Walsh has replied that it would be invidious to mention special names where all had displayed devotion in the ministrations.

De Valera is said to be of Spanish-American extraction, but went to school a few years ago at Blackrock College, Dublin.

LONDON MAN SHOT.

A London superintendent of the Prudential Insurance Company was amongst the civilians who lost their lives during the fighting in Dublin.

Mr. Richard Butler, of Archwood-road, Stamford Brook, Hammersmith, went to Dublin to spend the Easter holidays. Since his arrival there no news had been received until the widow on Wednesday received an intimation that he was shot in Phoenix Park on April 26, whilst fighting was in progress.

A GAVAN DUFFY TO DIRECT CASEMENT'S DEFENCE.

Solicitor-Son Of One-Time Rebel And Statesman.

Mr. Gavan Duffy, the solicitor, has been retained to defend Sir Roger Casement at his trial for high treason, the preliminary proceedings of which open on Monday morning at Bow-street Police Court.

Up to the present no counsel has been briefed. Mr. Gavan Duffy is the son of the late Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, who was one of the Young Ireland leaders in 1848.

Mr. Charles Gavan Duffy, as he then was, served a short term of imprisonment, and afterwards went to Australia, where he became Premier of South Australia, and in due course became Sir Charles Gavan Duffy.

He was one of the most popular Premiers Australia ever elected.

RAIDS AND MINES.

Advantage With Our Soldiers On The Flanders Front.

British Official News.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, FRANCE.

Thursday, 10.35 p.m.

The enemy made an unsuccessful attempt to raid our trenches near Ovillers last night.

To-day there has been some mining activity near Beaumont-Hamel and Fricourt, both sides blowing camouflages. The advantage remains with us.

Artillery on both sides has been active about Angres and to the south-east of Ypres.

At the Hohenzollern Redoubt a severe mutual bombardment developed this afternoon.

ATTACKS REPULSED BY BAYONET.

French Official News.

Thursday Afternoon.

In the Champagne [between Rheims and Verdun] our destructive fire demolished a German trench over a length of about 100 yards south-east of Tahure.

On the left bank [Paris side] of the Meuse there was a somewhat active artillery struggle in the region of the Avocourt Wood.

On the right bank a German attack delivered about 2 o'clock in the morning against our positions west of the Vaux Pool [near Douaumont] was repulsed at the point of the bayonet and with grenades.

ACTIVE ARTILLERY DUELS.

PARIS, Thursday, 11 p.m.

In the region of Verdun there have been very active artillery duels in the sector of Avocourt, and there has been a violent bombardment of our positions in the Bois de la Caillette and of our second lines on the right bank.

There have been some artillery rafales in the Woeyre.

There is no important event to record on the rest of the front except the usual cannonade.—Reuter.

SCOTT DUCKERS COURT-MARTIALLED

James Scott Duckers, chairman of the London Stop-the-War Committee, was court-martialled at Winchester yesterday for refusing to put on uniform.

He said: "No doubt it is difficult for persons brought up in a military atmosphere to appreciate my views, or even to appreciate that they are sincere. I do not admit that I am under military law, but if you decide against me I hope to serve whatever sentence you may pass and renew my protest when I come out again. I should like to add that while at Winchester I have been treated with the greatest courtesy by the military authorities."

Finding and sentence will be announced later.

LAST GROUPS CALLED UP.

Proclamations were posted in South London yesterday calling to the Colours the remaining groups of married men, groups 42 to 46 inclusive. The proclamation is dated May 13, and the date on which the groups will begin to be called up is June 13. There is also a proclamation calling up men of the 24th group "as and when they attain the age of 19 years."

£9,850 FOR TWO PICTURES.

Two of the pictures from the collection of the late Mr. Thomas Barratt, of Pears Soap fame, were sold at Christie's yesterday. "The Vale of Clwyd," by David Cox, which 25 years ago sold for £4,500, now realised £4,600. Landseer's famous canvas "The Monarch of the Glen," which was sold in 1894 for 6,900 guineas and in 1894 for 6,000 guineas, made 5,000 guineas. The sale of the

5 a.m. Edition.

"WE CANNOT STARVE GREAT BRITAIN."

Abject Confession Of German Chancellor.

"U-BOATS A MISTAKE."

Not Worth Going To War With United States.

The German Imperial Chancellor, von Bethmann-Hollweg, has confessed the failure of the U-boat campaign and its practical abandonment in a remarkable speech to the Reichstag Committee.

The speech was made in secret session last Friday; but all the essential points, says a Wireless Press message from Berne, became known in political circles in Berlin within 48 hours of its delivery, and the following brief summary of the Chancellor's thirty minutes' speech may be accepted as unquestionably authentic:—

We have one aim and one duty, namely, to win the war. Therefore, any policy which endangers our victory must be avoided.

The overwhelming majority of expert opinion regards a rupture of relations with America as a grave peril. The political, military and naval aspects are problems which have been carefully considered.

It has been decided that the advantages of unrestricted submarine warfare do not balance the disadvantages of war with America.

A great mistake has been committed in overstating the value of the submarine campaign against England. Our naval experts no longer believe in the probability of reducing England to starvation and ruin by submarines, even if the war lasts for another two years.

"It is true these instruments can inflict a frightful amount of damage; but this damage would be insufficient to outweigh the danger to ourselves of America's hostility.

"It is folly to underestimate the consequences of a conflict with America, nor should we risk only America's enmity. Our information leads us to believe that other neutrals might follow America's lead.

"I repeat the Imperial Government have weighed every factor, and are convinced of the necessity for avoiding a breach with America.

FREE TO TEAR IT UP.

"These are the hard facts of the present situation. We have worded a reply such as may reserve future liberty of action.

"If the situation changes we may cancel our concession to America and resume unrestricted submarine operations; but for the present we must overcome our feeling and pursue the policy most conducive to a final victory over all our enemies.

"Those who, doubtless, with the best intentions, denounce our prudence as weakness play our foes' game."

THE PRINCE HOME AGAIN.

Last night's Court Circular announces that the Prince of Wales, attended by the Hon. Sir Sidney Greville, arrived at Windsor Castle last evening.

TABLES TURNED ON THE TURKS.

Russian Official News.

PETROGRAD, Thursday.

In the fighting in the region west of Ashkalin (Caucasus) the Turks surrounded our detachment formed of reserve soldiers. These reservists, taken into captivity by the Turk, preferring a glorious death to shameful surrender, with their non-commissioned officers at their head, fell upon the Turkish escort, vanquished it, and forced it to join their brave regiment.—Reuter.

AN ITALIAN SUCCESS.

Italian Official News.

ROME, Thursday.

In the Plezzo Basin our Alpini by a vigorous attack took by assault the strongly fortified line of trenches and redoubts on the summit of Mount Cukla and on the slopes east of Mount Rombon.

We took 123 prisoners, including four officers, four machine-guns, a good number of rifles, and a large quantity of munitions and other war material.—Reuter.

GOOD NEWS FOR SCARBOROUGH.

Mr. A. J. Balfour has telegraphed to the Mayor of Scarborough that the general considerations set forth in his letter to the Mayor of Yarmouth are applicable to the East Coast. This refers to pro-

Relief For Married Recruits.



That wolf of worry is still at the door—a word from the Government would kill it!—(Copyright by Will Dyson.)

SOCIETY WOMEN AS GAIETY ACTRESSES AT TO-DAY'S CHARITY MATINEE.



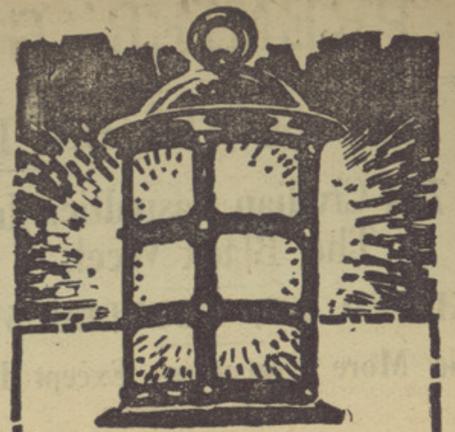
The Hon. Joan Poynder, daughter of Lord Islington, is another of the fair Society actresses appearing at to-day's matinee.—(Compton Collier.)



The Countess of Lytton, for whose war hospital the Gaiety matinee has been organised. Many well-known Society women are helping.—(Val L'Estrange.)



Lady Moira Osborne, daughter of the Duke of Leeds, will appear in "Ariadne in Mantua" at to-day's matinee at the Gaiety.—(Val L'Estrange.)



LAMP DAY TO-DAY FRIDAY

(FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE'S BIRTHDAY)

PLEASE HELP
WOMEN'S SERVICE
IN WAR TIME

by giving freely
to the Funds of

The Women's Service Bureau
The Women's Emergency Corps
and
The British Women's Hospital
(Star & Garter)

SINCE August, 1914, the response of women to the call for their patriotic service has been magnificent. That call grows greater and the need for their work more urgent day by day. The Women's Service Bureau, the Women's Emergency Corps, and the British Women's Hospital are meeting a great part of that need. To help them

A STREET COLLECTION is being held TO-DAY.

If you live outside the Metropolitan area, please send a little money to 58, Victoria Street, London, S.W.

Cross cheques or P.O.'s, "London County and Westminster Bank" (Victoria Branch), and make payable to any of the following Honorary Treasurers:—

THE DUCHESS of MARLBOROUGH
THE LADY COWDRAY
THE HON. MRS. SPENCER GRAVES.

BUY
A
LAMP
TO-DAY

OUR DUTY TO IRELAND.

TO govern a country justly and wisely it is first necessary to understand it. Most of the people who are raving about what should be done to the Irish rebels seem to have no notion what sort of nation Ireland is. At this stage of the proceedings we shall do well to consider a few facts.

