

FLO DAILY SKETCH.

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ONE HALFPENNY

A CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR'S FIRST DAY IN THE ARMY.



This is the first photograph to be published of a Conscientious Objector actually in the Army. It was taken at Kingston Barracks yesterday. That we are unable to present him in smarter or more soldierly guise than in this nondescript garment suggestive of the ascetism of a mediæval anchorite is due to the man's own refusal to don khaki. All that he would consent to wear, after being stripped for medical examination at Kingston, was this Army blanket, which has been his only attire for two days. —(Photograph exclusive to the Daily Sketch.)

NO COMPULSION FOR ALL—AT PRESENT.

War Office Needs Can Be Met By The System In Vogue.

CABINET DECISION TO-DAY.

New Measures To Hasten Flow Of Men To The Colours.

MR. ASQUITH'S PROMISE TO THE CARSON GROUP.

The Cabinet will meet to-day to review the recruiting figures, and consider whether the extension of compulsion is necessary.

It is expected that it will be shown by figures that the War Office can, under the system in vogue, secure sufficient recruits for the military requirements of the immediate future, and the Cabinet will decide that general compulsion is unnecessary at present.

But there is a strong feeling in political circles that the Cabinet will agree to such measures as the following to hasten the flow of men to the colours:—

Compulsion for all youths on reaching the age of 18;

Alteration of the Territorial Force conditions so that drafts for the different battalions will be made interchangeable;

Drastic revision of the list of reserved occupations to release all men not required for essential industries

PROBLEM OF SIMPLE ARITHMETIC.

The whole question is one of simple arithmetic, in which the needs of the Army have to be weighed against the needs of munitions, trade and finance.

But in view of the statement made by the Prime Minister in the House of Commons some little time since that he would stop at nothing to win the war, it is felt that if future military exigencies require it, the Cabinet will not shrink from establishing a system of universal military service.

Thus the Cabinet's resolve to-day will not prejudice a decision on the larger issue later.

A DAY FOR DISCUSSION.

The War Council met last evening at 10, Downing-street, and it is understood that the recruiting problem was considered in view of to-day's meeting of the Cabinet. Mr. Asquith presided, and among those present were Lord Kitchener and several high military officers.

The sub-committee of the Cabinet which is examining the recruiting position from the statistical standpoint also met yesterday.

Mr. McKenna, Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Mr. Montagu attended in addition to the Prime Minister, and many military officers were present.

Later in the afternoon Mr. Asquith promised the members of the House of Commons that he would announce the results of the Cabinet's examination of the recruiting figures on Tuesday. If Sir Edward Carson and his friends wished for a day to discuss the matter they could have Wednesday. (The House rises for the Easter recess at the end of Wednesday's sitting.)

Mr. Asquith also said that next week he hoped to make a statement on the joint Air Committee and the resignations of Lord Derby and Lord Montagu.

LORD MILNER'S MOTION.

Lord Milner will move in the House of Lords on Tuesday:—

That in the opinion of this House it is necessary, in order to secure the objects for which the country is fighting, that an Act should be passed without further delay rendering all men of military age liable to be called upon for military service during the continuance of the war.

The Unionist War Committee will meet on Tuesday after Mr. Asquith's statement to consider its action in regard to the motion standing in Sir Edward Carson's name. It is understood that if the Government presents a good case for refraining from extending compulsion the motion will not be pressed, but the committee will reserve freedom to act in the future should circumstances appear to justify general compulsion.

MILLIONAIRE'S SON JOINS UP.

Mr. J. H. N. Roberts, son of the millionaire baronet, Sir James Roberts, reported himself for military service at Keighley yesterday, and has joined the Army as a private.

When Mr. Roberts, who is managing director of Sir Titus Salt, Bart., Sons and Co., owners of Saltaire Mills, applied for exemption, his father said it would be necessary to close the mills if the application were not granted.

Exemption was refused, but nothing more has been heard as to the closing of the mills, which employ 3,000 people.

THE GERMAN ATHENÆUM.

Asked if he knew who provided £15,000 to pay off the mortgage on the German Athenæum (Stratford-place, W.) last March, Mr. Petyman, speaking for the Board of Trade in the House of Commons yesterday, said Baron Schroeder promised £5,500, Sir Ernest Cassel £5,000, and Mr. Otto Beit and others no doubt provided smaller amounts.

Officers and crew of the captured Zeppelin L15 are treated as ordinary prisoners of war.

A CONSCIENCE IN A BLANKET.

How The Drill-Sergeants Tamed "Percy," The Conscript.

TWO DAYS IN ASCETIC ATTIRE.

From Our Special Correspondent.

KINGSTON, Thursday.

There are broad smiles upon the faces of the recruits at the local military depot, and even the stern, set features of the drill sergeants have been seen to relax.

The cause is the presence in barracks of a long-haired, young conscientious objector, whose sole attire, for the past two days, has resembled that of an old-time anchorite.

Three days ago he was just an ordinary nut. He knew his way about Kingston and the Thames Valley, and the very latest things in cinema films, fancy socks, and blameless consciences.

In fact, he was so conscientious that when a police officer asked him if he had obeyed the Military Service Act he answered "No." This, of course, meant a visit to the local military depot, where he was quickly dubbed "Percy" by irresponsible conscripts.

"Percy" Hid His Blushes In A Blanket.

It was at this stage of his introduction to military life that the best portion of his "turn" began, and he proved himself a performer of considerable merit, and one quickly able to get the laughs. He flatly refused to be medically examined, and told the staid sergeant so point-blank.

But ever since the days of the Iron Duke the British drill-sergeants have been able to tame lions, and of this attribute Percy was soon to learn. He was stripped of his "civvy" clothes.

Then he refused to meet the doctor, and had to be carried into the presence of that officer. Percy was still perverse; gentle persuasion was lost upon him, and he had to be forcibly examined. And the doctor said that Percy was fit to be a soldier of the King.

Now came the scream. Percy refused to dress himself, and nobody willing to be the valet of a conscientious objector could be found.

Left to himself Percy began to cool down, and when the last rays of the setting sun were contending for supremacy with Percy's blushes, he picked up a coarse, brown Army blanket, which lay upon the floor, and cast it around his shoulders and girded a Tommy's belt around his loins.

Cured After Two Days.

In this ascetic attire Percy has spent the last two days, and the sentry on the gate has had to turn away small boys and rosy-cheeked servant girls with perambulators, all anxious to see Percy, not to mention two farmers who wanted to borrow him to deal with the plague of small birds.

Meditation and careful dieting did their work, and this morning Percy was seen to be listening attentively to a sergeant's vivid narrative of the advantages of the Army.

Two hours later Percy, without being told, actually saluted a passing officer, and after the mid-day meal—boiled beef, carrots, peas and "spotted dog"—Percy began to show a desire to be clad as a soldier of the King.

This evening, the other conscripts aver, Percy is swapping his Old Testament attire for Army kit, and the quartermaster, to humour him, has promised that Percy's sentry-box shall be made to measure.

Already he has been recommended for a district court martial, which, as every old soldier knows, means much, even to a young recruit with a "conscience."

(Exclusive photographs on page 1.)

THEIR BRAVE DEEDS.



Pte. J. Liggett.



Corpl. R. C. Moysé.

Liggett, of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, for rescuing two badly-wounded officers, has been awarded the D.C.M. Moysé, of the 11th Hussars, has also won the medal. He carried a message from the front line to the third line trenches under heavy fire.

WAR-PROOF HOLIDAY RESORT.

An erroneous impression is held by many people that there will be some difficulty in getting to the Isle of Wight for the holidays.

"There is not the slightest difficulty in reaching the island," Mr. H. Hughes Oakes, clerk to the Ventnor Council, told the *Daily Sketch* yesterday. "The conditions are nearly normal here, and we are looking forward to a good Easter. There is no danger whatever in crossing the small portion of water."

An Admiral of the Fleet has declared that the Isle of Wight is one of the safest possible places during the war.

TRADE UNIONISM GONE WRONG.

A hundred London carpenters who promised to make crutches for war hospitals in their spare time have been forbidden by their trade union to work for nothing.

A BIT OF SPYING' FOR MR. PEMBERTON BILLING, M.P.

