

HOW THE REBELS WERE QUELLED.—Striking Pictures On Page 3.

DAILY SKETCH.

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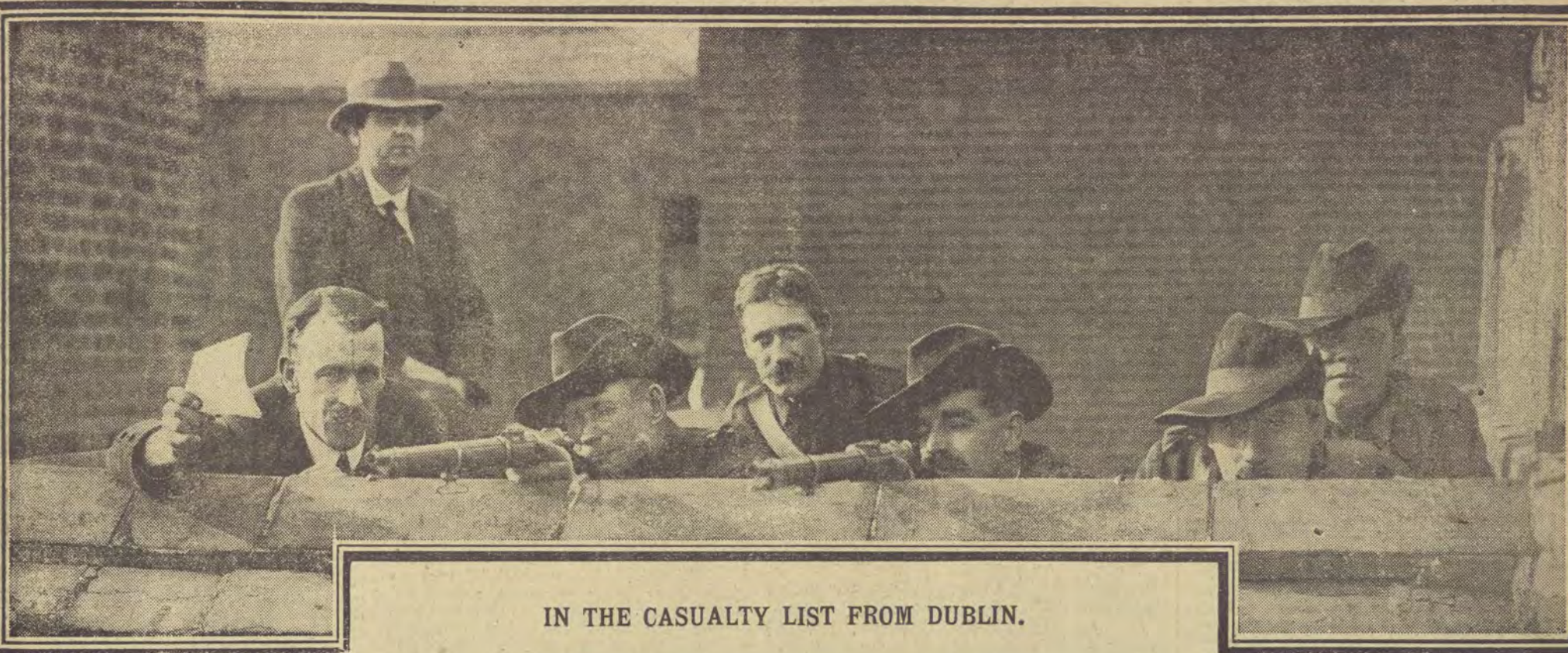
LONDON, TUESDAY, MAY 2, 1916.

[Registered as a Newspaper.]

ONE HALFPENNY.

ALL THE DUBLIN REBELS SURRENDER.—Official.

How Larkin's "Citizen Army" used to drill at Liberty Hall, the rebel fort, now a mass of ruins.



IN THE CASUALTY LIST FROM DUBLIN.



A group of the Sherwood Foresters' officers. On the extreme right is Captain Hickling, who is among the wounded.



A sentry of the Citizen Army. His uniform consisted of a slouch hat.

Captain Dietrichsen, one of the officers who has been killed.

Captain Cursham, another of the wounded officers.

One of the Citizen Army on guard on the roof of Liberty Hall.

GRAPHIC STORIES OF THE END OF DUBLIN'S BAD DREAM.

THE COLLAPSE OF THE ILL-STARRED REPUBLIC.

Special Messages From Our Correspondents.

FINAL DRAMATIC SCENES.

Work With Bayonet And Bomb Among The Rebels.

From Our Special Correspondent.

DUBLIN, Sunday.

The end of the rebellion came with dramatic suddenness. It was about 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The military cordon had been drawn closer and closer round the rebels' main area—Sackville-street.

It took little time to convince the rebels that they could not hope to stand up against such an attack. The Post Office was baldly smashed, and flames broke out at the roof. The military determined once and for all to have done with, if needs be, the building, which was known to contain the largest number of insurgents, together with quantities of munitions and food, in their efforts to gain submission.

THE WHITE FLAG.

The situation became hopeless for the rebels directly that determination was carried into effect. The building was burning—it is smouldering still—and further resistance from that particular point was impossible. It was a beautiful day of sunshine, and the black smoke could be seen against the blue sky for miles around.

From above the smoke a white flag could be discerned. It was the signal for submission.

Out of the smoking building came Pearce, the "President" of the new "Irish Republic," Connolly, the "Vice-President and Commander-in-Chief of the Republican Army," and the Secretary of Liberty Hall.

Connolly was badly wounded, and had to be assisted.

The surrendered unconditionally. Paper was produced, and upon it the three men announced such was their intention, and signed their names.

They were immediately taken prisoners. With them were marched the remnants of the "Republican" Army, strongly guarded by troops.

UNDER GUARDED ESCORT.

The word must have quickly got round, for during the day batches of other rebels in different parts of the city surrendered also, and were taken away under guarded escort.

These sporadic surrenders have been taking place all during the day (Sunday). Where the rebels have not surrendered they have been driven out with rifle fire, hand grenades, and bayonets, until at last, as I write this evening, the only points they hold are:—

Jacobs' Biscuit Works.
North Union Workhouse.
College of Surgeons.

The back of the rebellion may now rightly be said to be completely broken, but there is still life left in the body, and sniping is still being carried on in different parts of the city.

It was not an easy task the military had to perform even towards the last—it has been a hard one all along.

A BAYONET CHARGE.

One of the fiercest fights of the whole proceedings took place at the *Daily Express* office, which the rebels held.

It was decided to root them out. The usual preliminaries were adopted, finishing up with a bayonet charge. The place was captured, but at an expense of some casualties.

At the South Union Workhouse—one of the extreme outposts of the rebels—there was not much difficulty. The rebels came out carrying a white flag of their own free will, and were immediately surrounded.

The "Republican" flag of the rebels has now yet been captured. It is green, with a golden harp without the crown.

One of the last places to be driven in during the week-end was Jacobs' biscuit works. Nothing is now left but the skeleton of a building. From this the rebels still keep up a continued sniping. As I write preparations are being made to deal with it effectively.

TO PREVENT ESCAPE.

This afternoon a further body of 50 men surrendered. They were marched openly through the streets, with a guard of soldiers on each side of them, with loaded rifles and fixed bayonets. They wore no uniforms or armbands, and could fairly be described as an unshaven, dirty, and ragged lot.

Yes, the rebellion is smashed, but not quite killed. Special precautions are being taken to prevent escapes, and all avenues of exit from the disaffected areas are being closely watched, while detectives scrutinise every outgoing passenger on the mailboat.

The rebels have been beaten by tactics and artillery. Apparently the plan of the military has been to drive two wedges through the rebels' areas, with each apex at Trinity College, as shown by the map.

The first wedge started at Balls Bridge, and proceeded in a north-westerly direction through Northumberland-road, Lower Mount-street, Merrion-square, and Nassau-street—with an outer cordon

along Pembroke-road, Lower Baggott-street, and (after clearing St. Stephen's Green) up towards the top part of Grafton-street and the bottom part of Sackville-street.

The other wedge started at King's Bridge Station, going east by Steven's-lane, along James-street, Thomas-street, High-street, Castle-street, and Dane-street, to the College Green, where both wedges joined. All the streets leading to and from the two main wedge lines were strongly held by troops and closely barricaded, and the general tendency was a push northwards.

CORDONS OF TROOPS.

To prevent any bursting out on the north side there was a strong outer cordon along the whole length of the North Circular-road, with an inner cordon along Prussia-street, Manor-street, North King-street, Parnell-street, and Summer-hill. The streets from these arteries were similarly barricaded and held, and the general tendency was to push southward. The east side was held similarly. In this way were the positions of the rebels first broken apart, then isolated, and ultimately subdued.

In the middle of the week these streets were kept absolutely clear and tight. None of the inhabitants was allowed in many places to enter or leave their houses. But a walk round the district to-day shows that many of them have now been opened out. For the first time since Tuesday the people have been allowed out, and they are now promenading about, glad of the opportunity of taking a breath of fresh air, and basking in the open sunshine.

THREE DAYS WITHOUT FOOD.

Many of the inhabitants have suffered hardships, having, with their children, been short of food for over three days. The food supply is still deficient; moreover, the people have no money to purchase any, all business having been suspended. Looting has stopped, for this is an Hibernianism—there is nothing more to loot.

To the shortness of food many of the people have had added to their troubles the terror of being sniped at.

The destitution, said an officer, is great. At the Castle there is a queue of people waiting for relief.

All vehicular traffic is prohibited in the streets. The sentries are still there, of course; but they have not the same risk of being sniped in the back as they had, though the danger still exists. Their comrades were still behind barricades of sandbags, carts, and household furniture, watching with loaded rifles in hand.

College Green was clear, and people were walking about in front of the College.

AT THE LAW COURTS.

Four Courts, I am glad to say, has suffered only little damage; it is occupied by the military.

Sackville-street presents a desolate picture. The front of the Post Office is smashed, and the interior was burning. Other buildings were smoking, and the air was filled with quantities of fine ashes.

The fire brigade was crossing and recrossing the O'Connell Bridge, which was being freely used by the military and police.

From Lower Abbey-street to the Quay is largely damaged. The Hopkins corner, by Sackville-street and the Quay, is demolished.

The Imperial Hotel is burnt, and so is the draper's shop beneath.

Kelly's gunpowder shop, at the corner on the opposite side, is damaged, but not wrecked, and the Metropole Hotel is intact.

P.S.—As this message is being sent to the boat word is brought that there are disturbances at Balls Bridge—the spot where the troopers were killed, on the road from Kingstown to Dublin, and the scene of some severe fighting before the rebels were dispersed. The houses have been reoccupied by the rebels. The military have surrounded them, and an active bombardment with artillery is going on.

LOST A HAND IN SAVING HIS MEN.

In a successful effort to save a number of his men, Sec. Lieut. D. Wood, of the Lancashire Fusiliers, has been seriously injured.

He was conducting a bombing class at the front, when one of the men failed to clear the projecting parapet with his bomb. This was rolling down towards the class when Lieut. Wood sprang forward to throw it clear. Unfortunately the bomb exploded in his hand, which was blown off. His gallant act, however, achieved its object, as it undoubtedly saved the lives of many of the men.

Lieut. Wood, though at the time only 18 years old, went to Belgium at the commencement of the war with several Manchester members of the Legion of Frontiersmen and saw much active work with the 7th Belgian Lancers. Returning home last spring, he was granted a commission. Lieut. Wood is an old Northern Institute (Leeds) scholar.

"WORSE STILL IN GERMANY."

The Mayor of Vienna, Dr. Neuskirchner, said at a recent meeting, quoted by the *Zeit*: "Our life is now very difficult and very hard. However, our situation, grave though it is, is still more enviable than that of the principal towns of Germany."—Central News, from Berne, Switzerland.

SURRENDER CEREMONY.

Only Scattered Bands Of Rebels Left To Be Rounded Up.

BATTLE FOR NEWSPAPER OFFICE.

From Our Special Correspondent.

KINGSTOWN, Sunday.

The Sinn Fein rebellion, as an organised rising, is upon the verge of collapse. The ringleaders have surrendered. James Connolly, the self-styled commander of the Irish Republican Army, Pearce, and the secretary of Liberty Hall have giving themselves up to the military authorities. Connolly is wounded.

Details of how the surrender was made are at present lacking, but there appears to have been a certain formality and ceremony about the affair, as a document accepting terms of unconditional surrender was signed by the rebel leaders.