THE first is that if, on the initiative of Plunket and Wyndham, following in the footsteps of Parnell, we had not reformed the Land Laws, and if, above all, Home Rule were not a foregone conclusion, Ireland as a nation would not be our ally in this war. That is a fact. You may like it, or dislike it, but it is a fact. The Irish as a race could never have been pro-German, their instincts, their traditions, their ideals, all forbid it, and doubtless thousands of them would have fought as volunteers in the French Army. But had not what the great mass of Irishmen consider to be plain justice to Ireland been virtually granted, she would not have been, as she undoubtedly is, our loyal ally in this war.

EVEN as it was, Germany marvelled. Knowing that her own word is worthless, she could not understand how Ireland could have faith in our word, and on the strength of it could forget all ancient rancours and fight side by side and back to back with her old enemy. To Ireland's eternal honour she did this, and I am sure we shall not prove unworthy of her trust.

BUT we are, as you will see, in a curious position. When we suppressed the Dublin revolt we were acting on behalf of a Parliament not yet sitting at College Green. It was the firm support of Mr. Redmond, the Irish party, and the mass of the Irish nation, and that alone, which gave us, in the eyes of Irishmen, the right to act. Granted that, and since most of her fighters were out at the front, it was very natural we should take her recalcitrants in hand.

YET it behoves us to walk warily. We must carry the body of Irish people with us in whatever we do. And if we treat the rebels mercilessly we shall not carry the body of Irish opinion with us.

A PARALLEL instance is the case of the South African rebellion, a good example is the behaviour of General Botha. Do you think South Africa is more or less loyal now because of this clemency? To put it on no higher level, generosity always pays with a brave race.

IT is true that we have now most of the rifles which should never have been allowed in Ireland—whether they were intended for Carsonites, for Nationalists, or for Sinn Feiners. But though we have little to fear in a military way from any further disturbances, we should not like to hold Ireland as Germany holds Poland, by force of arms.

THAT the prime plotters of rebellion against Ireland should suffer death was only just. But after that let there be an end! To the rank and file let us be generous. It is stated that Redmond and Carson are in agreement on this point, as they were agreed in condemnation of the revolt. To anybody who knows Ireland this is not remarkable, and nobody but a fool would ignore its significance.

THE support of Ireland has been of tremendous value to us; and the only proper acknowledgment of that support and of the great deeds done by the Irish regiments at the front is a general amnesty to the rank and file of the rebels.

IN view of these facts, it is hardly necessary to add that compulsion can never be applied to Ireland in defiance of Irish opinion.



Echoes of the Town.

Premier's Olive Branch—Caricature By Grace Gifford—Taximen Again—Parks not Flowerless.

Premier's Dramatic Decision.

MR. ASQUITH'S resolve to go to Dublin to examine the whole Irish tangle on the spot is well received by members of all parties. His decision was a great dramatic stroke, only comparable to that he made when he took charge of the War Office after the Curragh affair. But the great significance attaching to the Premier's visit to Ireland is to be found in the co-operation he is likely to receive from Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Redmond. These two gentlemen, more than the Premier, hold peace or war in their hands so far as Irish affairs are concerned.

Is It Home Rule?

IT LOOKS as if the vacancies for a Lord Lieutenant and Irish Secretary will remain unfilled. Mr. Asquith held out a vision of a new form of Irish government, in which he plainly desired both North and South to take part. Merely as a war device it would be wise to let Irishmen govern Ireland. As I have said, an Irishman will lose no time in applying forcible methods to his own people, although he strongly objects to a Scotsman or an Englishman doing so.

Mr. Dillon's Emotion.

MR. DILLON did not make, I am told, a good impression on the House. His political battles have been fought so much in the past, in the bad old days of coercion and the land agitation, that many of his phrases were coloured by the views of those times. The long Irish memory, as I wrote yesterday, is not a profitable quality nowadays. But the veteran Nationalist member looked old and wan, and he was obviously deeply moved by the unhappy occurrences across St. George's Channel.

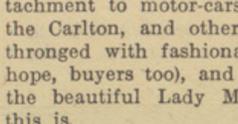
The Irish Commission.

THERE is little real complaint of the constitution of the Irish Commission. The Government's trouble was to find three men of standing whom malice itself could not connect with any of the Irish parties, and on the whole it has found them. The best choice is Monty Shearman, fairest and most imperturbable of men. He will get to the bottom of the facts, and will not be afraid to put his opinion on record, however damaging it may be to this or that personality.

Lamp Day.

OF COURSE, to-day is a "day." In fact, it is "Lamp Day," and the birthday of Florence Nightingale, whose statue in Waterloo-place I noticed workmen were furbishing yesterday. The opportunity will be seized for another bout of polite piracy, and the streets will be full of fair dames and damsels selling miniature lamps. They (the lamps) will be priced at one penny, threepence and one shilling, these last being suitable for attachment to motor-cars. The Ritz, the Berkeley, the Carlton, and other well-known spots will be thronged with fashionably-dressed sellers (and, I hope, buyers too), and among the former will be the beautiful Lady Mainwaring, whose portrait this is.

—(Val L'Estrange.)



Summer Time.

PERHAPS "Lamp Day" is a concession to the Daylight Saving Bill, although possibly "Lamp Night" would have been more appropriate. Anyway, there would have been no difficulty about choosing a "Damp Day."

The Land Of Nod.

QUAINT THAT the Summer-Time (Daylight Saving) Bill was read for the second time in the House of Commons exactly at 3.29 a.m. yesterday, secured, as one journal had it, by a nod from Mr. Herbert Samuel. The same journal further announced, with characteristic terseness and brevity, that "the daylight had just arrived to witness the spectacle."

Covent Garden Pigeons.

DESPITE the stress of war, restricted trade, and shortage of labour, Covent Garden finds time to take interest in the home life of two wood-pigeons, who have taken quarters on one of the steel spans in the main market. In no way discommoded by the noise of the Fruit Rialto, the wood-pigeons are rearing a brood, and Covent Garden is anxiously speculating upon the date when the squabs will make their first public appearance.

One Of Our Visitors.

TOM TITT has just returned from seeing his fellow Pole, Count Wielopolski, one of the Russian Council of Empire now on a visit to London, with the accompanying result. The Count, who is staying at Claridge's, is a grand-nephew of the great Polish statesman, Marquis Alexander Wielopolski. The W. family is very ancient, and the head of it bears the title Marquis Wielopolski Gowzaga Myszkowski—why I don't quite know. Tom Titt interviewed Count What-I-have-just-written when the latter was in his dressing-gown, and the soft collar beneath—reproduced in the drawing—has given the Count the appearance of a Spanish grandee a la Velasquez.



Taxi Tricks.

THE TAXI tyrant is at it again. A woman relative of mine, arriving at Charing Cross, wanted a taxi for a six-mile journey. The first man she engaged demanded "half fare back." Being wise in the ways of travel, she declined and got out. The next man accepted readily enough. The first (to her intense satisfaction) had to make his way to the tail of the rank, looking unutterable things.

Little Trials Of The 'Bus Girl.

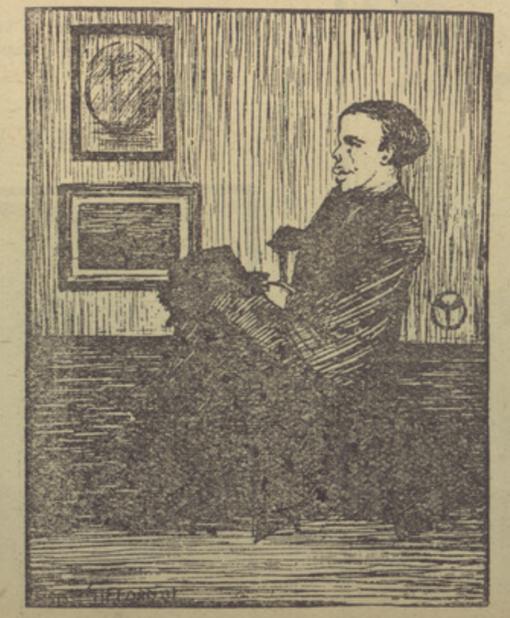
THE DEAR old Lady was taking the air on the top of a 'bus. For a twopenny fare she tendered a pound note. The conductress couldn't change it. Much search in an ancient reticule produced a penny and a halfpenny stamp, a farthing (which the dear old lady thought was a sixpence), and a ten-shilling note. The girl thought she could manage that, and counted out the change. Then the dear old thing remembered the sixpence she had put in her glove!

Spring In The Park.

HOW ODD it is that people keep writing little paragraphs about the park being flowerless and so on this year. A very short walk north of The Row shows that although bedding is less than usual, it is going on. The park is rapidly approaching its best. The bluebells near the Dell are in full flower, in some favoured spots the white chestnuts are fully out, and the red are beginning to show signs. Colour is appearing in the may trees, too, and all the flowering trees and shrubs are doing their duty.

Grace Gifford's Caricatures.

I HAVE just been looking at some caricatures by Grace Gifford, who married Joseph Plunkett on the eve of his execution. I found them in a volume of Irish Miscellany, the "Shanachie," which is now some years old. Mr. Orpen, whose portrait of Grace Gifford was reproduced the other



day, is one of them, and Padraic Colum, the Irish poet, another. The caricatures are quite striking, but more unpleasant looking than most work of this kind. There is a suggestion of deformity about them which no doubt adds to this impression. This is her view of Orpen.

Fabulous Profits.

I AM TOLD that some of the more unscrupulous "flash" jewellers are making fabulous profits out of their sales to women and girls engaged in munition work, who haven't the faintest notion of the true value of the unaccustomed ornaments they are buying. I have just heard of a woman who had taken a situation in one of these places as saleswoman, but soon left in disgust when she found what was going on.

Now And After.

IN PRE-WAR days there were quite a score or more of Bohemian dining clubs that used to meet regularly. Many of them had queer names, and just as queer customs and ritual. Most are in a state of suspended animation for the period of the war, but it is expected that the friendships made in the trenches will lead to many such clubs being formed "when the boys come home."

Ernest Thesiger's Water-Colours.

