

MORAN'S BID FOR CHAMPIONSHIP.—See Exclusive Pictures On Page 12.

DAILY SKETCH.

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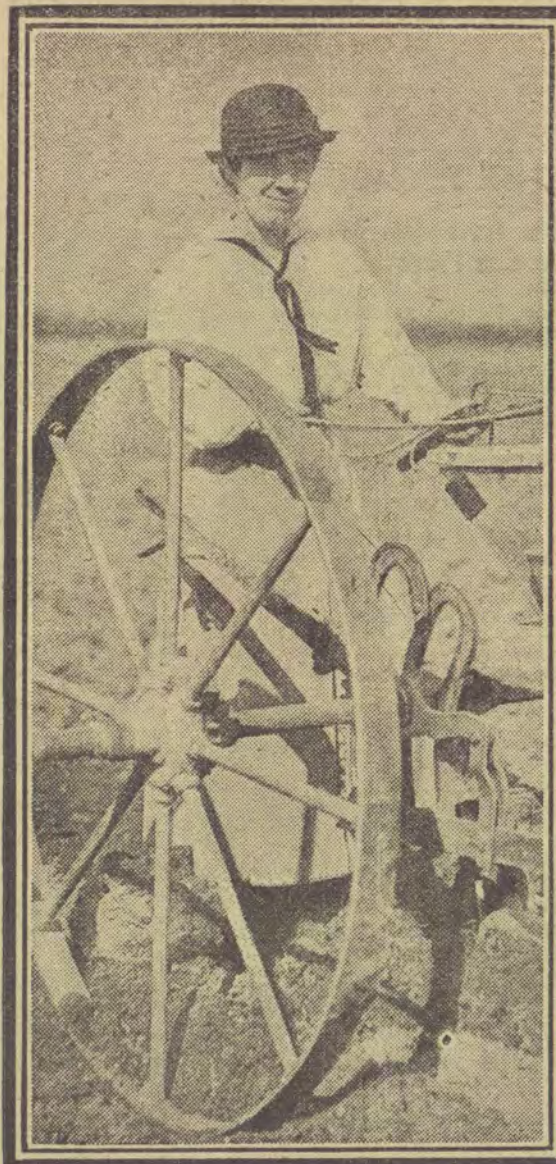
ONE HALFPENNY.

A FIRE HEROINE.

SOCIETY WOMEN AS LANDWORKERS



Renee Caldicott, the brave girl who during the fire at Hereford Theatre carried one of her sisters in flames from the stage. She had already saved three other mites at great personal risk.

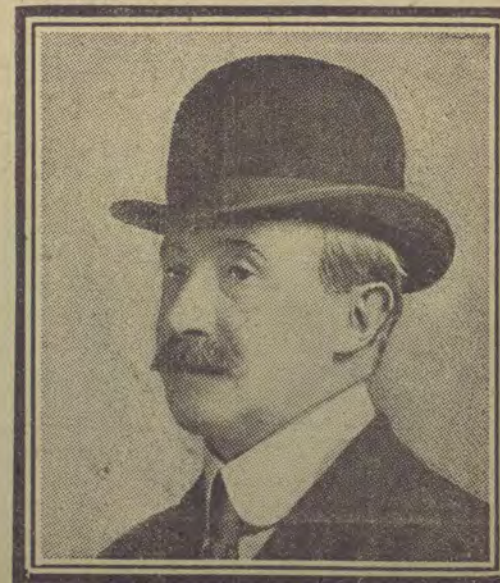


Miss Loraine, daughter of Sir Lambton Loraine, Suffolk, is now a proficient farm worker.



Lady Mabel Smith, sister of Earl Fitzwilliam, is working on the land as a farmhand.

BAPTIST MINISTER'S DAUGHTER TO MARRY AN EARL.



Miss Catherine Louise Geale, who is to marry the Earl of Westmorland. The Earl is 57 years of age. Miss Geale's father, who died in 1907, was a Baptist minister at Herne Bay, and was formerly pastor of the Queen's-square Baptist Church, Brighton.

Mr. Asquith And German Peace



If the German people want to talk of peace it's in their own hands—just cast out the swine.—(Copyright by Will Dyson.)

GREAT MEDICAL SECRET FROM THE EAST.

Doctor's Wonderful Oriental Remedy Free To All Sufferers.

MARVELLOUS "RE-ANIMATING BALM OF LIFE" WHICH REBUILDS NERVE-FORCE AND CONQUERS DYSPEPTIC TROUBLES.

A Doctor's wonderful discovery, which has its origin in the Far East, is causing something like a sensation. To-day in Great Britain, sufferers from War Nerves and General Run-Down condition, and those who are burdened with Dyspeptic Troubles or who are lacking in the vitality that makes life worth living, are finding that this great Re-animating Balm of Life—"Solar Elixir"—restores all the functions to their full activity and one-time hopeless martyrs to suffering now delight in perfect health.

And it is indeed gratifying to state that special arrangements have been made whereby those who are ailing may test this remedy Free. If you suffer from:—

- | | |
|------------------------|------------------------------|
| (1) Nervous Exhaustion | (5) Indigestion |
| (2) Weakness | (6) Anaemia |
| (3) Lack of Vitality | (7) Faulty Circulation |
| (4) Neurasthenia | (8) Kidney or Liver Troubles |

you are invited to test Dr. Rooke's "Solar Elixir" without cost to yourself.

"Solar Elixir" is prepared from rare and costly Eastern herbs. It is entirely unlike any known curative medicine, and thousands of people have testified to its almost magical power of restoring health, even when all other remedies have failed.

