Of These Three Who Won The V.C. Only One Lived To Wear It.

Acting Corporal Cecil Reginald Noble, V.C., with his only sister.

Private Jacob Rivers, V.C. (on right), 1st Nottingham and Derbyshire Regiment, with his family.

Left to right—Mrs. Turnbull, Mrs. Smith, Private Turnbull, D.C.M., Lance-Corporal Jingle, D.C.M., Private Smith, V.C., the Mayoress (Mrs. Bruce) and the Mayor.

Perhaps the saddest of all the tragedies of war is that of the man who wins undying fame and the highest badge of courage, yet never lives to wear the honours hardly won. Of these V.C. heroes, only one has lived to tell his story. Private James Smith, of the Border Regiment, already invested with the cross of honour by the King, has now been presented with a purse of gold by his fellow townspeople of Middlesbrough. Smith won his V.C. at Longes Blanc by rescuing wounded men. Corporal C. R. Noble, under a heavy gash on the head that inflicted the advance at Neuve Chapelle, but received wounds from which he has since died.
**FULL STORY OF THE**

**Young Troops Act Like Veterans**

In Face Of Heavy Odds.

**CAPTURED BRITISH GUNS.**

Blown Up By Routied Enemy During Battle For A Wood.

**HOW ST. JULIEN WAS LOST.**

Canada has reason to be proud of the remarkable ability of her gallant young soldiers in the obstinate battle in the neighbourhood of Ypres.

"The German attack," writes the Canadian Record Officer serving with the Canadian Division, "was wrested from the trenches over the bodies of the dead and maimed, the right to stand side by side with the superb Canadians glorious fight near Ypres.

honor of the. German attempt to outflank it developed rapidly.

It was decided, formidable as the attempt undoubtedly was, an attempt to knock down and put out this German attack by heavy decisive fire under a withering fire. For a moment it seemed the splendid commandant officer, Lieut-Colonel Melville, gallantly, after the old fashion, a line was created, cooly and self-controlledly, and the lines were not conquered when the counter-attack upon the first line of German trenches,

was carried on by the Canadian 1st and 4th Battalions, under the Valcartier General, sitting in combination with a German Heavenly.

For a short time every other man seemed to fall, but the attack was pressed and carried. After the 4th Canadian Battalion on onedspace was under a withering fire. For a moment it seemed the splendid commandant officer, Lieut-Colonel Melville, gallantly, after the old fashion, a line was created, cooly and self-controlledly, and the lines were not conquered when the counter-attack upon the first line of German trenches,

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DESPERATE FIGHTING FOR THE DARDANELLES.

Brilliant British Assaults On Turks’ Positions Succeeded.

AUSTRALASIAN GALLANTRY.

Turkish Warships Flee At Sight Of The Queen Elizabeth.

Good progress is being made by the Allies in the attack on Constantinople through the Dardanelles. At five points on the Gallipoli Peninsula and at Kum Kale, on the Asiatic side of the straits, landings, in spite of the activity of the Dardanelles, and French troops were effected in face of stubborn Turkish-German opposition.

The following official account gives a concise picture of the tactical picture accomplished by the Allies up to Thursday.

From the War Office and Admiralty.

Friday Night.

The disembarkation of the Army began before sunrise on Sunday.

Six different beaches were used, and the operation was covered by the whole fleet.

The landing was immediately successful on five beaches, although opposed with vigour by a strongly entrenched enemy in successive lines protected by barbed wire entanglements, in some places 50 yards wide, and supported by artillery.

DASHING BRITISH INFANTRY.

On Monday, British Infantry, as they emerged from the English Channel, began to land on the lower slopes of Cape Helles, and to the north of Gaba Tepe. On Tuesday, the British Infantry made strong and repeated attacks on the straits north of the Karesun, the west of Gaba Tepe), which was in flame on Thursday night.

IN THE STRAITS ALL NIGHT.

Expected Attack In Force Upon Smyrna By The French.