A VERSATILE person is Ernest Thesiger. In the old peace days I used to see him, clad gorgeously, arranging cotillions at fancy dress balls. Then he went out to Flanders as a private when war broke out, was wounded, invalided out of the Service, and started to act in farce. As the cadaverous Sunday-school teacher in "A Little Bit Of Fluff," at the Criterion, he made a great hit, and his scenes with Ruby Miller made, and are making, all London laugh. His latest activity is an exhibition of water-colours, painted, of course, by himself. This will open at the Modern Galleries, New Bond-street, on May 17. I hear wonderful accounts of Thesiger's prowess in this direction.



Drury Lane Revue.

THE DRURY LANE revue will be a most stupendous affair in every possible way. I hear that the rent to be paid for the theatre will not be far short of £1,000 per week, and chorus girls are being hired literally in hundreds. It's a big venture, and I only hope Albert de Courville's luck will carry him through, and that he and others will get their money back. If George Formby, with his quaint Wigan croak and essentially *intime* style, "gets over" at the Lane it will be a feather in that battered bowler of his.

George.

WHICH reminds me. Why do eminent comedians almost invariably answer to the name of George? We have George Graves, George Robey, George Grossmith, George Formby, George Huntley, George Mozart, George French, George Lashwood, and many other Georges. Not all of them are funny, though.

The Filmonic Hall.

THE PAVLOVA FILM at the Philharmonic (Filmonic?) Hall is an artistic affair with some moments of beauty and others of superlative dullness. It is called "The Dumb Girl of Portici," and if you want to know what happens to the dumb one go and see. The Princess Royal was witnessing (Royalty always "witnesses") the film on Wednesday afternoon, attended by Lord Farquhar, and Lady Alexander, who deserves the title of "The Programme Queen," was indefatigable at her usual job. The proceeds on this occasion were devoted to Lady (Arthur) Paget's Million Pound Fund for homes for our disabled fighting men.

Byrd Page.

I'M SORRY to hear of the sudden death of my old friend Dr. Byrd Page, the famous prestidigitateur (number of syllables uncertain). He was taken ill on Wednesday afternoon, removed to Charing Cross Hospital, and died in a few hours. Byrd Page was a familiar figure in the West End, and a good deal more than just a clever conjurer. He had a rather curious personality, a Mephistophelean appearance, and all sorts of weird theories about all sorts of subjects, but he was a likeable soul, and children adored him, the greatest test of all.

A Way They Have In America.

"THE BIRTH OF A NATION" dies the death to-morrow as far as Drury Lane is concerned, but it has enjoyed, for a film, quite a remarkable run. Mr. Burlock tells me Mr. David Wark Griffith, who produced "The B. of a N.," which cost £100,000, is busy on another film which is to cost £300,000. It's a way they have in U.S.A.

TUBS FOR TOMMY AT THE FRONT.



A café chantant was held at Prince's Restaurant yesterday in aid of the "Tubs for Tommy" scheme. There was a fashionable attendance.—(Daily Sketch.)

PRINCESS LOUISE.



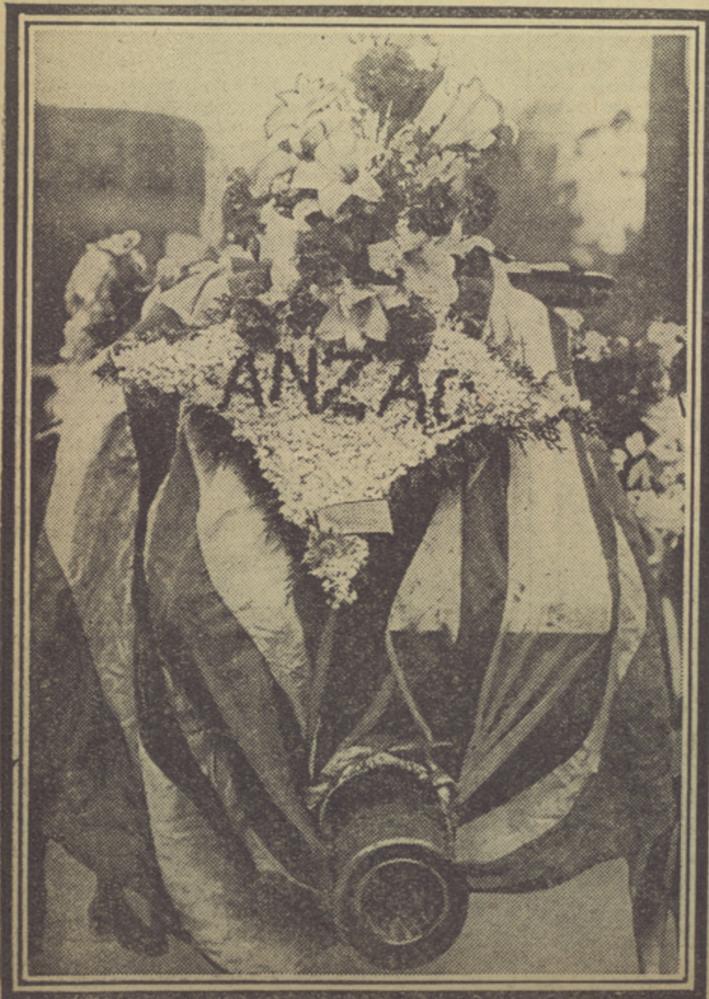
The Princess Louise leaving Hyde Park-place after opening the hospital for Canadian officers yesterday.—(Daily Sketch.)

THE HEROINE OF



Miss Louisa Nolan, the pretty daughter of a retired rebel at Dublin to give a wounded soldier a drink of whisky. No wonder they called her the heroine of the day.

A HERO OF GALLIPOLI.



The funeral of Private Richard Watson, 1st Battalion A.I.F., at Dulwich yesterday. The coffin was covered with flowers sent by his Anzac comrades.

LADY JELLCOE'S GUARD OF HONOUR.



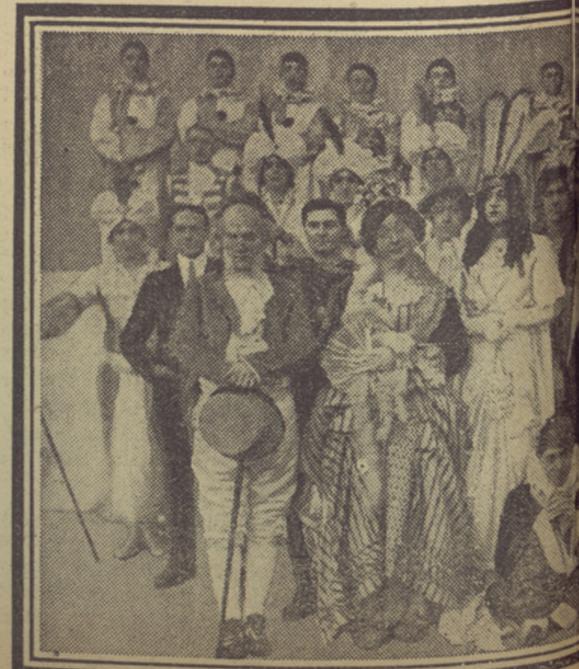
Boys of the Arethusa training ship served as the guard of honour to Lady Jellicoe at the annual meeting yesterday of the subscribers to the ship.

THRICE-WOUNDED BRIDEGROOM.



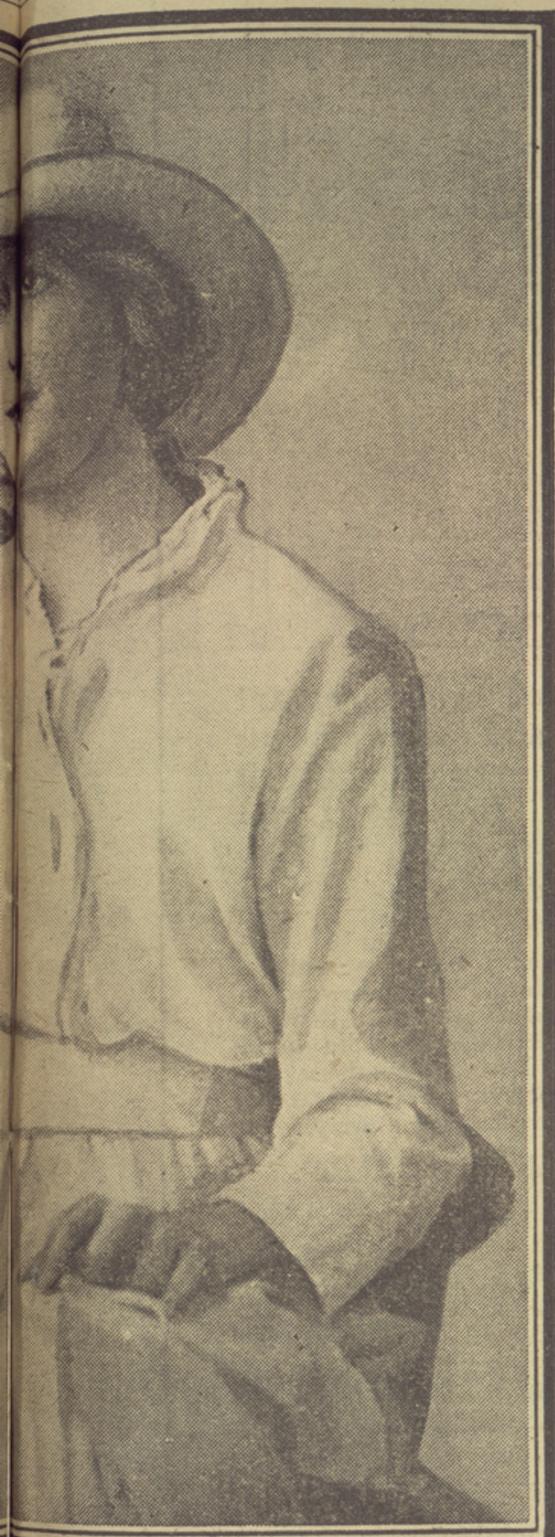
Trooper Frank Stockwell, 10th Hussars, who was wounded three times in German South West Africa, was married yesterday to Miss Lily Rayner at St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens.

