

BRITISH AND RUSSIANS MEET ON TIGRIS: TURKISH DEFEAT.

DAILY SKETCH.

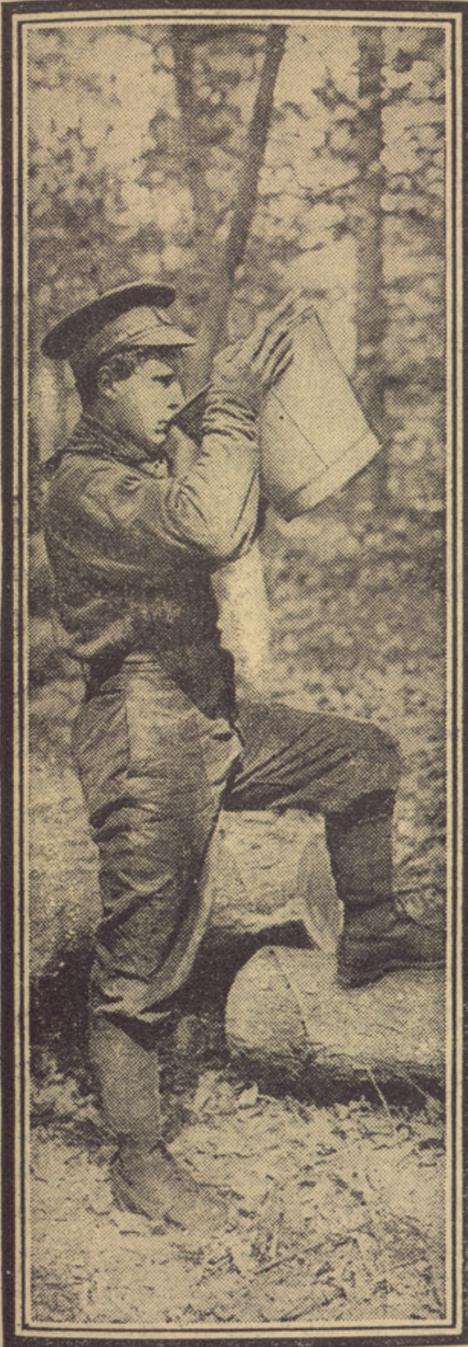
GUARANTEED DAILY NETT SALE MORE THAN 1,000,000 COPIES.

No. 2,247.

LONDON, MONDAY, MAY 22, 1916.

[Registered as a Newspaper.] ONE HALFPENNY.

THE REAL OLD SUMMER TIME: SUNNY HOURS NO CLOCKS CAN ALTER.



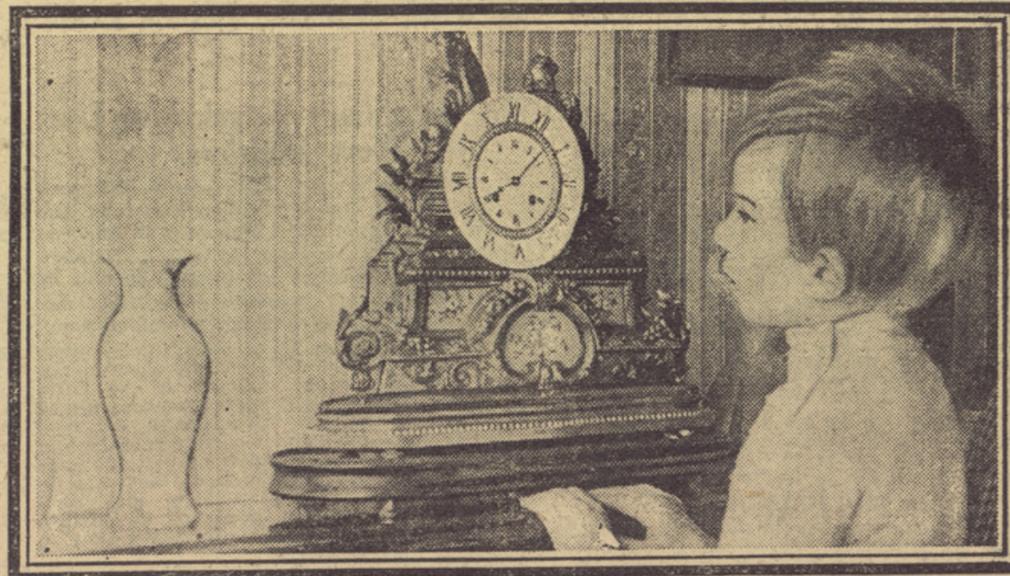
A Canadian lumberman at work in Windsor Great Park finds the English heat as fierce as any out West.



Where nobody cares what time it is, so long as the sun keeps shining. A happy little snapshot up-river yesterday.



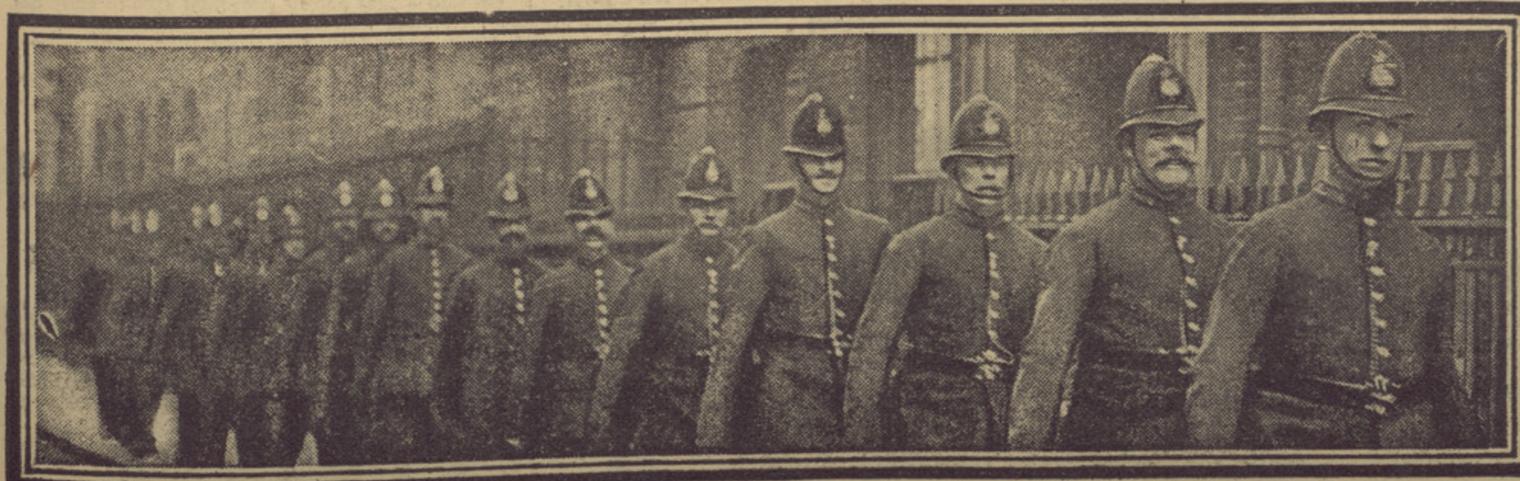
The winsome grandchildren of Earl Grey off for a Summer Time walk in the Park.



Though it's quite bedtime by the clock, he doesn't feel sleepy in daylight. It wasn't easy to explain Daylight Saving to the children.



A peep at the Fashion Clock in Hyde Park. She was keeping summer-time, anyway.



For the first time the policeman's lot was a happy one! Robert wore a Summer Time smile as he marched off to his beat, for he knew that at four it would really be three, and the clock would gain him an hour off duty.

TREASON CENTRES ABOUND IN OUR MIDST.

17,000 Enemy Aliens Allowed To Be At Large In London.

HUNS' "INVISIBLE HAND."

How They Plot And Plan Under The Cloak Of Naturalisation.

IRISH REBELLION CENTRE.

By William Le Queux.

For the past nine years I have endeavoured to bring home to the people a realisation of the grave perils to which our foolish good nature and the apathy of those in authority have exposed us in the matter of the enemy-alien danger.

One must willingly admit that much has been done by our excellent Intelligence Department in putting a check upon German activities since the war began, but I confess I look with unmixed alarm upon the continued presence of some 20,000 German and Austrian enemies who, even to-day, are allowed to go about their own affairs with only a pretence of surveillance.

WARNED IN VAIN.

Years before the war I raised my voice in warning, but was often jeered at for so doing. Since August, 1914, I have, however, addressed over 150 audiences in all parts of the Kingdom and given details of the German activities as directed from that bureau known to those acquainted with the underworld of espionage as "Number 70, Berlin."

That the Invisible Hand of Germany is now laid heavily upon us has been made abundantly plain by recent events in Ireland, and surely it is time that the authorities should look round at home and take due and proper precaution against any repetition of such a deplorable state of affairs.

The truth concerning the gravity of the enemy-alien peril has not been told to the public.

On March 3, 1915, Mr. Tennant comforted us by declaring in the House of Commons that: "Every enemy-alien is known, and is now under constant police surveillance."

What truth there was in that statement has been shown by the recent "discovery" by Mr. Samuel of a treason-centre in London, and by the number of persons recently arrested and charged with war-treason.

17,000 IN LONDON.

The Home Office not long ago made an admission to the effect that, in the metropolis alone were 9,000 male enemy aliens, and 8,000 female enemy aliens were permitted to remain at large, and further, that more than 7,000 male enemy aliens had been granted certificates exempting them from internment, while no fewer than 471 were still allowed to live in prohibited areas.

One may be permitted to wonder what the favoured 471 have done to render themselves worthy of such consideration. But, in any case, such figures cannot be regarded with anything but alarm.

As Mr. Birrell in his apology for the supineness and apathy of Dublin Castle has told us that non-intervention was the safest course, readers of the *Daily Sketch* will be forgiven if they feel uneasiness as to whether this same course is not being pursued towards the enemy alien in London.

LONDON TREASON CENTRES.

That treason centres exist in certain districts in the metropolis I have ever since the war pointed out to the authorities and in the Press. Wearing clothes that were not my own, and speaking Italian with a companion—a foreigner—I have more than once made a tour of certain of those little cafes and treason-shops in the underworld of London where in the broad light of afternoon I have drunk, in queer company, the so-called "Dutch" lager, listened to the most seditious conversation, heard those about me gloat over our disasters and the Zeppelin raids, and have seen the toast of "The Day"—the day of the hoped-for downfall of our beloved country—drunk sometimes openly, and sometimes in meaning silence.

THE IRISH REVOLT.

The company was always a mixed one, as may be imagined—idling men with apparently no work, and women often gaudily dressed and of questionable repute. These things I considered it my duty to report at the time when Mr. Tennant made the amazing speech I have quoted above. But no action was taken.

There is no doubt from what I myself have overheard that the Irish rebellion was really hatched in London. Coming events in Ireland have for months been a favourite topic in a certain little cafe not far from Tottenham-court-road. Indeed, I myself have seen Irishmen there. For months Irish matters have been under constant discussion in enemy-alien circles in London, together with threats of a Zeppelin raid of larger dimensions than ever.

