

REACH VERDUN.



Exclusive photograph of only a very small light among the oncoming mass of Germans. fearful losses.

"SIGNED AWAY."



This is the little son of Mrs. Eliza J. Carter, who says she signed him away to a strange woman. She asks for help in tracing the boy.

THE GOAT AMUSES TOMMY.



The regimental pet obliges with a special turn for the benefit of his "comrades." The men are delighted to have their pet with them across the water.

RAINING FOR MEN'S WORK.



on Cadet Corps, all under military age, training themselves for the firing line.

SHE DOESN'T MIND THE WEATHER.



EVEN NURSES LOVE A BARGAIN.



WHY THEY LAUGHED.



What Women Are Doing: What The Queen Did Wear—A Woman Genius—Bonfires In War Time.

By MRS. GOSSIP.

I WONDER how it is that the descriptions of what the Queen wears in public are generally just about the opposite of what she really was in. You may take as a case in point the Coliseum matinee of Tuesday. What other papers have said you may or may not have read. I am going to tell you what she did wear.

Her Majesty was in a sealskin wrap with sable collar, over a mole-coloured velvet gown, embroidered in dull gold, and a fur and osprey-trimmed toque, with diamond solitaire earrings.

Touches Of Silver.

How well the little touches of silver here and there in her hair suit her Majesty! They give a delightfully added dignity to her always dignified appearance. Accompanying her were her daughter Princess Mary and her naval son. In the opposite box were the Duchess of Marlborough, the Marquis de Soveral, and Lady Lister-Kaye. Beneath them was the Earl of Lonsdale, and in the adjoining box to his I noticed Sir Ernest Cassel and the Hon. Henry Stonor.

The Stalls.

The stalls were crowded with a number of well-known people, amongst them Lady Colebrooke, Mrs. Lulu Harcourt, the Countess Annesley and the Countess of Limerick, Lady Arthur Paget (in black and sables), Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore, Lady Mainwaring (in a fur coat and small, leaf-trimmed toque), Lieut. Boyd-Rochfort, and Miss Gwendoline Brogden.

Lady Northcliffe came, with Mrs. Ian Malcolm, the latter in black; and I also met Sir James Barrie hurrying behind the scenes.

These Were Good.

Genée danced divinely, as did Kyasht. Violet Loraine and Ben Davies sang, also Lily Elsie, who looked lovely in a simple gown of navy blue, relieved by a white collar and rows of superb pearls; she wore a becoming toque of blue circled with aluminium leaves.

Delysia and Morton were wonderfully good in their Victorian episode from "More."

I bought my programme from Miss Mabel Russell, who was in black, with a flower-trimmed straw hat; she is, by the way, not thinking of re-marrying at present. The announcement will come as a welcome bit of news to a number of inquisitive people.



MISS MABEL RUSSELL. —(Swaine.)

This—Well!

Then came the Barrie "surprise," "The Real Thing at Last." I don't want to say unkind things, as I like to think of Barrie as the author of "Peter Pan," which is the real thing. All I will say is that I shall try to forget altogether that I ever saw his cinema show at the Coliseum on Tuesday.

Real Genius.

There is to be an exhibition of impressions of the war in statuary and pictures, in aid of the War Seal Foundation Fund, for one week, commencing on Monday, in the Palm Court at Selfridge's; it will be opened by the Duchess of Rutland.

Miss Nell Foy is the artist-exhibitor, and it is about her and her work that I want you to hear.

Serbian Studies.

She is to cut a long story short, a real genius. I went to see Miss Foy at her studio in Chelsea, and found her there busily engaged upon her work, which for the most part consists of subjects taken from life in Serbia, Miss Foy having done "her bit" there and in Flanders.

I was anxious to hear about Miss Foy's tuition as a sculptor, so asked where she had studied and who had been her masters. "I never had a lesson in my life," was her astounding reply. "As a little girl (she is only twenty-four years old now) I used to model figures on the sands on one of the little islands in the North Sea, near to Denmark. One day an artist noticed my work, and persuaded me to go to Paris. After working there a year I sent up my work to the salon, and it was accepted and very favourably criticised by both French and English alike."

The Dead Hero.

You will have an opportunity of buying as well as seeing the "Dead Hero" at the Coliseum on Tuesday.

statuettes for the fund. Very interesting are her subjects, particularly the oxen and buffaloes drawing the casks of water in Serbia. Wonderfully realistic, if horribly sad, is a slab of snow from which protrudes the head of a dead soldier; at the foot sits a solemn crow.

Miss Foy has a number of wax statuettes, one of Miss Doris Keane in "Romance," and another of Sarah Bernhardt as she appeared at the Coliseum during her recent visit to town; these are to be sold for the cause at one guinea each.

An Event.

Here is Mme. Alys Bateman's picture. She is singing on Tuesday evening at the Eolian Hall in aid of our blinded soldiers and sailors at St. Dunstan's.

Lady Tree is reciting Russian poems and the London Balalaika Orchestra will play a new Russian fantasia, specially written for them by Glazounow. This is rather an event, as this and other Balalaika orchestras have hitherto had to put up with arrangements, no music having been expressly written for them.



