

MORE WONDERFUL HILL 60 PHOTOGRAPHS (See Pages 6 and 7).

DAILY SKETCH.

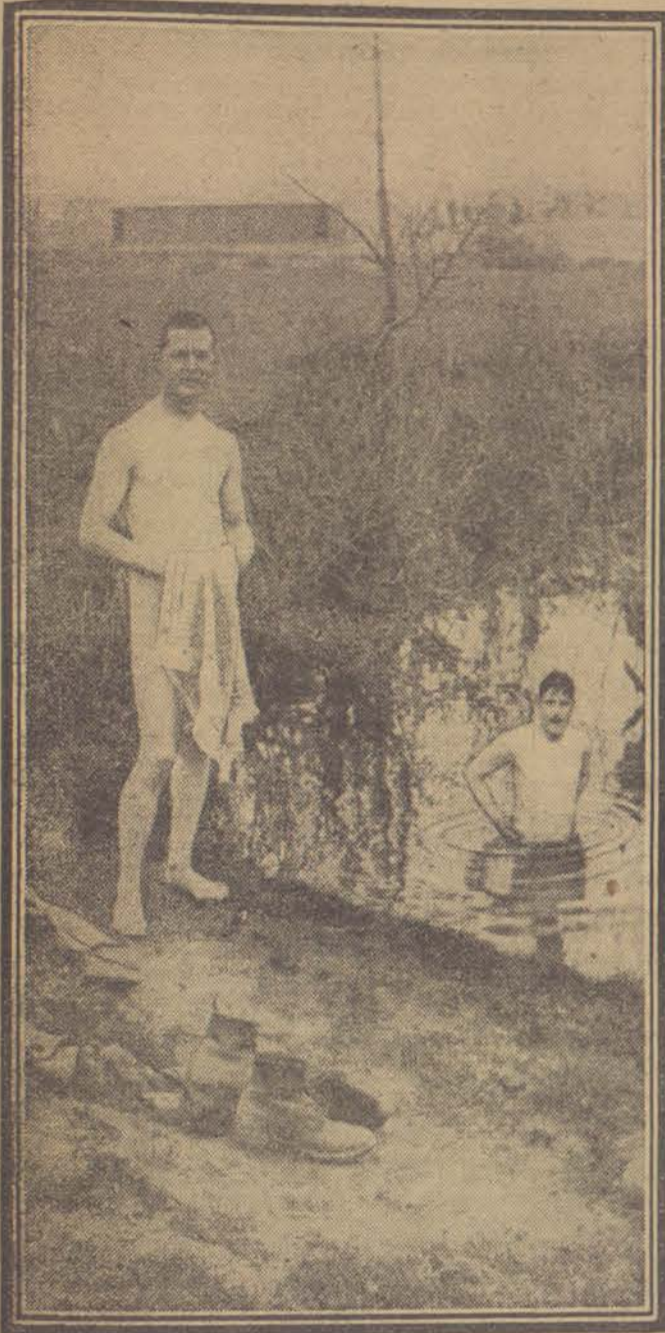
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No. 1,922.

LONDON, FRIDAY, MAY 7, 1915.

[Registered as a Newspaper.] ONE HALFPENNY.

THE BATTLE FOR HILL 60: EXCLUSIVE PICTURES.



A morning dip near Hill 60 shortly before the Germans began their assault on the position.



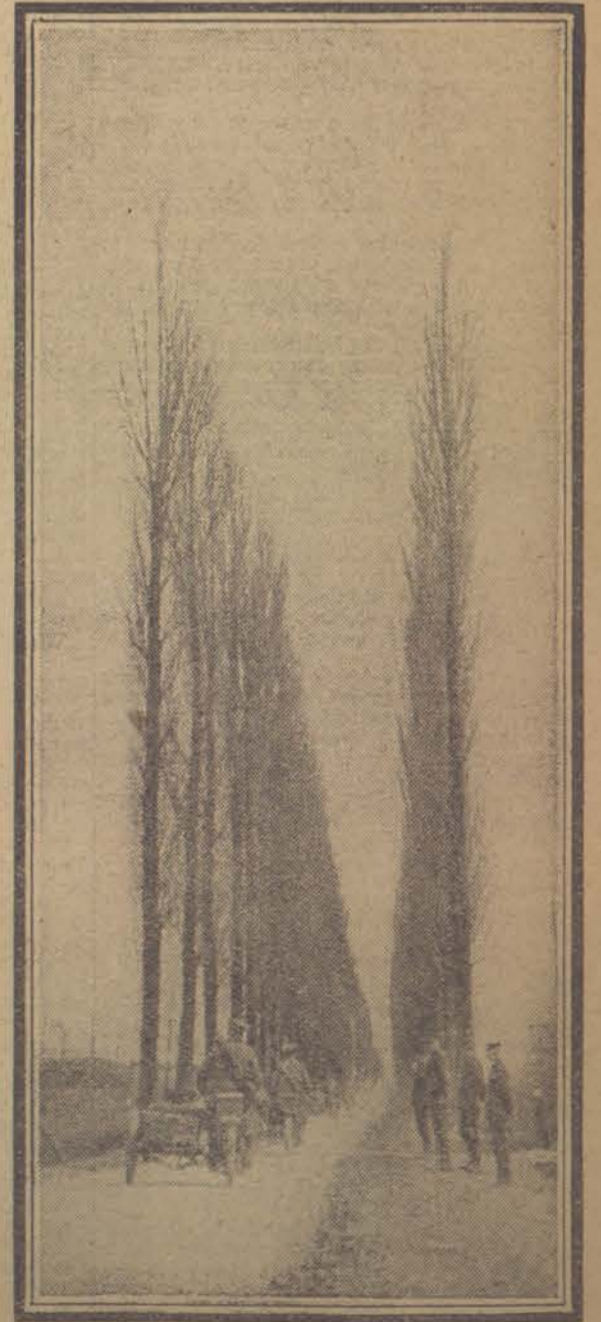
A bomb bursting in a dyke. So regularly did German bombs fall short of their mark that it was possible to judge the distance, and photograph them as they struck the water.



British trenches in the wood close to Hill 60.



A second-line billet so riddled by shrapnel fire that it had to be evacuated.



On the way to the firing line at Ypres.

This striking series of photographs, taken in the vicinity of Hill 60, reached the *Daily Sketch* yesterday just as the official reports tell us of the deadly struggle in progress for possession of the position. Unable to dislodge by fair fighting the tenacious British from his trenches on the hillside, the Germans have had to resort to the cowardly expedient of using poisonous gases.

HOW OUR ARMY LANDED IN THE DARDANELLES.

Crowded Boats Raked By Rifle And Maxim Fire.

THE GALLANT AUSTRALIANS.

Midshipmite Of 16 One Of The First Wounded.

BATTLE IN DENSE SCRUB.

From a cable message of more than 8,000 words received late last night and early this morning from Mr. Ellis Ashmead Bartlett, the Special Correspondent in the Dardanelles, we are able to give the following graphic account of the landing of the British Army and its first fight with the Turks.

H.M.S. London, in the Dardanelles, April 26.

Through the night of April 24 our squadron which was to land the covering force of the Australian contingent just north of Gaba Tepe steamed towards its destination.

At 1 a.m. the ships arrived off their appointed rendezvous, five miles from the landing place, and stopped. The soldiers were aroused from their slumbers and were served with a last hot meal.

At 1.20 a.m. the signal was given from the flagship to lower the boats, which had been left swinging from the davits throughout the night. Our steam pinnaces were also lowered to take them in tow. The troops fell in at their assigned places on the quarterdeck.

By the side of the soldiers the beach parties of our splendid bluejackets and marines were marshalled, arrayed in old white uniforms dyed khaki colour, and carrying the old rifle and old equipment.

These men were to take charge of the boats, steer them ashore, and row them to the beach when they were finally cast off by the towing pinnaces.

MIDSHIPMITES AND GIANTS.

Each boat was in charge of a young midshipman, many of whom have come straight from Dartmouth after a couple of terms, and now found themselves called upon to play a most difficult and dangerous role like men.

It was a strange contrast to see these youthful figures, clad in every kind of garment which could be scraped together for shore work, and carrying revolvers which appeared as big as themselves, standing side by side in the dim light with these giants from Australia.

At 2.5 a.m. the signal was given for the troops to embark in the boats which were lying alongside, and this was carried out with great rapidity, in absolute silence, and without a hitch or an accident of any kind.

No one could tell at the last minute what would happen. Would the enemy be surprised, or would he be ready on the alert to pour a terrible fire on the boats as they approached the beach?

Every eye and every glass was fixed on that grim looking line of hills in our front, so shapeless, yet so menacing, in the gloom.

For some time not a sound was heard, not a light was seen. It appeared as if the enemy had been completely surprised.

THE FIRST SHOTS.

Something definite did happen exactly at 4.50 a.m., when the enemy suddenly showed an alarm light, which flashed for ten minutes and then disappeared.

At 4.55 a.m. there suddenly came a very sharp burst of rifle fire from the beach, and we knew our men were at last at grips with the enemy.

I believe the sound came as a relief to the majority, as the suspense of this prolonged waiting had become intolerable.

The fire lasted only for a few minutes, and then was drowned by a faint British cheer wafted to us over the waters.

A few minutes later the fire intensified, and we could tell from the sound that our men were firing. It lasted until 5.23, and then died down somewhat. No one on board knew what was happening.

WOUNDED BUT HAPPY.

The first authentic news we received came with the return of our boats. A steam pinnace came alongside with two recumbent forms on her deck, and a small figure, pale but cheerful, and waving his hand, astern. They were one of our midshipmen, just 16 years of age, shot through the stomach, but regarding his injury more as a fitting consummation to a glorious holiday ashore than a wound, and a chief stoker and petty officer, all three wounded by that first burst of musketry, which caused many casualties in the boats just as they reached the beach.

All the boats had almost reached the beach when a party of Turks entrenched almost at the water's edge opened up a terrible fusillade from rifles and also from a maxim.

Fortunately most of the bullets went high, but nevertheless many men were hit as they huddled together forty or fifty in a boat.

ADVANCE AUSTRALIA!