SHOULD BE EXTERMINATED.

It is for this reason that I am strong in my demand that these treason-shops shall be closed and exterminated.

So well was the secret kept in London that I doubt if it ever reached the ears of the authorities, more especially as there seems a curious disinclination to employ any foreigner to make inquiry, and, as may be imagined, whenever an Englishman is present the discussion turns upon the weather.

It is only by speaking a foreign tongue and playing a part that the truth of what is in progress can be ascertained.

"AND ONE IN LONDON."

Before Sir Roger Casement was taken from Tralee to the Tower of London he revealed his identity to Dr. Ryan, a Dominican priest. "Before I left him," says Dr. Ryan, "he asked me if, in the event of his death, I would write and inform two people—one in Berlin and one in London."

—From the Dublin correspondent of the *Sunday Chronicle*.

Not a word of blame is to be attached either to the Special Branch or Scotland Yard or to our excellent Intelligence Department. Both departments have ever been eager to crush out the canker-worm from our midst, but the unknown hand of some mysterious department appears to have held back their activities until we now have the belated "discovery" of Mr. Samuel.

I am not alone in knowing where the treason-centres exist in London. I was in one of them not long ago, when the proprietor, a fat, so-called "naturalised" German, one of our "dear good brothers," made an opprobrious remark against the British.

Thereupon a friend who was with me, a friendly alien, promptly knocked down the "naturalised" Hun, and then threw him his card, and told him to summon him for assault. Needless to say, no summons has up to the present been served.

LIVING NEAR LONDON.

The same mysterious authority which sentenced the ex-German Consul Ahlers to death, and then released him, allowed him to change his name, and to go and live near London and receive his many German friends was the same authority which affects to disregard the peril of allowing thousands of Huns to move freely among us.

It is not always the full-blooded, uninterred gentry, with their questionable women-folk, who alone frequent these treason-shops, but a large percentage are men who are living and plotting in safety beneath the cloak of their "naturalisation" and their professed British citizenship.

We do not forget that Antwerp swarmed with "naturalised" Germans before it fell, and it was those same good "naturalised" people, trusted by the poor Belgians, who betrayed Antwerp.

NATURALISED GERMAN PERIL.

To-day London swarms with "naturalised" Germans. We have therefore in our midst a huge alien army, an army whose members are daily rubbing shoulders with us while we trust them with our confidences, and, all unsuspecting, help them in their work.

The position to-day is that aliens of all kinds, friendly and neutral, posing as commercial travellers, collectors, travellers in pipes and tobacco, dealers in cheap jewellery, etc., leave London in the morning, travel down to towns and villages in the vicinity of our military camps, pretend to trade there, pick up all the local knowledge of what is in progress, movements of troops and such like, and return to London in the evening.

In such cases, as the man has lived in London prior to February 14, the provincial police are powerless.

GERMANY'S INVISIBLE HAND.

Faced as we are by recent illustrations of how the Invisible Hand of Germany has been placed upon us, I contend that no German by birth or descent should be allowed to occupy any position in our Government to-day.

On September 22 last Sir R. Cooper, M.P., declared in the House of Commons: In every department of the State there are agents of the German Government who keep them posted day by day of everything of this, and every other nature, that is taking place in our administration.

The Teuton taint is far too pronounced in many unsuspected quarters, and it is high time that the Home Office made one or two more "discoveries" of what is in progress in London.

WHERE THE KAISER WENT.

The revelations concerning the German Athenæum Club did not altogether inspire confidence, more especially when it must be recollected that it was there where, on his last visit to London, the Kaiser, with his chief spy Steinhauer at his elbow, met the members of that institution one evening with closed doors.

No other nation in the world would coddle the enemy in our midst as we are doing. Much has been done, but still more remains to be accomplished. The recent disclosures in America have revealed how far-reaching are the tentacles of the German octopus, and though it is pleasant for us to think that there is no hostile organisation on foot in London in preparation for "The Day"—which God forbid may never dawn—yet I contend that the possibility should not be dismissed or disregarded.

MR. SAMUEL'S DISCOVERY.

What I have seen and heard in certain foreign quarters in London has caused me considerable uneasiness.

Let us, however, hope that the "discovery" by Mr. Samuel will result in a firmer policy, and that more drastic measures will be taken against all suspicious aliens of whatever nationality they be—even those who have adopted the latest ruse and suddenly become "Swiss."

The remedy is in the hands of the authorities.

FLY YOUR FLAG ON EMPIRE DAY.

The Government has given instructions that the Union Jack should be flown on all buildings under its control on Wednesday, May 24, which is Empire Day. It is hoped that the authorities controlling other public buildings will follow this example.

Mr. John Ellerthorpe, for 45 years a member of the staff of the *Daily Telegraph*, died yesterday, aged 81.

HAS MR. ASQUITH SOLVED THE IRISH PROBLEM?

Secret Of His Dublin Visit May Be Revealed This Week.

A SETTLEMENT IMPERATIVE.

From Our Parliamentary Correspondent. During the week-end nothing has been talked of in the political clubs but the possible results of Mr. Asquith's visit to Ireland. Has the Prime Minister solved the riddle which has baffled British statesmanship for generations? That has been the question of the hour.

The general belief is that a marked change in Irish government is bound to be made without delay. Parliamentary opinion is not only prepared for this, but may be said actually to demand it. The question is, What form will it take? Will it be a temporary war plan, or a step which might lead up to a permanent Irish settlement? The latter would obviously be the more desirable if it could be obtained.

A Source Of Weakness.

In any case, M.P.s are agreed that the Irish distraction must be brought to a close. If continued it will be a source of weakness to the Government at the most critical period of the war, and thus a source of joy to the enemy. A leading ex-Minister summed up this feeling to me in a phrase. "The Prussian bayonets," he said, "are more formidable than the Sinn Fein bayonets."

Indeed, so urgent is the need of a broad and conciliatory policy that there are now many English Unionists who would not object to the early operation of the Home Rule Act, subject, of course, to proper provision being made for Ulster. Suggestions are made that the Buckingham Palace Conference, which broke down in 1914, should be revived with a view to discovering a solution on these lines. Certainly the political difficulties of 1914 do not exist to-day, and the gulf between Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Redmond could be more easily bridged.

Ready For A Settlement.

The war has spread a spirit of toleration through politics, and both these public men are known to be single-minded in their desire to secure victory and preserve national unity. It is hoped therefore that, if it is decided to bring an Irish Parliament into being at once, these two gentlemen will be able to devise some way of meeting the case of Ulster.

A number of questions on the Irish situation are on the order paper for to-day, but Mr. Asquith may prefer to cover the whole ground in a general statement. Whether he will make this to-day or defer it till he moves the vote of credit to-morrow is not quite certain.

LACK OF AMMUNITION LOST A BATTLE.

Why Subsidiary Attacks At Loos Were Fruitless.

The second instalment of the official history of the Loos battle last September issued by the Historical Section of the Committee of Imperial Defence describes subsidiary attacks undertaken to distract the enemy's attention. It tells of great gallantry, and successful attack, but discloses a disappointing shortage of ammunition.

Had larger reserves and a more ample supply of ammunition been available the opportunities opened by the initial successes of the Fifth, Third, and Indian Corps might have been turned to immediate and local advantage.

But as these attacks were merely subsidiary in aim, and as it was all-important that the guns engaged in the main battle should not want for ammunition, it was impossible to give carte blanche to the artillery supporting the holding attacks or to provide an unlimited supply of bombs at those points.

Thus the Germans, by throwing into the fight large reserves of men and munitions, were able to win back the trenches carried earlier in the day, though not without hard fighting and heavy casualties.

D.S.O. FOR YOUNG ARMY DOCTOR.



Temporary Captain R. M'cowan Hill, R.A.M.C., who has received the D.S.O. A son of ex-Provost Hill, of Cumnock, Ayrshire, and a graduate of Glasgow University, Captain Hill was for three years house-surgeon at the Paisley Royal Alexandra Infirmary, and more recently had a large practice in Upper Tooting.

GOVERNMENT FILM CENSORSHIP.

The Home Office proposes to establish an independent and central censorship of films. No picture house will be licensed if it shows films prohibited by the censor, and "doubtful" films must be shown privately to the censor before they are exhibited publicly.

Field-Marshal Sir Charles Brownlow died worth £114,808.

More Irishmen have gained V.C.s in proportion to their numbers than any others engaged in the conflict.—Mr. T. J. Ryan, Premier of Queensland.

BRILLIANT SUCCESS OF THE FIRST WILLETT DAY.

"Summer Time" Welcomed By A Blaze Of Sunshine.

ONLY FARMERS GRUMBLED.

There were discontented folk to be found yesterday who were blaming the Summer Time Act. They complained, as they mopped perspiring brows, that it had brought too much summer—that there were too many hours of sunshine.

The weather certainly rose handsomely to the occasion. Not a speck of cloud could be seen. The high temperature of the previous three days was appreciably exceeded, and it brought into the parks and parades summer fashions which were the very last word in flimsiness.

Ministers Who Were Late.

Some of the public clocks showed the old time yesterday. Two offenders were to be found within a minute's walk of the Holborn Restaurant. One or two ministers who had the same disregard for current legislation joined their waiting flocks an hour late.

Little contretemps of this kind are, after all, inevitable. They would have been avoided if the example of the clock-winder of a certain church in Putney had been followed. That worthy, in his impatience to secure the extra golden hour, advanced the hands of his clock early on Saturday evening, and the landlord of a neighbouring licensed house between 8.25 and 8.30 was bewildered by the sudden inrush of men, each of whom demanded a "last one."

Farmers As Usual.

A note of opposition was sounded by farmers in Northamptonshire and elsewhere; but then that is so like farmers at any time. Anyhow, if they could do what they liked with their own clocks in regard to the old time they could not do so with other people's railway trains, which were run to the new time.

TRAGEDIES OF THREE RIVERS.

Solicitor Drowned While Fishing, And Two Other Casualties.

With the arrival of the brilliant weather, several drowning accidents are reported. Mr. Alan L. Rankine, solicitor and Borough Chamberlain of Banff, was drowned on Saturday evening while fishing in the Deveron near the Bridge of Allan.

Whilst swimming in the Thames at Reading, yesterday, a munition worker named Pinker, of Oxford-road, Reading, was caught in a strong under-current and drowned before the eyes of several onlookers.

Three visitors to Kirkby Stephen on Saturday evening were exploring the fantastic rock formation of the bed of the River Eden at Stenkrith when one of their number, Harry Walton, of Darlington, slipped and disappeared into a deep water cavern called Cow Carn Hole. The water hole was dragged on Saturday and yesterday, but the body has not been recovered.

CANARY-COLOURED GIRLS.

Essential Munition Work That Turns Skin and Hair Yellow.

Some munition work is so offensive that the fumes turn the skin and hair of the workers yellow. Yet so keen is the patriotism of the women that they do not hesitate to disfigure themselves for the sake of the men behind the guns.