One does not know the immediate reason for their capitulation, but the main cause is sufficiently obvious. The game was up.

THE DEADLY WEDGE.

One stronghold after another had been wrested from them. They were encircled by troops. The very centre of their position was effectively dominated by the military, who had driven a way through from Kingsbridge on the west and Balls Bridge on the south to a point opposite Trinity College, whence they raked both sides of Sackville-street with shellfire. The rebellion was gripped at the heart, and the life is steadily being squeezed out of it.

The surrender of the leaders yesterday was the signal for the crumbling of the resistance. In tens and twenties the rebels are laying down their arms. This morning a body of about 40 were marched through the streets under a strong escort of soldiers.

RUINS OF SACKVILLE-STREET.

The rebels have been evicted from the Post Office, the front of which has suffered considerable damage from bombardment and the interior from fire. Sackville-street has suffered severely from the bombardment which was inevitable in order to break the back of the rebels' resistance.

From Lower Abbey-street to the Quay it has been almost entirely destroyed. The well-known buildings which have been laid in ruins include the Imperial Hotel, the D.B.C. (Dublin Bread Company), and Hopkins's, the jewellers, at the corner of Sackville-street, to the quayside—a shop much frequented by tourists for mementoes. These premises have not only been blown down by gunfire, but completely burnt out.

Curiously enough, the Metropole Hotel, at the corner opposite the Post Office, is undamaged. Sackville-street was still burning to-day, and dense black smoke clouds were floating down across the Liffey carrying with them a great quantity of fine ashes.

THE LAST STRONGHOLD.

At the time of writing there is still one big building held by the rebels, but their tenure of it will not be of long duration. This is Jacob's biscuit factory—a mere shell of a structure well nigh burnt out. Rebels were still sniping from it to-day, and it was the intention of the military to blow it up. Apart from this there is an area where the rebels hold on tenaciously, and shoot continually from the roofs and windows of houses. This is the district from Ballsbridge up to Merrion-square, including the Beggar's Bush neighbourhood.

The strong hand will be needed in Dublin for some time to come. After a week of anarchy and murder, of looting, and of appalling destitution among the poor, the city is by now in a parlous condition. Many people in the beleaguered districts—men, women, and children, have certainly undergone great privations.

One of the hottest little episodes that has been reported in the street fighting occurred yesterday morning, when the Sinn Feiners were cleared out of the offices of the *Daily Express* and *Evening Mail*. They had been sniping at the Castle, and it was decided to adopt "rush" tactics in taking the building.

The soldiers twice stormed it, having four men shot in the second attack; but they drove out the rebels and took them prisoners.

REBELS STOLE HIS LUGGAGE.

Considerable anxiety had been shown in Northampton concerning Councillor F. C. Parker, who was Mayor of Northampton last year, and is now chairman of the local tribunal.

He was known to be staying at the Hotel Metropole, Dublin, when the outbreak occurred. It transpires he was in the midst of the turmoil, and only succeeded in getting away to reach Northampton yesterday, accompanied by his secretary. All their luggage had been commandeered by the rebels.

TEA WITH BREAD & BUTTER, ONE SHILLING.

Serious Effects Of The Food Shortage In Dublin.

SOUTH-SIDE RIFLE DUEL.

From Our Own Correspondent.

DUBLIN, Saturday.

The worst of the street fighting appears to be in the area south of the Liffey, between the Docks on the east, Grafton-street on the west, and Lower Baggot-street on the south, with Stephen's Green at the south-west corner.

This includes the Merrion-square and Westland-row district. It does not mean that the whole force of the rebels is trapped in the area described, but it is within the maze of streets contained there that the Sinn Feiners are particularly strongly established, and are offering a very stubborn resistance.

How this resistance is to be broken and the rebels driven out is the secret of the military authorities.

The district is about a mile across one way by something over half a mile the other, and to subdue it in the ordinary way would present the formidable task of dislodging the rebels house by house—a very long and certainly a costly business; but the fact that there is now artillery in the shape of machine-guns and field pieces suggests quicker and more drastic ways of accomplishing the object.



SIR MATTHEW NATHAN, Irish Permanent Under-Secretary.

REVOLVER UNDER HER APRON.

The problem would be simpler if this area I have described were the only one to be dealt with. But there are other positions that are still held by the Sinn Feiners, and, apart from these, there are many streets in which are houses known or suspected to contain small bands who, from the shelter of the houses, are still able to hold out. These will have to be captured before the troops are masters of the situation.

A case has been authentically reported where a woman stood in the street with a revolver concealed beneath her apron, and shot an officer in the back just as he passed her.

It is undoubted that the main body of the rebels is well served by its scouts and spies. There is nothing to indicate whether a civilian in the streets of Dublin is a law-abiding citizen or an agent of the rebellion.

WITHIN THE CORDON.

Meanwhile the "war" goes on; but reliable information of its progress within the actual zone of operations is almost non-existent.

The centre of the fighting might be somewhere in France for all those outside Dublin know of it. One may reach the fringe of things, and many people who have homes or businesses in the city and have received "permits" to pass "through the lines" have had glimpses of the street warfare; but the real work is being done within the cordon that is tightly drawn around the affected areas.

The soldiers take cover behind area railings and bushes in front of houses, or they and the rebels face each other from buildings on the opposite sides of streets, and the rifle duel goes on continuously.

Kingstown is in military occupation, and there are some remarkable evidences of the disorganisation caused by the revolt.

FOOD SHOP QUEUES.

With railway services suspended the country districts are well nigh isolated. Conveyances can only be hired at exorbitant rates, and cycles have become quite a valuable possession. A more serious difficulty is with regard to provisions.

Almost all the grocers' shops in Kingstown are closed, and at one store, which opens for a short time in the afternoon, a queue of women waits outside daily. There is no butter, and bread supplies are not guaranteed. In some cases householders have been rationed for bread for the time being.

Meat has advanced by threepence and sixpence a pound. The confectioners are almost cleared out, and do not know whether they will have anything to sell on Monday.

Prices of many things have increased almost daily, and the refreshment tariff grows astonishingly. At a café on Thursday tea with bread and butter was 8d. To-day's price is 1s.

Other items on the menu are in proportion. However, now that stores are being landed for the soldiers there is some hope that the difficulties with regard to foodstuffs will be lessened.

WOMEN OBJECT TO THICK BOOTS.

Postwomen employed at a North-West London office have refused to wear the regulation boots. They state that they are too thick and heavy, and they have in consequence handed in their resignations.

Valhalla, the 1,500-ton yacht once owned by the late Earl Crawford, has been sold to a French trader.

GENERAL MAXWELL REPORTS SURRENDER OF CITY REBELS.

ALL DUBLIN'S REBEL COMMANDOS SURRENDER.

Latest News From The Irish Capital.

THE REBELLION SMASHED.

Graphic Stories Of Republicans' Last Stand.

From The Field-Marshal Commanding-In-Chief Home Forces.

1 p.m., Monday.

The General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Irish Command, reports that all the Dublin commandos have surrendered.

LAST PHASES OF REVOLT IN DUBLIN.

The Smoking Ruins Of Dublin's Big Buildings.

HOTELS SHORT OF FOOD.

DUBLIN, Sunday Evening.

The morning broke clear and fine, and found the back of the rebel resistance practically broken.

Cannolly and Pearse, the leaders of the Sinn Feiners, surrendered unconditionally, and the secretary of Liberty Hall is also in safe custody.

Their supporters have been surrendering in batches.

There is still a form of guerilla warfare going on at different points between the military and the snipers. These have yet to be overcome, and a series of Sidney-street sieges is anticipated.

Smoke is still to be seen coming from the ruins of Sackville-street. Jacob's factory is standing, a blackened ruin, but there are still a few rebels in a part of it.

The south side of the Liffey, with the exception of a few sniping posts, is quiet.

The South Dublin Union Workhouse surrendered on Saturday, when the rioters hoisted the white flag.

The Post Office has been burned, but the charred walls are still standing. The Four Courts are again in possession of the military.

The quays are completely under military control, from the Metal Bridge westwards. The O'Connell Bridge is intact.

Three large buildings in Sackville-street—the Imperial Hotel, the Dublin Bread Co.'s premises, and Hopkins's jewellery shop—are practically in ruins.

The private houses between these three places are in a rickety condition.

College Green is now quite clear. There is a constant sniping in the region of Balls Bridge and Merrion-square.

Some of the poorer people are experiencing difficulty in obtaining food, while the hotels are practising economy in bread and other necessaries.

From what I can gather the military operations resulted in a wedge being driven in between the parts occupied by the Sinn Feiners.

All is quiet in Cork, but there has been some trouble in Enniscorthy, although the details of the latter are lacking here.

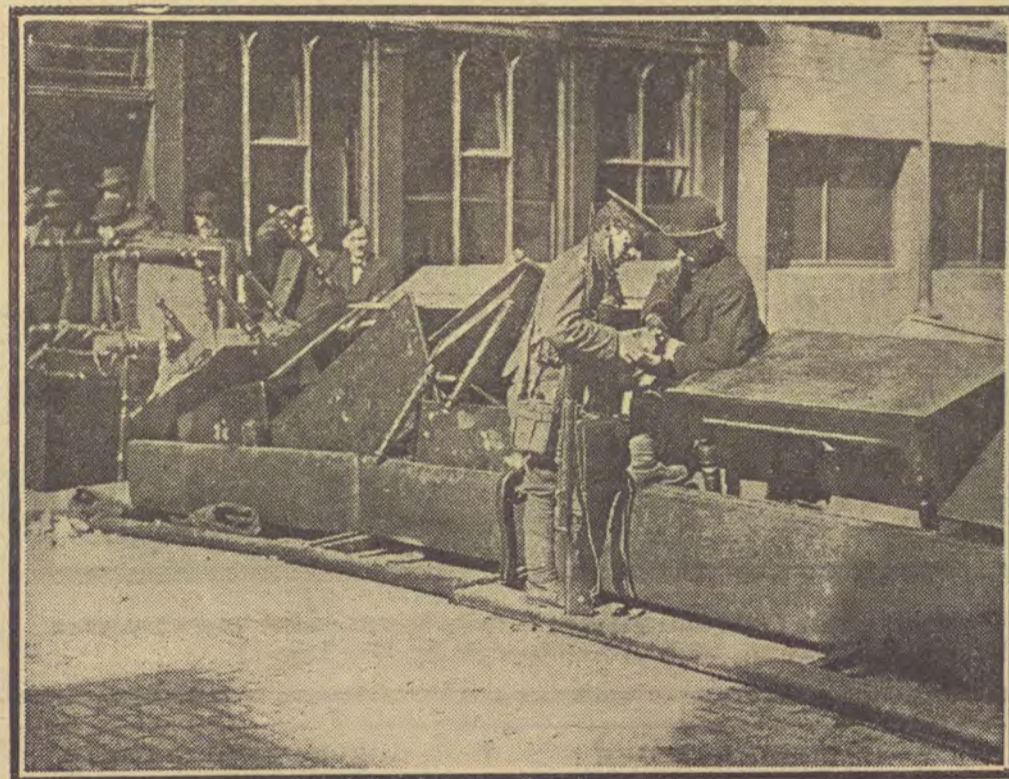
The mailboat service to and from Holyhead and Kingstown is running regularly every night, and this morning Dublin received its first supply of newspapers since Easter Monday. These were eagerly bought up in the few shops open.

The news of the fall of Kut is being dis-

DUBLIN'S SPLENDID BUILDINGS IN RUINS



The ruins of Sackville-street, from O'Connell Bridge. It has been the scene of desperate fighting.



A civilian trying to get through a barricade is stopped by the troops.



COLLIER'S BATTLE WITH A SUBMARINE.

S.S. Wandle Engages Enemy For Half-an-Hour In North Sea.

"SHOT FOR SHOT."

Attacked By U-Boat Disguised With Large Sail.

The London collier Wandle has had an exciting battle with a German submarine in the North Sea.

The Wandle is a large vessel, with a funnel, specially built for bringing coal from the Tyne for London suburban districts without transhipment.

She belongs to the Wandsworth, Wimbledon, and Epsom District Gas Company, and since the war has continued her normal peace occupation, a familiar sight on the Thames both above and below bridges.

It was reported yesterday that the Wandle, on one of her periodical voyages, had put into the Tyne with an exciting story.