MME. ALYS BATEMAN.

The Curragh.

Lady Weldon is busy organising a concert at the Curragh, Ireland, in aid of the military hospital there, which is much in need of comforts of every kind, especially just at the moment. It is full of wounded heroes, in whom Lady Weldon takes a deep interest, going two days a week to visit and cheer them. She whistles to her own accompaniment on the piano. Lady Weldon also works hard amongst the soldiers' wives in the district, doing all she can to brighten their lot while their husbands are fighting.

Women's "Colours."

Tea, signalling and a presentation will make up a fascinating programme on Saturday at 12, Prince's-street, Hanover-square, commencing at 3.30.

Lady Glanusk, who is the hon. president of the Women Signallers' Territorial Corps, is presenting the corps with the "colours," and Mrs. E. J. Parker, Commandant-in-Chief, will also be present.

Bonfires!

According to what Bridget tells me, they do things rather more brightly out in Ireland than we are allowed to do here.

"When Lord and Lady De Freyne came to French Park, near Roscommon, to finish their honeymoon the other day," she says, "not only was the road spanned by evergreens, but Roscommon was illuminated, and they actually lit bonfires."

Snow And Show.

Naturally, the attendance at the Flower Show at Westminster, on Tuesday, was small; there was deep snow outside, but I found exquisite flowers within.

The cyclamen were a great size, and a charming pink one was called "Queen Mary." The orchids, too, were very beautiful in colour and variety. There was a good show of roses, and a wonderful display of carnations.

The Duchess of Wellington, in a seal wrap, came to see and admire, as did the Countess of Drogheda. The Earl and Countess of Portsmouth were together. I also met the Marchioness of Sligo, Lady Maitland, and Mrs. Lionel de Rothschild.

Mrs. Lloyd George.

Mrs. Lloyd George has been to Wrexham, Elinor writes me, to speak on behalf of her pet scheme, the amelioration of the lot of Welsh soldiers at the front. She is the energetic and sympathetic head of the movement, and she spoke very well on behalf of our brave Tommies; her visit will give the fund a great impetus in the neighbourhood of Wrexham.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- PTE. A. RICKETTS (Wilts).—I am not a beauty specialist, but should advise soap and hot water, and cream rubbed in at night.
- D. HOOK (Camberwell).—Certainly, send any kind of warm socks. Hope you like the paper.
- E. CORFIELD (Isleworth).—Many thanks for mittens and cigarettes. Greatly appreciated.
- MISS PAYNE (Welshpool).—Very sorry, but cannot send you the information.
- B. WINSTEN (Dalston).—The Countess of Limerick, London Bridge Buffet, is organising Shamrock Day.
- SALFORD.—I am afraid I cannot help you, as it did not appear in this issue.

A Maxim for War Time

Study economy and health by drinking Pure Indian Tea



E 2

THEATRES.

AMBASSADORS.—To-day at 2.30 and 8.30. "MORE." Brilliant Revue by Harry Grattan. DELYSIA, DOROTHY MINTO, MORTON, MORRIS HARVEY, etc. Evenings 8.30. Matinee Thurs. and Sats., at 2.30. Regent 2890.

COMEDY THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Arthur Chudleigh. SECOND EDITION, "SHELL OUT!" by Albert de Courville and Wal Pink. Every Evening, at 8.45. Mat., Mous., Fri. and Sats., 2.45. Phone, Ger. 3724.

STRAND.—"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE." Last Mat. To-day and Sat. at 2.30. Last 3 nights To-night, Fri. and Sat., at 8.

VARIETIES.

COLISEUM.—At 2.30 and 8 p.m. Augustus YORKE and Robert LEONARD in "Isadore, You Tell Her." Hall Calne's New Play, "THE IRON HAND," VIOLET VANBRUGH, LEE WHITE, and Jack Morrison, etc.

MASKELYNE'S MYSTERIES. St. George's Hall. Dury at 3 & 8. 1s. to 6s. Children half-price. Phone 1545 Mayfair.

ALHAMBRA.—AUGUSTUS YORKE and ROBERT LEONARD. ODETTE MYRTIL, MANNY and ROBERTS, BEATRICE LILLIE and Alhambra Girls, THE QUINCY, Imperial Russian Dancers in ALEKO Doors 8. Mat., Weds. and Sats., 2.15.

HIPPODROME. London.—Twice Daily, 2.30, 8.30 p.m. New Revue "JOYLAND!" SHIRLEY KELLOGG, HARRY TATE, YETTA RIANZA, BERTRAM WALLIS, CHARLES BERKELEY, and Super-Beauty Chorus.

PALACE.—"BRIC-A-BRAC (at 8.35). VARIETIES at 8. Mat., WED. and SAT., at 2.

PALLADIUM.—2.30, 6.10, and 9.0. "THE PASSING SHOW" featuring ELLA RETFORD, FRED DUPREZ, CHRISTINE ROY. Varieties by LILY LENA, ERNEST HASTINGS, FIVE BOMBAYS, etc.

EXHIBITIONS.