From the very first dose the whole of the nerve system seems to be revitalised. The mind becomes splendidly active and attentive, and the body itself takes on a new vigour and strength that makes living a perfect pleasure.

No matter what the cause of your ailment, "Solar Elixir" will restore you to magnificent fitness. This statement you may prove to your own complete satisfaction by sending for a Free Test Supply.

Valuable Health Guide Free.

With this supply of "Solar Elixir" will also be sent you a wonderful Health Encyclopaedia, which should find a place in every home. This remarkable book, compiled by Dr. Rooke himself, has run into many editions, and hundreds of thousands of copies have been circulated the world over. To-day you may obtain your copy free, and indeed you will welcome this household "Guide to Health," for its pages give practical advice on the treatment of hundreds of human ailments.

Here, then, is a Two-fold Health Gift, which all may accept. It is, of course, impossible here to reproduce the enthusiastic letters of praise concerning Dr. Rooke's "Solar Elixir," but two or three brief extracts are given below:—

Mr. E. Baker writes: "I have found 'Solar Elixir' has done me a lot of good in toning up my broken system. It has been a pleasure for me to work since I commenced to take it. It is a priceless boon to such as myself, broken down with loss of self-confidence and energy."

Mr. Mercer writes: "I think your 'Solar Elixir' is grand for the nerves."

Mrs. Osborne says: "I am glad to say that I am much better since taking your 'Solar Elixir.'"

Mr. John Peirson writes: "I feel a great deal stronger, brighter, and altogether more hopeful."

If you are run down or ailing in any way, send your name and address, together with 3d. stamps, and you will receive by return:—

- (1) A free test bottle of the famous Dr. Rooke's "Solar Elixir."
 - (2) A copy of Dr. Rooke's Health Encyclopaedia, entitled "The Anti-Lancet."
- (If "Anti-Lancet" only is required, simply enclose 1d. stamp with your letter.)

All applications for the Free Trial Bottles and the Health Guide should be accompanied by 3d. stamps to cover cost of packing, return carriage, etc., and should be addressed to Dr. Chas. Rooke, Ltd., Dept. D., Leeds.—Adv.

A RED CROSS HELPER.



Miss R. N. Howard is one of three sisters busy at the Red Cross Central Workrooms.—(Russell.)

A WOUNDED ATHLETE.



Lieut. A. C. Telfer, Suffolk Regiment, who has been wounded, is a notable cross-country runner.

SANG TO THE AUSTRIANS.



Mme. Piccara Johanny, a Viennese belle, who sang in the Austrian trenches on the Italian front.

It is the pure Oxygen

that Calox liberates in use which so thoroughly cleans the teeth and makes them so white and beautiful. It is this purifying and vitalising Oxygen which leaves the mouth so delightfully fresh, the breath so sweet, and the teeth so safe against decay.

Calox

THE OXYGEN TOOTH POWDER.

FREE Send for Sample Box of Calox, sufficient for a convincing test.

Sold ordinarily in non-wasting boxes, 1/3.

The Calox Tooth Brush Reaches every part of every tooth.
G. B. KENT & SONS, Ltd., 25, Farringdon Rd., London.

THERE have been many moments during the war when we have been angry with our Prime Minister; there have been more when we have been proud of him—moments when he has been silent under volleys of abuse from Ginger critics, moments when he has stood up to voice the will of the nation, and confute the lies of her enemies.

WE are certainly proud of the speech he made at Lancaster House in reply to the German Chancellor. Bethmann-Hollweg's speech was at once truckling and truculent—and altogether insincere. Mr. Asquith's retort is as modest as it is confident and manly, and every phrase rings true. We may well be willing to take these twain as representative of our country and our enemy: this brave knight—and this bullying, lying coward.

OPPORTUNITY makes the man, and but for this war we might never have known how great was this canny Yorkshireman. All his qualities have been brought to play: his native strength, painted to look like lath, his eloquence, his reticence, his amiability, his tremendous power of inertia—which saith "Here I stick! Move me who can!" But for that last power all the other qualities might have been useless, for he has been assailed from all quarters by every imaginable insult, his position has been undermined by incessant conspiracy. And still he sticks in his place, and will stick there till the war is over. True representative in this, as in so many other ways of the British character! Our enemies and his call it obstinacy; let them call it what they will. It was that obstinacy which barred the way to Calais, and will win this war.

I DO not accuse Mr. Asquith of being brilliant (thank God he is not! a brilliant man had wrecked us before now). That he is sound all those who come in personal contact with him acknowledge. Both at home and abroad he is acknowledged as the worthy head of British Administration. His military advisers are astonished at the ease and certainty with which he masters problems of strategy, and the modesty with which he submits to expert advice. That he is strong the baffled intriguers bear witness, as, one by one, they abandon their wrecking tactics in disgust. That he makes mistakes is obvious; who would not? Has ever British statesman had a task like his? That he needs to be constantly criticised is as plain. But we should criticise him to strengthen him, for his retention in power is worth many battalions in this war.

ONCE again, in this last speech of his, he enunciates our simple purpose—to the confusion of our enemies, and of all traitors and waverers. "We shall not sheathe the sword until the military domination of Prussia is wholly and finally destroyed." In a few simple phrases he sweeps away the Chancellor's flimsy excuses for Germany's gross outrages in Belgium and the other little States. The liberties of these States shall be vindicated before we sheathe the sword. We will come to the Peace Conference, not as a suppliant, but as a conqueror.

