

# DAILY SKETCH



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No. 1,915.

LONDON, THURSDAY, APRIL 29, 1915.

[Registered as a Newspaper.] ONE HALFP

## The Huns May Sow But They Will Not Reap The Harvest.



Bringing in the hay to feed the horses of the Death's Head Hussars.



Harrowing the field and sowing the corn on a Belgian farm.



Here is a bugle call for milking time.



The Huns are very thorough in

With the insolent arro-  
to it that they shall no-  
invaders as rest-houses

ance of conquerors the Germans are treating unhappy Belgium as their own. They are sowin-  
to reap the harvest. Farmsteads from which the quiet, industrious Belgians  
the convalescent among their wounded and for men relieved from their  
the soil while the

what the  
are doing  
had the deadly  
Fritzheim, the  
"prisoner" at  
himself a sportsman  
anything of English  
round robin to be  
sportsman's usage  
friends and comrades

£1,200 M.

# DAILY

LONDON: Shoe Lane, E.C. MA  
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To always use  
Old Dutch for my complexion."

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**HAWLEY MORGAN**  
Petty Officer  
Royal Naval Air Service.

MR. HAWLEY MORGAN, who is, in private life, the popular talented artist, says: "I am writing to let you know that I have been taking Phosferine for nervous breakdown following upon Influenza, and I must say that your medicine is pulling me round in quite a wonderful fashion. As a nerve restorer it is particularly great, as well as being a steadier when one feels 'wobbly.' On long motor-cycle rides I find it of particular value in restoring lost vitality, and in the case of long exposure to wet and cold a sure preventive against contracting chills, etc."—38, Waldemar Mansions, Fulham, London.—April 7, 1915.

This energetic officer makes it quite clear Phosferine supplies just that extra vitality and vigour necessary to withstand the ill-effects of the most prolonged and exacting activities—it re-created the nerve force drained from the system by unceasing strain and ill-health.

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Faintness  
Brain-Fag  
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Woman's splendid cure by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Wattered Nerves and Broken Health.

Readed to be left alone and suffered agonies from indigestion and splitting headaches.

Ordinary treatment useless, but soon cured by

## CASSELL'S TABLETS

was tired of dosing myself, but I let him get me some, and commenced taking them. Soon after I began to feel brighter, I slept all through the night, and grew stronger and better daily. I could hardly believe it was real, I had been so ill and broken down. All the headaches and indigestion had left me, and presently I found myself as well and strong as before my illness."



Mrs. Holmes, Yorks.

I wish I could tell everybody how good Dr. Cassell's Tablets are," exclaims Mrs. Holmes, of Bolton Brow, Sowerby Bridge. And that is general feeling among all who use this great medicine. The splendid new health it brings to weary, ailing mortals, makes them wish to tell others about the remedy that has cured themselves. In an interview recently, Mrs. Holmes continued:—"I had got into a low, run-down state, with no 'life' in me, and I was so nervous that I started at the least sound. I had been like that for two years, when my great sorrow came to me. My husband died with terrible suddenness, and the shock very nearly caused me complete collapse. For five months I was under medical treatment, but I only got more depressed and neurasthenic. I could not sleep and my nerves were in such a state that I dreaded to be left alone. Sometimes I had to get a neighbour to stay the night with me, I was so frightened. I suffered dreadfully with indigestion too, and splitting headaches. No food agreed with me; what I ate gave me wind and palpitation, and my head was really agonising at times."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are the surest remedy for nervous breakdown, nerve-paralysis, spinal paralysis, infantile paralysis, neurasthenia, nervous debility, sleeplessness, anæmia, kidney disease, indigestion, stomach disorder, malnutrition, wasting diseases, palpitation, vital exhaustion, and all run-down conditions in old or young. Specially valuable for nursing mothers and during the critical periods of life. Chemists and stores in all parts of the world sell Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Prices: 10/6, 1s. 1/6, and 2s. 9d.—the 2s. 9d. size being the most economical. A FREE TRIAL to you on receipt of name and 3 stamps for postage.

Tommy is again hit pressing my temples to try shrapnel and rifle throbbing. I cannot describe and I got no sleep night and I was weak and de-

"Bournville" (Regd. Trade Mark) "THE VERY FINEST PRODUCT" Cocoa MADE BY CADBURY

The Medical Magazine, M.

## OUR TORTURED SOLDIERS.

I HOPE that the Government will give the fullest possible publicity in this country and in all neutral countries to the case of the British prisoners in Germany. Nothing more damaging to the cause of the Huns could be done than the exposure of their cowardly brutality to prisoners.

WE ought to make it clear to the world that what Germany is doing to our helpless soldiers would be done to the people of any other nation which opposed German arms. In this war the Allies are not only fighting in their own cause. They are fighting in defence of the world.

IF Germany crushes the Allies she will carry on her policy of conquest to Holland, Italy, Spain, Scandinavia, the United States, and the various States of South America, where already the German influence is strong. Our soldier-martyrs in Germany are undergoing tortures because they have frustrated the German plans. Let the neutrals take the lesson to heart. They stand in danger of terrorism like that spread over Belgium, and their soldiers run the risk of being treated like the British soldiers who are imprisoned in Germany.

AS Mr. Asquith pointed out, there is ample evidence to prove that the British prisoners are treated with especial brutality, and the reason is that our soldiers have so far turned the balance against Germany by their bravery and skill. The Huns' way of appreciating these soldierly qualities is to heap insult and injury upon their British prisoners.

AN important point not brought out in the Parliamentary debate is that the hatred of our men is not confined to the German officials. It has been manifested very strongly by the German people also. Nor is it a Prussian crime alone. From the North, West, and South German towns have come undeniable reports which show that practically all Germany has betrayed a murderous hatred of the British. We must bear this in mind when considering how we are to avenge our poor soldiers.

THIS matter of reprisal is the most immediate problem for us. Our public men have struck a high note in asserting at the outset that we will not sink to the barbarous plan of imitating the enemy. To give stroke for stroke in this way would place us on a par with the Germans, and in the end they could defeat our aims by carrying out atrocities so horrible and inhuman that we could not imitate them.

THE chief suggestion heard so far is that we shall punish the authors after the war. But how can we be sure of getting at them then? The war has yet to be ended. Meantime our hapless countrymen suffer in Germany. Men like the Kaiser, his officers, and indeed the bulk of the German people, still feel so secure in their strength that they will probably laugh at threats of this nature. Possibly, to show their contempt, they may apply a fresh turn of the screw in the torture chambers.

WE must get at the German in a more direct way. It is well to remember that at heart the Hun is a coward. He is also very selfish, materialistic and clannish.

NOW we have a great number of Germans in this country who have influential friends and relations in Germany. Between them are strong bonds of fellow feeling. Between them passes in various cunning ways a constant correspondence. Our German guests hold wealth and property here. Let us try the experiment of levying fines upon that wealth and property by way of reprisal.

IT will be said that this is punishing the innocent. But I have pointed out that the German people in Germany are largely guilty of the savagery to our soldiers, and in the rough justice of war we are justified in holding their friends and blood relations and their possessions as hostages for Germany's good conduct.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

# Echoes of Town and Round About

## Summer-like.

THE WEST-END of London can be a glorious place at times, and yesterday's summery spring morning was one of them. Really it was more summery than springlike, and on the right side of Piccadilly at eleven o'clock it was hot. Overcoats were rare, and there were straw hats, worn, too, by well-dressed men, and not by lovers of the eccentric, or those who would wear a straw hat with a shabby frock coat in December, and think nothing of it.

## Young Things And Strawberries.

You couldn't help feeling rather pleased with life, and the Horror seemed a little further away for the time being. There was almost an air of gaiety about. People were driving about cheerily in open cars and taxis; several lovely young things wore spotless white all over instead of only on their boots; and in the Bond-street greengrocers' (there are greengrocers in Bond-street of a most superfine type) were bundles of asparagus, baskets of new peas, and luscious-looking strawberries—very springlike and very dear.

## Lord Chesterfield And Four Generals.

LORD CHESTERFIELD, whose immaculate appearance would have brought joy to the soul of his ancestor who dealt out parental advice and was accepted as the *arbiter elegantiarum* of the eighteenth century, was in Burlington Arcade, Harry Ainley, whose performance in "Quinneys" is the talk of the town, was dodging motor-buses in Piccadilly-circus and a grey lounge suit, and I saw no fewer than four generals—officers, not motor-buses—in this enjoyable walk abroad.

## Her Wounded Soldier.

ONE sad little incident brought me back to the grimness of things. A wounded officer, his head in bandages, was being driven along Bond-street in a taxi, a girl with him. Suddenly the girl, obviously distressed, banged violently for the driver to stop. Her friend had fainted.

## More Than A Musical Revolutionary.

THE DEATH of Alexander Scriabin, the Russian composer, undoubtedly leaves a serious gap in the world of music. Scriabin was a great deal more than the wild revolutionist which some people have called him, judging him only from his later works. His "Prometheus," a symphonic poem, made a great stir at the Queen's Hall a couple of years ago, because strange "colour scales" were used in its composition, and it had the unique distinction of being set down for performance twice over in the same programme. But Scriabin didn't do these strange things without a definite reason, or without knowledge of the solid foundations of music.

## Sandwiches And Bad French.

HE was a remarkably fine pianist. The only occasion on which I met him was after a piano recital of his own works—comparatively simple things, full of melody—at the Bechstein Hall. I was introduced to Scriabin by a musical critic friend, and the three of us repaired to a famous "delicatessen" shop near by (it was very German, and has since vanished), where we ate sandwiches and discussed music in execrable French. I know no Russian, and Scriabin knew no English.

## Civil Service Isn't "Dre:sy."

ONE of the new temporary clerks, taking the place of a listed man in a Government office, had a shock on entering the department for the first time. He turned up immaculately dressed (as the novelists say) in morning coat and silk hat, amongst other things. His colleagues he found very unostentatiously dressed; and when they began to work! One man donned an office coat which had split right up the back and was held together with great stitches of red tape. Another wore a coat without sleeves—he liked his arms free. Others were attired in weird remnants of coats studded with paper fasteners.

## Comedy Of Uniform.

THE SIMILARITY of the Drury Lane attendants' uniform to the naval blue and gold was the cause of an amusing incident at the Royal matinee. An American who wanted his hat and coat from the cloak-room touched a blue-coated figure on the shoulder with "Attendant, will you—" Then the wearer of the uniform turned round. He was a flight-commander, or occupied some similarly exalted position.

## How Young Gladstone Fell.

I WAS speaking yesterday to someone who was in the trenches when poor young Gladstone was killed, and he tells me that his character had endeared him to all his men. Apparently they were watching for a German sniper, and such was Mr. Gladstone's zeal that, although cautioned of the extreme risk, he stood up in the trench and moved one of the sandbags to get a better view. A bullet hit him right in the middle of the forehead.

## Your Portrait For £10,000.

IF you want your portrait painted by the great John Sargent, you will have to pay more than ten thousand pounds for the honour. Sir Hugh Lane has made this munificent offer, but will forgo the option if a larger offer is forthcoming. The Red Cross Sale has induced him to cancel his decision never to paint another portrait. For the past few years the artist has contented himself with drawings, principally of his intimate friends—the Rutland-Tree set, scarcely a member of which has not been immortalised in charcoal.



## Popular And Expensive.

SARGENT must have made an immense fortune, for his popularity has been great and his prices always extraordinarily high. He is by no means an old man, under sixty, in fact—an early age at which to vanish into semi-retirement. He is the son of an American doctor, has some wonderful stories of student days in Italy and Paris, and lives in a beautiful house in that Mecca of successful artists, Tite-street, Chelsea.

## Winston's Double.

HAVING occasion to call at the Treasury a few days ago (No; I hadn't been consulted by the Chancellor of the Exchequer) I saw in the entrance hall a messenger the living image of the Great Winston—stooping shoulders and all. If he also adopts Winston's style of headgear, he must be a hero in the suburb where he lives, and his daily home-going a triumphal procession.

## How To Get Into The War Office.

I ALSO had to visit the War Office the other day. The spacious hall was filled by men and women seeking interviews with one official or another. It was announced that there could be no interviews except by appointment. As I had an appointment I was allowed to fill up a form, which was duly stamped by an attendant.

## A "Pass-Out."

HAVING finished the business I had on hand, I sought to escape; but at the exit I was asked for my "pass-out" (which I had left with my friend upstairs), and I had to go back for it. I can understand a "pass" being required to get in, but a "pass" to get out seems quite a new idea; and I shuddered to think what might have happened to me if my pass-out had been mislaid.

## An Amethyst Bedroom.

HOW do you like the idea of an amethyst bedroom? I slept in one at the house of a friend last night. The sheets were a delicate mauve, so, too, were the walls, the ceiling, and every stick of furniture. Even the jugs and basins were of amethyst glass. Rather unpleasantly decadent, I think. (And the war on, too!)

## A Tipperary Idyll.

A LITTLE IDYLL from a Dublin household: A hitherto happy Tipperary servant came home discontented and depressed from her "day off" spent with her boy, a wounded Cannought Ranger. She was sure she could not stand Howth Hill much longer; it was too placid. She felt upset at seeing that her boy had been "hurted," and she not at the fray, where, of course, he gave a good account of himself.

