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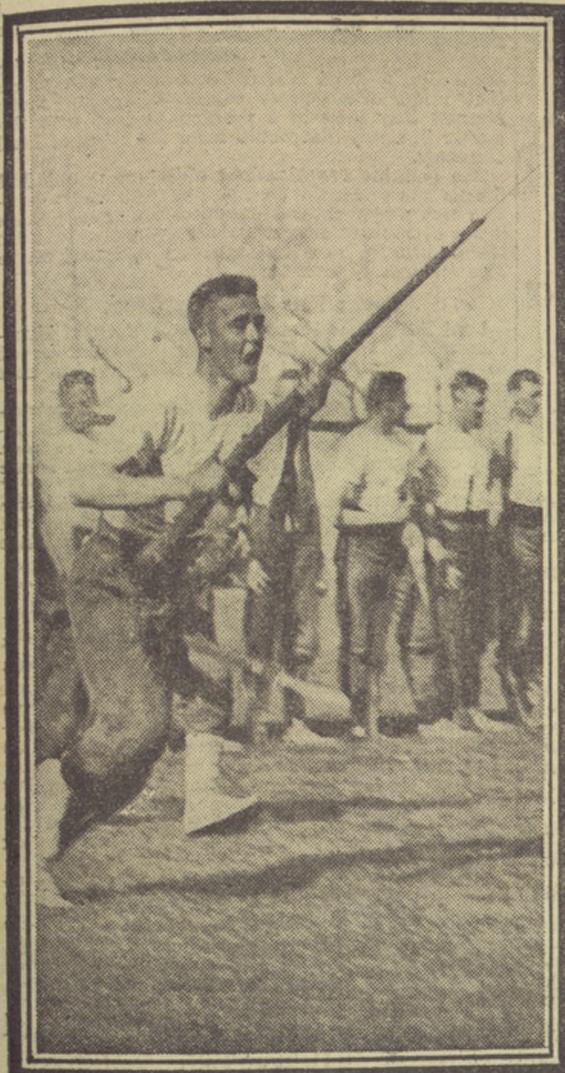
LONDON, TUESDAY, MAY 23, 1916.

[Registered as a Newspaper.] ONE HALFPENNY.

BAYONETS, OR-

PICTURES THAT POINT THE MORAL OF THE IRISH PROBLEM ASQUITH IS EXPECTED TO SETTLE.

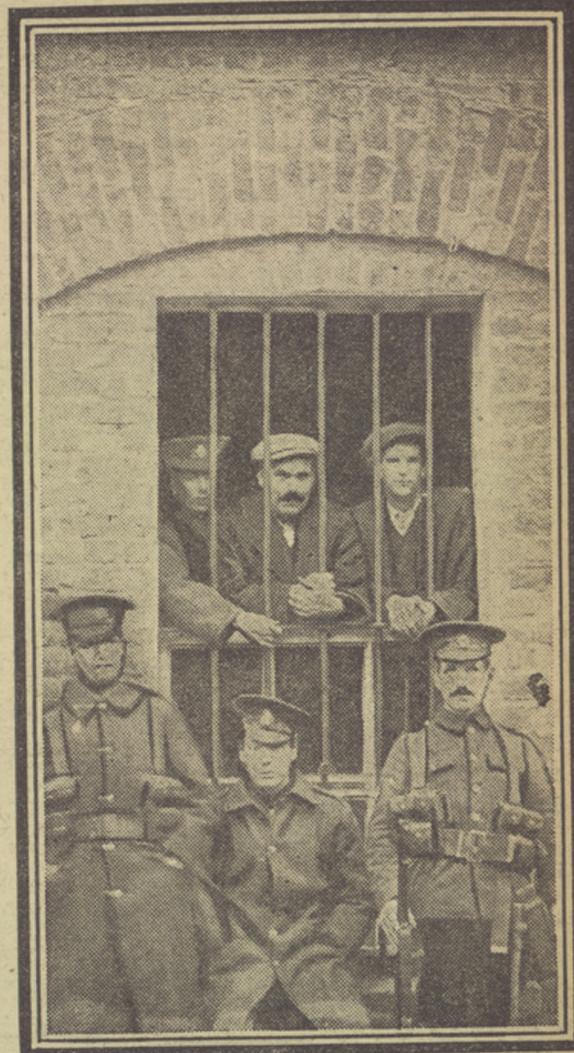
PRISON BARS.



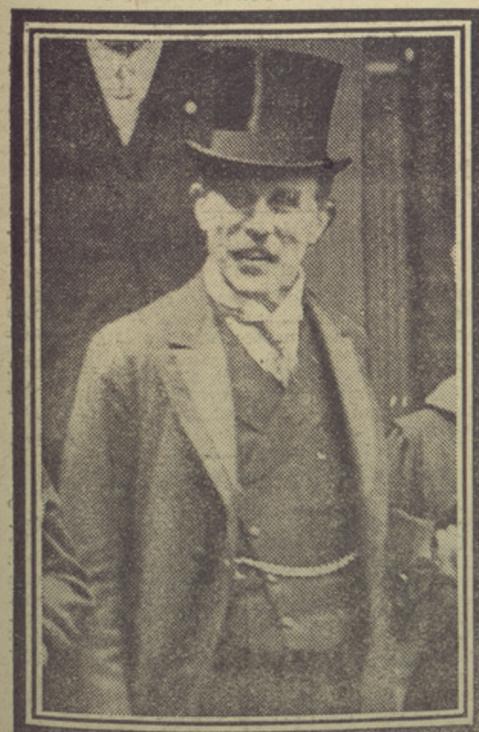
One of the Irish-Canadian Rangers learning to charge. When expert with the bayonet he means to account for a few Huns



Some of the officers of the Montreal Battalion of Irish-Canadians. In front are Capt. the Hon. W. J. Shaughnessy, son of Lord Shaughnessy, Lieut.-Col. H. J. Tribey, and Capt. E. H. Knox-Leet.



Doyle and Donoghue behind prison bars. They were sent to prison in connection with the shooting of Constable Grace at Enniscorthy.



Viscount Midleton leaving the Irish Inquiry yesterday. He said Mr. Birrell laughed at the Sinn Fein movement.



Eager recruits of the Irish-Canadian Rangers practising a realistic bayonet charge.



Mr. Birrell walked to the Inquiry yesterday wearing a hat that made him look almost like an Irishman.

More Irish Bayonets or more Irish Prison Bars? Which shall it be, Mr. Asquith? Not only the nation here at home, but Irishmen all the world over are awaiting the Premier's indication as to how the Irish Problem may be settled once for all. Already have the Irish-Canadians of Montreal formed among themselves a battalion of Rangers now training to join fellow-Irishmen in fighting for Empire at the front.

THE REIGN OF MISRULE IN DUBLIN CASTLE.

Lord Wimborne's Astonishing Revelations.

OFFICIALS WHO LAUGHED AT WARNINGS.

Casement Expedition Kept Secret By The Admiralty.

GENERAL FRIEND'S "LEAVE."

Extraordinary stories of the topsy-turvy condition of the Irish "Government" were told yesterday by Lord Wimborne, who gave evidence before the Commission of Inquiry.

Though the Viceroy is the nominal head of the Administration, all his powers but one (that of commuting the death penalty) had been usurped by the Chief Secretary and the Under Secretary.

Lord Wimborne knew how dangerous the Sinn Fein movement had grown, and wanted to deport the leaders. Sir Edward Carson (then Attorney-General) said this would be straining the law.

Then Lord Wimborne suggested internment of the leaders, but was told "association with the enemy must first be proved." By the time proof was obtained the rebellion had begun.

The Admiralty knew in advance of Sir Roger Casement's voyage, but did not tell the Irish Government or the Irish military authorities.

General Friend, commanding the Dublin district, left Ireland on leave on the Thursday before the rebellion. "Everybody in Dublin goes away for Bank Holiday."

AMAZING DISCLOSURES.

Lord Wimborne's Efforts To Avert A Revolt Were Baulked.

Lord Wimborne's evidence before the Commission of Inquiry was all the more piquant because, although he has resigned the Lord Lieutenantancy, nobody knows whether the resignation has been accepted.

After explaining his position of "total irresponsibility," he said that ever since the Irish Division left for the front at the end of the summer he had been of the opinion that the Irish garrison was quite inadequate.

He had questioned General Friend as to his plans in the event of trouble. On September 13, 1915, he pressed the War Office for reinforcements. On March 23 this year he pressed Lord French to send a division to Ireland for the purpose of helping recruiting, though the condition of the country was in his mind.



LORD WIMBORNE.

The following week he again saw Lord French, who replied that the War Office objected, as it would delay the dispatch of drafts to the front by at least a fortnight.

CARSON AGAINST DEPORTATION.

Early this year police reports showed that the Sinn Fein movement was growing in numbers and rifles. He then suggested deportation or internment of the leaders. Sir E. Carson (when he was Attorney-General) gave it as his opinion that to deport a man entirely from Ireland was an extreme interpretation of the Defence of the Realm Act. Lord Wimborne then fell back on the suggestion of internment of the suspects, but it was pointed out that association with the enemy must first be proved. Subsequently it was thought this had been proved, and Lord Wimborne urged the simultaneous arrest of between 60 and 100 leaders. The rebellion broke out while this proposal was being discussed at Dublin Castle.

I had completed a letter to the Chief Secretary, and was in the act of writing to the Prime Minister deploring the delay, when a telephone message was received that the Castle had been attacked, that the Post Office was seized, and that the insurgents were marching on the Viceregal Lodge.

When the outbreak occurred he wrote a letter to Mr. Birrell, which began:—

The worst has happened just when we thought it averted. If only we had acted last night with decision, and arrested the leaders, as I wanted, it might have been averted.

GENERAL FRIEND'S HOLIDAY.

Asked who gave permission to General Friend to leave Ireland on the Thursday before the rising, Lord Wimborne said: "Well, his leaving is part of the system in Ireland. Everybody leaves Dublin on Bank Holidays. General Friend gave me the

names of his subordinate officers who would be in charge."

The President: Does it not seem extraordinary that General Friend should leave Dublin on the Thursday in view of what happened a few days afterwards?—Well, I imagine there were a good many of these false alarms, and they were never coming off.

Questioned concerning the Admiralty warning as to the Casement expedition, Lord Wimborne said it appeared that news had come to the Admiralty that a German arms ship had left, convoyed by a submarine, and was due off the coast of Ireland about April 21.

The Admiral at Queenstown was warned to keep a sharp look-out for her. He mentioned this to General Stafford, who told General Friend, who told Lord Wimborne.

Replying to other questions, Lord Wimborne said he thought the majority of the Sinn Feiners when they started on their route march on Easter Monday had no idea they were out for rebellion. He was not satisfied with the efficiency of the police detective departments.

The Chairman: Do you think an attempt to suppress the Irish Volunteers would have resulted in more bloodshed than has actually occurred?—That's a hypothetical question.

LORD MIDLETON'S WARNINGS.

Mr. Birrell Laughed At His Fears Of An Armed Rising.

Mr. Birrell's assertion that he asked the War Office to send more troops to Ireland to overawe the Sinn Feiners was controverted by the Adjutant-General in a letter read to the Commission. Commenting on this, Mr. Birrell said he was "surprised."

Lord Wimborne said Mr. Birrell was always anxious to have more troops in Ireland.

Lord Middleton recited his efforts to bring the activities of the Sinn Feiners before the authorities.

After receiving a memorandum from Lord Wimborne, it hardly seemed to him that the steps taken to deal with the situation were commensurate with the trouble, and on January 8, 1915, he raised the question in the House of Lords. In reply, Lord Crewe said he was doing a bad service to the country in making such matters public.

"NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY."

Later in the year he again took up the subject with Mr. Birrell, and strongly urged that the Sinn Fein volunteers should be disarmed, and not permitted to parade.

Mr. Birrell said in effect that the movement was to be laughed at, and not taken seriously. To take notice of speeches made by crack-brained Sinn Fein enthusiasts and priests would only hinder the growth of loyalty in Ireland. He had some fear of Dublin, but not of rebellious trouble. I remember that Mr. Birrell very expressively said to me, "I laugh at the whole thing."

On January 20 last Mr. Birrell said in an interview he was convinced there would be no armed rising, and Lord Middleton told the Chief Secretary he was pursuing a very dangerous course.

Six days later, Mr. Asquith in an interview asked Lord Middleton to send him a memorandum. On February 25 Mr. Birrell wrote him a confidential letter covering the whole ground, which stated:—

I want to promote, both by action and inaction, the growth of loyalty towards the Empire which has come into being of late years. Loyalty in Ireland is a plant of slow growth. The soil is still uncongenial, but the plant grows. I am not surprised when in Kerry, Cork, Galway, and Clare I see signs of disloyalty and disaffection, whereas you seem annoyed and irritated, and feel disposed to cry out for strong measures when headstrong priests and crack-brained people pass resolutions and make speeches which, were they made and passed in England, would bring down upon their promoters not the terrors of the law, but the rage of the mob. Strong measures, when effective, are the best of all measures and the easiest, but if ineffective do no good, but only harm. We cannot rely upon juries in Ireland. . . . To proclaim the Irish Volunteers as an illegal body, and put them down by force, would, in my opinion, be a reckless and foolish act, and promote disloyalty to a prodigious extent. I am more alarmed at the possibility of bombs and isolated acts of violence than of concerted action.

MR. REDMOND IN PERIL.