Curious Charge Against Former R.N.A.S. Probationer.

DOVER'S AERIAL DEFENCES.

Charged yesterday at Dover under the Defence of the Realm regulations with endeavouring to obtain information respecting the disposition of the forces which was calculated to be of service to the enemy, Edgar Charles W. Middleton pleaded not guilty.

Mr. E. Chitty, who prosecuted for the Admiralty, said Middleton was formerly Probationer sub-lieutenant in the Royal Naval Air Service, and for a time was stationed at Dover. He was not long in the service, and counsel understood that he was now engaged in journalistic work.

He went to Dover on Wednesday, interviewed three officers of the R.N.A.S., and told them he had come down "to do a bit of spying" for Mr. Pemberton Billing, M.P. He invited two officers of the Air Service to lunch with him, and endeavoured to obtain from them information regarding the disposition of British aircraft and the preparedness of the service to meet certain aerial attacks.

"Perfectly Innocent Mission."

Counsel did not suggest that Middleton used the term "spying" in the generally accepted sense, but it was obvious that he was endeavouring to obtain information which would be of great value to the enemy.

Detective-Inspector Mole, of the C.I.D. (Scotland Yard), who is now attached to the Headquarters Garrison, Dover, spoke of arresting Middleton while at lunch with the officers of the R.N.A.S. In reply to the charge Middleton said:—

"I deny it wholly and entirely. What I have said was said to my friends in the Air Service, and it is clearly a personal matter."

On behalf of Middleton it was stated he was invalidated out of the Air Service a month ago, after a serious nervous breakdown. He was now doing journalistic work, and went to Dover on a perfectly innocent mission to deal with a matter which had been the subject of discussion for weeks past, both in Parliament and in the Press.

Middleton was remanded in custody for a week.



MR. MIDDLETON.

MR. ASQUITH'S REPROOF.

Mr. Billing put a number of questions on aerial matters in the House of Commons. Replying to one, Mr. Asquith said that the number of deaths caused by Zeppelin raids had never been concealed. If further deaths occurred, revised lists were published. He expressed his regret that Mr. Billing should have thought fit to make the allegation of concealment contained in the question.

"SHOULD THE WORKERS ARM?"

In the High Court, Edinburgh, yesterday, Walter Bell, business manager of the Socialist Labour Press, Glasgow; Wm. Gallagher, chairman of the Clyde Workers' Committee; and John W. Muir, editor of the *Worker*, the organ of the Clyde Workers' Committee, were found guilty of contravening the Defence of the Realm Act by printing and publishing in the *Worker* an article headed "Should the Workers Arm?" It was alleged that the article contained statements calculated to cause sedition and impede the production and transport of munitions. Sentence was postponed until this morning.

SHIPS THAT SURVIVE TORPEDOES.

At the Institution of Naval Architects yesterday Sir Archibald Denny said that the tremendous power of the modern torpedo and mine was not and could not have been foreseen.

The Germans did not always realise that it was difficult to sink an oil carrier, especially if she was running light.

Many such cases might no doubt be mentioned, but it was perhaps better to wait until the war was over.

ANOTHER GALLIPOLI DISPATCH.

Mr. Hohler has given notice to ask Mr. Tennant whether any report has been received from Sir Frederick Stopford on the operations under his command at Suvla Bay, and whether he will cause it to be published.

SLINGSBY JUDGMENT: AN APPEAL.

In connection with the Slingsby legitimacy case, an appeal has been lodged in the House of Lords, and an answer has to be presented on or before May 24.

Last year £26,900 was saved owing to M.P.s not receiving salaries.

At an auction sale in Newcastle the old "dandy horse," forerunner of the safety bicycle, used by the first Earl of Durham, was sold for 10 guineas.

WHERE THE CAVALRYMEN COME IN MAIL.

Out With Our Cavalrymen Near Lake Doiran.

EARLY MORNING INCIDENT.

English And German Reconnoitring Parties In Touch.

From G. Ward Price.

[COPYRIGHT.]

SALONIKA, Thursday.

The jingle of the cavalryman's bit is a sound that has been little heard since the first days of the war, though some of our famous regiments of horse have won as great distinction fighting on foot with bomb and rifle as ever they gained in the days of charges.

But one place at least there is where English cavalry mount and start away each morning with long sword on one side of the saddle and rifle ready in its bucket on the other, expecting, hoping to meet the similar patrols of Uhlans who they know come every day into the debateable country into which they ride.

A fine country it is, open and unencumbered, with wide stretches of rolling grass plain, wooded hills from the heights of which mile upon mile of broad river valleys can be seen laid out like a relief map below, and enchanting little dales, well-watered and filled with bush, green grass and crops.

WHERE THREE NATIONS MEET.

To find this land of promise on the map you need only look for Lake Doiran, 40 miles due north of Salonika, the place where the Greek, Bulgarian and Serbian frontiers meet.

Among these pleasant uplands our cavalry camps are situated.

Near by French cavalry, which fulfils a similar mission to ours has actually had a brush with the Germans.

It is evident that our adversaries are perturbed in mind about our intentions in this district.

Consequently they send out daily strong patrols from two regiments of Uhlans quartered in a group of villages north-east of the lake, so as to make as sure as possible of timely warning of any offensive movement on our part.

We, of course, have not the same need for anxiety. Our main defensive position is 25 miles away to the south, but we like to keep in touch with our neighbours over the border.

I have spent three days with three separate patrols sent out by this force, most enjoyable and most interesting days. The men belong to regiments from the Midlands. They are sunburnt, alert, intelligent, well-mounted, and count themselves lucky not only to be practically the sole English cavalry force in Europe doing cavalry work, but also in having fought with distinction as infantry, while others of their number have lately taken part in the campaign in Egypt.

It is early morning when the patrols set out, for some of them cover 50 miles in the day.

I mounted several hilltops with the patrols, but one view was especially to be remembered.

Doiran lake lay shimmering in the sun below.

AN OPPORTUNITY MISSED.

On the north-west the lake is ringed round with mountains, whose sharp black summits are still rimmed with snow. Look closely where these slope down to the lake's north side and you see plainly two lines of entrenchments facing east. These are intended to stall off a possible attack round the top of the lake.

But while we sat thus on the hilltop, screened by convenient bushes, and studied through glasses the villages below, which are billeting places for the German cavalry, there was going on only a short distance away, but out of sight in the plain below, a little encounter such as is likely to become frequent in these parts.

An officer was out with an escort of eight men. All of a sudden, at a few hundred yards distance, the party caught sight of two Uhlans mounted and with lances slung.

The Germans, too, saw the English patrol almost at the same moment, and at once pulled round and galloped off.

The first instinct of the Englishmen was to give chase, but the officer's instructions were to reconnoitre and not engage the enemy, as it was prudent to find out first what strength the Germans might be in.

NOT FAVOURABLE ODDS.

A man was accordingly sent. He saw just over the next rise of ground a force of not less than 80 Uhlans, half dismounted, and the others in the saddle by the roadside.

Eighty to eight were scarcely odds favourable for an engagement, and the order was given our patrol to retire.

By this time the main body of Uhlans had received the alarm, and a few seconds later the whole detachment came galloping over the rise.

At this rather critical moment the horse of one of our men came down on the rough ground, and he would certainly have had a Uhlans iron lance through him had not the man who was now bringing up the rear stopped and taken his dismounted comrade up behind him.

It was a plucky act, as the enemy were at a range too close to miss. But they didn't fire, and gave up the chase after carrying it on a little distance.

GINGER-BEER TAX ALTERED.

The new tax on mineral waters will not be collected by revenue labels on the bottles, but will be paid in bulk by the manufacturers (who will be licensed) upon their certified output from May 1.

This new arrangement (which will also apply to cider) was announced yesterday by Mr. Montagu.

FLOODS AND HURRICANE BAR THE ROAD TO KUT.