## His Medals.

FURTHER, their tea and tête-à-tête at a big shop was spoiled. He took off his coat, and people would come and look at his medals. He had two. She supposed they were given him by the French priest ("them French" she heard were Catholics, too), as her parish priest gave her one with a blue ribbon when she became a "child of Mary." So they both had medals now. This Tipperary boy's medals were the Victoria Cross and Médaille Militaire.

## Not Much To Blush About.

WHEN "The Pink Domino" was first produced, years and years ago, it was considered a highly naughty and caerulean affair. To say you had been to see it was to admit that you were a bit of a dog. "To-night's the Night," which is a musical version of the famous farce, serves to prove that we have either grown more broad-minded or that custom has made roués of us all. For, beyond a little harmless deception of a wife and a fiancée, by a couple of men who slink off to a Covent Garden ball, I found nothing to blush at. And, between you and me, I didn't blush much even at this.

## More Humour Needed.

FOR THE rest "To-night's the Night," which saw the light at the Gaiety Theatre last night (this is not meant to be poetry), is an irresponsible and perfectly innocuous business, with little to distinguish it from plenty of other Gaiety plays. There is just the right amount of sentimentality, and, at present, not quite the right amount of humour. For instance, Jimmy Blakeley, who is one of the very funniest men alive, is not given nearly enough scope.

## George Grossmith's "Nuttishness."

GEORGE GROSSMITH (here is the inevitable Tom Tittivation) is back again in London and in musical comedy, and is as "nutty" as ever, thin, angular, toothy, wondrously appalled, and quite amusing. He pulls the play along in his best style, and even sings, yes, sings, a semi-serious duet with the new leading lady, Miss Haidee de Rance, who plays the violin very well, but has a deal to learn in other directions.



## "G. G.'s" Father.

By the way, why did "G. G." in an interview published in a contemporary, allude to his father, the old and much lamented "G. G." as having been a great favourite at the Gaiety for many years? As a matter of fact, the late "G. G." never had an engagement at either of the Gaieties in his life. Was the slip the fault of the interviewer or the interviewed?

## The Others.

LESLIE HENSON is a new comedian with plenty of assurance, but Max Dearly, fine artiste that he is, seems at present a little out of his element. Peggy Kurton and Moya Mannering are both clever girls who "make good." Julia James has developed rather an affected habit of acting at the audience most of the time.

## Some Tunes.

THERE are pretty dresses and some catchy tunes in "To-night's the Night," although not so many of the latter as one could wish for. But "Play Me a Tune," "The Only Way," and "They Don't Believe Me"—this last a charming duet—should all be popular. Much of the humour of the show is very puerile, but no doubt all this will be brightened up. I hope that it will be a long time before "G. G." and his colleagues will have to say "To-night's the last night."

## In The Film.

PROBABLY most of you, and almost certainly your children, knew the face—and figure—of John Bunny, the colossal cinema actor, who has just died. He has been described as the best-known man in the world. His face was truly his fortune. He had but to roll his eyes and millions of people all round the world went into paroxysms of laughter. A fine epitaph that.

## And In The Flesh.

HE SPENT some time in London, in the flesh. On more than one occasion I have seen him at a first night, and he came in for more applause from pit and gallery than even the dazzling celebrities of the regular stage.

## What A Sportsman Would Do.

PROOF ACCUMULATES every day of what the Huns are doing to our officers and men who have had the deadly misfortune to fall into their hands. Fritzscheim, the German tennis champion, is a "prisoner" at Donington Hall. He would call himself a sportsman. Well, if he is, and remember anything of English hospitality, let him head a round robin to be sent to Potsdam pleading for a sportsman's usage for those who once were his friends and comrades.

MR. COSSIP.





**INTERESTED IN THE NAVAL RESERVES.**



Lady Mainwaring, wife of Sir Harry Mainwaring, a commander in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve.—(Val L'Estrange.)



The Hon. Muriel Burns, the second daughter of Lord Inverclyde, a commander in the Royal Naval Reserve.—(Val L'Estrange.)

**TO-DAY'S BRIDE.**



Miss Ethel Wemyss Muir is to-day marrying Mr. Neville Woodford Smith-Carington.—(Lafayette.)

**WILL BUSINESS WOMEN SUCCEED?**

To-day is the day of the woman-of-work; many new occupations are now open for her, and truth to tell, she views, without fear of failure, the prospect of sharing the responsibilities of the men. But, as women are subject to more frequent fluctuations of health than men, many will be handicapped early, if they regard their health requirements too lightly. The nervous strain, long hours and prolonged mental and physical fatigue, thin the blood and weaken the nerves. Such conditions can only be endured effectively by a robust, full-blooded constitution. This is as true for men as for women, only "weaker woman" suffers soonest. The woman-worker requires her blood replenished frequently; she needs new rich blood to keep her health regular under the trying conditions of business life, and to fortify her system against the effects of overwork. So let all women take heed, and renew their blood promptly at the first approach of pallor, lack of appetite, headache or back-ache. This is best accomplished by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which make new blood and help womankind so perfectly. The fair sex need not fear failure of health if they take these pills regularly. Any dealer can supply you to-day with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but never accept common pink pills; they must be Dr. Williams'. Send a postcard for a FREE, useful health guide, "Plain Talks to Women"; address Hints Dept., 46 Holborn-viaduct, London.—Advt.

**RECENTLY WED.**



Miss Lily V. Bell, only daughter of Mr. W. Bell, R.G.A., the bride of Mr. D. O. Morgan, of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries.—(Muntz.)

**THE LAUGHTER-MAKER.**



John Bunny's face was his fortune. Here is his smile.

**HAS A LITTLE DAUGHTER.**

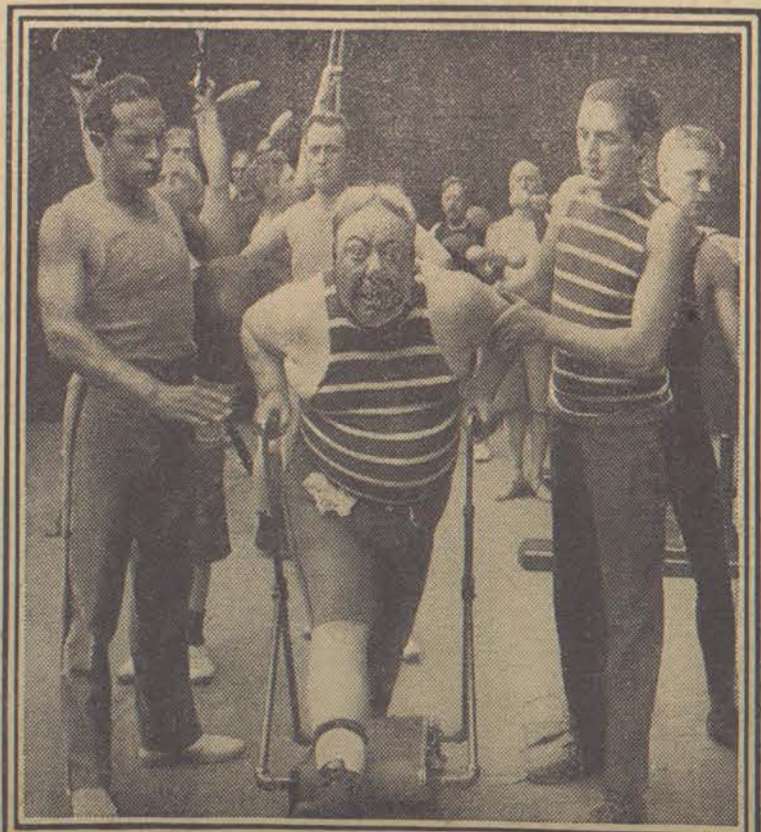


The Hon. Mrs. A. Shaw, a daughter of Lord Inchcape, has just presented her husband, the heir of Lord Shaw of Dunfermline, with a daughter.—(Langher, Ltd.)

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Flora Finch (on the left) always appeared with Bunny. John Bunny, America's great moving picture comedian, is dead. The news will cause sadness to thousands who have enjoyed seeing his whimsical adventures on the cinema screen. Bunny was 52, and despite his weight—18 1/2 stone—was extremely agile. His salary was £200 weekly. Bunny goes in for a little physical exercise.

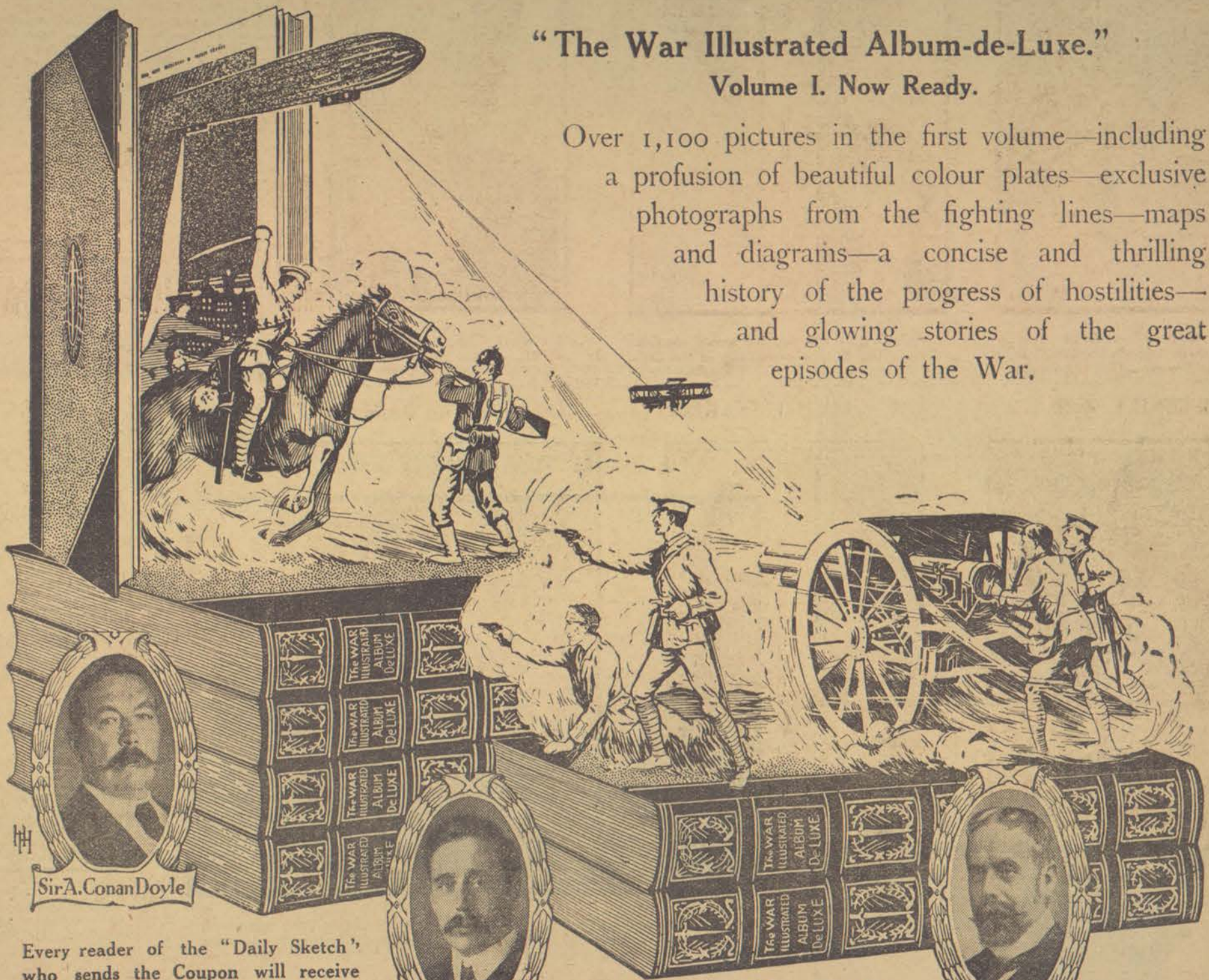
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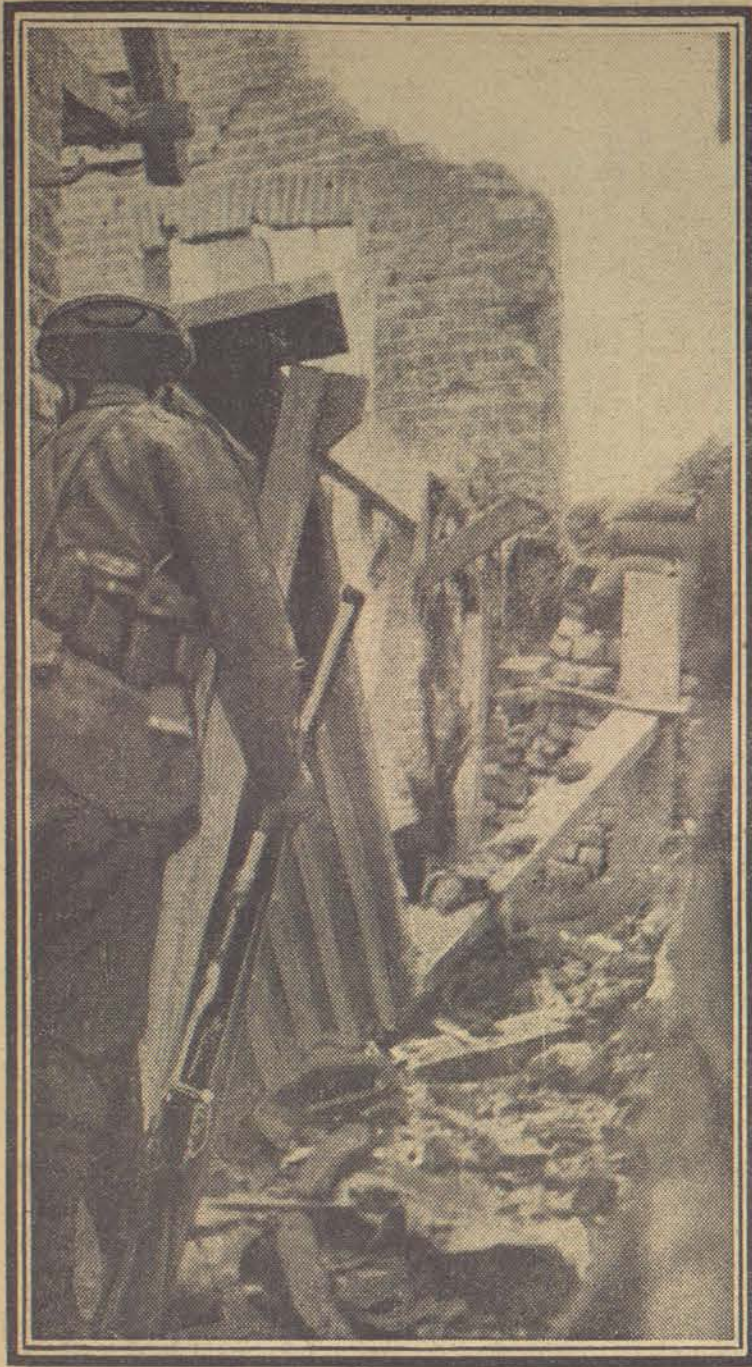
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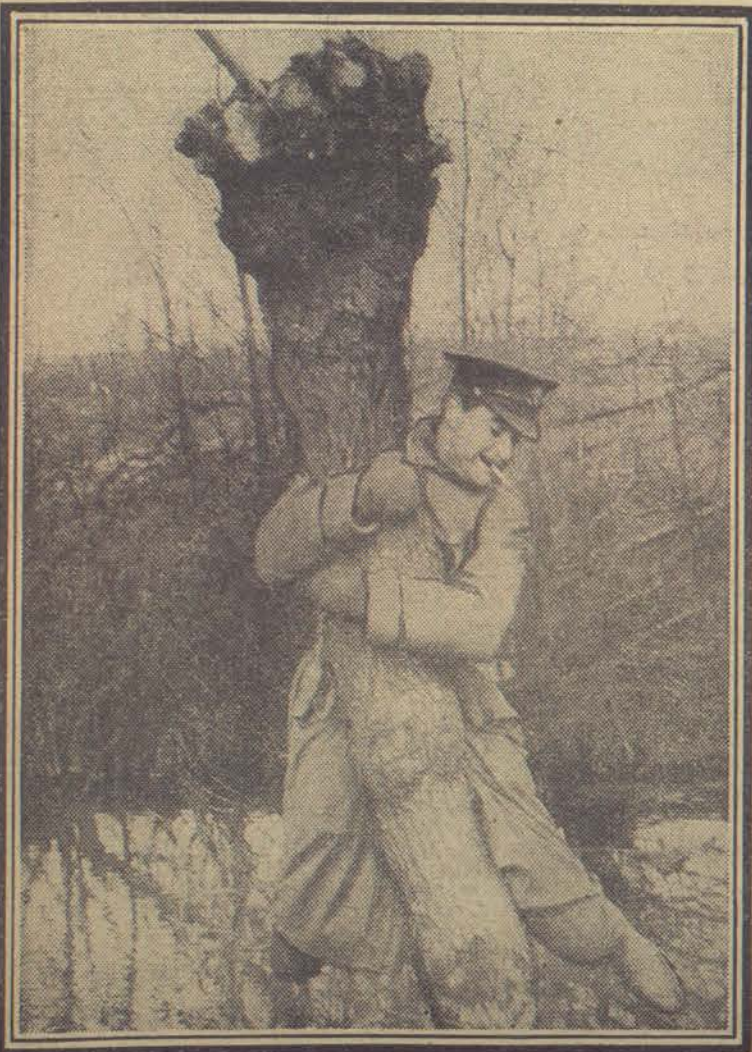
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# A SNIPER'S OPPORTUNITY.