Sir Matthew Nathan, in an interview in April, mentioned the names of the most prominent agitators in Ireland, and Lord Middleton urged him to have them arrested at once and have them deported, which could be done without bringing the matter before a jury.

I told Sir Matthew that an Irishman is the worst man in the world to run away from. (Laughter.) I also warned him that the situation was so bad that even Mr. Redmond was in great danger of his life. Sir Matthew replied that the Government had some difficulty in taking prominent steps, but he was quite alive to the fact that he was dealing with desperate men.

MR. ASQUITH'S STATEMENT.

Mr. Asquith's statement regarding the situation in Ireland will not be made until Thursday. Between now and then the whole question will have been reviewed by the Cabinet, and in the meantime Mr. Asquith will, it is expected, have had further consultations with prominent leaders of opinion. The statement which the Prime Minister will make in the House of Commons to-day will deal largely with arrests, imprisonments, and deportations.

SIR ROGER CASEMENTS TRIAL.

On Thursday the first important preliminary to the trial of Sir Roger Casement and the soldier, Daniel Bailey, in the High Court will take place, when, in the Lord Chief Justice's Court, Lord Reading will swear in a grand jury composed of magistrates.

If they find a true bill an application will be made that the date of the trial shall be fixed. Although Lord Reading will preside at the trial, the other judges constituting the Court have not yet been selected.

SIXPENNY QUART SCANDAL.

Board Of Trade To Investigate High Prices Of Milk.

MUST WE BE RATIONED?

The sixpenny quart scandal is engaging the attention of the Board of Trade.

In the House of Commons yesterday Mr. Pretyman said he was aware that in various London districts the price of milk had been advanced to sixpence a quart. He understood that this rise only affected certain districts, and he was causing inquiries to be made.

Sir J. Spear expressed himself as more alarmed about the milk supply of the country than about any other agricultural produce, and he hoped the Board of Agriculture would go carefully into the question.

Mr. Prothero believed the food problem was an urgent one, and thought the Government should grasp the situation firmly, and adopt a system of rationing.

100 PER CENT. PROFIT.

Cardiff has now taken up the agitation against the milk profiteers. It is alleged there that the vendors are making 100 per cent. profit. The vendors blame the farmers.

"SHOT WITHOUT TRIAL."

Mr. Asquith Says That The Death Of Mr. Dixon Is Being Inquired Into.

A number of questions relating to the recent rising in Ireland were asked in the House of Commons yesterday.

Mr. Tennant informed Mr. W. O'Brien that orders had been given for the release of Dr. O'Donoghue, of Dublin.

Mr. T. M. Healy asked the Prime Minister for some particulars of the shooting without trial of Mr. Dixon, a Scotsman, editor of the *Eye Opener*, and Mr. Asquith said the case was being inquired into by court-martial.

Mr. Grant asked the Under-Secretary for War if the rebel ammunition seized in Dublin contained soft-nosed expanding bullets, and Mr. Tennant replied in the affirmative.

MORE REBELS SENTENCED.

Peter Galligan, of Wexford, who had been sentenced to death and whose sentence was commuted, was yesterday sentenced to 5 years' penal servitude, the death sentence having been commuted.

The following other sentences are announced: Patrick Fahy, Galway, penal servitude for life, commuted to 10 years'; Thomas Desmond Fitzgerald, Dublin, 20 years' penal servitude, 10 years' remitted; William Partridge, member of Dublin Corporation, 15 years' penal servitude, 5 years' remitted; Michael Fleming, sen., Galway, 5 years' penal servitude, 2 years' remitted; John Coreoran, Galway, 5 years' penal servitude, 2 years' remitted; William Hussey, Galway, 5 years' penal servitude, 2 years' remitted; Michael Fleming, jun., Galway, one year's imprisonment.

MCNEILL COURT-MARTIALED.

The court-martial on John McNeill, president of the Sinn Fein Volunteers, opened yesterday at Richmond Barracks, Dublin. The proceedings were private, but an official report is being taken for the military authorities.

The President of the Court is Temporary Brigadier-General C. J. Blackader, and associated with him are twelve officers of high rank. Lieutenant Wylie, a member of the Irish bar, prosecutes, and McNeill is defended by Mr. James Chambers, K.C., M.P.

AMERICAN CITIZEN'S SENTENCE.

The death sentence passed on Jeremiah C. Lynch, the American citizen for whom President Wilson intervened, was yesterday commuted to 10 years' penal servitude.

THE YOUNGEST CAPTAIN FALLS.

Captain Ian A. G. Ferguson, Royal Scots, who has been killed at the front. He was a son of the late Rev. J. G. Ferguson, of Peebles, and was educated at the King's School, Worcester, passing from the O.T.C. to a commission in the Royal Scots. At Loos he was machine-gun officer to his battalion, and was promoted to a captaincy when only just 18. He was probably the youngest captain in the Army.—(Elliott and Fry.)



DANGER OF WEARING VOILE.

At the inquest yesterday on Lily Seigenburg (17), who was burned to death on top of a motor-bus in the Strand on Saturday night, the girl's sister said Lily's dress, which was of voile, suddenly burst into flames. She threw her coat over the blazing girl, but her own dress caught fire.

The flames were put out by a policeman with a chemical extinguisher.

The jury found that death was due to burns, there being no evidence to show how the fire originated, and commended Air-Mechanic Simpson, who took his coat off and wrapped it round the blazing girl.

LORD KITCHENER ON TENDER CONSCIENCES.

Genuine Objectors To Be Dealt With By Civil Courts.

BODY TO DEAL WITH SHIRKERS.

Lord Kitchener, in the House of Lords yesterday, announced that genuine cases of conscientious objection would in future be dealt with by the civil power.

The statement was made in reply to Lord Courtney, who suggested that conscientious objectors ought to be "rescued" from the military law and relegated to the control of a civil tribunal.

Lord Kitchener said he recognised that the disposal of conscientious objectors after they had come into the Army was a subject which had created some feeling, and had given cause for considerable anxiety.

He had gone carefully into the matter with the authorities and the War Office, and was of opinion that under the powers conferred by the Army Council they were in a position to deal with the matter in a way that would meet the views of Lord Courtney.

The genuine conscientious objectors would find themselves under the civil power. The whole question was under careful consideration, and though it was difficult to discriminate between the different classes of men, he felt convinced they would arrive at a satisfactory conclusion.

Grace For Unstarred Men.

Lord Derby mentioned that the Minister of Munitions and the First Lord of the Admiralty had agreed to the appointment of a small committee to deal with flagrant cases of shirkers.

Lord Lansdowne accepted an amendment restricting the two months' grace given to men whose exemption certificates have been cancelled to men who can prove they were similarly employed before August 15 last.

A new clause was inserted in the Military Service Bill providing for the establishment of professional committees to deal with claims for exemption made by medical practitioners.

The Bill passed through Committee.

Watercress A Necessity.

Watercress as a necessity for our troops was successfully urged as a reason for the exemption of men from military service.

It arose in a case in which a Bere Regis (Dorset) farmer and market gardener applied for the exemption of seven of his men, four employed on the farm and three in watercress farming.

He contended that watercress, which he grows on a very large scale, was a necessity, and said that he supplied troops with this green food. Thousands of tons had already been lost owing to shortage of labour.

The military representative submitted that watercress was a luxury, but the tribunal evidently thought otherwise, and so the men were exempted.

20 BATHING VICTIMS.

Coming Of Summer Makes Early And Heavy Toll.

The first few days of real summer have been productive of many deaths from drowning, no fewer than 18 being yesterday reported from South Wales alone.

Among others was that of James Weir, a private in the Scottish Rifles, who was drowned while bathing in the Obelisk Pond, Windsor Park. The body has not yet been recovered.

A gallant attempt was made by Lieutenant D. O. Williams to save Lieutenant H. A. F. Dunn, Royal Engineers, who was drowned at Monmouth while bathing yesterday.

Lieutenant D. O. Williams nearly lost his life in his attempt to save his brother officer.

BOY SCOUT KILLED.

Fall Of Branch Of Elm Tree On Week-End Camping Party.

A company of Croydon boy scouts, who encamped at Chaldon, near Caterham, for the week-end, were sitting beneath an elm tree, when a large branch suddenly fell upon them.

Norman Charles Cowling (11), son of an attendant at Coulsdon Metropolitan Asylum, was the most seriously injured and died whilst being conveyed to Caterham Hospital.

HONOUR FOR MR. HUGHES.

Birmingham City Council yesterday decided to confer the freedom of the city on the Right Hon. W. H. Hughes, Premier of Australia, when he visits the city next week, in recognition of his eminent services to the Australian Commonwealth and the British Empire. The proposal found objectors in two members of the Labour group, who protested that Mr. Hughes does not represent the true voice of Labour either in this country or Australia.

VICAR AGAINST NEW TIME.

The new summer time has created a storm centre at the Lincolnshire township of Barton-on-Humber, where the vicar not only held his services in accordance with the old time, but made no alteration of the church clock.

The congregation dispersed at nine o'clock, new time.

Monmouthshire licensed victuallers will contest the right of the Central Control Board to extend Welsh Sunday closing to Monmouthshire.

BRITISH POSITIONS ON THE VIMY RIDGE PENETRATED.

GERMANS PENETRATE BRITISH FRONT.

1,500 Yards Taken On Depth Of 100 To 300 Yards.

INTENSE BOMBARDMENT.

Enemy Trenches Raked By Our Artillery Fire.

DIRECT HIT ON A HUN BATTERY.

British Official News.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, FRANCE.

Monday, 10.40 p.m.

After a heavy bombardment lasting all yesterday, and becoming intense in the afternoon, the enemy attacked our position at the north end of the Vimy ridge, and succeeded in penetrating our front-line trenches on a front of about 1,500 yards.

The depth of penetration varies from 100 to 300 yards.

To-day our artillery has subjected the German positions to a heavy bombardment.

On the rest of the front we sprang mines near Roclincourt, the Hohenzollern Redoubt, and the Quarries.

Mining activity also took place near Neuville St. Vaast, and south of Fleurbaix. The artillery on both sides was active opposite Lens and east of Ypres.

We obtained direct hits on an enemy's battery east of Blaire-Ville.

Yesterday the enemy aeroplanes were active.

Many were engaged by our machines, and eight were driven off, though none were brought down.

During the day one of our reconnaissance machines was forced to land in the enemy's lines.

"SANGUINARY LOSSES."

Germans Claim Capture Of 228 Officers And Men.

German Official News.

Via AMSTERDAM, Monday.

South-west of Givenchy-en-Gohelle (two miles north-west of Vimy) several lines of the British positions, on a length of two kilometres (about 2,188 yards) were captured during the night.

Counter-attacks were repulsed, and eight officers, 220 men, four machine-guns, and three trench mortars were captured.

The enemy also suffered quite extraordinary sanguinary losses.—Reuter.

FRENCH SUCCESS ADMITTED.

German Story Of Big Battle On The Eastern Side Of The Meuse.

BERLIN, Monday.

On the left bank of the Meuse our troops stormed the French positions on the eastern spurs of Hill 304, and maintained them against repeated enemy attacks.

Besides great sanguinary losses the enemy lost nine officers and 518 men prisoners, and five machine-guns captured.

The booty resulting from our attack on the southern slope of the Mort Homme has increased to 13 guns and 21 machine-guns.

Enemy attempts here and from the direction of Chantaincourt to recapture the lost ground failed.

On the right bank of the Meuse the French repeatedly unsuccessfully attacked our lines near the quarry south of the farm of Haudromont and on the ridge of Vaux.

In the course of the third attack they succeeded in gaining a footing in the quarry.

HEAVY CANNONADE AT DIXMUDE.

Belgian Official News.

Monday Night.

Yesterday evening we repulsed by our fire a strong German patrol which had got in front of a Belgian post on the right bank of the Yser.

During the afternoon of to-day the artillery duel to the south of Dixmude has been very lively. There has also been a violent bomb engagement on the Dixmude sector.—Wireless Press.

GERMANS BEATEN EAST AND WEST OF THE MEUSE.

Great French Infantry Attack On 2,000 Yards Front.

DOUAUMONT FORT ENTERED: MANY PRISONERS CAPTURED.

French Official News.

PARIS, Monday, Midnight.

In the Argonne our batteries vigorously bombarded Nantillois, Montfaucon, and the Cheppy Wood.

On the left bank of the Meuse we continued to make progress during the day to the south of Hill 287, and forced the enemy to evacuate the small work which he had been holding since Thursday.

In the region to the west of the Mort Homme our counter-attacks enabled us to drive the enemy from some new elements of trenches occupied by him.

On the right bank of the Meuse, after a powerful artillery preparation, our infantry rushed to the assault of the German positions on a front of about 1 1/4 miles from the region to the west of the Thiaumont farm as far as a point to the east of Douaumont fort.

On the whole front attacked our troops carried the German trenches and penetrated into the fort of Douaumont, the northern part of which is still held by the enemy.

Numerous prisoners remained in our hands.

On the heights of the Meuse, at the Bouchot Wood, a successful coup-de-main enabled us to clear the enemy trenches on a length of 300 yards, and to take prisoners.—Reuter.

LOST GROUND WON BACK.

Change Of Wind Blows Germans' Poison Gas Into Their Own Faces.

PARIS, Monday Afternoon.

In Champagne a discharge of gas by the Germans in the zone between Souain and Somme-Py and the road from St. Hilaire to St. Souplet [Argonne] gave no result.

A sudden change of wind drove back the cloud of gas into the enemy trenches.

On the left bank of the Meuse infantry actions continued during the night.