"WE are fighting," as he puts it, in those last triumphant words of his, "side by side in a great cause, by what we know to be worthy means, with clean hands, and with a clear conscience. And side by side, as we have the will, so we are confident that we have the power, to vindicate the liberties of Europe."

LET us remain united in that spirit, and there is no doubt we shall win the war. The only whisper of doubt comes in this echo from the seaside:

"There would appear to be a considerable revival of pleasure motor-car traffic this season."

THE MAN IN THE STREET.



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Echoes of the Town.

Bachelor Peer To Be Married—Civil Servants' Point Of View—Story Of A Judge.



The King And Anti-Aircraft Gunners.

THE KING is living up to his reputation for thoroughness. Last week he was inspecting anti-aircraft guns, and watched a demonstration of the accuracy of our gunners' fire. Small balloons were sent high into the air as targets, and the manner in which they were hit, I am told, caused a very satisfied smile to light up the King's face.

The Speaker's French.

THE VISIT of the French Senators and Deputies to Westminster yesterday provided excellent opportunities for displaying linguistic talent on the part of our M.P.s. It was a matter of general comment that the Speaker quite outshone the Lord Chancellor in his address of welcome. Mr. Lowther had an almost perfect accent and diction, but Lord Buckmaster's accent, it must be confessed, was hopelessly Anglicised.

Lord Lansdowne Silent.

THERE WAS one little matter which, I think, might have been better managed. Lord Lansdowne was present when the Lord Chancellor gave his welcome to our guests, and it seems a pity that he, an ex-Foreign Minister, with his intimate knowledge of all that France stands for, his command of her tongue, and his family associations with the best blood that flows in her veins, should have been only a silent spectator.

Lord Hawke's Engagement.

STILL another peer to be married! And one who had been looked upon as a confirmed bachelor.

Anyhow, sportsmen all the world over will congratulate Lord Hawke on his engagement to Mrs. Arthur Cross. Though not among the very greatest of cricketers, in his time, by his tact and generalship, he made the Yorkshire team incomparable. Amateurs and professionals, it was a happy band of brothers under his leadership. He treated the professional as a man and a brother—which was not the case with all amateurs.



Not A Rich Peer.

LORD HAWKE is not as well off in land as some of his predecessors in the title. When, for instance, the fourth Lord Hawke died a great deal of property went from the title to his only child, Cassandra Countess of Rosse. There was, I believe, no injustice in this, because the property came into the Hawke family through ancestresses of Lady Rosse who were not ancestresses of the present Lord Hawke.

Best Bomb-throwers.

TALKING of cricket, I hear that a very high French officer says the British soldiers are the finest bomb-throwers. He attributes this to their training in sports.

A Champion Shot.

I HAD AN interesting chat the other day with that great rifle shot, Mr. Walter Winans, who is living at Brighton, and takes a keen interest in the training of crack shots for the Army. Having shot over 2,500 head of big game himself, he knows his subject. One peculiarity of his shooting is that he always fires with both eyes open.

Equality Of Sacrifice.

WHETHER COMPULSION for married men will come or not, there is no reason why the makers of catch phrases should continue to exercise their invariably inaccurate ingenuity in the matter. I notice that some people are busy yapping about "Equality of Sacrifice."

Where Is It?

OF COURSE, equality of sacrifice is an impossible state of affairs in any community. Least of all methods could it be obtained by a measure of general compulsion. People say that the extension of the Military Service Act to the married is to bring about this "equality." Will it? A. is earning two thousand a year by his own ingenuity. B. is earning two hundred in a very subordinate position because he is too lazy or too stupid to rise out of it. C. loves his wife devotedly. D. hates his, and the prospect of escaping is Heaven. The Act drags all four into the Army. Where's your "equality"?

Mrs. Waldorf Astor.

CONGRATULATIONS to Mrs. Astor, the wife of the Hon. Waldorf Astor and the chatelaine of Cliveden, and the daughter-in-law of the new Lord Astor (there are many Mrs. Astors, hence this detailed description). She gave birth to a son at her house in St. James's-square on Monday morning, and latest bulletins declare that both are getting on splendidly. Mrs. Astor was doing a lot of good work among the wounded Tommies who were her guests at her lovely house near Maidenhead—familiar to all who know the Thames. I remember her driving a car-load of the boys over to see her friend, Laurette Taylor, one fine summer afternoon, and they were obviously having a great time. Mrs. Astor is a busy, energetic, amusing American, and Charles Dana Gibson is her brother-in-law.



(Underwood & Underwood.)

The Civil Service Day.

MY friends in the Civil Service who have been reading the "Man in the Street" tell me that there is very emphatically another side to the scorn which is being heaped on them in the matter of to-morrow's protest meeting. The new system does not, except in principle, affect the senior men at all at the moment. Even in offices not directly concerned with the war the staffs have been so reduced that the men have to work very long hours, and there is, of course, no overtime in the higher division.

The Men Affected.

THE men who are affected are the not over-paid lower division clerks. They have received (and earned) overtime after seven hours. They entered the Service on that understanding, and they claim that the Treasury, while ostentatiously leaving political salaries where they were, has no right by a simple fiat to alter the whole terms of service. They say that the Government would never have dared to treat trade union men in that way, and that they are simply trading on the forbearance of the Service.

The Transformation.

BEFORE THE war employers of woman labour had all sorts of petty regulations regarding the dress of their employees. Black was usually insisted on, and many firms placed a strict embargo on any but the simplest jewellery. Now that the girl clerk is in the majority she won't put up with such tyrannies. She dresses just as smartly and as fascinatingly as she pleases, and finds that after all the employers really like her all the better for her "chic" appearance.