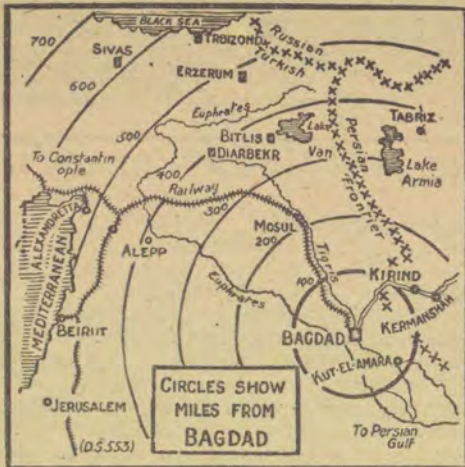
TIGRIS FLOODS STILL INCREASING.

Torrents Of Rain: Both River Banks Under Water.

RELIEF FORCE OBSTACLES.

Exaggerated Turkish Story Of Losses Of General Gorringe.

"MUCH BELOW 3,000."



The Tigris floods are rising, the weather is getting worse, and the advance of the British Force to the relief of General Townshend in Kut-el-Amara is inevitably held up for better weather.

This is the only news from the Tigris, except the official statement that General Gorringe's losses last week were "nothing like 3,000," as the Turks had claimed.

In normal conditions General Lake's Relief Force would be adequate for the relief of Kut.

Unfortunately the conditions are not normal in the following respects:—

- (1) Relief, to be effectual, must reach General Townshend in a limited time, which is rapidly drawing to a close.
- (2) The floods on the Tigris, and the large marshes which approach the river on both banks, enable the enemy to hold almost impregnable positions against superior numbers.

RUSSIANS FAR AWAY.

The map corrects the illusory hopes founded on the Russian advance.

One Russian column is near Kirind, over 100 miles away, across the Persian border.

Other Russian forces are operating at Bitlis, nearly 400 miles to the north.

The main Russian forces are at Erzerum, 500 miles away, and near Trebizond, in the Black Sea, nearly 600 miles away.

The Allies are not, therefore, in a position to cut the Turkish communications, as it was once hoped that a Russian force might do at some such place as Mosul, 200 miles above Bagdad.

OFFICIAL STATEMENT.

From The War Office.

Thursday Evening

With reference to the Turkish report on Wednesday "that some 3,000 British dead were collected in part of the Turkish trenches after the attack of Sunday," Sir P. Lake reports that our total casualties in killed and wounded are much below this figure.

He has satisfied himself by personal inspection, and from inquiry among the wounded themselves, that the medical arrangements generally have been satisfactory.

He further reports that the weather is very bad, and that on Wednesday there was a hurricane, accompanied by torrents of rain.

The floods on both banks are on the increase.

THE KING ON THE EAST COAST.

Last night's Court Circular stated that the King visited Lowestoft and Great Yarmouth yesterday.

A piece of the plaid worn by the Pretender before Culloden was sold for 42 guineas at Christie's for the Red Cross.

GERMAN RAIDS ON BRITISH TRENCHES FAIL.

Four Attempts End In Eviction Of The Enemy.

"TEAR" SHELLS PREPARE WAY FOR THE ATTACKS.

British Official News.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, FRANCE.

Thursday, 9.55 p.m.

On Tuesday night the enemy made a raid on our trenches near La Boisselle, after a heavy bombardment, in which he used a large proportion of lachrymatory ("tear") shells.

He was driven out. We lost a few men, taken prisoners.

Last night the enemy made three attacks on our trenches north-east of Carnoy.

These attacks reached our trenches, but were driven back, the enemy leaving some dead in the trenches.

A few men belonging to a party working on our front wire are missing.

Some shelling to-day about Souchez, Carency, between Loos and Hohenzollern, and about St. Eloi. We retaliated against enemy positions.

This morning the enemy exploded a small mine in Hohenzollern. No damage done.

Trench mortar activity in this section and about Arras to-day.

DEAD MAN BOMBARDED.

French Long-Range Gun Shells German Railway Station.

French Official News.

PARIS, Thursday, 11 p.m.

Between the Oise and the Aisne our artillery was active against the enemy organisations of Moulin sous Touvent and Nampcel.

West of the Meuse there was a continuous bombardment of Hill 304 and of our front Mort Homme-Cumieres.

East of the Meuse and in the Woivre there was moderate artillery activity, but no infantry action in the course of the day.

One of our long-range guns fired on the station of Noveant-sur-Moselle, and on the bridge of Corny, north of Pont-à-Mousson. Fire broke out in the buildings of the station.—Reuter.

ATTACK THAT STOPPED SHORT.

Thursday Afternoon.

The night was calm in the whole of the region of Verdun.

A German attack which was in course of preparation yesterday at the close of the day against our positions at Hill 304 did not leave the enemy trenches.

The curtain fire of our artillery and the bombardment directed by our batteries in the neighbouring sector against the enemy columns assembled in the Malancourt Wood seem to have rendered abortive their intentions.

There is no important event to report on the front generally.—Exchange.

Belgian Official News.

Thursday Night.

There has been weak artillery activity at different points on the front, save near Dixmude and Reninghe, where the bombardment has been somewhat more lively.—Wireless Press.

CARRANZA SAYS "GET OUT."

Mexican President Thinks American Expedition Has Finished Its Work.

MEXICO CITY, Thursday.

The Mexican Government has sent to its Ambassador at Washington for delivery to the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Lansing, a Note asking that the American troops shall be withdrawn from Mexican territory, and that the pursuit of Villa be left to the Mexican Constitutional army.

The Note contends that the American troops entered Mexico without permission. In the previous exchanges of Notes, Mexico maintains, the reciprocal crossing of the frontier was admitted only in the event of a repetition of a raid similar to that of Villa's at Columbus.

The United States (the Note says) undertook the expedition through a misunderstanding, as there had never been a formal definite agreement. The expedition has fulfilled its object of dispersing the Villa bandits, and as the Mexican troops will be able to exterminate the rest of the beaten party General Carranza "considers the time has come to treat with the United States for the withdrawal of their forces from our country."—Reuter.

SUPPORT FOR MR. JONES.

At a meeting of the London Union of the Attested Married Men's League held at Queen's Hall last night it was unanimously decided to support the candidature of Mr. Kennedy Jones for Wimbledon.

"THE SUSSEX WAS A WARSHIP."

German Excuses For Sinking Of Cross-Channel Boat.

"PROBABLY SUNK BY MINE."

The German official excuse for the sinking of the cross-Channel steamer Sussex, a vessel which no seaman could mistake for anything but a passenger boat, has been handed to the American Ambassador in Berlin.

The apology contains these passages, quoted by Reuter and the Central News:—

The establishment of whether the Channel steamer Sussex was damaged by a German submarine or not is rendered extraordinarily difficult by the fact that no exact details as to the place and time of the circumstances of the incident are known and no picture of this vessel could be obtained.

Therefore all the undertakings which took place on March 24 between Folkestone and Dieppe had to be investigated.

"A LONG BLACK VESSEL"

On March 24, in the middle of the English Channel, a long black vessel flying no flag, with a grey funnel, a small grey upper deckhouse, and two high masts, was met by a German submarine.

The German commander was firmly convinced that this was a war vessel, namely, a mine-layer of the recently built British Arabis class.

"MUNITIONS ON BOARD."

He attacked the vessel at 3.55 p.m., and from the explosion caused by the torpedo it is certain that a great quantity of munitions was aboard.

A sketch of the ship made by the submarine commander and a picture of the Sussex taken from an English paper are inserted in the Note. A comparison of these will be sufficient to prove that the vessel attacked was not the Sussex.

No other attack occurred at the same time or place, and the German Government therefore considers that the sinking of the Sussex was due to another cause.

The Note insinuates that mines may have caused the disaster. The German Government asks for further material for investigation, and announces that it will in the last event be prepared to have the proper circumstances established by a mixed Committee of Inquiry according to the provisions of the Hague Convention.

INDIAN LINER STRUCK.

Arrived Safely At Gravesend With Hold Full Of Water.

The Royal West Indian Mail Line steamship Columbia sent a wireless message on Wednesday morning that she was in a sinking condition off the New Galloper Lightship, but later announced that assistance was no longer wanted. The vessel arrived at Gravesend under her own steam yesterday morning. It is believed that the vessel struck a mine. The fore-castle and forehold were full of water. There were no casualties.