In the Avocourt Wood [south-west of Hill 304] our bombers had some success and occupied several blockhouses evacuated by the enemy.

In the region west of the Dead Man [where the Germans won ground on Saturday and Sunday] the struggle was particularly desperate.

Several attempts made by the enemy to extend his progress were frustrated by our curtain fire and our machine-guns.

On the other hand, a vigorous attack by our troops enabled us to recapture a part of the ground lost during Saturday night.

On the right bank the Germans made several counter-attacks against the positions in the Haudromont quarries which we carried yesterday.

All the attacks were stopped by our fire, and resulted in very heavy losses to the enemy.

On the outskirts of the village of Vaux [the nearest point of the fighting to Vaux] a small operation carried out this morning gave us possession of a German trench.

"KULTUR" FOR A DUTCH CONSUL.

AMSTERDAM, Monday.

The *Tyd* says the Dutch Consul at Dinant has been sentenced to ten years' penal servitude by the Germans.—Central News.

THE PRINCE GOES TO THE FRONT

The *Court Circular* last night stated that the Prince of Wales, accompanied by Capt. Lord Claud N. Hamilton (Grenadier Guards) left Buckingham Palace on his return to the front.

SIX GERMAN BALLOONS IN FLAMES.

6 Aeroplanes Brought Down By French Airmen.

BOMBARDING METZ AGAIN.

French Official News.

PARIS, Monday Afternoon.

In the region of Verdun our aeroplanes attacked German captive balloons.

Six of these balloons were brought down in flames.

In the course of an air fight one of our pilots brought down a German aeroplane in the region of Eparges [S.E. of Verdun].

Two other enemy machines attacked by our aircraft fell and were wrecked—one in the enemy's lines near Liancourt-Fosse, near Roye, the other in our lines at Fontenoy, west of Soissons.

This morning enemy aeroplanes dropped bombs on Dunkirk.

During Saturday and Sunday nights several operations were carried out by our bombarding squadrons.

Bombs were dropped with success on the railway stations of Metz-Sablons, Avricourt and Roye, on the munition depots at Biache and Chapelotte, the bivouacs in the region of Azanne [north of Verdun], and on the village of Jemietz, where an important post of command had been installed.

In addition two of our airships sprinkled with bombs the railway stations of Briucelles and Dun [north of Verdun].

GERMAN RAIDER OVERTAKEN.

PARIS, Monday Night.

This morning one of our chasing aeroplanes sent in pursuit of one of the enemy machines which was returning from bombarding Dunkirk overtook it, and brought it down at Wizele, north-east of Cassel.

In Alsace two enemy aeroplanes were brought down in a fight in the air. One fell in our lines at Senthem, south of Thann, and the other in the Bonhomme district, close to our trenches.—Reuter.

RUSSIAN FIRE BAFFLES HUNS.

Numerous German Attempts To Attack Repulsed By Artillery.

Russian Official News.

PETROGRAD, Monday.

Near the village of Ostroff, north of Lake Narocz, on Saturday evening, the Germans, after a violent bombardment, made numerous attempts to take the offensive, but were on every occasion repulsed by our fire.

In the region south-west of Lake Narocz our artillery dispersed large gatherings of German troops.

Near the village of Kostikhovka, north-west of Czartorysk, we repulsed an enemy attack.

On the remainder of the front of our armies, from the Gulf of Riga as far as the Rumanian frontier, there have been nothing but exchanges of rifle fire and reconnaissances by patrols.—Reuter.

BISHOP'S OPINION OF THE C.O.

The Bishop of Liverpool, having been asked by conscientious objectors what is his attitude toward such objectors, replied:

"I have very decided opinions indeed about conscientious objectors to military service. I think if they decline to fight for their country and are content to let other people do it for them, their duty is to leave their own shores and to take up their residence in some other land where they will not be called upon to bear arms."

Guy Aldred, conscientious objector, has been sentenced by district court-martial to two months' imprisonment for disobeying orders.

HEAT KILLS LITTLE GIRL.

A Middlesbrough jury yesterday found that the death of Ellen Carney (8), who was found dead in bed on Sunday morning, was due to a convulsive seizure caused by the excessive heat. The child had been playing all day in the sun without a hat, and later complained of pains in the head.

5 a.m. Edition.

BRITISH ADVANCE ON THE TIGRIS.

Turks Abandon South Bank Of River Up To Kut.

100 IN THE SHADE.

Trying Temperature In Which Our Troops Must Fight.

From The War Office.

Monday Evening.

General Lake reports on May 20 (Saturday) that the right (south) bank of the Tigris is clear of the enemy as far as the Shatt-el-Hai, except for small rearwards covering the bridge over the Hai, some 500 yards below its junction with the Tigris.

Our main force on this bank has reached the line Magassis-Dujailah.

On the left (north) bank the enemy are reported to be still occupying the Sann-i-Yat position.

Weather is intensely hot and trying, and the temperature during the last few days has been over 100 degrees in the shade.

[The Shatt-el-Hai flows northward into the Tigris opposite Kut-el-Amara. Magassis, where the right of our main force touches the river, is just over four miles as the crow flies east of Kut, but much farther by the winding river. Dujailah, three miles south-east of Magassis, is the scene of General Goringe's fine victory on Friday, when he stormed the redoubt.]

ALLIES' SUBMARINES SWEEP THE BALTIC.

3 Big German Liners Torpedoed By The Russians.

Danish reports, transmitted by Reuter, show that Russian submarines continue hunting German steamers.

Three liners belonging to the German Levant Line are reported to have been torpedoed:—

- The Pera, 2,678 tons.
- The Hebe, 2,000 tons.
- The Worms, 4,000 tons.

The Pera and the Hebe were sunk near Oeland and the Worms north of Norrtelje, Denmark.

These are evidently the vessels referred to in last night's Russian official news, which says:—"One of our submarines sank three German steamers."

Pilots in Kalmar report that a violent cannonade was heard there on Sunday night.

It is supposed in Copenhagen that a sea battle was in progress between German and Russian warships.

Danish fishermen report at Esbjerg that they met two armed German trawlers and a Zeppelin in the North Sea on Saturday.

"It is possible," adds the correspondent, "that the heavy cannonade heard about 40 miles off the shore on Saturday was from British ships in pursuit."

Rumours are in circulation, says the Central News Copenhagen correspondent, to the effect that several Zeppelins and German seaplanes have been fired upon by British torpedo-boats, but reports from Faoe state that no airships have been observed during the last few days by the light-houses and lightships along the coast.

WOMEN CONDUCTORS ONLY.

Tramwaymen Strongly Opposed To Female Drivers.

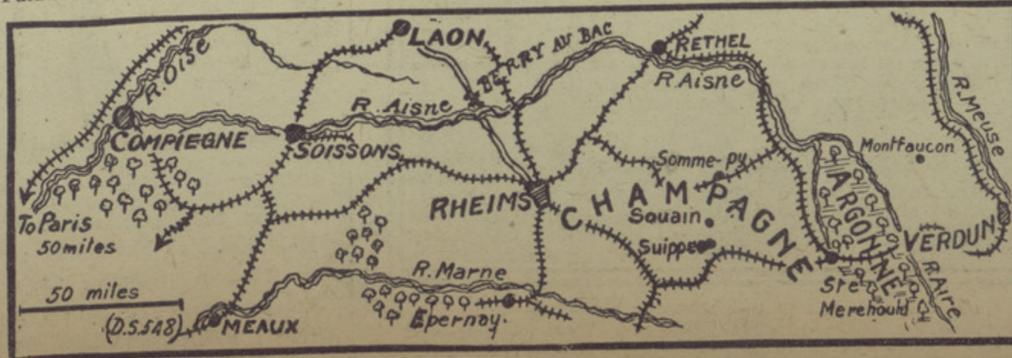
At the annual conference of the Amalgamated Association of Tramway and Vehicle Workers, opened in Sheffield yesterday, the President (Mr. Bradwell) devoted much of his address to the question of woman labour.

While they accepted the women for the time being so far as the back of the car was concerned in the interests of the country, they were not prepared to accept them as drivers, because they did not believe the necessity for them had yet arisen.

The acceptance of female labour was to be only a temporary expedient, and the Union would use its organised strength and every penny of its reserve funds to oppose any breach of the agreement entered into.

A resolution protesting against the employment of women as drivers was unanimously passed.

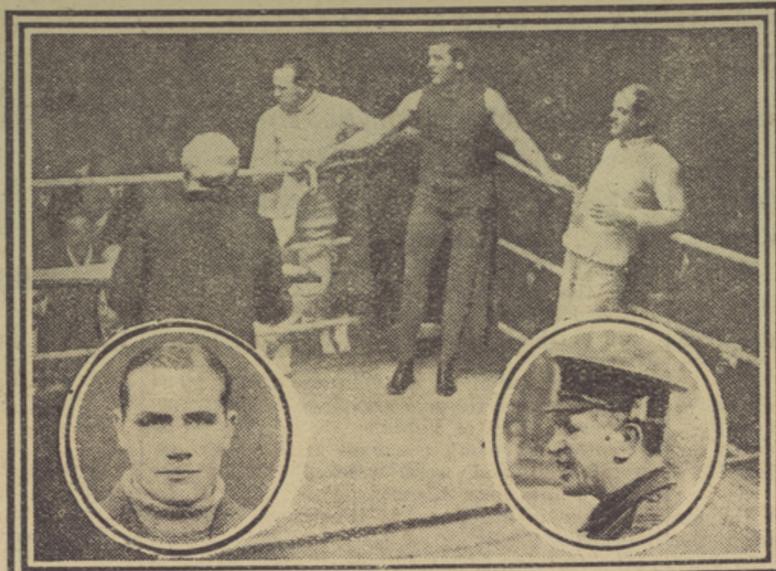
When the hands of the clock on the tower of St. Paul's Cathedral indicated one o'clock yesterday the bell tolled 12.





Miss Alice Herbert, of Sunderland, shortly marrying Capt. Alex. Moffatt, Argyll Highlanders and R.F.C., son of the Sheriff-Substitute of Stirlingshire.

FIGHT FOR THE LONSDALE BELT.



Blake. Bandsman Blake in the ring. O'Keefe.



Mrs. Price, daughter of Sir Timothy O'Brien, of Maynooth, was only married last October, and is now a widow. Her husband, Capt. J. Price, R.F.A., has been killed in action.—(Swatne.)

ENGAGED.



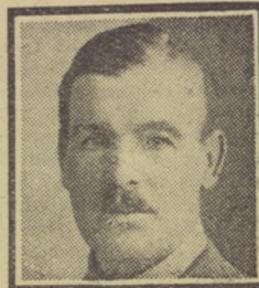
Lieut. Rivers Bosanquet, King's Own Regt., who is engaged to Lady Katherine Carnegie, daughter of the Earl of Southesk.—(Lafayette.)



Characteristic attitudes of Bandsman Blake and Pat O'Keefe.

One of the most interesting boxing matches of the season took place at the National Sporting Club last night, when Pat O'Keefe—twice winner of the Lonsdale middle-weight belt—met ex-Bandsman Blake for the championship.

INVALIDED.



2nd Lieut. V. F. S. Crawford, East Surrey Regt. and well-known county cricketer, is on sick leave. He first joined the Ceylon Planters' contingent.



Pat O'Keefe wearing the Lonsdale belt. The Irishman, who is now serving in the Army, is one of the pluckiest, cheeriest, and cleanest fighters who ever went into the ring.

A REAL WAR BABY, BORN IN THE BATTLE ZONE.



This pretty foal is a real war baby, for it was born in a veterinary hospital in France within sound of the guns.

TO CURE CATARRHAL DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES.

Persons suffering from catarrhal deafness and head noises will be glad to know that this distressing affliction can be successfully treated at home by an internal medicine that in many instances has effected a complete cure after all else has failed. Sufferers who could scarcely hear a watch tick have had their hearing restored to such an extent that the tick of a watch was plainly audible seven or eight inches away from either ear.

Therefore if you know someone who is troubled with head noises or catarrh, or catarrhal deafness, cut out this formula and hand it to them, and you will have been the means of saving some poor sufferer perhaps from total deafness. The prescription can be prepared at home, and is made as follows:—

Secure from your chemist 1 oz. Parmit (Double Strength), about 2/9 worth. Take this home, and add to it 4-pint of hot water and 4 ozs. moist or granulated sugar; stir until dissolved. Take one dessertspoonful four times a day.

The first dose promptly ends the most distressing head noises, headache, dulness, cloudy thinking, etc., while the hearing rapidly returns as the system is invigorated by the tonic action of the treatment. Loss of smell and mucus dropping in the back of the throat are other symptoms that show the presence of catarrhal poison, and which are quickly overcome by this efficacious treatment. Nearly ninety per cent. of all ear troubles are directly caused by catarrh; therefore, there are but few people whose hearing cannot be restored by this simple home treatment.

Every person who is troubled with head noises, catarrhal deafness, or catarrh in any form should give this prescription a trial. There is nothing better.

IMPORTANT.—In ordering Parmit from your chemist you should specify that you want Double Strength. Should he not have it in stock, write to the International Laboratories, Carlton House, Great Queen Street, London, W.C., who make a speciality of it.—(Advt.)

I use "TIZ" for Sore, Tired Feet

TIZ is grand, glorious for aching, swollen, perspiring feet, for corns or chilblains.

"TIZ makes my feet smaller."



Good-bye sore feet, burning feet, swollen feet, perspiring feet, tired feet.