RUSSIAN EXHIBITION. NOW OPEN. In aid of Jewish Refugees from Poland in Russia. CENTRAL HALL, WESTMINSTER, LONDON. March 4 to 18. 11 to 9.30. 1s.



Mother and Child. Baby 6 1/2 months.

Are you Worried about Baby?

How to Feed Baby is often a great worry to mothers who are unable to nurse their babies themselves. Ordinary cow's milk—however prepared at home—is not a suitable substitute for the mother's milk. It is acid in reaction, contains harmful germs and forms dense curds in the stomach that cannot be digested. Decide to use the 'Allenburys' Foods which are the only series of Foods scientifically adapted to the growing requirements of the child. You will be delighted when you see how well your baby thrives on this Method of Infant Feeding. The 'Allenburys' Foods are free from all dangerous organisms; they are portable, being in powder form and packed in sealed tins. The Milk Foods Nos. 1 and 2 require the addition of hot water only to prepare them for use.

A PURE, COMPLETE AND PROGRESSIVE DIETARY.

The Allenburys' Foods

- MILK FOOD No. 1. From birth to 3 months. In tins at 1/6 and 3/- each.
- MILK FOOD No. 2. From 3 to 6 months. In tins at 1/6 and 3/- each.
- MALTED FOOD No. 3. From 6 months upwards. In tins at 6d., 1/-, 2/-, 3/-, 4/-, 5/-, 6/- each.

Write for a large sized Free Sample of Food stating age of child and whether Weaned or Unweaned. Also for free book "Infant Feeding and Management" 64 pages of valuable information for every mother.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., 37, Lombard St., London.

ESTABLISHED 1715.

Copyright.

Y SKETCH.



R.A.M.C. Train with its

"Crew," Somewhere in France.

W. BALDWIN
Corporal



Royal Army
Medical Corps

British Expeditionary Force

"It may interest you to know what immense service Phosferine has been to me when suffering from nervous exhaustion due to severe shock and exposure. I was on board the Royal Edward when she was torpedoed in the Aegean Sea, and being several hours in the water before my rescuers appeared, went through an experience that left me as weak as a child, and my nerves completely shattered. I became an inmate of two Hospitals in succession, and although benefited to an extent, felt a long way off from again being of service to my King and Country. I was sent back to England, and soon after landing obtained a supply of Phosferine—after taking three 2/9 bottles of your medicine my nerves were fully restored and I went back to my duty as fit as a fiddle and anxious to do my bit. I now feel young and strong and as though 20 years had been lifted from my shoulders. If a soldier's grateful experience of your Grand Tonic is of interest, you are quite welcome to use it."

This very competent R.A.M.C. Corporal says plainly he never expected to be a fit man again after his terrible experiences, yet although the best Hospital treatment utterly failed to relieve his awful nerve distress, Phosferine has sent him back to duty feeling he has regained the energy and vitality of twenty years ago—to put it simply, Phosferine aroused the stunned nerve centres to repair the nervous waste.

When you require the Best Tonic Medicine, see you get

PHOSFERINE

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

- | | | | |
|------------------|--------------------|-----------|------------|
| Nervous Debility | Neuralgia | Lassitude | Backache |
| Influenza | Maternity Weakness | Neuritis | Rheumatism |
| Indigestion | Premature Decay | Faintness | Headache |
| Sleeplessness | Mental Exhaustion | Brain-Fag | Hysteria |
| Exhaustion | Loss of Appetite | Anæmia | Sciatica |

Phosferine has a world-wide repute for curing disorders of the nervous system more completely and speedily, and at less cost than any other preparation.

SPECIAL SERVICE NOTE

Phosferine is made in Liquid and Tablets, the Tablet form being particularly convenient for men on **ACTIVE SERVICE**, travellers, etc. It can be used any time, anywhere, in accurate doses; as no water is needed.

The 2/9 tube is small enough to carry in the pocket, and contains 99 or soldier will be the better for Phosferine—send him a tube to Stores, etc. The 2/9 size contains nearly four times as much as the 1/3 size.

Economise

What IS real Economy?

None of us in these days ought to spend twopence where a penny will do—rather ought we spend the penny and save the rest—for according to Authority, we shall need it later.

But with food, it is not economy but folly to buy at a less price than *good* food can be sold, or to stint its quality.

All food you buy from the Home and Colonial is *good* food, and the price you pay is, nine times out of ten, less than you pay elsewhere; in short, you cannot go below the Home and Colonial price unless you sacrifice food-nourishment and purity!

And there is no finer food-value in the world than the Home and Colonial Perfect Margarine offered on this page.

Finest Nuts and Milk account for

the delicious flavour and the splendid nutritive value of

HOME & COLONIAL PERFECT MARGARINE

You cannot get equal value paying less, and you will never get better value though you pay more. In quality and value Perfect Margarine is supreme.

7^d.
PER LB.

DOUBLEWEIGHT 1 1/2

V.C.'S TRIUMPHAL PROGRESS.



Lance-Corporal Vickers, Birmingham's midget V.C. (the middle figure immediately behind the band), being played through the streets of the Midlands.