It was a trying moment, but the Australian volunteers rose as a man to the occasion. They waited neither for orders nor for the boats to reach the beach, but, springing out into the sea, they



waded ashore, and, forming some sort of a rough line, rushed straight on the flashes of the enemy's rifles.

Their magazines were not even charged, so they just went in with the cold steel.

It was over in a minute. The Turks in this first trench were bayoneted or ran away, and a maxim gun was captured.

Then the Australians found themselves facing an almost perpendicular cliff of loose sandstone covered with thick shrubbery, and somewhere halfway up the enemy had a second trench, strongly held, from which they poured a terrible fire on the troops below, and the boats pulling back to the destroyers for the second landing party.

Here was a tough proposition to tackle in the darkness, but these Colonials are practical above all else, and they went about it in a practical way.

They stopped a few moments to pull themselves together, and to get rid of their packs, charged their magazines, and scaled the cliffs without responding to the enemy's fire.

They lost some men, but did not worry, and in less than a quarter of an hour the Turks were out of their second position, either bayoneted or in full flight.

THE SNIPER'S PARADISE.

It is an ideal country for irregular warfare, as the Australians and New Zealanders were soon to find to their cost.

You cannot see a yard in front of you, and so broken is the ground that the enemy's snipers were able to lie concealed within a few yards of lines of infantry without it being possible to locate them.

In the early part of the day very heavy casualties were suffered in the boats which conveyed the troops from the destroyers, tugs, and transports to the beach.

As soon as it became light the enemy's sharpshooters, hidden everywhere, simply concentrated their fire on the boats when they got close in.

The work of disembarking went on mechanically under this fire at almost point-blank range.

You saw the crowded boats cast off from the pinnaces, tugs, and destroyers, each laboriously pulled ashore by six or eight seamen. The moment it reached the beach the troops jumped out and doubled for cover to the foot of the bluffs over some forty yards of beach; but the gallant crews of the boats had then to pull them out under a dropping fire from a hundred points where the enemy's marksmen lay hidden amidst the sand and shrubs.

During the whole of April 25 the landing of troops, stores, and munitions had to be carried out under these conditions. When it became light the covering warships endeavoured to support the troops on shore by a heavy fire from their secondary armament, but at this time, the positions of the enemy being unknown, the support was necessarily more moral than real.

COLONIALS TOO IMPULSIVE.

The rôle assigned to the covering force was splendidly carried out up to a certain point, and a firm footing obtained on the crest of the ridge which allowed the disembarkation of the remainder of the force to go on uninterrupted, except for the reverberating sniping; but then the Australians, whose blood was up, instead of entrenching themselves and waiting developments, pushed northward and eastward inland in search of fresh enemies to tackle with the bayonet.

They were counter-attacked and almost outflanked by oncoming reserves, and had to fall back after suffering very heavy casualties.

As soon as the light became good the Turks enfiladed the beach with four field guns. This shrapnel fire was incessant and deadly.

In vain did the warships endeavour to put them out of action with their secondary armament. For some hours they could not be accurately located.

As the enemy brought up reinforcements towards dusk his attacks became more and more vigorous, and he was supported by a powerful artillery inland, with which the ships' guns were powerless to deal.

The pressure on the Australians and New Zealanders became heavier and heavier, and the line they were occupying had to be contracted for the night.

A serious problem was getting away the wounded from the shore. All those who were unable to hobble to the beach had to be carried down from the hills on stretchers, then hastily dressed, and carried to the boats.

VOLUNTEERS TO GUARD PRISONERS.

About 10,000 German prisoners are to be interned in a camp to be formed in the grounds of Alexandra Park, and local Volunteer corps are to supply the guard.

Preparations for the camp are progressing rapidly, and the men are expected to reach the Palace a week or two hence.

PREMIER'S STORY OF SUCCESS IN GALLIPOLI.

Trenches Carried At Point Blank Range On Open Beach.

COLONIALS DASHING ATTACK.

Mr. Asquith gave the following account in the House of Commons yesterday of the storming of the Dardanelles:—

It was decided to land at three main points—Cape Helles and Seddul Bahr.—Northern entrance to the strait.

Gaba Tepe.—About 13 miles north of the entrance, but on the outer shore of the Peninsula.

Kum Kale.—Southern entrance to the strait.

The landing on the Asiatic side was essential in order to silence the hostile batteries which interfered with the landing on the Gallipoli Peninsula.

At dawn on April 25—last Sunday week—a landing took place of troops, making use of six landing places.

The 29th Division disembarked at Seddul Bahr, the New Zealand and Australian Corps at Gaba Tepe, and the French forces at Kum Kale.

THE FIRST DAY'S WORK.

By the evening 29,000 men in all were disembarked. These forces were opposed by successive lines of infantry and artillery behind strong barbed wire entanglements.

The landing of the troops was successful, and they were able to take up a strong position and cover the disembarkation of the remaining division.

The leading brigade and the Australian and the New Zealand Corps, in command of General Broadwood, were landed at 4.30 on the evening of the 25th in absolute silence.

The enemy opened a heavy fire at point blank range, but the beach was rushed with vigour and the attack was carried with the utmost push.

The French force effected their landing at Kum Kale, and advanced with great gallantry.

The loss in this operation was necessarily very heavy, and included the death of Brigadier-General Napier, commanding the 88th Brigade.

RAVINES AND BARBED WIRE.

During the 26th (Monday week) the disembarkation was continued in face of continuous attacks by the enemy.

The 29th Division, in command of General Hunter, carried with great valour the Turkish position at Seddul Bahr, a position which included rocky ravines, ruined houses and wire entanglements.

On the evening of the 27th (Tuesday) the 29th Division was firmly established across the peninsula, had advanced two miles from the point of landing, and had joined the French troops, who, having fulfilled their task, crossed from the Asiatic side.

During the 28th and 29th (Wednesday and Thursday) further disembarkation of troops and stores took place, and by May 2 (last Sunday) further landings had been made, the Australian and New Zealand Corps had been reinforced and the positions everywhere consolidated.

The operations are being continued and pressed forward under highly satisfactory conditions. (Cheers.)

THE NURSE'S V.C.

Royal Red Cross Awarded As Sequel To Wreck Of The Rohilla.

In the Court Circular yesterday it was announced that Sister Mary B. Bennet had been decorated by the King at Buckingham Palace with the Royal Red Cross—the "Nurse's V.C."—which she won by her fine work at the wreck of the hospital ship Rohilla off Whitby in October.

There were only five women, four nurses and a stewardess, on board. When they were taken ashore they laboured gallantly to restore the ex-



SISTER MARY B. BENNET.

hausted and resuscitate the apparently drowned who had been rescued. The young nurse's skill was very prominent in this work.

Sister Mary Bennet entered the service in 1910 and is now nursing in the Garth Castle.

WHAT THE NEW GERMAN ATTACKS REALLY MEAN.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc To Discuss The Surprise Offensive And Its Effect.

FAMOUS STRATEGIST'S VIEWS.

Flags are flying throughout Germany in celebration of successes claimed on both fronts. The enemy are applying the word "decisive" to the operations on the Eastern front, and they are making claims nearly as big regarding the fighting in France and Belgium.

British people whose anxiety is aroused by these reports want a sound and reliable opinion on the meaning of the sudden German offensive, and its effect on the duration of the war. They could not do better than consult Mr. Hilaire Belloc, who has gained such a great reputation by his knowledge of strategy.

NEWEST WAR PHASES.

Mr. Belloc is such a busy man that he cannot give interviews to people who want points elucidated. But he can discuss the matter with you on Sunday through the medium of the *Illustrated Sunday Herald*. He will deal with the new phases of the war in an article written for next Sunday's *Herald*. It will be called "War's Alarms: Exaggerated hopes and fears," and it will be a contribution of very great importance.

Mr. Belloc foretold the new German offensive; he told us where it would be made, and he was right. Mr. Belloc is thus the best man to discuss the meaning of these movements, and you should not miss his article in the next issue of the *Illustrated Sunday Herald*.

KERNAHAN AND THE HANGER-BACK.

Mr. Coulson Kernahan, the famous writer, who has rendered valuable service as a recruiting officer, has written a powerful article for the *Illustrated Sunday Herald* on "The Man Who Hangs Back."

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome continues his remarkable series of articles in the *Herald*. His subject for next Sunday will be "Censuring the Censor: England's Friction and Confusion."

A character sketch of Mr. Lloyd George will be another very interesting feature in the *Herald*. It will be written by one who has come into close touch with the Chancellor, and will be a remarkable study.

The subjects of the greatest interest to women are specially dealt with in the *Illustrated Sunday Herald*, and the writers next Sunday will include Rebecca West, Kate Carew, and Patricia Pearson.

SOLDIER—DRAMATIST—ACTOR.

Mr. Miles Malleon Marries Lady Constance Annesley.

Mr. Miles Malleon, who is winning fame in the theatrical world both as a dramatist and actor, married Lady Constance Mary, younger daughter of Priscilla Countess Annesley and the late Lord Annesley, yesterday at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton.

Owing to the war the ceremony was of a quiet character, only a few friends being invited.

Lady Constance wore a dark blue travelling costume, and was given away by her mother.

Among the plays which the bridegroom has had produced are "A Man of Ideas," which was played at the Court, the Queen's, and the Vaudeville, and "Hide and Seek," which appeared at the Criterion. Other plays have been staged by the Glasgow Repertory Theatre, and a new play from his pen will shortly be presented at the Ambassadors.

Mr. Malleon has appeared on the stage himself. Recently he had a part in "Interlopers" at the Royalty, and will appear shortly at the Little Theatre.

For some time he has been serving with the Royal Fusiliers at Malta, but recently returned home with an injured foot.

A GLADSTONE MISSING.

Lieut. Charles Andrew Gladstone, who is reported as missing since April 30, is a grandson of the "Grand Old Man" and a cousin of Lieut. W. G. C. Gladstone, M.P., who was killed at the front a short time ago. A member of the Intelligence Department, he was attached to the Royal Flying Corps. He was a master at Eton College and an Oxford Blue.



ARRANGING THE DRINK DUTIES.

Mr. Lloyd George in the Commons yesterday said he was sanguine that there would be an arrangement in regard to the proposed new duties which would satisfy all parties. Some progress had already been made with the negotiations. He hoped to make a definite announcement to-day.