"BEAUTY" CHORUS OF FIFTEEN



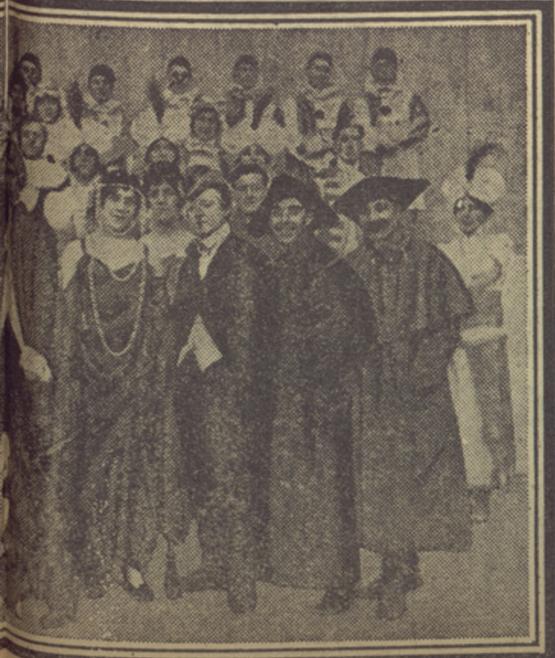
Not a London revue company but a group of our gallant girls made up for a theatrical performance. The company has been selected for a tour.

THE REBELLION.



R.I.C. inspector, who braved the fire of the Irish water. Then she ran away without disclosing her "the bravest colleen in Ireland."

FIGHTING MEN AT RUHLEBEN.



fighters in the Ruhleben prison camp in Germany, a "beauty" chorus of which the "lady" with the

THE SELF-INVITED GUEST.



A little "Red Cross" girl, meeting a car on the Brighton road, invites herself to a ride with convalescent Tommy.

THE RUSSIAN'S EASTER KISS



The Russian nurse gives her soldier patient the traditional Easter greeting—a kiss and egg, accompanying the words, "He has risen."

THEY WERE RESCUED FROM THE MINED RUSSELL.



Some of the survivors of H.M.S. Russell, which was mined in the Mediterranean. This photograph was taken within three hours of their rescue, and shows them on a hospital ship.—(Daily Sketch Exclusive Photograph.)

WORKING FOR TOMMY.



A woman worker in a large flour mill used solely for Army purposes shovelling grain from a barge.

THE VETERAN'S WISH



Bill Evans, a Cornish veteran, in spite of his eighty years, wishes he could help the lads in the trenches. He carries his age well.

A LINK WITH DISRAELI.

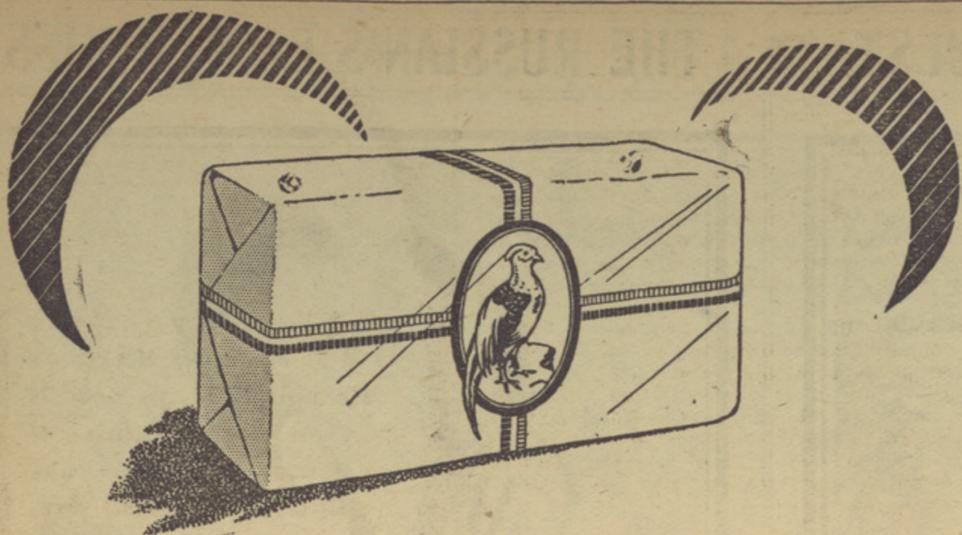


Mr. William Faucett was one of Disraeli's election workers at Maidstone in 1837. He is now 101 and still hale and hearty.

AUTOGRAPHS IN SILK.



Corporal Keye, a wounded Argyll Highlander, working over in silk notable autographs inscribed on a tablecloth to be sold for the Red Cross.



In 1/2 lb. Packages

Not only the best at 1/- per pound, but best at any price.

For its purity, flavour, and quality, Pheasant Margarine is absolutely incomparable.

PHEASANT MARGARINE

See packet with red, white, and blue riband and Pheasant seal.

1/-

PER LB.

Ask your Grocer or Provision Merchant for it to-day.

GAINS 22 POUNDS in 23 DAYS.

Remarkable Experience of F. Gagnon—Builds Up Weight Wonderfully.

"I was all run down to the very bottom," writes F. Gagnon. "I had to quit work, I was so weak. Now—thanks to Sargol—I look like a new man. I gained 22 pounds in 23 days."
 "Sargol has put 10 pounds on me in 14 days," states W. D. Roberts. "It has made me sleep well, enjoy what I ate, and enabled me to work with interest and pleasure. I am stronger than I have been in 20 years."



A Plump, Strong, Robust Body.

"Before I took Sargol people called me 'scraggy,' but now my name is changed. My whole figure is different, my face is plump and full, my body is stout. Have gained 15lbs., and am gaining yet. I look like a new man," declared another gentleman who had just finished the Sargol treatment.
 Would you, too, like to quickly put from 10 to 30lbs. of good, solid, healthy "stay there" flesh and muscular tissue between your skin and bones, and increase your strength in like proportion? Don't say it can't be done. Try it. A large trial box, costing only 3s., can be had from Boots or any other first-class Chemist. It will last you over a week, and will do you more good than a month at the seaside.
 More than half a million thin men and women have gladly made this test, and that Sargol does succeed, does make thin folks fat, even where all else has failed, is best proved by the thousands of testimonials we are constantly receiving. No drastic diet, flesh creams, massage, oils or emulsions, but a simple, pleasant, harmless home treatment that will give you more strength and build you up quickly and surely.
 If your Chemist cannot supply you send direct to the Sargol Company, Dept. 97, Carlton House, Great Queen-street, London, W.C.

THEATRES.
APOLLO.—"PEG O' MY HEART." Daily, 2.30. Evenings, Weds., Fris., and Sats., 8.15. Transferring to St. James's Monday Next. Matinee 2.30.
COMEDY.—Sole Lessee, Arthur Chudleigh. Nightly 8.30. Mat. Mon., Fri. and Sat., 2.30. "HALF-PAST EIGHT."
DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL.—Last week of D. W. Griffith's Mighty Spectacle "The Birth of a Nation." LAST FOUR PERFORMANCES. Prices, 1s to 7s. 6d. Tel. 2588 Gerrard.
GLOBE.—Every Evening at 8.30. "THE SHOW SHOP." "BE SURE AND SEE THE SHOW SHOP SHOW. NOTHING BUT LAUGHTER."—Times.
LONDON OPERA HOUSE, Kingsway.—Daily, 2.15 and 7.45. Robert Courtneidge's Co. in "THE PEARL GIRL," and Harry M. Vernon's "JINGLE BELLS." Both attractions at all performances. 6d. to 7s. 6d. (Sats. 1s. to 7s. 6d.)

ALHAMBRA.—"THE BING BOYS ARE HERE"
 Mr. OSWALD STOLL presents
 George Grossmith and Edward Laurillard's new Revue. GEORGE ROBNEY, ALFRED LESTER, VIOLET LORRAINE, etc. Evgs., 8.30. Varieties 8.15. Mat. Weds., Thurs., Sats., 2.15.
COLISEUM. 2.30 and 8 p.m.
 Mlle. ADELIN GENEVE and Co. in "THE PRETTY PRENTICE." CICELY COURTNEIDGE and Jack Hulbert, CLARICE MAYNE, MARK SHERIDAN, FRASER GANGE, SAM STERN, etc. Gerrard 7541.
HIPPODROME, London.—Twice Daily, 2.30, 8.30 p.m. New Revue, "JOYLAND!" SHIRLEY KELLOGG, HARRY TATE, and Super Beauty Chorus. Phone Ger. 650.
LONDON OPERA HOUSE, KINGSWAY.
 TWICE DAILY 2.15 and 7.45 p.m.
 Both Attractions at all Performances.
 Robert Courtneidge's Co. in the Successful Musical Comedy, "THE PEARL GIRL."
 Harry M. Vernon's Musical Burlesque, "JINGLE BELLS."
 Box Office, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Daily. 6d. to 7s. 6d. (Saturdays and Holidays 1s. to 7s. 6d.) Phone Holborn 6940 (8 lines).

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 HUMPHREYS, IDA CRISPI, Elsie Spain, George Mantou, Garry Lynch, Gordon Sherry, etc. Varieties by WHIT CUNLIFFE. Three Brothers Huxter.
PHILHARMONIC HALL, Gt. Portland St., W. (nr. Oxford-circus).—Daily at 2.30 and 8.15. PAVLOVA, the world-renowned Russian actress, in the film version of the "Dumb Girl of Portici." Prices 1s. to 5s. Box Office Mayfair 3003.