Good-bye corns, hard skin, bunions, and raw spots. No more shoe tightness, no more limping with pain or drawing up your face in agony. TIZ is magical, acts right off. TIZ draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet—the only remedy that does. Use TIZ and wear smaller shoes. Ah! how comfortable your feet will feel. TIZ is a delight. TIZ is harmless.

Get a 1/1½ box of TIZ now at any chemist's or stores. Don't suffer. Have good feet, glad feet, feet that never swell, never hurt, never get tired. A year's foot comfort guaranteed or money refunded.

No MORE GREY HAIR



You can easily avoid that most disquieting sign of age—grey hair—by using

VALENTINE'S EXTRACT

WALNUT STAIN.

which imparts a natural colour, light brown, dark brown, or black, and makes the hair soft and glossy. It is a perfect, cleanly and harmless stain, washable and lasting. One liquid, most easy to apply. No odour or stickiness. Does not soil the pillow. Price 1/-, 2/-, and 5/6 per bottle. By post 3d. extra, securely packed. Address—S. VALENTINE, 46a, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS SALES.

FREE GIFT TO CYCLISTS.

Do you want a bigger, better, cheaper market for your cycling needs? Does instant delivery and a straightforward money back offer appeal to you? Briefly, do you want complete satisfaction—every time? Then send for our Big Free Cycling Guide to true war-time economy. Carefully compare prices. Note the greater variety of accessories offered, the grand selection of tyres at "before-the-War" prices, the "dozen rate" carriage paid privileges on small orders and the liberal guarantees we give. No matter where you've bought before, our catalogue will save your pocket. Prove this yourself. It's worth while—the book is FREE. Write NOW. If you like send 1d. stamp: We then also send FREE Big Trial Packet Puncture Compound.—MOORHOUSE, LTD., 16, Padiham, Burnley.

Johnny Summers, who met Kid Doyle, of Newcastle, at the National Sporting Club. Like O'Keefe, Summers is also a soldier, and has been a fine recruiting sergeant.

WASTING THE WOMEN.

NOW, there is no doubt that if we are to carry on we must mobilise all our women. And a very large number of women have recognised the fact. But, as usual, we had managed the affair in the very worst possible way. We have not managed it at all. Women have just volunteered, and dropped in where they were allowed to drop in. So that in many cases you find them doing the most incongruous work. I am credibly informed that some are actually working as stokers! Even the charming ladies who act as conductors on the buses do not seem quite in their right place. Whether it is the much standing up or the bother of clipping the ticket always in the right spot, or the heat of their wintry uniforms, or whatever it is, few of them are thriving under the treatment. Most of them look haggard and tired.

AGAIN, many married women are at work, and we have taken no pains to find them work which would leave them free to stop at home to look after their babies. How much harm we are doing to the young generation by this piece of stupidity it is difficult to estimate, though the tables of infant mortality may shortly give us an idea.

OUR worst sin, of course, was in allowing women to become, quite against their own wish, a potential menace to the ex-soldier. We did not do one of the two things that had to be done—insist either that women should be paid at the same rate as the men whose places they filled, or that employers should bind themselves in a legal fashion to reinstate all those men when they came back from the war. There is a rod for our own backs in pickle, and I am afraid it will sting.

AND here before me is another example of clotted folly. A lady writes me a very charming and sensible letter on her experiences as a would-be handworker. This is how the letter begins:

A few days ago I saw in your very estimable paper that workers were wanted for the land. One advertisement asked for educated women to pick fruit and vegetables, which struck me as rather incongruous. Many women who cannot even write their own name have proved their proficiency at this work. I answered two advertisements, receiving from one a very sensible reply, with forms to fill in, and from the other a letter and a very silly form, which had also to be filled in. Among the questions asked were: What was your father's previous and present occupation? What education have you received, and what is the name of your school, etc.?

WITH much wit and considerable indignation the lady asks what her father's occupation, past, present, or to come, or her education, or even the name of her school, are to do with the fruit and vegetable picking. "Are the vegetables so fastidious that they will not allow themselves to be picked unless the picker can produce her genealogical tree?" It is to prove, I suppose, that she is not a mushroom!

BUT there is another side to the business. My correspondent adds that a paper was enclosed stating that the entrance fee was 2s. 6d., and that is, extra would procure an armet. I wonder if the women volunteers are being exploited! I trust not. But the alternative is that the people who are arranging for women to take up manual work are often clotted fools.

MY correspondent is one of the real workers. She does not want to enter the labour market on a throne. She wants to be allowed to work alongside the others without fuss. There are, of course, many who insist on trumpets and drums, and they are responsible for the Gilbertian questions as to parentage and education demanded of the would-be fruit and vegetable picker.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.



Echoes of the Town.

The Empire's Flag Day—Poetry In Piccadilly—Mr. Birrell And Good Queen Bess.



A War-Time Mixture.

A VERY UNUSUAL state of things prevails at the Board of Agriculture now. The President (Lord Selborne) is a Conservative; the Parliamentary Secretary (Mr. Acland) is a Liberal; while the Permanent Secretary (Sir Sydney Olivier) is a Socialist. And perfect bliss reigns!

No Feasting.

IN ORDINARY TIMES we should be getting near the regimental dinner season, but the "Society columns" are full of notifications that they will not be held this year. Even if anything like a representative gathering of officers could be brought together there would be few men with nerves strong enough to face the empty places of those who have fallen and to remember the men who were there two years ago.

Poetry And A Poet's House.

THE NEXT general meeting of the now flourishing Poetry Society is fixed for Thursday, and here is the Baroness D'Erlanger, who is lending her wonderful house in Piccadilly, which used to be occupied by Lord Byron, for the purpose. One could not imagine a more appropriate choice. The Baroness is herself something of a poetess, and is keenly interested in literature generally. Baron D'Erlanger is the well-known financier. His hobby is music, and he has written several grand operas. His "Tess," with Madame Destinn in the title rôle, was produced at Covent Garden. It wasn't exactly successful, but much of it was very charming.



—(Swaine.)

Name After Name.

AFTER THIS I won't say any more about those marvellous strings of Tollemache-Tollemache names, but I've just been told that two other members of that family beat the first example I gave by a long way. First there's Lyulph Ydwallo Odin Nestor Egbert Lyonel Toedmeg Hugh Erchenwyne Saxon Esa Cromwell Orma Nevill Dysart Plantagenet Tollemache-Tollemache, and then there's Lyona Decima Veronica Esyth Undine Cyssa Hylda Rowena Viola Adela Thyra Ursula Isabel Blanche Lelius Dysart Plantagenet Tollemache-Tollemache. Had enough?

The Public And The Civil Service.

"THE public only have themselves to blame," writes a Civil Servant (above military age), "when they complain of the way certain Government departments deal with them. Ever since war began, the public have been clamouring to have Civil Servants cleared out of their offices, and put in the fighting ranks. Contrary to expectation, it was found that the Civil Service was quite ready to go: it was the higher officials who, looking ahead, thought otherwise."

Not What They Thought.

"THE public had their way; the Civil Service is practically cleared out of men of military age, and is run largely by scratch staffs. There was such a shortage of substitutes that nearly everyone who could hold a pen was given a job. Many of these substitutes thought that Civil Servants played from ten till four. When they found there was a lot of work to do, they took no interest in it and neglected it."

"D. S. Windell."

OF COURSE, you remember that ingenious fraud on a number of branches of a London bank carried out so audaciously by a young fellow who appropriately called himself "D. S. Windell." Well, I've heard that just before war broke out, having served his term, he enlisted in a Territorial battalion, and was taken prisoner near Ypres early last year. It came out in Court that he was an expert linguist, and he acts as interpreter in the Hun camp where he is interned.

Humour From Lincoln's Inn.

I DO NOT know the name of the officer who lectures the Inns of Court Training Corps in the old garden of Lincoln's Inn, and I have never been near enough to hear his witticisms. But they cause shouts of laughter and applause that can be heard right across the "Fields." He is evidently a humorist.

Empire Day.

I SHALL BE interested to see whether the order that a Union Jack is to be flown on all public buildings to-morrow will be carried out literally, for if so it will be a record. On various occasions the "Jack" is flown on most of the Whitehall offices, but the Scottish Office and the Admiralty never fly it. The Lion of Scotland floats over one and the White Ensign over the other. Is tradition to be broken to-morrow?

F—gs.

I WON'T SAY it. I won't even write it. I sought me some lunch in a West End restaurant. There entered a lady in yachting costume, pushing before her a small girl in sailor suit, and forced the purchase of those things I will not mention upon harmless feeders. Most of them refused.

One Of The "Shadow" Cabinet.

LORD MIDDLETON, who was first witness before the Irish Commission yesterday, is one of the members of the "Shadow" Cabinet, for whom there was no room the Coalition, but I'm inclined to think that he does not regret his exclusion. As a member of the Cabinet in some subordinate office he would not have been powerful, but as an independent critic he has gone a long way towards recovering the position he held before his unlucky Army scheme damaged his reputation. We shall hear more of him yet.

Birrell And Queen Bess.

I IMAGINE THAT every night when he goes to bed Mr. Birrell puts up a little thanksgiving that he is an Englishman of the twentieth century. In any other country his extraordinary revelations would have been followed by results uncomfortable to himself. And just imagine Augustine Birrell presenting that document to Queen Elizabeth as an excuse for his deficiencies!

Indispensables.

SIR ARTHUR MARKHAM, who will ask the Home Secretary next Thursday why, considering there is a shortage of men, Metropolitan police were sent to Newmarket, Gatwick, and Windsor meetings, does not probably know the almost magic power possessed by the London police over racecourse frequenters, which means practically that racing is impossible without their assistance.

Iron Cross In The Andes.

A MAN JUST back from South America tells me that in a remote village of the Andes Mountains he came across a priest wearing an Iron Cross. He made discreet inquiries, and was told that the padre had received the decoration for work done, and to be done, in enlightening the widely scattered population of the Andean villages as to the righteousness of the German cause!

The Sovereign Mascot.

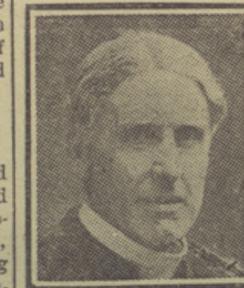
A ST. JAMES'S tailor showed me yesterday two sovereigns. He said he was going to keep them for luck. It is a curious fact that many business men, who are immune from other superstitions, are keeping their last sovereign as a mascot. I know of one case where 25s. was offered for the "lucky sovereign" and promptly refused by its proud possessor.

The New Chaplain.

CANON CARNEGIE, whose appointment to succeed Canon Wilberforce as chaplain to the House of Commons was announced yesterday, is, fittingly enough, rector of the M.P.s' church, St. Margaret's, where he succeeded Canon Hensley Henson, now Dean of Durham. St. Margaret's is the church where all the big political weddings take place nowadays. It has long eclipsed either St. Peter's, Eaton-square, or St. George's, Hanover-square.

Once A Birmingham Rector.

BEFORE going to Westminster Canon Carnegie was rector of St. Philip's, the pro-Cathedral church of Birmingham, where he succeeded another well-known divine, Dr. Knox, who is now Bishop of Manchester. He has travelled much, written lengthily and learnedly, is an Irishman by birth, and has five daughters. His clerical work ranges from the East End of London to being chaplain to the Earl of Dudley.



—(Elliott and Fry.)

Honour To Benson.

THE O.P. Club dinners seem to increase in magnitude and interest. It felt rather funny to be dining at what after all was half-past five on Sunday afternoon, but the dinner was emphatically not the thing. The star turn was Sir Frank Benson himself, and stars of the magnitude of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, Ellen Terry, Genevieve Ward, Arthur Bouchier, Oscar Asche and Henry Ainley sat in a glittering row along that top table "in support."

Ainley's Tribute.

I THINK Harry Ainley, himself an old Bensonian, said the finest and truest thing of the evening. Of Sir Frank he remarked, in his speech, "He made some men actors, and some actors men." True. Altogether a delightful evening, and not a jarring note.

The Surprise.

CARL HENTSCHEL'S "surprise" was the presentation of the sword with which Sir Frank had been given the Sir—this had come from Arthur Collins. The guest of honour made a speech of rare eloquence and poetic fervour. Lord Willoughby de Broke, in khaki, dealt with the event from a political point of view. Arthur Bouchier expanded genially, and Sir Johnston F.-R., as one of "the old guard" (his own words) paid a tribute with that solemn and graceful dignity of which he is the greatest master.

Actor, Author, And Artist.

SIR J. FORBES-ROBERTSON, by the way, is not the only artist-actor, as we have been reminded this week by Queen Alexandra's purchase of Mr. Alex Maclean's little moonlight, "A Song of the Sea," at the R.B.A. Spring Show.

Mr. Maclean was an Academy exhibitor before he took up acting professionally, and a barrister before he did either, and he divides his time nowadays between the studio, the stage, and the cinema camera. He has played many and varied parts, from David Garrick to the Ticket-of-Leave-Man, and tours his own companies in romantic dramas, in the writing of which he has generally collaborated, if he has not done it all himself.

From Composing To Soldiering.

ALL YOU warblers of drawing-room ballads will know of Robert Coningsby Clarke, whose photograph in uniform you see here. He is now a lieutenant in the Worcester Regiment, having originally enlisted in the Artists' Rifles soon after the outbreak of war. His father was an Army man, the late Colonel Clarke, and he has a pretty American wife, who was before her marriage Miss Dorothy Diehl, of Philadelphia. "Bobbie"

Clarke's music may not be of a high order, but it is tuneful, graceful, and immensely popular—much to the advantage—financial and otherwise, I should imagine—of the fortunate composer. "A Bowl of Roses" has been sung by millions. In days of peace "Bobbie" was also a champion croquet player.