Lord Montagu To Speak.

LORD MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU is expected to say something about the real condition of the Air Service—and possibly other matters—to-day, when he addresses a meeting at Birmingham with the Lord Mayor (Mr. Neville Chamberlain) in the chair. Much excitement exists as to what his lordship will have to disclose, particularly with regard to the resignation of himself and Lord Derby from the Air Committee.



Lord Montagu is a very sound sort of man, and it is good news that he is sufficiently recovered from his terrible ordeal in the Mediterranean, when he was nearly drowned, to resume active work, both political and otherwise.

London Scottish—

A COLLEAGUE of mine tried to join the R.N.A.S., but was rejected because one of his parents is French. He met with the same fate in the case of the R.F.C., French parentage again being the bar. However, he has been accepted by—the London Scottish.

And "Superior English."

THIS REMINDS me that months ago a sergeant of the London Scottish marched up Shoe-lane to hunt for recruits. "Do you only take Scotchmen?" I asked him. "Yes," was the reply. "only Scots—or superior English."

One Ground Of Appeal.

THE COLLEAGUES of Mr. Justice Boyd, who has just retired from the Irish Bench, used to tell a good story against him, and it is being revived now. Counsel—now, by the way, himself on the Bench—in opening a case in the Appeal Court, began: "This, my lords, is an appeal from a decision of Mr. Justice Boyd, but that is not the only ground—" The rest of the prefatory explanation was lost in the laughter of the Court. Nobody enjoys this story better than Justice Boyd himself.

Deeds, Not Words.

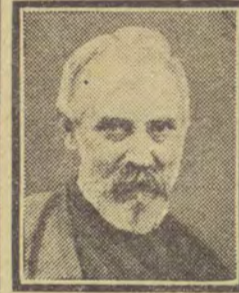
CAPTAIN STEPHEN GWYNN, M.P., just back from the front for a day or two, has lost his look of dreamy scholarship, and become a breezy and bluff soldier-man. I asked him about the appearance of his long-standing life of Sir Charles Dilke, and his monograph on Mrs. Humphry Ward, and he replied, "Lord knows when they'll be published." I suggested that in the trenches he was, perhaps, forgetting how to write; and he responded that it was worse than that. "I am forgetting even how to read," he smilingly grumbled.

Sir William Harcourt's Pun.

MY PARAGRAPH about Lord Spencer exchanging with a Knightley of Fawsley anecdotes concerning their ancestors reminds a correspondent of a monumental pun let off by the late Sir William Vernon Harcourt. One of the Knightleys was always talking of his pedigree, in season and out. On one occasion he had bored the whole club stiff with the subject. Whereupon Harcourt remarked: "And nightly to the listening earth repeats the story of his birth"—quoting Addison's famous hymn.

A Martial Bishop.

A MOST martial bishop is his Right Reverence of Worcester, who has pointed out, with a certain amount of pride, that the reason for the small number of deacons in his diocese at present is the fact that he has himself absolutely declined to ordain any young man eligible for military service who had not tried to enlist in the British Army before the Church Militant. The Bishop has a son with the forces who gave up his position as agent to Lord Haddington's estates to take up a commission in the R.N.V.R.



Military Amenities.

A SUBALTERN had invited a colleague from another battalion to his billet, and the hostess and a pretty niece made up a four at auction bridge. Suddenly the subaltern's two sergeants called on official business, and were invited in. The game was stopped while they stated their business, and then instead of going they stood easy and waited for something to turn up.

He Took Her Hand.

NOW THEY were two very handsome and dashing young sergeants, and the pretty niece thought it no harm to ask if they would have a drink—which was wrong, of course. But as one of them was a Scotsman, the damage was done before it could be recalled. So the officer asked them to sit down. Then the pretty niece was called away for a moment, and as it was an important rubber the senior sergeant took her hand (metaphorically speaking), and had the satisfaction of doing his superior officer down for several hundred before he did go. Very irregular, no doubt, but very pleasant for some of the parties concerned.

The New Sub.

THE new subaltern had acquired his kit with great care, and had achieved on the whole a very satisfactory *tout ensemble*. He paraded before the adjutant with considerable confidence accordingly, and waited for bouquets. They didn't come. The eye of the adjutant lingered on the gold safety pin at the sub's collar. "Ah," said he sweetly, "haven't you forgotten your earrings? I see you have put on the rest of your jewellery."

Collected £11,200.

HERE is an example for emulation. Mr. Kenneth Bilborough, a member of Lloyd's, during the last few weeks has raised the remarkable sum of £11,200 for the benefit of Mr. C. Arthur Pearson's Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Care Committee, St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park. I give you the full address in case you would like to do likewise. It was the fact that Mr. Bilborough was at Winchester College with Mr. Pearson that led him to start collecting. But the fact that, perhaps, you were not at Winchester, of course, need not deter you.

MR. GOSSIP.

WHERE OUR LADS ARE WINNING



The battered church and graveyard at St. Eloi, where British troops have just scored another success.—(Photograph Exclusive to the *Daily Sketch*.)

A NURSE CAVELL OF BOHEMIA.



Mme. Bayerova, known as the Bohemian Nurse Cavell, has been charged with attempting to facilitate the escape of Russian officers and soldiers. A reign of terror prevails in Bohemia.

PATHWAY LINED WITH DEAD.



The French trenches around Verdun were so thickly lined with dead Germans that the corpses had to be placed along the side.—(French Official Photo.)