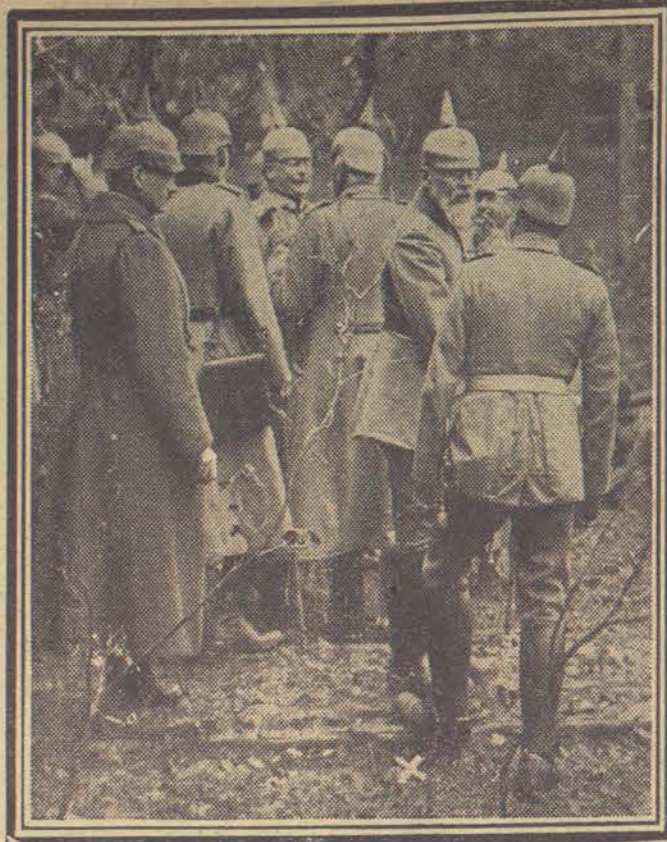
Though shells have shattered the house into ruins, it still affords the British rifleman a vantage post for skilful sniping.

# KEEPING HIS FEET DRY.



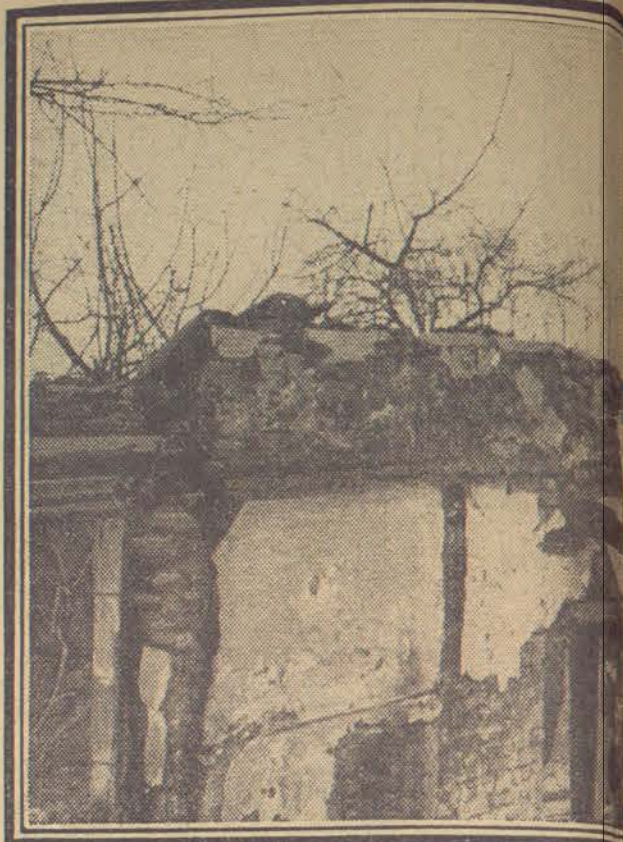
Although our soldiers have got used to wet feet in the trenches they prefer dry ones. This is how one negotiated a bad patch near the firing line.

# THE BEARDED PRINCE.



Prince Leopold (marked with cross) is younger brother of the King of Bavaria, and is fighting in Northern France.

# A FLEMISH FARMST



This ruined farmhouse, lying within the zone of the heavy fighting, is a sad sight which war has brought upon the once peaceful land.

# A FIGURE THAT ANNOYS THE HUNS.



The French soldiers toast their dummy, which wears an Iron Cross taken from a prisoner. The dummy is frequently hoisted above the trenches to draw the German fire. It is riddled with bullets.

# FOUGHT AT MONS AN



Captain Damer Wynyard, 1st East Surrey, was married last December to his daughter. He returned to the front and was killed.

# THE CANADIANS HAVE WON AN IMPERISHABLE



Where the Canadians have laid their heroic dead.

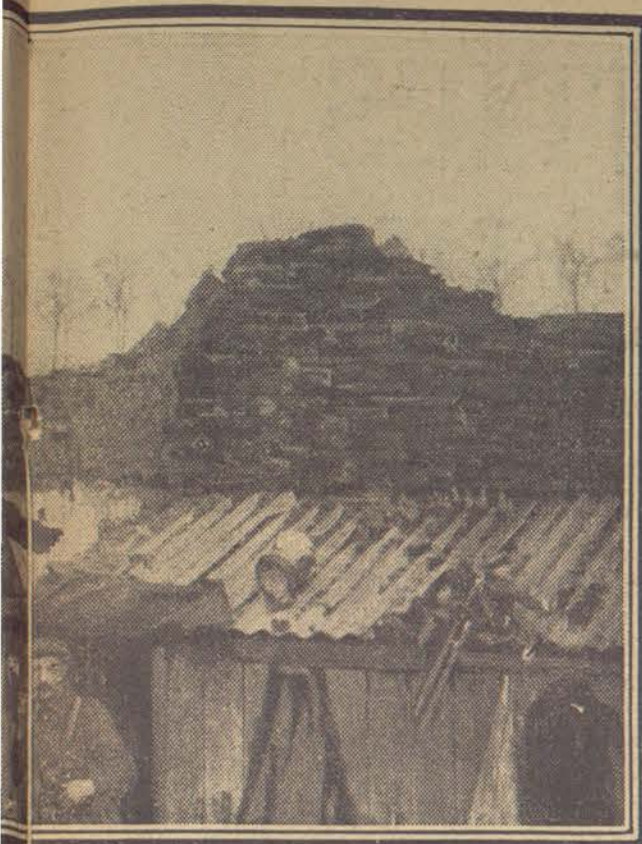


The Canadian contingent, whose splendid gallantry in the heavy fighting around Ypres last week has won the Empire's gratitude, has only been equalled by their vigour in attack. The Dominion is justly proud of them.

In a farmhouse whose roof was drilled by the enemy's shells.



# HEAD LAID IN WASTE.



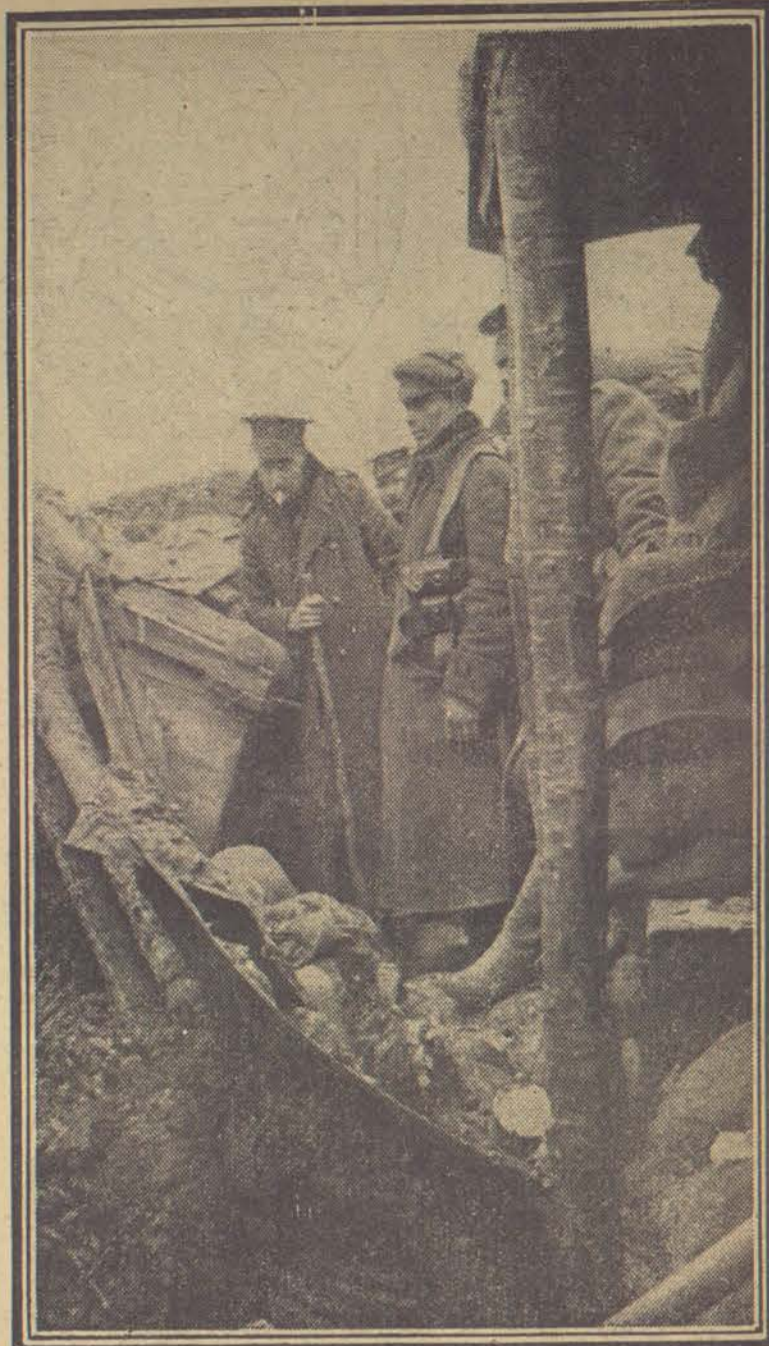
of recent fighting, is typical of the waste and wreckage of the countryside around historic Ypres.