And they have their reward, for, according to Miss Lilian Barker, lady superintendent, Woolwich Arsenal, the most popular girls in the Arsenal are the "canaries."

"They are never short of a young man. As soon as they leave work some fellow is bound to come up and say, 'You're a canary, aren't you? Come for a walk with me to-night?'"

As is only just, the "canaries" are paid better than girls who do not run the same risks.

ROMANCE OF A WAR BUSINESS.

Mr. J. A. Whitehead, proprietor of the Whitehead Aircraft Co., entertained his 400 employees at Southend to celebrate the firm's first anniversary.

He said a year ago he borrowed £200 to start his business, and now his pay roll was about £1,000 a week. The firm was more than 50 per cent. above contract form, and had an unlimited order to supply the Government with all the aeroplanes it could turn out.

ENGINEER KILLED BY A WASP.

Engine-room Artificer Charles John Lander, while asleep in a warship at Portsmouth, was stung in the neck by a wasp. He died next day from virulent bacterial infection.

HOMERTON SOLDIER'S UNTIMELY END.

Pte. Charles A. J. Hewett, of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, a Homerton man, whose body was found in the Thames. Popular with all his comrades, his untimely end is lamented in the regiment. Several of his wounded comrades came up from hospital at Thornton Heath to attend the funeral.



BATTLES IN THE AIR: GERMANS LOSE MANY MACHINES.

5 a.m. Edition.

BRITISH AND RUSSIANS MEET ON THE TIGRIS.

"Bold And Adventurous Ride" By Tsar's Troops.

TURKISH REDOUBT STORMED BY GORRINGE'S FORCE.

Retreating Enemy Followed Up And Defeated.

From The War Office.

Sunday.

Sir P. Lake reports that on Friday the enemy vacated the Beth Aiessa advanced position on the right bank of the Tigris.

Sir G. Goringe, following the enemy up, attacked and carried the Dujailah redoubt.

The enemy are still holding the Sanna-I-Yat position, on the left bank.

A force of Russian cavalry has joined General Goringe, after a bold and adventurous ride.

This is the best news we have had from Mesopotamia since the fall of Kut was announced on April 29

The Dujailah Redoubt, which is on the right or south side of the Tigris, is about seven miles from Kut, and is the apex of the southern section of the formidable Es-Sinn positions, the northern section of which was the chief Turkish barrier between Kut and the relieving forces.

The rapidity with which General Goringe seized his opportunity and turned it to such excellent account shows that the Turks are not to be allowed much time in which to enjoy the passing success of last month.

As significant as it is picturesque is the part of the War Office message which tells us that a Russian cavalry force has joined General Goringe on the Tigris, "after a bold and adventurous ride."

RUSSIAN COLUMNS.

Petrograd official news states that the Russian troops have occupied the town of Sakkys, in Persia, and are pushing on towards the village of Ban.

This marks a new stage in the series of converging movements on the Tigris and the Bagdad railway.

Sakkys, or Sakiz, is about 30 miles on the Persian side of the frontier of Turkey in Asia, 70 miles south-east of Lake Urmia.

Ban, or Baneh, is 30 miles from Sakkys, and is close to the frontier.

The interest of this new development is that it discloses an attempt to envelop Mosul, the head of the completed part of the Bagdad line, by an attack from the south.

Already Russian columns have been identified at—

Redwan, 130 miles north-west of Mosul, advancing down the Tigris;

Rizan, 100 miles north-east of Mosul, advancing down the Great Zab, or tributary of the Tigris;

Kasir-i-Shirin, 110 miles north-east of Bagdad, advancing directly in that place from the Persian frontier down the valley of the Diala, a tributary of the Tigris.

These columns may be engaged only in creating diversions, but they are uncomfortable diversions for the Turks.

The main Russian armies are probably farther north, between Mamahatun and Diarbekr, the holding of which place is essential to the Turkish campaign in Asia.

GERMAN DEFEAT NEAR RIGA.

Russian Official News.

PETROGRAD, Sunday.

An attempt by the Germans to take the offensive in the region of Ilukst and north of Lake Ilzon was repulsed by our fire with heavy losses for the enemy.—Reuter.

Wealdstone (Middlesex) is to save £19 a week by not lighting the street lamps.

A Wembley man's "reason" for exemption was that he has a sow and seven little pigs he cannot

FRENCH SUCCESSES ON BOTH SIDES OF THE MEUSE.

German Assault On The Dead Man Shattered By Guns And Bombs.

ENEMY TRENCHES ATTACKED AND CAPTURED.

French Official News.

PARIS, Sunday, 11 p.m.

On the left bank of the Meuse fighting continued stubbornly the whole day on the front between Avocourt Wood and the Meuse.

In the neighbourhood of the road from Esnes to Haucourt an attack launched by our troops enabled us to take two German trenches. The small work south of Hill 287 which the enemy occupied on the 18th was completely destroyed.

Just east of Hill 304 the enemy made an attack on our positions, but after entering our first line trench for a moment he was completely repulsed.

On the western slopes of the Dead Man a violent offensive action led by an enemy brigade was stopped by our machine-gun fire and by the counter-attacks of our Grenadiers.

Some enemy columns which followed up the waves of assault were taken under the fire of our batteries, and were forced to retire.

On the right bank of the Meuse the artillery action was very violent.

In the sector of Douaumont, in the course of a brisk attack, our troops captured the quarries of Haudromont, which had been strongly organised by the enemy. We captured 80 prisoners and 4 machine guns.

On the rest of the front there was intermittent artillery fighting.—Exchange.

GERMANS ON THE DEAD MAN.

PARIS, Sunday Afternoon.

On the left bank of the Meuse the Germans continued their attacks during the night on our positions on the Dead Man.

Again repulsed to the east by our curtain fire, which broke all their attempts, the enemy succeeded in occupying one of our first line trenches on the western slopes of the Dead Man.

On the east of the Meuse the artillery fighting is very lively in the region of the Vaux Fort (north-east of Verdun).

There was no infantry action.

In Lorraine (German frontier) a surprise following upon a violent bombardment enabled the Germans to penetrate into one of our trenches to the west of Chazelles.

Our artillery and machine-gun fire soon obliged the enemy to fall back upon his lines, leaving several killed and wounded in the evacuated position.

If the Germans could obtain complete possession of the Dead Man they would be able to attempt a direct advance on Verdun from the other side of the river, near Champneville.

At present the French artillery on the Dead Man makes this impossible.

Mr. Fred Terry was slightly better last night, but his condition is still critical.

AUSTRIANS LOSE 40,000 IN FIVE DAYS.

Heir-Apparent In Command Against The Italians.

VISIT FROM KAISER EXPECTED.

Following the example of the Crown Prince—not a happy omen for the enemy—the Austrian Heir Apparent, the Archduke Charles, has arrived on the Tyrol [Northern Italian] front, and is commanding troops now engaged in the Austrian offensive movement.

The Kaiser is expected to visit several points on this front shortly.

The present offensive in the Tyrol has been necessitated (says a Vienna telegram to Amsterdam) by political reasons, and to calm the Austrian population, who are in a state of hunger.

The Berne correspondent of the Rome *Idea Nazionale* states that the Austrians during the first three days of their great offensive lost 20,000 in killed, wounded and missing.

As the result of their five days' offensive, a Rome wireless message says, the Austrian gains have been reduced to the occupation of Mount Zugna Torta, south of Rovereto, and a section of the front in south-east Trentino, about a couple of miles in extent and having a depth of a few hundred yards.

Enormous Austrian Casualties.

The Austrian losses are estimated at 40,000, and are enormously greater than those of the Italians.

The Trent hospitals are full, and the wounded are now being taken to Bolzano and other small towns. The barracks are being turned into hospitals.

No first-class offensive by any belligerent has succeeded in the present war after failure in the first onslaught, as the defence has time to organise itself on a second line.

A bigger Austrian effort, however, is evidently in preparation, and the Italians will probably have to sustain blows comparable with those parried for three months at Verdun.

3,000 Italian Prisoners.

The official report issued in Vienna yesterday (received through Reuter) claims fresh successes over the Italians. It says:—

The summit of the Armenterra Ridge is in our possession. On the Lafrann Plateau our troops penetrated into the first stubbornly defended hostile position.

The troops of the Archduke Karl Franz Josef, consisting of Kaiserjaeger and the Linz infantry division, added to their success. The Cima dei Laghi and the Cima di Nesole, north-east of this summit, were captured. The enemy were also driven from the Boccola Pass. From the Col Santo Pasubio we occupied Langeben (Angtreben) in the Brand Valley.

Yesterday (Saturday) over 3,000 Italians, including 84 officers, 25 guns and eight machine-guns were captured.

The Italians, however, regard the position with confidence, and it is evident from last night's Rome official that the Austrian stories of success are highly coloured.

Three attacks in huge masses in the Lagarina Valley were driven back with enormous Austrian losses, and between the Astico and the Brenta some small forts which the Austrians had taken by storm were recaptured by the Italians after desperate hand to hand fighting.

Mr. R. H. Fremlin (80), senior partner in the Maidstone brewing firm, left £248,413.

BRITISH BRING DOWN 4 GERMAN AEROPLANES.

French Airmen Account For Two Fokkers In Lively Fights.

7 KILLED, 35 INJURED IN DUNKIRK RAIDS.

Allies' Reprisal: 250 Shells On German Camps.

There has been considerable liveliness in the air on the Western front during the week-end.

Four German aeroplanes have been brought down on the British front.

Two Fokker aeroplanes have been brought down by French airmen.

One fell in the French, the other in the German lines, where it was destroyed by artillery.

German aircraft carried out two raids on the Dunkirk region, in which seven people were killed and 35 injured. The raiders were pursued by Allied aeroplanes, and two were brought down as they were recrossing their lines.

By way of reply to the attack on Dunkirk a squadron of French, British, and Belgian aircraft dropped no fewer than 250 bombs on German camps.

TWO MACHINES FALL IN FLAMES.

British Flyers Successful In Combats With The Germans.

British Official News.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, FRANCE.

Sunday, 9.45 p.m.

Yesterday our aeroplanes had several successful encounters with hostile aircraft.

An Aviatik fell on fire into some trees near Adinfer Wood in the enemy's lines, one of its occupants being seen to fall out.

Another hostile machine fell in flames near Contalmaison, also in the enemy's lines, after an encounter with one of our scouts.

A third crashed to earth in our lines near Maricourt. One of our aeroplanes fell in the enemy's lines.

Much successful artillery work was accomplished.

Early this morning a hostile machine landed undamaged in our lines. The pilot and observer are prisoners.

Last night the enemy made three small attacks south-west of Wieltje, all of which were repulsed.

Throughout the day the enemy artillery has been very active all along the front from Vimy to Loos.

South of Souchez, from 2 p.m. onwards, very heavy hostile fire has been directed against our front system of trenches.

Our artillery has replied by shelling hostile batteries and trenches on this front.

Mazingarbe and Neux-les-Mines and our trenches about Authuille, Oviliers, Hulluch, and Sanctuary Wood have also been shelled.

Our artillery silenced a hostile battery north of Mametz Wood.