WINDSOR RACES OFF.

Permission Asked For Them To Be Decided Next Week.

The clerk of the course at Windsor came to the conclusion yesterday morning that racing would be impossible this week. Application has been made to the National Hunt stewards for permission to postpone the meeting to Friday and Saturday of next week. An official decision will be issued to-day. Should it be favourable there will be four days' racing next week, for Colwall Park has Tuesday and Wednesday fixed up.

NO MORAN-WILLARD FIGHT?

NEW YORK, Wednesday. Legislation with the object of prohibiting the boxing-match arranged for March 25 between Jess Willard, the world's heavy-weight champion, and Frank Moran, has been introduced in the State Senate and Assembly at Albany.—Central News. [The match referred to is a ten-round bout. According to the already published particulars, the champion is to receive £9,500 win, lose or draw, as well as 51 per cent. of the cinema rights and the money derived from advertising privileges. Moran is to receive £4,000.]

SPORTS IN THE REST CAMPS.

Captain J. W. Mayne, Bedfordshire Regiment, acting-adjutant of four rest camps in France, asks for football, hockey and boxing kits for the soldiers. Parcels sent to Mrs. Cameron, Glenel, Disley, Cheshire, will be forwarded direct to the rest camps.

“It helps me to bear the strain.”

Rowntree's
ELECT COCOA

INCREASES ENERGY.

STATE RACEHORSES.

Youngsters From The National Stud To Try Their Paces At Extra Meetings.

The Government, having decided to go in for horse-racing, has arranged for some meetings at which the promising youngsters from the National stud can try their paces.

The Stewards of the Jockey Club have been informed that no objection will be raised by the Government should they sanction, in addition to race meetings at Newmarket, a limited number of meetings at Newbury, Lingfield, Gatwick, and Windsor, provided that these courses are not required for military purposes, and that no requirements are made upon the railways.

This announcement was made in the House of Commons yesterday by Mr. Pretyman, in answer to Mr. Hogge, who desired to know whether there were to be any increased facilities for flat racing during the approaching season.

Mr. Whitehouse asked whether any special arrangements would be made as to the conditions of admittance to the meetings in which Government horses took part. He thought perhaps free passes would be issued to M.P.s.

The horses which are to be entered at these meetings are those leased on sharing terms to Lord Lonsdale. They form part of the stud of Colonel Hall Walker which has been taken over by the Government as a nucleus for breeding cavalry mounts.

Later, while the Government was discussing the vote for £50,000 for the Board of Agriculture, Mr. Roch said the Government in preaching economy and setting up a high-class stud was making itself ridiculous.

Mr. Hobhouse asked what became of the Non-conformist conscience of some members of the Government.

Sir A. Markham wanted to know whether Mr. Gulland (Chief Whip) was to take charge of the Government's tipsters' department. (Laughter.)

Mr. Acland said Lord Lonsdale would bear the expenses of training the horses. The Government would lose nothing, but would take half share of the winnings after deducting expenses.

A division was forced, and the vote was carried by 44 to 20 amid laughter and cheers.

ENGLISH CLUBS IN ALL PARTS.

“Clubs (1916),” issued by Messrs. Spottiswoode and Co., Ltd., at 6s. 4d., post free, contains a lot of new information, and the names and addresses of over 4,000 clubs, among which there are no fewer than 1,500 golf.

The clubs comprise those in the British Isles, and others frequented by the English in this country's colonies and dependencies and abroad.

SHARP BREAK IN COPPER.

There was a sharp break in the price of copper yesterday, the metal falling to £96 per ton. Following the movement there was selling of copper shares, which closed flat, but it may be pointed out that all the recent dividend forecasts are not upset by this decline in the metal, as they are based upon a selling price of about £80 per ton.

Kaffirs were a good market, Springs further improving to 2 9-16 buyers and the options to 3 1s., while Transvaal Coal Trust improved to 58s.

Consols remained a dull market at 57½ and War Loan 4 per cent. stock at 96½. There was continued support for Japanese bonds, and French National Defence Bonds, after falling to 84½, left off at 84½.

Weakness developed in Mexican Government and railway stocks.

LIVERPOOL COTTON.—Futures closed very steady. For American, 2 to 3½ up; for Egyptian, steady at 4 to 7 up.

AMERICAN COTTON (close).—New York, 1 to 4 points up on day. New Orleans 6 to 12 points down from Monday, tone steady.

OUR CIGARETTE FUND.—Mrs. Golding, West Ham, 2s.; “Sunbeam's” Weekly Contribution, 1s. 6d.; Guard's Van, 1s.

BILLIARDS (close of play): Newman, 3,818; Falkner (in play), 3,434.

Mr. Geoffrey Sheebery, the Irish Rugby International, has recently given up an important position of South America and returned to his native country.

THE MAJOR'S MANSERVANT.

Married Since Attestation, And Appeals On Ground Of Hardship.

A. P. Carlton, a manservant employed by Major the Hon. Lionel de Rothschild, M.P., who is the military representative on the City of London tribunal, appealed at Westminster yesterday on the grounds that he had a widowed mother whom he had maintained for some years and that he had recently married.