The fireman had been injured and was landed. The vessel reported that she had been engaged with a German submarine in the North Sea.

The submarine carried a large sail as a disguise, and attacked without warning.

The Wandle, however, is armed for defensive purpose, and exchanged shot for shot with the submarine for half an hour.

Built in 1909 at Newcastle, the Wandle has a tonnage of 889.

GRANT FOR GALLANTRY.

Specially designed to go under all the Thames bridges up to Wandsworth, the Wandle is steam driven and has a speed of 10½ to 11 knots. She was built to carry 1,300 tons of coal.

The chairman and directors of the Wandsworth Gas Company, as an appreciation of the conduct of the captain and crew, have made a grant of £125, to be divided among them.

U-BOAT ESCAPED.

The Wandle had her bulwarks partly shattered and other damage.

The submarine then disappeared after the engagement.

GLASGOW STEAMER SUNK.

Lloyd's telegrams report the sinking of the British steamer City of Lucknow and the Hartlepool fishing vessel Blessing.

The City of Lucknow was a steamer of 3,677 tons, owned by Messrs. G. Smith and Sons, and registered at Glasgow.

FRENCH HOLD THEIR GAINS.

More Heavy German Losses In Vain Assaults.

Following the violent bombardment, the enemy towards the end of Sunday delivered a powerful attack in dense formation against the trenches won by us north of the Dead Man [Paris side of Verdun].

Our curtain-fire and machine-gun fire inflicted enormous losses upon the enemy whose assaults were all broken.

North of Cumières [east of the Dead Man] two German counter-attacks, delivered about the same time against the trench seized by us yesterday, were similarly repulsed.

In the course of a third attempt the enemy, who had set foot in our lines, was unable to maintain his position there, and was immediately driven out with serious losses.

There was a violent and continuous bombardment of Hill 304 and the region of Vaux.

GENERAL TOWNSHEND KEEPS HIS SWORD.

Turkish Claim Of 4 Generals And 500 Officers Captured.

Berlin Wireless News.

Monday Afternoon.

Reports from Constantinople state that the booty taken at Kut has not yet been counted.

Amongst the prisoners taken are four generals, 240 British officers, and 270 Indian officers.

The Turkish Chief-in-Corps, Valil Pasha, has allowed General Townshend to keep his sword.—Wireless Press.

ONE POUND OF MEAT A WEEK.

The Cologne municipality has decided that henceforth only one pound of meat shall be allowed weekly per head of the population.—Reuter, from Amsterdam.

The Funds Of Sinn Fein



THE GERMAN AGENT (handing over the sinews of war to the Sinn Feiner): "There is plenty more where this came from—we can always make a fresh levy on Belgium!"—(Copyright by Will Dyson.)

NURSE ENJOYS THE FUN.



These patients at a Churchstoke convalescent home, representing the United Kingdom. Standing: Private Newill, Shropshire Light Infantry, and Pte. Gaffrey,

FLYING AGAIN.



Guynemer, the French airman, who has accounted for many Hun flying men, has recovered from

SPEAKING FAIRIES.



These little girls are taking the parts of the speaking fairies in the Tercentenary production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream"

Hall's Wine

For Overstrain

Wherever there is, or has been, any overtaxing of the body or mind, there is need for Hall's Wine.

Hall's Wine, by enriching the blood, feeding the nerves, and helping you to secure the utmost benefit from your food, clears away depression, makes you able to cope with your share of the worries which face us all.

The aged will find Hall's Wine particularly helpful during this most variable and trying weather.

Hall's Wine

The Supreme Tonic Restorative

GUARANTEE.—Buy a bottle of Hall's Wine to-day. If, after taking half of it, you feel no benefit, return us the half-empty bottle and we will refund your outlay.

Large bottle 3/6. Of all Wine Merchants, etc.

STEPHEN SMITH & CO., LTD., BOW, LONDON.



TIRED LOOKING WOMEN.

Some women always wear a worn, tired look. It is the outward sign of nervousness, neurasthenia perhaps, with its characteristic symptoms of worry, headaches and sleeplessness.

Overwork, grief, undue excitement, late hours and prolonged nervous strain, lack of outdoor exercise—any or all of these may be responsible for the trouble. Those who inherit weak nerves are also victims.

Whatever the cause, if you feel the need of more strength, try the great tonic, Dr. Williams' pink pills. As your nerves get their nourishment from the blood the treatment must be directed toward building up your blood. Dr. Williams' pink pills act directly on the blood, and with proper regulation of the diet have proved of the greatest benefit in many cases of neurasthenia. A tendency to anæmia, or bloodlessness, shown by most neurasthenic patients, is also corrected by these tonic pills.

It should be mentioned that these pills are as valuable for the ailing girl in her "teens" as for the wife and matron.

Your own dealer sells Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people; ask for Dr. Williams', and accept nothing else.

THE NAGGERS.

COMING to the office this morning on the top of my b——, I mean my taxi, I saw a poster which asked the question: "Who is responsible?" I did not buy that paper, so I don't know for what "who" was threatened with responsibility. And I don't care. In fact, I am getting sick of this dodge. Aren't you?

WHATEVER happens or does not happen, at regular intervals, once a week or so, we are accosted with this impertinent query.

A BRITISH submarine sinks. Who is responsible? You are not allowed to answer: "The Germans." There is a Zeppelin raid. Who is responsible? Again the obvious reply is barred. The attested married man refuses to fight. Who is responsible? Of course not the attested married man! Kut falls. Who is responsible? Anyhow, not the Turk! Dublin revolts. Who is responsible? Surely not the Sinn Feiners and the German spies!

HAVE you ever been engaged on some fairly important job with a nagger? Rotten, isn't it? At every little check he turns round and says, either: "I told you so!" or "That was your fault." There is a little bit of both those nags in the poster query. "My dear old chap," you say to him, speaking very slowly so as not to get excited, "let's get on with the business! We can settle all those little things when we've done the job!" But, bless your heart! the nagger keeps on, he can't help it, he's built that way. One stock objection to the entry of woman into the field of politics is that she would waste her time in recrimination. You know I am not a feminist, but that argument makes me laugh. Just listen to the men—nag, nagging, day after day, week after week, instead of getting on with the job!

WHEN you buttonhole a male nagger and tax him with his folly he justifies in two ways. First of all he nags for the good of the nation—this he says with his tongue in his cheek; secondly, he wants to upset the Government. Let us have done with this childishness! Let us recognise that this is not the way a great war, or indeed any great business, can be run. The first thing needful is loyalty. We must trust our leaders, trust the men who know. They make mistakes? Of course they make mistakes! But so deadly is it to change leaders in mid-battle that their mistakes will have to be far more grave ere we can think of dismissing them. And while they are our leaders they must lead.

THIS does not mean that there is to be no criticism, either in or out of Parliament, but the criticism must be honest. Its intention must be to set things right, not to pull things down. It must aim at helping the Government to do better, not at preventing the Government from doing anything at all. And this bear-baiting is not criticism. As ill-informed as ill-intentioned, they aim their irritating little darts and shriek their parrot-cry:—"Who is responsible?"

WHAT is the consequence of this constant pin-pricking? Why, that if and when the occasion came, as it might come, for a serious indictment of our leaders and a call for their resignation, the public might well refuse to recognise the justice of the indictment and the need for change. Indeed, all our instinct for loyalty would make us want to champion the men who have done so much for us and have been so often and so unjustly attacked.



Prince Albert's Return To Duty—Mr. Birrell's "Departure"—Strenuous River Girl—Shakespeare Show.

Prince Albert.

PRINCE ALBERT is a happy young man to-day, for the cruel rumours as to his health have received the final *coup de grace* in the news that he has passed the final "vetting" and will shortly be back again with the Fleet. The last week he has spent out of doors at Windsor, and anyone can see that he is his old self again. How pleased he is that nothing has happened in the way of a general engagement while he has been recruiting! He will be in at the death.

Young Peer Joins The Lion.

THE EARL OF WILTON, who succeeded his father exactly a year ago, has just joined the Lion, the famous battle-cruiser upon which Sir David Beatty flies his flag, as an acting sub-lieutenant. The young peer, who will be twenty next August, became a "middy" a few months before war broke out, and among the ships upon which he has served is the Queen Mary. His only brother and heir, the Hon. G. A. Egerton, is also a midshipman, his seniority dating from the very eve of the outbreak of hostilities.

Mr. Asquith And His Pledge.

IT SEEMS to be agreed pretty generally that there are not likely to be any resignations of note on the introduction of general compulsion. It is felt that the person most firmly pledged against any such measure was Mr. Asquith himself, and if, with the general approval of the nation, he can put aside those pledges none of his colleagues need consider themselves bound. At the same time it is not impossible that Mr. Asquith may take the opportunity of Mr. Birrell's departure to send out what Gladstone used to call some "Jack Ketch letters," and reconstruct on a basis more likely to satisfy public opinion.

The Whole Hog.

TALKING of Irish Secretaries, there is the story during Mr. Balfour's régime of the straying pig and the boy who was supposed to be in charge. "Will ye stir yerself?" shouted his master. "Don't ye see Arthur James running away?" "Arthur James" was the animal's pet name.

Welsh-speaking General.

THIS is General Owen Thomas, in command of the Welsh Army at Kinnel Park, and a most popular general, too. He has this distinction, too, I am assured: *He is the only Welsh-speaking general on active service.* I suppose a language like that would be useful at the front—if only as a form of "frightfulness." Since the outbreak of war the general has himself raised ten battalions for the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, and the implicit trust reposed in



him generally throughout the Principality (hallowed journalistic phrase) has proved an important factor in reconciling Wales to the war-time demands of military service. The Welsh people, I gather, are expressing the hope that no change in military commands will involve the departure of their "own general" from among them.

A Club Tie.

I WONDERED how long it would be before it occurred, and now it has. An obviously temporary sub-lieutenant (wiggly gold braid round each cuff) has been seen wearing a club tie. As far as I know he hasn't yet been lynched.

Waist And Economy.

A WEST END TAILOR was saying that for a considerable time past he has noticed that the girth of his middle-aged clients has been growing beautifully less. He attributes this to the large proportion of men over Army age now taking regular exercise in Volunteer corps or as "specials." The average waist of a man over 40 used to be 44½ inches; now it is only 42 inches.

No Harm Now.

I WAS ASKING one of the buxom flower-sellers at Piccadilly Circus if the succession of flag days interfered with her sales. "Well, at first they did, guv'nor," she said. "But now we gals don't care a cuss about 'em. There's plenty o' dubs for them

Tercentenary In Bohemia.

THEY celebrated the Shakespeare Tercentenary in a way that Shakespeare himself would have loved at a certain famous Bohemian club the other night. It was a simple but ample dinner of all the talents, and the special stunt (horrible un-Shakespearean word) was Shakespearean music. What more appropriate chairman could you want than Courtice Pounds? What guest of honour more worthy of the name than F. R. Benson?

Shakespeare For The Smoking Room.

CHARLIE POUNDS himself sang "Oh, Mistress Mine!" and other ditties of the period as only he can sing them. Ivor Foster came along with Roger Quillir's fine setting of "Blow, blow, thou Winter Wind," and the Gresham singers sang unaccompanied four-part songs exquisitely. Then we had "Under the Greenwood Tree," with flute accompaniment, a recitation of robust humour from "Two Gentlemen of Verona" by a famous veteran, and more modern songs at the piano by Tom Clare, who said he didn't know much about Shakespeare, but had once appeared at the Shakespeare Theatre, Clapham.

From Shakespeare To Sullivan.

EDWARD GERMAN, composer of rare charm and refinement, was an interested listener. This is his portrait. Some of his delightful "Henry VIII." music will be performed at Drury Lane to-day, and here is his face. Musical knight-hood was represented, and other prominent folk in that best of all possible worlds were Herman Finck, Harold Samuelli, the pianist, and Captain Mackenzie Rogan. Bert Thomas and G. L. Stampa drew lightning sketches, and poets, artists, novelists, most of whose names you would know, were like asparagus in May. Which reminds me that we ended up by singing Gilbert and Sullivan in chorus.



—(Russell.)

Captain Rogan Back From The Front.

CAPTAIN ROGAN, who had just returned from his trip to France with his Guards Band, was in khaki, and told me he felt twenty years younger as the result of his glimpse of the front. You see he happens to be an old campaigner (he saw active service in India years and years ago) as well as a musician. He also told me that at the big concert in Paris last week, Sir Alexander Mackenzie's "Benedictus" was encored, and that the men of the famous French Republican Guards Band and of the Italian Carabinieri, who were playing side by side with his own Coldstreamers, were particularly enthusiastic about it.