# THE FORCE OF HABIT.



Even at the front Tommy finds the morning dip indispensable. Any pool will do for a bath.

# ONLY AN EMPTY TRENCH.



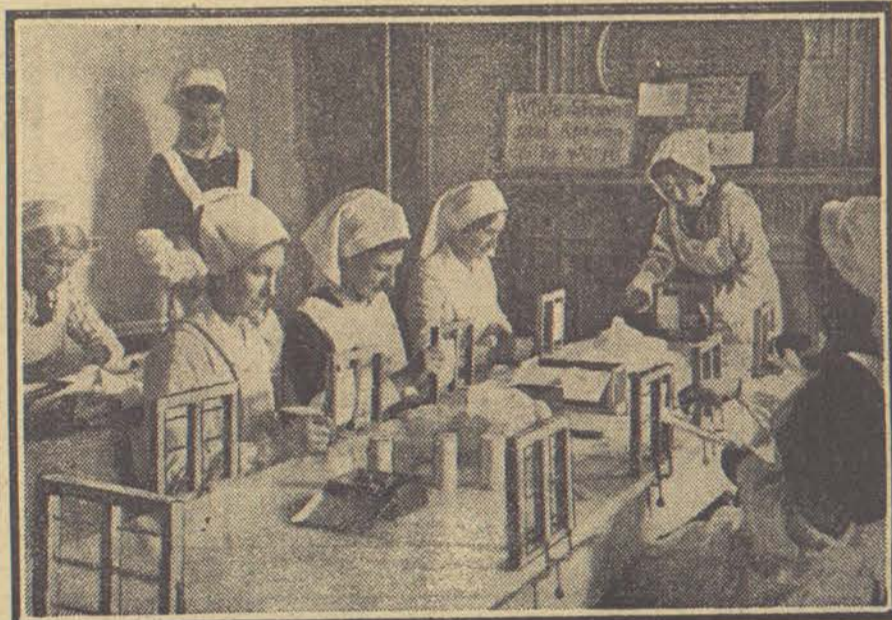
Though the bursting shell from a German gun completely wrecked the trench, Tommy could afford to laugh, for he had "flitted" in time.

# AND DIED AT YPRES.



at Surrey, after being wounded at Mons, his Honour Judge Wakely's youngest son, died on Christmas Eve, and has just been buried at Ypres.

# MANY BANDAGES ARE NEEDED AT THE FRONT.



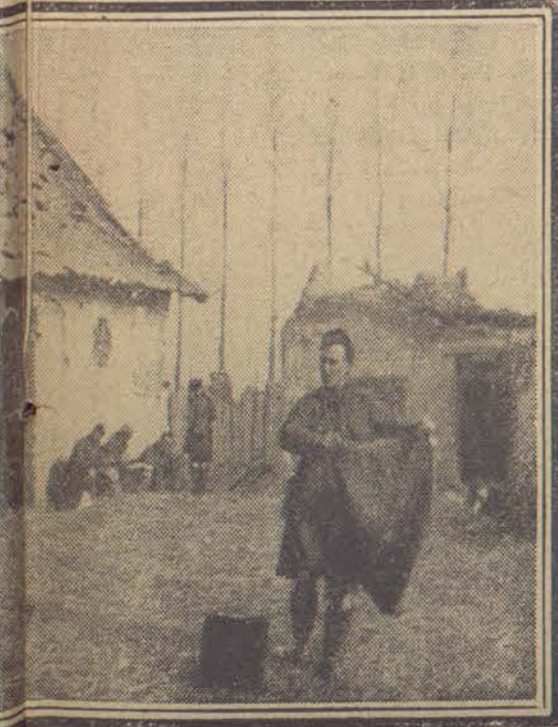
The women at home have work to do, and busy themselves in the making of bandages for dispatch to the military hospitals in France.

# HE KNOWS THE NEED FOR MEN.



The 37th City of London Regiment were yesterday inspected by the Lord Mayor. Captain Ball, of the same regiment, home wounded, chatting with the recruiting sergeant.—(Daily Sketch photograph.)

# ABLE PLACE IN THE ANNALS OF BRITISH ARMS.



at Arras the Canadians waited in reserve



The Canadians entrenched at 80 yards from the German lines.

bravely, have proved themselves in camp and trench and battlefield worthy comrades of the most seasoned veterans of the British Army. Proud of her sons, whose valour is pathetically attested by every cross in the little graveyard behind the firing line.



**Here is the way to the Health you need**  
Just as water revives a drooping flower—so 'Wincarnis' gives new life and new vitality to the weakened body.

'Wincarnis' is the one thing you need if you are **Weak, Anæmic, "Nervy," "Run-down"**

Because 'Wincarnis' is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-maker, and a Nerve Food—all in one. Therefore you derive a fourfold benefit from every wineglassful. 'Wincarnis' surcharges the body with new strength. And at the same time it creates new vitality. And at the same time it enriches and revitalises the blood. And at the same time it promotes new nerve force. It is because of this wonderful fourfold effect that 'Wincarnis' makes you so well so quickly. And, remember, the new health and new life 'Wincarnis' gives you is lasting—not a mere "flash-in-the-pan," not a temporary "patching up"—but real, delicious, vigorous health, that makes you feel it is good to be alive. But only



will give you this new health and new life. No substitutes—no "just-as-goods"—no drugged wines—can do what 'Wincarnis' does. Don't be tempted to waste your money or risk your health on imitations of 'Wincarnis.' Remember that 'Wincarnis' has a reputation of over 30 years, and that it is recommended by over 10,000 Doctors. If you are Weak, Anæmic, "Nervy," "Run-down," or suffer from Sleeplessness or Indigestion—don't suffer needlessly—take advantage of the new health and new life 'Wincarnis' offers you. Wincarnis is

**Especially valuable after Influenza**

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

**Begin to get well—FREE**

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

**Free Trial Coupon**

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

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Apr. 29/15.

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**First Prize - £100;**

**Second Prize, £25; Third Prize, £10;**

**20 Prizes of £1 each; 180 Prizes of 5/- each;**

**and 80 "Merit" Prizes.**

**READ THE RULES CAREFULLY.**

**WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO—For this week's Competition choose your examples from those given below.**

- SPEEDING UP**
- UNTOLD WEALTH**
- DOMESTIC PEACE**
- PROHIBITION**
- BURNING QUESTION.**
- RAMMING SUBMARINES**
- POWERFUL PRESS**

- PUBLIC OPINION**
- SEALED ORDERS**
- AMUSING LETTERS**
- SYMPATHY**
- MOBILISING INDUSTRY**
- WORKHOUSE PORRIDGE**
- WARNING NOTE**

- PERSONAL ADORNMENT**
- SAVING THEIR SKINS**
- HAPPY DAYS**
- ADVERTISING**
- RESTRICTED TRAVELLING**
- CONVERTED WORKSHOPS**
- MORE MUNITIONS**

- NATIONAL EFFICIENCY**
- OUR GREATEST NEED**
- BUSINESS**
- OUT OF FASHION**
- SUNDAY PAPERS**
- MOTHER'S BOY**
- DESIRABLE LODGERS**

Having chosen an example, think of TWO or THREE other words which in their meaning have some bearing on the example used.

The first and last words selected must begin with any of the letters in the example chosen. The same letter may be used as the initial letter for both first and last words—even if such letter only appears once in the example chosen. If three words are selected any word can be used as the middle word. For instance:—

Example—**Goos Without Saying**  
Bounty—**The Defaulting Tenant**

Example—**A New Joke**  
Bounty—**A Novelty Nowadays**

Example—**Only Survivor**  
Bounty—**Vivid Imagination**

Not more than two Bounties must be on one coupon. Each coupon must be accompanied by a Postal Order for 6d., made payable to IDEAS, and crossed "/& Co. /" If more than one coupon is sent, one Postal Order for the full amount should be enclosed.

Coupons must not be mutilated in any way, or have anything affixed. Competitors must write their names and

addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the Postal Order. Friends may send as many coupons as they please in one envelope, provided sufficient postage is attached. Envelopes must be marked "Bounties No. 10" in the top left-hand corner, and addressed IDEAS, Huntsman's Court, Manchester

Bounties Coupons must not be enclosed with Coupons for other competitions announced in this paper. All entries must reach IDEAS Office not later than THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1915. Don't wait, but send in your Coupons now.

The Editor undertakes that all Bounties received shall have careful consideration, and the prizes awarded according to his opinion of their merit, but his decision as to the prize winners must be accepted by all competitors as final and legally binding in all respects, and entries are accepted only on this understanding.

The Editor will not hold himself responsible for coupons lost or mislaid. The published decision may be amended by the Editor as the result of successful scrutinies. In the event of two or more competitors sending in the same winning Bounty the prize will be divided.

Employees of E. Hulston and Co. are not allowed to compete.

No correspondence can be entered into concerning this competition. The result of this competition will be announced in IDEAS, on sale May 15, dated May 21, 1915.

**COUPON**

EXAMPLE .....

BOUNTY .....

EXAMPLE .....

BOUNTY .....

I enter BOUNTIES Competition in accordance with the rules announced and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and legally binding.

Name .....

Address .....

"BOUNTIES" No. 10. Closing THURSDAY, May 6, 1915. No. of P.O. ....

P.O. for Sixpence must accompany this Coupon.

**THEATRES**

**DELPHI THEATRE, Strand.—TO-NIGHT at 8.** Mr. George Edwardes' Revival, **VERONIQUE**, A Comic Opera. **MATINEES WED. and SAT., at 2.** BOX OFFICE (2645 and 8886 Gerrard), 10 to 10.

**ALDWICH.** **FLORODORA.** MISS EVIE GREENE as DOLORES. Gallery 6d., Pit 1s. Booked Seats, 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 4s., 5s., 6s., 7s. 6d. Nightly, 7.45. Mats. Wed. and Sat., 2.15

**AMBASSADORS.—"ODDS AND ENDS"** Revue, by HARRY GRATTAN, at 9.10; Mme. Hanako and Co. in a new Japanese Comedy, "Oya, oya!" at 8.30 **MATINEE To-day and Saturday, 2.30.**

**COMEDY THEATRE, Pantion-street, S.W.** **TO-NIGHT at 8.30.** Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS and Miss ELLALINE TERRISS in "WILD THYME," by George Egerton. **MATINEES WEDS. and SATS., at 2.30.**

**CRITERION.** Gerr. 3844, Regent 3365. **THREE SPOONFULS.** Nightly at 9 p.m. Mats. Wed. and Sat., at 3. Preceded at 8.30 and 2.30 by Harold Montague (Entertainer)

**DALY'S.** **BETTY.** Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' New Production. **TO-NIGHT at 8.** Matinee, Sat., at 2. Box Office, 10 to 10. Tel., Gerrard 201

**DRURY LANE.** **SEALED ORDERS** **EVENINGS at 7.30.** Mats. Weds. and Sat., 1.45. **MARIE ILLINGTON, C. M. HALLARD, EDWARD SASS.** Box Office Gerrard 2588. Special Prices, 7s., 6d. to 1s.

**DUKE OF YORK'S.** **TO-DAY at 3.15 and 9** CHARLES FROHMAN presents Mlle. GABY DESLYS in ROSY RAPTURE. Preceded at 2.30 and 8.15 by THE NEW WORD. Both plays by J. M. BARRIE. **MATINEE TO-DAY and EVERY THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.30.**

**GAILETY.** **NIGHTLY at 8.15** Mr. George Grossmith's and Mr. Edward Laurillard's production, **TO-NIGHTS THE NIGHT** New Musical Play. **Matinee Every Saturday, at 2.15.**

**GARRICK (Ger. 9515).** **YVONNE ARNAUD** **TO-day, 2.30 and 8.30.** Mats. Weds., Thurs., Sats., 2.30 **"THE GIRL IN THE TAXI"** YVONNE ARNAUD as "Suzanne."

**GLOBE, Shaftesbury-avenue, W.** **MISS LAURETTE TAYLOR IN "PEG O' MY HEART."** Evenings at 8.15. Mats. Weds. and Sats., at 2.30.

**HAYMARKET.** **QUINNEYS.** **TO-day at 3 and 8.30.** Mats. Weds., Thurs., Sats. At 2.30 and 8. **FIVE BIRDS IN A CAGE.** Henry Ainley, Ellis Jeffreys and Godfrey Tearle.