AUSTRIAN'S RUSSIAN MASCOT.



A little Russian boy who was captured by the Austrians and adopted as the mascot of a regiment.

THE QUEEN AS TOMMY'S HOSTESS.



The Queen leaving Waterloo-road Y.M.C.A. hut after handing cups of tea to soldiers home from the front.—(Daily Sketch Photograph)

LORD'S SON LEARNS AT LORD'S.



The Hon. William George E. Brownlow, Lord Lurgan's eldest son, being given a lesson at Lord's by H. White.

GLADYS COOPER WITH HER CHILDREN.



A happy photograph of Gladys Cooper (Mrs. Buckmaster) with her pretty children, little Joan and John.—(Rita Martin.)

FAITHFUL ZEP.



This puppy, now known as Zep, scratched in the debris of a house wrecked by a bomb till its mother was dug out unhurt.

THE VICEREINE'S MAIDS OF HONOUR.



Lady Wimborne, the Vicereine of Ireland, and her maids-of-honour—Lady Kathleen Hastings, Miss Audley Porter-Porter, and Lady Nora Hastings.—(Poole, Waterford.)

"MR. MANHATTAN."



A charming study of Peggy Kurton, the trusting fiancée of Mr. Manhattan.—(Foulsham and Banfield.)

THE STRONG MAN OF EMPIRE.



Mr. Hughes, the Australian Prime Minister, with his wife and little daughter, starting out on a country ramble. He has been resting in Kent after his illness, but he leaves to-day for Scotland.

THE DAIRYMAID.



Another recruit to the Land Army. Her uniform, useful and serviceable, is appropriately designed on cow-boy lines.—(Guy.)

FAILED TO REPORT FOR SERVICE.



James Scott Duckers leaving Marlborough-street Police Court yesterday accompanied by two ladies wearing "Stop the war" badges. See story on Page 2. —(Daily Sketch Photograph.)



Raymond Hitchcock, the American comedian, who has made such a great success as Mr. Manhattan in the play of that name at the Prince of Wales Theatre.



French soldiers snatching a hasty meal in the shelter of their sandbagged trench. At any moment they may be interrupted by the hungry Boches.—(French Official Photograph.)

AN AIRMAN'S FATE.



Lieut. G. J. L. Welsford, R.F.C. and Middlesex Regt., who is missing and unofficially reported killed.—(Birkett.)

HIS FACE TO THE FOE.



Lieut. Newland, son of the superintendent of the Claremont Mission, Pentonville, was killed encouraging his detachment of diggers within sight of the enemy.

THE GIANT'S AIRING



Sapper J. G. Bruce, of the Canadians, enjoys the sunshine in the Park with a hospital nurse as his escort.



Free

EVERY HOUSEWIFE should send at once for a copy of this splendid recipe Book entitled the "HOMELY COOK," which in addition to many new and economical recipes, contains full particulars of the ALLINSON

Housewives' Cookery Competition £20 monthly !!

is awarded in 36 cash prizes (first prize £5) for the making of one or other of the delicious recipes contained in this book.

There is no entrance fee and the competition is open to every housewife who uses ALLINSON PURE WHOLEMEAL FLOUR. Full particulars are also found in every 3½-lb., 7-lb., and 14-lb. sealed bag of Flour obtainable of all Allinson Bakers.

A free copy of this useful Cookery Book and particulars of the Allinson Competition will be sent on receipt of a postcard addressed to the

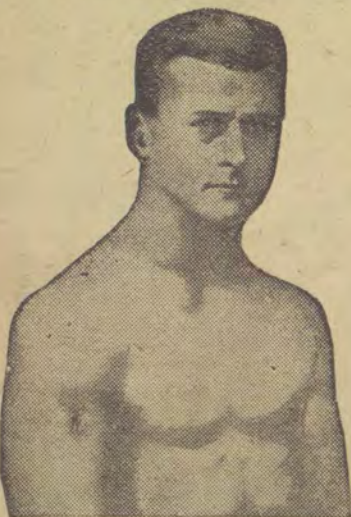
NATURAL FOOD CO., LTD. (Dept. S), 210, Cambridge Road, London, E.



GAINS 22 POUNDS in 23 DAYS.

Remarkable Experience of F. Gagnon.—Builds Up Weight Wonderfully.

"I was all run down to the very bottom," writes F. Gagnon. "I had to quit work. I was so weak. Now—thanks to Sargol—I look like a new man. I gained 22 pounds in 23 days." "Sargol has put 10 pounds on me in 14 days," states W. D. Roberts. "It has made me sleep well, enjoy what I ate, and enabled me to work with interest and pleasure. I am stronger than I have been in 20 years."



A Plump, Strong, Robust Body.

"Before I took Sargol people called me 'scraggy,' but now my name is changed. My whole figure is different, my face is plump and full, my body is stout. Have gained 15lbs., and am gaining yet. I look like a new man," declared another gentleman who had just finished the Sargol treatment. "Would you, too, like to quickly put from 10 to 30lbs. of good, solid, healthy 'stay there' flesh and muscular tissue between your skin and bones, and increase your strength in like proportion? Don't say it can't be done. Try it. A large trial box, costing only 3s., can be had from Boots or any other first-class Chemist. It will last you over a week, and will do you more good than a month at the seaside."

More than half a million thin men and women have gladly made this test, and that Sargol does succeed, does make thin folks fat, even where all else has failed, is best proved by the thousands of testimonials we are constantly receiving. No drastic diet, flesh creams, massage, oils or emulsions, but a simple, pleasant, harmless home treatment that will give you more strength and build you up quickly and surely. If your Chemist cannot supply you send direct to the Sargol Company, Dept. 74, Carlton House, Great Queen-street, London, W.C.—(Adv.)