EXHIBITIONS.
"CAPE TO CAIRO" RED CROSS FAIR, under Royal patronage, at the Mansion House, E.C. (by kind permission of the Lord Mayor), on Monday and Tuesday next, from 12 to 6. Thousands of African exhibits, curios, Ostrich feathers. Admission 1s.
MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.—Baker-street Station. Life-like portrait Model of Sir Ernest Shackleton in Explorer's Attire. Heroes of the War on Sea and Land. Unique War Relics. Free Cinematograph Pictures. Delightful Music. Luncheons, Afternoon Teas, etc. Admission 1s. Children 6d. Open 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.

MISCELLANEOUS SALES.
BABY looks like a Boy in her new crawlers.—Combinations knicker-overalls, with pocket, saxe or rose casement cloth, keep romping children clean; elastic at knees; 2 1/2 years and under, 2s. Post free; approval.—FENWICK, LTD., Newcastle-on-Tyne.
CASH by return. Old False Teeth, Old Gold and Silver, Jewellery, Cut Glass, Antiques, Plate. Highest value given. Birmingham Manufacturing Co., 3, New-st., Birmingham.
FRINGE NETS, full size, 1s. 1d. doz. list free, comings purchased.—J. BRODIE, 41, Museum-street, London.
FURNITURE, second-hand, large quantity, must sell, regardless of cost; seen any time.—Depositories, 272, Pentonville-road, King's Cross. Catalogue on application.
REAL NAVY SERGE, 10,000 Testimonials, 1s. 3/4d. 1s. 6/4d., and 2s. 3d. yard. Patterns free.—BEAUMONT'S, Contractors, Portsmouth.



GOOD NIGHT

I'M going upstairs to bed with pleasant memories of to-day and with joyous thoughts for to-morrow, even though it happens to be wash-day. You see I use

RINSO THE DIRT DISPELLER

and wash-day has no terrors for me. I have just put the clothes to soak in cold water with Rinsol. To-morrow, when I have had breakfast in comfort, I shall only have to rinse them and hang them out to dry. RINSO, the cold water washer, is a boon to busy housewives. It saves them the labour of the wash, the bother of the copper fire, the unpleasantness and danger of steamy and overheated atmospheres.

IN PACKETS EVERYWHERE.

Soak the Clothes in Cold Water and RINSO overnight.



Rinse and hang to dry in the morning. That's all.

R. S. HUDSON LIMITED, Liverpool, West Bromwich and London.

R 62-28

CREX CREX CREX CREX CREX

Shortage of Washing Soda

"CREX"—the newest thing in Washing Powders—will help you through the housework in half the usual time.

Dirt and Grease vanish before "CREX." Use it for cleaning Floors, Tables, Doors, Windows, Paintwork, Linoleums, Tin and Enamel Ware, Crockery, etc.

Use 'CREX' just in the same way as Soda—but take only one-third the quantity.

CREX

The Soft, Quick, Snow-white Cleanser.

Makes Clothes sweet and clean without hard scrubbing and rubbing. No injurious chemicals, no caustic, no bleach, no silicate. Perfectly safe for the daintiest fabrics.

Guaranteed pure.—Use it for cooking vegetables.

Pamphlets with full particulars of "CREX" free. Ask your Grocer for it to-day.

CREX CREX CREX CREX CREX

BANISH INDIGESTION

Why go on suffering from indigestion? Why put up with attacks of biliousness, headaches, flatulence, pains after eating, acidity, constipation, and the like? Probably all that you need is the help of a really excellent stomach and liver tonic, such as Mother Seigel's Syrup.

BY TAKING THE DIGESTIVE TONIC

Mother Seigel's Syrup has been used by tens of thousands of people with wonderful success, as a ready and convenient means of banishing and preventing the distressing symptoms which arise from a disordered state of the stomach, liver, and bowels. That is the secret of its wide-world reputation! Try 30 drops, after meals, for a while, and you will note with gratitude the speedy benefits.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP



The 1/9 bottle contains three times as much as the 1/3 size.

The Ins And Outs Of Fashion.

"EVERYTHING that's out is in," pronounced a Bond-street modiste among her newest models from Paris, and one found the truth of her paradox on looking round at the stick-out skirts and basques and collars and sleeves. Petticoats for those who want to be a little in front of the mode are enormously distended, so that the effect is nearer that of the farthingale than the crinoline. The new contour is called the "tonneau."

In these days the keeping up with fashion itself is simplicity in comparison with keeping up to fashion's vocabulary.

Many brides are nowadays more concerned with chic than with picturesqueness and, having got used to the short wedding gown, beholders

are not shocked to find it of crisp white taffeta instead of the conventional soft ivory satin. To a smart wedding gown of this sort tulle is a more appropriate accompaniment than old lace. One advantage of the up-to-date bridal gown is that the bridesmaids' dresses may also be up-to-date, and useful afterwards, without spoiling the picture.

Crêpe-de-Chine has had a long run in favour as a material for undergarments, but novelties are now being shown and recommended as "pure linen." There is, of course, nothing nicer or more luxurious than fine linen, and many of the richest and most important women in the land have never left the lingerie fashion for the more obvious fascinations of coloured crêpe-de-Chine.



Little Tub Frocks.

Two simple little tub-frocks are shown in the sketch. That on the left is of unbleached linen with bands piped with red and embroidered in red dots. The dispatch pocket at the side is a detail which will meet with great approval in the nursery, and it is buttoned over the belt by a red button.

The other frock is of pink linen, laced at the front and wrists with black laces. The pleats are held in place by tiny black buttons.

Both of these schemes are good for washing frocks. Holland and red is an excellent combination which does not soon look washed out, while pink is among the "fastest" of colours.

THE STORY OF A FIGHT AT SEA—IN FOUR EPISODES.



The challenge.



The combat.



Chivers' Jellies

Flavoured with Ripe Fruit Juices

PURE HEALTHFUL DELICIOUS APPETISING INVITING REFRESHING



For Dinner For Luncheon For Supper For Children For Invalids For Everybody

The Orchard Factory, Histon, Cambridge

THE CALL OF SPRING.

The call of spring dispels the gloom of winter and holds out a happy prospect of summer to come.

If you wish to derive the fullest benefit from this most important season of the year, look to your health—look to the food you eat daily.

A diet of heavy, blood-heating food is out of harmony with nature in the springtime; a careful selection of light, nutritious food is what you really require.

St. Ivel Lactic Cheese is a very valuable ally to fresh air and sunshine. It contains an abundance of all those natural and nourishing qualities which keep the system vigorous and healthy—it is the ideal food for spring and

Chymol is delightfully palatable. Adults or children take it plain or spread on biscuit, bread, or toast, just before or with meals; or may be mixed with milk, wine, gruel, milk-pudding, etc.

WHEN you lack vim, vitality or strength all you need is a few teaspoonfuls of Chymol added to your ordinary diet each day.

Chymol contains most valuable nerve and flesh-forming elements, and also greatly aids in the digestion of regular diet.

The weakest digestive organs can assimilate Chymol, even the iron it contains, which is such a valuable tonic.

Chymol is strongly recommended by doctors and nurses for all convalescents.

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Chymol

Ask your Chemist—he knows.

1/- & 2/6 sizes.



FOR ECONOMY'S SAKE

use the food that contains much nourishment in it for little money. The delicious dishes (both savoury and sweet) made with Brown & Polson's Corn Flour such as

- Corn Flour Baked Pudding,
- Sultana Pudding,
- Savoury Blancmange,
- Cheese Fritters,
- Macaroni Cheese,
- Corn Flour Omelette,

are economical because everything in them is good food-value for money.



Brown & Polson's "Patent" Corn Flour

In 1 lb 1/2 lb. & 1/4 lb. packets. The 1 lb. size is the most economical.

Delecta CHOCOLATES
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Ask for "DELECTA"—the name describes them.
Boisseliers
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"TIZ" Gladdens Sore, Tired Feet.

"Oh! My poor swollen, puffed-up feet."

"Great Scott! Where's the TIZ?"



TIZ makes sore, burning, tired, "chilblainy" feet feel just fine and comfy. Away go the aches and pains, the corns, hard skin, blisters, bunions, and chilblains.

TIZ draws out the acids and poisons that puff up your feet. No matter how hard you work, how long you drill, how far you march, or how long you remain on your feet, TIZ brings restful foot comfort. TIZ is magical, grand, wonderful for tired, aching, swollen, smarting feet. Ah! how comfortable, how happy you feel! Your feet just tingle for joy: boots never hurt or seem tight.

Get a 1/4 box of TIZ now from an chemist's or stores. End foot torture for ever—wear your new boots, keep your feet fresh, sweet and happy. Just think! a whole year's foot comfort for only 1/4.

TO RESIST DISEASE.

Debility is a loss of vitality, not affecting any one part of the body particularly, but the system generally. It is dangerous because it reduces the body's resistance to disease.

When debility follows acute diseases, convalescence is slow and the strength does not return as it should. An attack of influenza often results in debility that persists for months. Everybody recognises that the remedy for debility is to build up the blood, because the blood goes to every part of the body, and an improvement in its condition is quickly felt throughout the system. The problem in every case is to find something that will actually enrich the impoverished blood.

Dr. Williams' pink pills suit the need of most people because they are non-alcoholic, and they really build up the blood and strengthen the nerves. Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people are useful for growing children and for men and women whose nervous energy has been overdrawn. Try them whenever your blood becomes thin or impure.

Any dealer can supply you, but always decline substitutes when they are offered.

You can obtain an instructive FREE book, "The Nerves and their Needs," if you send a postcard asking for a copy to Post Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London.—Advtd.

BIRDS AND LIVE STOCK.

TALKING Parrots from 12s. 6d., 3 months warranty.—Parrotulars, Chapman, Parrot Aviaries, Birmingham.

TO LET.

GOOD Stabling Accommodation to Let. Apply on premises, Doughty Mews, Guilford-st., Gray's Inn-rd., W.C.

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 after made; call or post. Est. 100 years.

WAR-TIME RACE MEETINGS.

Important Part Of An Industry Of Military Value.—Official.