Eve Up-To-Date.

THERE'S nothing one-sided about the spirit of camaraderie between the bus driver and the conductorette. One of the quaintest things I have seen was the spectacle of a fair conductor disposing of a couple of apples. One she kept for herself. With the other, passing her hand through a ventilator at the driver's end, she nobbled the man at the wheel on the head (not too hard). He turned, grinned, and accepted the offering.

Dangerous.

ONE OF the many superstitions in the Army is that it's most unlucky to pick up a button belonging to another Tommy. "Not if it was a gold one, I wouldn't. It's a dangerous game; ask any chaps back from the front," said an Irish corporal yesterday.

Nights Of Enlightenment.

ONE COMES across intellectual freaks in odd places. I discovered a street watchman in his box the other night reading Meredith with the aid of a small electric torch!

Nature In The Trenches.

"WE CAN hear the cuckoo, thrush, and heaps of other birds, and larks build on No Man's Land. Such of the scenery as is left is still beautiful." A nature note from the trenches. MR. COSSIP.



—(Russell and Sons.)

TOMMY'S NURSE AND FRIEND.



St. Gerard's Home, Coleshill, Birmingham, is now used as a convalescent home for our wounded soldiers. The Sisters of Mercy act as nurses.

SPAIN LOOKING FOR HUN KULTUR AMID RUINS.



A party of distinguished Spaniards, now on a visit to the Western front, find amid the ruins of the churches of France the true mark of German kultur.

A RISING STAR.



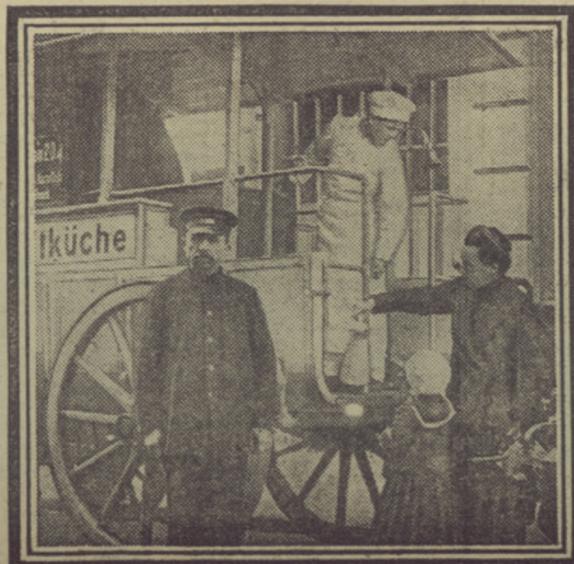
Avice Kelham is one of the younger stars of the musical comedy stage to-day.—(Bertram Park.)

THE MEN WHO WELL DESERVE A HOLIDAY UP THE RIVER.



For the first time since winning the Grand Challenge Cup at Reading Regatta, on August Bank Holiday, 1914, the Marlow Rowing Club had an eight out during the week-end. The crew included six oarsmen who have been on foreign service and two of the older members training with the V.T.C. Of the former two were wounded in France, one was mentioned in dispatches, and one took part in the famous Yeomanry attack in Gallipoli. The names, in order of rowing (bow to stroke), are: F. B. Harman, Corpl. F. H. Jackson, Capt. H. J. Cupper, Sergt. J. F. Higgins, Sergt. F. W. Clark, Bombardier F. S. Fisher, Capt. H. J. Boyton, and W. Davis.

IS GERMANY STARVING?



A travelling kitchen sent out by German municipalities to give the poor cheap food.

HOW THE ALLIES HOLD THE MASTERY OF THE AIR.



Another German aeroplane brought down in the streets of Salonika.

WOUNDED SOLDIERS AT PRAYER: A PATHETIC AND YET INSPIRING SERVICE.



The matron, Miss Amy Munn, and the commandant, Col. Lovett, headed the march to church



Though every man had lost a limb, all were present for church parade.

Soldier inmates of the Roehampton hospital attend service at the parish church every Sunday. Pathetic as is the spectacle, for every man is crippled by the loss of a limb, it is inspiring, too, as a display of Tommy's heroic spirit and uncomplaining cheerfulness.

FOUGHT FIVE FOKKERS.



Georges Boillot, the famous French motorist, killed in an air fight with five Fokkers.



Crippled soldiers walking to church at Roehampton.

PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG.



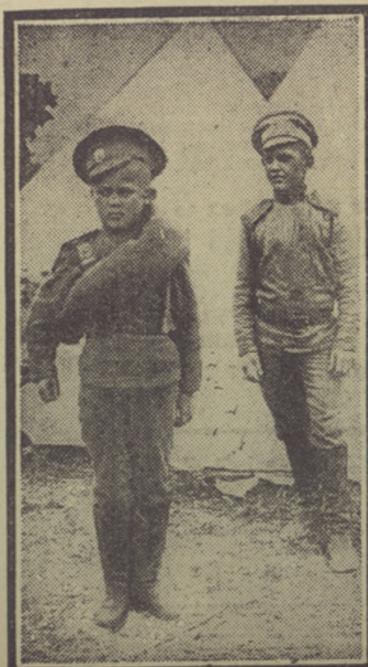
Princess Henry of Battenberg leaving the Royal Amateur Art Society's exhibition, which she opened yesterday. Her Royal Highness exhibited a water-colour.—(Daily Sketch Photograph.)

LINKING UP THE FIELD TELEPHONES.



How the British Signal Corps lay field telephones along the rugged hill frontiers at Salonika.

RUSSIAN MASCOTS.



Russian boy mascots of the Tsar's troops now serving in France.

BAD LEGS

Banished for Ever.

FREE TREATMENT FOR 1,000 SUFFERERS.

Treatments stand or fall by results, and by results alone are they judged. To demonstrate to you—if you have not been under this Great TREATMENT for Bad Legs—its sterling worth, and to prove to you beyond Yea or Nay that Tremol Treatment will cure your Bad Leg, the National Infirmary for Bad Legs offers to treat for seven days, absolutely free of any payment whatsoever, the first 1,000 (one thousand) sufferers who apply by filling up the Coupon below and forwarding it to the Secretary of the National Infirmary for Bad Legs, Great Clowes-street, Broughton, Manchester. You will then be placed under the personal supervision of the Staff of the Institution. One of the Nurses will daily attend to your leg, and although you will not have to pay one single penny piece your case will receive exactly the same care and your leg the very same attention and treatment as if you were a Princess paying a 100 Guinea fee. Throw on us the entire responsibility of curing your leg. Say to us, "I want my Leg cured. All others have failed. You say you can cure it; now prove your words." That's the spirit in which we like patients to approach us; it has the right sort of ring about it. Come or write to-day, get cured, and rid yourself of your Bad Leg for all time.

A treatment which permanently cures bad legs without rest when doctors and specialists have given the patient up as incurable, even with the aid of rest, is something of a novelty, even in these days of medical marvels.

We make no apology for drawing the attention of readers of the Daily Sketch to the work of the National Infirmary for Bad Legs, Great Clowes-street, Broughton, Manchester, in view of the alarming increase in the number of cases of this very painful malady, which until now has been thought incurable. Ordinary practitioners as a body are powerless to stay its advance, and unable to do more than tend and relieve symptoms, and by means of absolute rest to patch up a case for a while until movement breaks down what has already been done, and the unfortunate sufferer has to go through it all again.



THE NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS, MANCHESTER.

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

The National Infirmary for Bad Legs has for some years past directed the skill of its Staff to the perfection of a treatment in their possession which effects a permanent and lasting cure of this most distressing malady. Success of a gratifying character has, we understand, crowned their efforts, and to-day thousands of patients who have been cured by this Treatment testify to the benefits they have received.

WHAT THIS NEW TREATMENT IS.

This new method is known as the Tremol method of treating bad legs, and by it the patient is cured without a particle of pain, without a moment's rest, without neglecting work for one single instant, and without the possibility of a failure, because this new method permits of no relapse, and the patient is cured to stay cured for all time. But this is not all. Every form of bad leg succumbs to this new treatment.

Varicose ulcers melt away, and, combined with varicose veins, disappear. Swollen and painful legs become painless. Diseased bone comes away. Tubercular bone and ulcers heal up. Inflammation and irritation become things of the past.

Why is this? Because Tremol Treatment is unlike all other treatments, for it attacks and removes the cause, and if the case is taken in hand—for if it is incurable it will not be accepted—it will be separately and specially prescribed for and attended to until the cure is complete. This, no other treatment even pretends to do, for in other so-called treatments the same thing is supplied to everyone alike, and there it ends.

A GREAT ADVANTAGE TO BAD LEG SUFFERERS.

The Tremol Treatment has one great advantage over other treatments for bad legs. It can be applied in the sufferer's own home with ease, and with the certainty of obtaining a cure. There are

many different courses of Tremol Treatment, and after the history of each case has been studied the course most suitable is prescribed, and, if necessary, modified.

No matter how far distant patients may be from the Infirmary, how remote the village they live in, their case is under the continual and direct supervision of the National Infirmary for Bad Legs. This alone places the Tremol Treatment within the reach of all patients, no matter what their financial position may be or where they live. It is also interesting to know that this treatment only takes about ten minutes every other day, or five minutes daily, to apply.

WRITE TO-DAY AND GET CURED.

Every sufferer should fill up the attached coupon and address it to the Secretary, National Infirmary for Bad Legs (Ward G.S.), Great Clowes-street, Broughton, Manchester, when a copy of an illustrated book, "Cures by the Cured," which has been specially prepared at great expense, in order to spread a knowledge of how to cure this disease

WILL BE SENT FREE

of charge. It is full of sound advice, and provides every sufferer with the means of bringing about a speedy and permanent recovery, even when other doctors, hospitals, and specialists have failed to help them. During the next few weeks the National Infirmary will make a free gift of a copy to every sufferer, whether residing in the United Kingdom or abroad, who signs and forwards the attached coupon. Readers who suffer from, or know someone suffering from, a bad leg, should send the coupon for a copy of this valuable book before the supply is exhausted.

Address your letter with Coupon to NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS (WARD G.S.),

208, CT. CLOWES STREET, BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER.

SIGN THIS COUPON NOW. POST IT TO-DAY, AND GET CURED.

COUPON (WARD G.S.)

Name
(Miss, Mrs., Mr. or Rev.)

Address

State complaint



KEEP YOUR SKIN CLEAR.

ALWAYS TAKE VEGETINE PILLS FOR SKIN TROUBLES.

What is the matter with your skin? Get rid of the trouble quickly. You can do this by taking VEGETINE PILLS.

The bad places on your face or body will rapidly disappear.

VEGETINE PILLS cure from within. That is why they cure. By taking these pills you can quickly get

rid of eczema, pimples, blackheads, blotches, acne, sores, boils, spots, and all other skin complaints.

ADVICE.

Give up using ointments and lotions for your skin complaint or your bad complexion. Take the trouble seriously. Cure it from within. Do you wish to be cured of eczema? Is your skin blotchy? Are your cheeks rough or sore? Do you suffer from irritating spots or ugly pimples? If so, there are impurities in your system which must be got rid of. No outward application will help you. But if you take VEGETINE PILLS they will cure you.

3 FREE GIFTS.

We shall be pleased to send you a sample box of VEGETINE PILLS absolutely free.

This sample will be sufficient to prove to you that VEGETINE PILLS can cure you of your troubles.

Mention this paper, and enclose only two penny stamps for postage, and write now for the free sample to THE DAVID MACQUEEN COMPANY, PATERNOSTER-RON, LONDON, E.C.

With the free box of pills we will also send you a free sample of VEGETINE SOAP and the booklet, "Skin Troubles and Their Cure."

WARNING.

If you suffer from any kind of skin trouble, be very careful what toilet soap you use. Inferior soaps are positively dangerous. You will be well advised to use only VEGETINE SOAP, which is specially prepared for delicate and sensitive skins. It is free from all impurities and irritating chemical substances, and it is the ideal soap for the skin.

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The Tags cannot come off.

G32

Military men should insist on having PATON'S LEATHER LACES

These are made from specially tanned hides, only the best portions of which are used. They are straight-cut and hand-made and are the strongest laces that can be obtained. They will outwear your boots and will give you the utmost satisfaction in wear. Beware of cheap laces cut from low grade leather—insist on having

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THEATRES.	
COMEDY.—Sole Lessee, Arthur Chudleigh. Nightly, 8.30. Mat. Mon., Fri. and Sat., 2.30. "HALF-PAST EIGHT."	
GLOBE.—Every Evening at 8.30. "THE SHOW SHOP." "BE SURE AND SEE THE SHOW SHOP SHOW." "NOTHING BUT LAUGHTER."—Times. Matinee Weds. and Sats. at 2.30.	
LONDON OPERA HOUSE, KINGSWAY. TWICE DAILY. 2.30 and 8 p.m. THE GEORGE EDWARDES' CO. in "THE MILLER'S DAUGHTERS." Box Office, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Daily. 6d. to 7s. 6d. (Saturdays and Holidays 10d. to 7s. 6d.). Phone Holborn 6840 (8 lines.)	
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. ADELINE GENEE and Co. in "The Pretty Prentice." DE BIERE, MARGARET COOPER, CLARICE MAYNE, MALCOLM SCOTT, AMY EVANS, Harry M. Vernon's "The Case of Johnny Walker," etc. Gerrard 7541.	
HIPPODROME, London.—Twice Daily, 2.30, 8.30 p.m. New Revue, "JOYLAND!" MADGE LESSING, HARRY TATE, and Super Beauty Chorus. Phone Ger. 650.	
MASKELYNE'S MYSTERIES, St. George's Hall, W. At 3 and 8. 1a. to 5a.; children half-price. Phone 1545 Mayfair.	
PALACE.—"BRIC-A-BRAC" at 8.35. VARIETIES at 9. 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 Manton, Garry Lynch, Gordon Sherry, etc. Varieties by BILLY MERSON, Versatile Four, Daisy James, Will Tyler.	