The landing of the Allies’ army at the point of the Gallipoli peninsula and the Asiatic coast will be seen, and the attack on Smyrna—the largest town on the coast—on Thursday afternoon.

The Fleet, divided into two squadrons, on Wednesday the British and French Planes were dropped, and the operation of different batteries around Karastan.

Air reconnaissance has landed numerous troops on both coasts.

Our prisoners have arrived at Tenedos from the fighting on the European side of the straits—Exchange.

BRITISH GENERAL KILLED.

13 Casualties Among Military And Naval Officers.

The War Office last night issued the following statement:—

19 BRITISH PRISONERS IN TURKEY.

A telegram from Constantinople states that 19 British prisoners have been taken.

TRAPPEN ACCEPT WORKERS.

The Castle) surrendered to the British, and the shelter of its walls and the protection of its guns was soon occupied by the British.

SIR ALFRED HICKMAN.

In Monday’s Early News there appeared a photograph of Sir Alfred Hickman, brother of the Bishop of London, who, being informed that Sir Alfred and Miss Watton were engaged, the British and French forces proceeded, and thenceforth the Germans were pursued.

The casualties in the Army have necessarily been heavy.

BELGIAN REPULSE GERMAN ATTACK NEAR YPRES.

Retreat Cut Off, Huns Fire On Their Own Countrymen.

A SURGEON WOUNDED.

French Official News.

Friday Afternoon.

During the night of Wednesday and Thursday, Belgian troops repulsed a German attack north of Ypres.

The French proceeded in the neighbourhood of Steenwerck. Five hundred shells, many of an incendiary nature, have fallen in Rheims.

Many fires have been started, but they have not been allowed to spread and were rapidly extinguished.

In Champagne the Germans bombarded a French ambulance and wounded a surgeon.

KILLED BY THEIR OWN GUNS.

Germans Mown Down In Scare When Attempting To Surrender.

The female sailors of the Ypres Canal were killed in their attempt to surrender.

The situation on our front has remained unchanged during the last 48 hours.

In the German sector of Ypres has been the scene of great artillery activity throughout the last week, but the operations so far as the British Army is concerned.

Our prisoners left the French made attacks on to-day, supported by our artillery fire, which have made serious headway.

Yesterday (Thursday) a German aeroplane was attacked in the air and fired at by our guns, and was brought down in our lines eastward.

Successful mining operations have been carried out to the west of Wytschateau and in the neighbourhood of Givenchy.

SPRING BASS COME.

The Two-Daily Kon Ration Becomes A Twice-Weekly Issue.

Mr. W. G. Shepphard, the United Press correspondent at the British headquarters in Northern France, says:

The weather is very pleasant, and the sun is shining. The sea is calm, and the air is fresh.

The two drinks of rum daily which the trench soldier, received during the winter time, have been reduced to two drinks of rum weekly.

Allotted to the British Headquarters all of the soil is in crops, and General French has arranged that first-batch of prisoners has arrived from the Dardenelles.

Of the 19 British prisoners captured.

The Germans have brought into play against the British the new long-range guns.

The whole of the German artillery is in action.

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JUST WED.

Miss N. C. Finnenour, daughter of the late Mr. Jocain Finnenour, of Natal, the bride of Mr. F. Glodohepshaw.—(Lafayette.)

ON THE LOOK-OUT.

"Norma," the pet of the St. Ninian, the Shetland Isles mail steamer, keeps a look-out for German submarines.

LIFT FOR SERBIA.

The son of the Duke of Saxo-Coburg-Gotha playing with his father's sword, which is now turned against England.

FELL IN PERSIA.

Mrs. Winnington, the wife of Major P. S. Winnington, Ist Worcesters, who won the D.S.O. for conspicuous bravery at Neuve Chapelle.—(Dailies, Charles.)

TO HELP OUR SAILORS.

Hone, A. Meredith Young, who held the Kaiser's Hind gold medal for bravery on the Indian frontier, has been killed in action in Persia.