Mr. Bonar Law said he was prepared to fall in with the suggestion of the Chancellor.

MORE WAGES FOR MINERS.

The Prime Minister yesterday informed the Miners' Federation that they have made out a prima facie case for an increase in wages. The amount is to be determined by existing committees; and falling this within a week an umpire is to be selected by the Government.

JUST GATHERED.



A window-blind beading appears on a gathered skirt, which also shows a transparent lace hem.—(Francois.)

CORRUGATED.



A new linen collar has eccentric turn-back wings, and is fluted nearly all the way round.—(Francois.)

ON THE STAGE.



This is Jack Norworth as he appears in "Rosy Rapture" at the Duke of York's.—(Foulsham and Banfield.)

A SERGEANT AT THIRTEEN.



Sergt. Nicholas Smirnoff is only thirteen, but he has been wounded twice, and wears the Cross of St. George.

A NEW ELSIE JANIS.



This is Esie Janis, the star of "The Passing Show," wearing a new full skirt in her old-world garden.

FOOLHARDINESS! THAT IS, IF THE BOTTLE IS FULL.



A Caucasian soldier amuses his comrades by a curious sabre dance what time he balances a bottle of wine on his head. A risky trick.

"ONE BOOK STANDS OUT ABOVE EVERYTHING ELSE I HAVE READ. THIS IS NELSON'S 'HISTORY OF THE WAR,' BY JOHN BUCHAN."—Mr. C. K. Shorter on War Histories in *The Sphere*.

NELSON'S HISTORY of the WAR
By JOHN BUCHAN,
is being published in Monthly Cloth Volumes.

Vol. III. NOW READY. 1/- net.

Major - General Sir FRANCIS LLOYD, Commanding the London District, speaking at a largely attended Recruiting Meeting in EAST LONDON, on April 14th, mentioned the graphic description of the fighting in Nelson's "History of the War," and said, "This book ought to be in the hands of everybody and in every public library."

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Is Up-to-Date Shaving for Sensitive Skins. Trial Free.

Prepare razor. Dip brush in hot water, and rub on Cuticura Soap (see cut). Then make lather on face and rub in for a moment with fingers. Make a second lathering and shave. Rub bit of Cuticura Ointment over shaven parts (and on scalp if any dandruff or itching) and wash all off with Cuticura Soap and hot water, shampooing same time. One soap for all-shaving, shampooing, bathing and toilet. It's velvet for sensitive skins and preventive. No slimy mug. No germs. No waste of time or money. Free sample each if you wish. Address post-card, F. Newbery and Sons, 27, Charterhouse-square, London, E.C. Sold throughout the world.

SORE FEET

LET Hardcastle's Balm of Gilead relieve you of the torture and suffering caused by sore and tender feet. One application soothes and heals, and daily repetition for a short period altogether cures you of that aching soreness which makes walking a toil instead of a pleasure. Send your soldier friends a box.

HARDCASTLE'S BALM OF GILEAD

A Sovereign Balm for Every Wound.

FOR CUTS, ECZEMA, PILES, BAD LEGS, SORE FEET, BURNS AND ALL SKIN TROUBLES. PAINFUL HEEL. Saltburn, March 11, 1915. Kindly send 1s. 1/6 box of your Balm of Gilead. I may say this fine salve is the best thing I've ever used. I had a very painful heel, and could hardly walk—after one application it was cured.—W.W.

FREE SAMPLE

The Proprietors will send you a free sample on receipt of 2d. stamps to cover packing and postage. Write for it to-day, stating your local Chemist's name and address, to W. HARDCASTLE & SONS, The Laboratory, STOCKTON-ON-TES. Sold by Boots', Taylor's, and all Chemists and Stores, at 1/12, 2/9, and 4/6 a box. If you cannot obtain, write direct to the Proprietors, enclosing P.O.

THE TREATMENT OF PRISONERS.

THERE will be so many scores to reckon up with Germany after the war that, I am afraid, many accounts will go unpaid, or will be written off as bad debts. But we must see to it that the case of the British prisoners in Germany is placed prominently on the list of debts to be paid at all costs. The situation has been confused by German trickery. We only hear a few revelations of the awful things that are going on. The worst deeds are cunningly concealed, and many of the victims may never live through the war to bear witness against their torturers.

IN treating with German atrocities it is a safe rule to assume that they are officially inspired, and that they are extensively adopted. Thus if we hear of a single British prisoner being deliberately ill-treated we can conclude that, as far as is convenient for German purposes, this is a general practice officially sanctioned. It is on this basis that the British Government must establish its system of punishment. Instead of directing attention to the stupid minions who automatically obey the most infamous orders, we must aim at the authors, and we must aim very high, so as to get at the prime movers in this crime.

IT will really be a case of settling accounts with the Kaiser, his staff, and the German Government. In this respect the present war will stand out in strange contrast with other wars. The enemy who stooped to the torture of prisoners, to the murder of non-combatants, to the use of suffocating gas, to the poisoning of water—is no ordinary enemy, and the Allies should make it very clear that extraordinary treatment will be meted out to him as punishment after the war.

BUT meanwhile the case of the British prisoners is so urgent that stronger pressure must be brought on Germany than that resulting from after-war threats. The enemy is by no means at his last gasp, and the men responsible for the cruelties to prisoners probably feel quite secure from reprisals which will hurt them personally. There is a good deal of selfishness in the German military caste, and its self-conceit is very strong. To bring these men to any sense of fair treatment for our prisoners we require to exert pressure on them as directly as possible.

THE British Government is in the difficult position of not being able to apply this direct pressure. We cannot compete with Germany in a tit-for-tat contest in the torture of prisoners. Germany would beat us hollow in brutality. But it is strange that more is not done in the direction of exerting pressure through the wealthy and influential Germans whom we have amongst us. It is not a matter of torturing these men, but of giving them plainly to understand that we hold them and their property in bail for the good behaviour of Germany towards British prisoners. As earnest of our intention, pressure in various ways could be judiciously applied, especially through that highly sensitive financial nerve, which is so near the German's skin. We could be quite sure that the pain would be transmitted quickly to Berlin, and produce an effect there.

AT this critical time when the issue of the war is at stake, and when we are fighting to save our prisoners in Germany, mischievous bodies like the National Peace Council hold meetings to discuss friendly "terms of settlement" with Germany so as to end the war. So monstrous is the action of these peace prattlers that I am not surprised to learn that the President of the National Peace Council, Lord Channing of Wellingborough, has resigned his position. He realises now that there is only one way of dealing with Germany. To talk of settlement by mutual consent with a race of murderers, poisoners, and torturers is to condone the abominable crimes they have wrought, and are still planning.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Echoes of Town and Round About

India's Hero-Viceroy.

PEOPLE ask whether Lord Hardinge will remain on in India after November, when his term expires. He has proved to be a hero in his fateful five years of office. Three years ago he was nearly killed by a bomb; then he lost his wife, who had proved her bravery and devotion so nobly; and later was bereaved by the war. Assailed by such tragedies few would have persevered as he has done.

Lord Hardinge's Challenge.

AFTER his recovery from the injuries he received in Delhi a Bombay journalist cabled home that Lord Hardinge would have to retire. A month later, in a speech, his Excellency challenged the writer to undertake the same strenuous time in sport and work that he had put in during the preceding fortnight. The challenge was not accepted.

Better Than Barley Water.

THE BISHOP OF WILLESDEN must keep an eye on that £5 with which he is supporting his opinion that men have not got drunk on ginger beer. A reader who appears to know—I can't say how—assures me that there is plenty of home-brewed ginger beer containing as much alcohol as Guinness's stout. Of course, this cannot be purchased from a respectable maker, who must not exceed 3 per cent. But the Excise people, I am assured, have often found as much as 11 per cent.

A "Blues" Book.

THE DIFFERENT OPINIONS expressed as to the harmfulness or otherwise of whisky reminds me of the expert evidence given on the Adulteration Committee some years ago. A witness—purely in the interest of science, of course—sampled all the good and bad liquor he could procure, including American "forty rod" whisky, "British brandy," "Jamaica rum" (made in Germany) and "Derby Day champagne," and carefully noted their effects on him "on the morning after the night before." These experiences he related to the sympathetic committee, who smacked their lips and buried the account of his sacrifice in a blue book.

Millionaire Captain Wounded.

THIS is Captain J. A. Morrison, of the Grenadier Guards and great wealth—you remember the Morrison millions—whose name figures in the list of wounded. Before he retired and was for a time M.P. for South Wiltshire and East Nottingham, he saw much active service. He was present at the battle which overthrew the Khalifa in the advance on Khartoum, and in South Africa in the Magersfontein action. He rejoined from the

Reserve of Officers for this war. I met him at dinner once or twice three or four years ago. My chief recollection is a tremendous hand grasp. I feel it still.

"Zangwill, Junior."
I CALLED in the other day at the Prize Court to see how the Ophelia case was getting on. Sam Evans was bland and courteous and full of information. The interpreter, looking like Zangwill's younger brother, was having the time of his life. The officer in charge of the escort dropped his sword with a clatter, and a crowded Court thought it was all done to amuse them. The lieutenant's collar amused me right enough. It was three inches high, and made him look almost like the Clown Prince.

British Courtesy.

EXCEPT for the curiosity of the public there was nothing to show that the officers were prisoners at all as they sat in Court chatting to their legal adviser. Everybody was polite to them, particularly the judge. The only man who showed any signs of acerbity was the interpreter, but the German tongue is enough to annoy anybody.

Sun v. Censor.

HERE'S a HINT for the Censor's department. The other day a letter was received from a neutral country. It had been censored, but it happened that the letter was read out of doors, and that the day was bright and sunny. Under the sun's rays the censored passages were easily decipherable. They weren't anything very important—but they might have been.

His Reason.

A NUMBER of farmers were gathered together on market day in the bar of a hostelry in a market town in an agricultural county comparatively little affected by the European conflict. Amongst them was a popular and stalwart young farmer, laughing and drinking with the rest. Said the landlord to him, with good-humoured candour: "Well, my son, and what's your reason for not enlisting?" "The war," was the instant response, amid shouts of merriment. But an indignant patriot repeated the tale to the recruiting sergeant, who is now waiting for next market day to pounce on the humorist.