You can Play the Piano To-Day

By NAUNTON'S NATIONAL MUSIC SYSTEM.



It makes no difference whether you have had previous lessons or not, whether you are 80 years of age or only eight, we guarantee that you can play the piano to-day by this wonderful and simple system. There are no sharps, flats, or theoretical difficulties to worry you, and no tiresome or wearisome exercises or scales to be learnt. You play correctly with both hands at once. No difficulty or drudgery whatever.

Failure is Impossible.

"You cannot fail." All you have to do is to sit down to the piano with our music and play it at once—Hymns, Dance Music, Songs, Classics, anything.

Over 50,000 people are playing by it, and are playing perfectly. If they can do it, so can you.

If you are one of the thousands who have tried and failed, have given up learning by the old methods owing to the difficulties, or if you are afraid to begin because of the drudgery, let us tell you all about this wonderful, simple, rapid, and perfect Naunton's National Music System, which is a real educator. That word "educator" means "to lead out" or "to draw out." It does not mean "to cram in." Our system draws out the musical powers of our students from the very first lesson. Take advantage of the offer we make on the coupon below, and by return of post you will receive five tunes which we guarantee you can play; thus you can prove for yourself the simplicity of our system and the accuracy of our statements. This small outlay will open up the delights of the vast realm of music to you and give you many years of purest pleasure.

No one need ever say again, "I wish I could play"; everyone can do it to-day

READ WHAT PEOPLE ARE SAYING:

Mr. D. Higgs, of Halesowen, writes:—"I have had your first lesson a little over a week, and anyone hearing me play it would think I had played the piano for years."

A Customer says:—"I think it A1, easy, excellent. Any person could understand it."

Another Pupil writes, after 5 lessons:—"Your system is splendid."

Another Pupil writes, after 6 lessons:—"I can play well, and am teaching two of my friends."

A Mother writes:—"Florrie can play splendidly, and I can play also. Your system is certainly splendid, and is just as easy as you said."

A Composer of over 3,000 popular songs says:—"I consider it the most ingenious invention in connection with music I have ever seen."

Another Pupil says:—"I am recommending it to all my friends, and two of them have sent you for their lessons."

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER COUPON Daily Sketch.

To the Manager, NAUNTON'S MUSIC SYSTEM, Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Being a reader of the *Daily Sketch*, and desiring to test your System, I send herewith postal order for ONE SHILLING, in return for which please send me your "SPECIAL NO. 1" published at 2/-, containing five tunes, and your instructions how I can play them at the first sitting, also particulars of how I can become a thorough musician.

NOTE:—Make postal orders payable to Naunton's National Music System, Limited.

NAME

ADDRESS

DATE

Cadbury's

"ABSOLUTELY PURE, THEREFORE BEST."

Cocoa

"NOT ONE BAD NIGHT."

Pakenham, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, 2/2/16.

Messrs. W. Woodward, Ltd

I enclose a photo of my happy little son at the age of seven months and had seven teeth when it was taken. Have never had any trouble with him, not one bad night. This we feel is all due to Woodward's Gripe Water. I recommend it to all mothers. You may use this testimony if you like, and I am willing to answer any enquiries, for I am sure we have you to thank for such a bonny boy.—Yours faithfully (Mrs.) H. J. Nunn.

WOODWARD'S

"GRIPE WATER"

A perfectly safe and sure remedy for the numerous familiar ailments of childhood.

Registered Trade Mark No. 99.



Contains no preparation of Morphia, Opium or other harmful drug, and has behind it a long record of Medical approval.

INVALUABLE DURING TEETHING.

Of all Chemists and Stores, Price 1/3

BEWARE OF DANGEROUS IMITATIONS.

PREPARED BY

W. WOODWARD, Ltd.

Registered Trade Mark No. 100.

GRIPE WATER.



What! Sleepy at 2 p.m.?

Try a cup of 'Camp' Coffee at lunch-time—then see how differently you set to work! Made in a wink—do it yourself!

CAMP COFFEE

But never, never, never take an imitation. Sold everywhere. R. Paterson & Sons Ltd., Coffee Specialists, Glasgow.

THE LION LEADS IN CURING.

EST. 1891



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A New Suggestion For Standard Dress.

There is just a possibility that the women of Missouri, U.S.A., will leave off buying fashion papers and cut down their shopping time by about ninety-nine per cent. For a clever American girl, Miss Ethel Ronzone, of the Home Economics Department of the University of Missouri, has designed a standard dress, and her countrywomen are invited to adopt it and become healthy, wealthy and wise through their release from the shackles of fashion.

It must be admitted that Miss Ronzone's rational costume is much less alarming than the best-known of its predecessors. She neither insists on divided skirts nor goes to the other extreme of demanding draperies which look very well on canvas at the Academy, but would be hopeless on an omnibus top. The Missouri model is in two parts—a skirt suspended from a plain bodice, and a blouse of the Russian order.

A Three-Yard Hem.

Two and a half to three yards is given as the width of the skirt hem, and Miss Ronzone recommends that the skirt should be of the circular type, and cut in four pieces, to prevent sagging at the bias seams. She suggests six inches from the ground as a suitable length—which seems moderation indeed when one considers that there is hardly a skirt-left in Bond-street which is nearly so long. The bodice from which the skirt should be suspended should be sleeveless, and fit rather closely, as no corsets are allowed.