Forbes-Robertson's Return.

IT'S A pity Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson couldn't have turned up in time for to-day's banquet at Drury Lane, since he is incomparably the finest "Hamlet" living. He will miss it, too, by only a few days. He sailed on the St. Louis after one of his final farewell American tours on Saturday.

Vive L'Entente.

I SAW three French tars, with those queer little red bobs on their caps, flirting gaily with a trio of workgirls in London. They may not have understood each other, but they were thoroughly sympathetic.

At The Sergeants' Ball.

THE N.C.O.s had drawn up a programme in which the lancers, and the barn dance, and the veleta, and the schottische, and the solemn waltz figured most prominently. And so the new subaltern, after sitting out a few, went up to the M.C. and said: "I say, sergeant, can't we have a one-step? I don't know a thing about all these old-fashioned dances of yours." The sergeant looked at him. "I see, sir," he said, severely; "you want something more rowdy."

Testing Him.

THE BATTALION was doing outposts when the staff officer came round, and the newest sub. of all had got something very artful up his sleeve when the Brass Hat happened upon him. "Where are your sentry groups?" asked the authority. "That, sir," said the temporary one, severely, "is for you to find out."

Humour On Parade.

Author By A Composer.

IN MOST theatrical productions the authors fight with the composers. In the case of "Half-Past Eight," produced at the Comedy Theatre last night, an author has contented himself with caricaturing. This is Paul Rubens (there's not much chance of mistaking him, except for the King of Spain), who has written the music of the said "8.30," limned (I believe that is the right word) by Fred Thompson, who wrote "Tonight's the Night," "Mr. Manhattan," bits of "The Bing Boys," and other things. Before his theatrical work occupied most of his time Fred Thompson achieved not a little success as a black and white artist.



The River Girl Of To-day.

PEOPLE who did manage to get to the river last week-end tell me that the river girl is just as lovely and a good deal more practical than of old. Though the river was crowded, I am told that there were very few of the fragile-lie-on-a-cushion-in-the-bottom-of-a-punt-and-for-heaven's-sake-mind-my-frock-style-of feminine. The river girl, often (alas!) quite alone, was doing strenuous things with poles, sculls or paddles, and doing them very well.

Dark And The Beggars.

THE DARKNESS of the streets has given an opportunity to the importunate beggar, of which he, or she, has not been slow to make use. Half a dozen times within the last week a sinister figure has crept out from some dim corner or alley and demanded alms. Only last night a refusal to a man who said he had been a qualified doctor was met by a flow of remarks which proved that he might have qualified as a Professor of Languages as well.

The Hun Tongue.

AT 8.5 exactly on Sunday night I was on the top of a "19" bus, which was trundling through Bloomsbury-square. Immediately in front of me a man and a woman were talking German. Oh, no, not Flemish or Dutch, or anything of that sort. Real unadulterated Hun tongue. That's all.

Authors' Rights.

I HEAR THAT a number of well-known authors, with an eye on cinema profits, are thinking of banding themselves together to get as much as possible for their filmed books and plays. This, no doubt, would settle the question of a minimum profit, but what would happen if a particular author were offered more than another? Authors are touchy people.

Well!

AN EMINENT general came home on short leave the other day, and was buttonholed by an inquisitive Society dame. "Tell me, General," she said, coaxingly. "I have heard such strange rumours about the strength of our forces. How many men have we on the Western front?" "Well," said the general, "that's a difficult question." The lady strove to conceal her disappointment. "I know it is," she confessed. "But perhaps you could say if so and so is anything like the figure!" "Well," said the general, "I mustn't tell you exactly." "But you can give me some indication?" "Well, yes," said the general. "Take away the number you first thought of, and the answer's a lemon."

Another Charity Matinee!

HERE'S ANOTHER charity matinee—quite a good one though, and this time at the Oxford. It is to take place to-morrow in aid of the Brotherhood of Khaki. Major-Gen. Lord Cheylesmore is keenly interested in it, and the programme is being organised by Lieutenant Jack Harris, of the Middlesex Regiment. This photograph is of Lieutenant Harris's sister, Miss Pearl Harris, who will appear. She is one of the hours of the Alhambra revue. Mark Hambourg, Martin Harvey, Hayden Coffin, Arthur



PEERS' DAUGHTERS AS FARM WORKERS.



The Hon. Miss Selater-Booth, daughter of Lord Basing, working with a harrow.



Lady Irene Denison, daughter of the Earl of Londesborough, working a drill on Moorhouse Farm, near Scarborough. She has become quite expert as a tiller of the land. Many Society women have taken to work on the land with patriotic enthusiasm.

To Wed A Hussar.



Miss Beatrice Ida Feildin, daughter of Sir William Feildin, who is shortly marrying Capt. H. F. Brace, 15th Hussars.

DORSET YEOMEN'S RETURN



Troopers of the Dorset Yeomanry, who distinguished themselves at their quarters at the base. The railway bridge which they crossed is their first contact with civilisation after many months.



Men of the Dorset Yeomanry leading their horses across the railway bridge.

HOMESPUN IN THE PARK.



Mme. Alexander, a physical culture expert, with her daughter in the park.

SHE PROVIDES TOMMY WITH COFFEE FOR HIS CAMP SUPPER.



A DANISH NURSE.



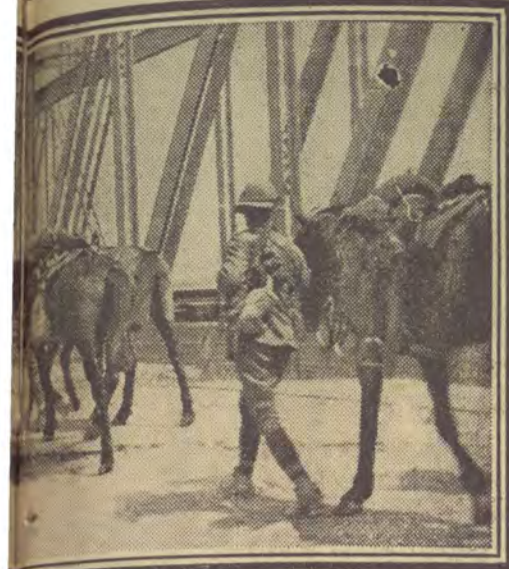
Sister E. de Menall, a Danish nurse, who gave up her own hospital in British Columbia to nurse wounded soldiers in England, now works in the Canadian hospital at Taplow.—(Bassano.)

BURDEN OF BULLETS.

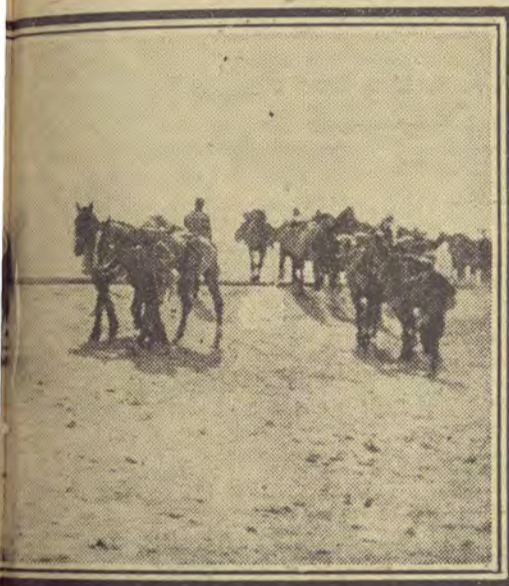


Pte. Pendleton, a Canadian, carries two German bullets embedded so

FROM THE DESERT



Survivors in the defeat of the Senussi, returning to base and travel-stained Yeomen are seen crossing the desert after their arduous campaigning in the desert.



Back to the base after their desert campaign.

Heroes Of The Sea.



Chief Petty Officer C. S. Masters, awarded the D.S.M., took charge of a Dutch lugger whose crew had been reported insane.

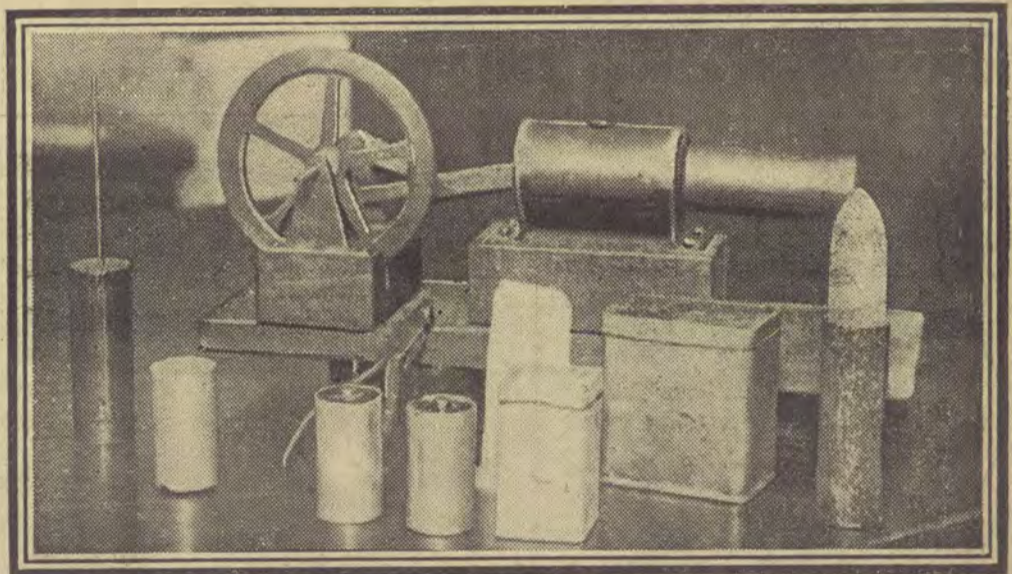


Warrant-officer Patrick Cashman, R.N., one of the survivors of H.M.S. Russell, mined in the Mediterranean, has just escaped death for the third time.

THE GERMAN PLOTTERS IN AMERICA.



Capt. E. W. A. Van Kleist (left) and Capt. Otto Wolpert, who are accused of plotting to destroy neutral ships leaving America. Inset is Ernest Birker, who made bombs on the Friedrich der Grosse.



Part of the haul made by the American police on the Friedrich der Grosse. On the right is a finished bomb ready to place on a neutral vessel.

THE ACTORS' OFFERING TO SHAKESPEARE'S MEMCRY.



R. Benson as Julius Caesar. Lilian Braithwaite as Portia. Henry Ainley, a virile Mark Antony.

THEIR PATHWAY WAS STREWN WITH FLOWERS.



Flowers were strewn by children in front of Flight-Lieutenant E. de Courcy-Hallifax and his bride, Miss Edith Southey, as they left All Saints' Church, Compton, Hants.

Healing

IN NATURE'S OWN WAY.

ZAM-BUK, the great herbal balm, is universally recognised as the foremost remedy for all diseases of the skin, and as a marvellous healer of wounds.

One of its greatest attributes is its wonderful power of soothing pain and irritation. This soothing quality added to Zam-Buk's absolute purity, compactness, and its strong antiseptic action, make Zam-Buk indispensable as a "first-aid" for use in the home and at work.

Zam-Buk is Nature's healer, and at the present time, when there is a great shortage of doctors and the lighting restrictions increase the risk of accidents, it is doubly necessary for everyone to keep Zam-Buk handy.

Using Zam-Buk promptly on a Cut, Bruise, Wound or Sore is the surest way to ward off blood-poisoning and skin-disease.

SAPPER S. ELLIS, No. 26,510, 1st Signal Co., R.E., writing from France, says:—"I have suffered with very bad sores on my legs ever since the war started. A friend advised me to try Zam-Buk, and the moment I applied it to my legs Zam-Buk seemed so cool and soothing. Well, after I had kept on with the Zam-Buk treatment my legs healed splendidly and are now absolutely cured. I may mention that Zam-Buk is used daily by our boys out here."

Zam-Buk has completely revolutionised the home treatment of Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Sprains, and Skin Diseases, like Eczema, Ringworm, Ulcers, Bad Legs, Diseased Ankles, Poisoned Sores, Pimples, Rashes, Piles, etc.