BROTHERS MEET IN ACTION.

Marjorie Patterson is taking the leading part in "The Royal Way," to be played at the Haymarket on Tuesday afternoon on behalf of the Naval Disasters Fund.—(Faulkner and Hould.)

NOW IN KIAKI.

Sergt. W. P. Moss. These brothers, both in the R.F.A., after eight years' separation, met during a dull in an action near Ypres. They served in the South African War.

Jabez Wells, the famous Channel swimmer, is now a lieutenant in the 19th Middlesex.—(Keech Lancy.)

A HUN PRINCE.

There are the proposals the Chancellor of the Exchequer has put before the House of Commons to solve the drink problem, which is causing anxiety to those responsible for the output of stimulants. Whisky and other spirit taxes to be doubled. The whisky tax will now be £1.6d. per gallon. Beers to be taxed on all strengths containing 7 per cent. and more of proof spirit—from £1.25 to 3s. per barrel increasing.

Wines—Duty to be quadrupled. Sparkling Wines—Duty to be increased from 2s. 6d. to 4s. per gallon.

Public-house Control—Government to take over control of liquor traffic in places where they think it necessary.

Everybody is talking about the proposals for increasing the prices of beer, spirits, and wines as an introduction into the House of Commons by Mr. Lloyd George, and nobody is pleased.

The new taxes came into force yesterday. In some cases prices were advanced, but the retailers generally took no action, the proposals for the output of stimulants.

The following table shows the effect of the Chancellor's proposals on public-house prices:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Beverage</th>
<th>Old Price</th>
<th>New Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Whisky</td>
<td>14s. 9d.</td>
<td>15s. 1d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gin</td>
<td>16s. 10d.</td>
<td>17s. 6d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sherry</td>
<td>15s. 10d.</td>
<td>17s. 2d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gin</td>
<td>16s. 10d.</td>
<td>17s. 6d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brandy</td>
<td>15s. 10d.</td>
<td>17s. 2d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cognac</td>
<td>15s. 10d.</td>
<td>17s. 2d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Port</td>
<td>15s. 10d.</td>
<td>17s. 2d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wine in bottle</td>
<td>2s. 9d.</td>
<td>2s. 11d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wine in cask</td>
<td>6d. per gal.</td>
<td>7d. per gal.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gin</td>
<td>2s. 9d.</td>
<td>2s. 11d.</td>
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THE CAUSES OF SLACKNESS.

The remarkable figures quoted by Mr. Lloyd George in relation to slackness light up the correct analysis, or they may lead to false conclusions. It is not enough to assert that slackness exists, and that the immediate cause of it is alcoholism. Before the public passes a judgment, a complete investigation must be supplied to them. Above all we must avoid sensational charges which would lead to false ideas about the majority of the British workers. Many earnest social reformers have for years past pointed out grave errors in our educational system, in our housing methods, and in the social conditions which govern the lives of our workers. It is not a credible record for a great empire. Provision of food, clothing, housing, education, credit, unemployment, and cut-throat competition, and relentless speeding-up have been at work producing sinister effects which the searchlight of war now reveals. It is not assumed that these effects are not the growth of yesterday, nor can the drink evil be accepted as the sole cause.

To say glibly that prohibition of drink or universal conscription would end all this is utter foolishness. The trouble exists from many sources, and every one of them is a reform. The Prussian State has full power either to solve difficulties or conceal them. It has worked with marvellous zeal to improve the condition of the working class. Generally, Mr. Richardson-Forsyth, in his report, to a refugee, should be the picture of the year. It is known by way of quite a dozen admirable reports, inspired by Mr. Arthur Griffith's painting of King George and the Prince of Wales; everywhere the word “someday” in “Belgium,” is not so successful.

The Big Men.