He was in group 13, he said, but if he were called up it would be a great struggle to him to keep up his maintenance, as his mother was getting on in years. He married six weeks ago, partly with the idea of making a home for his mother.

Mr. Davis: You married after you attested?—Yes. Major Rothschild urges you to go, doesn't he?—Yes.

The Town Clerk: I should think Major Rothschild will make you some allowance if you go. I should be very much surprised if he doesn't. Exemption was refused.

Lord Beresford has had influenza for the last few days.

Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Bart., who died last October, left £420,976.

The portraits of Miss Garnett, Miss Bourke, and Miss Dods on page 12 are by Messrs. Swaine, Bassano, and Elliott and Fry.

OLD LADY OF 77'S SPLENDID “BIT.”

Undertook To Darn 2,000 Pairs Of Socks And Has Done Half.

A maiden lady, aged 77, who lives at Camberwell, has been doing her “bit” for the soldiers for the past 12 months, and doing it well, too! She is Miss E. Jones, and her home is in Paulet-road.

Her chance came one day, and she promptly took it. She was talking to a Red Cross nurse, who told her that there were 2,000 pairs of soldiers' socks waiting to be darned at the King Edward Hospital, Denmark Hill. The old lady said she would like to darn every one of them, and the nurse undertook to buy the wool, because Miss Jones's means are limited.

“Yes,” said Miss Jones, with some reticence, to the *Daily Sketch* yesterday, “I always wanted to do my little ‘bit,’ and up to the present it is represented by over 1,000 pairs of darned socks. A boy scout carries them to and from the hospital for me and fetches me a huge parcel of socks for mending.

“Then I set myself out to pair them, and that takes a lot of time. After that I get busy, for the boys make very big holes in their socks. Sometimes I sit up until 10.30 at night when I want to finish off a bundle.

“Of course it is not much, I know that, but it is as much as I can do, and it gives me great joy to be able to do it,” added the old lady modestly.

“A case for Wincarnis.”

Every wineglassful of ‘Wincarnis’ gives renewed health and new life to all who are

Weak, Anæmic, “Nervy,” Run-down.

What a blessing new health would be to you who are Weak, Anæmic, “Nervy,” or “Run-down”—what a comfort to know that ‘Wincarnis’ will give you the new health and new life you so much need.

The reason is easily understood. ‘Wincarnis’ is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-maker, and a Nerve Food—all in one—all combined in a delicious, life-giving beverage. This four-fold combination gives ‘Wincarnis’ a four-fold power. It promotes new strength—it creates new blood—it builds up new nerve force—and it surcharges the whole body with new vitality. That is why ‘Wincarnis’ makes you feel so well so quickly. That is why countless thousands of people are, to-day, enjoying “Wincarnis health.” That is why over 10,000 Doctors recommend ‘Wincarnis.’

WINGARNIS
“The Wine of Life”

is not a luxury, but a positive necessity to you if you are Weak, Anæmic, “Nervy,” “Run-down”—or a martyr to Indigestion—or subject to Sleeplessness—or are striving vainly to regain strength after an exhausting illness. Remember, you can take ‘Wincarnis’ with every confidence, as it does not contain drugs, as do some “Tonic Wines.” Therefore it can be given with perfect safety to aged people and the weakest invalids.

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

Coleman & Co. Ltd., W318, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

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

Name _____

Address _____

Daily Sketch,
Mar. 9, 1916.

LOST.—Small Black Retriever Dog. Address on collector's card, Schaneremann, 29, Montpelier-road, Twickenham. Reward restored above address.

LOVE GOES ASTRAY

By Howel Evans

Eyes That Threaten.

Yes, it was John Finch. Though there was a great alteration in his appearance, Sheila recognised him instantly. He wore a full, close-cropped beard and a heavy moustache, but Sheila knew the man beneath the disguise, and she remembered that from those sneering lips had once come the lying words of love.

Steve still kept his hand on John Finch's collar, and looked him straight in the face.

"I should advise you to shut off that smile," said Steve grimly. "And don't try and push your way in front of a lady again. Get behind."

"I'm sorry," said John Finch slowly. "I'd no idea I pushed against the lady. I most humbly apologise."

Steve released his hold, and John Finch took off his hat and looked straight at Sheila with a world of meaning in his eyes, and dropped behind Steve, to make his way to the booking office window.

And Sheila feared the look in those expressive eyes, eyes that once she had thought so handsome, and as she sat with Steve and Bill in the train, at the other end of the carriage she saw the upright, well-dressed figure of her husband.

As if by some horrible fascination she felt that she must look at him, and in the distance he smiled, and the smile was threatening.

Steve chatted pleasantly through the short journey, though occasionally that puzzled look would come over his face again, and Sheila felt her heart-strings taut with pain as she sat by the side of the man she loved, but who did not know her, and felt the malevolent gaze of that other man, who was her husband.

For a moment the impulse seized her to give information to the police, to say that she knew that the convict John Finch, who was supposed to be dead, was still alive and at liberty.