Zam-Buk is sold in sealed boxes only, by all Chemists, Drug Stores, or The Zam-Buk Laboratories, Leeds.

Green Zam-Buk for human use; Red Zam-Buk for horses, dogs and pets.



BETWEEN SMOKES

Between your smokes just try a piece of **WRIGLEY'S**. It cleans your palate, soothes your tongue, prevents throat parch, and adds 50 per cent. to the enjoyment of good tobacco. All smokers ought to get acquainted with

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM.

It has become the National Sweetmeat, Soldiers, Sailors, War Workers (men and women) all finding it not only delicious, but wholesome and refreshing too, and it lasts a long time.

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM.

Flavoured with the juice of fresh gathered mint leaves.

$\frac{1}{2}$ d. bar—5 bars $2\frac{1}{2}$ d.—40 bars 1/6.

Millions of bars sold daily. Of all Confectioners, Tobacconists, Chemists, and all branches Boots Cash Chemists, or direct from

WRIGLEY'S LTD., LAMBETH PALACE RD.

PATON'S

Boot & Shoe LACES

BRITISH MADE THROUGHOUT.

The Tags cannot come off.

100% longer wear and greater comfort all the time.

That is what you secure by insisting on Paton Laces instead of being content with any laces that are offered you.

Three hundred of the highest grade mercerised threads are plaited together to make a Paton Lace.

That is why it gives such lasting wear, yet at the same time is sufficiently elastic to give the greatest comfort. The ordinary lace is anything but elastic and necessitates the boot being slackly laced to avoid discomfort, thus giving an untidy appearance to the boots. Paton Laces are fast dyed and the tags cannot come off.

Boot Laces for Ladies' & Gent's wear 2d. & 3d. per pair
Shoe Laces (flat and tubular) do. 3d. do.
Leather Laces do. 4d. & 6d. do.

Your dealer can supply them if you will ask for them by name—PATON'S.

Wm. PATON, LTD. Johnstone, Scotland. ☉

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(MEDIUM STRENGTH)

10 FOR 4^{D.}

FOR WOUNDED BRITISH SOLDIERS AND SAILORS IN MILITARY HOSPITALS AT HOME AND FOR THE FRONT AT DUTY FREE PRICES. TERMS ON APPLICATION TO

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham.

"TIZ" for Tired and Sore Feet

TIZ for puffed-up, aching, perspiring feet, for corns or chilblains, TIZ is glorious!



When your poor, suffering feet sting from walking, when you try to wriggle your corns away from the leather of your shoes, when shoes feel tight, when feet are swollen, sore, chafed, when you have chilblains—don't experiment—just use TIZ. Get instant relief. TIZ puts peace in tired, aching, painful feet. Ah! how comfortable your shoes feel. Walk five miles, feet won't hurt you, won't swell after using TIZ.

Sore, tender, perspiring feet need TIZ because it's the only remedy that draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet and cause foot torture. TIZ is the only remedy that takes pain and soreness right out of corns, hard skin, and bunions. Get a 1/11 box of TIZ at any chemist's or stores. Get a whole year's foot comfort for only 1/11!

WEAK EYES

How To Make Them Strong



Send for family handbook "How to Preserve the Eyesight," and learn the way to cure Eye Inflammation, Cold, Styes, Ulcers, Sore, Watery Eyes, Weak Eyes after measles, etc., and all other affections of eyes, eyelids, or eyelashes. Contains the history from 1596 until now of that famous old English remedy, Singleton's Eye Ointment, that has been working marvellous cures for more than three centuries. USED BY BRITISH SOLDIERS IN THE TRENCHES for the after-effects of gassing.

What Women Are Doing.

BY
MRS. GOSSIP.

TO-DAY the King and Queen will be present at Drury Lane to witness the performance of one of Shakespeare's greatest historical plays, "Julius Cæsar."

The Princess Mary, Princess Christian, Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll, the Princess Royal and Princess Maud of Fife will also be present.

Already over £2,600 worth of tickets have been sold, and there are only a few five and three guinea ones left.

Tudor Costumes.

Lady Alexander has charge of the programme-selling, with 50 lady helpers. They will wear charming Elizabethan costumes in two shades of grey, with large flat muslin collars and caps, tied with orange ribbons.

Lady Kathleen Pilkington, Lady Price, Lady Diana Manners, Viscountess Southwell, Lady Newnes, Miss Elizabeth Asquith, Miss Lily Elsie and Lady Wyndham will be selling.

I hear their dresses, which are designed by Mr. Percy Macquoid, will be quite one of the attractions of the afternoon.



LADY KATHLEEN PILKINGTON.
—("Sport and General.")

Our Beautiful Thames.

I was one of those fortunate beings who were able to be out of town during the early part of the week-end.

I spent it on the River Thames, which never to my mind has looked more beautiful than it did on Saturday.

The vivid green of the leaves, with the fruit trees in full bloom, the tender grass on the river banks, bespotted with cowslips and daisies, the bright blue overhead and its reflection beneath—all was perfectly lovely.

Thousands of people were here and there between Hampton Court and Richmond. Motor launches, steamboats, punts, and small sailing boats abounded.

Picnics were in progress on the riverside, as if it were the height of summer. White costumes and flannels were everywhere to be seen, but khaki-clad soldiers won the affections of the river girl. There was hardly a boat that did not hold one or more.

There were also a great number of our wounded heroes enjoying the sunshine and the beauties of the Thames.

An Imposition.

After wandering in the gardens at Hampton Court (they are looking lovely now, that famous herbaceous border, sheltered by that old red wall, is a mass of colour, and the wallflowers scent the air), I lunched at an hotel well renowned for good food and excellence of cooking, and where the charge is by no means exorbitant.

When I asked the waiter, who was middle-aged, English, and had been very attentive, to bring the bill, he disappeared, and a white-whiskered gentleman, whom I had never seen, brought my bill and waited. There was nothing to be done but give him a tip, while the real waiter, who certainly deserved one, stood by.

Of course I gave him one; at the same time I felt it a great imposition. Surely the waiter who brings you your food, and is civil and attentive, is the man who should receive a tip.

Sunday's Matinee.

Miss Madge Titheradge's concert on Sunday afternoon at the Palladium was a great success. She recited herself, in a delightful gown of pink tulle and large leghorn hat, very beautifully, and afterwards made a little speech of gratitude to the many friends before and behind the curtain.

Miss Marie Löhr, in Wedgwood blue taffeta and a small flowered hat, also recited, and was encored. Nelson Keys came to help, as did Leslie Henson.

Miss Hilda Trevelyan and Miss Amy Evans received a great ovation, and helped to make the matinée for the Arts Fund the success it was.

Bad Manners.

There is just one thing I would like to say. It is surprising how many people forget to be commonly civil to amateur programme-sellers.

Ladies who give their time and, in several instances, miss a mid-day meal to come and do their bit on a Sunday at charity matinées are

politely, for 6d. they don't even trouble to say, "No, thank you."

The Bride Of The Week.

The bride of the week is Lady Meriel Bathurst, the only daughter of Earl and Countess Bathurst, who is marrying Lieutenant-Commander Lord Alastair Graham on Thursday at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.

Many of my readers will remember how Lady Bathurst and Lady Meriel helped in our Needlework Competition Sale last November, selling at a stall which had as its central object an exquisite altar-cloth worked by Lady Bathurst herself.

Since the war began the Bathurst seat in Gloucestershire has been made into a hospital, and here Lady Meriel has worked enthusiastically. She is a pretty girl, with soft, wild-rose colouring, and Lord Alastair will make a handsome bridegroom, for all the Grahams are good-looking.

Lord Alastair's elder brother, the Marquis of Graham, who is heir to the Montrose earldom, married Lady Mary Hamilton, who is one of the richest women in the kingdom.

Bridge For Charity.

The date for the bridge tournament in aid of the Milk Hostels that I told you about some time ago has now been fixed for the 25th.

Mr. Vandyk has most generously let his studios in Buckingham Palace-road for the tournament, which will be held in the afternoon and evening of that date.

This should be a very interesting event and is for a splendid cause. There are to be many other attractions apart from bridge. I hear whispers of an orchestra, refreshments, and other surprises, so that there will be plenty to do for those who are sitting out and do not play bridge.

A Lovely Banner.

The Marchioness of Bute will present a new banner to the Bute Boy Scouts at the coming garden party she is giving in aid of the Red Cross Fund at Mount-street, Rothsay.

The banner bears the Bute acorn wreath, with Scout staves. The badge and motto are on a blue background.

Take Tickets, Please.

Miss Lilian Braithwaite, whose whole heart and soul is in the work of the Star and Garter Building Fund, is organising a concert for this charity, and it takes place next Monday at 70, Ennismore-gardens. Mrs. Ernest Hawkings has kindly lent her house.

There is a most excellent programme. Miss Braithwaite herself will help, as will also Miss Gladys Cooper—Lady Forbes Robertson—Miss Marie Lohr, and Miss Marie Novello.

Henry Ainley, Hayden Coffin, Owen Nares, and Arthur Wontner are a few of the artistes who have promised to appear.

In Ireland.

There have been anxious moments for those having relatives in the affected districts in Ireland, and many landowners who went to spend Easter on their estates have been unable to get back to England. Lord and Lady Donoughmore left their children at Chelwood Beacon, their place in Sussex, and ran over to Knocklofty, Clonmel, for Easter, intending to return last week. They have not been heard of for several days, after being turned back en route from Knocklofty to Dublin, and fears are entertained as to their safety, all sorts of sinister rumours being rife.

Lady Donoughmore is one of the daughters of Mr. Michael P. Grace, of New York, who has a town and country house over here, the historic Battle Abbey being in his occupation, and another daughter is married to Lord Allendale's brother, Mr. Hubert Beaumont.

Gertie In Kilts.

There are to be great surprises in the revised version of "Bric-a-Brac," which is due at the Palace some time next month.

Miss Teddie Gerard will have new frocks and another catchy song, which she certainly deserves. Both her songs in the present revue she sings with great personality.

Miss Gertie Millar will sing one of her songs in kilts—a Scotch costume should suit her admirably. She will also have some more dancing to do. I'm glad to hear it. Miss Millar dances delightfully. I do know a great deal more about the revue, but I must not give it away just yet.



The Great Test of a Toilet Cream

The great test—the real proof—of a toilet cream is in the Cream itself—in other words, what it will do.

Try the world-famed Icilma Cream against any of the myriad imitations—carefully note how much nicer, how much more refreshing, how much more it will do for you in every way—and you will join the enormous band of "Icilma" lovers.

Icilma Cream has by far the largest sale of any toilet cream in the United Kingdom—your chemist will confirm that! Imitators come and imitators go, but that great fact remains. It is sold in every clime, and in spite of all competition the sales increase enormously every year.

The reason is clear—it is the only cream that contains the natural Icilma Water. Everyone knows of the powers of certain natural waters, and Icilma Water is justly famous. It is the *only* one that stimulates the skin and brings out its full natural charm—you can feel it doing good.

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(Guaranteed not to grow Hair).

Price 1/- everywhere. Icilma is pronounced Eye-Silma.

FREE. Send postcard to-day for FREE copy of new 6d. book containing 250 Toilet Hints and Beauty Treatments. Deals with everything you need to know about the toilet. Shows what to use—what to avoid—how to save money. Icilma Co., Ltd. (Dept. K) 37, 39, 41, King's Road, St. Pancras, N.W.



THE MARCHIONESS OF BUTE.
—(Speaight.)

BERLIN SCHOOL HOLIDAYS FOR FALL OF KUT.

Caustic Dutch Comment On Premature Enemy Rejoicing.

FORTHCOMING BIG BATTLE.

Berlin and Constantinople are rejoicing at the fall of Kut and the surrender of General Townshend; but the comments of Allied and neutral countries discount the event on the following grounds:—

The fall of the stronghold is a small event relatively to the general British and Russian operations in Asia Minor.

Russian successes have already reduced the prospect of any important German and Turkish campaign in the East.

The Russians have repulsed an attempted Turkish advance near Diarbekr, north of the Bagdad route from Europe.

The German rejoicings barely conceal their disappointment at the failure before Verdun, the threat from America, and the capture of Erzerum and Trebizond.

Several hundreds of German officers are reported in Rome to have passed through Belgrade on the way to Constantinople. These officers are destined for places in the Turkish army of defence which is being organised at Sivas (west of Erzerum) by General von Sanders.

SCHOOLCHILDREN'S HOLIDAY.