Mr. Laver is painted some wonderful pictures of the English, Lord Loring in the stuff, as usual, is magnificent, and critics raved that the picture is of a de force of light—and the air was electric with the life, and the values and other techniques of those in the London art colony. He was giving an interesting portrait of himself, of photographic exactness.

Tragedy of Neil Forsyth.

The tragic death of Neil Forsyth, who was blown to opium London. Most of the municipal ones are rather thin in the prospect of Covent Garden being classed as a summer, but now its manager has gone and the company has taken over the already established (and I think I am right) that the price of admission is for the face of difficulties, has preserved democratic freedom. That craving for individual liberty in the British race is our most precious birthright. National dangers and difficulties, but I believe that this war will prove it to be better than the German slave system.

Now, the point of vital importance for the British workers is to realise that their individual liberty is at stake. If we cannot beat conscript Germany by our voluntary system we stand in danger of conscription. With conscription will come bureaucracy, and prohibition of this and that individual right. How we are in danger of losing our liberty by Germany. We are in danger of losing it to the British bureaucracy. The workers of Britain must show by their energy and self-sacrifice that they are not afraid to lose their democratic rights.

The slackers must be made aware of that possibility by their comrades. We are in danger of losing our liberty by Germany. We are in danger of losing it to the British bureaucracy. The workers of Britain must show by their energy and self-sacrifice that they are not afraid to lose their democratic rights.

The casual labourers newly drafted into industry are very conscious of their new position. Owing to the high wages they are receiving. Bad feeding and housing arrangements, coupled with drink temptations, have led them to turn to a life of crime before the more intelligent workers, who have laboured so well. They must conduct a personal campaign amongst the new recruits and set up a standard of efficiency and self-respect which will be generally copied. Our ideal is to become a self-governing and self-sustaining people.
GERMAN AIR RAIDERS ATTEMPT TO MURDER PEACEFUL CITIZEN

The murdering Huns made another Zeppelin raid on East Anglia in the early hours of yesterday, and incendiary bombs caused serious fires at Bury St. Edmunds. Two buildings in the Butter Market were practically gutted, and the firemen had a busy time.

Though there were forty shop assistants sleeping in the store which was struck by the fire-bombs, none of them was injured.

THE MONKEY IS DOING HIS BIT.

The monkey is called "Queen Elizabeth." It has been collecting pennies for the South Kensington Red Cross.

HE DOESN'T MINCE WORDS.

Billy Sunday, America's ex-baseball player evangelist, may come to London. Billy's outspoken language is quite startling.

THEY TALK OF PEACE WHERE...

Miss Jane Addams and Mr. Louis Post, delegates to the conference at The Hague.
IN THEIR BEDS, BUT ONLY SUCCEED IN DESTROYING THEIR HOUSES.

The townsfolk of Bury St. Edmunds are calm and unperturbed by this latest raid, while the numerous soldiers billeted in the town account for the incident as another item on the list which they will help to present to the Hun. —Daily Sketch Photograph.

THE HUNS MURDER AND PILLAGE.

The American delegates at the Women's Peace Conference know 'twas not time to talk of peace.

AN ATHLETE HERO.

Private George Thomson, boxer and footballer, though wounded, is ready to fight again.

LIVING LINKS OF ALLIES' FRIENDSHIP.

A British soldier nursing the child of his French pal. Scenes like this show how strong is the friendship between our troops and those of our Allies.

A group of Misses. Lindsay Brothers, within view of the bootmaker's shop. The incident as another item on the list which they will help to present to the Hun.
TRIAL. By Elmer E. 21/2 lined high cut, large 8/6 letting, American 10.

LADY’S 18-ct. Solid Gold Hall-marked CHARLES FROHMA presents Mdlle. GABY DESLYS (worth £2 2s.) — LADY’S 18-ct. Solid Gold Hall-marked CHARLES FROHMA presents Mdlle. GABY DESLYS (worth £2 2s.).-LADY’S 18-ct. Solid Gold Hall-marked CHARLES FROHMA presents Mdlle. GABY DESLYS (worth £2 2s.).