But that would serve no good purpose, she thought again. It would only bring more trouble to her and to others, to Steve, maybe. She would let John Finch go. Perhaps Time would make everything right, would bring Steve and herself together for good, for aye.

And so, when the train journey was ended, with every nerve tingling, a mist of tears blinding her as she walked, stumbling indeed once, to be helped by the strong hand of Steve, she went on to the door of the chambers, where she left him with Bill.

"I'll come up with you and see if I can do anything," said the little boxer to Steve. "You've been away for a bit, you know, and maybe your place'll want puttin' straight."

"You're very, very kind, everybody's very kind," said Steve. "I shall be glad of someone to be with me for a little. Good-bye, Miss—Miss—"

He hesitated for a moment as if not remembering her name.

"Sheila," was the quiet answer, "Sheila Maynard."

How Sheila hoped the sound of her name might touch some chord, awaken some memory!

"Well, good-bye, Miss Maynard. Thank you very much for your goodness to me. Perhaps some day we may meet again—at least I hope so."

They shook hands, he took off his hat, and then, with Bill, disappeared into the building.

He had shaken hands with her! He had called her Miss Maynard, not Sheila, just Miss Maynard! He didn't know her! Oh, what a hard, hard world it was, thought Sheila.

TO PERMANENTLY CURE BAD FOOT TROUBLES.

WHAT SOLDIERS DO TO CURE FEET THAT SWELL, CALLOUSE, CHAFE, BLISTER, SMART, ITCH, BURN, PERSPIRE AND TORTURE THEM.

Many readers of the *Daily Sketch* may be interested to know how I finally succeeded in curing the extremely painful foot troubles resulting from my first few days of route marching. After numerous powders, ointments, etc., had only increased the torture I consulted my medical man, and he explained that the conditions simply indicated injured tissues, but there was really no need of enduring my foot misery a single moment, as all such troubles could be instantly relieved and permanently cured by merely resting the feet for about ten minutes in a warm foot-bath containing a tablespoonful of refined Reudel Bath Saltrates. I found this almost immediately softened even the hardest calloused skin so it came right off at the touch, and by soothing the irritation of my feet, all aching, burning and smarting was promptly stopped. The feet being the farthest points from the heart to which blood must be forced, foot troubles are very often due solely to shoe pressure and defective circulation in these extremities. By treating the feet as above directed you will at once stimulate proper blood circulation, relieve painful congestion, clear out sebaceous matter from the clogged pores and render the skin active, healthy, and free from offensive odour or injurious effects of acid perspiration, thus banishing such foot troubles for all time. All chemists keep ordinary Reudel Bath Saltrates ready put up in convenient packets, one of which proved more than sufficient to permanently end all my foot misery at very slight cost. A friend to whom I mentioned these saltrates even tried the treatment for bad circulation in the feet due to congestion from gout and rheumatism, and he said the effects were astonishingly good. Try it after coming in footsores from a long walk. You will soon feel like dancing with joy, and your new, tightest boots will feel like the oldest pair you have.—H.G.C.

For greasy, congested liver or chronic constipation, Kalsel, the concentrated compound of menstrual salts. A sure cure for the same.

But he was alive, that was all that really mattered. Perhaps one day he would get well, he would recognise her, and then they could be happy together. For surely John Finch could not claim her—the man whose wife she had been but for a few hours!

And so, persuading herself that things would come right, and firmly keeping in the background any shadow of doubt, Sheila walked away from Steve's chambers, after one last backward look, making an effort to convince herself that she was a free woman.

"I won't be miserable any longer," she said to herself, as she stood at the corner of the street, waiting to cross. "I'm going to look on the bright side of things. I shall get some work to do, I can stay with Meg, and Meg's Bill can keep an eye on Steve, and tell me how he's going on, and perhaps the day will come when he'll know me, and we shall be happy, oh so happy—"

"Well, Sheila! Said good-bye to your lover?"

The words were spoken in a low voice over her shoulder, and, turning, she saw, as she knew she would, John Finch. Could she ever forget that voice, the voice which had swept her off her feet with its passionate ring, its vibrant words of love which had so soon proved to be false? Yes, there he stood, still with the same hateful half-sneer on his lips.

"Still keeping it up with Stephen Hayle, eh?" he went on. "That's foolish, you know, Sheila, very foolish. Funny thing I happened to be there just when you two gay young people came down into the booking-hall. And who was your little friend?"

The Warning.

John Finch spoke lightly, with an air of assurance, and Sheila was dumb. She moistened her lips, she tried to speak, but no words would come.

"I think my appearance must be nicely altered, since Hayle didn't recognise me," went on John Finch. "D'you think a beard suits me, Sheila? And, by the way, I shall be wanting a little more money directly. I'll drop you a line and tell you where to send it. I suppose your father left a good bit behind him, didn't he? I haven't seen the will proved yet."

The kaleidoscope of London traffic was passing through the street, the passers-by were hurrying along on their various errands, a man and a woman, lovers evidently, passed by, laughing gaily.

To Sheila it seemed unreal, unnatural, that, while her share in the great drama of life was being played, things should go on as usual, that the traffic should still roar, that men and women should pass by laughing and chatting. For her laughter was dead, things could never be the same again.