Mr. Runciman (President of the Board of Trade), replying in the House of Commons yesterday to Mr. G. Lambert, said that as at present advised the Government did not propose to take any further action in regard to prohibiting the holding of race meetings in Great Britain.

Mr. G. Lambert: Will he take the sense of the House with regard to the continuance of these meetings? (Cheers.)

Mr. Runciman: I cannot answer that, but the Government are bound to look upon race meetings as being an important part of an industry of military value. (Cheers.)

WANTS TO BE AN AIRMAN.

This young Australian—Francis Luke—has been trying to qualify as an airman ever since the war started, but so far lack of funds has prevented him from achieving his desire. In quest of his object he has three times worked his way to England, and has visited Russia and France. In Russia he was arrested as a spy, and detained for some days in prison. Now Australians in London have taken up his case, and funds can be sent to the secretary of the High Commissioner to help him to complete his training.



"MAN BEHIND THE THRONE."

COPENHAGEN, Thursday.

The Bukarest correspondent of the Berlin Tageblatt learns that the well-known Russian priest Rasputin has been murdered in Petrograd.—Exchange.

[Rasputin at one time was supposed to have great influence with the Tsar of Russia, and was generally known as "the man behind the throne."]

BOY SENTENCED TO SEVEN YEARS.

A specimen of terrorism now practised in Austria is reported from Zurich by wireless. A Trent schoolboy of 16 has been sentenced by court-martial to seven years' penal servitude for instigating a youth of 18 to desert. A woman named Taifi was sentenced to death for mutilating a portrait of the Emperor Francis Joseph, but the sentence was commuted to 15 years' penal servitude.

MONEY MATTERS.

It was understood that, with the consent of the Treasury, the Stock Exchange Committee will on Monday next remove the minimum prices from home railway prior charges.

Stock markets yesterday were quite steady with a small investment demand for home railway ordinary stocks. Consols and War Loan stocks remained unchanged.

Mexican securities were exceptionally depressed on the disquieting news from the country.

There was a further rise in the shares of the Burma Corporation, which closed buyers at 52s. 6d. Knight Central recovered to 12s. 9d. on Johannesburg buying, and Springs Mines and Rand Klips were better. Bwana M'Kubwa further advanced to 2s. 6d.

The price of copper was maintained at £140 per ton, but there was not much movement in copper mining shares. Esperanza Copper and Sulphur, however, which have been dormant for some time past, advanced to 6s. 3d.

Tin fell to £198 per ton and there was a fall in Tronoh shares.

Silver was better at 36½d. per oz. and rubber improved to 2s. 11d. per lb.

AMERICAN COTTON (Closing).—New York generally unchanged to 2 points up, and New Orleans 3 to 4 up, tone steady.

"To the immortal memory of William Shakespeare" Mr. H. B. Irving dedicated a bay in the reference department of Southwark public library yesterday afternoon.

The City of London local tribunal is dealing with 2,000 appeals a week, and is arranging to work even more rapidly.

WINDSOR RACING.

Three-year-olds Provide To-day's Feature.

In ordinary times there would have been some high-class racing at Chester and Kempton this week, but we shall this year have to be content with two days' racing at Windsor, and at that it will not be very important.

The most valuable event to-day is the Royal Windsor Handicap, for three-year-olds, but the race did not receive a very flattering acceptance.

Analogy and Beck each has a penalty, and I do not fancy either in the circumstances.

In preference to Analogy, R. C. Dawson might rely on Julian, but he has not been out this season.

De Mestre has Double Ditch, Wet Kiss and Windjammer to select from, and the one told off for duty will have to be reckoned with.

Trevella is a winner this season, and there is nothing like following winning form.

Polyphonic might win at a shorter distance, but last season five furlongs was as far as he could get, and he has yet to show that he has improved in stamina.

Cannobie and Bosket may run well, but I select Trevella. GIMCRACK.

SELECTIONS.

- 1.30—TRINITY SQUARE. 3.15—ALLIE F.
- 2.0—X RAY. 3.50—MONTEM F.
- 2.45—TREVELLA. 4.20—*FOOTMAN.

Double.

TREVELLA and FOOTMAN.

TO-DAY'S PROGRAMME.

1.30—ROMNEY HANDICAP of 150 sovs, added to sweep of 5 sovs starters; 5f.

Happy Fanny 6 9 6 Highwayside a 8 4

The above have arrived.

- Hornet's Beauty a 9 7 Miss Grits 3 7 7
- Trinity Square 5 9 2 Eagle's Nest 4 7 7
- Pennan 4 8 2 Royal Song 3 7 6
- Polynetta 4 8 1 Lady Isabel 3 7 5
- Winnaretta 5 8 0 Fairmore 3 7 3
- Polygram 4 8 0 Bedspread 4 7 2
- Flying Pilgrim 4 7 13 Sudden Squall 5 7 2
- Castellan 6 7 12 Liestal 3 6 13
- Bird's Nest 4 7 12 Earlock 3 6 13
- Joy Wheel 5 7 9 Sly Lassie 3 6 12
- Amphitryon 3 7 9 Royal Bucks 3 6 7
- Irish Castle 6 7 8 Long Slade 5 6 7
- Conqueror 5 7 7

2.0—HOLYPORT HANDICAP of 150 sovs; 6f.

Menio a 8 4 Flotation 3 7 8
- X Ray 4 8 1 Melton Flier 5 7 0
- Artist Square 4 7 12 Toadlet's Birthday 3 6 11

The above have arrived.

- Velociter a 9 0 Glasebury 3 7 6
- Varech 4 8 6 Dukla 4 7 5
- Hullabaloo 4 8 6 Audana 4 7 4
- Fair Trader 5 8 5 Flareway 6 7 4
- Irish Castle 6 8 4 Ranelagh 5 7 3
- Gold Vein 5 8 2 King's Year 4 7 3
- Fakir III 4 8 2 Declaration 5 7 3
- Fissure 3 8 0 Farouse 5 7 3
- Why Tell Me 4 7 12 Gaston Bocard a 7 2
- Raven Ashbridge 4 7 11 Ballast Mor 6 7 1
- Dunryleague 5 7 10 Chiave di Sol 3 7 1
- South Parade 3 7 9 Carlington 3 7 1
- Wedding Chime 3 7 8 Charger 4 7 0
- Cloacina 3 7 8 Sennewe 3 7 0
- Bed-Rest 4 7 8 My Memo 3 6 13
- Prince Rupert a 7 7 Billeter 3 6 13
- Lady Rosary 3 7 7 Ramrock 3 6 10
- Ravello 4 7 6

2.45—ROYAL WINDSOR 3-Y-O. HANDICAP of 500 sovs; 1m.

Double Ditch 9 0 Wind Jammer 7 12
- Wet Kiss 8 10 Clan Ronald 7 8
- Polyphonic 8 7

The above have arrived.

- Analogy 9 5 Bosket 8 8
- Bay d'Or 8 11 Beck 8 3
- Bramble Twig 8 10 Principal Girl 7 13
- Trevella 8 10 Golden Dagger 7 11
- Julian 8 9 La Flotte 7 11
- Cannobie 8 8 Giacomo 7 9

3.15—TWO-YEAR-OLD SELLING PLATE of 103 sovs; 5f.

Stand By 8 9 Allie f 8 9
- Appleton Wisk 8 9

The above have arrived.

- Straight On 8 12 Heatherside 8 9
- Buckden 8 12 Catherine Duvall 8 9
- Johnnie H. 8 12 Sunnymor 8 9
- Glenalvon 8 12 Minway 8 9
- Pervenuto 8 12 Stella Maris 8 9
- Joyland 8 12 Archie 8 9
- Littlemore 8 12 Yes 8 9
- Brook 8 12 Coral Strand 8 9
- Little Man 8 12 Styrienne f 8 9
- Memphian f 8 9 Tenacity 8 9
- Onyx 8 9 Trivia f 8 9
- Water Nymph f 8 9 Prestissima 8 9

3.50—SPEEDY 2-Y.O. PLATE of 150 sovs, added to sweep; 5 sovs starters; 5f.

Mini Rifle 8 7 Toowoomba 8 4
- Tufa 8 7

The above have arrived.

- Milbric 8 12 Tolkien 8 7
- Fleetwood 8 9 Katak 8 7
- Montem f 8 9 Dark Peril 8 4
- Little Colonel 8 7 Pride of Lothair g. 8 4
- Sherford Knight 8 7 Iris 8 4
- Dr. Sym 8 7 Murray's 8 4
- Dark Mitt 8 7 Black Maria 8 4
- Dark Lines 8 7 Araminta f 8 4
- Sweet Olorane c 8 7 Nutkin 8 4
- Whitehall 8 7 Bembridge f 8 4
- Mataro 8 7 Herencia 8 4
- White Cliff 8 7 Dalketh 8 4
- Group System 8 7 Sippet 8 4
- Walpole 8 7 Irveen 8 4
- Cresset 8 7 Rhonda f 8 4
- Quarryman 8 7 Oh Fle 8 4
- Metallic 8 7 Caroline Fanny 8 4
- Prince Frusquin 8 7

4.20—SLOUGH 4-Y.O. PLATE of 103 sovs; 1½m.

Sir Accalon 8 2 Footman 8 2
- Brunswick 8 2

The above have arrived.

- The O'Neill 8 6 Picaflor 7 13
- Varech 8 2 Taxi Girl 7 13
- Eastby 8 2 Boxer 7 13
- Regal 8 2 Stalton 7 13
- Vale Rock 8 2

Mr. Robert Patrick Watson, a well-known journalist and sporting writer, who for 25 years was boxing referee for the *Sporting Life*, died yesterday.

The much-discussed match between Jimmy Wilde and Tommy Harrison will take place at the Oxford Music Hall on Monday afternoon, May 29.

In the 15-round contest at the Ring yesterday afternoon, Mark Yobbo, Aldgate, beat Tommy Burns, Bethnal Green, on points, and Corporal Jack Goldswain and Bill Bristow, Blackfriars, drew.