Over this comes the blouse, which is simply the beloved "middy" of the flapper, save that for convenience it may button all the way down. Reaching below the hips, it conceals the lines of the uncorseted figure, and, if the wearer wishes, it may be confined by a belt at the waist.

Why Every Woman Will Not Wear It.

Patch pockets in the blouse, detachable collar and cuffs, and the length of the plain shirt sleeve are details left for the exercise of individual taste.

Miss Ronzone claims that her standard dress will not lack beauty, like the standard dress of the men, as its colour and texture may give it great æsthetic value, and it does not obscure any grace of movement possessed by its wearer.

It is extremely improbable that even in Missouri the dress will become universal wear, but the design is a good one, and has already recommended itself to many women as a house-working outfit which is easily put on, made, and washed, and does not get untidy, while it gives freedom of movement.

Perhaps, if we were all young and beautiful, fashion would have no chance against a simple standard dress. For it is not graceful youth whom fashion serves, and is in turn fashion's slave, but mis-shapen middle-age. The pretty

girl looks as pretty in her home-made holiday garb of washing skirt and middy blouse as in any creation from the Rue de la Paix—and she knows it—but what of her expansive mother or

her round-shouldered aunt? It is they, when they can afford it, who call for the help of distracting modes, and in their train the rest of womenkind follow.

E. S.



Points About The New Afternoon Frocks.

Two afternoon frocks show the main features of the new mode—the fitting sleeves, the narrower waists and the simplicity of the trimmings.

There is a suggestion of the Princess gown about the model on the left, which is in dull blue taffeta, with gilt buttons and a black silk neck ribbon.

Alpaca is in favour again, and was chosen for the trim suit on the right, with its well-flared basque. The colour was a dusty shade of drab. Aluminium embroidery edges the fastening tab of the coat and marks the junction of the very full skirt and the hip yoke. The collar stands high at the back, although opening almost to the waist in front, and this will be a characteristic of many spring suits.

Economy of trimming will be noted on both the hats. The

heavy-weight hat has almost disappeared. With the blue frock is worn an untrimmed shape of black lisere straw, with the alpaca one a satin hat of the same shade with black wings.

FOR A BAD COUGH.

Here is a fine old-fashioned recipe for coughs, colds, or catarrh trouble that is absolutely unequalled. Get from your chemist 1 oz. of Parmitin (Double Strength) and add to it 1 pint of hot water and 4 oz. of granulated sugar. Take one dessert spoonful 4 times a day. No more racking your whole body with a cough. Clogged nostrils will open, air passages of your head will clear, and you can breathe freely. It is easy to prepare, costs little, and is pleasant to take. Anyone who has a stubborn cough, hard cold, or catarrh in any form should give this prescription a trial.

PREVENT RELAPSES OF INFLUENZA.

This is the time of year when those who have had influenza are suffering from the condition in which the disease invariably leaves its victims.

Influenza leaves the blood thin, and this anæmia which follows influenza is very stubborn in resisting treatment. It must be corrected, however, before any cure can be considered permanent. As long as the blood remains thin there will continue the relapses with which most sufferers from influenza are familiar. Warmth and quiet alone give comfort, and these not for long at a time. Sleep is restless and does not refresh the nerves, which are always at high tension.

The best way to correct this after-effect of influenza is to build up the blood, and there is no better blood builder than the well-known Dr. Williams' pink pills.

As soon as the new revitalised blood courses through the system you are aware of its soothing influence. Gradually the colour returns to the pale cheeks, appetite and digestion improve and you are on the road to health. You will do well, therefore, to begin Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people at once; obtain a supply from any dealer and ask for Dr. Williams'.

FREE.—All readers are invited to send a post-card request to Book Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London, for a copy of a useful Health Guide.—Advt.

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and fresh air during these beautiful days of Spring, while MANSION POLLY, the Busy Bee, does your work. Her wonderful wax preparation, Mansion Polish, adds a rich, brilliant gloss to all Woodwork, Linoleum and Stained or Parquet Floors throughout the house, drives dust, dirt and germs out of existence, and is proof against fingermarking. Mansion Polish sinks into the substance of Linoleum, acting as a food, and thus greatly lengthening the wear. Engage the services of Mansion Polly without delay; she more than compensates for the present labour-shortage, and there is no increase in the price of her

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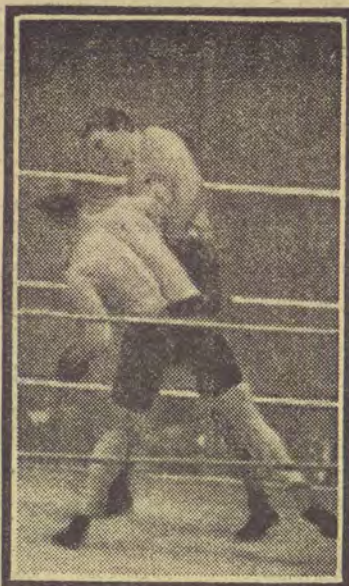
Mrs. Geoffrey St. John, whose husband, Lieut. St. John, is on active service, is helping to do the work at home while her men-servants fight and her women-servants work on the land.—(Val L'Estrange.)

THE NEW "TEA CLOTH" MODE.