**HIS MAJESTY'S.—Proprietor, Sir Herbert Tree.** **TO-NIGHT at 8.** Charles Dickens's **OLIVER TWIST.** Last 3 Nights. Dramatised by J. Comyns Carr. **HERBERT TREE, CONSTANCE COLLIER, BASIL GILL, LYN HARDING**

**KINGSWAY.** **TO-NIGHT at 8.15.** "ADVERTISEMENT," by B. Macdonald Hastings. **MATINEE, SATURDAY NEXT at 2.30.** Tel. Gerr. 4032

**LYRIC.** **TO-NIGHT (Thursday) at 8.** George Grossmith and Edward Laurillard will present "ON TRIAL," by Elmer E. Reizenstein. **FIRST MATINEE, WED. Next, at 2.30.** Box Office 10 to 10.

**QUEEN'S THEATRE, Shaftesbury-avenue.** **POTASH AND PERLMUTTER.** Nightly at 8.15. Mats. Weds. and Sats., at 2.30. Box Office 10-10. Phone Gerrard 9437.

**ROYALTY.** **VEDRENNE and EADIE DENNIS EADIE in "THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME."** **TO-DAY at 2.30 and 8.15.** Matinee Thurs. and Sats., at 2.30

Box Office (Gerrard 3903) 10 to 10. **ST. JAMES'S.** **SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER.** **Every Evening at 8.30:** a New Play, **THE PANORAMA OF YOUTH.** By J. Hartley Manners. **MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.30.**

**SAVOY THEATRE.** **MR. H. B. IRVING.** At 3 and 8.45. **SEARCHLIGHTS,** by H. A. Vachell. At 2.30 and 8.15. "Keeping Up Appearances," by W. W. Jacobs. **Matinee Wed., Thurs., and Sat., at 2.30.** Tel. Ger. 2602.

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**STRAND.** **THE ARGYLE CASE.** **TO-NIGHT at 8.** **JULIA NELSON and FRED TERRY.** Mats. Wed. and Sat., at 2.30. Tel. Ger. 3430.

**VAUDEVILLE.** **BABY MINE.** **Evenings at 8.45.** Mats. Weds. and Sats., at 2.30. **WEEDON GROSSMITH, IRIS HOVEY.** At 8.15, Miss Nora Johnston in Musical Milestone.

**WYNDHAM'S.** **"RAFFLES."** **Every Evening at 8.30.** **GERALD on MAURIER as "RAFFLES."** **Matinee Every Wednesday and Saturday, at 2.30.**

**VARIETIES.** **ALHAMBRA.—"5084 Gerrard!"** THE New Revue. LEE WHITE, P. Monkman, O. Shaw, J. Morrison, C. Cook, A. Austin, B. Lillie, and ROBERT HALE. Revue 8.35. Varieties 8.15. **MAT. SAT., 2.30.** (Reduced prices.) **MATINEES** Daily at 3 (except Sat.). Sir Douglas Mawson's Moving Picture Story, "THE HOME OF THE BLIZZARD."

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**EMPIRE.** **WATCH YOUR STEP.** **SATURDAY EVENING NEXT, at 8.0.** **GEORGE GRAVES, ETHEL LEVY, JOSEPH COYNE, Dorothy Minto, Blanche Tomlin, Ivy Shilling, Phyllis Bedells, Egbert Bros., Lupino Lane, etc.**

**HIPPODROME, LONDON.—TWICE DAILY** at 2.30 and 8.30. New Revue, entitled "BUSINESS AS USUAL," including VIOLET LORAIN, UNITY MORR, WINIFRED ELLIOTT, HARRY TATE, MORRIS HARVEY, AMBROSE THORNE, VIVIAN FOSTER, HENRI LEONI, Mammoth Brant, Cherus. Box Office, 10 to 10. Ger. 650.

**MASKELYNE and DEVANT'S MYSTERIES.** **ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Oxford Circus, W.** **DAILY** at 2.30 and 8. **BRILLIANT PROGRAMME, "THE CURIOUS CASE,"** etc. Seats, 1s. to 6s. (Mayfair 1545).

**PALACE.—"THE PASSING SHOW of 1915,"** at 8.35, with **ELSIE JANIS.** **ARTHUR PLAYFAIR, BASIL HALLAM, NELSON KEYS, GWENDOLINE BROGDEN,** etc. Varieties at 8' **MATINEE WEDS. and SATS., at 2.**

**PALLADIUM, 6.10 and 9.0.** Matinees **Mon., Wed. and Sat. at 2.30 and 8.15** by **THE MER-SON, CHIRGWIN, CLARICE MAYNE and "THAT" CHUNG-ING SOO, T. E. DUNVILLE, DAISY TAYLOR.**

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Any man or woman who is troubled with a burden of excessive fat can easily reduce to any desired amount by following the simple, harmless plan of eating sea leaves obtained from plants growing in the sea off the coast of France. Natives of this part of the coast readily get the plant itself, but for the convenience of those not so fortunately situated most chemists keep them in compressed or tablet form under the chemical name of salith leaves, and if taken according to the simple directions that accompany them will invariably reduce flesh at the rate of two or three pounds a week, and at the same time greatly improve the general health. It is interesting to note that when salith leaves are used the skin remains firm, without any tendency to become flabby or wrinkled.—Advt.

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Contains a tube of Captain Feilden's Famous Antiseptic Ointment, a supply of Fever Tablets, roll of Surgical Bandage, Adhesive Plaster, roll of Tape, Cotton Wool, roll of Lint, Silk Thread, Safety and Ordinary Pins. Packed in a neat box, size 4x3 inches; weigh 5 oz.

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The Ointment prevents and cures Blood Poisoning, Wounds and Sores of every description. The Tablets check a Chill at once, and cure the worst form of Influenza, Colds and Sore Throat, besides being a good general tonic. The Surgical Appliances and Adhesive Plasters are most useful at all times.

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Post free 1/11 from the Crimson Cross Dispensary, Strutts Park, Derby.

### EIGHT BRAVE SONS OF EMPIRE.



Lieut. J. R. Riley, wounded. Capt. W. H. Clarke-Kennedy, killed. Capt. G. R. Rogers, wounded. Capt. G. O. Lees, killed.



Lieut. N. M. Young, wounded. Capt. G. E. McCraig, wounded. Major B. H. Belson, wounded. Major E. C. Norsworthy, killed.

All these officers of the Canadian troops at the front took part in the glorious charge which "saved the situation" when the Huns forced the French to give ground by using asphyxiating gases.—(Photographs by Gale and Polden.)



Our Portrait is of Mrs. Trevis, of 11, Liverpool Rd., Fratton, Portsmouth, who writes:—

"I feel I would like you to know the good your 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' has done me. I suffered with a

### Diseased Cheek Bone

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My one regret is that I did not hear of 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' before, for I feel confident I should have been spared much suffering through operations."

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from any disease due to impure blood, such as Eczema, Scrofula, Bad Legs, Abscesses, Ulcers, Glandular Swellings, Boils, Pimples, Sores of any kind, Piles, Blood Poison, Rheumatism, Gout, etc.?

If so, 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 to be permanently cured 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 effect a lasting cure.

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REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.

### A Gift to Ten Thousand Sufferers From Kidney Troubles.

A remarkable gift is announced this morning to sufferers from Kidney Troubles, Backache, Rheumatism, Gout, which takes the form of a free supply of a wonderful remedy that has proved a reliable specific to permanently banish the symptoms of any of the ailments mentioned above.

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### WHY BE GLOOMY? THE GAIETY GAY AS EVER.



Moya Mannering. Julia James. Haidee de Rance.



Leslie Henson. Moya Mannering. Max Dearley.

After being closed for nearly twelve months the Gaiety reopened last night with the merry musical play "To-night's the Night"—a ray of sunshine in the gloom of war.

—(Foulsham and Banfield.)

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6d. PER OUNCE. 2/- QUARTER POUND TINS.

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CHOICEST DAIRY-FED BACON.—Perfect quality, obtainable only from our factory, in sides (about 45lb.), unsmoked, 6d. per lb.; smoked, 1s. per lb. more; 12lb. Cuts of Delicious Streaky, 9s. 6d. per lb.; or four pieces at 9s. 6d. Rail paid anywhere in U.K. A delicious and cheap article of diet.—E. MILES and CO., Gov. Contractors, Bacon Factory, Bristol

POMMERN'S "GUINEAS" ALL THE WAY.

Mr. S. B. Joel Gains His First Victory In The Classics.

LET FLY AND SUNFIRE UNPLACED.

The Two Thousand Guineas was won all the way by the favourite, Pommern. He was followed past the post by Tournament and The Vizier.

The blinkered Let Fly caused a lot of trouble at the post, but he got well away, only to be done with at the Bushes.

Sunfire did better, but he never looked like getting on terms with Pommern, on whom Donoghue rode a confident race throughout.

This is the first classic race Mr. Sol Joel has won, and he was naturally delighted.

Tournament was staying on, which could not be said of any of those behind, except, perhaps, Gadabout.

The King's pair ran well for seven furlongs, but Friar Marcus then collapsed, and Sammarco simply was not good enough.

Pommern is in the Derby and St. Leger, and there is no reason why he should not again beat at Epsom those he met yesterday.

The attendance appeared to be quite up to the usual standard, and plenty of khaki was in evidence.

LARAMIE BEATEN.

The odds laid on the hitherto unbeaten Laramie were easily foorod in the Wilbraham Plate, the filly being beaten out of a place. Tillywhim, a surprise winner at the last meeting here, scored cleverly from Clerical Error, who had been sent from the north in company with the Guineas' candidate, Bethlehem.

Some open wagering on the Bretby Handicap found Llangeinor and Atticus in most favour. The former never promised to win, and Atticus was caught in the last hundred yards by Artist Square, who won by a neck.

There was an unsatisfactory race for the Heath High-weight Handicap, for with a fair field Roseville would have won. He was shut off a furlong and a half from home, and in a bumping finish was only beaten a head by Rockfoil. An objection was lodged against the winner for bumping and boring, but this was overruled.

KING PRIAM.

The Derby colt, King Priam, made his first appearance of the season in the Chippenham Plate, and he won easily from My Prince, though he had to be well shaken up a quarter of a mile from home. He is a particularly good-looking colt, and apparently stays well. He will therefore have many friends for the Derby.

THE MARCH STAKES.

As usual, the third stage of the meeting will be rather quiet, but more than usual interest will attach to the March Stakes, as Torloisk is to be given another chance, while there are a few other useful horses in the entry.

Torloisk failed to stay the mile in the Craven Stakes, but those connected with the colt were not at all satisfied with that running.

The mile and a quarter over which the March Stakes is run is a severe test for a three-year-old at this time of the year, and both at their best I doubt if Torloisk could cope with Great Sport at a difference of six pounds for the two years between them.

Hounam and Polygram will probably run well, but if in condition the conditions are greatly in favour of Great Sport. I should take him to win.

Parana does not look to have a very difficult task in the Newmarket Two-Year-Old Plate, and Pictorial ran well enough at the last meeting to have a chance in the Brinkley Welter.

REDFERN FOR AUSTRALIA.

There was a good crowd at Park Paddocks yesterday morning to see Redfern sold. He realised £5,300, and was bought by Sir W. Cooper for Australia.

The Duke of Portland's horses in training were sold with engagements, but it is difficult to see how this is going to further the anti-racing campaign his Grace supported recently.

With the exception of Orangeman, who made £1,850, the others went for moderate prices.

GIMCRACK.

SELECTIONS.

- 2. 0.—PICTORIAL. 4. 0.—PARANA.
2.30.—STAR HAWK. 4.30.—ERL KING.
3. 0.—GREAT SPORT. 5. 0.—FLASH OF STEEL.
3.30.—LAGGARD.

Double.

LAGGARD and PARANA.

TO-DAY AT NEWMARKET.

Table of racing results for Newmarket, including winners like Pommern and Laramie, and their respective odds.

LOST A CUP BUT GAINED A BRIDE.



Tom Logan, Chelsea's centre-half, was married yesterday at Ilford Presbyterian Church to Miss Elizabeth Craigie, of the Orkney Islands. Before joining the Southern club, Logan played for Falkirk.—(Daily Sketch photograph.)

Table of race results for various stakes including March Stakes, Long-Course Selling Plate, and Newmarket T.Y.O. Plate.

Table of race results for the Peel Handicap and Ely Plate.

Table of race results for Yesterday's Results, including the Wilbraham Plate, Two Thousand Guineas Stakes, and Bretby Handicap.

Table of race results for Today at Newmarket, including the Whip, D.I., Littleport Plate, and various other races.

Table of race results for Yesterday's Results, including the Wilbraham Plate, Two Thousand Guineas Stakes, and Bretby Handicap.

Table of race results for Today at Newmarket, including the Whip, D.I., Littleport Plate, and various other races.

Table of race results for various stakes including a Selling Plate and Heath High-weight Handicap.

Table of race results for Worcester Winners, including Hallow Maiden Hurdle and Powick Selling Hurdle.

Table of race results for Chelsea in Second Division, including the County at Nottingham and Chelsea at Tottenham.

Table of race results for Bishops and War Babies, including the Chester Cup and Tetrarch.

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"WHAT ARE WE GOING TO GET OUT OF IT?"

Novelist Answers A Question That Is Often Asked.