DESMOND (*Empire*).—*12 8 24 15 12 16 8 9 18 3—4 18 9

9 20 6 14 5 5 20—7 8 8 5 17 20 9.

GALLIARD (*Sunday Chronicle*).—*1 23 25 5 14 1 3 24 22

18—19 23 9 12 14 5—3 23 5 1 26 25.

TETRARCH (*Illustrated Sunday Herald*): 11 2 2 14 20 10 5—10 8 8 16 18 11 16 8 8 24.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

PAPER PATTERN MODELLER required; must be used to good-class trade.—Apply COMING FASHIONS, 12, Salford

A Momentous Message TO A World of Sufferers



Portrait of Mr. King, of 81, Southgate Road, Old Swan, Liverpool, whose mother writes:—

"I have pleasure in sending you this testimonial, as I feel I cannot speak too highly of your wonderful 'Clarke's Blood Mixture,' and would fully recommend all those suffering from tubercular trouble to try it, as my Son has been cured through it. He is now just on 20 years of age, and has been suffering with it since he was 14. It commenced in his leg, for which he had 5 operations, after that it formed a swelling in his knee. He wore irons, and had a long course of Tubercular inoculations, but never seemed to get really right. After that it settled in his spine, and at the end of last year he felt very ill, and the doctor said there was no hope of him ever getting better. He gradually got worse, and was 18 weeks in the Hospital; he lost the use of his left arm and was not able to walk when I brought him home from the Hospital. He laid very ill for some time when we tried your 'Clarke's Blood Mixture,' and after taking the second bottle he was able to walk without a stick, lost all his pain, and all the swellings left his feet; he still kept on for some time with your Mixture, and has now been working for the last three months, feeling quite well and with no return of the old complaint."

If It's Any Disease Due to Impure Blood

such as Scrofula, Bad Legs, Abscesses, Ulcers, Glandular Swellings, Eczema, Boils, Pimples, Sores of any kind, Piles, Blood Poison, Rheumatism, Gout, &c.

Don't waste your time and money on useless lotions and messy ointments which cannot get below the surface of the skin. What you want and what you must have is a medicine that will thoroughly free the blood of the poisonous matter which alone is the true cause of all your suffering. Clarke's Blood Mixture is just such a medicine. It is composed of ingredients which quickly expel from the blood all impurities from whatever cause arising, and by rendering it clean and pure can be relied upon to give speedy relief and lasting benefit.

Clarke's Blood Mixture

By reason of its unrivalled Blood Purifying Properties is universally recognised as

THE WORLD'S BEST REMEDY FOR SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES

Clarke's Blood Mixture is pleasant to take, and warranted free from any injurious ingredient.

Sold by all chemists and stores, 2/9 per bottle. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

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"OF EXCEPTIONAL FOOD VALUE."

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THE B.S.A. Co. Ltd. 9, Small Heath, Birmingham



THE LOVE OF AN ANZAC. By LADBROKE BLACK.

Serial Story
Specially
Written
for the
Daily
Sketch.

THE OPENING CHAPTERS

HESTER GERVAIS, a pretty, impulsive girl, revelling in the healthy open-air life she leads at Heaton Chevrel, the old-world village where she has been born and reared, is engaged to be married to GORDON KEMP, a clever, prosperous, self-satisfied business man. The two have a lovers' tiff, and afterwards Hester takes her mare, Ruby, for a lonely gallop across the Downs. The mare takes fright, and Hester's life is saved by

JIM STRATTON, an Australian soldier, who appears suddenly from behind a furze-bush, and gallantly stops the infuriated animal. Hester is grateful to the Anzac, and likes to see the look of admiration in his eyes as he towers above her, but his blunt speech and his way of treating her as he might have treated a child who has foolishly run into danger, anger the girl and she leaves him abruptly. Nevertheless, she cannot help contrasting the Anzac with Gordon Kemp and wishing Gordon were a little more masculine. Hester's friend,

EFFIE LOMAS, at whose home the Anzac is staying until he recovers from his wound, pretends that there is a secret understanding between Stratton and herself, and although Hester is still angry with her preserver, she is curiously hurt at the thought that he should be in love with Effie.

Later, Hester again meets the Anzac on the downs, and he makes violent love to her. Indignantly Hester shows him her engagement ring and tells him she is going to be married to Gordon Kemp. But to her amazement, Jim Stratton pulls the ring from her finger. "You're not going to marry Mr. Kemp," he says. "You're going to marry me!"

It is in vain that Hester scathingly rejoins that she has no right to say such things to an engaged girl—in vain that she tries to snub him. Hester and he were made for each other, he declares, and he makes it clear that he will allow no social conventions to stand between them.

Completely bewildered by the Anzac's masterful wooing, Hester loses her dignity at last, and takes to flight across the downs.

Hester Makes A Resolve.

Hester arrived back late for lunch, to find that her mother was still in bed. After a visit to Mrs. Gervais's room she sat down to her meal, feeling glad that she was alone.

She had run all the way from the downs, never pausing until she had reached the private entrance to the grounds of the Manor. She had run like one who flies from danger, fearful that Jim Stratton might follow her. But he had not followed her.

She tried to extract some satisfaction from that reflection. Perhaps, after all, she had made it clear to him that his idea that she would ever be

his wife was so much midsummer madness. The whole thing was so utterly preposterous, she told herself.

But even as this thought came uppermost in her mind she was conscious of a sense of dreadful uncertainty. She found herself, her plate lying neglected in front of her, picturing him to herself. His big limbs, his gaunt, sun-tanned face, the graceful roll of the muscles on his neck, his masterful smile, that bared those strong white teeth of his; his utter, complete simplicity that was so fearfully disarming.

She roused herself with an effort. She would not think of him any more.

Further, she would not see him again. It was unfair to him—she did not feel truly satisfied on this point—and it was certainly disloyal to Gordon to be meeting a man who openly made love to her and talked of her marriage with him as if it were a thing ordained by Fate.

She remembered that she had been invited over to the Lomas's to play tennis that week, and with her new determination to avoid Jim Stratton altogether strong upon her she sat down and wrote a note to Effie after lunch.

She explained that as her wedding day had been fixed, after all, for the first fortnight in June she was afraid she would have no time to go anywhere. She would be up in London nearly every day seeing about her trousseau.

"Gordon has asked me to fix the day, and I have decided on June 12th. We must have a long, private talk together about your bridesmaid's dress. You can understand that I am very busy, and very happy."

As she sealed down the envelope and gave it into the hand of the servant to take to the Lomas's she knew that though the letter was addressed to Effie it was intended for Jim Stratton. . . . When he heard its contents he could surely labour under no further delusions as to her intentions.

In The Garden.

With an easier mind she made her way to her mother's room, and seated herself by the bed.

"Tell me, dear, did you have a nice walk this morning?" Mrs. Gervais inquired.

"Yes, it turned out quite a beautiful day, mother," she answered, avoiding a direct reply. "I'm sorry you weren't up to enjoy it."

"The servants gave you the message, didn't they, Hester?"

"What message?" she asked.

"Oh, how stupid of them!" Mrs. Gervais exclaimed. "Gordon rang up this morning from the office to say he was coming down by an early train, and would call for you about tea-time. If it's fine I should have tea on the terrace."

Hester felt oddly relieved at the news. She wanted to see Gordon; somehow he seemed the one sane man in a world that was going mad. The more she saw of Gordon the easier she felt it would be to keep her resolve to avoid Jim Stratton.

Towards four o'clock, dressed as she knew Gordon liked her dressed, she went down on to the terrace. The afternoon sun shone on that side of the house, and as she leant back in a comfortable Madeira chair, she closed her eyes half-drowsily. She was roused suddenly by a footstep. She opened her eyes, and sat up, expecting to see Gordon. To her amazement there stood Jim Stratton.

"Mr. Stratton!" she exclaimed.

"How do you do?" he answered. "I just looked round to ask how your mother was. You told me she was ill, you know."

He added the last remark as if he felt some explanation was required of him, and then before Hester could utter a word of protest he dropped into the seat by her side.

"You Want To Get Rid Of Me."

"It was very kind of you," she stammered. "Mother's a little better, thank you."

"Glad of that," he answered heartily. "Your mother's one of the good old sort. I cottoned on to her right away."

Hester hardly heard what he said. She had glanced furtively at her watch. She saw that it was twenty minutes past four. Gordon's train was due at 4.5. He might arrive at any moment—and the one thing in the world she did not want to happen was that Gordon should find her alone with Jim Stratton.

But how to get rid of him? Ordinary excuses would not avail. She doubted if anything would avail, supposing that he had made up his mind to remain there. That was why she found the man so dreadfully difficult.

"Well, what's the trouble now, little lady?" She was startled to find that those clear eyes of his were closely studying her face.

"Nothing," she stammered. "At least there is something, Mr. Stratton. I was wondering if you would think it very rude of me if I had to leave you? I ought to see about mother."

"Rude! Why, of course, you must see after your mother. You trot along, Miss Gervais. I'll stay here till you come back."

Hester, who had half risen, sank hopelessly back into her chair.

Gordon Intervenes.

"I'm afraid I shall be rather a long time," she stammered.

"This means that you want to get rid of me?" he questioned quickly.

She answered him with a frankness equal to his own.

"Yes, I do."

"Why?"

That was the very question she could not answer. She could not tell him that Gordon was coming, and that she did not want Gordon to find her alone with him.

"Will you do me a great favour, Mr. Stratton?" she asked desperately.

"Why, of course," he answered.

"Well then, would you mind going?" I've got a particular reason which I can't tell you."

Her words sounded bluntly discourteous, and as if to take the edge off their rudeness, she added hastily, forgetting all the resolves she had made since that morning: "I should be delighted if you came some other afternoon, but just now . . ."

He made as if to rise, and then looked quickly at her.

"Is that your reason?" he said.

He nodded in the direction of the path that led round the corner of the house. Gordon Kemp was coming along the path in morning coat and top hat. The colour flamed up into Hester's cheeks, betraying her.