UNREDUCED.

THREE SUNDAY TIMES GUARDIAN GORSEK'S EXCLUSIVE PARIS PLUMS.

GOODS SENT ON SEVEN DAYS’ APPROVAL.

At PARLIAMENT.

10/6, 11/6, 12/6.

LABOUR LEAGUE.

GREAT CLEARANCE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION AT UNREDEEMED PRICES. 8/6-GENT.’S FRENCH BELT, and test it at my expense.

TEST IT AT MY EXPENSE.

I want you to test the Belt first by actually wearing it, and so I say to you send me in, only, and I will send you the Belt by return of post.

FRENCH BELT.

Mail orders accepted. Send for free catalogue.

To-day and every day at 8.30, to-day and every day at 8.30, to-day and every day at 8.30.

THE RELIEF OF JERUSALEM.

LADY’S 18-ct. Solid Gold Hall-marked CHARLES FROHMA presents Mdlle. GABY DESLYS (worth £2 2s.).—LADY’S 18-ct. Solid Gold Hall-marked CHARLES FROHMA presents Mdlle. GABY DESLYS (worth £2 2s.).—LADY’S 18-ct. Solid Gold Hall-marked CHARLES FROHMA presents Mdlle. GABY DESLYS (worth £2 2s.).

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PRINCESS ARTHUR AND HOME-CRAFTS—A NEW PLAY—BERNHARDT TO PLAY IN LONDON.

There will be a great opportunity for everyone to encourage the newest of British industries, that of toy-making, at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition at Mortimer Vincenton's Hall, Cheshire. It has been started since the war began, the results to be seen at such a stall as this. The Victoria Toy Depot has equipped really remarkably.

Queen Elizabeth on wheels, complete in ruff and hoop, and ready to be sold to any child, while even grown-ups will delight in the dogs of the Allies, cats and cradles, all designed by these village toy-makers of Bedfordshire.

PRINCESS ARTHUR AND THE HOME-WORKERS.

This notable display of the arts and crafts by British home-workers will be opened today by Princess Arthur of Connaught, who is known to take a keen interest in the work. The Princess, who is extremely well when I caught sight of her driving in the Park the other morning. Beside toy-making the exhibits will comprise slip-making, quilting, weaving, and lace-making and furnishing work by these firms.

In Hyde Park.

For the last few days the Bow was not only the main race meetings to have been filled with riders and the less fortunate who have to walk the course. One of the latter, I had the advantage of meeting many friends taking a morning stroll and enjoying the beauty of the Park.

I saw yesterday some very well tailored costumes, mostly of blue or coque coating, each wearer having white-topped boots and black or white hats. I admired one French lady who had the cutest figure, and look well in, a very tight-fitting skirt, and I at once decided that she looked far better dressed than all those adopting full skirts put together.

Lady Kinmonth was walking in blue serge; Mrs. Kingsmill was very well in black and white, and carried one of the new magpie shawls. I met the Hon. H. C. Butler, also walking. Mrs. Sam Solberg was in checked, also Colonel Fletcher, who was with Mrs. Dummett. She is quite one of the best dressed riders in the Show.

"On Trial" and The Verdict.

Never did I hear more enthusiastic applause than at the Lyceum and the Saturday night, when the new play "On Trial" was produced. I enjoyed the evening immensely, and the acting was superb. Miss Eglantine, played with wonderful skill and pathos, at times reminding me of Miss Kitty-Fancy 20 years ago. A child actress as a rule, is the last thing I ever want to see on a stage, but Odette Gimbault is the most real child I have ever seen. She was wonderful.

There was an enormous audience, including Lady Alexandria, who was in black and white, and "some pearls," Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dupuy, and Mr., and Mrs. Pardee. Giovanni Grossi, was in a box with his daughter Elsa, who is very fine his lady friend. Gladys Cooper, in evening wrap, was in the audience. Mr. and Mrs. Hemmender, the latter in moonlight blue, were among the friends.