And then strength came back to her. She straightened herself up and moved a step closer to John Finch, and spoke in a half-whisper, but her words came clearly.

"Listen," she said, "I'll give you a warning, and only this once. Annoy me again, dare ever to speak to me if you see me, and I'll tell the police that John Finch is not dead, that he is alive and in London."

"Oh, you threaten me, do you?"

Fantastic it seems, perhaps, that a tragedy was being played out at a street corner by this young couple, one a good-looking man, the other a beautiful girl, who were both talking together in ordinary tones, apparently casually. But in real life tragedy is often like that; it does not always tear its passion to rags and tatters.

"Yes, I threaten," Sheila replied. "You threatened me once. It's my turn now. You've no claim upon me as your wife, for I'm not your wife. I believe—oh, I feel sure, that you were married before, and our marriage," Sheila shuddered as she mentioned the sacred word, "yours and mine, was illegal."

She was thinking of that other Mrs. Landor, and of the little boy who bore so striking a resemblance to John Finch, and as she spoke she looked John Finch straight in the eyes. But even as she looked her heart sank, for on his face she saw a look of surprise, of astonishment such as the most skilful actor could not have simulated.

"I—I married before! What on earth d'you mean?" he said quickly. "Oh, my dear Sheila, you can't put up that bluff on me! No, my dear, you're my wife and I'm afraid I must hold you to that part of the ceremony which says obey. So when I drop you a line to remind you that a little money would be useful, I shall expect you to answer me promptly. Good-bye, Sheila, for the present, at any rate. And I shouldn't be seen about too much with Mr. Stephen Hayle, if I were you. It's too bad to play with the poor fellow's feelings like that, you know. Good-bye."

He took off his hat with the old, easy grace, and was soon swallowed up in the crowd and the dusk, and Sheila turned to make her way back to Meg.

In Good Hands.

"Pretty girl that!" said Steve, turning to Bill, as they walked into the building together. "What did she say her name was? Maynard, wasn't it? Yes, of course, Maynard, Miss Sheila Maynard. It's a pretty name, too. I say, I remembered that. That's rather good for me, isn't it? Hello!"

An elderly man standing in the hall advanced with a little cry of delight, and a look of surprise to Steve.

"I'm very glad to see you, sir," said Steve, laughing, with again the puzzled look, "but you must forgive me. I'm afraid I don't know you."

"Why, don't you know me, Steve? Don't you know Madden?"

"Madden? Madden?" Steve looked perplexed. "I don't remember the name. You see, I haven't been very well lately, and I don't remember things at all. This lad here has been very kind to me. He brought me out of the hospital and came back here with me."

"All right, wait a minute!" said Mr. Madden took Bill on one side and spoke to him confidentially.

"I'm his oldest friend. I read about his accident in the papers, and came down to London to see him as soon as ever I could. I went straight to the hospital, and found he had already left, so, of course I came straight on to his chambers. I'll look after him and take him back with me."

The little boxer looked up with his clear, honest eyes into the old bank manager's face.

"Straight?" said Bill. "Are yer playin' a straight game? You ain't somebody out for what you can get out of 'im, are yer?"

"No, no, my friend!" Madden patted the little man's shoulder. "See, here's my card. I'm quite a respectable person. You can safely leave him in my charge."

"All right, gov'nor, I believe yer. Look after 'im, 'e's a good sort. So long, sir."

Bill held out his hand to Steve, who shook it heartily.

"Good-bye, good-bye. I hope I shall see you again soon."

Mr. Madden, of course, knew Steve's chambers well; he had often stayed with him when in town, and it pained him to the very quick to see how puzzled Steve was with everything. He was just like a child put into new surroundings—obedient and responsive to every suggestion; and when old Mr. Madden asked him to pack up and go back home with him to Dorrington Moor, he cheerfully agreed.

"I seem to know you, and yet I don't," Steve said, when the bags were finally packed. "Still, I'm getting on. I can remember things a bit better already. Why, there was the girl I said good-bye to just now—where did she come from? She had such a pretty face and such a pretty name, too! Now wait a minute, wait a minute! I believe I'm going to remember her name. Yes, I can. It was Maynard—Sheila Maynard."

"Sheila Maynard! Good God!"

Old Madden was startled out of his usual serenity.

"Where does she live, then? Where did you see her?" he went on.

"I—I can't quite remember. It may come back to me. But I can remember her name—Sheila."

"My poor boy, my poor boy!" thought old Mr. Madden to himself. "To think that you've seen the girl we're all looking for, and that you didn't know her!"

In The Agony Column.

"Mr. Hayle's all right, miss," said Bill, when he returned to the house where Sheila and Meg were stopping. "I left 'im in charge of an old gentleman 'oo gave me 'is card and said 'e was an old friend. All straight 'e seemed to be. 'ere's 'is name."

And Bill handed over Mr. Madden's card to Sheila.

"Ah, yes," she said, as she read the name which brought back so many memories—sweet memories they were, in spite of their bitterness, "he'll be quite safe with him."