"Recruits" To Fall Back On.

ONE OF THE STAFF dealing with terms sent in to the Parliamentary Recruiting Committee has been telling me of some of the humours of the work. On one paper, under "Remarks," a lengthy account was given of an "unkle" who—apart from the fact that he was in prison—was a "fine fighting man." Another ultra-patriotic householder entered as willing to enlist his grandfather, aged seventy-eight, and grandmother, aged seventy-three.

Lady Winifred Gore.

NOT ALL the amateur nurses the war has brought forth deserve the hard things that have been said of them in certain quarters. Many of these ladies have highly technical knowledge and practical experience in medical matters, and have thoughts far above being photographed in a nurse's uniform. Lady Winifred Gore, for instance, is a highly capable nurse. I hear she is at present nursing the wounded at Princess

Henry of Battenberg's hospital in Hill-street, Berkeley-square. Previously she was busy with the same merciful work down at Guildford, where her home is.

A Serbian Claim.

IVAN MESHTROVITCH, the great Serbian sculptor, has arrived from Paris. He has come to London to make his work known to the English nation, and intends to give an exhibition at the end of the month at the South Kensington Museum, which has been placed at his disposal by the British Government. The Serbians claim that the work of their sculptor is second only to that of Michael Angelo.

The Lonely Soldier.

MY YOUNG FRIEND Paul was winged at Neuve Chapelle, and is rather unbearable in his anxiety to get back again. But his story of the spare time of his servant Ginger fascinated me. Ginger was interminably writing, until Paul asked him whatever he was about. "Well, you see," said Ginger, "I'm a lonely soldier, and my private correspondence occupies all my spare time."

Bright Idea.

UP IN NORTON FOLGATE—I wonder how many of you know where that is—they have a recruiting idea which is quite bright.

"Change Here For The Front."

OVER THE DOOR of the recruiting offices is a sign in imitation of the red and white target arrangement which tells you the stations on the Underground. Only instead of a place name the wording is—"Change Here for the Front." When once you have been to Norton Folgate you certainly feel like changing for somewhere.

A Mayfair Tragedy.

A NOT PARTICULARLY obscure, if somewhat impecunious, friend met a clerk from his former solicitors in the hall the other night, and greeted the man affably. "If you had been anyone else's clerk you would not have got past my servant, but he knows your face," smiled the impecunious one. "This is the season when I am bombarded with writs!" The clerk, almost inarticulate, attempted to speak. He managed to say at last: "I'm very sorry! I'm no longer with the old firm!" Whereupon he withdrew a writ from his pocket, pressed it upon my friend, and fled!

Trench Dinners.

I HEAR THAT the Montmartre restaurateurs are waking up, and devising novelties. One fellow has had a trench dug behind his place, and for two francs one may dine as in the trenches, and by candle-light.

Who Will Succeed Neil Forsyth?

THERE ARE very definite rumours about poor Neil Forsyth's successor at Covent Garden. The appointment will probably fall to a well-known figure in theatrical London with whom many people would not have associated operative doings. But for the present "mum's the word."

A Striking Hawtreay Part.

ONE CANNOT help feeling that people who write plays produced by Charles Hawtreay never take their eyes off the principal figure—Hawtreay himself. For Hawtreay always is himself, and is very charming self, too, so this sort of thing really doesn't matter at all. He is invariably

the man of great fascination and many little failings which only serve to enhance that fascination. For years Hawtreay had to be a liar. He doesn't lie much in "Striking," the new farce of Paul Rubens and Gladys Unger, which gave me an amusing hour or two at the Apollo on Wednesday night.

Laziest Man On Earth.

INSTEAD, he is the laziest man on earth, and a peer. He can't do anything for himself, and calls weakly for his valet, Snaith (splendid name—Snaith), at every possible moment. Away from a telephone he is perfectly miserable.

In "Shorts."

BUT SOMETHING comes along to buck him up, and it is love. He proposes to a little Scotch girl (Hilda Trevelyan—who brings with her a whiff of "What Every Woman Knows"), and is refused. So he starts doing things for himself, and a general strike doesn't make this very difficult. Hawtreay running round a table in "shorts"—he was supposed to have been a Cambridge blue in more active days—got a huge laugh.

A Lottie Venne Part.

FOR THE rest "Striking" doesn't amount to much. But it is full of witty lines, and Miss Lottie Venne is, as usual, an immense asset. Like Hawtreay, she seems destined to play the same type of part to the end of her days. The reception was very friendly. Lady Alexander was in a box and Marie Löhr, with her husband, was in the stalls. So much for "Striking." I wonder how many people thought of Galsworthy's strike play, "Strife."

The A.B. Club.

AN ARTHUR BOURCHIER DRAMATIC CLUB has just been formed, and it held its inaugural celebration at the Eustace Miles Restaurant one night last week. I understand the burly A.B. was not present himself to give the function his blessing. I can't quite picture him wrestling with a nut-steak or dining off a couple of proteid biscuits and a banana.

Ciro's And Its Music.

CLOSE UPON my comment on the deafening din of the music at Giro's comes the statement from "somewhere in Orange-street" that Melville Gideon will play the piano at dinner-time nightly on and after next Sunday. This is good news. For one thing, one man at a piano can't possibly make very much noise. For another, Gideon is a really excellent pianist when he wants to be. But the seven thundering coons will bang away at supper-time.

Big Canadians.

LONDON is full of Canadians again. They are a fine burly set of men, and an expert tells me that the average height is an inch and a half in excess of that of the first batch.

Watch Your Step.

SOME leisurely individual has been studying the length of soldiers' steps in the Armies of the various belligerents. As far as the Allies are concerned, the British "Tommy" comes first with 31½ inches. The French soldier steps 29 inches, and the Russian only 27½. The German steps about 30 inches high—which, of course, is goose-like.

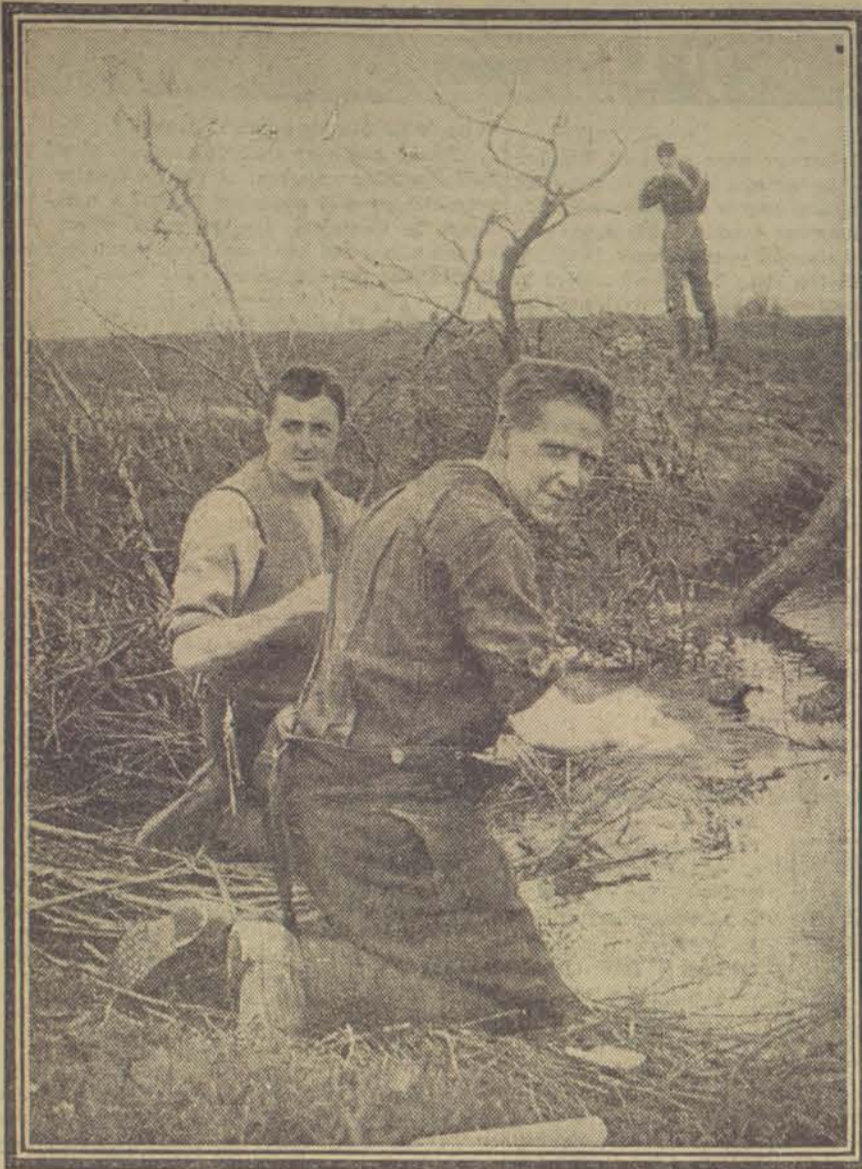
A Camp "Joke."

AN amusing yarn has reached me of a camp held recently by two earnest corps of volunteers "somewhere near London." The one corps—for a joke—plotted a night raid; but the other corps, happening to get wind of it, was exceedingly indignant at the prospect of a broken night's rest. When the raiders appeared, therefore, it was to find their attack taken so seriously that several of them had to parade the next day in bandages.

MR. COSSIP.



TERRITORIALS SHARE THE GLORY AND THE DANGERS IN



Queen Victoria Rifles—London Territorials—wash in a stream near Hill 60. They are in the thick of the fighting.



Captain Herd, of the 2nd Welsh, sleeps side by side with Private Murphy, of the Royal Munster Fusiliers. The two soldiers had just placed fresh flowers on the graves.



A real war baby—born in the trenches. He is the children's pet in hospital.



Lieut. J. Nicholls, Queen Victoria Rifles, wounded at Hill 60.—(Claude Harris.)