Schoolchildren yesterday had a holiday throughout Germany.

The papers regret that Marshal von der Goltz could not live to witness this victory.

The Berliner Tageblatt says that the fall is of great military and political significance.

The Cologne People's Gazette does not doubt that the fall will have a deep effect on England.

The Cologne Gazette says that the success makes up for the defeats at Erzerum and Trebizond.—Central News.

The news of General Townshend's surrender has been received with deep regret in India, says a Reuter Simla message, owing to the splendid stand made by the intrepid general; but its probability had been discounted weeks ago, and the occurrence is regarded only as a temporary check.

"THE GALLANT HANDFUL."

The French newspapers refer to the splendid resistance of the "handful of men at Kut-el-Amara, who for 143 days opposed nearly 60,000 soldiers, as a feat which is greatly to the honour of the British Army, and which adds a fresh page of glory to a history which is already full of them.

"The surrender of the heroic soldiers has caused no surprise among those who knew the last phases of the drama and the sacrifices made.

"The fall of Kut is not considered here an important event from the point of view of the general British and Russian operations in Asia Minor," says Reuter's Paris correspondent.

WHY THE ENEMY REJOICES.

The Amsterdam News of the Day says that the joy of the German Press is intelligible, the realisation of German plans in the east having become improbable on account of Russian successes.

Any favourable deduction is welcome, the attacks against Verdun having remained useless, and the American problem not yet being solved.

Editorials in New York papers agree that the defeat will be felt not so much in respect to the troops lost and the strategic value of the position, as in regard to the loss of British prestige.

RUSSIANS MOVING SOUTH.

Big Battle With Turks' Egyptian And Bagdad Armies.

The Turks are preparing for a big battle to bar the Russian advance from Armenia towards Constantinople.

A message from Tiflis, in the Caucasus, to the Paris Journal, states that after the fall of Trebizond the principal centre of operations has moved southwards.

The Turks are concentrating important forces round Erzingan (100 miles south of Trebizond and 120 miles west of Erzerum), where there are eight divisions stationed for the defence of points of capital importance, and places which command the route to Angora and Constantinople.

The forces from Syria intended for the expedition against Egypt, and corps from Bagdad and Constantinople, have come to reinforce these armies, and a big battle is expected to take place in the neighbourhood east of Erzingan.

The Russians have completed fortifications and defences of places of strategic importance of which they were in possession on this side of Kermanshah, Ispahan and Bitlis.

RUSSIA'S MILLION PRISONERS.

Since the beginning of the war nearly a million Austrian and German prisoners have passed through Kiev, in Southern Russia.—Central News, from Petrograd.

MINERAL WATERS UP.

The new duties on mineral waters came into force yesterday, and the prices to the consumer increased in the case of bottles by 6d. per dozen, and syphons 2s. per dozen.

The prices varied in different districts, but the lowest price per syphon was 6jd., and in the case of other bottled mineral waters an extra halfpenny

"GUINEAS" WEEK.

First Spring Meeting Opens At Newmarket To-Day.

PICK OF THE CANDIDATES.

If the present summerlike weather continues it will be a pleasure to get back to Newmarket again, and there should be some important racing, with, of course, the "Guineas" topping the bill.

The Two Thousand will be run to-morrow, and it dwarfs all the other events into comparative insignificance, including the One Thousand, for in the latter race the issue would only seem to concern a few.

Not so to-morrow's race, which has an unusually open appearance, owing to the fact that none of last year's crack two-year-olds has so far run this season.

A "2,000" Problem.

Thus we are faced with the problem as to how much improvement this or that colt has made.

Of those which have run Roi d'Ecosse has shown the best form, and he certainly holds Sir Dighton and Phalaris safe, though I understand the King's colt will take his chance.

Yet Roi d'Ecosse does not strike me as being the best of his age, though he will have an advantage over most in that he has had the benefit of an outing in public—which counts for a good deal—and he will give way to none of his opponents on the score of condition.

There is no doubt that Roi d'Ecosse has improved since last year, but there is no reason why others should not have done the same, and I am assured that one of his conquerors, Figaro to wit, could not have done better.

Figaro was a good-class colt last year, if not a real champion. He is a son of Sundridge. That sire has already given us a Derby winner in Sunstar, and I think Figaro is one of the hardy sort.

At any rate, he has been going well enough with older stable-companions to suggest he will not be troubled by the distance, and he has been specially trained for the race.

The Joel Hand.

King's Joker may not have had such a searching preparation, but we saw Polystome finish well up in the Newbury Cup on Saturday, and the four-year-old was readily beaten in a trial by both King's Joker and Sirian.

The latter, who is the property of Mrs. J. B. Joel, won the trial referred to, but I understand that he was allowed to do so on sufferance, King's Joker not being ridden out to the end. Both may run, but I expect more from the "Joker."

At his best Atheling would probably take a hand in the fighting, but he would be all the better for a little more time, though I still think he will run well.

Of the Kingsclere pair I prefer Clarissimus to Ali Bey. The former is a colt I took a great fancy to last year.

He was not then in the first flight, but he showed room for much improvement.

There will be other runners, but the ones I have mentioned appear to be the pick, and when I make my final selection to-morrow it will probably be Figaro.

To-day's card will afford a rather quiet opening, and the following are my

SELECTIONS.

2. 0.—TUXEDO. 4. 0.—SIMON'S JOY G. 2. 30.—CORNSHEAF. 4. 30.—MACCHANTER. 3. 0.—HALF HOOP. 5. 0.—RUSSET. 3. 30.—MARCONI.

Double.

HALF HOOP and MARCONI.

TO-DAY'S PROGRAMME.

2.0—TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS TRIAL (S.) PLATE of 200 sovs; R.M. Outram a 9 0 Carlo 4 8 12 Tuxedo a 9 0 Ladybridge 5 8 11

The above have arrived. Blue Stone 6 9 7 Talana Hill a 9 0 Watergruel 5 9 7 Mustapha a 8 11 Candytuft a 9 0 Pip Pip Pip 4 8 9

2.30—VISITORS' HANDICAP of 200 sovs, added to a sweepstake, 5 sovs starters; 1 1/2m. Troubadour 5 8 9 Vale Rock 4 7 1 Dalmatian a 8 0 Search 4 6 11 Sir Thomas 4 7 9 Sybaris 4 6 11 Contino 4 7 3 Turbary 4 6 2 Race Rock 4 7 3 Athol Blair 4 6 7

The above are there. Fiz Yama a 9 0 Comatlast 5 7 7 Parrot 5 8 5 Sandwort a 7 4 Pollen a 8 4 Canard 4 7 1 The Revenge 4 8 0 Hop Off 5 7 1 Corn Sheaf 4 7 15 Strong Boy 4 6 15 West a 7 11 Brownii 4 6 10 Silver Ring 7 11 Principal Girl 5 6 5 Provider 4 7 10

3.0—FIRST SPRING 2-Y.-O. STAKES, 10 sovs each, with 200 sovs added; 5f. Tom Fool 9 3 Killising c 8 12 Lucknow 8 12 Sun Queen 8 9 Alexander 8 12 Royal Decree 8 9 Flex 8 12 Diadem 8 9 Alf Hen 8 12 Whiteash 8 9 Quick Thrust 8 12 La Tosca 8 9 Lance 8 12 Gangle 8 9 Senes 8 12 Hayagawa f 8 9 Barchaser 8 12 Lady Quex f 8 9 Moly 8 12 Apatchka 8 9 Green Boy 8 12 Game Hen f 8 9 Merry Margot c 8 12 Demi Monde 8 9 Pollax 8 12 Wynyard 8 9 Solidago 8 12 Indian Star 8 9 White Rat 8 12 Pollina 8 9 Mauchine c 8 12 Scala 8 9 Planet 8 12 Freney 8 9 Polymite 8 12 Novante f 8 9 Eagle's Claw 8 12 Queen d'Or 8 9 Surfweed c 8 12 Wildwood 8 9 Trojan 8 12 Happy Home 8 9

The above are there. Half Hoop 9 0 Katak c 8 12 Cranford 9 0 Pragranc c 8 12 Steel Blue 8 12 Edict g 8 9 Dark Legend 8 12 Iras 8 9 Gunton 8 12 Rock Juliette 8 9 Dark Lines 8 12 Margaretbal 8 9 Whiteball 8 12 Bank Note 8 9 White Cliff 8 12 Pamfeta 8 9 Graby 8 12 Episode 8 9 Andrus 8 12 Spirit of Bay 8 9 Treble 8 12 Kileolla 8 9

VISCOUNT FINED UNDER RESERVE FORCES ACT.

Plea That He Did Not Think He Was Liable To Serve.

TWO ESCORTS SENT.

Viscount Canterbury, whose name appeared in the Court documents as Henry Sutton, aged 36, independent, of The Cottage, Puttenham, Surrey, was charged at Marlborough-street yesterday with absenting himself without leave when called up for permanent service.

The Viscount, a tall, pale-faced man, rather bald, wore a black frock coat with silk facings, and carried a bowler hat.

Mr. Rigby, his solicitor, said he was afraid that there had been a misunderstanding. He had been under the impression that the War Office had consented to the adjournment, and had communicated with the local recruiting authorities. For that reason he had not communicated with them.

Coming to the facts, he said that Viscount Canterbury had been doing work in Government offices and was under the impression that he would not be liable to serve. He had no desire to evade service, and was willing to place himself unreservedly in the hands of the military authorities.

The magistrate said that the time had slipped by in which there might have been a legal answer. If there were no negotiations pending in Government offices they might go on.

Mr. Rigby stated that far from trying to evade service Lord Canterbury was seeking service which would be more useful to the country.

A GENUINE MISUNDERSTANDING. Capt. Blofield, recruiting officer for the Wroxham district in Norfolk, produced a number of documents for the magistrates' inspection, and Mr. Rigby asked that his client might be allowed time to make arrangements with regard to his lodgings.

Capt. Blofield said that all reasonable facilities would be given him.

The magistrate said that he should make the usual order, and formally fined Viscount Canterbury 40s.

Mr. Rigby thereupon asked that there should be no fine, as there had been a genuine misunderstanding.

Captain Blofield said that the country had already been put to considerable expense. Two escorts had been sent to London, and he himself had come up 100 miles from the country, besides which the Norfolk County Police had had to deal with the matter.

Mr. Rigby said that there were many people who would not object to paying expenses, but who would object to a fine.

The magistrate refused to alter his decision. Viscount Canterbury is described in "Whitaker's Peerage" as Henry Frederick Walpole Manners-Sutton, fifth Viscount, and born on April 8, 1879. He succeeded to the title in 1914, and is unmarried.

3.30—HASTINGS PLATE of 500 sovs, added to sweepstake 10 sovs each; 1 1/4m. Argos 9 4 Hendrick 8 3 Dusky Boy 8 10 Bacbuc 8 3 Pimmark 8 3 Spearhead 8 3 Marconi 8 3 Saxon 8 3 Chrome 8 3 Adorno 8 3 Golden Image c 8 3 King Robert 8 3 Louvre 8 3 The Viking 8 3 Kelso 8 3 Land of the Leal 8 0 Gilbert the Filbert 8 3 William the Beau 8 0

The above are there. Roi d'Ecosse 9 1 Raybarrow 8 3 Engelbert 8 10 Furoro 8 3 St. Rock 8 3 Bilycock 8 3 Damrosch 8 3 Spear Foot 8 3 De Lancey 8 3 Neighner 8 3 Viewpoint 8 3 Valais 8 3 Baronvale 8 3 Chromatic 8 0 The Grey Friar 8 3 Marene 8 0 Seventy-Five 8 3 Hapton 8 0 Plane 8 3

4.0—MAIDEN 2-Y.-O. PLATE of 100 sovs, added to a sweepstake, 5 sovs starters; 5f. Speedy c 9 0 Nereid 8 11 Belvedere 9 0 Moll Pitcher f 8 11 Will Gale 9 0 Gold Rose 8 11 Jane Shore c 9 0 Quail 8 11 Eppeworth 9 0 Assurance f 8 11 La Coquille 8 11 Fair Relative f 8 11 Golden Isle 8 11 Simon's Joy g 8 11 Flora Dance f 8 11 Marie Odile 8 11 Scarpa Flow 8 11

The above are there. Melinda c 9 0 Ho Tai 9 0 Oros 9 0 Stop Watch 8 11 Dark Mitt 9 0 Dalkeith 8 11 Group System 9 0 Beguilement f 8 11 Foignant 9 0 Rhonda f 8 11 Resolution 9 0 Drina 8 11 Bigotry 9 0

4.30—SHORT-COURSE S. PLATE of 103 sovs; 5f. Ironprufe 3 8 0 Mattinata 3 7 11 Grizzly 3 7 11 Patcham 3 7 11 Bluerock 3 7 11

The above are there. Ranette 4 8 13 Macchantre a 8 10 Pangbourne 4 8 13 The Angel Man a 8 10 Red Star a 8 13 General Picton 6 8 10 Castleton a 8 13 Pawnee 3 8 0 Buongiorno a 8 13 Tredette 3 7 11 Mediator a 8 13 Cloccina 3 7 11

5.0—RISBY 3-Y.-O. PLATE of 150 sovs, added to a sweepstake, 5 sovs starters; 6f. Myrtillus 9 0 Russet 8 4 Sir Vivian 8 7 Miss Flapperton 8 4 Adorno 8 7 Mary Macrae 8 4 St. Patrick's Blue 8 7 Red Spear 8 4 Armadave 8 7 Dory 8 4 Harleston 8 7 Cobler's Wax 8 4 Ses Dog 8 7 The Raven 8 4 Louvre 8 7

The above are there. Tom Bernay 9 0 Dug Out 8 4 Bilycock 8 7 Joan Beaufort 8 4 Nisus 8 7 Moyglare 8 4 Chiave Di Sol 8 7

DESMOND (Umpire): *6 18 2 4 2 14 2 9 11 2—18 20 10 7 18 3 8 12—25 25 23 4 20 9 3 2 7 16 10 15.