There has been some mining activity at the Hohenzollern Redoubt and north of La Bassée Canal.

PURSUIT OF THE RAIDERS.

Two Brought Down Over The German Lines.

French Official News.

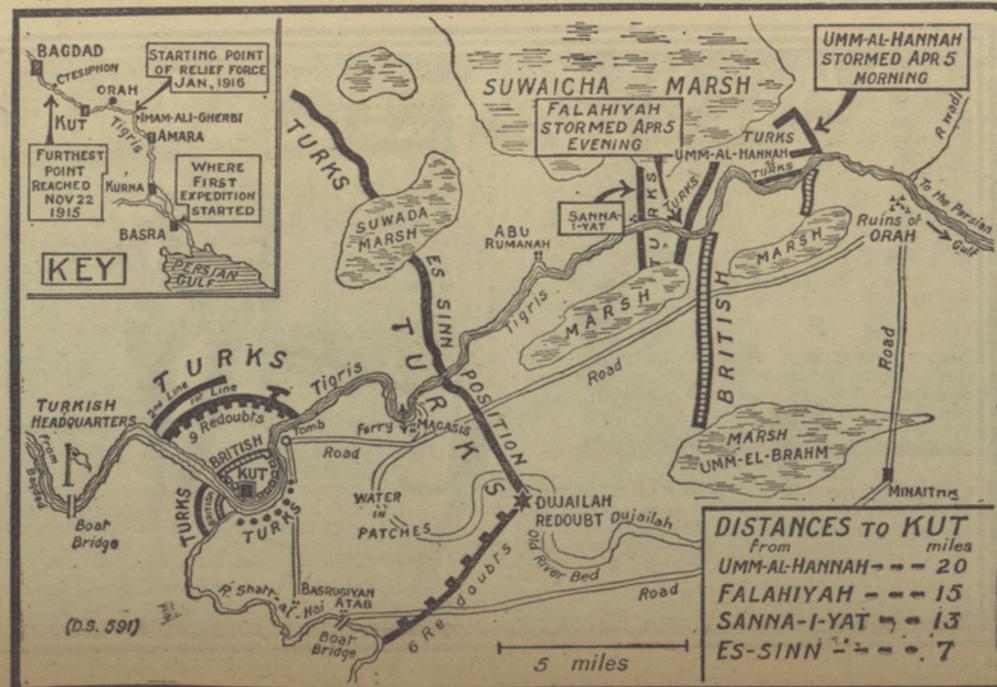
PARIS, Sunday Night.

The German aircraft have carried out two bombardments since yesterday.

In the Dunkirk region some 20 bombs dropped on Saturday evening killed four persons and injured 15 others.

About noon to-day another enemy squadron dropped about 100 bombs on the suburbs of Dunkirk. Two soldiers and one child were killed and 20 persons injured.

Allied aeroplanes dispatched in pursuit of the enemy machines succeeded in bringing down two of them just as they were recrossing their lines.



The map shows the position of the Dujailah redoubt stormed by General Goringe's troops.

(Continued on Page 10.)

THE HOCUS POCUS OF ARMY PAY.

I COULD never understand why in the Army payment for work done should be one of the Ultimate Mysteries. In my own case I remember how we stood decorously on the Pay Parade, marched smartly up, man by man, to a little table behind which sat the Company Officer and the Company Quartermaster-Sergeant to receive (with a salute) what heaven pleased to give us.

SOMETIMES it was the full amount (of course minus the allotment to dependants and that wicked deduction for insurance). Sometimes it was three bob, sometimes it was two bob, sometimes it was one bob. The Quartermaster-Sergeant read out your name from the pay-roll, you announced your presence, approached, saluted, the Old Man counted out the money and pushed it across to you. You took it in your left hand, saluted with the right, and, with a neat about turn, retreated.

THE whole thing had the inevitableness of a natural law. No explanation was volunteered, and if any man were rash enough to ask a question it was not answered. You were to be jolly thankful you got anything in these hard times. If you approached the Quartermaster-Sergeant in private he informed you that it did not matter. A careful check was kept at the Paymaster's Office, and any mistakes would be rectified when the cows came home. When I left the service, with a limp and no pension, I received one of those familiar buff forms stating that I owed the Army thirty bob.

NOW this is a pretty game played slow, and would succeed as a farce with rag-time accompaniment; but it is jolly bad business. Any thirty-bob clerk in a City office could manage the paying of a whole battalion. But the men who have had to do with the paying out of wages in civil life are usually put in the cook-house.

IF there are deductions to be made the Company Quartermaster-Sergeant should know of them, and should be compelled to tell the victim why they are made. Discipline must be maintained, but the cheating of the soldier, either deliberately or through carelessness and stupidity, is no part of discipline. Nor is the maintenance of discipline aided by the veil of silence and mystery wherewith the payment of Army wages is enveloped.

THESE reflections are provoked by an indignant letter I have just received citing the case of a certain battalion—which my correspondent proves. Here "eighty men were recently told they owed the Government sums varying from 6d. to £6. Several of these men are now receiving 1s. instead of 4s. 8d. per week."

BUT if the hands of the men are tied, all the more it behoves the authorities to see that justice is done them, and that it shall be plain to the men that justice is being done.

THERE is another letter before me. It is on a cognate subject. It is from the wife of a soldier who got her first dose of separation allowance ten weeks after her husband joined the colours.

IT tells with pathetic simplicity how she was laid up and fell into debt. It tells how her husband came home limping on sticks and she had to keep him, and how once more her separation allowance was held up for three weeks. It tells of the rent falling behindhand and the bills mounting up.

IT tells how "I have tried to get my dues for nine months," how she asked for satisfaction again and again "in a civil manner," and was asked in the end "to stop the correspondence."

YET the payment of separation allowances is a very simple matter. If, nevertheless, it is mismanaged so badly what will happen to the new scheme for the financial relief of recruits?



Echoes of the Town.

Sunlight and Daylight—Remnant Flags
—A Gallant Campbell—
Prime Minister Watches Gloomy Plays.



Dame Nature Speaks.

SUNSHINE Sunday! In a blaze of summer glory the late Mr. Willett's great scheme has been launched into reality, and Nature herself has smiled on it. I can imagine the dear old Dame saying, "You poor silly mortals, why have you all these years risen o' mornings in obedience to things of wire and brass, instead of to me? The birds and the beasts knew better than you did, you see. But you've come to your senses at last, so here's the finest day you ever saw as a little treat for you, and to celebrate a little victory for me."

Cheers For Willett.

YES, we all messed about with our clocks and our watches on Saturday night, and tried to be funny about it, and talked of being robbed of an hour's sleep, and put up objections to the new scheme just for the sake of argument and knocked them down again. In a restaurant where I was supping they put on the clock soon after eleven amid loud cheers.

Success.

THE MOST surprising thing of all is the smoothness with which the thing has worked. I have not heard as yet of any missed or bungled trains, or of any inconvenience at all. Fairly early in the morning, when our watches said eight o'clock, it certainly seemed more sevenish in atmosphere. But by midday—sorry, by one o'clock—we had forgotten all about it. In a couple of days the matter won't even be discussed.

The Lost Hour.

NOBODY seemed to mind. After all, why should they? But it needed a war to get a whole nation into a state of mind which would sanction the tampering with so sacred a thing as a clock. Years ago there were riots and bloodshed when the calendar was altered. "Give us back our eleven days!" was a sort of battle-cry of a certain section for some time. Nobody shouts now "Give us back our hour!" Perhaps it is because hours are not so pleasant nowadays that we can lose one without regret.

Lady Margaret Sackville.

LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE has been at it again. She is about to give forth to the world a new volume of poems entitled "The Pageant of War." Probably they will be quite a valuable contribution to war literature, for, as a matter of fact, Lady Margaret is a poetess of a high order. She published her first works as long ago as 1901, and her productions include fairy plays and tales, "Bertrud and Other Dramatic Poems," and heaps of interesting and delightful stuff. She is the third daughter of the seventh Earl de la Warr.



—(Lafayette.)

Flag Remnant Day.

WHY NOT have a "grand finale" in the way of a Flag Day—guaranteed to be the very last of all? Call it Flag Remnant Day, and sell off all the flags and badges and things which have remained unsold from its hundreds of predecessors.

Peg's Farewell.

THE PUBLIC may be tired of buying flags, but they didn't seem to be backward in buying far more expensive things on Saturday afternoon—tickets for the "Peg o' my Heart" matinée at the Palace to-day week. Lady Limerick and Mrs. Townshend were doing a wonderful trade in the foyer of the theatre, both looking very cool and chic in their summer frocks. The matinée is in aid of wounded Irish soldiers at a certain obscure place you may have heard of—Tipperary.

The Indispensables.

I ASKED the question on Saturday with regard to the Civil Service, "Who is indispensable?" I am told by one in touch with the Service that many men are indispensable. The critics, I am told also appear to have no idea at all of the importance and delicacy of the negotiations carried on continually at high pressure by the Higher Division Clerks in, for instance, the Admiralty. To take these men away and turn them into doubtfully efficient soldiers would be to throw the whole system into confusion, and then these self-appointed critics would want to know why the Service was manned

A Campbell.

A MEMBER of a fine fighting family has fallen in the most honourable of all ways in Lieutenant Sir Archibald Augustus Ava Campbell, whose name figured in a recent casualty list. Sir Archibald was the 4th Baronet, and on the outbreak of war obtained a commission in the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders. I once met him at a dinner party, and remember him as a typical Scot, and altogether a splendid type of "laird," clean, fair and strong, and obviously devoted to every form of outdoor activity. He was well on the right side of 40, and succeeded his father only three years ago.

Ten Baronets.

NO FEWER than ten Campbells appear in the Baronetage. The title with which we are concerned dates from 1831. The first baronet, Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald Campbell, G.C.B., was Colonel of the 62nd Regiment, and Commander-in-Chief in the Burmese War. His son, General Sir John Campbell, was killed in the assault on the Redan at Sebastopol in 1855. The new Baronet is Sir William Andrewes Ava Campbell, and is a brother of the late Sir Archibald. The family seat is Gibliston, Colinsburgh, Fife, where there is excellent shooting.

The Illness Of A Cecil.

SORRY TO HEAR that Evelyn Cecil is down with gastric influenza, for he has done a heap of first-class work during the war, and is a thoroughly sound man. He is of the Hatfield family, grandson of the second and nephew of the third and great "Markiss," whose private secretary he was for many years. He married, in 1898, Alicia, one of the many daughters of the first Baron Amherst of Hackney, and sister of the present Baroness, who married a "Burleigh" Cecil—Lord William.



—(Swaine.)
married a "Burleigh" Cecil—Lord William.

New Blood At Salonika.

MORE ARMY changes, and some people are saying that in the bringing of a young and scientific soldier in General Milne to take over at Salonika we may be in sight of a movement there. Let's hope so. Sir Bryan Mahon, who retires to Egypt, is a fine dashing soldier of the old school, but as a strategist I doubt whether he is in the same class as General Milne. But he was exceedingly popular at Salonika, and it will be interesting to see how General Sarraill hits it off with an Aberdonian.