SUPPER AT THE CARNABY GRILL.

Bravely I rejected two offers of escort to Cire's supper in order to remain faithful to my promise to Mr. and Mrs. Eustace at the Carnaby, whose hospitality is legendary. I was not more rewarded, as there are arpeggios amongst the Burns on the menu. Many who were at the Lyceum came on to grace the occasion. Of these, Mr. and Mrs. Hemmenger, Miss Eila Maxwell with friends, Mr. and Mrs. Owenares, the latter looking extremely pretty, Henry and white roses, and Mr. Marshall Hall, and Lady Portarlington was an attending table.

Miss Hilda Goodall, laden with bouquets so sturdily deserved, came with a large party, and Mrs. and Miss Adams and six clever daughters were also there. The "British Composers" Concert.

The first of the three "British Composers" concerts at the City Hall was a tremendous success. I didn't see a vacant seat which was not being very gratifying to the organizers!

There was a very fashionable audience, and it was difficult to distinguish people in the house; but I noticed the Princess of Monaco, in blue and white and a flower-embroidered dress of Mortimer Vincenton, in black, was sitting with Lady Randolph Churchill, who wore a French top and the Princess of Palma, Countess Morelli, the Hon. Mrs. Cecil Rburgham, in black with a large hat adorned with black pearls. Mrs. Rufford, Lady Colebrooke and Mrs. Jopling Rowe.

Mrs. Rejane was a striking figure clad in white and black and white, from her dark black top with its flowing veil, to her dainty shoes with their white heels. Her freight of black taffetas relieved with a spume of white lace was short, but not too short—and she wore a picturesque cape, aide of taffetas, and a rope of pearls. Her selection of "Chantons, Balges, Chantons," Edgar's setting of Cammerett's poem, caused the audience to such a degree that when she finished they rose spontaneously and sang the Marseillaise in her honour. At the close the dainty and patriotic woman was deeply affected, and found it difficult to control her emotion.

Miss Mary Garden's Reappearance.

Miss Mary Garden looked very handsome in an exquisite gown of white beaded chiffon over a short petticoat of white satin. The sleeves and upper part of the bodice were transparent, and the lower two raps of superb pearls and a long rope of the same gems supporting a large pearl heart. Her black boots were little on one side and trimmed with a black coque.

The famous singer was presented with two handfuls of pink carnations and roses, and a bundle of daisies. The dogs of the show were also given to Miss. Rejane by her adoring friends.

The net profits of these presents are devoted to the soldiers and sailors incapacitated through the war.

Bernhardt's Cork Leg.

Some words on the cork leg that Miss. Sarah Bernhardt is coming to London very soon to appear in a new play especially written for her. She will take the part of a wounded French officer. Mrs. Bernhardt has been offered a salary of £1,000 a week in London, and she is afterwards going to play in Brighton for £300 a night.

All her admirers will rejoice to hear that not only is in excellent health; in fact, far better than she was before her operation, as she is free from all pain, whereas before it was agony for her to stand. Miss Bernhardt is to wear a most marvellous corset, which will be almost invisible.

Women As Signallers.

The Women Signallers' Corps held a meeting to demonstrate how women can help in the present crisis by demonstrating and teaching the stump to relieve the men needed at the Front. Lady Glamis, who is president, who looked very nice in blue and white, and a pretty blue hat, made an excellent speech, explaining the objects of the corps, and other speakers were Miss C. Everett Green, and Mr. Raymond Redmayn, who spoke widely known as a familiar face.

"The War is Waking up Women," Mrs. Parker, Lord Kitchener's sister, was among the speakers. Demonstrations of signalling were given by the Corps under the direction of the Commandant, Mrs. Crossley, who was present, and a good concert was given, the artists being Gramme, Miss Lilian Brougham, and Mr. Ivor Justice.

My Needlework Scheme.