The Columbia was on the way from Baltimore to Amsterdam with 4,300 tons of maize for the Dutch Government.—Reuter.

STEAMER AND BARQUE SUNK.

The British steamer Lady Plymouth put in on Wednesday at the Spanish port of Valencia towing the derelict Russian barquentine Imperator, torpedoed in the Mediterranean. She had on board 24 men, including the captain and part of the crew of the British steamer Angus, sunk by submarine. The barquentine was damaged by gunfire and fire.

The Aberdeen barque Iverlyon was torpedoed by a German submarine, and sunk off the Irish coast. Twelve members of her crew were picked up from their boats. It has not yet been ascertained what has become of the remainder of the crew. It is supposed the entire number reached 25.

AMERICA CANNOT ARBITRATE.

WASHINGTON, Thursday.

In view of the gravity of the situation arising out of the submarine question and the latest representations from Mexico, President Wilson has cancelled his engagement to speak in New York on Friday night.

The official text of the German Note is now in the hands of the State Department. Government authorities believe the American case is materially strengthened by Germany's admissions. The officials are awaiting the arrival of affidavits from London and Paris.

Germany's suggestion of arbitration is met in administrative circles by the statement that the United States cannot arbitrate on a question involving American lives.—Reuter.

It is officially announced (says Reuter) that up to March 31 169,066 troops had embarked from Australia. In addition 64,633 men were in training in the Commonwealth.

5 a.m. Edition.

MOST UNPOPULAR MAN IN IRELAND DEAD.

Lord Clanricarde On Whose Former Acres Fierce Evictions Occurred.

LONELY RECLUSE IN LONDON.

Inherited £250,000 But Was Too Mean To Buy A New Hat.

Lord Clanricarde, the best-hated Irish landlord, the most eccentric of peers, and the worst-dressed man in the House of Lords, died at his London house yesterday at the age of 84.

Early in life the young peer was in the diplomatic service, and was one of the best dressed men about town in the mid-Victorian era. He succeeded to the title in 1874 and it was then that he paid his last visit to his Irish estates.

From that time he worked through agents, many of whom were murdered during the Land Agitation.

Lord Clanricarde's Irish estates were about 20 miles in extent, and he was a thorn in the flesh to the Conservative Government 30 years ago.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the Chief Secretary, refused the forces of the Crown to aid Lord Clanricarde in evicting tenants, reminding him that property had its duties as well as its rights.

During this time Lord Clanricarde was a recluse, or, as he was termed, the "Parsimonious Peer." With a rent roll of £30,000 a year from his Irish estates, he was not known to contribute a farthing locally.

A "SPY" CARICATURE.

HIS DILAPIDATED CASTLE.
The old castle at Portumna was allowed to fall into dilapidation, and it was declared by responsible authorities that the rain was allowed to penetrate into the family vault.

Mr. T. W. Russell gave him a severe handling, and said he brought discredit upon Irish landlords. Although the beneficent legislation initiated by Mr. George Wyndham was taking effect in Ireland, a Bill was introduced into the Commons to appropriate the Clanricarde estates.

"Is there a Lord Clanricarde in existence?" was frequently asked. The answer came, as late as 1907, when Lord Clanricarde made a meteoric appearance in the Lords and attempted an explanation of his conduct. He had an icy reception, for his explanation having failed to convince his brother peers he went back to his vast art collection.

If his treatment of the Irish tenantry enjoined on them a most drastic economy, Lord Clanricarde certainly set them an example. He wore a mid-Victorian silk hat in this century, and darning cotton was used to mend a breach in the shoulders of his cloak. Art collectors who waited at his chambers with choice bric-a-brac had to shiver with cold because his lordship would not spend a few shillings on coal.

NEVER SEEN IN A VEHICLE.

Lord Clanricarde was never seen in a vehicle, but he walked daily to Regent's Park. There on a public seat—not one of the chairs, for an attendant would exact a toll—would sit the owner of some 60,000 acres, watching the squirrels.

Overseas soldiers would pass by and wonder who the strange, drooping, wizened figure could be. Children would play at his feet while he sat regardless of everything. None realised that he had inherited a quarter of a million and was the owner of an ever-growing fortune hoarded by miserliness.

Lord Clanricarde succeeded in one thing. He carried himself into a loneliness as cold and as frigid as ever begirt a miser. His sole companions were his china and pictures, in the collection of which he showed a wonderful business acumen.

And here again his marked eccentricity came up top. For he was stated to be so careless of the disposal of his treasures as to have nailed valuable pictures to the backs of barn doors!

In 1915 the estates of "Lord Clanricarde," as he was nicknamed, were finally bought by the Congested Districts Board on behalf of the tenants for £238,000.

RUSSIANS REPULSE HUN ATTACK.

Russian Official News.

PETROGRAD, Thursday.

West of Lake Narotch (south of Dvinsk) the enemy yesterday, at about six o'clock in the evening, violently bombarded our positions.

Shortly afterwards small parties of the enemy debouched from the village of Mokritsa, and were followed by strong columns.

Our artillery dispersed the Germans, who fell back on their trenches.—Reuter.

Britain's Real Failure.



YOUNG BLOOD OF THE GINGER GROUP (to Allied Visitor): "But, monsieur, do not let your country be deceived by such showy activities as our forces and our factories into thinking Britain is putting forth all her energies, while she shamelessly continues to neglect such men as myself."—(Copyright by Will Dyson.)

RIGHTS OF CONSCIENCE.

Is Society Bound To Tolerate The Objector? Rev. R. J. Campbell's Reply.

Conscientious objectors are complaining that they are being persecuted. They say they are being treated as outcasts by society in general and the Churches in particular.

One objector has written to the Rev. R. J. Campbell, asserting that men like himself are regarded as having used the plea of conscience as a base device to escape risk, and that they are socially ruined.

Mr. Campbell quotes this letter in a powerful article he has written for the next issue of the *Illustrated Sunday Herald*. He proceeds to discuss the question whether the individual conscience has any rights except those which society chooses to accord.

He answers the question whether society is bound to tolerate the objector, and finally he shows, in emphatic language, how the objector may win the respect of society.

IRISH OFFICER AND HIS BRIDE.



Lieut. M. Moran, R.A.M.C., and his bride, Miss Katharine (Kitty) Quinlivan. The bridegroom is a Tipperary man, and his wife comes from Co. Clare. They were married in Edinburgh.

FOUR AGAINST A REGIMENT.

Corporal And Three Soldiers Who Held A Wood For France.

The *Petit Parisien* tells the story of a corporal and three men who alone held a German regiment in check in a wood near Verdun.

They occupied a listening station attached to the first-line trench.

The order was given to fall back on the second line, but it so happened that the four soldiers remained behind to face the onrush of the enemy.

They promptly grasped the situation, and made up their minds to defend themselves. They fired upon the enemy, who was taken by surprise.

The Germans decided to send two patrol parties of half-a-dozen men—one to the right and the other to the left of the listening station. After some grenade fighting at close quarters the patrol parties surrendered, and the Frenchmen returned to their own trenches with their prisoners.

The Military Cross has been awarded to the four valiant outposts.—Exchange, from Paris.

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, which will last you over a week and will do you more good and give you more strength than a month at the seaside.—Advt.

IF YOU WORRY, READ THIS.

Worry never brought any good to anybody. Still, you say, "I don't worry because I want to; it is because I can't help it"; or, "I worry because I have so much to worry about."

We all have our troubles, and worry, of course, makes matters worse. The patient generally recognises this without being influenced in any way.

The doctor who could meet this nervous condition and cure it would be the most popular man alive. He cannot do it, however, because the form of nervous exhaustion known as neurasthenia, of which worry is a characteristic symptom, must be cured by the patient. That is why you should write to-day for the book, "The Nerves and their Needs," and read the chapter on neurasthenia. So many people have read it and written, "This describes my case exactly; I am giving the treatment a trial and being benefited," that the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. has had a number of these books printed, and will send you a copy free if you address a postcard request to the Post Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London.

Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people are a true nerve tonic that acts through the blood; they are particularly suitable for nervous, neurasthenic people. Most dealers sell them, but make sure to ask for Dr. Williams' in order to avoid substitutes of no reputation.—Advt.