"That's all right, then. I'm glad of that, miss," said Bill. "Well, I must get off now. Meg, are yer comin' out to-night? Excuse me, miss, a-arskin' yer." Bill stiffened as he turned to Sheila, "but 'e and Meg thought of goin' out to 'ave a bit of supper. Might I make so bold as to ask you to join us? A bit rough, perhaps, for the likes of you, but still it might take your mind off."

Meg threw her Bill a look of love and gratitude. She hadn't thought of that herself.

"Oh, that's very kind of you," said Sheila, appreciating the kindly thought. "I should like to come very, very much indeed."

Sheila, of course, had never been into a cheap eating-house before, and the strangeness of it all was interesting, amusing almost, though she couldn't help a little pang of envy as Meg and Bill chattered away together.

They were happy, they were soon going to be married. And Sheila—oh, well, she mustn't give way. She had something for which to be thankful, too, for Steve was still alive. He might have been killed, he might have died, but he still lived.

"Good evening, good evening," said the proprietor of the shop, bustling up to the table where the three were having their meal of beautifully-fried fish and potatoes. "How are you, Mr. Elton? I see there's another article about you in to-night's paper. Have you seen it?"

He handed the little boxer an evening paper. And Bill read with an honest satisfaction an article eulogising him. There, too, was his portrait.

"It ain't a bit like yer, Billie!" said Meg scornfully. "Still, the readin' about yer ain't so bad. But I say, look 'ere, look 'ere!"

And Meg laid her finger on the advertisement column next to the article, to attract Sheila's attention.

"Look 'ere, my dear!" she said.

There were two notices. One ran:—
MISSING!
ONE HUNDRED POUNDS
REWARD.

On the night of February 10, Sheila Maynard, from the Gables, Highlands.

Then followed a description of Sheila. And immediately beneath this was another notice:—

MRS. ERIC LANDOR.—Will the lady who was married under this name on October 5, 1915, please communicate in confidence to this address, when she will hear of something to her advantage?—S.D.

Then came the box number at the office of the paper.

Sheila looked and read with startled eyes. A reward for her discovery, and then the second mysterious notice! Who was S.D.? And what was it that she would hear to her advantage? A hundred pounds reward! That was offered by her Aunt Mary, Mrs. Blayne, she felt sure of that, but who was S.D. who wanted Mrs. Eric Landor?

(Another splendid instalment to-morrow.)

Don't Let The

MARCH

WEATHER

Roughen Your Skin



Ven-Yusa the Best Safeguard for the Complexion

YOUR skin and complexion must have the help of Ven-Yusa if they are to be protected against the damaging effect of the keen and boisterous March weather.

Ven-Yusa is a new and striking discovery. Owing to its oxygen nature, Ven-Yusa exerts on the skin a unique strengthening and rejuvenating influence.

Make it your habit to always give the face and hands a few touches of Ven-Yusa on going out and coming indoors. This keeps the skin flexible and young-looking, prevents blemishes, and induces a peach-like complexion.

The skin that is daily fortified by this novel oxygen toilet preparation has its beauty and softness preserved. Wind-chafe, Roughness, and Redness are warded off, and those tell-tale lines of age and care are softened away.



1/- per Jar of Chemists, &c. Dainty trial jars sent by C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds, on receipt of name and address and 2 penny stamps to cover posting and packing.

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LONDON: Shoe Lane, E.C. MANCHESTER: Withy Grove. Telephone—8 Lines—Editorial and Publishing—Holborn 6512.

BRITAIN'S BEST PICTURE PAPER.

DO YOU ORDER THE DAILY SKETCH?

If you do not give a definite order to a newsagent to deliver the *Daily Sketch* regularly at your home or reserve it for you at the bookstall you run the risk of being told the paper is "sold out." Order it now to save disappointment.

From Serbia. TO SOME JOY; TO OTHERS SORROW.



Dr. May Dickinson Berry, wearing the Serbian Military Cross. She has just arrived home in charge of a party of Red Cross nurses.



Mrs. Firmin, who has given birth to a daughter, lost her husband in August last. Lieut. J. E. R. Firmin, Wiltshire Regiment, was killed in Gallipoli.—(Swaine.)



Miss Ida Dods, of Barr, Ayrshire, engaged to 2nd Lieut. J. G. Nicholson.



Mrs. Leared, whose husband, Capt. Leared, of the 7th Gurkha Rifles, has received the Croix de Guerre. She has just given birth to a daughter.—(Swaine.)

THE GREAT DANE'S MORNING GREETING.



This handsome Great Dane, one of the finest in the country, is Gertie Millar's pet. It is seen saying "Good morning" to his mistress.—(Rita Martin.)

FOR BATHING AND SKATING.



Miss K. R. O. Garnett, daughter of Lieut.-Col. F. H. Garnett, Worcesters, is to marry Capt. H. F. Molloy



Miss Jasmine Bourke, eldest daughter of the Hon. T. Bourke, "Vice-Consul" at Bizerta, Tunis. She would, but for the war, have "come out" this year.



This is what the Americans call a "skating-bathing" costume. After a dip the wearer can go to the artificial ice skating rink without changing.