General Milne's Political Relative.

GENERAL MILNE is a connection of one of the strong men of the Unionist Party—Mr. Steel-Maitland, now Mr. Benar Law's Under-Secretary at the Colonial Office. He and Mr. Steel-Maitland married the daughters of cousins, Sir John Nisbet Maitland, a Scottish baronet, and his predecessor in the title respectively, and it was only upon his marriage that the Unionist organiser adopted a hyphen and added his wife's maiden name.

Natural Photography.

A NEW TYPE of photography has caught on, and is becoming increasingly popular. No longer does the sitter have to pose carefully before a camera, for the object is to obtain a natural photograph. The sitter is shown into an artistic room, and is told to walk quietly about and examine the various articles and pictures. While she is doing this the photograph is taken, and the result is a most natural picture.

A Royal Fashion.

QUEEN MARY has started a fresh fashion in blue and white china ware. It was at the sale at the Georgian Hall, Oxford-street, in aid of the women artists who have been hit by the war. There was some beautiful china there, and her Majesty snapped some pieces up directly she saw them, just as though it were a bargain sale, and there was no time to be lost.

Happy Days.

IN ONE Government Department the lady clerks now get on very well with a certain old member of the staff who at first watched their advent with apprehension. Since, however, they have provided him with daily luxuries, and presented him with a flag on every flag day, and otherwise taken an interest in his appearance, he is much happier than of old. He is the only one of the staff who

Welcome Back.

GOOD NEWS, indeed, is it that Marion Terry, a great member of a great family, is to return to the stage after a long, long absence in the new Vachell play, "Fish-pingale" (silly title), at the Haymarket. She has been absent from us far too long, and when I have seen her of late at first nights it has made me a bit wild to see such an actress in the stalls and such actresses (sometimes) on the stage. Marion Terry has all the Terry charm, and is the finest "mother" nowadays the stage has ever seen. Here's wishing her the best of luck in the new piece! And, what is far more important, a speedy relief from anxiety about that good fellow, her brother, Fred Terry. Thank goodness, the latest bulletin was a bit better, but I fear he's in a bad way.



Flowers.

APART FROM Parliament and the Irish Commission, this week's event is the Chelsea Flower Show. Some minor alterations have been made, but in essentials it is the old show—something unique in the world history of horticulture. There is also the Society side of it, for it is easily the smartest function of a war season—so put on your best bib and tucker and shut your eyes if you meet any of those "extravagance" posters.

Sort Them Out.

WE'D ALL learnt the regimental badges by heart, and now we shall have to start on the new discs and squares and triangles of varied colours they are adorning the arms of the Tommies with. It seems that for easier identification each unit is to have its distinctive colours and design. I've only spotted one or two yet, but in a few weeks all the regiments will be labelled on the arm.

Brothers.

A LETTER FROM Dublin: "A soldier, ordered to fire on the rebels, saw his own brother amongst them. He shouted to the lad to scoot. Half of the rebels must have brothers in the trenches—Sinn Feiners—but loyal to the King. If they have a spark of patriotism between them, Carson and Redmond ought to make some party concessions, and bring North and South into sympathy with each other."

Sons Of Empire.

HERE IS a little romance of war which happens to be true. A six-foot Anzac and a sturdy Canadian at St. Pancras entered the same compartment of a North-bound train. Exchanging notes as strangers they discovered within ten minutes that they were natives of the same village, school chums twenty years ago, and that each had emigrated—the one to Australia, the other to Canada—a dozen years back. And they returned to the old home together.

For The Future Generation.

I'M SURE Miss Viola Tree's intentions were as laudable as the charity in support of which she had organised it, but Friday's matinée of "Georgian" plays was a grim and doleful business. The Prime Minister cannot have had a particularly cheery time in Dublin, inspecting ruins and discussing shooting and corpses, but if he went, as he did, to His Majesty's Theatre hot on his arrival back in this country, to be cheered up, he must have been disappointed.

"Inspissated Gloom."

I DO NOT quarrel with Miss Tree for choosing three plays of dire gloom, although the wounded Tommies, who were being given a happy afternoon in the pit, might have wanted to. The objection was that with the exception of the late Rupert Brooke's "Lithuania," which was no better and no worse than the ordinary Grand Guignol horror, these youthful dramatists proved just dull. "King Lear's Wife" was stifling in its boredom, and Lady Tree took nearly two hours to die. Daughter Viola was very charming as a princess, who stood by the death-bed reciting various ways of spearing or knifing deer, just to cheer her mother up. Eventually she stuck Julia James with a dagger—a long, sharp one.

Ye Gods!

"YE GODS!" at the Kingsway is a farce. It isn't a funny farce. What's the use of a farce if it isn't funny?

LIVING WAVES OF HUNS STILL BREAK ON THE ROCK OF VERDUN.

A THRILLING



An observation post cunningly sheltered behind a tree. It directs the fire of the "75's."

A French sentinel watches for signs of an attack.

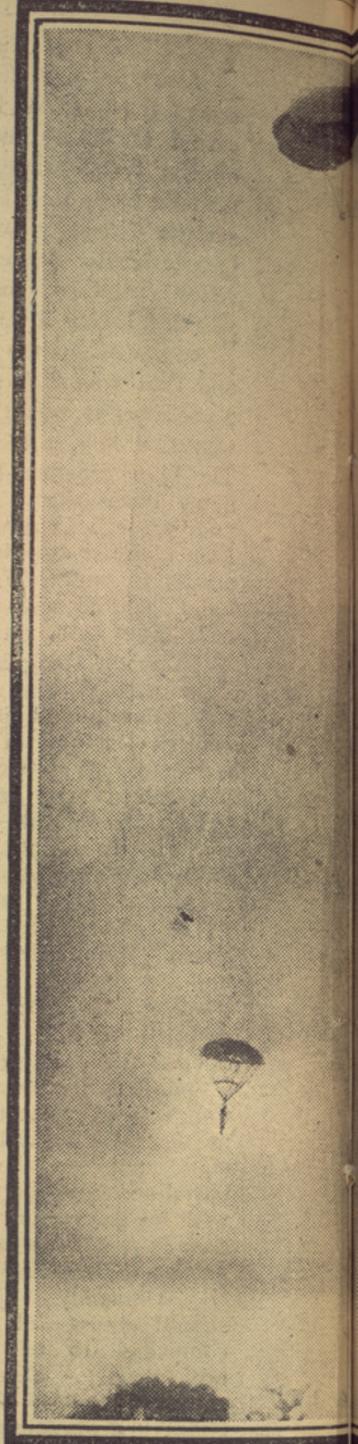


The mitrailleuse, which has literally mown down the Germans.

The French position is a series of trenches, filled with men prepared to stick to the last.

The latest news from France describes yet another attempt of the German forces to capture Verdun. The Hun commanders made terrible sacrifices of men, but they were unable to dislodge the French. —(French Official Photographs, Exclusive to the *Daily Sketch*.)

This French observation balloon was carried away. The observer descending in a parachute.



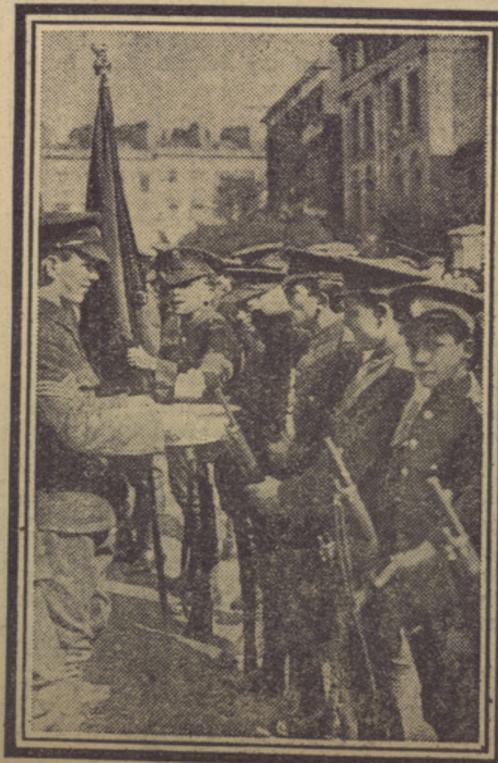
LURED BY THE LIGHTS O' LONDON TOWN.

A WELCOME REFRESHER.

WAR MULE THE KUT BUTCHER DID



Reggie, Norman, and Cecil Spray, with their parents. The lads tramped from Southampton to London, and slept five nights on the road. "We didn't forget to say our prayers," they told their mother when they were safe.



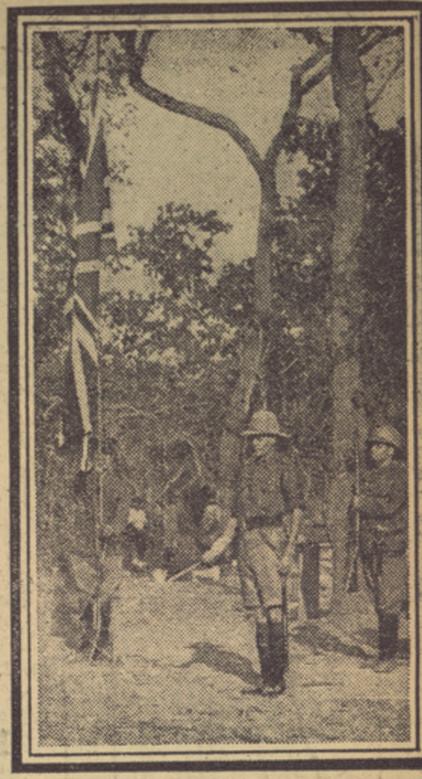
Cadets inspected by General Sir Francis Lloyd at Kensington on Saturday lining up for a drink of water after their march.



This mule, which bore the medals of the Tirah and two other medals, was the last animal to be sacrificed for food by the garrison at Kut. The butcher refused to do his

ESCAPE.

ADVENTURES FROM LONDON TO TANGANYIKA.



Some of the officers and men of the British Naval Expedition dispatched to Central Africa, with their motor transport, ready to leave camp at Fungurumee for Lake Tanganyika.

Saluting the Union Jack at the base camp 2,448 miles distant from Cape Town.



The Mimi and Tou-Tou, the armed motor-boats used in the expedition, clear for action. They captured a German gunboat after a ten minutes' fight, and chased another gunboat for thirty miles, ultimately succeeding in sinking the enemy vessel.



Native women were employed as water-carriers. With the earthenware jars on their heads they had to march eight miles from a stream to the traction engines. These photographs illustrate the difficulties confronting the British Naval Expedition which left London last June for Central Africa with orders to clear the Germans of Lake Tanganyika. It was the smallest expeditionary force sent against the enemy during the war, but it fulfilled its purpose.

broke from its moorings and was able to save himself by (Exclusive Photograph.)