TETTRARCH (Illustrated Sunday Herald): 16 11 7 12 2 22 10 —12 2 7 22 23 18 13 11 26.

SCALP MASSAGE FOR FALLING HAIR.

A REMARKABLE STIMULANT TO HAIR GROWTH.

Hair falls out because the roots shrink and become lifeless from lack of nourishment or are destroyed by the dandruff germ. The dandruff germ also attacks the pores of the scalp, causing it to become hard and dry, so that it presses upon the delicate blood vessels beneath, thus shutting off the blood supply to the hair roots and starving them.

To destroy the dandruff germ and at the same time restore the blood circulation and food supply to the roots, a germ destroying tonic and hair food, prepared by mixing 3 oz. bay rum with 1 oz. Lavona de Composee and 1 dram menthol crystals, should be applied to the scalp, and then vigorously massaged into the hair roots and pores with a circular movement of the finger tips.

The best way to massage the scalp is to first apply the tonic liberally to the roots, then, raising both hands to the head, press the finger tips firmly against the scalp and, using a circular motion, gently move the scalp over the bony surface beneath. This liberates the scalp from the skull and loosens the compressed tissues between, so that the blood flows freely to the hair roots.

The tonic quickly destroys the dandruff germs and the food properties of the tonic are absorbed through the pores, and in a few days a wonderful improvement is noticed. Dull, short, brittle hair becomes bright, long and glossy, the hair stops falling out, and in a few weeks a new growth of fine silky hair will be noticeable on bald spots.

Owing to the astonishing results following massaging with this lotion most chemists now keep it prepared ready for use under the name of Lavona Hair Tonic, and give a personally signed guarantee with every bottle of satisfaction or money back.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST FOR LAVONA SHAMPOO POWDERS, which contain 2 1/2 per cent. of Lavona de Composee, thus promoting hair growth as well as cleansing the scalp. Price 1s. everywhere.—Adv't.

To get rid of ACIDITY

Acidity caused by undigested food is very injurious to the system, and gives rise to many unpleasant and sometimes alarming symptoms. A fancied weakness of the heart may be due simply to indigestion.

Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges, made only by Savory & Moore, are a simple, harmless, yet most effective remedy for digestive troubles. They absorb and remove Acidity, and give instant relief even in chronic cases of Heartburn, Flatulence, Dizziness, etc.

Thousands of sufferers testify that they have derived the greatest benefit from their use even when all other remedies proved of no avail.

TESTIMONY.—"I have much pleasure in stating that in my opinion the Absorbent Lozenges are an inestimable boon to anyone troubled with Acidity of the Stomach. The day I received your sample box I had a most virulent attack, but one lozenge removed the disagreeable symptoms in a few minutes. Such a remedy cannot be too widely known, and if this testimony of mine is of any use in that way, kindly make use of it."

Boxes, 1/3, 3s., and 5s., of all Chemists.

A FREE TRIAL BOX

of the lozenges will be sent to all who write, enclosing 1d. stamp for postage and mentioning the Daily Sketch, to Savory & Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, 143a, New Bond-street, London.

TO INCREASE STRENGTH AND NERVE POWER.

Doctors Say Sargol Increases Strength Marvellously.

Few people realise when they have become weak, irritable, and lack nerve force, that they are suffering simply because their digestive organs have failed to extract as much strength from their food as they have expended in their daily toil.

If you have lost strength, tire easily, lack confidence in your ability to do things and have become discouraged, no matter what the cause may be from, you can get back your old-time strength and energy by simply taking a little Sargol tablet with every meal.

Sargol contains 6 scientifically combined ingredients that will enable you to get every atom of strength and nerve power from the food you eat. It is absolutely harmless and never fails to benefit. It is not at all unusual to have the strength and nerve force trebled by its use.

The evil effects from over-eating, smoking, drinking late hours or over-indulgence of any kind are permanently overcome by Sargol.

A little Sargol with 3 meals a day will give you more strength and energy than 12 meals would give you without it. Therefore, if you are "blue" and feel weak or irritable, and your nerves are off, and you want to increase your strength, go to Boots or any other first-class chemist and get a 3s. box of Sargol.

18 3 8 12—25 25 23 4 20 9 3 2 7 16 10 15.

TETTRARCH (Illustrated Sunday Herald): 16 11 7 12 2 22 10 —12 2 7 22 23 18 13 11 26.

THE LOVE CHEAT.

Serial Story Specially Written for the Daily Sketch.

By YELVA
BURNETT.

"How Blind Men Are!"

"And how is it all going to end?" Miss Tabitha murmured across her knitting. "Vivian pretends that he has some business to see to in London; but, oh, Fanny, we know very well that the dear boy has been driven from Greycliffe by her wicked temper."

Miss Fanny nodded sadly. "She is spending his money like water. She is making this house the laughing-stock of the county. If only we could stop her. But Vivian says in his letters that we are not to interfere."

"Jane says that Betty hates oak, and is covering it with costly tapestries, and that she will have bright colours around her, no matter whether they harmonise or not," Miss Tabitha returned. She looked old, feeble, and distressed.

"Is she mad?" she continued, "or wicked? She has no respect for anybody. All Vivian's money is going into the pockets of the fat tradesmen who come down from London, and go away rubbing their hands."

"Poor Greycliffe!" whispered Miss Fanny. "Who could ever have imagined—? Oh, Tabby, I am thankful that this wing at least is ours, and that we can keep away from her."

"What is her object?"

"Jane says—" began Miss Fanny.

"Oh, we should not encourage Jane to talk," murmured Miss Tabitha somewhat weakly.

Miss Fanny lifted her shoulders impatiently. "Jane says," she repeated, "that Mrs. Grant is going to have a kind of house-warming. It appears that at one time she was an actress at the Novelty, and that she intends having all her old friends down here."

Miss Tabitha showed her horrified eyes. "What is Vivian thinking of, to permit this selfish extravagance? Her friends—one can guess what they will be like."

"It seems incredible that Vivian should ever have loved her."

"These women are very clever at concealing their real designs, Tabby," Miss Fanny observed, with unusual cynicism. "She must have appeared well worth winning."

"Oh, how blind men are!" Tabitha sighed. "Ben has written me about her astonishing beauty; he was charmed with her when she was at Talebriar."

The Queen Of Greycliffe.

The two old ladies were exceedingly unhappy, and it was very mortifying to have this cold-hearted prodigal, Betty, under the same roof; nor could they rid themselves of unpleasant surmises and thoughts of her, since from the servants they heard what Betty was doing.

She had furnished rooms with costly praying rugs and divans in place of the Early Georgian furniture. She wore a headdress that covered her cheeks and chin. In it she was an Eastern princess, slender, shy and arresting. All that could be seen of her were her splendid eyes, a gleam of hair, the small, uninjured, haughty nose, and the cruel scarlet of her mouth.

A month had passed since Betty and Vivian had arrived at Greycliffe, and her time was so much occupied that she almost forgot that her former beauty was no more than a legend written upon the page of a book which no one opens.

She found much to live for. She was released

from a tiresome husband, yet she had his money to spend as she chose. She had all the power. She was the queen of Greycliffe, and the sorrowing spinsters no more than humble subjects whom she had not invited to her court.

She meant to have a gathering of such bright, inconsequent spirits as she had known during her professional career. She resolved that the people who had once spoken of her extreme beauty should now speak of her power, her apparently limitless wealth, and her mysterious, unusual poise, the extreme necessity for which no one knew so well as herself.

A week after Mrs. Drayton and Uncle Ben were quietly married and on their way to Nice Betty sent for Laurette, knowing full well that even were she to search the world over she could never find a more patient and reliable serving-maid than her sister.

Her one fear was that Laurette would refuse to come. Betty, therefore, wrote her a most touching epistle, declaring that she was ill and unhappy, and that Vivian had left her for an indefinite period because of the terrible alteration in her face. She laughed aloud as she sealed the envelope. How easy it was to practise deception so long as there remained such simple, foolish people in the world!

Betty Gives An Invitation.

The footsteps of workmen were heard all over Greycliffe; motor-vans arrived, stacked high with the beautiful bright things which Betty had decided were necessary to her happiness. A scarlet carpet was laid upon the broad oak stairs and the banisters were being braided with lovely blossoms.

In her gold-threaded chiffon veiling, Betty passed amid the workmen and approved the perfume and colour that stirred her senses to a pleasurable anticipation; but at last there was nothing more for her to do and a mischievous idea entered her mind. Hitherto she had respected the seclusion of Vivian's aunts, but she now thought she would call upon them and invite them to her reception that evening; it would be ludicrous to see this pair of silly old daws amid the gay birds of Paradise with whom Betty intended to spend many pleasant hours.

She went along corridors banked by flowers to a door covered by a faded tapestry, which led her straight into the spinsters' presence.

Miss Tabitha sat near the fire, in a little silken-cushioned chair of old rosewood; her tiny slippered feet rested upon a glossy tiger-skin; behind her a canary hopped cheerfully in its brass-barred cage; a stately cabinet filled with choice china, and a round table upon which a few devotional books were scattered, caught Betty's mocking eye.

Miss Fanny sat near the window, reading from a small, calf-bound volume. She dropped this book as Betty entered. Miss Tabitha had evidently been dozing. She now sat erect, staring at the intruder.

The Invitation.

"I am afraid I have startled you," Betty said sweetly. "I am so sorry, but I did so want to tell you about my party."

Neither answered her. Miss Fanny picked up her book; Miss Tabitha rose slowly from her chair, standing upon the tiger skin. Betty took no heed of the obviously hostile attitude of these women. She was in the mood for a battle of words or looks. It would help pass the time until the guests arrived. She advanced to the fireside.

"Is it always cold at Greycliffe? But this room is very cosy and sweet. What a darling canary! Hello, Dickie!" she exclaimed; and the little golden bird, unused to strangers, fluttered wildly from her extended finger.

"Unfriendly!" she laughed. "What are you reading, Aunt Fan? Aren't you rather dull? I want you both to come to my party. Will you?"

Miss Tabitha coughed uneasily; her poor old heart went at a quickened speed. Miss Fanny came to her rescue.

"You are very kind, Mrs. Grant; but we prefer to keep early hours."

"But once in a way—surely you won't refuse me, Aunt Fan?"

"My sister is delicate," replied she, "and I must ask you please to excuse us."

"Oh, no, I really can't, dear Aunt Fan; you must come, both of you, otherwise my friends will think me very unkind, having all the fun to myself."

"Until He Is Ruined!"

Miss Tabitha's ire was rising.

"Is that not your object, Mrs. Grant?" she inquired coldly, "to have everything for yourself?"

"Indeed, no, or I would scarcely ask my friends to enjoy Greycliffe with me. I'm sociable by nature, and I intend to give everybody I know a ripping time."