"What are we going to get out of this war?" Assuming that we do rise to the occasion—assuming that we decide to regard business and pleasure as quite secondary considerations during this supreme crisis of our history, and resolve to make the sacrifice necessary for victory—assuming that we do win, what are we to get out of this war?"

That is the question many a man and many a woman has been asking these past few months, and it is the question which Mr. Jerome K. Jerome sets himself to answer in the Illustrated Sunday Herald next Sunday.

The famous novelist contributes an article each week to the Illustrated Sunday Herald, and innumerable letters have been received from readers in appreciation of his independence of thought and vigour in writing.

Next Sunday's article is the most brilliant, as it certainly is the most remarkable he has yet contributed. No one should miss Mr. Jerome's reply to that all-important question: "What is England going to get out of this war?"

The Illustrated Sunday Herald will be full of other notable features. First and foremost it is the outstanding picture paper of the week-end—all the latest and best war photographs appear within its pages—and its pages of fashion notes and gossip of London make an irresistible appeal to women, while its services of week-end news, sport, finance, etc., are all of the most complete nature.

GOVERNMENT FINANCE.

Dissatisfaction At Exchequer Methods And Quiet Business.

The Stock Markets remained very quiet yesterday, but if anything the tone was a little better on the more optimistic tenor of the news from Flanders. In the Home Railway market there were buyers of Great Northern deferred and Great Western stock, but the Southern deferred stocks were on offer in small amounts. American securities further recovered, while Canadian Pacific shares recovered to 174.

The War Loan was offered at 94, but thinking people fail to see how the Government can go on financing the war by means of sales of Treasury Bills "over the counter." This being so, there is much dissatisfaction in responsible quarters at the proposal of the Government to live by this hand-to-mouth method.

Argentine Railway stocks were a better market, traffic returns again making a good showing. The P. and O. interim dividend is at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, which means that 5 per cent. is to be distributed now against 3½ per cent. a year ago. This year, however, the final dividend in November will only be 5 per cent. as compared with 6½ per cent. in November last. The adjustment is made for the convenience of shareholders, and will no doubt be appreciated by them.

Thomas Tilling, Ltd., increased their profits for the past year by about £5,500, and the dividend is maintained at 5 per cent. It is stated that the company is extending its business in the provinces. LIVERPOOL COTTON.—Futures closed steady; American unchanged to 1 down; Egyptian unchanged.

MORE CIGARETTES WANTED.

And If These Examples Are Followed We Shall Soon Have Them.

Our readers are still sending in their subscriptions to the Daily Sketch Cigarette Fund for the soldiers, and we thank them for doing so.

By yesterday's post we received three excellent letters. One was from the "Four Woodheads of Bootle," who enclosed 3s. 2d., their 17th contribution; the second was from the employees of the Lancheater Motor Company (7s. 6d.), their 25th contribution; and the third was from the Northern Counties Hotel, Londonderry (14s.), their 28th contribution!

But more money is wanted if the supply of Tommy's cigarettes is to be a constant one. All our readers know by now that before the battle, after the battle, and even during the battle, our brave soldiers like a cigarette. Shall they go short of this luxury?

We ask our readers to continue to say "No," and to send us on subscriptions so that the supply can be kept up.

Yesterday's donations amounted to £5 19s. 8d., as under:— £1.—Mrs. Henry Concannon, Faune; Mother, Maggie, Ethel, and Arthur, Peckham. 14s.—Bar, Northern Counties Hotel, Londonderry (28th con.). 9s. 6d.—Mech. Staff, W. Vernon and Sons, London. 8s.—Staff, Barston Lodge, Steeple Aston, Oxford; Liverpool Corp. Gas and Elec. Lighting Dept., Hood-street. 7s. 6d.—Parlour Company, Hare and Hounds, Hindsley (24th con.); Employees, Lancheater Motor Co., Birmingham (25th con.). 6s.—Employees, Railton, Campbell and Crawford, Liverpool. 5s.—Wargrave, Mrs. Beer, South Norwood. 3s. 2d.—Chadburys' Four Woodheads (17th fortnightly con.). 2s. 6d.—Miss Furze, Penzance. 1s. 6d.—L. and S., Liverpool. 1s.—H. Hitchin; E. Denegre, Scots Wimbeldon.

An attractive "Book of Fashions" has been issued by Messrs. Gorrings, Buckingham Palace-road, S.W. It is profusely illustrated and forms a guide to all that will be smart in ladies' and children's clothes during the coming season. The firm's china, glass, stationery, and other departments are also well represented. Town and country shoppers who send for this catalogue will find it a great help.

EXHIBITIONS. ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—Daily, 9 till sunset. Admission: Sundays, Fellows and Fellows' Orders only; Mondays & Saturdays, 6d.; other days, 1s. Children always 6d.

### Colour In Children's Clothes.

**T**HE all-white wardrobe is no longer the ideal of the conscientious or adoring mother, and colour schemes for small boys and girls are as carefully thought out as these for grown-ups. During recent years there has been a general improvement in our national sense of colour, and mothers find it interesting to have their children as gay as garden poppies or their own toy balloons.

#### An Effect Of The Small Family.

It is not now enough to have children looking merely wholesome in clean white things. Each child must have clothes chosen to match its own little individuality and its own little looks. This is one of the results of the smaller family. In the crowded nurseries of other days nobody had time to find out that dark-eyed Georgiana looked best in violet or that sturdy Augusta's frocks ought to be cut square at her handsome little throat. Clean white all round had to suffice for the flock—and Georgiana's out-grown things had to be worn up by close-following Augusta, so what was the use of making them individual? But now little Peter and Peggy, who have a whole nursery to themselves, may have their own characters

coarse blue linen or checked gingham is still picturesque even when it has borne the brunt of a morning's play. Brown-eyed children always look well in unbleached holland, embroidered in brown flax-



On the lines of her mother's new suit is this little frock of geranium pink cashmere for a small brunette.

thread, and this is a useful scheme because it is easily completed by the every-day brown shoes and socks. Green is the obvious choice for red-haired children, but the material should be chosen carefully, as greens are apt to fade. Experienced mothers search among the fadeless casement curtain silks and cottons for material for little frocks. Plain children, of no pronounced colouring, should not be given conventionally pretty clothes. They look better in quaintly patterned materials, quaintly made, and with hair square-cut or tied in some distinctive fashion.

#### Simulated Smocking.

Simple embroidery "pays" better than any other trimming on children's play-frocks. A purple cotton-crepe djibbah embroidered with large blue spots looks well. Little boys may have their linen overalls made to look like miniature Roman tunics by borderings of red stitchery. Simulated smocks have been invented by a busy mother, the "smocking" being suggested by groupings of coloured cross-stitch. A point to remember about brightly coloured frocks is that to look well they must be short and simple. One might almost make it a rule to use as little material as possible. The smaller the garment the more intense the colour may be.  
S. H.



A green linen frock with a white linen vest designed for the auburn-haired little girl.

and features considered in detail when their clothes are chosen. It does seem rather a pity to dress children always in white when they, with their rose-leaf skins and clear eyes, can wear so well the fine bright colours that are impossible to us faded elders. Much of the beauty of a white frock, too, depends on its absolute freshness, whereas one of

### Enter The £1,000 Needlework Competition Now.

**N**OW is the time to choose a class in the *Daily Sketch* Patriotic Needlework Competition, collect the necessary coupons, and set to work on the entry which may win a £20 prize, but in any case will help to assuage the sufferings of our wounded. Six months remain in which to finish the work, but this is not too long for the elaborate stitchery which has to be done in leisure hours, while it will enable the quick workers to enter in more than one class. The *Daily Sketch* is offering £1,000 in prizes for the best needlework done by its readers. There is no entrance fee, but each entry must be accompanied by twenty-four coupons cut from the *Daily Sketch*. These coupons are now appearing in each issue and will do so until November 6. After the judging, which will be done by experts under the auspices of the Royal School of Art Needlework, all the work will be exhibited in a suitable hall in London. All those competitors who wish to do so may offer their work for sale in aid of the Red Cross Society and the St. John Ambulance Association, to whom the proceeds of the exhibition will be handed. Those who are

unable, for reasons of sentiment or means, to present their work may have it returned to them at the close of the exhibition. There are 33 classes in the competition, so that every worker may find an appropriate one. Girls under fifteen and boys under nine have especial classes of their own. London competitors in search of designs or inspiration will find it worth while to visit the Royal School of Art Needlework, Exhibition-road. Although the finished work must not be sent in until November next intending competitors should lose no time in collecting coupons and sending in their entrance forms, as this will greatly facilitate the arrangements for the judging and the exhibition.

COUPON for  
**DAILY SKETCH**  
**£1,000 PATRIOTIC**  
**NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION.**

### A clean face is less important than clean blood

It would be a better, happier world if people could be shamed when their blood was loaded with the wastes and poisons which make them gloomy, impatient, and bitter, spoiling the pleasure their life and work should give them.

Most people wait until they have headaches, dizziness, sinking spells, palpitation, oppression, faintness, sleeplessness, yellow skin and eyes, pimples, lack of appetite, indigestion, dyspepsia, or biliousness.

Then they rashly take an ordin-

ary pill, which works by irritating, forcing and weakening the liver. And of course the trouble returns very quickly.

Far wiser to take Cockle's Pills, which gently strengthen the forces of health by giving the overburdened liver a chance to regain its natural strength, and to keep the blood free from wastes and poisons.

Wiser still to take Cockle's Pills the first moment your outlook on life is not as cheery as it should be.

The first sign of trouble is not interruption of health. It is Gloom.

# Cockle's Pills

Sold by Chemists throughout the World, 1/1½ and 2/9.  
JAMES COCKLE & CO., 4, Great Ormond Street, LONDON, W.C.

No 6 Readers are recommended to cut out and keep this interesting series of

**HOW FAMOUS REGIMENTS GOT THEIR NAMES.**  
The Royal Horse Guards (The Blues) are descendants of Cromwell's famous Roundheads, but assumed their present title after being incorporated in the Royal Army of Charles II. The name of the "Oxford Blues" was bestowed upon them in 1690, their Colonel then being the Earl of Oxford. This Regiment is one of the few which still retain the Cuirass, or breastplate of highly polished steel. Quite in keeping with the brilliance of this unique part of their equipment is the pleasing shine of their top boots and harness, which they polish with

**CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH**  
because they know that, while it enhances their smart, trim appearance, it makes the leather supple and comfortable. Cherry Blossom Boot Polish also preserves and waterproofs the leather.

Tins (Black or Brown) 1d., 2d., 4d., and 6d. Outfits 6d. and 1/3. Of all Dealers.

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**SHOPPING BY POST.**  
A CUTLERY SERVICE, 50 pieces, 25s.; A1 silver-plated spoons and forks, finest Sheffield knives; ideal wedding outfit; everything required; perfectly new; approval willingly.—MRS. ROWLES, 56, Second-av., Manor Park, Essex.  
A TROUSSEAU, 25s. (worth £5), 24 Nightdresses, Chemises, etc., easy terms.—Mrs. Scott, 251, Uxbridge-road, W.  
BABY'S LONG CLOTHES; 50 pieces, 21s.; surpassingly beautiful; perfect work; sumptuously full; marvellous bargain. Instant approval.—Mrs. MAX, The Chase, Nottingham.  
BEST BEDS! BEDDING! WHY PAY SHOP PRICES!  
Newest Patterns in Metal and Wood, Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc. Furniture—Bedroom and general. All goods sent direct from Factory to Home in perfectly new condition. Send postcard to-day for Illustrated Price List (post free). I allow Discount for Cash or supply goods payable in Monthly instalments.  
Established 26 years.  
CHARLES RILEY, Desk 3, Moor-street, Birmingham. Please mention *Daily Sketch* when writing for lists.  
GASLIGHT POST CARDS, 20 5/4, 50 8d., 100 1s. 3d. Photo Papers and Developers half-price. Enlarging from photo, 6d. Catalogue samples free. Works, July-road, Liverpool.  
LACE, magnificent bundles, 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d.; Curtains, 2s. 11d.—Universal Supply Co., Manchester Chambers, Notts, Nottingham.  
**MEDICAL.**  
DR. POGSON'S Skin Ointment CURES Eczema, Psoriasis, Acne, Ringworm, Ulcers, Chafings, Wounds, Burns, Cuts, etc., and contains special property for the skin, discovered and owned exclusively by Wm. Pogson, F.R.C.S. Is. 1/6d. all chemists, or direct from Pogson, Halton, Leeds. Dr. Pogson's Skin Soap for Perfect Skin Beauty. Is. GET IT TO-DAY.  
DRUNKARDS Cured quickly, secretly, permanently; trial free, privately.—Carlton Chemical Co., 718, Birmingham.  
FRITS CURED by Trench's Remedy. Simple home treatment; 25 years' success; 1,000 testimonials in one year. Pamphlet Free.—FRENCH'S REMEDIES, LTD., 358, South Frederick-street, Dublin.

**MONEY TO LEND**  
A.A.—SPECIAL LOANS SENT BY POST SECRETLY. All classes of Workmen, Shopkeepers, on own Signature, £5 at 2s. monthly; £10 at 4s. monthly; £20 at 6s. monthly; £50 at 20s. monthly.—J. SAWERS, 6, Minard-road, Partick, N.B.  
A LOAN by post at 6d. per £ int. to workmen and all classes from £2 to £500.—Apply M. ISAACS, East Parade, Leeds.  
£5 TO £5,000 Lent; interest, 1s. 2. Special Ladies' Dept.—Call or write, B. S. LYLE, Ltd., 89, New Oxford-st., W.  
£5 TO £5,000 on Note of Hand, no sureties, easy payments; distance no object.—ARTHUR G. WHITEMAN, 229, Seven Sisters-road, Finsbury Park, N.  
**TYPEWRITING.**  
CIRCULARS, Testimonials, etc., from 3d. 6d. 100; MSS. from 6d. 1,000 words.—DOWSLEY'S, Typists, Limerick.