NOT WISH TO KILL.



er Indian campaigns, was the Kut. Twice the regimental

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BRISE-BISE or VITRAGE NETS, for Sash Curtains, in a large variety of designs & prices. In all widths from 18in. Per yard **8/11**

WHITE MOSQUITO NETS for Bed Curtains, or Head Protections, in all widths, from 72in. wide. **1/11 1/2**



No. 2, 21/11.

Business Frock.

No. 2. Sleeveless FROCK in Shantung Silk in Grey, Wine, Nigger, Mauve, Rose, Saxe, Peach, Reseda or Ivory, cut with full skirt. A most practical Summer frock for office wear, and can be varied by wearing different blouses. Price **21/11**

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double beds, a pair **12/11**

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100 doz. Heavy Damask TABLE NAPKINS, in Floral and Striped designs. A useful napkin for hard wear. 24 by 24 in. A Doz. **12/11**

500 Double Damask Irish Linen TABLE-CLOTHS, in Ivy leaf design. 45 by 45 in. Each **4/6**



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No. 4, 7/6.

Sale of Feather Ruffles (A limited number only).

No. 3. Exceptional bargains in FEATHER NECKWEAR. Beautifully made of very full ostrich and marabout feather, four and five strands wide, and many finished with handsome silk tassels. In Saxe, Mauve, White, Natural, Black, Nigger or Grey. Usually 12/6. NOW price **5/-**

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No. 5, 3/9.

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1st Floor Extension. This Overall always looks smart and useful and serviceable. In strong twill in a Wedgwood Blue and White stripe with well fitting double yoke back and front, side pocket and detachable waist belt, will wash and wear excellently. Extra large size. Price each **3/9**

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Marlborough Plate PRESERVE JAR, finest quality English cut glass, complete with spoon **12/6**

Solid Silver PHOTOGRAPH FRAME Cabinet size, with polis ed wood back and reversible strut **6/9**

Marlborough Plate EGG STAND, plain round design, fitted four cups and spoons. Complete **£1 1s.**

SALAD BOWL, perfectly plain glass, with star-cut bottom, silver plated rim, 10in. diameter. **15/-**



No. 6, 8/9.

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2nd Floor. No. 6. Formosa PANAMA HAT with comfortable round crown and pliable brim, which can be curved to any angle. Most becoming to wearer. Trimmed with band and bow of corded ribbon. Delightful for sunny days and all sports or country wear. Price **8/9**

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36/6 (Worth £8).—MILITARY BINOCULARS, as supplied to the British Government; 5x magnification power (by Lumiere); extra long range, name of ship can be distinctly read five miles from shore; fitted in solid tan English leather case; week's free trial; sacrifice, £1 16s. 6d. Approval.

13/9—LADY'S most handsome 5-stone, Half-hoop OPAL RING, solid Gold, Government hall-marked; the opals are of the finest quality, full of scarlet, purple and green fire, and are intersected by 8 small diamond points; originally £5 5s. reduced to 13s. 9d.; approval before payment.

11/9 (Worth £1 15s.).—NAVY BLUE SERGE tulle 6 yds. LENGTH, double width, superfine quality; suitable for lady's costume or dress length; sacrifice, 11s. 6d.; approval.

13/9 (Worth £2 10s.).—BABY'S LONG CLOTHES, superfine quality, magnificent parcel, 40 articles, everything required. Exquisite embroidered American robes, etc.; beautifully made garments, the perfection of a mother's personal work, never worn; sacrifice, 13s. 9d. Approval willingly.

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

3/9—LADY'S 2 1/2 Solid Gold Marquise Ring, set one mass of lovely Parisian Pearls and Turquoises; 3s. 9d. Ap.

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

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

27/6 (Worth £5 5s. Od.).—LADY'S Solid Gold English Hall-marked WATCH BRACELET, will fit any wrist; perfect timekeeper; 10 years' warranty; week's free trial, 27s. 6d.

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

19/9—LADY'S Trouseau; 18 Superfine quality Night-dresses, Chemises, Knickers, Petticoats, Combinations, etc.; worth £3 5s.; sacrifice, 19s. 9d. Approval willingly.

8/6—MASSIVE CURB CHAIN PADLOCK BRACELET, with safety chain; solid links; 18-ct. gold stamped filled in velvet case; sacrifice, 8s. 6d. Approval before payment.

59/6 (Worth £12 12s. Od.).—GENT'S Solid Gold English Chronograph Stop Watch (Exam. R. Stanton, London), timed to minute month; 20 years' warranty; 7 days trial; 59s. 6d.

14/6—LADY'S HANDSOME 18-ct. GOLD-CASED KEYLESS WATCH EXPANDING BRACELET; fashionable pattern, will fit any wrist; perfect timekeeper; 10 years' warranty; sacrifice, 14s. 6d.; week's trial. Approval willingly.

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

22/6 (Worth £3 10s.).—GENT'S Fashionable Smart Grey high-class tailor; splendid JACKET SUIT by Longford, finish, never worn; breast 39in.; waist 36in.; leg 32 1/2in.; great bargain, sacrifice, 22s. 6d. Approval willingly.

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35/-—VALUABLE VIOLIN; magnificent Strad. model; mounted how in fitted ebony case, complete; sacrifice, 35s.; honestly worth £5; approval.

8/6—MASSIVE CURB CHAIN PADLOCK BRACELET filled, in velvet case; sacrifice, 8s. 6d. Approval willingly.

45/-—PHONE, solid oak cabinet with 10in turn-table; with six 10in. disc tunes, genuine hornless GRAMOPHONE improved Symphonette tone arm and sound box.

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

4/9—GENT'S 17s. 6d. Oxydised Keyless Lever Watch, perfect timekeeper; non-magnetic action; 10 years' warranty; week's free trial; sacrifice, 4s. 9d. Approval.

16/6—ARMY SERVICE WRIST WATCH, solid nickel silver dust and damp-proof case, with luminous dial (time years); genuine bargain, 16s. 6d.; worth 42s.; approval.

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

17/6—LADY'S handsome 18-ct. GOLD-CASED KEYLESS WATCH EXPANDING BRACELET; fashionable pattern, will fit any wrist; perfect timekeeper; 10 years' warranty; sacrifice, 17s. 6d.; week's trial. Approval willingly.

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

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

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 110), LICENSED PAWNBROKERS, 284, BRITTON-ROAD, LONDON.

SIMPLICITY IS THE KEYNOTE OF SOME NEW FASHIONS.



This Apache hat, with peak-cap effect, strikes a new note.—(Manuel.)

Black aigrettes provide the only trimming to this white straw.—(Talma.)

THE FAVOURITE TAFFETA COAT: HOW IT MAY BE MADE ECONOMICALLY AT HOME

WELL in the foreground of summer fashion comes the taffeta coat. It is a useful and becoming garment for a woman of almost any age, and combines the qualities of coolness and smartness—which so few garments do.

With a ruched or pleated trimming the taffeta coat acquires a quaint charm which is well in accord with the old-world air of some of the

newest frocks, and this trimming is to be recommended on account of its economy. A taffeta coat, in fact, will serve so many purposes and so well cover the deficiencies of a war-time wardrobe that it is an excellent investment.

When made at home its cost need not be very great, and the amateur may make for herself quite a smart coat without undue labour provided she gets the right sort of pattern.

Daily Sketch pattern 1,030 is for an up-to-date

coat which is so simple in construction that the veriest amateur need not be afraid to attempt it. The pattern is arranged for taffeta, but the design would also look well in shantung.

The coat is really a loose sacque shape, a little longer at the back than in front, and with the fulness drawn in by a cording at the sides and the back. The right front wraps well over to the left side, and the sleeves are set into a large armhole. No lining is required.

Patterns may be obtained only from the Pattern Department, Daily Sketch, London, E.C., price sixpence, or sevenpence post free. Three sizes may be obtained, to fit 22, 24 and 28 inch waists. Applicants should state the size required.

Full instructions for the making-up and a diagram showing how to lay the pattern on the material are sent with each pattern.

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Dainty Homes

need dainty treatment—the kind of treatment that MANSION POLLY, the Busy Bee, can give them. With her wonderful wax preparation

MANSION POLISH

she adds a beautiful, rich gloss to all kinds of Furniture, Linoleum and Stained or Parquet Floors, leaving a smooth, hard surface, which will not finger-mark. Mansion Polish also acts as a cleanser, purifier and preservative. There is no need to make a toil of life during the summer months, in spite of the labour-shortage, for Mansion Polly will keep your home spick and span, and her method is so economical.

Mansion Polish of all Dealers.

Tins 1d., 2d., 4d., 6d. & 1/-.

Chiswick Polish Co., Ltd., Chiswick, W.



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 2/9 bottle contains three times as much as the 1/3 size.

SHE DARKENED HER GREY HAIR.

A Society Lady Darkened her Grey Hair and Stimulated Its Growth by a Simple Home Recipe.

A well-known society lady, who darkened her grey hair by a simple home process, made the following statement: "Any lady or gentleman can darken their grey or faded hair, stimulate its growth and make it soft and glossy with this simple recipe, which they can mix at home. To half-pint of water add 1 oz. of bay rum and 1 small box of Orlex Compound. These ingredients can be purchased at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair every other day until the grey hair is darkened sufficiently, then every two weeks. This mixture relieves scalp troubles and is excellent for dandruff and falling hair. It does not stain the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. It will make a grey haired person look 10 to 20 years younger."—Advt.



Daily Sketch Pattern 1,030—a taffeta coat.

RIDE A B.S.A. BICYCLE

Catalogue of 1916 B.S.A. Bicycles post free on request.

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

NATURE'S WAY.

Oatine cleanses Nature's way. It removes accumulations of dust and dirt from the pores that soap and water cannot reach. It brings the perfect beauty of health to the plainest face and banishes wrinkles. Give Nature a chance to make you beautiful. Get a jar to-day.

In white jars, 1/1 and 2/3. Ask for—

Oatine FACE CREAM

GET IT AT YOUR CHEMISTS.

"PADDY" KNIFE CLEANER

Guaranteed to Clean and Polish MODELE DE LUXE 6 to 8 knives a minute. Does not wear the blades.

2/6 WILL LAST A LIFETIME.

Obtainable through all Ironmongers and Stores, or sent direct on 7 day's approval on receipt of the price, 2/6 and 4d. postage.

All British.

THE PADDY CLEANER CO. (Dept. K.), 56, Forest Hill Road, LONDON, S.E.

THE MUNITION BOY & GIRL AFTER THE WAR.

Problems Peace Will Bring To Those Now Highly Paid.

EDUCATION BOARD'S FORESIGHT.

Boys of 14 are earning in some munition factories 25s. a week. Youths of 17 are earning as much as £3 a week on war work.

All the boys, or nearly all of them, and a large proportion of the girls, have been attracted to war work by the abnormal pay.

What is to become of all these boys and girls after the war?

The *Daily Sketch* is pleased to be able to announce that the authorities are fully alive to the gravity of the situation, and, what is more, will do something to solve the knotty problems involved.