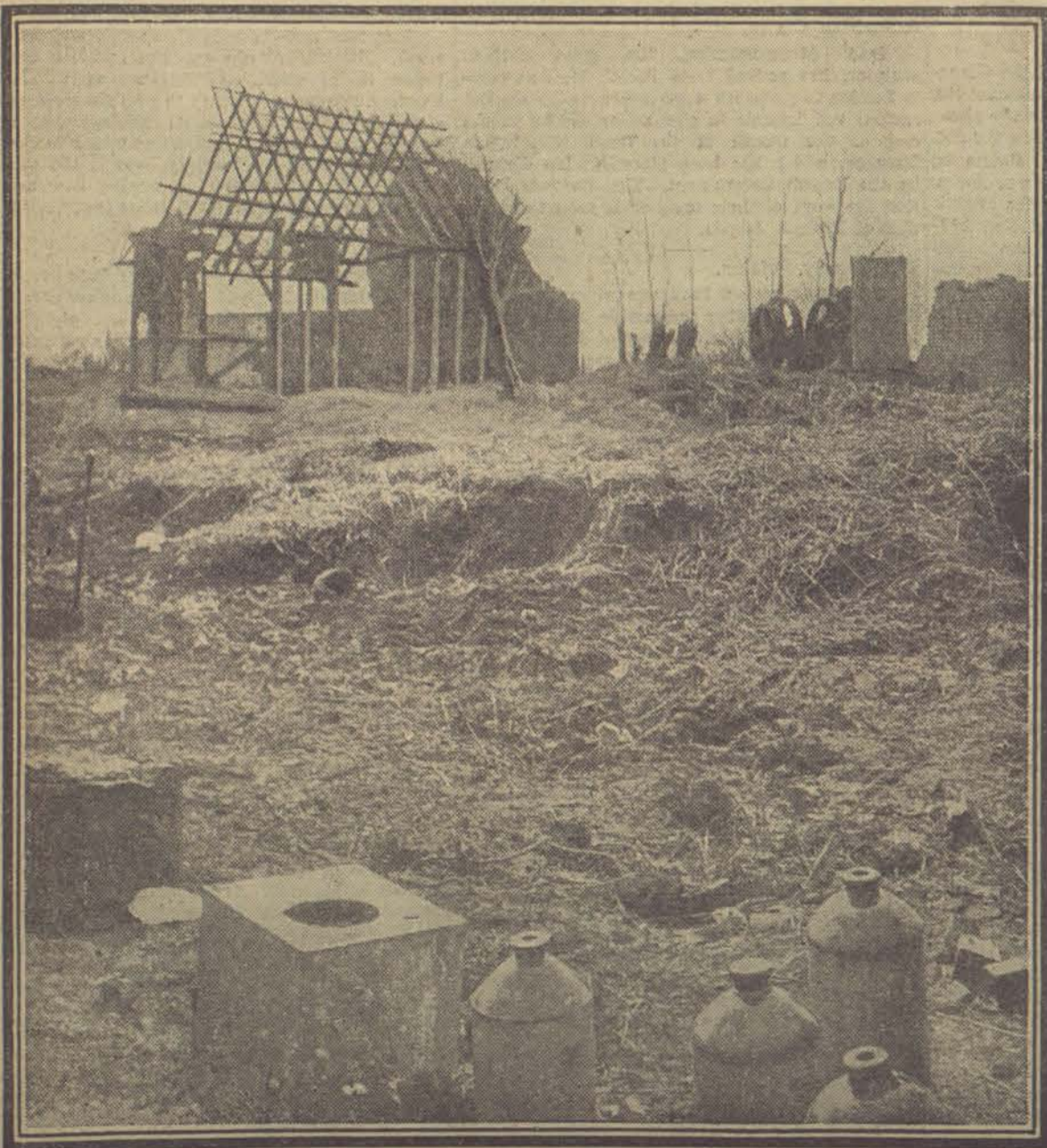


The Scots Guardsman takes a glimpse of the famous hill.

HOW THE GERMANS SEND THEIR CLOUDS



The German "poison-belt." Clouds of asphyxiating gases roll over the trenches, compelling the Zouaves and Turcos to retreat.



All that was left of a farm wrested from the Germans. The bottles do not mean our men have had a good time, but are the accumulation of days.



Private Tucker, Rifle Brigade, sniped 20 Germans at Hill 60 before being wounded. He is the children's pet in hospital.



It is war, and the church as well as the brewery is wrecked by the enemy.

THE DEADLY STRUGGLE FOR THE RE-CAPTURE OF HILL 60.



within sound of the
ance.

Among the pathetic sights to be seen at the front are the wayside graves of our soldiers. On many comrades have placed images of our Lord and the Virgin Mary.

OF DEATH INTO THE ENEMY TRENCHES.

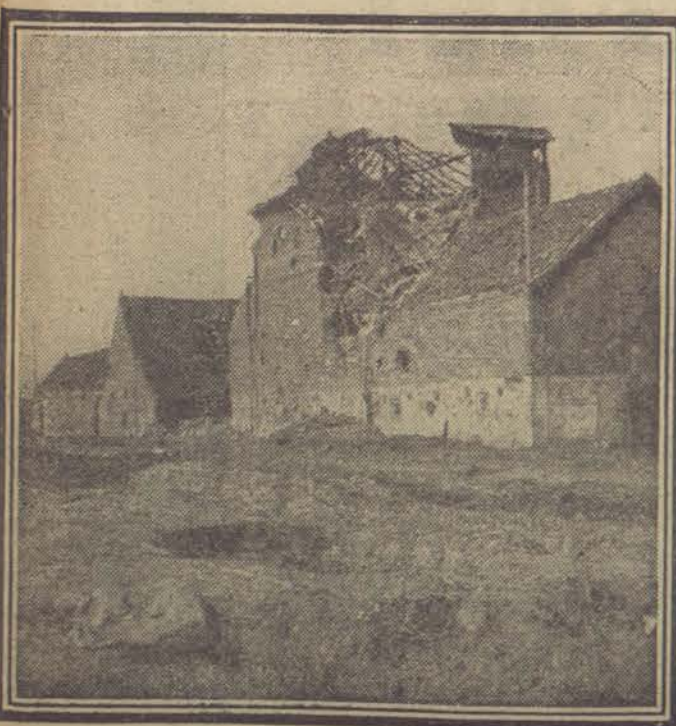


Lieut.-Col. H. L. Reed, a Colenso V.C., wounded near Ypres.—(Maul and Fox.)

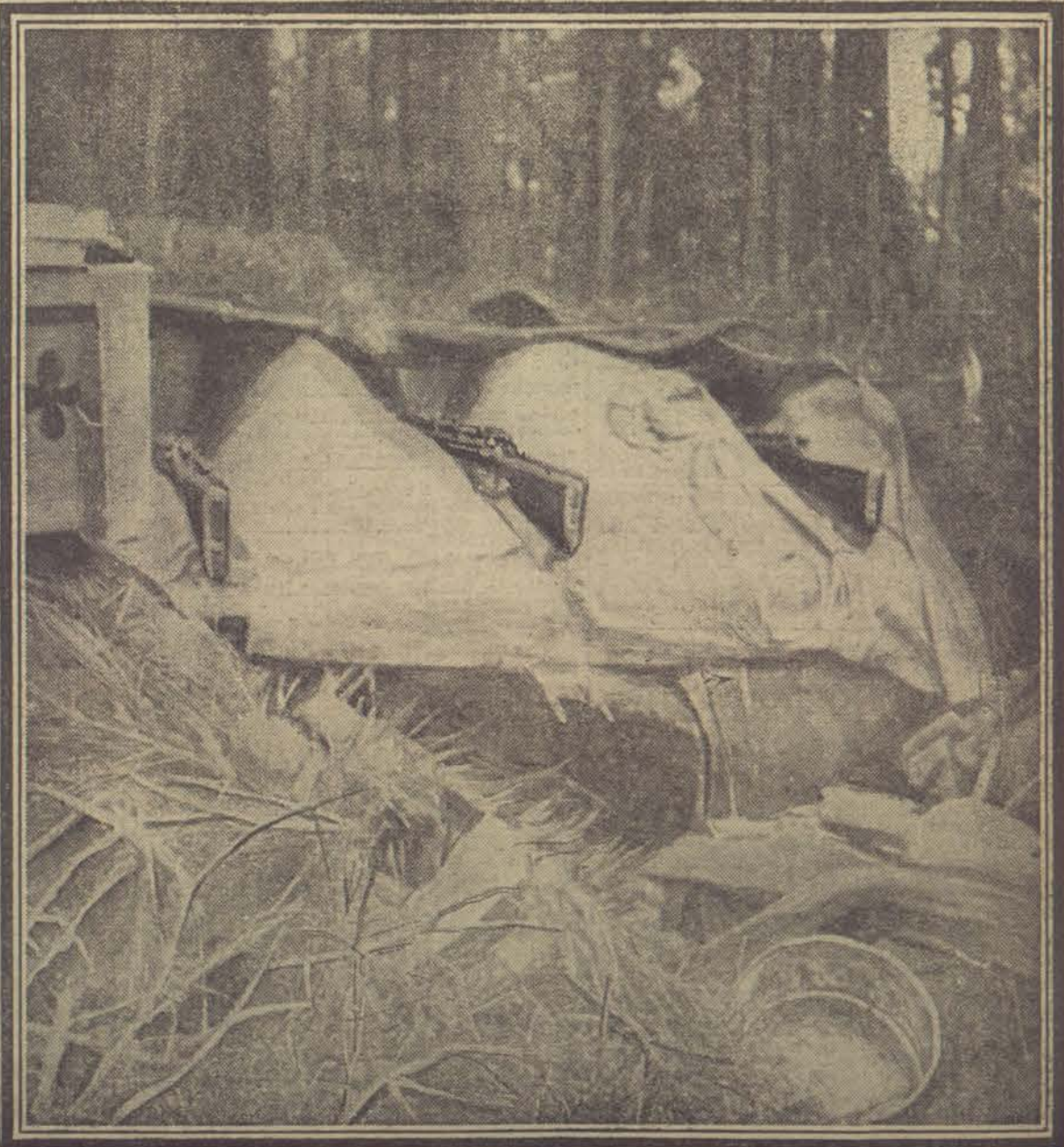
London Scottish in front line trenches—made of sandbags and props—in the woods near Hill 60.

A London Scot peeps through a hole made by a shell.

ed by the Germans can be seen rolling towards the French
(From a colour-sketch in the *Illustrated London News*.)