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MATRIMONIAL CIRCLE, hundreds genuine advts., sealed envelope, 6d.—EDITOR, 18, Hogarth-road, Earl's-court.  
MATRIMONIAL GAZETTE, oldest, quickest, cheapest and best introductory medium; clients everywhere; in plain sealed envelope, 3d.—EDITORS T., 797, Eccleall-rd., Sheffield.  
MATRIMONIAL STANDARD, 4d. Details of nice people.—Percival (S), 74, Avenue-chambers, Vernon-place, W.C.  
MATRIMONIAL TIMES, the best and quickest introductory medium for all desiring a matrimonial alliance, having larger and more influential clientele than any other Matrimonial Agency in the world. In sealed envelope, 6d.—Address EDITOR (Room 111), 5, Featherstone-buildings, London, W.C.

**ARTIFICIAL TEETH.**  
ARTIFICIAL Teeth (old) Bought; call or forward by post; utmost value per return or offer made.—Mosser, Browning, 63, Oxford-street, London. Estb. 100 years.

**What Women Are Doing.**  
 GERMAN MUSIC BARRED:—IRENE VANBRUGH  
 FOR HIS MAJESTY'S—SHOW OF SPRING FLOWERS.

SHEAVES of letters have reached me in answer to the recent paragraph on "bald-headed officers." All the correspondents without exception agree with my views, and if those three bald-headed officers could read some of the letters I've had they would never look at a hair restorer again.

Most women evidently prefer men bald, so let these forlorn suitors be of good cheer and, taking their courage in both hands, choose a suitable wife without further delay!

**Work For The Children.**

The Duchess of Somerset has placed her town house, 35, Grosvenor-square, at the disposal of the Children's Aid Committee for the occasion of an afternoon concert on May 11 in aid of that excellent organisation. Miss Marie Hall, Miss Muriel Foster, and Miss Irene Vanbrugh are among prominent artists who have promised their services.

The Aid Committee, which has provided hospitality for over 500 children of soldiers and sailors and others in distress since the outbreak of the war, is fortunate in its president, Ellen Countess of Desart. The widow of the fourth Earl, whom she married in 1881, Ellen Odette, Lady Desart, is a daughter of the late Henry L. Bischoffshelm, of Stanmore and South Audley-street. The Countess will be well remembered for her active participation in the opposition to the Insurance Act.

The present Earl, by the way, was a member of the Permanent Arbitration Court at The Hague.

**An Irish Home For War Convalescents.**

The Countess of Courtown has offered Courtown House, Gorey, Co. Wexford, to the Government as a military convalescent hospital. It is an ideal home for convalescent patients, the house being very well adapted and the surrounding country ideal. Lady Courtown is at present at Mansfield, which is quite near Gorey.

**All-British Concerts.**

This afternoon at the Queen's Hall, under the patronage of Queen Alexandra and Princess Alexander of Teck, the first of the series of orchestral concerts devoted to the works of British composers will be held. Miss Mary Garden, who will sing, made her reappearance at the Drury Lane matinee after many years' absence from London and enchanted the vast audience with her beautiful voice. I am looking forward to hearing her again to-day.

There were some very convincing speeches on this subject at the Steinway Hall the other evening. Muriel Viscountess Helmsley presided and spoke with great earnestness on German music being excluded from all concert programmes, adding that she herself didn't want to hear another note of German music or have any more to do with Germans. Susan Countess of Malmesbury was also one of the speakers, as was Mr. Isidore de Lara and Mr. Marshall Hall, who spoke most brilliantly.

The hall was unfortunately not well filled, but I noted the Princess of Monaco, Lady Byron, Mr. Frederick de Lara, Mrs. Frederic Cliffe, Mr. Gilbert Webb, and Mr. Beecham. A resolution was carried unanimously exhorting all concert promoters to exclude German music from their programmes.

**A Buffet Matinee.**

Under the patronage of the Duchess of Norfolk, Dora Countess of Chesterfield and other well-known people a dramatic and musical matinee will take place at the Grafton Galleries on Thursday, May 4. The entertainment is in aid of the Hôpital Auxiliaire at Montreuil-sur-Mer, Pas de Calais, Mlle. May de St. Julien being the directrice.

M. and Mlle. de St. Julien have also a buffet at Montreuil Station for troops passing through, and funds are earnestly needed for this and for the hospital started by M. and Mme. de St. Julien—who was Miss Neave—to relieve the wounded and refugees, which is recognised by the French Government.

Mlle. Delysia, Mr. Henry Ainley, Mlle. Yvonne Arnaud, Miss Lilian Braithwaite, Miss Gwendoline Brogden, Mr. Hayden Coffin, Miss Marie Dainton, the Misses Esme and Vera Beringer, Miss Con-

stance Drever, Lady Tree and Miss Fortescue will contribute to the programme.

**New Theatre Bags.**

In a generous moment I treated myself to one of the new French evening bags at Debenham and Freebody's. They are made in various shades of taffeta, shot as well as plain coloured, decorated most cunningly with tarnished lace, spotted nets, tiny flowers and bébé ruchings, possessing a mirror at the bottom of the bag, making it wholly attractive. The one I selected was shot, blue and mauve, having silver lace and pink roses as an ornamentation, and the price? Well, between 12s. and 14s.!

In Wigmore-street they have a most interesting department, devoted to antiques. The needle-work pictures, ranging from Stuart to Georgian times, are of great variety and charm. Exquisite samplers, the most delightfully-worked pictures and endless dainty gifts are to be found in this antique department.

**Lunching At Ciro's.**

I lunched at Ciro's with Joan, in close vicinity to Mrs. George Keppel, who looked extremely well in black, and whose youngest daughter, Sonia, was with her.

Mrs. George Pinckard, in dull blue and broad tail ermine-trimmed wraps, was also lunching, as was Miss Bertie Millar, in black with flowing veil and enviable pearls. I also noticed Arthur Bourchier and Colonel Stopford enjoying a Ciro lunch.

**A Newcomer To His Majesty's.**

Miss Irene Vanbrugh will play the leading part in Sir Herbert Tree's new production, "The Right to Kill," which will be produced at His Majesty's Theatre next Tuesday.

It is extremely interesting to note that this will be Miss Irene Vanbrugh's first appearance on the stage of His Majesty's, though not under Sir Herbert's management—she played under his direction in "The Tempter," "The Charlatan," and in the revival of "Captain Swift" at the Haymarket some years ago.



MISS IRENE VANBRUGH.  
(Lillie Charles.)

**Spring Flower Show.**

Joan, who went to the Flower Show at the Royal Horticultural Hall on Tuesday, tells me that, notwithstanding the counter-attraction of the Drury Lane matinee, she met a number of well-known people.

The roses were lovely, and so were the carnations and orchids, but the crowd was so great that it was difficult to get round. Amongst those present were the Countess of Leicester, wearing black, the Countess Fortescue, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild and Mr. Lionel de Rothschild, Lady Celia Coats, and the Countess of Stamford.

Lady Mary Ponsonby, in navy blue serge, was chatting to Mrs. John Ponsonby, who wore a sealskin coat and sable fur and came with her sister, Lady Leonfield. Lady Northcote and Lady Hosier were others whom she noticed, while the Speaker, who came with Mrs. Lowther, stayed quite a long time admiring the carnations.

**Women As Signallers.**

Earl Kitchener's sister, Mrs. E. J. Parker, who is Commandant-in-Chief of the Women Signallers' Territorial Corps, will be one of the principal speakers at a meeting this afternoon at the Small Queen's Hall, to direct attention to the work women are doing in this direction. Women of education are here afforded yet another outlet for their intelligence and resource in the service of their country.

**Sandbags For The Trenches.**

Anyone who wishes to send sandbags to the front can have them made at the Women's Emergency Corps, 8, York-place, Baker-street, W., and give employment to women who can get no work. The bags are made of Hessian and hand-sewn with fine twine.

MRS. GOSSIP.

**ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

B. K. W. (Salisbury).—Write to the Alexandra Club, Grosvenor-street, W.  
 F. B. (Lancashire).—Write to Lady Amphil, Devonshire House, Piccadilly, W.  
 A "DAILY SKETCH" READER.—I have not heard about the training; better write to the Red Cross, 85, Pall Mall.  
 MRS. COOKE (Salford).—Write to the Canadian War Contingent Association, Westminster Palace Hotel, Victoria-street, London, S.W.  
 VIOLA O'RORKE (Belfast).—Write to the Red Cross, 85, Pall Mall, London, W.

**OUR NEW SERIAL.**

**"A BRIDE OF THE PLAINS"**

By the Baroness Orczy, Author of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," "The Elusive Pimpernel," "I Will Repay," "Beau Brocade," etc.

**SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS.**

It is the eve of the fourteenth of September, the fateful day on which the conscripts of Hungary must leave their home for their three years' service in the army, and the young men of MAROSFALVA and the villages around have gathered in the barn of IGNAGZ GOLDSTEIN, the Jew, to spend their last night of freedom dancing with the maidens.

The eyes of all the elders who stand around watching are fixed on a well-matched couple, the handsome ANDOR, one of the morrow's conscripts, and ELISA, the daughter of an old reprobate named KAPUS BENKO and his slatternly wife IRMA.

"Elsa will be the beauty of the village within the next year," said a kindly old soul to her neighbour, the ill-kempt IRMA.

"Then 'tis as well that good-for-nothing will be safely out of the way," retorted Irma, sourly.

While they are dancing, Andor whispers to Elsa, "You are beautiful. I love you," and his lips rest for a moment on her shoulder. This is noticed by the rich and influential EROS BELA, who has already prophesied to his companion, KLARA GOLDSTEIN, the Jewess, that before Andor returns from the barrack-yard Elsa shall be his wife.

The dancing ends and the conscripts with their relatives and sweethearts troop off to the station to board the train that is to take them off to serve their country.

"You will wait for me?" says Andor to Elsa.

"I will wait for you," replies the girl.

The last bell clangs as Andor sits in the doorway of one of the carriages bidding farewell to Elsa.

**CHAPTER III.—(Continued).**

**For The Twentieth Time.**

Elsa, sitting on the step lower down, is resting her elbow on his knee. There is no thought of hiding their love for one another; let the whole village know it, or the whole countryside, they do not care; they are not going to deprive themselves of these last few minutes—these heaven-born seconds, while their hands can still meet, their eyes can speak the words which their lips no longer dare frame.

"I love you!"

"You will wait for me?"

In those few words lies all the consolation for the present, all the hope of the future. With these words engraved upon heart and memory they can afford to look more serenely upon these blank and dreary three years.

It was as well to have spoken them; as well to have actually put into words what they had already known in their hearts long ago. Now they can afford to wait, and Andor will do it with confidence; he is a man and he is free. He viewed the future as a master views his slave; the future is his to do with what he likes, to mould, to shape in accordance with his will.

The land which must one day be his, and Elsa his already! Andor almost fell to wishing that the train would start quickly—so many seconds would have been lived of those three intervening years.

Elsa tries to look as full of hope as he does; she is only a woman, and the future is not hers to make at will. She is not the conqueror, the lord and king of her own destiny; there are so many difficulties in the path of her life which she would like to forget at this moment, so as not to embitter the happiness which has come to her; there is her shiftless mother and vagabond father, there is the pressure of poverty and filial duty. It is easy for Andor—he is a man!

"You will wait for me, Elsa?" Andor asks for the twentieth time, and for the twentieth time her lips murmur an assent, even though her heart is heavy with foreboding.

There goes the horn!

**"You Will Wait For Me?"**

"Elsa, my love, one more kiss," cries Andor, as he presses her closely, ever more closely to his heart. "God bless you, my rose! You will wait for me?"

The engine gives a shrill whistle. All the men now—realising the danger—drag their women-folk away from the slowly-revolving wheels. The gipsy musicians strike up the first spirited bars of the Rákóczy March, as with much puffing and ponderous creakings and groanings the heavily-laden train with its human freight steams away from the little station.

"My son! my son!"  
 "Benkó! my son!"  
 "János!"  
 "Endre!"

A few heartrending cries as each revolution of the wheels takes the lads a little further away from their homes.

"Elsa, you will wait for me!" comes as a final, appealing cry from Andor.

He stands in the door of the carriage, which he holds wide open, and through a mist of tears which he no longer tries to suppress he sees Elsa standing there, quite still—a small image of beauty and of sorrow. The sun glints upon her hair, it shines and sparkles like living gold; her hands are clasped tightly together, and with her full, many-hued petticoats round her slim waist and tiny red-shod feet she looks like a flower.

The crowd below moves alongside of the train—for the first minute or so they all keep up with it, close to the carriage at the door of which can still be seen the head of son or brother or sweetheart. But now the engine puts on more speed, the wheels revolve more quickly—some of the crowd fall away, unable to run so fast.

Only the mothers try to keep up—the old women, some of them bare-footed, stolid, looking straight before them—hardly looking at the train, just

running... alongside the train first of all, then they must needs fall back—but still they run along the metals, even though the train moves away so quickly now that soon even a mother could not distinguish her son's head, like a black pin-point leaning out of the carriage window.