DANDRUFF GOES! HAIR GETS THICK, WAVY, BEAUTIFUL.

Save your hair! Double its beauty in a few moments. Try this!

Hair stops coming out and every particle of dandruff disappears.

Try as you will, after an application of Danderine you cannot find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair, and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most, will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No matter how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just use Danderine and the effect is immediate and amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable lustre, softness and luxuriance, the beauty and shimmer of true hair health.

Get a bottle of Knowlton's Danderine and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all. All chemists sell and recommend it, 1/1½ and 2/3 a bottle. No increase in price.

Danderine is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them. Its exhilarating, stimulating and life-producing properties cause the hair to grow long, strong and beautiful.—Advt.

FOR SALE.

TO be sold at Ward's Horse Repository, Edgware-road, London, on Tuesday, April 18, without reserve, the property of "Evening Standard," 4 useful Horses, from 7 to 11 years old, 6 carts, and 3 sets of Harness, etc.

HEALTH RESORTS.

LANDUDNO.—Invigorating, sunny; grand orchestra; tours. Illus. Guide (post 2d.), D.S., Town Hall.

GARDENING.

SMITH'S SEED COLLECTION, 2s. 6d.
ONE Pint of Smith's Early Bird Pea, ½ pint King of Marrows Pea, ½ pint Distinction Pea, ½ pint Broad, ½ pint Kidney Beans, ½ oz. each of following: Smith's Model Onion, Turnip, Beetroot, Radish, Cress, Mustard, Carrot; one packet each of following: Parsnip, Cabbage, Cauliflower, Celery, Broccoli, Brussels Sprouts, Lettuce, Marrow, Parsley, Cucumber, Savoy. Given Gratis, 6 Packets of Choice Flower Seeds, one Packet of Smith's Waved Sweet Peas, and 2lbs. of Potato, "Golden Wonder." All named, packed free on rail, 2s. 6d.—R. SMITH and Co., Dept. M., Nurseries, Worcester.

MISCELLANEOUS SALES.

FURNITURE, second-hand, large quantity, must sell, regardless of cost; seen any time.—Depositories, 272, Pentonville-road, King's Cross. Catalogue on application.

GRAMOPHONE, £25; Model Drawing-room Cabinet, very dainty, height 4ft., on wheels, beautifully inlaid, perfect tone, with selection of celebrated records; accept £5 15s.; approval with pleasure.—15, Upper Porchester-street, Hyde Park, London.

PEACH'S CURTAINS, Casement Fabrics, Linens, Lace; great advantages in buying direct from Makers. Send for New Catalogue, post free, large choice, attractive values, exclusive designs.—S. Peach and Sons, 222, The Looms, Nottingham.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

ARTIFICIAL Teeth (old) Bought.—Messrs. Browning, Dental Manufacturers, 63, Oxford-st., London, the Original Firm who do not advertise misleading prices; full value by return if made; call or post. Est. 1870.

THE MARRIED MEN'S GRIEVANCE.

AFTER all that the League of Attested Married Men has said of Mr. Asquith and Lord Derby, it was certainly not incumbent upon them to meet a deputation from that league. Nobody could have blamed the Government if it had resolved to ignore the existence of the League and to administer the law as it stands, while redressing the legitimate grievances which have been stifled at times by the propaganda of disloyalty. But it was generous and it was wise of the Prime Minister and Lord Derby to meet the deputation. For they were able to show how absurd were most of its contentions.

No sensible man ever believed that if certain married men attested voluntarily all other married men would be compelled to serve.

No sensible man ever believed that attestation would give any privilege to a married man except the privilege of serving his country.

WHAT Mr. Asquith did not say, but we may say, is this: that married men attested, some because they really wished to fight for their homes, but some because they thought they would never be called upon to fight and wished to flaunt an armlet on the cheap. If men of this latter class find themselves trapped I am glad of it.

THE Prime Minister's generosity went very far. While he was able to show that no sort of lure to married men had been used by any responsible person or body, it was conceded that if it could be proved in evidence that a married man had attested because of certain unauthorised statements made by persons or bodies having a more or less official local status, the claims of those men for exemption would be acknowledged. That is as far as the Government can possibly go; it is further than the Government could have been asked to go.

VERY rightly, the tone of the Premier with the deputation was somewhat peremptory. The League has really placed itself out of court by its propaganda. But in a wise and statesmanlike spirit, Mr. Asquith looked beyond the wrong-headed methods of the agitators to the real grievance of those hundreds of thousands of married men who attested simply and solely with the desire to serve their country, and who now ask that something may be done for their homes. This matter, Mr. Asquith assures us, will be dealt with if not in a generous at least in an equitable spirit.

WELL, when those proposals are before the country we shall endeavour to forget the agitation of the League, and discuss them on their merits. The Premier believes they will be regarded as generally satisfactory. We hope they will be, though his mention of the National Relief Fund and the Statutory Committee is ominous. Charity accompanied by unnecessary inquisition will not do, however large the dole.

THE Government must devise and bring forward without delay a straightforward, businesslike scheme, by means of which a large part of the married recruit's financial responsibilities are taken over or remitted. If it does not do so relief will be obtained in inverse proportion to the proper pride and good character of the persons demanding it.

NEED I produce evidence of this fact? Would not you resent Mr. and Mrs. Paul Pry nosing their way unless there was good reason for the action into your private affairs? Every self-respecting wife of a married recruit would resent unnecessary interference, and it is the unsatisfactory remainder who would get the benefits.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.



Echoes of the Town.

To-Day's Royal Matinee—Peer And Recluse—Lord Chancellor's Spring Walk—"Q" At Rehearsals.

Day Of Concessions.

YESTERDAY was a day of concessions, and everybody seemed to be giving way about something. To begin with, the Civil Servants have won a bloodless victory over the Treasury, for the new scheme of hours has been withdrawn unconditionally, and Whitehall smiles again. Then the Railway Tax has been dropped, as I hinted from the beginning, and what with concessions on matches and entertainments the Budget got a bit knocked in the course of the day. However, Mr. McKenna kept smiling, and everyone was complimentary.

More Expensive Than Overtime.

MY FRIENDS in the Civil Service tell me that in consequence of representations made, the Treasury had considered the question of granting a war bonus as a consolation for the extra hour's work (or, as they put it, "making us stay another hour"). This, the Treasury found, would have cost more than overtime! Hence the dropping of the proposal.

Country Tired Of Secrecy.

SOME M.P.s think that next week's debate on military service should take place in camera, as it is obvious that the decision of the House will rest largely, if not solely, on figures. But the prevailing view is that the official secrecy about figures has been overdone all through, and it is in any case quite clear that the country is not likely to be satisfied with a Parliamentary conclusion arrived at behind closed doors.

Lord Chancellor Out Early.

A BOWLER HAT doesn't, somehow, seem to be nearly dignified enough for a Lord Chancellor. I always picture that august personage as he appears in "Iolanthe," and his full-bottomed wig, flowing robes, and gold embroidery are to my mind as inseparable from him as is Sir Henry Wood from his black frock coat. But there was Lord Buckmaster in Pall Mall yesterday morning at a time when most people are thinking of tackling their eggs and bacon, wearing a tweed overcoat, a lounge suit and—a bowler. He wasn't even wearing the Great Seal as a sporran or using the Mace as a walking-stick. There was nothing, except a clear-cut, clean-shaven face to denote the loftiness of his legal rank. He looks "over young" for the job. But he's pretty wise.



Spring, Really.

REALLY SPRING (I apologise for mentioning it again) is coming on apace. Yesterday I walked through Kensington Gardens and found great clumps of daffodils in full bloom. All the magnolia trees along the famous flower walk were in full bud, the currants were blooming, and the various prunus varieties were putting forth their flowers. Lots of old gentlemen toddling along, and discussing the various kinds, and thanking Heaven the winter's over. And when I got home I found someone had sent me a great box of cowslips. Spring? I should say so!

Leader Of The Opposition.

MR. STUART-WORTLEY, who, in consequence of the translation of Mr. Chaplin to another place, led the Opposition yesterday, is one of the best-known, most respected, oldest, and least vocal members of the House of Commons. At one time his name was mentioned in connection with the Speakership, and he has a great reputation as an ideal chairman of Parliamentary inquiries and committees. He has a quaint, cultured manner, and does not look as if he were nearly the Father of the House.