TO CURE SERIOUS LIVER, KIDNEY AND BLADDER DISORDERS.

TRAINED NURSE SAYS HOSPITALS USE ORDINARY SALTRATED WATER.

This is the time of year when hospitals experience a rush of dangerous functional disorder cases. During the cold winter months a diet of heavy heat-producing foods has been necessary, and when spring arrives the system is loaded with accumulated carbonaceous waste which clogs the eliminative organs, so there is constant absorption of toxins into the blood. Then follow kidney and bladder troubles, rheumatism, neuralgic headache, backache, influenza, biliousness, jaundiced liver, or even appendicitis, dropsy and Bright's disease. Toxins excite the heart, poison the nerves, deprive the body of vitality, and you have no energy to do anything, or say you have weak nerves due to over-work etc. The real trouble is auto-intoxication, or self-poisoning. People with strong, healthy digestive and eliminative organs, and therefore pure rich blood, do not have such symptoms. Try drinking occasionally a teaspoonful of common *alkia saltrates* in a half tumbler of water, and notice how quickly your mind clears, your eyes brighten, and your whole body becomes absolutely fit, as the system's great filters and blood refiners (the liver and kidneys) begin to work properly again. I advise readers to tear this out so as not to forget the name of this remarkable substance, which any good chemist can supply at small cost.—H. L. K.

NOTE.—There has as yet been no rise in the price of this compound, but, as in the case of all drugs, a sharp advance is to be expected at any time. The present low cost and ease with which it is still obtainable are probably due to the fact that its marvellous curative properties are not yet widely known outside of the medical profession.

Use Kalsel for Rheumatism.—Advt.

If you are on WAR WORK you need TUROG BREAD OF HEALTH

IT is the essence of wheat—the most valuable bread food you can procure. Turog is nutriment in its most desirable form; further than that, it is the most delicious bread. It tastes what it is—Nature's ordained food. Make sandwiches of 'Turog' and they will keep moist and fresh for hours—an appetising, refreshing meal.

Tell your baker you must have

Turog Bread of Health

"All of the Wheat that is fit to eat."

Guaranteed absolutely pure and unadulterated by The Turog Brown Flour Co., Ltd., Cardiff.

Those who bake at home can obtain Turog in 3½ lb. bags and 7 lb. bags from Grocers and Flour Dealers.

MACKINTOSH'S

As full of nutriment as an Egg is full of meat.

TOFFEE de LUXE

What Women Are Doing:

Queen Admires Work By Wounded Soldiers.
— War Office Helping In Our Competition. —

By MRS. GOSSIP.

THE Queen paid a visit on Sunday to the Royal Amateur Art Society's Exhibition, which was opened yesterday by Princess Henry of Battenberg. The Queen wore a charming gown of dove-grey satin and chiffon, and a great topaz set in brilliants at the throat. She carried a flowered sunshade and wore a toque of shaded roses and dull leaves.

With her Majesty came Princess Mary, in white muslin, with a little embroidered bolero of white net; she had a wide tucked belt of rose pink, and little pink bands with bows in front round the neck, and her pale pink straw hat had roses laid on the dark brim and flat bows of Saxe blue ribbon.

Royal Congratulations.

The Royal visitors were immensely interested in all the exhibits, and many things were selected for subsequent purchase, including some embroidered work by the Netley wounded.

The Queen congratulated Candida Lady Tweeddale on the picture she is showing, and also admired Lady Garvagh's water-colours.

Queen Alexandra intends to visit the exhibition to-day, I hear.

The Place To Tea On Sundays.

After visiting the exhibition, Joan motored me to Ranelagh to tea. The gardens and tea house were packed with a summer-dressed crowd enjoying the brilliant sunshine.

I have never seen the gardens looking more lovely, and it was a unique sight to see the number of chauffeurless cars; nearly every woman who was there had driven her own car.

Lady Levinge, who is an expert driver, motored Mrs. George Pinckard, looking very charming in a white lace gown and becoming pink hat, in her little two-seater car.

The Begging Pony.

The Chelsea Flower Show opens to-day. I shall be there, and a great many more flower-lovers, including Lady Dundas, who will again be collecting with that tiny Shetland pony that you saw last year, on behalf of the Belgian Agriculturists and Lady Lansdowne's Officers' Families' Fund.

Lady Dundas will be assisted by little Viscount Moore, Lady Drogheda's son—don't you agree that he is a lovely child?—and Lady Churston's two little children, Richard and Joan Yarde-Buller.

Grosvenor House Matinee.

The Duke of Westminster has kindly lent his house for a matinee on June 20 in aid of the British hospital for French wounded at Arc-en-Barrois.

This hospital is just behind the firing line and has done and is doing a very wonderful work, helping to alleviate the sufferings of our brave Allies.

An all-star programme is being arranged, and the Princess Arthur of Connaught, the Duchess of Portland, Lady Goschen, Lady Delia Peel, and Lady Evelyn Jones are all very interested in the success of the matinee.

An Expert In Babies.

What a busy man Lechmere Worrall is. I met him rushing off to see the first performance of his new comedy, which was produced at Leicester last night. It is entitled "Other People's Babies." You remember Mr. Worrall was part-author of "The Man Who Stayed at Home," so it is anticipated that the comedy, which possesses a fairy touch, will be a great success. It is due at a West End theatre in about a fortnight's time.

He is, as I have said, a busy man; we shall have a private audition of a new play in which he has collaborated with Eille Norwood and is entitled "The New Moon," on Thursday, and I hear he is also busy writing another piece with Mr. Harold Terry. It is hoped that Colette Dorigny, who is at present in "Mr. Manhattan," will be leading lady.

Others Please Note.

Everything is being done in London to swell the funds for the Star and Garter home at Richmond for our totally disabled soldiers and sailors.

I am glad to say that the Metropolis is not the only place that realises the splendid work that the Star and Garter is doing. At Nottingham

last week I hear there was a most successful concert arranged by Mrs. Charles Birkin.

Lady Churston sang and Miss Gertrude Kingston, Mr. Dawson Millward and Mr. Reginald Ower were seen in Bernard Shaw's clever sketch "How He lied to her Husband." Altogether a delightful afternoon. Other towns please remember the Star and Garter Home.

Our Guests.

This reminds me that the concert at the Palladium on Sunday afternoon, in aid of the concerts at the front organised by Miss Ashwell, was, considering what a lovely day we had on Sunday, a great success. A number of wounded turned up as guests of readers of this page and had an enjoyable afternoon.

Caledonianites.

The Hon. Mrs. Charles Craven will have one of the most beautiful stalls in the Caledonian Market, on June 6 and 7. She will be selling flowers, and the stall will be exquisitely decorated, and all her assistants, who will, I hear, be extremely pretty, will wear flower-girl costumes.

Mrs. Craven is a charming woman, and there is every possibility of a roaring trade being done.

Lady Lister Kaye is another Caledonianite, and will be busy at Italy's stall.

Back From The Front.

Princess Christian has promised to be present at the special musical matinee that is being

arranged by her daughter, Princess Victoria, on Wednesday, May 31, at Kent House, Knightsbridge, kindly lent by Mrs. Saxton Noble.

The entertainment is in aid of the Y.M.C.A. tents in Windsor Great Park, and some well-known artistes who have just returned from one of Miss Lena Ashwell's concert parties at the front will appear.

An Italian Recipe.

Now's the time for asparagus, so I give you to-day an excellent recipe for a sauce which can be served with advantage with this delicious vegetable.

Mix a large tablespoonful of flour with an ounce of butter and gradually add half a pint of the water the asparagus is boiled in. When quite smooth let it simmer until it thickens, then add the yolk of an egg.

Set it again on the fire for a few minutes until it boils. Remove and add a little lemon-juice, pepper and salt, and serve.

Why It Rains In Ireland.

Now I know why it rains in Ireland—one reason, anyway.

A friend of mine writing from Dublin says:—"I chanced to be in Phoenix Park the other day when Miss Grosvenor (cousin to 'Her Ex.,' as Lady Wimborne is still called) and the Hastings girls (Lord Hastings's daughters) rode out of the Viceregal Lodge gates.

"Now, murrk my words," said one of the jolly Park policemen to me, "it'll rain on the inside of foive minutes." It did. Then he smiled the real, broad Irish smile, which is a grin, and demanded: "Shure, didn't oi tell ye so, now? It always does rain when they be come out roiding. And, phwat's more, it niver shtops rainin' until they're after goin' back." And it didn't!

Isn't This Fine?

You will be interested to know that the War Office has agreed to send particulars of our needlework scheme to all the wounded soldiers in their hospitals, so that hundreds and hundreds of soldiers—and their nurses, too—will be stitching away for the sake of the Red Cross. What are you going to do? We can't all wear armlets, and we can't all work upon the land, but we may all qualify for a certificate of merit in needlework, and it will be something to point to in the days to come and say, "That shows what I did in the Great War." Don't delay, send a large stamped self-addressed envelope to-day to—

Needlework Department,
Daily Sketch,
London, E.C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. HICKSON (South Hampstead).—Thank you for your letter; I am afraid I cannot help you. The sum you name is seldom earned by women who are, alas! highly educated and refined. Have you tried the Women's Emergency Corps, 15, York-place, Baker-street, W.?

A. LITTLE (London).—Sorry I have none to send.
LODDY.—No, not Miss Gertie Millar.

MRS. GOSSIP.



Hall's Wine & Overstrain

Wherever there is, or has been, any overtaking of the body or mind, there is need for Hall's Wine. Hall's Wine, by enriching the blood, feeding the nerves, and helping you to secure the utmost benefit from your food, clears away depression, makes you able to cope with your share of the worries which face us all. The aged will find Hall's Wine particularly helpful during this variable and trying weather.

GUARANTEE

Buy a bottle to-day. If, after taking half, you feel no benefit, return the half-empty bottle to us, and we will return your outlay in full.

Large size bottle, 3/6, of Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers, &c.

Stephen Smith & Co., Ltd.,
Bow, London.

Hall's Wine



BY APPOINTMENT
MAKERS OF JAMS TO H.M. THE KING

Chivers' Jams

Freshly Gathered Fruit
and Refined Sugar only

The Institute of Hygiene in its Report says: The manufacture of Messrs. Chivers & Sons, Ltd., which have been carefully examined by us, are of the highest grade, and consumers may rest assured that these fruits, jams and jellies are the best produce of the orchard and prepared under ideal conditions.

CHIVERS & SONS, Ltd.,
The Orchard Factory, Histon, Cambridge

O'KEEFFE LOSES HIS TITLE.

Ex-Bandsman Blake Becomes Champion On Points.

A VICTORY FOR YOUTH.

Corporal Pat O'Keeffe lost his cherished middle-weight championship and Lonsdale belt to ex-Bandsman Blake at the National Sporting Club last night.

The decision went to Blake after the contest had gone the full 20 rounds, but it was age that beat the popular Irishman. For all his skill and experience he could not keep out his vigorous opponent, whom he had beaten only a year ago at the Ring.

It was a match that meant much to O'Keeffe. He had but to win to make the Lonsdale belt his own, and secure for himself a pension in his declining years. But youth would be served.

The opening of the contest was of a particularly cautious nature, and there was much laying on by Blake, who was warned at the end of the second round.

The warning had its effect. In the round which followed far more open tactics were adopted, and O'Keeffe was rushed to the ropes, where he received a series of hard punches.

Blake Tries Rushing Methods.

Up to this point Blake showed very little of the style expected from an aspirant to championship honours. Although he kept boring in there was little sting in his blows, and O'Keeffe played many a tattoo on his ribs when at close quarters.

In the sixth round Blake boxed more strongly, and had slightly the better of matters. O'Keeffe's defence was so good that he suffered no material damage, but he was slow in his deliveries.

Up to the eighth round the bout was disappointing. There was nothing of the clean open style about it, and both men were rather clumsy in their attack. Blake was the more persistent, but his persistence was of the rushing order.

Matters improved in the ninth round, when O'Keeffe looked like finding his real self. He sailed in with good effect, and, pinning Blake to the ropes, landed a stinging left and right.

Fought To A Standstill.

The holder continued to make good progress in the next round. Blake's efforts consisted of a number of wild attacks, in which he failed to land.

O'Keeffe now seemed to have the measure of his man, and, bar a knock out, looked safe to win.

In the twelfth round the referee found it necessary to call a halt while he administered a caution to both men for holding.

After this the boxing became more open, and the fourteenth round was fought fiercely. Both men went to their corners the worse for wear.

O'Keeffe sent Blake staggering on to the ropes, but the ex-bandsman came back, and a left punch to the jaw told heavily on the Irishman.

After so strenuous a round the next two meetings fell somewhat flat, but both men made a fine rally in the last round, and fought themselves to a standstill before the final bell rang.

Blake was given the verdict on points.

Ex-Champion Returns To Form.