From this post the sniper could fire right into the German trenches at "60." The building is all that is left of a farmhouse.



This is a British trench in the Klein Zillebeke woods, from which our men emerged on their charge up the hill. It is in a state of complete preparedness.

enemy's shells. The church is at Givenchy and the brewery at s.

A CLEAR SKIN

is Assured by
the use of
VEN-YUSA



VEN-YUSA appeals to all ladies who find the spring-time so threatening to their personal appearance. The novel feature of this beautifully refined preparation is its power to impart beauty and health to the skin by the help of oxygen which is liberated when the cream is gently rubbed in.

Ven-Yusa refreshes and beautifies like the pure country air. It preserves the rose-like bloom and youthful texture of the skin. Ven-Yusa keeps back the tell-tale lines of age and worry, and gives that finishing touch to the complexion without which no beauty ensemble is complete.

Ven-Yusa is the natural remedy for roughness, smarting and all skin discomforts.



YOU CAN TEST THIS NOVEL BEAUTIFIER FREE.

Anyone can test VEN-YUSA free of cost, before purchasing a jar. Simply cut out this paragraph from the "Daily Sketch" 7-5-15, and forward it with name and address and two penny stamps (to cover postage and packing) to C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds, who will send, by return, a miniature trial jar of VEN-YUSA. Full-size jars, sold by Chemists and Perfumers, cost 1/- each.



I've got MY eye on May 14!

May 14 is NEXT FRIDAY—next Friday the Perfect Margarine Advertisement will contain an EXTRA SPECIAL OFFER.

Perfect Margarine is, of course, a special offer in itself, as thousands of wise "home-managers" are swiftly finding out—so delicious is it, so economical, so excellent in quality and value.

No matter where you go or what you pay, you will never buy a better-value food than

PERFECT MARGARINE

DOUBLE WEIGHT **1/-** or 1 lb. for 6d.

Freshly Churned from Nuts and Milk. Remember our Special Offer May 14!

HOME & COLONIAL STORES LIMITED

THEATRES
A DELPHI THEATRE, Strand.—TO-NIGHT at 8. Mr. George Edwardes' Revival, **VERONIQUE**. A Comic Opera. **MATINEES WEDS. and SATS.**, at 2. **BOX OFFICE** (2645 and 8896 Gerrard), 10 to 10.
ALDWYCH. **FLODODORA.** Last 3 Performances To-night at 7.45; To-morrow at 2.15 and 7.45. **MISS EVIE GREENE** as **DOLORES**. Gallery ed. Pit 1s. Booked Seats, 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 4s., 5s., 6s., 7s., 8d.
AMBASSADORS.—To-night at 9 (subsequent 10.30). **Mlle. Eve Lavalliere**. Preceded at 8.30 by **Mdme. HANAKO** in **OYA! OYA!** **ODDS AND ENDS** Revue, by Harry Gratton, at 9.40. **Mats.** To-morrow and Thursday, at 2.30.
A POLLO. **EVENINGS** at 8.30. Mr. Charles Hawtreys' Production **STRIKING!** A Farical Romance. At 8, Mr. Charles Cory. **Mats. Weds. and Sats.**, at 2.
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 EDWARDES' New Production. TO-NIGHT at 8. **Mats. Wed. and Sat.**, at 2. **BOX OFFICE**, 10 to 10. **Tel.**, Gerrard 201.
DRURY LANE. **SEALED ORDERS.** To-night at 7.30. **Mats. Wed. and Sats.**, 1.45. **MARIE HILKINGTON, C. M. HALLARD, EDWARD SASS.** **BOX OFFICE** Gerrard 2588. **Special Prices**, 7s. 6d. to 1s.
DUKE OF YORK'S. **EVERY EVENING** at 9. **CHARLES FROHMAN** presents **Mlle. GABY DESLYS** in **ROSY RAPTURE**. Preceded at 8.15 by **THE NEW WORD**. Both plays by **J. M. BARRIE**. **MATINEE EVERY THURSDAY and SATURDAY**, at 2.30.
GALEITY. TO-NIGHT'S THE NIGHT. New Musical Play. **NIGHTLY** at 8.15. **Mr. George Grosmith's** and **Mr. Edward Laurillard's** production. **Mats. Wed. and Sat.**, at 2.15.
GARRICK (Ger. 8513). **YVONNE ARNAUD.** **Evenings** at 8.30. **Mats. Weds. Thurs. Sats.**, 2.30. **"THE GIRL IN THE TAXI"**. **YVONNE ARNAUD** as "Suzanna".
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.** **Evenings** at 8.30. **Mats. Weds. Thurs. Sats.**, 2.30. At 8, **FIVE BIRDS IN A CAGE**. **Henry Ainley, Ellis Jeffreys, and Godfrey Tearle.**
HIS MAJESTY'S.—Proprietor, Sir Herbert Tree. **EVERY EVENING** at 8.15. A New Play, in Four Acts, from the French of M. Frondaie, entitled **THE RIGHT TO KILL**. Adapted by Gilbert Cannan and Frances Keizer. Scene—in Constantinople. **HERBERT TREE**. **ARTHUR BOURCHIER.** **IRENE VANBRUGH.** **MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY**, 2.15. **Box-office open** 10 to 10. **Tel.**, Gerr. 1777.
KINGSWAY. **Liverpool Commonwealth Co.** To-night at 8.15. **Sat.**, 2.30 and 8.15. **NOBODY LOVES ME**, by Robert Elton. **Tel.**, Gerr. 4032. **Mon., Tues.**, at 8.15. **Wed.**, at 2.30 and 8.15. **TRELAWNY OF THE "WELLS"**, by Sir Arthur Pinero.
LYRIC. TO-NIGHT at 8.15. "ON TRIAL." **MAT. WEDS. and SATS.**, at 2.30. **Box Office** 10 to 10.
PRINCE OF WALES. TO-NIGHT at 8.45. "WHO'S THE LADY?" Preceded at 8.15 by "The Touch of Truth." **MATINEES WEDS. and SATS.** (both plays) at 2.15.

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 RADIE** in **THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME.** TO-NIGHT at 8.15. **Mats. Weds. Thurs. and Sats.**, at 2.30. **Box Office** (Gerrard 3903) 10 to 10.
ST. JAMES'S. **SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER.** Last 2 Nights at 8.30 (Final Performance To-morrow Evg.). **THE PANORAMA OF YOUTH.** By J. Hartley Manners.
SAVOY THEATRE. **MR. H. B. IRVING.** At 9, **SEARCHLIGHTS**, by H. A. Vachell. At 8.30, "Keeping Up Appearances," by W. W. Jacobs. **Mats. Weds. Thurs. and Sat.**, at 2.30. **Tel.**, Ger. 2602.
SCALA, W. **TWICE DAILY**, 2.30 and 8. **WITH THE FIGHTING FORCES OF EUROPE**, in **KINEMACOLOR**, including **The East Coast Air Raid**, **Sinking of the Blucher**, **North Sea Battle**, **Italian Army**, etc.
SHAFTESBURY. **Tel.**, Ger. 6666. **Lessee and Manager, Mr. Robert Courtneidge.** **OPERA IN ENGLISH.** TO-NIGHT at 8. **RIGOLETTO** (First time). **Saturday Matinee** at 2. **MADAME BUTTERFLY.** **Saturday Evening** **LA BOHEME.** **Box Office** 10 to 10. **Prices** 7s. 6d., 5s., 4s., 3s., 2s., 1s. 6d., 1s.
STRAND. TO-NIGHT at 8. **JULIA NEILSON and FRED TERRY.** **Mats. Wed. and Sat.**, at 2.30. **Tel.**, Ger. 5830.
VAUDEVILLE. **BABY MINE.** **Evenings** at 8.45. **Mats. Weds. and Sats.**, at 2.30. **WEEDON GROSSMITH.** **IRIS HOEY.** At 8.15, **Miss Nora Johnston** in **Musical Milestones.**
WYNDHAM'S. "RAFFLES." **Every Evening** at 8.30. **GERALD du MAURIER** as "RAFFLES." **Mats. Wed. Thurs. and Sat.**, at 2.30.
VARIETIES.
ALHAMBRA.—"5064 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 Sats.). **Sir Douglas Mawson's** Moving Picture Story, "THE HOME OF THE BLIZZARD."
COLISEUM.—**TWICE DAILY** at 2.30 and 8 p.m. **Mlle. GENEE** in "Robert Le Diable"; **JAMES WELCH** and **CO.** in "JUDGED BY APPEARANCES"; **LENA ASHWELL** and **CO.** in "THE DEBT"; **SUZANNE SHELDON**; **G. H. ELLIOTT**, etc., etc. **Tel.**, Ger. 7541.
EMPIRE. **WATCH YOUR STEP.** **Evenings** 8.40. **Mat. Sat. Next**, 2.15. **GEORGE GRAVES, ETHEL LEVEY, JOSEPH COYNE, Dorothy Minto, Blanche Tomlin, Ivy Shilling, Phyllis Bedala, Lupino Lane**, etc. Preceded at 8.0 by "The Vine".
HIPPODROME, LONDON.—Closed for Rehearsals of the gorgeous new production "PUSH AND GO." Which will be produced Monday next, 10th, at 8 p.m., and then twice daily. **Star Cast** and **Mammoth Beauty Chorus.** **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 5s. (Mayfair 1545).
PALACE.—"THE PASSING SHOW OF 1915," at 8.55, with **ELSIE JANES.** **ARTHUR PLAYFAIR, BASIL HALLAM, NELSON KEYS, GWENDOLINE BROGDEN**, etc. **Varieties** at 8. **MATINEE WEDS. and SATS.**, at 2.
PALLADIUM.—6.10 and 9. **MATINEES MON., WED. and SAT.**, at 2.30. **MARIE LLOYD, GEO. ROBEY, BILLY MEESON, IRMA LORRAINE, BERT COOTE, BABY LANGLEY and SISTERS**, etc. For other Amusements see page 10.



Sister Susie's

Sending Sweets to Soldiers,
For Susie's just as jolly as she looks.
From the trenches came a letter
Saying "You couldn't please us better"
For the Sweet that Susie sent
was "Toffee de Luxe."
Send some to your soldier or sailor.