The Gorrings Way.

THEY SAY that General Gorrings follows no man's lead. And, judging by his photographs, he must be the only officer in the British Army who wears his khaki collar safety-pin outside his khaki tie!

Hat Tax Penalty—Death.

WE ARE NOT so smart about our taxes as Pitt was in the last great war. For instance, he levied a tax on hats, every hat having to bear a stamp ticket inside the crown varying from 3d. to 3s., according to the price of the hat, to be charged separately in the bill. The hatter also had to take out an annual licence costing 40s., while the penalties for evading the hat tax varied from 25s. to death!

Eccentric Peer.

IT WAS only a week ago that I saw old Lord Clanricarde at Christie's, pottering about among the curios. And now comes the news of his death. I'm afraid when I wrote about his "dapper appearance," and so on, I wrote "sarkastik." For, as a matter of fact, the poor old gentleman who in this world's goods was a very rich old gentleman was by far the shabbiest member of the House of Lords, as well as one of the most eccentric. His overcoat was always green with age, his trousers baggy and frayed, his boots cracked and unpolished. He owned nearly 60,000 acres in Ireland, but hadn't been near his property for many years, being perhaps the most notorious absentee landlord in the United Kingdom. His will should be an interesting one.

His Successor.

THE Clanricarde title is a curious one as regards succession. The Marquis of Sligo, a first cousin once removed of the dead peer, succeeds to the Earldom of Clanricarde, but not to the Marquisate, so presumably will retain his own title, which is a higher one. He is already a wealthy man, owner of 125,000 acres, three seats, and a town house in Upper Belgrave-street. He served in the Afghan War, and, unlike his cousin, not only visits his Irish estates frequently, but is Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum for County Mayo. The portrait is of the Marchioness of Sligo. Lord and Lady Sligo were married in 1887, and have one son, the Earl of Altamont, and three daughters.



—(Val L'Estrange.)

Education Versus Eton.

I GUESSED it would come, and it has. The resignation of Dr. Lyttelton, and the grave question of appointing his successor, have set mild educationists going. An esteemed contemporary is condemning the narrow classical education, and is clamouring for reform. I recall what Lowe once brightly remarked, in discussing some phenomenon: "That it was a case of Eton versus Education, and Eton always won." I believe the occasion, when Sir Algernon West was chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, arose from the discovery that some ten or twelve of his contemporaries at Eton, along with himself, had captured the Civil Service by storm, and were holding pretty well the highest positions in it.

Superficial Smattering.

IT IS quite true that in Sir Algernon West's day at Eton (the early forties), as in other great public schools, there was an almost entire neglect of any kind of education, beyond a very superficial smattering of Latin and Greek, and most of the boys did very well on it. Whether it is really everything to-day to have a sound opinion on the rival merits of Æschylus and Sophocles I leave for those who think it is to convince the country.

Mare For Mary.

AND REFERRING to people who still believe in a sound classical education, I knew of a case myself, some years ago, where a man took his son away from a certain school in Somersetshire because the headmaster informed him that Weston-super-Mare (without the e) was a very healthy place for boys.

A Theatre Q.

LIKE so many eminent literary folk, Sir A. Quiller-Couch has never had much to do with the theatre hitherto. The coming production of his play, "The Mayor of Troy," is showing him a phase of human activity which is quite new to him. I hear that he attends rehearsals regularly and persistently, and is intensely interested in the technique of the stage. He is not the actual "producer" of the play, but his hints are very valuable. This is not surprising, since Q is one of the most versatile men living. His novels are world-famous, he is an M.A. of both Cambridge and Oxford, he has been a journalist, is now a professor, and his grandfather was an ichthyologist at Polperro.



Big Royal Party.

THERE is to be quite a big Royal party at Drury Lane this afternoon, for the Queen will have Princess Mary and Princes Henry and George with her when she goes to the Y.W.C.A. munition-workers' matinee, which is to include a new Barrie playlet, concerning which there have been the usual whispers. Let's hope it will be a success. Now that the young Princes are growing up there is quite a competition among them to accompany their mother, though we have not quite reached the state of affairs glanced at by Horace Walpole when he wrote "Every public place is like one of Shakespeare's plays. Flourish. Enter the Duke of York, Gloucester, and attendants."

Sorry.

OLGA NETHERSOLE tells me there are still many seats to be had for the matinee. So go, all of you, and don't let them be labled as the seats Olga never sold (sorry).

Entertainment "Clearing Houses."

THERE MIGHT BE some system of "clearing-houses" for hospital entertainments. At present hospitals seem to be divided by a pretty sharp line into the fashionable and the unfashionable. Some places are deluged with offers from kindly people to amuse the battered boys to such an extent that there is a surfeit and offers have to be refused. Others are entirely neglected. Perhaps these are the lucky ones after all.

Tommy's Reply.

I DON'T WANT to belittle the efforts of the ever-generous and really clever professional artists who, in addition to their regular work, put in some time with the Tommies daily. But to a good many entertainers the following remark, overheard at one of the "fashionable" hospitals to which I have just referred, will possibly apply. "Don't you get tired of this sort of thing?" a Tommy was asked, towards the close of a boring amateur turn. "Dunno. No, don't think so," was the phlegmatic reply. "They like it. And we're used to it!"

Cupid.

HERE'S a very clever kiddy, and she is to be found at the Ambassadors Theatre, where clever kiddies are as plentiful as asparagus in May. She is little Miss Aline, and a useful asset to that most emphatic success, "More." Her big chance is in the "Bashful Man" scene between Delysia and Morton. She takes the part of a little ragged boy, whose rags at a crucial moment fly off, and—Heigh, presto!—there is the daintiest little Cupid imaginable. Fortunately, the summer is coming on.



—(Claude Harris.)

First Nights Rearranged.

I'M GLAD to see that some effort has been made to reshuffle next week's first-night arrangements to avoid a triple clash. "Toto" will make her bow on Wednesday afternoon (unique for a musical comedy), "The Bing Boys" will make theirs on Wednesday evening, and "The Show Shop" seems to have been shifted to Tuesday.

Jo And Joseph.

I DROPPED into the Leicester Galleries yesterday to see Jo Davidson's bust of Joseph Conrad, on view for the first time. A number of well-known people were there. Jo is leaving shortly by the St. Louis for "God's Own Country," where he proposes to hold a show of his works, including his portrait-busts of Dr. Page, the American Ambassador, and Rabindranath Tagore.

How To Fill A Pipe.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS—the Rudyard Kipling of America (or, if you like it better, Rudyard Kipling is the Richard Harding Davis of England)—was a genial, talkative, rather overbearing, but not at all unlovable person. He had a sense of humour—a rare thing among men of his nationality—and he wasn't always saying that Britishers haven't. Davis taught me the absolute genuine way to fill a pipe. You put the tobacco in the palm of your hand, rub the inverted bowl of the pipe on it, and centrifugal force or bimetalism or Christian Science, or something or other, sucks it up until your pipe is loaded perfectly. I've never done it in this way since.

MR. COSSIP.

CHILDREN ACT TO AID OUR BLINDED WARRIORS.



An old-fashioned dance.



Two of the little ballet dancers.



A matinee entitled "Dreamland" is to be given by the young pupils of Miss Mathewson and Mrs. Herbert Drew at King's Hall Theatre, Covent Garden, to-morrow in aid of St. Dunstan's Hostel for Blinded Soldiers and Sailors. The photographs were taken at a rehearsal.—(Daily Sketch Photographs.)

SPAIN'S SPORTSMAN MONARCH.



King Alfonso chatting during an interval at a polo match in the grounds of the Royal Palace in Madrid.

MORE WONT TO LAUGH THAN CRY.



Cicely Debenham and Annie Croft in a coyly tearful moment.

A Society Bride.



The Hon. Juliet Gardner, who is to marry Captain A. O. Cuming Russell, son of the late General Russell.—(Val L'Estrange.)