So they run; one or two women run thus for over a kilometre, they run long after the train has disappeared from view.

But Elsa stood quite still. She did not try to run after the train.

Through the noise of the puffing engine, the final cries of farewell, through all the noise and the bustle, Andor's cry rose above all, his final appeal to her to be true:

"Elsa! you will wait for me?"

**CHAPTER IV.**

**The Peaceful Village.**

Stranger, if you should ever be driving on the main road between Szeged and Arad, tell your driver to pull up at the village of Marosfalva; its one broad street runs inland at right angles from the road; you will then have on your right two or three bits of meadowland overshadowed by willow trees, which slope down to the Maros; beyond the Maros lies the great plain—the fields of maize and pumpkin, of hemp and sunflower. And who knows what lies beyond the fields?

But on your left will be the village of Marosfalva, with the wayside inn and public bar, kept by Ignaz Goldstein, standing prominently at the corner immediately facing you. Two pollarded acacias are planted near the door of the inn, above the lintel of which a painted board scribbled over with irregular lettering invites the traveller to enter. A wooden verandah, with tumble-down roof and worm-eaten supporting beams, runs along two sides of the house, and from the roof hang a number of gaily-coloured and decorated earthenware pots and jars.

The open space in front of the inn and the whole of the length of the one street of Marosfalva are very dusty and dry in the summer, in the autumn and spring they are a sea and river of mud, and in the winter the snow hides the deep, frozen crevasses; but place and street are as God made them, and it is not man's place to interfere. To begin with, the cattle and geese and pigs must all pass this way on their way to the water, so of course it is impossible to do anything with the ground even if one were so minded.

The inn is the only house in Marosfalva which boldly faces the street, all the others seem to be looking at it over their shoulders, the front of one house facing the back of its neighbour, with a bit of garden or yard between, and so on, the whole kilometre length of the street.

**Elsa's Father Stricken Down.**

But each house has its wooden verandah, which shields the living rooms against the glare of the sun in summer, and shelters them from snow and rain in winter. These wooden verandahs are in a greater or lesser state of repair and smartness, and under the roof of every verandah hang rows of the same quaintly-decorated and picturesque earthenware jars.

Round every house, too, there are groups of gay sunflowers and of dull green hemp, and the roofs, thatched with maize-stalks, are ornamented along the top with wooden carvings, which stand out clear and fantastic against the intense blue of the sky.

Then, stranger, if you should alight at the top of the street and did wander slowly down its dusty length, you will presently see it widen out just in front of the church. It stands well there, doesn't it?—at one end of this open place, with its flat, whitewashed facade and tower, red-roofed and crowned with a metal cross that glints in the sun, the whole building so like in shape to a large white hen, with head erect and crimson comb and wings spread out flat to the ground.

The presbytery is close by—you cannot miss it. It is a one-storied house, with a row of green-shuttered windows along the front and at the side a low gate which leads to a small garden at the back, and over which appears a vista of brilliant perennials and a stiff row of purple asters.

There is the tiny school-house, too, which in the late summer is made very gay in front with vividly coloured dahlias—an orgy of yellow and brick-red, of magenta and orange.

If your driver has come along with you down the street, he will point out to you the house of Barna Jenó—mayor of the Commune of Marosfalva—a personage of vast consideration in the village, a consideration which he shares with Hober Aladar, who is the village justice of the peace, and with Erős Bela, who is my lord the count's bailiff.

Then lower down, beyond the church, is the big barn belonging to Ignaz Goldstein, where on

(Continued on Page 15.)

**IT'S NO USE SWEARING**

at a tin which won't open—it's much better to get the "Tins with Tabs" instead. The tab is fitted to Day & Martin's Boot Polish, Floor Polish, Grate Polish, and Paste Metal Polish. You just pull it outwards and upwards to loosen the lid. You get a far better polish made by the famous old British firm of Day & Martin, and you do away with all the bother of tins that get stuck. The "Tins with Tabs" are an exclusive speciality of Day & Martin's. Send a penny stamp for one of the "Tins with Tabs," stating the polish you need, or four stamps for the set of four to Day & Martin, Ltd., Daymar Works, Carpenters Road, Stratford, London, E.—Adv't.

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#### FREE TO-DAY.

If you will therefore fill up coupon below and post it to-day (dd. stamp only needed), or send your name and address on a postcard, the Home Doctor booklet will reach you by return. Address your letter to Sir Hiram Maxim's Sole Licensees, Dept. D.G., 46, Holborn Viaduct, London.

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Dr. REID writes: "I have used your Peace successfully in congested and bronchitis, and will order it for all asthma cases."

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Duchess of Cragton, Lord Ashburnham, Duchess of Leeds, Lord Rossmore, Marchioness of Bute, Lord Newlands, etc.

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Fill in your name and address and send it to-day to Sir Hiram Maxim's Sole Licensees (Dept. D.G.), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, Dear Sirs,—Please send me, in accordance with Sir Hiram Maxim's offer, a free copy of the Home Doctor.

Name .....  
Address .....

### "A BRIDE OF THE PLAINS" (Continued From Page 14)

special occasions, as well as on fine Sunday afternoons, the young folk meet for their simple-hearted, innocent amusements—for their dancing, their singing and their courtships—and further on still are the houses of the poorer peasants—of men like Kapus Benko, who has never saved a filler and until lately, when he was stricken down with illness, had to work as a day labourer for wage, instead of owning a bit of land of his own and planting it up for his own enjoyment. Here the houses are much smaller and squalid-looking: they have no verandahs—only a narrow door and diminutive windows which are not made to open and shut. The pieces of ground around them are also planted, like the others, with hemp and with sunflowers, but even these look less majestic, less prosperous than those which surround the houses higher up the streets; their brown heads are smaller, more sparsely laden with the good oil-bearing seeds, and the stems of the hemp do not look as if they ever would make a tatch.

### TRY THIS HOME-MADE COUGH REMEDY.

#### EASY TO MAKE AND COSTS LITTLE.

Here is a fine recipe for coughs that we published several times last Winter, and which hundreds of our readers used with great success. It is more effective than anything you can buy already prepared, and for 2s. 6d. you can get enough of the essential oil to make  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of the best Cough Medicine obtainable.

From your Chemist secure 1 oz. Parment (Double Strength), take this home and add to it  $\frac{1}{4}$  pint of hot water and 4 oz. moist sugar, stir until dissolved. Take one dessertspoonful four times a day. This will give instant relief, and will usually cure the most obstinate cough within 24 hours. It is splendid, too, for Influenza, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Croup and Chest Pains.

It stimulates the appetite, is slightly laxative, and has a fine tonic effect, which makes it an ideal remedy for the home. Good either for children or adults.

This plan of making cough medicine for the home with sugar syrup and Parment has become very popular during the past four years, and thousands of people know its value.

Every person suffering with a cough should give this prescription a trial. There is nothing better.—Advt.

The street itself is wide and a regular heat-trap in summer; in the autumn and the spring it is ankle-deep in mud; and of course in the winter it is buried in snow. But in the late summer it is at its best, one or two heavy showers of rain have laid the dust, and the sunflowers and dahlias round the little schoolhouse and by the presbytery are very gay—such a note of crude and vivid colour which even puts the decorated jars to shame.

Also the sun has lost some of its unbearable heat; after four o'clock in the afternoon it is pleasant to sit or stand outside one's house for a bit of gossip with a neighbour. The brown-legged, black-eyed children, coolly clad in loose white shifts, bare-footed and bare-headed, can play outside now; the little girls, with bright-coloured kerchiefs tied round their heads, and pink or blue petticoats round their waists, vie with the dahlias in hue.

On Sunday afternoons it is cool enough to dance in Ignac Goldstein's barn. The black day in the calendar—the fourteenth of September—has come and gone, and the lads have gone with it; except for the weeping mothers and sweethearts the ordinary village life has resumed its peaceful course. But then, there are every year a few weeping mothers and sweethearts in Marosfalva or Kender or Görcz, just as there are everywhere else—the lads have to go and do their military service as soon as they come of age.

#### The Returned Conscripts.

And then others come back about this time, those who have completed their three years, and they must be made welcome with dancing and music—the things which a Hungarian peasant loves best in all the world.

And as the days are still long and the evenings warm there are strolls hand-in-hand, arm-in-arm—after the dancing—up the village street as far as the slowly-flowing Maros. One or two of the lads who have come home after three years have found their sweethearts waiting for them—but only one or two. Three years is a long, long time! Girls cannot afford to wait for husbands while their youth and good looks fly away so quickly. And the lads, too, are fickle; some of them have apparently forgotten among the more showy, more lively beauties of garrison towns the doe-eyed girl to whom they have promised faith. They are ready, as soon as they come back, for new courtships, fresh love-making, another girl—with blue eyes this time, and fair hair instead of brown.

(To be continued.)

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differs from others, in its ability to partially digest, by self-contained and natural means, the fresh new milk with which it is prepared. Think how this helps the invalid through illness and convalescence!

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  - 12/9**—(Worth £2 10s.) BABY'S LONG CLOTHES, superfine quality, magnificent parcel; 40 articles, everything required. Exquisite embroidered American Robes, etc.; beautifully made garments, the perfection of a mother's personal work; never worn; sacrifice, 12s. 9d. Approval willingly.
  - 10/6**—GENT'S 18-ct. Gold-cased Keyless Lever Hunter Watch, improved action, 10 years' warranty; timed to a few seconds a month; also double-curb Albert, same quality, with handsome compass attached. Week's free trial. Together, sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval before payment.
  - 19/9**—SUPERFINE QUALITY BLANKETS, magnificent parcel, containing 10 exceptionally choice and large-size Blankets. Worth £3 3s.—sacrifice, 19s. 9d. Approval.
  - 8/9** (Worth £2 2s.)—LADY'S 18-ct. Solid Gold Hall-marked Diamond and Sapphire Doublet Half-Hoop Ring, claw setting, large lustrous stones. 8s. 9d. Approval willingly.
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  - 12/6**—GENT'S Massive Double Albert; 18-ct. Gold (stamped) filled solid links, curb pattern; 12s. 6d. Ap.
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  - 49/6**—(Worth £10 10s.) GENT'S Solid Gold English Hall-marked Keyless Lever, centre second, high-grade Chronograph Stop Watch (R. Stanton, London); jewelled, timed to minute month; 20 years' warranty; 7 days' trial; 49s. 6d.
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  - 22/6** (Worth £4 10s.)—Solid Gold English Hall-marked Keyless Watch Wristlet, with luminous hands and figures, so that time can be distinctly seen at night; perfect timekeeper; 10 years' warranty; week's free trial; sacrifice, 22s. 6d.
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## THE BISHOPS SHELVE THE WAR BABIES PROBLEM.

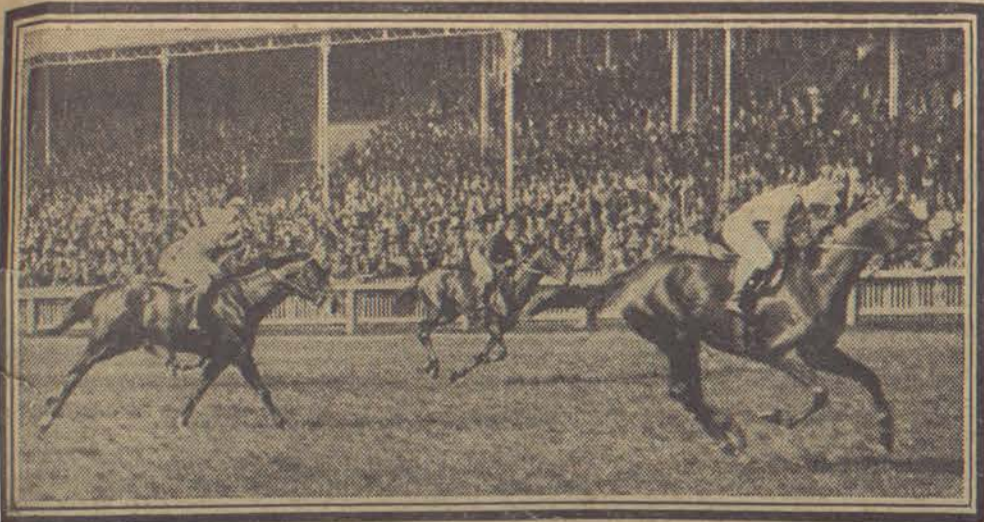


The Dean of Hereford. Archdeacon Adderley in khaki. Convocation discussing war babies. The Bishop of Oxford. The calm of the Upper House of Convocation was ruffled yesterday by the thorny question of the British war babies. The ascetic Bishop of Oxford roundly condemned the "widespread laxity" of to-day in regard to the sanctity of marriage, and proposed that the Bishops should postpone any expression of opinion. His suggestion was adopted.—(Daily Sketch and Whitlock).

### THE WINNER OF THE 2,000 GUINEAS.



Leading in Pommern, the winner



Pommern winning. Solly Joel won his first classic victory on the Turf yesterday when Pommern won the Two Thousand Guineas at Newmarket. There were sixteen runners.

### MRS. CHURCHILL'S JUVENILE ESCORT.



Mrs. Winston Churchill standing between child dancers representing England and Wales at a "White Elephant Sale" which she opened at Ealing yesterday