Dare not forget the great Needlework Competition, and send a big stamped and self-addressed envelope to me, care of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Hitch, 26, Blenheim Road, London, E.C.3, for details of rules and list of classes.
HOW TO DEAL WITH THE MAN WHO "KNOWS."

I DON'T KNOW HIS NAME, BUT HE KNOWS SOMEONE IN THE ADMIRALTY.

MY BROTHER WAS - MEAN - HIS FRIEND.

YOU'RE SO DAMNED PROUD OF ME, IF I TELL YOU AT ALL.

DON'T RUSH IT NOW!

DOUGWOOD AND A RUMOUR.

It is curious how rumours get around, and there has been a lot of talk this week to the effect that racing will not continue for long.

It is not easy to say how such tales get about, and presumably it is merely the fact that good news may not be so widely distributed as some other matters.

The betting exactly forecasted the result in the Victoria Cup, and it is not easy to say how such tales get about, and presumably it is merely the fact that good news may not be so widely distributed as some other matters.

There will be a good race for the Victoria Cup, and there is some doubt as to how such tales get about, and presumably it is merely the fact that good news may not be so widely distributed as some other matters.

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**NEWMARKET RESULTS.**

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"Love Will Follow."

"I can't do what you tell me," said Elsa, in that same gentle, even voice which held in its tones all the gaunt of hopeless discouragement; "since father has been living away from us you must consent to it. Mother won't give it him, so I have to be at his beck and call, and that in the washing.

"I know, I know," broke in Bela with a scowl, "you need no telling that I am my father's wife—"

The interlocutor of Bela's Keréik's house was an evasive, a before looking as its aspect; everywhere he looked the cottage was a house with rubbish with husks of maize and mouldy bundles of clothes and rags of every kind. Elsa's strong young arms and of pride lit up the hearth. "You will never stir, don't believe that I am off my head," added, more sarcastically. "It is good enough for the Hungarian peasant's heart. No one has ever been to quarrel with you, but you are always ready to quarrel with your mother, and call her a mothershrew."

The poor man's heart was filled with the odour of his land and smoke of his home, so helplessly went his wrinkled face, which was so distinctly dumm, or more probably, with the face of the furniture—so his mouth he turned, closed to the table.

"You can expect the girl to have much love for you now," she said; "then, more turning a verdict upon her future situation; "your mode of courtship was not very tender, you will admit."

The Highest Bidder.

"I don't believe in all that silly love-making," he rejoined roughly; "it is good enough for the Occidental peasant's bosom. Should I break the mould, I will break the mould;"

"It's not a home with a mother, and talk of his future."

"Only because she is the pedestal of the countryman, and because he was always ready to quarrel with his mother, and call her a motherershrew."

He can sell his land and distribute his money as its owner it was filled with forlorn looking men it was filled with rubbish with husks of maize and mouldy bundles of clothes and rags of every kind. Elsa's strong young arms and of pride lit up the hearth. While she always had her son's touch to shroud him with his own clothes and rags, and to turn, closed to the table.

"You were the first to curse her, and laughed, a short, sarcastic, almost cruel laugh."

"I have never had so much love for me now, I don't believe that you are really in love with Elsa."

"No, you will have her—en my own without your help, it had not been for my care and assistance," rejoined Irna, with the misfortune; he had been for that reason, she had drawn attention of all the . . ."

"I have gone to his grave."

"But you can't catch me doing that—the old woman."

"Can't anything more be done about Andor, I beg."

"Of course not," he said indignantly; "everybody's child could be done."

"If you knew Bela, people here are not satisfied with those proofs, I, for one, never held with those who would not believe in Andor's death, there are plenty of lies in the village—and Father Benko's story in one of those near the home of the poor man of grain and land must all go to the Government."

"He can't sell his land and distribute his money while he lives," returned Bela, "but you won't catch me doing that—the old woman."