All About the Under-Blouse.

THE under-blouse looks one of the most luxurious items in the modern wardrobe, but actually its introduction has meant a saving to many clever-fingered women because it can so easily be made at home from a few odd lengths of ribbon, lace, nainsook or crepe-de-chine. In addition, the "under-blouse" "makes" the simple blouse of clear lawn or thin crepe-de-chine

bottom with filet lace and threaded with pale wistaria blue ribbon.

Filet lace mainly composes the second under-blouse with the help of pink ribbon. The double shoulder straps are held together on the shoulder by circles of tiny roses, which again appear on the front.

An embroidered band of ivory crepe-de-chine is headed with a little frill of ivory net in the third



A trio of dainty examples of the under-blouse.

which would otherwise have no distinction. For the under-blouse is not, like its ancestress the camisole, too intimate an affair to be seen, and with the coming of the hot weather gown of clear muslin will be more than ever in demand.

The first of the three under-blouses shown in the sketch is of white nainsook, edged top and

example, and below it comes the same crepe-de-chine with inserted strips of valenciennes. Mauve ribbons tie on the shoulders.

All these under-blouses are held at the waist by a ribbon drawn through slotted insertion, but the home needlewoman who likes to get things done quickly will find it quite practical simply to run a hem for elastic.

THIN BLOOD AND INDIGESTION.

Thin-blooded people generally have stomach trouble. They seldom recognise the fact that thin blood is the cause of their indigestion, but it is.

Thin blood is one of the most common causes of stomach trouble; it affects the digestion very quickly. The glands that furnish the digestive fluids are diminished in their activity, the stomach muscles are weakened, and there is a loss of nerve force. In this state of health nothing will more quickly restore appetite, digestion and normal nutrition than good, red, rich blood.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act directly on the blood, making it rich and red, and this enriched blood strengthens weak nerves, stimulates the tired muscles, and awakens to normal activity the glands that supply the digestive fluids. The first sign of returning health is an improved appetite, and soon the effect of these blood-making pills is evident throughout the system. You find that what you eat does not distress you, and that you are strong and vigorous, instead of irritable and listless. You are now on the road to health, and care in your diet is all you need.

Restore your appetite now by beginning Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People at once; they can be obtained of any dealer, but always ask for Dr. Williams'.

FREE.—"What to Eat" is the title of a helpful diet book free to all who send a postcard to Offer Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London.—Advt.

1/- NET PUBLISHED ON MONDAY NEXT ORDER AT ONCE 1/- NET

Printers' Pie

A CHEERY DISH FOR "HOME AND DUTY."
ALWAYS MERRY AND BRIGHT.

GREY HAIR

A simple Harmless Method which causes Grey Hair to vanish like magic. No "staining" the hair by dye concoctions, but the pigmentary cells become revitalised, and produce fresh colour the same shade as in earlier years. This is the one Genuine Prescription that restores the colour by a natural process. The remedy is harmless and will help develop a strong and beautiful growth of hair. A special

TRIAL BOTTLE FREE of charge can be had at the address below, or the same will be sent in a plain sealed package on receipt of two stamps for postage, etc. Address: Mrs. MARY K. CHAPMAN, Suite 553, 6, Mortimer-street, Regent-street, London.

CAMPING.—Ladies or Gentlemen. Camp Review Free.—C. K. PATTIE, The Dervent Holiday Camp, Keswick

MONEY TO LEND £5 TO £5,000 on Note of Hand in a few hours, no strings attached; easy payments; distance no object.—ARTHUR G. WHITEMAN, 225, Seven Sisters-road, Finsbury Park N

CYCLISTS! Big Cash Savings by waiting for you on Every Page of our **MANMOTH GUIDE** to cheaper Cycling. Secure this Monster Bargains Budget immediately. It's FREE for the asking, and will richly repay you. Consists of Six profusely illustrated Catalogues, containing 290 Pages, crowded with wonderful money-saving offers. Splendid range **ROYAL WINCHESTER CYCLES** (Maxx Championship Winners), guaranteed for ever, carriage paid, on 7 days' free trial. 50 Styles in Tyres, all at actually less than last year's "peace" prices. Similar Bargains in Accessories. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Write NOW, and if you enclose 1d. stamp we will include FREE 1s. Packet Furniture Compound.—**MOORHOUSE, LTD.**, 16, Piddham, Burnley.

The first of the three under-blouses shown in the sketch is of white nainsook, edged top and

After the judging, which will be done by

After the judging, which will be done by

INDUSTRIAL SHARES LOWER.

Foreign Securities Depressed And Home Meat Shares Decline.

The depression in the Stock Exchange was more acute yesterday, being aggravated by the strained relations between China and Japan. It was difficult to sell the Bonds of both these countries.

The War Loan fell to 94½, and the gilt-edged market generally was prejudiced by the poor reception given to the South African Loan underwriters having to take up 25 per cent. of the issue.

American Railway securities had a sharp fall, and Canadian Pacific shares dropped to 165 sellers. Steel Common closed at 58 7/16, and Amalgamated Copper at 75½.

Home Railway stocks were lower where changed, and Argentine and Mexican Railway issues gave way.

The prospectus of the new Argentine Loan may be expected at any moment. The amount is £5,000,000, and it will be issued in 6 per cent. Treasury Bonds due 15th May, 1920.

A number of Industrial shares were lowered in price yesterday, including Meat shares.

Kaffirs were fairly steady, and East Rand were supported by the increase in the March profit of £61,850. Modder Deeps continued in demand.

LIVERPOOL COTTON: Futures closed barely steady; American 15 to 20 down; Egyptian 16 down.

A supplement to the *London Gazette*, issued last night, publishes a proclamation which prohibits the importation into this country of Belgian bank-notes.

Our Soldiers find it's not such "a Long Way to Tipperary" when they use Cherry Yellow Dobbins. Rubbed upon the feet it prevents soreness and makes marching easier. Prepared by Makers of Cherry Blossom Boot Polish.—Advt.

£1,000 For Needlework: HOW AN EIGHT-YEAR-OLD WILL HELP THE WOUNDED.

I AM going to try to beat that Gentleman that was mentioned in the *Sketch* last week—he is doing a cushion. I shall want my cushion sold as I am giving my money to the Red Cross." So writes Walter, who is eight years old, and wants an entry for the £1,000 Patriotic Needlework Competition. He is not the only intending competitor who has been spurred into action by a munition worker's announcement that he meant to try for a prize.

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

After the judging, which will be done by

After the judging, which will be done by

SMITH'S FINANCIAL AFFAIRS.

Man Of Many Brides Appears For 18th Time In New Attire.

George Joseph Smith, the man of many brides, made his 18th appearance at Bow-street yesterday on a charge of murdering three women in their baths.

When he came into Court it was noticed that his dress had again been changed. He was without his overcoat, and was wearing a brown coat, green fancy waistcoat, soft collar and tweed trousers.

Most of the evidence was formal and had relation to matters connected with wills and insurance matters.

One witness, an agent for an insurance company, told how he became acquainted with Smith, and how an endowment policy was made for £500 to become due in twenty years, at which time Alice Burnham, the Portsmouth bride, would be 45.

Evidence was given as to the will of this lady. The gross amount was £604, made up of cash in the house £104, and a policy of insurance for £500. The net amount was £597 11s. 8d. Probate was granted and handed to Smith.

John Robbins, of the North British and Mercantile Insurance Company, told how Smith purchased an annuity of £76 1s. The sum paid to purchase it was £1,300.

After Frederick Webster Cozens, clerk at the Brixton branch of the London County and Westminster Bank, had stated that Smith's account was opened there on December 29, 1913, with a payment of £255 in bank-notes, the hearing was adjourned until to-day.

The King and Queen, Queen Alexandra, and other members of the Royal Family yesterday attended service at Windsor Castle in memory of King Edward.

"Cheese is the best after all."

An old West Country saying which conveys the truth that cheese is the best food of all, and that cheese is the best finish to all good meals.

But some people cannot eat cheese—a hard cheese may not digest—and the mould in blue cheese sometimes causes alimentary troubles.

St. Ivel Lactic Cheese is digested easily by everyone. It is the most delicious cheese in the world.

It is the only cheese that corrects evil effects caused by other foods. It feeds and purifies the system. It promotes health in every way. It contains the germ of long life.

A delicious light lunch for the Spring is a cup of hot Ivelcon, biscuits and St. Ivel Lactic Cheese.

Thousands of these wonderful little cheeses are sent daily to all towns in the Kingdom, direct from Yeovil in the West Country.

All grocers and dairymen sell them at the popular price of 6½d. each.

St. Ivel Lactic Cheese—the cheese of active good.—Advt.

My Tired Feet Ached for "TIZ"

"How glorious, how grand TIZ makes tired, swollen, sore, perspiring feet feel."



Just take your shoes off and then put those weary, shoe-crinkled, aching, burning, corn-pestered, bunion-tortured feet of yours in a TIZ bath. Your toes will wriggle with joy; they'll look up at you and almost talk and then they'll take another dive in that TIZ bath.

When your feet feel like lumps of lead—all tired out—just try TIZ. It's grand—it's glorious. Your feet will dance with joy; also you will find all pain gone from corns, hard skin, and bunions.

There's nothing like TIZ. It's the only remedy that draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up your feet and cause foot torture.

Get a 1s. 3d. box of TIZ at any chemist's or stores—don't wait. Ah! how glad your feet get; how comfortable your shoes feel. You can wear shoes a size smaller if you desire.

CHEMIST'S REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.

To Benefit Digestive Sufferers.

Sufferers from Constipation, Indigestion, Biliousness, Sluggish Liver, Flatulence, Headaches, Sleeplessness, etc., etc., will be most interested in a remarkable discovery made by a well-known doctor. He has found that by compounding certain rare and valuable balsams gathered from the East he has been able to furnish a wonderful remedy in the form of a pill that immediately removes all digestive disorders, purifies the blood, and restores perfect health and strength. This splendid specific is quite pleasant to take, being chocolate-coated. It is a gentle aperient and may be taken by all with perfect safety.

Known as Dr. Rooke's Oriental Pills, this remedy is obtainable from the proprietors (Dept. 30), 10, Darlington Street, Leeds, in boxes at 1/1½, 2/9 and 4/6. If you are a digestive martyr send for a supply of Dr. Rooke's Oriental Pills to-day. You will be delighted and amazed at the splendid change in your health that even one box will bring about.—Advt.