The Board of Education has appointed a departmental committee, and this body has decided already upon its terms of reference. They are:—

1. To consider what steps should be taken to make provision for the education and instruction of children and young persons after the war, regard being had particularly to the interests of those who have been abnormally employed during the war.
2. To those who cannot immediately find advantageous employment.
3. To those who require special training for employment.

Long Hours And High Wages.

Mr. R. A. Bray, L.C.C. (son of Mr. Justice Bray), and member of the London Juvenile Advisory Committee, who has taken a deep and useful interest in the welfare of young people, told the *Daily Sketch* what the position is to-day with regard to these boys and youths now in munition factories.

"Boys and girls," he said, "are being attracted away from trades where the prospects are good. There are many places open to boys, but the boys are not there to fill them.

"The boys are working abnormal hours, therefore those who wish to attend evening schools are unable to do so because of lack of time.

"Their health is suffering. And, what is more serious, they are likely to suffer a great deal in loss of character.

"High wages are not good for boys; it gets them into habits of wasteful extravagance. After the war a serious problem will present itself, because these boys and youths will not be able to find employment where high wages are given.

Girls Without Prospects.

"The work of the committee will not be made any the easier owing to the fact that there are a large number of girls who have taken up boys' work and who will have no prospects after they are 16 years of age.

"We cannot yet say what will happen to our juveniles after the war, but one thing is certain, there will be a tremendous redistribution of occupations.

"Whilst this redistribution of occupations is proceeding there must be a considerable amount of unemployment.

"It is to do our best for these boys that the committee has been started now, so that by the time the war is over some practical scheme will be ready."

A Maastricht correspondent reports that in Aix-la-Chapelle, on the German frontier of Belgium, during an entire week no meat was obtainable, and thus there were seven instead of two meatless days.

AMERICAN COTTON (Closing).—New York 8 to 12 and New Orleans 7 to 8 points down. Tone steady.

THE NAVY PAYS LAST HONOURS ASHORE.



The firing party at the funeral of Commander Bruce Lloyd Owen, R.N., in a pretty little East Coast village. After coming unscathed through all the North Sea fights so far the officer contracted a fatal chill.

BATTLES IN THE AIR.

(Continued from Page 3.)

Directly after the first bombardment a fleet of 53 French, British and Belgian aircraft flew over the German encampments of Wyswege and Ghisteltes, upon which 250 shells were dropped.

During the day some 15 bombs were dropped by German aeroplanes on Belfort. Material damage done is insignificant.

ARTILLERY DESTROYS FOKKER.

French Official News.

Sunday Afternoon.

Last night our bombarding aeroplanes dropped numerous bombs on the military establishments at Thionville, Elain and Spincourt (north of Metz) and on the camps in the region of Azannes and Damvillers (north of Verdun).

During an aerial combat between four of our machines and three Fokkers over the Forest of Bézanges one of the enemy aeroplanes was brought down.

Another Fokker attacked by one of our pilots was forced to come down in his own lines under the fire of our batteries, which destroyed the machine.—Reuter.

BELGIANS ALSO SCORE.

Belgian Official News.

Sunday Night.

During an aerial combat off Nieuport a Belgian aviator, Captain Jaquet, and Pilot Lieut. Robin defeated a German aeroplane, which fell into the sea.—Wireless Press.

WILL O'KEEFFE WIN THE BELT?

To-night's Match With Ex-Bandsman Blake At The N.S.C.

A boxing contest of unusual interest will take place to-night at the National Sporting Club, when Pat O'Keeffe, who has twice won the middle-weight championship, will be tackled by ex-Bandsman Jack Blake, who was defeated by O'Keeffe a year ago at The Ring. The Irishman is getting on in years, but, despite that fact, he should to-night win the Lonsdale belt outright.

Another good contest at the N.S.C. to-night will be that between Sergeant Johnny Summers, twice winner of the welter-weight title, in a 14-round bout with Kid Doyle, of Newcastle, who has beaten most of the best men, including Albert Badoud, a conqueror of Basham. It is thought that Kid Doyle will win.

Sid Smith, the ex-holder of the Lonsdale fly-weight belt, beat Corporal Dido Gains on points in a 20-rounds contest at The Ring on Saturday night.

MUSIC-HALL BOXING CHAMPIONSHIP

Some interesting boxing should be seen at the National Sporting Club on Thursday afternoon, on the occasion of a benefit to Jack Wayho.

One of the chief events will be the match between Gus McNaughton, of the music-hall team "The McNaughtons," and Harold Baker, the Lancashire comedian, for the 10st. championship



JOE ELVIN'S CUP.

of the music-hall profession and Joe Elvin's very handsome 50-guinea cup. Both have been in training for over a fortnight, McNaughton at Whetstone and Baker near his home.

Sid Smith, the ex-world's champion, and "Stiffy," alias Harry Weldon, the famous comedian, are to give a screaming fight to a finish, which is sure to be the burlesque hit of the Wayho benefit.

MILITARY ATHLETIC RESULTS.

The 3rd Irish Guards, who have not met defeat during the last two years in inter-team contests, won the tug-of-war at the metropolitan athletic meeting at Blackheath on Saturday. Their man, Corporal J. Gamble, won the 1,000 yards race. Other winners at the meeting were: Air Mechanic W. Hehir, 3 miles walk; Pte. Lowe, 3 miles running race; G. Stone, 3 miles walk of Volunteer Training Corps.

In the cross-country championship (6½ miles) of the Northern Command at Gosforth Park the winner was Sapper G. E. Barber, won by the Northumbrian Field Co. The battalion championship was won by the Northumbrian Field Engineers.

At the United Services sports at Sheerness Lieut. Jameson, 6th Rifle Brigade, won the half-mile. J. Butler, ex-champion, allowed 4min. 30sec., won the Garrett Walking Club's 9 miles handicap at Mitcham.

THE QUESTION OF ALIEN JOB-SNATCHERS.

Storm Of Protest Raised By Belgians In This Country.

INDIGNANT LETTERS.

The *Daily Sketch* disclosures of "job snatching" by foreigners, who are filling the places of Englishmen who have to go to the front to fight, have created much interest.

Many correspondents have written thanking the *Daily Sketch* for its outspoken remarks. On the other hand a storm of protest has been raised, especially among the Belgian population here. Most of the correspondents point out that they have no alternative but to work—or starve. They point out that all their men of military age are either fighting or wounded.

Sarcastic Belgian Paper.

La Métropole, the well-known Antwerp newspaper, now published in London, says that after the falling-off of the relief funds Belgian workers were either forced or attracted into the English factories—where they were able to learn the lessons of "ca' canny" and sabotage—and were taken right and left into offices where the motto of maximum work for minimum wages flourishes in all its beauty—for foreigners. The journal concludes:

There is very little danger, at least as far as Belgians are concerned, that the employments "stolen" will not be returned as soon as the war is over and the way to Ostend open. . . . The total absence of the spirit of comradeship in the offices and shops and the absolute want of organisation of employment agencies have long discouraged such Belgian workers as ever had the idea of settling permanently in England.

L'Indépendance Belge, after a reference to the creation of "asphyxiating gases" between English and Belgian, says that the estimate of 200,000 alien Allies of military age in Great Britain is absurd. The total number of Belgian exiles—men, women, and children—is only 250,000, of whom most of the men are over 40 years of age, whilst many are wounded from the front.

Angry Protests.

Following are extracts from letters received on the subject:—

"We cannot understand, if we really steal jobs from the English—we don't believe we do—why Belgians are still being advertised for in the Dutch papers to come over here to work, when most of us know it is difficult to find work for us who are here. . . . Make free the way from which we came if you don't want us any longer working here and nine-tenths of the Belgians would not find it so bad"—A Lot of Belgians, Shepherd's Bush.

"You say we shall force ourselves in English factories after the war. Belgians are too patriotic not to seize the first opportunity of returning to reconstruct their devastated land, without once thinking of their personal interests."—Fernand Toussaint, Sparkbrook, Birmingham.

Six men employed by a firm where Russians are also working write thanking the *Daily Sketch* for its action. They say that the Russians who are of military age jeer at the English and tell them to go and fight while they go scot free.

THE QUEEN AT AN ART EXHIBITION.

The Queen, who was accompanied by Princess Mary, yesterday visited an exhibition, by the Royal Amateur Art Society, on behalf of St. Dunstan's Hostel for Blind Soldiers, in Sir Philip Sassoon's house, 25, Park-lane, and made some purchases.

Queen Mary took special notice of a water-colour by Princess Henry of Battenberg, "Alyssen Island, Corfu," and expressed great satisfaction with the exhibition as a whole. The King has lent a number of prints, the gems of which are "Gardens of the British Museum during the encampment of 1780" (by Paul Sanby, R.A.) and "View in St. James's Park."

SIR F. BENSON AND HIS DRESSER.

At a congratulatory dinner given by the O.P. Club at the Hotel Cecil last night, Sir Frank Benson was presented by Mr. Carl Hentschel, on behalf of Mr. Arthur Collins, with the sword with which he was knighted by the King at Drury Lane Theatre.

Sir Frank, in reply, said his dresser, on being asked by Lady Benson if he were glad at the honour, replied, "Not altogether. I am not at all sure it won't give the gov'nor greater licence in the remarks he addresses to me." (Laughter.)

GIRL IN FLAMES ON STRAND 'BUS.

Lily Seidenberg (17), of Lake-street, Commercial-road, was riding on the top of a 'bus in the Strand on Saturday evening when her muslin dress caught fire, apparently from a lighted match dropped by a smoker, and in a few seconds she was enveloped in flames. Other passengers put out the flames and she was taken to Charing Cross Hospital, where she died yesterday.

Mr. Percy Lindley, of 30, Fleet-street, E.C., is hon. secretary pro tem. of a committee, which has been formed to put employers into touch with reliable men well over military age.

For Your Skin Trouble here's the remedy



Send at once and start using it. Immediately you do so your skin illness will receive notice to quit, and before long your skin will again be clear, spotless and unblemished. It does not matter whether your trouble is eczema, pimples, blackheads, a bad leg, bad hands, irritating rash or any other skin illness, you can apply Antexema with perfect confidence that it will quickly effect a thorough and permanent cure. The moment Antexema touches the bad place all itching stops and every day you use it your skin looks more and more healthy until at last your trouble is for ever ended. Send for Free Trial bottle at once. Tens of thousands of skin sufferers have been cured by Antexema, after doctors, hospitals and everything else had proved an utter failure. It cannot fail to cure you, if you give it the chance.

Do your duty to your skin and get Antexema to-day. Supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also of Boots Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrod's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parke's, Taylor's Drug Co., and Lewis and Burrows', at 1s. 3d. and 3s. per bottle, or direct post free in plain wrapper, 1s. 6d. and 3s., from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. Also throughout India, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa, and Europe.

Sign this Form

To Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.—Please send booklet, "Skin Troubles," for which I enclose three penny stamps, also Free Trial of Antexema and Antexema Granules, the famous blood purifier.

NAME

ADDRESS

Daily Sketch, 22/5/16.

TRUE ECONOMY might as well begin in the kitchen as anywhere else—and if your pots and pans are CAST IRON, you can take it as a cast iron example of what economy really is. CAST IRON cooking utensils not only cook better, but are cleaner, safer, and last a life-time.