Sergeant Johnny Summers, the ex-welter-weight champion, performed a "come-back stunt" at the expense of Kid Doyle, the north country welter, who had already beaten him at Liverpool.

It was a contest billed for 15 rounds, but it was over within five minutes.

During the first round Doyle clinched a good deal, and little damage was done. But as soon as the pair came to grips in the second round Summers landed a right jab fairly on the mark, and Doyle went down for the full count.

(Pictures on Page 4.)

BOXING AT THE RING.

The French light-weight boxer, Leon Bedou, was beaten in a 15-rounds contest at the Ring, London, yesterday afternoon, by Harry Williams, Marylebone, who won on points.

In a contest of ten rounds Ted Lucas beat Ted Stanley, and in another of the same duration Jim Sheppard beat Jack Root.

SCRATCHING OF CLARISSIMUS.

With reference to the scratching of Clarissimus for the New Derby, Lord Falmouth has issued the following statement:—

"After the race for the Newmarket Stakes Clarissimus was so much distressed and so sore that my trainer considered that running him again next week is likely to do him permanent injury, and in view of his future engagements, I have scratched him for his race next week. The horse has not broken down."

ECONOMY TO HELP THE WAR.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer sent yesterday a telegram thanking the Lord Mayor of Manchester on the occasion of the opening of an economy week inaugurated by the Manchester War Savings Committee. He added:—

For the successful prosecution of the war our country needs all the labour and all the services that can be made available. By refraining from demands for unessential goods and services, civilians can assist enormously in setting free goods, labour, and services.

SAVING THE SOLDIER'S HOME.

Mr. Hayes Fisher informed Captain Newman, in the House of Commons, yesterday, that he hoped there would be no delay in dealing with claims of men called to the Colours for relief in respect of rent and rates, and there was, therefore, no necessity to grant a moratorium until these cases were settled.

BILLIARDS (close).—Stevenson (in play), 9,765; Inman, 8,095. Stevenson made a break of 885.

Mrs. Bertha Frost and her strange associates in London life before the war. See "Ideas." On Sale Saturday, One Penny. (Advt.)

THE "BANKERS' BATTALION" IN TRAINING.



The "bankers' battalion" of the Buffs, recruited from among young City men of the professional classes, are now in training. These photographs show (above) competitors at a sports meeting held by the battalion; (below) the finish of a race; and (left) Viscount Goschen, the colonel.

YOUNG OFFICERS AS "PIGEONS."

Alleged 'Roeking' By A Woman Claiming War Office Influence.

A remarkable story of an alleged impecunious adventuress obtaining money by false pretences from young officers, was told to the Bow-street magistrate (Mr. Hopkins) yesterday, when Hilda Sutherland, alias Mrs. Walker James, a tall, fashionably dressed woman, appeared on a summons.

She was charged with obtaining £50 from Lieut. George F. W. Yeats and £50 from Lieut. Jacob E. H. Zimmermann.

Mr. Bodkin, who prosecuted for the Crown, said that Lieut. Yeats met the woman at an hotel at Shoreham, where she was posing as the wife of Lieut. Hertford, and where she ran up a bill of £30.

She asked Lieutenant Yeats if he would like a Staff appointment, representing herself as distantly related to the head of the War Office and others having great influence. Her father, too, she said, had great influence with Lord Kitchener. She suggested that Lieutenant Yeats should try for a Staff appointment, but it would be necessary to spend some money in tips, and mentioned a certain inquiry agent who had nothing whatever to do with the War Office.

On these representations Lieutenant Yeats handed £50 to Lieutenant Hertford, who he thought was her husband. The woman also induced him to advance to her husband (Lieutenant Hertford) £550 on a second mortgage of his house, and she promised that this money should be repaid out of a sum of £1,500 coming to her under her mother's will. Lieutenant Yeats also lent another £100 to Lieutenant Hertford, who when not living with the defendant went home to his wife and family.

In evidence it was alleged that the defendant was an impecunious adventuress, and Lieutenant Hertford an undischarged bankrupt.

The woman, it was stated, also obtained £50 from Lieutenant Zimmermann by promising to use her influence to get him a commission in the Royal Flying Corps.

The hearing was adjourned, the magistrate stating that he should require a surety in £100.

BOXING CHAMPION'S SPILL FROM A HORSE.



Lieut. E. V. Chandler, R.F.A., the heavy-weight amateur boxing champion and racing cyclist, is now in hospital at Aylesbury. While horse-riding he had a spill, and the horse rolling on him caused a compound fracture of the ankle.

OUR CIGARETTE FUND.

7s.—Tommy's Friends, Colne (99th cont.). 2s.—J. W. Simpson and W. H. Roberts, Chesterfield; Mrs. Miller, Bearsden. 1s.—M. M. Stott, Notting Hill.

MINISTER'S WARNING AS TO OUR FOOD SUPPLIES.

Danger Point Already Reached, Says Mr. Acland.

HANDS OFF AGRICULTURE!

Mr. Acland, Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Agriculture, uttered a grave warning as to our food supplies in the House of Commons last night.

Farmers were doing their duty to the nation by maintaining food supplies, he said, but they could only do so by working harder and longer than ever before.

The danger of a breakdown would only be avoided if the labour position got no worse. The danger point of a greatly decreased production was already reached, and we could not hope to maintain production at the same level as that of last year.

If more men are swept from the farm into the Army, and if the tribunals ignore the serious warnings of the Prime Minister as to the maintenance of indispensable and irreplaceable labour, we can only escape from food famine by diverting to the importation of food supplies ships needed for the transport of munitions of war.

A few men may be picked up for the Army here and there, though where that would be done it puzzles me to say. Any systematic recruitment now involves dangers as to which, on behalf of the Board of Agriculture, it is my duty to utter a warning.

We have reached a point already at which we can just manage and only just manage, to fulfil the task which the country expects of agriculture.

Mr. George Lambert said the Board of Agriculture should exercise its power to exempt men needed for agriculture, or we should have to regulate consumption by the issue of food tickets.

Colonel Henderson announced that at a meeting of representatives of the Board of Agriculture and the military authorities an agreement had been reached whereby sufficient men would be obtained to ensure the efficient cultivation of the land.

THEN "P. B." COLLAPSED.

Mr. Billing asked the Prime Minister in the House of Commons yesterday whether, as the Air Committee had been proved a fiasco, he would give the House an assurance that a properly constituted committee would be appointed to investigate the charges made.

Mr. Asquith said the committee had been appointed, and those who had charges to make should appear before it. (Hear, hear.)

ACTIVITY ON 'CHANGE.

Although business was, perhaps, less brisk than on most days of last week, there was still a fair amount of activity in the Stock Exchange yesterday, and markets were good throughout. Even Consols and War Loan stocks made an advance, while there were continued inquiries for Home Railway Prior Charges at steadily improving prices.

American securities were carried up to Wall Street equivalents, and Canadian Pacific shares jumped nearly five dollars to 189½. Grand Trunk stocks were also distinctly better, and Cities Service Common stock put on another 20 dollars, closing at 225.

In the Miscellaneous Markets Rubbers were somewhat irregular, but exceptional firmness was shown by United Siam Betong. This company pays 22½ per cent. for 1915, but earned considerably more. For the current year the dividend ought to be anything up to 35 per cent., and more in course of time. The shares therefore are a good investment at the present price of 55s.

In the Kaffir Market Falcon, Geldenhuis Deep, Roodepoort United and Eldorado shares all showed strength.

Among Coppers Hampden Cloncurry were bid for at 45s., and Mount Lyell were supported, but Rio Tinto gave way. Silver Lead shares were in some demand, and the shares of the Sulphide Corporation improved to 26s. 6d.

Copper was quoted at £137½ per ton, and rubber at 2s. 9d. per lb., while there was a fall of 2d. per ounce in the price of silver to 34d. per ounce.

AMERICAN COTTON (Close).—New York 1 to 5, and New Orleans 1 to 6 points down. Tone steady.

Cheese versus Meat

St. Ivel Lactic Cheese possesses three times as much nutriment as the best lean meat, and contains the highest proportion of those constituents which nourish the body.

Bournville

Cocoa

MADE BY CADBURY.

"OF EXCEPTIONAL FOOD VALUE."



Gordon's Hatred.

Gordon Kemp stood dazed and bewildered in the lane, while the driver of the motor lorry talked and grumbled, and finally, mounting to his seat again, drove away.

Jim Stratton had saved his life. . . And he had risked his own in doing it. . .

And Gordon hated him for it—hated him a thousand times more than he had hated him before.

Stratton had placed him under an obligation which it would be impossible for him to repay—even supposing he wanted to repay it. He had saved his life, just at the moment when he, Gordon Kemp, strung up to a pitch of unusual rage, had struck him in the face, venting in that blow the accumulated bitterness that he had felt towards this man. . .

It was a situation with which none of Gordon's past experience enabled him to deal. He had not the simple generosity to be grateful. To him it meant just this—Jim Stratton had placed him under an obligation at a moment when he was exerting himself to blacken Stratton's character.

"It appears you saved my life, Mr. Stratton," he stammered. "I am greatly in your debt."

He held out his hand clumsily, but the Anzac ignored it.

"I'd have done the same for anybody else," he said, almost truculently. "I don't set any particular store on your life one way or another, Mr. Kemp. And there's something to be settled between us. You hit me just now—I don't take that from any man."

His face was very grim, and his eyes were like blue steel.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Stratton. I didn't understand what you were trying to do. I thought you were going to attack me, and I struck you in self-defence. I can do no more than apologise. I owe you my life, and I'm very grateful to you."

The Anzac's face cleared, and he broke into a smile.

"Well, now I reckon we can cut all that out,

THE LOVE OF AN ANZAC.

By LADBROKE BLACK.

Serial Story
Specially
Written
for the
Daily
Sketch.

and go on talking where we left off. I want things to be quite straight between us. I don't want you to think that I'm going behind your back to steal your girl. I'm staying at the George and Anchor just to get Hester Gervais for my wife if I can."

The moment was a very bitter one for Gordon. The shock of the accident—the obligation under which the Anzac had placed him—and now the necessity of pursuing a discussion which but a moment before he had declared he would not listen to, filled his cup of chagrin to the brim.

Only by a supreme effort of self-control did he mask his passionate hatred of this man.

"Just tell me one thing, Mr. Stratton," he said. "What possible justification have you for imagining that Miss Gervais, who is engaged to me, could ever possibly be your wife?"

The Anzac passed a hand across his brow. "Well, I'll be frank with you—not much as yet. There's no reason why you shouldn't know. You're bound to hear it. I was getting on fine until this afternoon when a woman came along to Miss Gervais's house and laid a claim that I made love to her and broke her heart. That's torn it, as you might say—but I'm going to find that woman and put things straight."

"Why Should She Know?"

Gordon betrayed not the slightest sign of interest or excitement.

"Well, Mr. Stratton—all I can say is that you place me in a very awkward predicament. I owe you my life—but even though you have placed me under so great an obligation you will, I hope, understand the difficulty I have in discussing this subject with you. I think, for both our sakes, we'd better part. Is that all you wish to say to me?"

Jim Stratton nodded.

"Yes, that's all—as far as the talking goes. As for the rest—well, let the better man win, I say."

Without another word he turned abruptly and walked down the lane, leaving Gordon to make the best of his way home.

While he was dressing and during his lonely meal Gordon was debating in his own mind a troublesome question—how would this story of Jim Stratton having saved his life affect Hester?

It would affect her, he knew—she loved and was stirred by such fine self-sacrificing deeds—if she heard it. . . But why should she hear it? Instinctively he knew that Jim Stratton would never tell her. . . And was there any real necessity for him to tell her? Why should she ever know?

He dismissed the matter, determined not to say a word about what had happened, to turn his mind to the results of Miss Marsh's visit.

Apparently that ruse had been wholly successful—according to Stratton. If Miss Marsh had carried out her instructions properly there need be no fear of any complications from that quarter. He had dismissed the girl from the office with a sum of a hundred pounds, and she was not likely to cross his or Hester's path again.

Towards half-past eight he walked over to the Manor, and was immediately admitted to the drawing-room. Presently Hester came in radiantly beautiful, dressed as he liked to see her dressed, and there was about her that night a certain shy nervousness which appealed to him. He took her in his arms and kissed her.

Money Well Spent.

"Well, dearest, what sort of a day have you had here?" he said.

"Oh, much as usual," she replied, seating herself by his side.

She did not seem inclined to talk, and he dare not betray his own share in Miss Marsh's visit by directly approaching the subject.

He hovered around it, a little perplexed. He was surprised that she did not mention the matter of her own accord. Presently, in the hope of drawing her, he spoke of his meeting with Jim Stratton.

"I had to give him a piece of my mind, Hester. The man is really incorrigible. Do you know what he had the impudence to tell me to-night?"

Hester stared blankly at the carpet.

"No—what was it, Gordon?"

"Well, really, it would be a joke if it wasn't so unpleasant for you. He had the cheek to tell me he was my rival, and to repeat what he said the other night, that he was going to make you his wife."

A vivid flush spread itself over Hester's face, and she laughed—almost naturally.

"He has been a terrible nuisance, Gordon. He simply haunts me. He was up on the downs this morning when I went for my ride, and this afternoon again he called. Did you know that he had left the Lomas's?"

Gordon nodded grimly.

"Oh, he told me the reason. Really, it's a shame to subject you to this sort of thing, Hester. It appears he told Mr. Lomas that he couldn't stay there any longer, because he wanted to prosecute his love affair with you. I can't imagine what the Lomases thought."