"Because if that's the reason why you want me to go I'm just not going," Jim Stratton went on.

Hester did the only thing she could think of. She jumped from her chair, and, passing down the steps that led from the terrace, ran along the path to meet Gordon.

"Oh, Gordon, dear, I'm so glad you've come!" she exclaimed as he bent over her to kiss her.

She was glad he kissed her, because Jim Stratton must see—must see, too, how she clung to him and returned his salute with a warmth that had in it, perhaps, a quality of insincerity.

"Yes, I was able to get away sooner than I expected to-day, so I thought I would catch the early train and we could perhaps go for a walk after tea. What have you been doing with yourself all day?"

"Oh, nothing in particular," she said. "Mother's been ill. I went for a walk this morning . . . and, Gordon, that Australian person's here. The Lomas's sent him round to inquire after mother. I do hope he's not going to stay."

It was not quite the truth—she knew it was not quite the truth; the Lomas's had not sent Jim Stratton round to inquire after her mother; he had come of his own accord, having heard from her own lips that morning that Mrs. Gervais was ill.

But for the truth, at that moment, Hester had not much regard. Her sole object was to keep from Gordon all knowledge of her bizarre relations with Jim Stratton.

"We'll find a way to get rid of him all right, Hester," Gordon whispered, squeezing her arm. "I think I know a way of dealing with this sort of man."

His tone was quietly self-confident. Hester held her tongue. In her heart of hearts she was

wondering whether Gordon really did or ever could understand this Anzac, and whether he could bend him to his will so easily as he imagined.

"Ah, Mr. Stratton—how do you do?"

Gordon advanced towards the big figure sitting in the chair. Jim Stratton rose somewhat leisurely. Hester noticed that he seemed to tower above Gordon a head and shoulders.

He looked down upon this city-bred man not only physically, Hester thought, but, to judge from the grim expression on his face—something almost akin to contempt in his eyes—mentally as well. . . . She caught her breath watching curiously, stirred by the contrast their meeting afforded.

Stratton Speaks Out.

"How are you, Mr. Kemp? I'm keeping pretty chirpy. You must be glad to get back from London to have a mouthful of this clean air."

Their hands touched, and then Gordon, quite at his ease, with his characteristic manner of arranging everything according to his liking, set the neat pig-skin attaché case he carried on the little wicker table, and sat down, pulling up his trousers as he did so.

"I've really come to talk over the wedding, Mr. Stratton," he said. "Hester and I have had to make our arrangements in a hurry, and there are several things . . ."

He paused meaningly. Jim Stratton made a circle with his arm, and caught a gnat that was sunning itself in the evening air.

"I came along to see Miss Gervais too," he said, in the tone of a man reciting a fact which he saw no reason for keeping hidden.

A little frown wrinkled for a moment Gordon's calm brow.

"Another time, Mr. Stratton—I'm sure Miss Gervais will be delighted to see you."

He turned in his chair to Hester.

"You remember those dresses we were speaking of, dearest?" he said. "I had to go up West, and I called at Lapping's for some patterns. I think I've found the very things to suit you."

He unlocked his attaché case with certain deliberateness. Stratton regarded him curiously. Hester was watching them both. Somehow this talk of patterns hurt her. Gordon's interest in dress. . . . She couldn't conceive Jim Stratton having a nice taste in such matters. It struck her as rather effeminate in Gordon.

"By the way, you remember what I said to you up on the hills this morning, don't you, about your marriage?"

Hester could hardly credit her ears. Jim Stratton had turned to her with unruffled composure, and was speaking in front of the man to whom she was engaged—speaking of his own outrageous proposal of that morning.

"You remember that I told you that this marriage was all rot, don't you?" he went on serenely. "Well, it is, you know!"

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



The GIRL GUIDE says:

"It's awfully jolly this Toffee de Luxe. We simply couldn't go scuffing without it. We've called ourselves the Patrol de Luxe and we live up to our title, too. You should just see us marching along and munching strong."

Sugar and cream and butter blended into one delicious whole.

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



Making a meal nice is only half the battle,—making it nutritious is more important still.

"Nice" and "Nutritious" have joined forces in BIRD'S Custard.

It is so nice that a spoonful served with rice, sago, or tapioca pudding will always tempt the "difficult child," and the plate is cleared instantly.

And in itself BIRD'S Custard is so nutritious that, when served quite alone, it satisfies the appetites of the hearty, romping children. **Insist on**

Bird's
the Nutritious
Custard

No substitute can be so pure or so wholesome.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY!

Don't waste stale bread and crusts. Use them to make a Bread Pudding, and serve with BIRD'S Custard as a HOT Sauce.

BIRD'S Custard is sold in pkts, boxes and large tins.

Case

WHAT ARE THE DUTIES OF A WIFE?

MRS. MAUD CHURTON BRABY, THE WELL-KNOWN NOVELIST, FRANKLY DISCUSSES THIS QUESTION (WHICH WAS RAISED IN THE COURTS THE OTHER DAY) IN NEXT SUNDAY'S ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY HERALD.

DAILY SKETCH.

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BRITAIN'S BEST PICTURE PAPER.

SOUTH AFRICANS' GIFT FOR BRITISH WOUNDED.



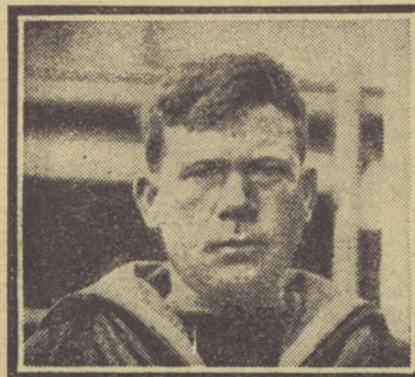
Packing peaches at Constantia, near Cape Town.

South African fruit-growers are providing liberal gifts for British wounded in France. Besides subscribing to a weekly contribution of £50 worth they set aside a fixed percentage of their produce.

THE CLAN WAY WITH THE HUNS.



A group of officers of the Clan Lindsay. (Inset) The ship's mascot.



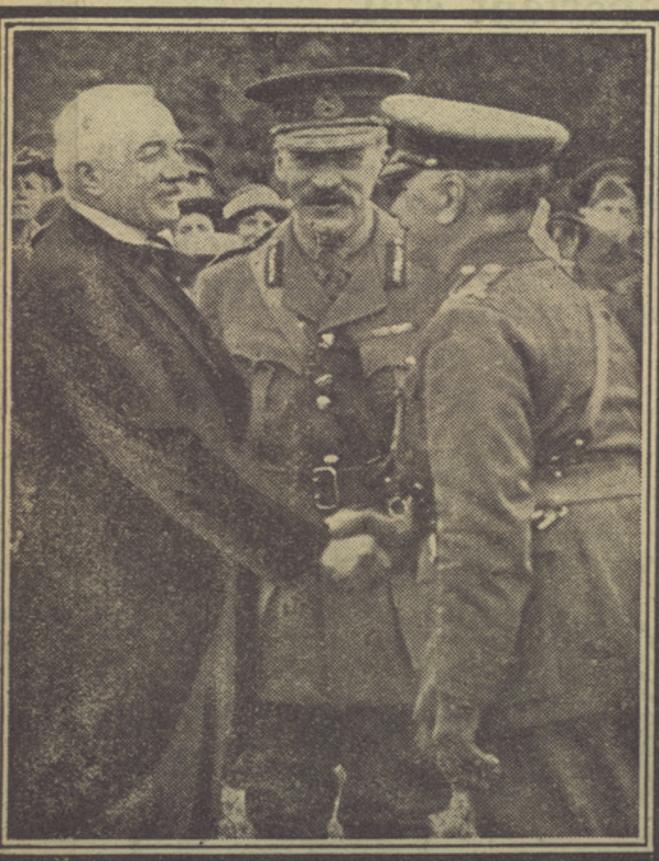
Seaman D. Graham, who hit the submarine.



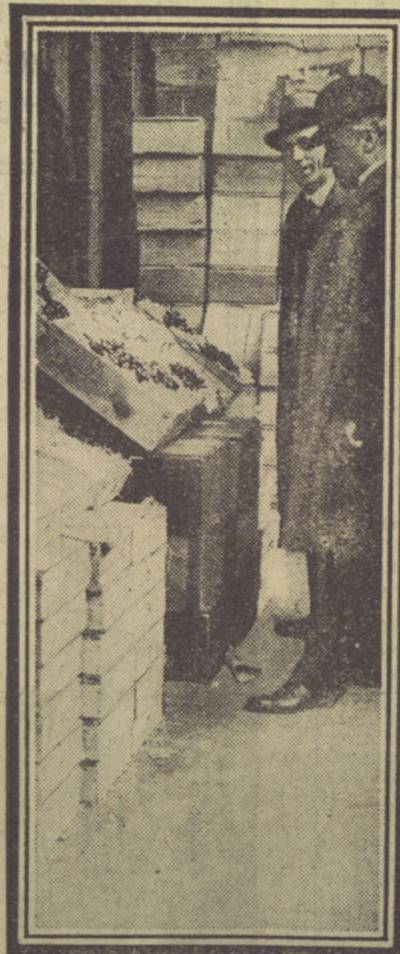
Capt. Alexander Scotland, the ship's skipper.

The Clan Lindsay, which has safely reached Tilbury Docks after beating off a German submarine in the Bay of Biscay, is the third steamer of the Clan Line—the "Fighting Line," as the dockers dub them—to have been in action with enemy submarines.

WELCOME FOR RUSSIAN VISITORS.



Members of the Russian Duma who are visiting this country inspected some of our troops yesterday. The Commanding Officer gave them a hearty greeting.



Mr. C. du P. Chiappini, the South African Trades Commissioner, selecting the pick of the weekly gift.—(Daily Sketch.)

IN HONOUR OF THEIR FIGHTING MEN.



Every street in South Hackney has its roll of honour prominently displayed. The women-folk see to it that each is surrounded with flowers.