"A BRIDE OF THE PLAINS"

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

CHAPTER VIII. (continued).

Farewell To The Old Home.

"Mayn't I have a look at it now, mother?" asked Elsa, as she struggled with the heavy sheepskin mantle and drew it out of the surrounding rubbish; "the light will hold out for another half-hour at least, and to-morrow morning I shall have such a lot to do."

"You may do what you like while the light lasts, my girl, but I won't have you waste the candle over this stupid business. Candle is very dear, and your father will never wear his bunda again after to-morrow."

"I won't waste the candle, mother. But Pater Bonifacius is coming in to see me after vespers."

"What does he want to come for at an hour when all sensible folk are in bed?" queried Irma petulantly.

"He couldn't come earlier, mother dear; you know how busy he is always on Sundays... benediction, then christenings, then vespers... He said he would be here about eight o'clock."

"Eight o'clock!" exclaimed the woman, "who ever heard of such a ridiculous hour! And candles are so dear—there's only a few centimetres in the house."

"I'll only light the candle, mother, when the Pater comes," said Elsa, with imperturbable cheerfulness; "I'll just sit by the open door now and put a stitch or two in father's bunda while the light lasts; and when I can't see any longer I'll just sit quietly in the dark, till the Pater comes. I shall be quite happy," she added, with a quaint little sigh, "I have such a lot to think about."

"So have I," retorted Irma, "and I shall go and do my thinking in bed. I shall have to be up by six o'clock in the morning, I expect, and anyhow I hate sitting up in the dark."

She turned to go into the inner-room, but Elsa—moved by a sudden impulse—ran after her and put her arms round her mother's neck.

"Won't you kiss me, mother!" she said wistfully. "You won't do it many more times in my old home."

"A home you have often been ashamed of, my child," the mother said sullenly.

But she kissed the girl—if not with tenderness, at any rate with a curious feeling of pity which she herself could not have defined.

"Good-night, my girl," she said, with more gentleness than was her wont. "Sleep well for the last time in your old bed. I doubt if to-morrow you'll get into it at all, and don't let the Pater stay too long and waste the candle."

"I promise, mother," said Elsa, with a smile; "good-night!"

CHAPTER IX.

A Message From The Grave.

The bunda was very heavy. Elsa dragged it over her knee, and sat down on a low stool in the open doorway. She had pulled the table a little closer, and on it were her scissors, needles and cotton, as well as the box of matches and the candle which she would be allowed to light presently when Pater Bonifacius came.

The moth certainly had caused many ravages in the sheepskin cloak—there were tiny holes everywhere, and the fur when you touched it came out in handfuls. But as the fur would be turned inwards, that wouldn't matter so much. The bunda was quite wearable: there was just a bad tear in the leather close to the pocket, which might show and which must be mended.

Elsa threaded her needle, and began to hum her favourite song under her breath:—

"Nincsen annyi ténger csillag az égen
Mint a hányszor vagy eszembe télekem."

"There are not so many myriads of stars in the sky as the number of times that my thoughts fly to thee!"

She was determined not to think any more of the past. In a few hours now that chapter in her life would be closed, and it was useless and wicked to be always thinking of the "might-have-been." Rather did she set herself resolutely to think of the future, of that part of it, at any rate, which was bright. There would be her mother installed in that comfortable house on the Kender-road, with a nice bit of land and garden in which to grow vegetables and keep some poultry. There would be her three cows and the pigs that Béla was giving her, which he would graze on his own land.

Above all, there would be the comfortable bed and armchair for the sick man, and the little maid to wait upon him.

There was so much, so much to be thankful for! And since God chose to take Andor away, what else was there to live for, save to see her mother and father contented!

A Forgotten Letter.

The light was going fast. Elsa had made a splendid job of that one pocket. The other, too, wanted a stitch. It was very badly torn—if only the feeble light would hold out another ten minutes... that hole, too, would be securely mended.

With the splendid disregard of youth for its most precious gift, Elsa strained her eyes to thread her needle once more.

She tackled the second pocket of the shabby bunda. There was a long tear at the side, as if the wearer's hand had missed the actual pocket and been thrust carelessly or roughly through the leather.

Elsa put her hand through the hole, too, to see the extent of the mischief. Yes! that was it, her father must more than once have missed the pocket and put his hand into the hole, making it bigger and bigger. Why! there was a whole lot of rubbish deep down inside the lining. Elsa drew out an empty tobacco-pouch, a bit of string, a length of tinder, and from the very bottom, where it lay in a crinkled mass, a ball of crumpled paper.

This she smoothed out, holding it over her knee. It was a letter—one which must have been delivered on the very day when her father last wore the bunda. The envelope had not been broken; old

Kapus hadn't had time to read his letter, the last which he had received before living death encompassed him. The tears gathered in Elsa's eyes at the thought of her father handling this very letter with shaking yet still living hands; now they were incapable even of gripping this tiny piece of paper.

But then—two years ago, her mother said it was, almost to a day when last he wore the bunda—then he had received the letter from the postman and evidently thrust it into his pocket, meaning to read it at some more convenient time.

The peasants of that part of the world have never quite lost their distrust of railways, of telegrams, and even of letters—they are half-afraid of them all, afraid with that vague, unreasoning fear which animals have for things they see yet cannot understand.

Elsa handled this unopened letter with something of that same fear. She did not think at first of looking at the superscription. Who could have been writing to her father two years ago? He had no rich friends who could afford to spend money on note-paper and stamps. There was no news in the great outer world which someone could have wished to impart to him. The light indeed was very dim before Elsa, sitting here with the old bunda on her knee, thought of looking more closely at the envelope.

"Your Ever-Devoted Andor."

She bent down and out toward the light, trying to decipher the writing.

The letter was addressed to her. Oh! it was quite clear!

"Tekintetes Kapus Elsa kisasszonyinak."

It was quite, quite clearly written. The letter was addressed to her. The postman had brought it here two years ago; her father had taken it from him and thrust it into the pocket of his bunda, meaning to give it presently to his daughter.

But that evening perhaps he forgot it altogether—he had been drinking rather heavily. And the next day he was stricken down with paralysis, his tongue refused him service, and he no longer could tell his daughter—as no doubt he wanted to do—that a letter had come for her, and that it was in the pocket of his bunda.

And the bunda was thrust away into the dowry-chest with the husks of maize and the cabbage-stalks, and it had never been taken out until to-night—the eve of Elsa's wedding-day.

She tore open the envelope now with fingers that trembled slightly. The light was very dim, and where the glorious sunset had been such a little while ago there was only the dull grey canopy of an overcast sky. But Elsa could just make out the writing; already her eye had wandered to the signature, "your ever-devoted Andor." The message seemed to come to her as from the grave, for she thought that these were probably Andor's last words to her, penned just before he died in that awful hospital in Bosnia.

"My sweet dove!" she read. "This is to tell you that I am well, although it has been a close fight between life and death for me. But I did so want to live, my sweetheart, for I have you to look forward to in life. I have been at death's door, and I believe that the doctor here, before he went away one evening, signed the paper to say that I was dead. But that same night I took a turn for the better, and it was wonderful how soon I was up again. I'll tell you all about it some day, my love, some day when I come to claim your promise that you would wait for me. Because, dear heart, while I have been ill I have been thinking very seriously. I have not a silver florin to bless myself with; how can I come and dare to ask you to be my wife? Your father and mother would kick me out of their house, they would forbid me to see you, they would part you from me, my dear, beautiful angel, and I should feel that it was just. I—a good-for-nothing, penniless lout—daring to approach the queen of beauty, the most exquisite girl on God's earth!"

"If You Will Wait For Me."

"I have thought it all over, dear heart, and all will be well if you will be true to me—if you will wait for me another two years. Oh! I do not ask you to do it; I am not worthy of your love. Who am I that you should keep yourself for me? But I will pray to God night and day that He may not take away your love from me. I am going to America, dear heart, with an English gentleman who has been very kind to me. He was the English Consul at Cetinje, and when there were so many of us—Hungarian lads—lying sick of that awful cholera in the hospital at Slovitz, his wife, a sweet, kind lady, used to come and visit us and cheer us up. She was very ugly and had big teeth and no waist, but she was an angel of goodness. She took some interest in me, and once when I was still very weak and ill I told her about you, about our love and what little hope I had of ever winning you, seeing that I was penniless. She was greatly interested, and when I was finally allowed to leave the hospital she told me to come and see her husband, the English Consul.

"Well, dear heart, this kind gentleman is sending me out to a farm which he possesses in a place called Australia—I think that it is somewhere in America, but I am not sure. When I get there I shall receive more wage in one week than our alföld labourers get in 3 months, and it will all be good money, of which I can save every fillér, because my food and housing will be given to me free, and the kind English lady—may the Virgin protect her, despite her large teeth and flat chest—gave me a whole lot of clothes to take with me. So every fillér which I earn I can save, and I reckon that in two years I shall have saved two thousand florins (about £160) and then I shall come home. If I still find you free, my dove—which I pray to God I may do—we can get married at once. Then we'll rent the Lepke farm from Pali bácsi, as I shall have plenty of money for the necessary security, and if we cannot make that pay and become rich folk within three years, then I am not the man whom I believe myself to be.

(To be continued.)

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Boys attending Ponder's End Trade School, which is close to the Royal Small Arms Factory at Enfield, are being employed in the manufacture of parts of rifles and in making other munitions of war. The lads are proud to help the men who are fighting for them.—(Daily Sketch Photographs.)

FAMOUS WOMEN IN THE THEATRICAL WORLD ENTERTAIN CHILDREN AND HELP A GOOD CAUSE.



Lord Gerald Fitz-Gerald, son of Lady Edward Fitz-Gerald.

Mrs. Lewisohn (Edna May), Miss Kyrle Bellew, Miss Ella Retford, and Mrs. Harry Grattan.

A "Children's Afternoon in Toyland" was held at Murray's Club yesterday. Famous actresses attended and helped to make an enjoyable time for the kiddies. A collection taken during the afternoon was handed over to the funds of the Actors' Benevolent Association.