Hester plucked at the little lace handkerchief she was holding in her lap.

"It's too bad!" she exclaimed. "What on earth will Effie think? I wish to goodness he'd go back to the Army, instead of loitering about here."

"Of course, if he becomes an absolute nuisance, Hester, we must deal with him through the police. Even an Anzac cannot be allowed to make a public nuisance of himself."

For a moment Hester was silent. From under his half-closed eyes Gordon watched her cautiously. Why didn't she tell him about Miss Marsh's visit? What motive could she have for keeping that back?

It must have been an incident that stood out strikingly in her ordinary humdrum day, and yet she did not refer to it. Her reticence puzzled him. . . And even while he was thinking these things she raised her pretty flushed face.

"I don't think there'll be any necessity to do that, Gordon—I mean to trouble the police. It would be very unpleasant for me; besides, I think I've got rid of him for good and all now."

She hesitated, and then went on.

"Something happened to-day, Gordon—something very unpleasant in connection with him," she stammered.

He waited expectant—but she did not pursue the subject. She was clearly very ill at ease.

"What happened?" he asked, at last, bluntly.

She turned away her head.

"A woman called, Gordon—some woman he'd been making love to. . . Oh, it's horrible to be mixed up in these dreadful, sordid, worn-out romances. . . He had asked her to marry him. . . their banns had been put up. . . And then he just left her, sending her a cruel letter to say it had been all very amusing, and that he had enjoyed himself immensely."

She spoke with a kind of breathless indignation.

"Confound the man!" Gordon exclaimed. "This sort of thing must really be ended! It's nothing but downright persecution. . . And this woman, Hester—what made her come to you?"

Suddenly Hester burst into tears.

"Oh, it upset me so, Gordon—I can't bear to think of it even now. . . She had tracked him down here—and she had been spying on him. She had seen me talking to him on the Downs—and she thought. . . as if I cared anything for him! I wish Jim Stratton were back in Australia instead of mixing me up in all this horrid business."

A ghost of a smile flittered about Gordon Kemp's lips. Miss Marsh had certainly played her cards well. The hundred pounds had been well spent.

"What on earth did you do, dearest?" he inquired.

Somehow she did not wish to tell him the sequel to the story—the scene in that room when her visitor had fainted.

An Unhappy Girl.

"I told him to go," she said. "I told him that I never wanted to speak to him again. I told him that if he called the servants would have instructions to say I was out."

Gordon heaved a sigh of relief.

"Very proper too, Hester. I'm only sorry that you should ever have spoken to this fellow at all—except, of course, at the Lomas's, where it was impossible not to be polite to him. . . Now, dearest, let's hope you've heard the end of all this."

He put his arms about her and drew her towards him.

"Don't cry any more, darling. Forget all about this dreadful person. We'll be happy together—just you and I. You are going to be happy with me, aren't you, dearest?"

"Yes, Gordon," she answered in a far-away voice.

"Kiss me, dearest," he begged.

His cheek was close to hers, and she turned and put her lips to it.

"Oh, Gordon," she said, "I wish we were married, and I wish all these weeks were over, and the fuss and the bother—and. . ."

She did not finish her sentence. He did not notice that she had not finished it. There was now a great contentment in his heart. It was very sweet to hold her in his arms like that.

"My darling, it won't be long now," he whispered.

As if to soothe and please her, he began talking of their marriage and of their plans for the future. When he left her an hour later he was satisfied that all the dangers he had feared were surmounted.

Hester did not follow him into the hall, as had been her invariable custom, but stayed behind him in the drawing-room. As he was striding down the drive, content and complacent, she was lying full length on the couch, face downwards, her handkerchief to her eyes. . . And every now and again between her sobs she muttered a man's name.

And the name of the man was not Gordon Kemp!

(Do not miss to-morrow's instalment.)

HOW TO INCREASE YOUR STRENGTH.

Some Good Advice By A Specialist.

If you are losing strength, tire easily, lack ambition and confidence to do things, and feel discouraged, it does not matter whether the cause is from illness, late hours, drinking, smoking, or over-indulgence of any kind, you are in danger of suffering a complete breakdown unless proper treatment is secured at once.

Strength can only be obtained from the food you eat. Therefore, if you are using up more energy each day than you obtain from your food, your case is hopeless until you can reverse the order of things and increase your strength in proportion to the amount you draw upon it.

To get back your old-time strength and energy spend as much time as possible in the open air, breathe deeply, and get a little Sargol from Boots or any other good Chemist, and take one tablet with each meal. You will simply be astonished to see how quickly your strength will return to you. Stomach troubles will vanish, ambition return, and you will feel a keen desire again for both work and pleasure. Sargol has increased strength and nerve power in many cases more than 300 per cent. In fact, a little Sargol, with three meals a day, will give you more strength and energy than 12 meals would give you without it. Therefore, if you are run down, are constantly losing strength, are irritable, or your nerves are off, get a 3s. box of Sargol to-day. It will last you over a week, and will do you more good than a month at the seaside.

—Adv.

CRUTCHES DISCARDED

Amputation Avoided
A Grateful Mother tells of the Remarkable Recovery of her daughter after long suffering with a Tubercular Foot.



Portrait of Miss Lily Holding, of 21, Bedley Street, Springburn, Glasgow, whose mother writes:—

"Kindly allow me to tell you of the good 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' has done to my daughter Lily, aged twenty. For three years she suffered from Tubercular Trouble in the right foot. Three hospitals were visited, and she has seen in various places as many as fourteen doctors, and all had the same opinion. In December, 1914, she was operated on, which left her very weak, and she was not able to regain any strength. Nothing seemed to do her much good, and my husband and I began to think that she would never get any better. In April her doctor said that if she were his daughter he would have the leg off at the knee, as one could never tell how far the disease might travel. A few weeks after a paper came to our door advertising 'Clarke's Blood Mixture'; my daughter asked me to try it, and just to please her I did so. After taking three or four bottles her general health seemed to get better, and she began to eat better. After taking fourteen bottles she was able to leave off her crutches, and a little later was able to put a boot on, which was quite a festive day at our home, for she had not been able to have one on for eighteen months. I should have written to you before, only we thought it better to wait and see if the cure was permanent. She is quite well again, and it is with thankfulness that her father and I can see her once more taking her place in the world like other girls."

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 TROUBLES

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.

NO MORE SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

HOW TO KILL and PERMANENTLY DISSOLVE OUT ROOTS AND ALL.

Reader explains how to prepare and use at home the simple new absorption process by which she avoided danger and pain of the cruel electric needle. Why prescriptions, appliances, acids, lotions and similar remedies should be avoided.

To Readers of the Daily Sketch. At a medical conference held in Paris just prior to the war, numerous eminent physicians cited cases which prove beyond doubt that since the discovery of a new and simple absorption process superfluous hair has become as unnecessary as it is repulsive. It was also explained how electrical processes always stimulate hair growth, how pulling with tweezers, and how acids, caustic pastes, and other worthless remedies affect surface hair, which soon grows again.



Then the distinguished physicians told how anyone can now prepare and use at home a simple liquid which immediately creeps down through hair shaft (just as oil creeps up a lamp wick), dissolving hair as the liquid is absorbed. Thus the entire hair structure from socket to root and papillae may be dissolved out of existence, so there is nothing to grow again. The liquid acts only upon hair, and is harmless to the most delicate skin and tissues, as a test will quickly prove; but the liquid must not be allowed to touch desirable hair, as I know of no way to restore life to roots thus destroyed.

When I see daily so many women with perfect features who would be radiantly beautiful were it not for hideous growths of ugly hair upon lips and chin, I always wish I could tell them how easily they could recover their natural heritage of delicate feminine charm and attractiveness. I shall, therefore, be only too happy to send literature in regard to the preparation and use of the marvellous liquid explained at the conference, which it was my privilege to attend. If any woman reader of the Daily Sketch cares to send me her name and address, plainly written, together with a penny stamp for return postage, I shall be pleased to send in plain sealed envelope full particulars without charge of any kind, so women readers can use the new process in the strict privacy of their own boudoirs. Have correspondence brief as possible, and do not write to thank me after hair is destroyed, as my time is greatly limited. I can agree to answer but one person in each family, and correspondence will be considered strictly confidential.



A reader kindly tells in this article how she killed the roots of her superfluous hair by a simple home absorption process, after the electric needle, acids, pastes, etc., had all failed.

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£1,000 IN PRIZES FOR NEEDLEWORK :

Write to the Daily Sketch for an Entry Form To-day and join in a great effort to help the Red Cross funds.

DAILY SKETCH.

DUBLIN REVOLT PICTURES.
The wonderful exclusive pictures of the Dublin rebellion, taken by the *Daily Sketch* photographers, in many cases under fire, have now been issued in postcard form. There are 16 different subjects, and the price is 1d. each. Ask your newsagent about them.

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BRITAIN'S BEST PICTURE PAPER.

SUMMER-TIME SEA NYMPHS.

A ROYAL ARTIST.

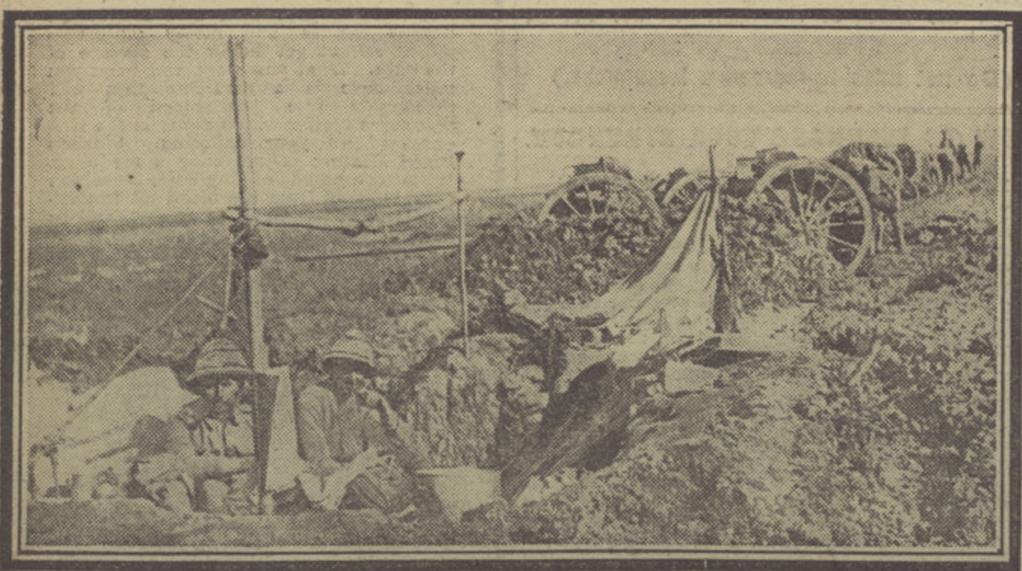


A picturesque snapshot of Summer-time sea nymphs revelling in the heat wave—and other waves. Their sunshine smiles are in keeping with the weather.

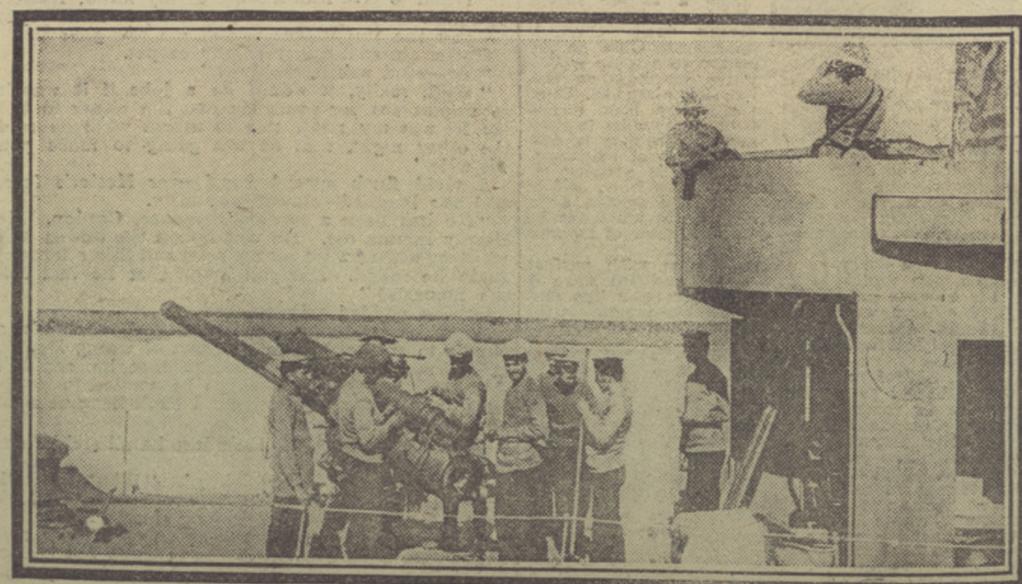


Few people know that Queen Alexandra is a gifted artist as well as expert photographer. This painting of "The Old Cardinal" by Her Majesty is being reproduced for sale for charity purposes.

WHERE THE BRITISH AND RUSSIANS JOINED HANDS IN MESOPOTAMIA.



A peep at Tommy's little grey home in the East.



A British monitor on the Tigris ready to bombard Shaik Sand.

Good news comes from the Tigris at last! The arrival of a force of Russian cavalry, which has just joined General Goringe after a "bold and adventurous ride" through difficult hill country, chiefly inhabited by hostile tribesmen, has a great significance. These photographs further illustrate the British campaign in Mesopotamia.