PEER'S



Lord Clanricarde, who has just died in on page

THE THREE ARTS AUTO



Some of the workers at the Autograph Candle-shade Tea organised by the (seated). Left to right: Mrs. Cazalet, Miss Phyllis Broughton, Miss M. Asquith, and Miss Lilian Bra

SOME OF THE MEN AND WOMEN DISCUSSING



A snapshot of the Croydon Tramway strike—or rather some of the women drivers. In the wordy warfare which followed nob

EATH.

Chin-Chin Style.



This is an American chin-chin cape. It is fastened with a little band of roses. —(Underwood.)

e "Lonely Peer,"
ondon. (Story told
e 2.)

GRAPH CANDLE-SHADE TEA.



"Three Arts Women's Employment Fund." Princess Marie Louise, Lady Whitty, Lady Tree, Lady Alexander, Mme. Clara Butt, Miss Elizabeth Whitte.—(Daily Sketch Photograph.)

THE TRAMWAY STRIKE—AND THE PASSENGER.



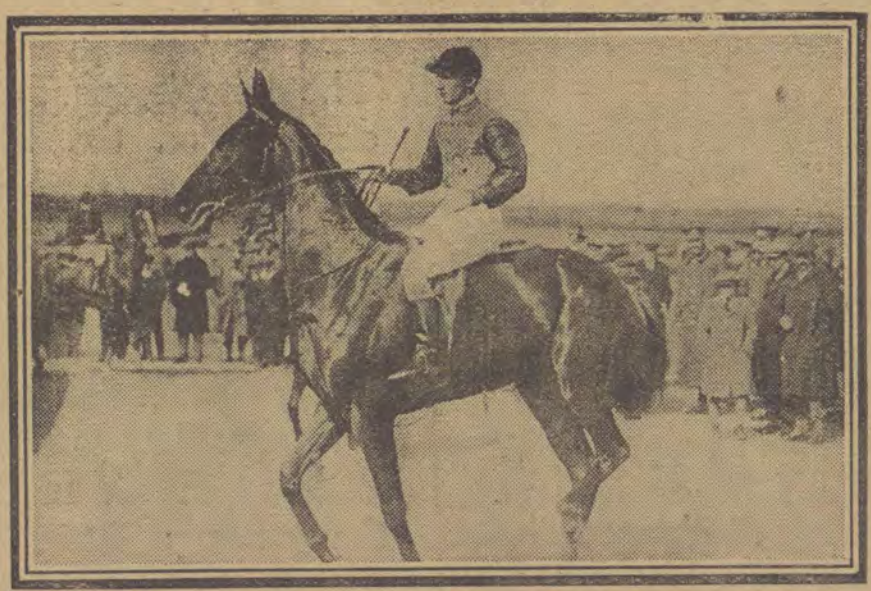
People discussing it. The strike arose because the company began to train... seems to have thought of the passenger. He is on the left.

"NOW, BOYS, THREE CHEERS"



Capt. Campbell, M.V.O. (also inset) leaving H.M.S. Prince George to take command of H.M.S. Albion, is rowed to his new ship by a cutter's crew of officers, while Commander Mullock, D.S.O., on the gangway, calls for cheers for a highly popular skipper.

THE KING'S JOCKEY JOINS UP.



Robert Jones, the King's jockey, photographed at Newmarket yesterday on the back of Sir Dighton. The horse, which belongs to his Majesty, dead-heated for the Craven Stakes. It was Jones's last ride before joining the colours.

THREE YEARS' PENAL.



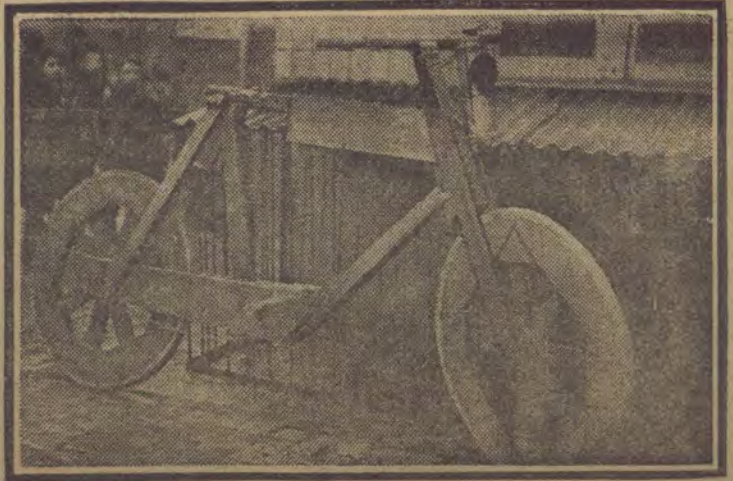
John McLean, the ex-teacher, sentenced to three years' penal servitude for his speeches on the Clyde dispute.

JACK'S PADRE



Archdeacon Wood is the principal chaplain of the Fleet.—(Bassano.)

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO RIDE IT?



The rider of this strange looking steed was stopped by a High Wycombe policeman for having no rear light.



Flight-Lieut. T. Maburg, R.F.C., who has married the Baroness G. de Vivario, a Liège refugee, lost a leg at the front.

CHILDREN ACT TO

5% Exchequer Bonds.

To the Shopkeepers of the Nation.

WHEN we were first called a nation of shopkeepers the name was given in scorn. To-day the name has become a source of pride, for in this great crisis the shopkeepers of the nation have played their part magnificently.

Their sons and their employees have gallantly responded to their Country's call, and many of them have already distinguished themselves on the battlefields of France and Flanders.

But the shopkeepers of the nation can do more than this. *They can lend their money to their Country* in order to carry the War to a successful issue.

The shopkeeper's security in his business depends on the bravery of our men in the fighting line. A shopkeeper could not carry on without the sacrifices they are making, and he can now help them by lending his money to the nation.

Every trader should cheerfully invest every sovereign he can spare in 5% Exchequer Bonds. Every investment is a blow struck at the enemy; every pound invested helps to shorten the War and to save the lives of our sailors and soldiers.

Repayment of these Exchequer Bonds is guaranteed in full on December 1st, 1920, and there are important privileges attached to these Bonds in connection with subscriptions for Future War Loans.

The Bonds will be issued in multiples of £100. There are also £5, £20, and £50 Bonds, full particulars of which can be obtained at any Post Office.

**Instruct your Banker or Broker
or Fill in this Form To-day.**

5% EXCHEQUER BONDS

Bearing Interest at £5 per Cent. per Annum, payable half-yearly. Repayable at Par on the 1st December, 1920.

PRICE OF ISSUE—£100 PER CENT.

TO THE GOVERNOR AND COMPANY OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND,
THREADNEEDLE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

In terms of the Prospectus dated the 16th December, 1915, I/we hereby apply for (a) £ _____, say _____ pounds, of the above-mentioned Bonds as detailed below, and I/we agree to accept that, or any less amount which you may allot to me/us.

The sum of (b) £ _____, being the amount of the required payment (namely £100 for every £100 of Bonds applied for), is enclosed herewith.

_____ Bonds of	£100	£ _____
_____ do.	£200	£ _____
_____ do.	£500	£ _____
_____ do.	£1,000	£ _____
_____ do.	£5,000	£ _____
TOTAL	£	_____

Name
in full
and
Address

(This must be signed by the applicant.)

Date, _____ 191 _____

(a) Applications must be for not less than £100, and must be for multiples of £100.

(b) Cheques should be made payable to "bearer" not to "order," and should be crossed—"Bank of England, a/c Exchequer Bonds."

Applications with the relative payments may be forwarded to the Bank of England by post, either direct or through the medium of any banker or stockbroker, or they may be lodged at any banking office in Scotland.

All arrangements regarding Exchequer Bonds can be made through the Bank of Ireland. *Daily Sketch.*

Women's Ideas And Discoveries.

THE chief bridesmaid at a recent wedding is making an interesting gift for the bride on her return from the honeymoon. When the bride's bouquet was distributed among the four maids a good share of roses and heather fell to the lot of their chief, and these she has pressed and dried and framed in a glass-topped tray with white edges and handles. The bride may use it on her dressing table or for her morning tea, or it may occupy a proud position in her boudoir.

Weeds As Spring Vegetables.