"At your husband's expense," Miss Fanny chimed in, and she also rose and went towards her sister as though to defend her against Betty.

The bride smiled. "Aren't you rather impertinent, aunt?" she inquired, with an ominous gleam beneath her white lids. "Do you expect me to become a fossil like yourself?"

"I only expect that you will remember that this part of the house belongs to my sister and me, Mrs. Grant."

"Since when?" demanded Betty. "Greycliffe isn't an almshouse yet. You are here because at present I don't need the west wing. Should I at any time require it for my friends you would have to go elsewhere!"

Miss Tabitha lost her temper.

"Shame, shame, you wicked woman, to speak this way to your elders and betters! Have you no reverence, no heart, to badger us because we are old and defenceless? If our nephew were here he would not allow you to intrude upon us in this fashion. Is it not sufficient that you have all the rest of the house for your folly?"

Betty raised her head, the gold arabesques on her chiffon veil seemed to shake against her face.

"So you threaten me with your nephew? Well, who is this wonderful Vivian, when all is said and done?"

"Your husband!" Miss Fanny said sternly.

"In name only," retorted Betty; "and such a husband that, when his bride shows him a scarred face, he flies off in a pet. Oh, I won't disguise the fact from you that I am exceedingly ugly. Does that news please you? Being women, I suppose it does. Well, dear irreproachable Vivian has deserted me on that account, and now I am going to have my revenge. I will spend his money until he has nothing left; I shall go on and on until he is ruined and you are driven out from Greycliffe to starve. You might have softened me had you been humbler and sweeter; as it is you've only made me more resolved."

"An revoir!" she sneered. "You need fear no more advances from me!" She left the room before either of the feeble ladies could speak, banging the door in her wake.

Half an hour later Jane was summoned by Miss Tabitha, and found that her eyes were swollen with tears. A telegram form was handed her; she was bidden dispatch it with all secrecy and haste. It was addressed to Vivian, bidding him return to Greycliffe without delay.

The Meeting.

It was not in Laurette's nature to withstand the potent appeal Betty had sent her.

Mrs. Benjamin Grant's settlements had bestowed upon Laurette an independence that was infinitely sweet to her. The Devonshire property was hers, and she intended to share it with Uncle Tom, but when Betty's piteous note arrived Laurette decided that she must at once set out for Greycliffe and do what she could for her sister.

All the way in the train she pictured Betty as a penitent, suffering creature, without a friend to console her, and Laurette's heart was torn with pity.

Of Vivian she scarcely thought at all, for there was too much of dire pain and disappointment connected with him. Laurette judged that he had failed Betty in the same way that he had failed herself. Tears filled her eyes when she thought of the bride and her bleak future.

When Laurette arrived at Greycliffe station the rain was falling fast, and the night was dark with heavy, black clouds. She looked all round her, for Betty had promised that some kind of vehicle should await the train, but no moving lamps met her eye in the wet lane behind the station.

Betty had evidently forgotten the arrival she had craved. How like her!

Laurette's heart sank in her breast; this negligence was not in keeping with her visions of a humbled, sorrowful sister who longed to clasp her to her breast. She stood beneath the wind-blown flame of a station lamp, and was turning back to make inquiries as to the direction of Betty's home when a hand touched her.

Laurette looked up, startled; she heard a kind, compassionate voice addressing her.

"What are you doing alone here in the rain?" Her heart missed a beat, she grew white and stumbled back. She tried to speak and failed, for a pair of eyes lighted by a new sweetness and a yearning grief were visible above her.

She was looking at Vivian Grant!

(Do not miss to-morrow's instalment.)

HOW HOSPITALS CURE CHRONIC CONSTIPATION.

A TRAINED NURSE'S ADVICE.

Spring usually finds the liver and other excretory organs clogged with impurities resulting from the very heavy heat-producing winter diet. A sluggish liver, intestinal congestion, headache, dizziness, muddy or pimply complexion, "liverishness," backache, biliousness, indigestion and languor are what doctors term "the beginning of all disease," for they show that dangerous toxins are being drawn into the blood. Poisonous cathartics, such as calomel (mercury), often irritate the liver to convulsive action but do not stop adherence to walls of the intestines, nor cleanse and strengthen the delicate secretory ducts and glands. For this latter purpose there is nothing equal to ordinary *alkia saltrates*, the refined deposits of certain natural curative medicinal waters, obtainable at small cost from any chemist. Get a few ounces and take daily a level teaspoonful dissolved in a half tumbler of water, continuing until all signs of disorder have disappeared. You will very soon begin to enjoy life again as Nature intended you should. Mental effort and concentration are no longer difficult, hard work becomes a pleasure, and that constant tired feeling completely disappears. Avoid strong cathartic pills, lowering salts or drugs, eat moderately, and drink occasionally a little of the saltrated water—Nature's own liver clarifier—and you need never fear a recurrence of the disorders.—H. L. K.

There has as yet been no rise in the price of this compound, but as in the case of all drugs, a sharp advance is to be expected at any time. The present low cost and ease with which it is still obtainable, are probably due to the fact that its marvellous curative properties are not yet widely known outside of the medical profession.

SPECIAL NOTE.—We are informed by the *Saltrates Company* (Dept. 41A), 214, Great Portland Street, London, W., who prepare a very high grade of *Alkia Saltrates*, that during the next ten days they are willing, as an advertising offer, to supply anyone interested in the product, with a regular 1s. 6d. size packet if applicant cares to send 6d. for the postage, packing, etc.

Use KASEL for Rheumatism.—Advt.

OPERA.

ALDWYCH THEATRE.—GRAND OPERA SEASON. Last 6 Performances. *BOHEME*, To-night, at 8; *CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA* and *PAGLIACCI*, Wed. at 8; *ROMEO AND JULIET*, Thurs. at 8; *THE CRITIC*, Fri. at 8; *MAGIC FLUTE*, Sat. Mat., at 2.30; *CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA* and *PAGLIACCI*, Sat. Evg., at 8. Prices, 10s. 6d. to 1s. Gern. 2315.

THEATRES.

APOLLO.—"PEG O' MY HEART." Daily, 2.30. Evenings, Weds., Fris., Sats., 8.15.

COMEDY.—Sole Lessee, Arthur Chudleigh. To-night at 8.30. Mat. Fri., Sat., and following Mon., Fri. and Sat., 2.30. "HALF-PAST EIGHT."

DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL.—Arthur Collins presents D. W. Griffith's Mighty Spectacle, "The Birth of a Nation," Twice Daily at 2.30 and 8 p.m. No Matinee to-day. Prices, 1s. to 7s. 6d. Tel. Gerrard 2588.

GLOBE.—To-day, 2.30; Every Evening at 8.30. "THE GLOBE SHOP." "BE SURE AND SEE THE SHOW SHOP SHOW. NOTHING BUT LAUGHTER."—Times Matinee To-morrow and Sat., at 2.30.

LONDON OPERA HOUSE, KINGSWAY. TWICE DAILY. 2.15 and 7.45 p.m. Both Attractions { Robert Courtneidge's Co. in the Successful Musical Comedy, "THE PEARL GIRL," at all Per- { Fred Karno's Big Revue, "HOT AND COLD." formances, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Daily 6d. to 7s. 6d. (Saturdays Box Office, 1s. to 7s. 6d.). Phone Holborn 6840 (8 lines), and Holidays 1s. to 7s. 6d.). Managing Director, OSWALD STOLL.

VARIETIES.

ALHAMBRA.—"THE BING BOYS ARE HERE." George Grossmith and Edward Laurillard's new Revue. GEORGE ROBIE, ALFRED LESTER, VIOLET LORAIN, etc. Every Evening at 8.30. Varieties 8.15. Matinee Weds. and Sats., at 2.15.

COLISEUM. 2.30 and 8 p.m. Mlle. ADELINE GENEVE and Co. in "A Pretty Pretence." FLORENCE SMITHSON, MARK SHERIDAN, G. H. ELLIOTT, OSWALD WILLIAMS, ERNEST HASTINGS, BROS. GRIF-FITHS, etc. Gerrard 7541.

HIPPODROME, London.—Twice Daily, 2.30, 8.30 p.m. New Revue, "JOYLAND!" SHIRLEY KELLOGG, HARRY TATE, Yetta Rianza, Bertram Wallis, Charles Berkeley, and Super Beauty Chorus. Phone Gern. 650.

MASKELYNE'S MYSTERIES, St. George's Hall, W. At 3 and 8. 1s. to 5s.; children half-price. Phone 1645 Mayfair.

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

PALLADIUM.—2.30, 6.10, and 9. Chas. Gulliver presents Albert de Courville's production, "FUN AND BEAUTY," featuring JOHN HUMPHRIES, IDA CRISPI, Elsie Spain, George Manton, Garry Lynch, Gordon Sherry, etc. Varieties by WHIT CUNLIFFE, VAN DAMMES, DAISY DORMER and Co.

PERSONAL.

STARLIGHT.—Think unkind so few letters. Cannot believe impossible find address receive letters.—C. A.

FOR
YOUR MAN
AT
THE FRONT

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"MONS LIZZIE."



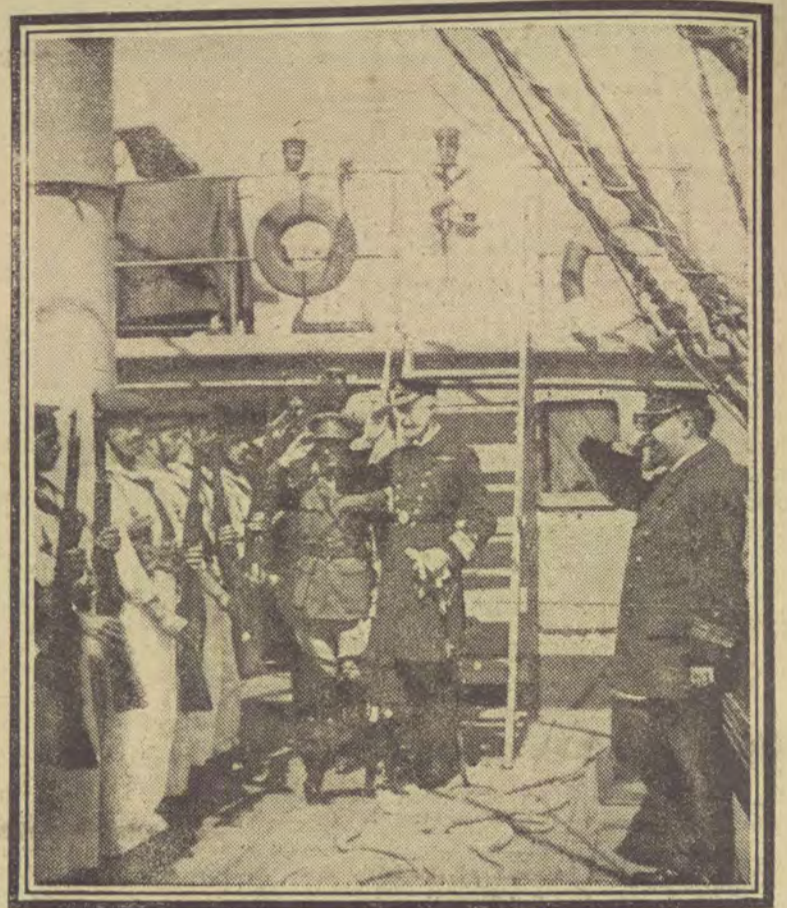
The R.E. found Lizzie at Mons, and had her with them during the great retreat. Though meant for the cook-house Lizzie's popularity is such that she is likely to die a natural death.

THE GIRL FROM UPSTAIRS.



Margot Kelly, as the heroine, has no end of adventures.

OUR OLDEST ALLY IS READY.



Admiral Sellis, the head of the British Naval Mission to Portugal, on the Vasco da Gama, one of our Ally's cruisers.

HARMONY OF THE ENTENTE.



A Scots Guardsman, with an Italian and French Army bandsman. All three are taking part in the Entente musical festival in Paris.



Margot Kelly and Malise Sheridan, who takes the part of a maid.

"The Girl from Upstairs" has many adventures in Paris. Here she is seen in two unconventional situations. The farce is running at the Strand.—(Foulsham and Banfield.)

THE OLD LADY OF THE TRENCHES.



Amateur theatricals are very popular among the boys-at the front. Here is one of the "lady" artistes.—(Official Photograph.)