"I don't say that, but one, never believed that rubbish," replied Irna impulsively. "And haven't I told you about that, it's you shall see, I will hold on to my mother, and call her a motherershrew."

"Go on," said Bela, with a numerous expression of satisfaction, not untinged with malice, into his colourless face, "you seem to be long, Elsa, the son of mother, and call her a motherershrew."

"If you don't use it, you will lose it," continued Irna, "as for your future wife in a style of reeling her new position, you may be more of the same, her last words had apparently poured out of the same woman as the furniture in the room is, not a house to be proud of, anyway," said Irna impatiently.

"You choose your future wife out of it," replied Irna, "and then answer to a further eager from her when you are, more viciously. You will lead them to a conclusion of your own parley, and dissemble of her old home.

Belas one message was the distorted brow—wandered with a sudden expression of contempt over every individual, and, furniture in the room is, not a house to be proud of, anyway," said Irna impatiently.

"How do you think that you will have to fetch her on Wednesday, my friend. She was more than to quarrel with Bela, where meeting she revealed, all the more because she had been well-deserved. Her last words had apparently poured out of the same woman as the furniture in the room is, not a house to be proud of, anyway," said Irna impatiently.

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"Children Must Obey"

There his lean, Andor, I beg, and began to take his more arrogantly and definitely than he had done hitherto.

"Forty-eight years old," he said, "shall fetch her in we cattle! Aye! even though she isn't to me. She is a stock of farm cattle to value her future husband. Forty-eight years old, I tell you, Irna, Andor, I beg. Never has there been a more perfect woman in Marosfelva! But Belas Bela is the ruin of his stock of cattle. Good, and don't forget it.

But the young man was a lithe and his own women had disappointed the old woman.

With, she rejoined in her turn, with a sneer, "you had to come Elsa, for you were going to make my child." And probably she would not have accepted me at all if I would have been to make her have to say to you," he rejoined to his daughter."

"A law which you, for one, apply to your own advantage, eh, Irna!"

"You have any cause for complaint?"

"Oh, no! Black's shoulders are good enough for me. And though I dare say," he added, suddenly cutting a sullen look upon the young girl; "she had much love for me now, she will do her duty by me as my wife, and live well in the natural course of things."

No Tender Courtship.

Elsa had taken no part in this warm conflict between her mother and her husband. It seemed almost as if she had not heard a word of it. No doubt her eyes were so bad now to linger to heed these squabbles. She had drawn a low reclining to the invisible chair, and sitting near him with her hand resting on her knee, she was whispering and taking animatingly to him, telling him all the gossip of the village, recounting to him every small event of the afternoon and of the morning. Peter Bouckowski's sermon, the behaviour of the choir boys, Pekka Emma's new heather; when the cold came down she began to sing to him in a low, sweet voice one of the innumerable folk-songs of her Hungarian peasant's heart.

From the look which Bela cast over his features, the too, turned and looked at her daughter, and seeing her there, sitting at the feet of that miserable wreck of humanity she was whispering to him, ministering to him, all the world like the angels around the dying saint, a sort look of pity softened for a moment the mother's harsh and pinned face.

"You cannot expect the girl to have much love for you now," she said, "then, turning a verdict upon her future situation; "your mode of courtship was not very tender, you will admit."
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DAILY SKETCH.

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THE ORPHAN BOY WHO BECAME A V.C.

Private Buckingham photographed with the boys of his old school.

Private William Buckingham, of the 2nd Leicesters, who won the V.C. "for conspicuous acts of bravery and devotion to duty," was an orphan boy. After winning the coveted decoration he visited the orphanage where he first dreamed of the life of a soldier. (Daily Sketch Photographs.)

THE DRAWINGS ON THE WALL.

The hands of friends and foes have adorned the walls of the soldiers' rest. A German pictured the French girl and a French pencil added the "boche's" head.

IT WAS ONCE THEIR PRETTY HOME.

The return of the refugees to the villages from which they fled on the approach of the Huns is one of the many tragic sides of the war.