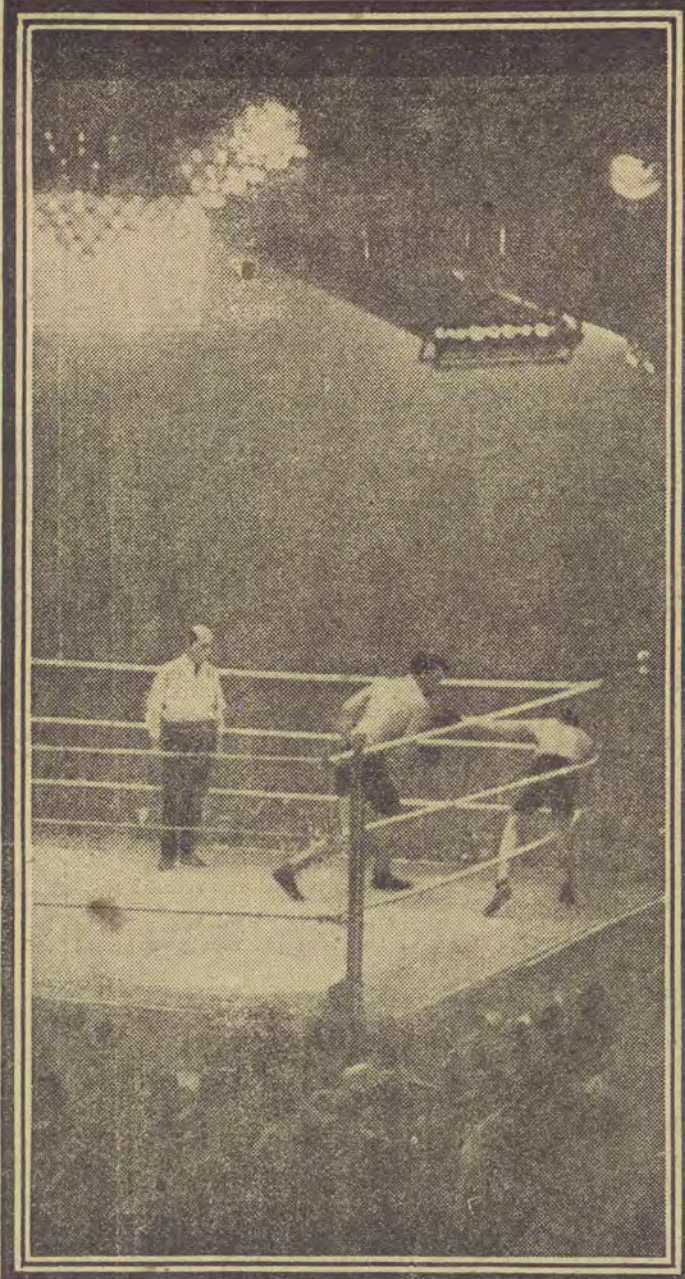


The new ruched taffeta gown, with pelerine, as designed by Reville and Rossiter. Note the novel "teacloth" effect.

HOW WILLARD OUT-POINTED MORAN.



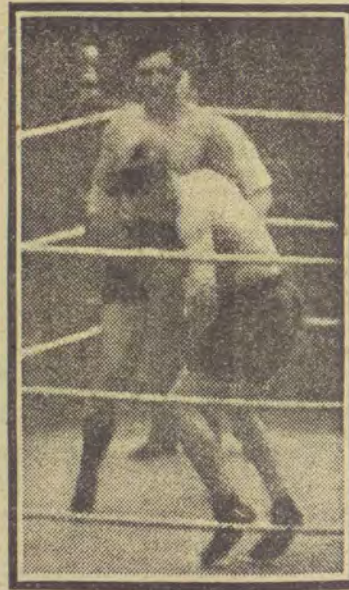
Moran's favourite body punch.



Willard's height was an asset. Willard rushes Moran in attempt to land a knock-out punch. Moran was always boring in. Six snapshots of the ten-rounds contest between Jess Willard, the world's heavy-weight champion boxer, and Frank Moran, one of the most genuine challengers for the coveted title. As a night it was not a great spectacle. Willard won on points, and so retained his right to draw big salaries as a vaudeville artiste. Moran was a plucky loser.



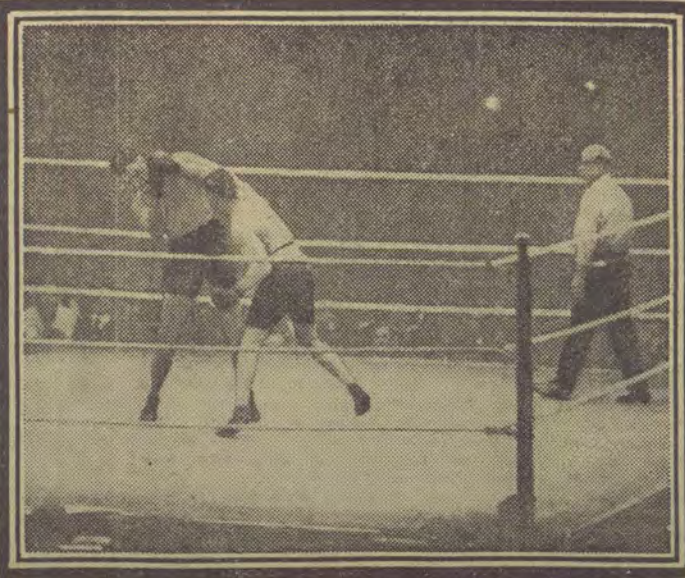
The champion covers well.



Willard easily stops a hard right to the jaw.



Miss Reynolds, whose father, Colonel Arthur Reynolds, is being promoted to Brigadier.



Miss Waring, daughter of Col. Waring, engaged to Capt. Harnett, Black Watch.—(Langfier.)