CAST IRON



Serial Story
Specially
Written
for the
Daily
Sketch.

Rivals Meet.

As the drawing-room windows closed with a bang and he heard the key turn in the lock Jim Stratton stood for a moment crestfallen.

He made a movement towards the window as if he were half determined to force an entry into the house and demand an interview with Hester, but he checked himself, as if realising the folly and futility of such a step. Then he drew himself up to his full height and took a great gulp of air into his lungs.

"All right," he muttered. "I reckon you've won the first round on points, Mr. Kemp. I'll own up to that. But this fight'll go longer than one round—don't you make any blamed error."

Descending the steps of the terrace, he crossed the garden and made his way by the drive into the road. Then, turning to the right, he reached presently the broad picturesque thoroughfare which constituted the High-street of Heaton Chevre.

A train had just come in, and a little string of motor-cars and dog-carts were carrying some of the passengers to their respective homes. Others on foot were streaming down from the top of the station approach, and from this small knot of people one figure disengaged itself as Jim Stratton stood for a moment in the middle of the High-street. He recognised Gordon Kemp.

THE LOVE OF AN ANZAC.

By
LADBROKE
BLACK.

He watched Gordon coming towards him, and something in the man, besides the fact that he was Hester's affianced husband, raised a feeling of aversion in the Anzac's mind. He looked so neat and tidy—so completely turned out—so much the city man—the perfect product of a great civilised capital.

Jim Stratton had always seen life bare to the buff—had seen it crudely, but seen it frankly. No false estimates of essentials had blinded his vision. To be thirsty, to be hungry, to do your duty, to love, to be on "the square," to stand by a friend and give your life without hesitation for him, if need be, to fight when the Empire wanted you—that was life as Jim Stratton saw it—life without complications—a clear, straight path.

And instinctively he knew that for Gordon Kemp life was anything but a clear, straight path. He complicated it with all kinds of things that to the Anzac seemed absurd—forms, ceremonies, stupid standards, perpetual compromises between duty and expediency.

And that this man should win Hester Gervais—his little lady of the downs—the girl who symbolised for Stratton all the pleasant noble open-air life of England with its wholesome atmosphere of mystery and beauty—the very thought raised the devil in him.

All About A Girl.

"I reckon I feel like the bear in the garden of Eden when he first saw Adam in his fig-leaves—and wanted to tear him," the Anzac muttered to himself.

He had an uncontrollable desire to take Gordon Kemp and roll him in the dust all the way down the High-street. The result, he felt, would be to make Kemp, at any rate, more like a man—as he understood men. . . . Instead, acting on some impulse, he walked to meet him.

"Good evening, Mr. Kemp," he said. Gordon looked up as if he had been unaware of the Anzac's presence up to that moment. As a matter of fact he had seen that huge, burly figure standing in the middle of the High-street ever since he had turned round the corner of the station approach.

"Oh, it's you, is it, Mr. Stratton?" he said. "Good evening."

He held out his gloved hand with a smile of perfect courtesy. Stratton ignored it, deliberately and shamelessly.

"Can I have a few words with you, Mr. Kemp?" he said. "There's something I want to say."

Gordon consulted his gold watch. "I have got to get home and dress, and I am already rather late, I'm afraid, Mr. Stratton," he said, almost apologetically, "but if you're walking my way—"

"Right!" exclaimed Stratton, and fell into step by his side.

For a while neither of them spoke. Gordon was wondering what the Australian could have to say to him—was wondering, too, what had taken place at the Manor during his absence. Suddenly the Anzac broke the silence.

"Look here, Mr. Kemp, you and I are out after the same girl. I want you just to realise that. If I can get Hester Gervais for my wife I'm going to get her—see!"

The patient, gracious smile on Gordon's face—the smile that suggested the distinction between himself and his companion—that hinted a certain condescension on his part in being seen walking with the man—faded instantly. His face became stern and masklike.

"I can't listen to this sort of talk," he said firmly. "From any other man I should have taken what you have said, Mr. Stratton, as a piece of unparalleled impertinence. From you—well, I am prepared to make allowances for you in consideration of your ignorance of this country. But we will say nothing more about it, if you please."

Jim Stratton walked serenely by his side for some moments in silence, an odd little smile flickering about the corners of his lips.

"Finished with all that guff?" he inquired presently.

Gordon, startled for a moment out of his assumed composure, looked up at his companion with a frown. But he was too clever to let his annoyance give the other an opening for the discussion which he, personally, wished to avoid.

"I think we will say good-night here, Mr.

Stratton," he said quietly, and made as if to walk on alone.

But Jim Stratton could not be so easily shaken off. He lengthened his stride slightly, and was once more alongside the other man.

The Blow.

"You've got to listen," he said. "You needn't answer if you think it will spoil the crease of your trousers—but you've got to listen."

They had left the village street now and had turned to the right up the narrow lane, with its high banks and hedges, that led to Gordon's house on the hill. Gordon halted and faced his companion.

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do, Mr. Stratton," he said. "Mr. Lomas is a friend of mine—you are at present his guest. I shall take care that he is made aware of your outrageous conduct—with the result that you will be sent packing."

"Oh, Mr. Lomas knows it already! I told him this morning before I shifted my quarters over to the George and Anchor. I told him I was out to win Hester Gervais and that I didn't want him to be involved in any unpleasantness."

Anger now took complete possession of Gordon Kemp. The old barriers of restraint with which he had been accustomed to compass himself about were broken down. The blood rushed to his head; his cheeks flushed; the veins on his forehead stood out like whipcord. . . . There was an odd singing in his ears.

"You infernal impudent scoundrel!" he exclaimed. "How dare you!"

In his rage he took one step towards the Anzac. Jim Stratton backed towards the side of the road.

"Look out!" he shouted—"look out!"

Over the crest of the hill up which the lane climbed a huge Straker-Squire transport wagon hove in sight. It was running almost noiselessly, completely filling the lane, brushing the hedges on either side. . . . Gordon Kemp, with his passion surging in his brain, neither heard it nor saw it.

It appeared only to him that Stratton's quick retreat before his menacing attitude proved that this Colonial had not even the quality of physical courage which he was supposed to possess. . . . Stratton was afraid of him.

Gordon suddenly resolved to take full advantage of this unexpected situation. He would not resort to violence, of course—but he would frighten this man. . . . He stood where he was, his feet slightly apart, his manner and bearing imperiously offensive. . . .

"If ever I hear of you so much as mentioning this lady's name again I shall know how to deal with you!" he exclaimed.

A Brave Deed.

The lane was suddenly filled with a babel of sound—the hysterical hoot-hoot of a motor-horn—a raucous Cockney voice—the grinding of brakes. . .

Gordon saw Stratton take a leap from the side of the bank and spring at him. After all the man was going to attack him. Half-amazed by this unexpected change, he struck out with all his force. He felt his knuckles jar against Stratton's jawbone. "Take that—damn you!" he gasped.

He had put all the accumulated venom of the last few days into the blow—all the mad, surging passion that made him oblivious of everything else except the presence of this man who had come so unexpectedly between him and Hester Gervais. But Stratton did not even seem to feel it, or if he felt it, it failed to stay his rush.

The next moment Gordon Kemp was seized, spun round, and flung like a pellet from a boy's catapult, into the hedge. . . . He hung there for some moments, his face scratched and bleeding with the thorns. . . .

The transport wagon rolled like a juggernaut towards the spot where Gordon Kemp had stood—where Jim Stratton stood now.

It was already slowing down with all its brakes on, but before the Anzac could step out of the way the hood had caught him and flung him face downwards. He became suddenly as active as a wild cat. The blow had sent him a few feet ahead of the wagon. Before it could reach him again he flung himself sideways out of its path.

Had he wasted the time to stand up he must inevitably have been killed. As it was, the front wheel of the heavy lorry came to a halt within only a few inches of his foot.

He picked himself up, dusted the knees of his breeches, rubbed his big hands down the sides of his tunic, adjusted his hat, and then turned to the cockney driver, who, with a scared expression, had jumped from his seat.

"Are you running some blooming motor-Marathon—or what's the joke, mate?" Stratton inquired coolly.

The driver came towards him, and put a trembling hand upon his back.

"Bli'me!" he gasped. "I thought you were done for—I did, straight. You ain't broken anything, have you?"

Jim Stratton laughed. "You did your best, didn't you?" he exclaimed.

The driver took off his cap and wiped his perspiring forehead.

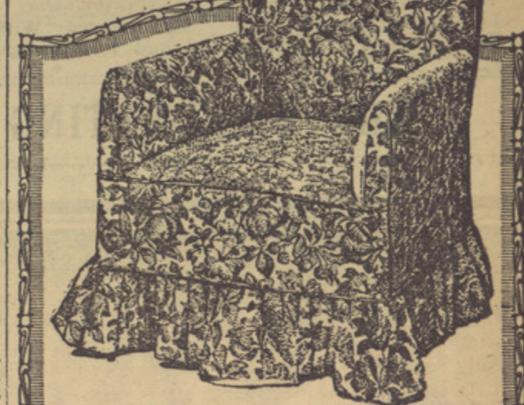
"It wasn't my fault, and it wasn't your fault," he retorted. "It was that silly jossler there in the hedge. I blew my horn fit to bust. A deaf asylum's the place for 'im!"

Gordon Kemp had struggled out of the hedge into the road. As he came towards them, holding his handkerchief to the scratches on his face, the driver turned on him almost angrily.

"You ain't half lucky, are you, guv'nor? You ought to be a corpse—that's what you ought to be by rights. That chap there saved your life—and how he got out of it himself beats me. Blowed if I'd 'ave done it for you—a chap what stands about in the middle of a road. . . ."

He trailed off into a string of abuse and grumbles. Gordon heard not a word he said. . . . He was trying to realise that Jim Stratton—his rival—had risked his life for him.

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A charming taffeta coat, the very thing for the hot weather, may be made economically at home with the help of a *Daily Sketch* paper pattern. See page 9 to-day.

THE FASCINATING PERILS OF LOVE SPELLS.



Kathleen Grey and Charles Windermere in a scene from "Ye Gods," the new fantastical farce just produced in London. Luckless Jimmy is the victim of love spells cast by the hideous African idols. —(Wrather and Buys.)

THE SCHOOLBOY GARDENERS.



Boys of the Harrow County School have taken to war-time gardening and mean to grow their own vegetables. They find it as interesting as cricket.

A CANADIAN WINNER.



The Mayor of Worthing congratulating Bandsman Pearce, the winner of the mile race, at an entertainment to the Canadian military bands.

THE OLD "BONE-SHAKER" AND THE OLD "BONE-BREAKER."



A rally of old-time cyclists took place at Esher yesterday, and many weird machines of bygone days were to be seen keeping within the speed limit. Our pictures show a veteran of 1870 on his "bone-shaker," and another old-timer on his old "ordinary."



THE NAVAL DIVER.



A diver aboard a British warship in the Mediterranean, ready for descent.