Lots of people eat spinach just because they know it is good for them and complain that it is too "sloppy" to be really enjoyable. But it need not be sloppy if cooked in the right way without any water except what has clung to its leaves after a thorough washing. After five or six minutes' steaming the spinach should be pressed to a pulp with a wooden spoon and any water poured off. Butter or margarine should be added generously and lemon juice if the flavour is liked. Purslane, which grows as a weed in our gardens, and young nettles may be cooked in the same way.

Light-Weight Hats Abolish Headaches.

Headaches, says a well-known physician, have gone out of fashion among smart women—for the simple reason that over-loaded hats of heavy fabrics have gone out too. The 1916 hat is an affair of few ounces, for if it is not very tiny it almost or entirely dispenses with trimming. Heavy hat-pins have also been discarded. The number of materials used



A dressing-gown of cyclamen pink crepe-de-chine with black and white check silk trimmings.

in the new hats is amazing—horsehair, linen, tulle and worsted are scarcely less in favour than straws of all kinds.

The Newest Notion In Steamer Gifts.

A submarine-braving American woman who has just landed on these shores is enthusiastic over New York's latest and cleverest idea in steamer gifts. Instead of the mass of flowers which faded before one was a day out, or the fruit which was a puzzle to store, the departing traveller is now presented with a delightful gilt basket filled with what looks from a short distance like glowing fruits, but is really a collection of cunningly packed and devised little delicacies of all sorts. Bunches of grapes resolve themselves into sweets, gold and silver paper cover little muslin bags of choice brewings of tea, and in a score or more of cleverly designed and air-tight bottles are preserves and delicacies of all kinds. A tiny pudding in a be-ribboned glass mould is even included. One would have to be very seasick not to enjoy the exploration of this basket of dainty surprises.

Old-fashioned Pinks In Vogue.

Cyclamen pink is announced as a colour for which there will be something of a craze, and already it has been greatly used on the advance models for early summer. It is not a particularly attractive colour in itself, but has the greater virtue of being becoming—hence its use on many hat-brims. There is, in fact, a vogue for several old-fashioned pinks, including "monthly rose."

SOLDIER, BRIDEGROOM AND BARONET.



His son, who succeeds to the title, is a captain in the 11th Hussars.



The new baronet's bride.

The late Sir Algernon Peyton. The death has occurred, after an operation for appendicitis, of Sir Algernon Peyton, Bart. He is succeeded by his son, Capt. A. T. Peyton, who was married last week to the only daughter of Mr. J. S. Dugdale, M.P. The new baronet has been wounded during the war.

(Lafayette, Val L'Estrange.)

THE OPEN ROAD TO THE COUNTRY

SUMMER COUNTRY MOTOR-BUS ROUTES

The summer country services will start running on April 16th and will continue throughout the Season. The programme will be the same as that of last year, with the following additional routes:—

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 5. South Hackney and Wimbledon Common | 101B. North Woolwich and Chigwell Row |
| 20. West Norwood and Kew Gardens | 103. Cubitt Town and Highams Park |
| 26. South Harrow and Watford | 116. Greenwich and Chislehurst |
| 37. Peckham and Hounslow | 117. Hounslow and Egham |
| 77. King's Cross and Burgh Heath | 121. Elephant & Castle and Pinner |
| 88. Mitcham and Kew Gardens | |

For particulars see bills posted at the Underground Railway Stations or write for a leaflet to the Advertising Manager—



The London General Omnibus Co., Ltd.,
Electric Railway House,
Broadway, Westminster, S.W.

"TIZ"—a Joy to Sore, Tired Feet

TIZ is just wonderful for sore, aching, swollen, perspiring feet and corns.

"How TIZ does help sore feet."



Good-bye sore feet, burning feet, swollen feet, perspiring feet, tired feet.

Good-bye corns, hard skin, bunions, and chilblains. No more shoe tightness, no more limping with pain or drawing up your face in agony. TIZ is magical, acts right off. TIZ draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet. Use TIZ and wear smaller shoes. Use TIZ and forget your misery. Ah! how comfortable your feet feel. Get a 1/2 box of TIZ now at any chemist's or stores. Don't suffer. Have good feet, glad feet, feet that never swell, never hurt, never get tired. A year's foot comfort guaranteed or money refunded.—Adv't.

MISCELLANEOUS SALES.

A TROUSSEAU, 25/- (worth £5). 24 Nightdresses, Chemises, Jacket, etc., easy terms.—Mrs. Scott, 251, Uxbridge-rd., W.
CAUTION—Genuine CHLOROXYNE. Each bottle of this well-known REMEDY for COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, RHEUMATISM, DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY, bears on the stamp the name of the inventor, Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE. Of all chemists, 1/3, 3/-, 5/-.
CENTURY CHINA BARGAINS.—Household China, Crockery, Glass, at factory prices. Splendid Tea, Dinner, Toilet Services, from 6s. 6d. Famous Home Outfit, 21s. Century great speciality. Unbreakable China. Great Saving. China for Churches, Schools, Caterers, 150 pieces, 21s. Splendid Mixed Crates for Bazaars, Shops, Dealers, 15s. 6d. 30,000 delighted customers, including Buckingham Palace. Many beautiful designs. Send postcard to-day for COM-
PLETE ART CATALOGUE, in colours, FREE.—CENTURY POTTERY, Dept. 590, BURSLEM, Staffs.
FRINGE NETS, full size, 1s. 1d. doz. list free, combings purchased.—J. BRODIE, 41, Museum-street, London.

OPERA.

ALDWYCH THEATRE.—Grand Opera Season. **M**AGIO FLUTE, Saturday next, at 8 (opening night of season), **M**ADAME BUTTERFLY, Mon.; **M**AGIO FLUTE, Tues., April 18; **T**ALES OF HOFFMANN, Wed., April 19; **L**A BOHEME, Thurs., April 20. No performance Good Fri. **T**ALES OF HOFFMANN, Sat. Mat., April 22; **M**ADAME BUTTERFLY, Sat. Evg., April 22. Prices, 10s. 6d. to 1s. Gerr. 2315.

THEATRES.

AMBASSADORS.—Third Edition of "MORE," by H. Gratlan. Evgs. 8.30. Matinee Thurs. and Sats., at 2.30.
COMEDY THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Arthur Chudleigh. **L**AST TWO NIGHTS, SECOND EDITION, "SHELL OUT!" by Albert de Courville and Wal Pink. Every Evening, at 8.45. Mats., Mon., Fri., and Sats., 2.45.
NOTICE.—Mr. Arthur Chudleigh begs to announce to the public that The Moss Empires, Ltd. (London Hippodrome), are solely responsible for the Entertainment now being given at the Comedy Theatre.

DRURY LANE.—Arthur Collins presents D. W. Griffith's Mighty Spectacle, "THE BIRTH OF A NATION." Twice Daily at 2.30 and 8 p.m. No MAT. To-day. Prices 7s. 6d. to 1s. Tel. Gerrard 2588.

LONDON OPERA HOUSE RE-OPEN'S

Easter Monday, April 24th.
TWICE DAILY. 2.15 and 7.45 p.m.
Week } Seymour Hicks, Ellaline Terriss and Co. in
Commencing } "Broadway Jones." Ernest C. Rolls' Revue,
April 24 } "The Other Department." BOTH ATTRAC-
TIONS AT EVERY PERFORMANCE.
Week } Robert Courtneidge's Co. in "The Pearl Girl."
Commencing } Fred Karno's Revue. "Hot and Cold." BOTH
May 1. } ATTRACTIONS AT EVERY PERFORMANCE.
Box Office NOW OPEN (10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Daily). Book
now in person, or by post, telegraph or telephone. 7/6, 5/-, 4/-,
3/-, 2/6, 2/-, 1/6, 1/- for seats under 3/- an advance booking
fee of 6d. extra is charged.
Managing Director, OSWALD STOLL.

VARIETIES

ALHAMBRA.—First Night, April 19th, at 8.0 p.m. Geo. Grossmith and Edward Laurillard's new Revue, "THE BING BOYS ARE HERE." **G**EORGE ROBEY and **A**LFRED LESTER as the **B**ING BOYS; **V**IOLLET LORAIN as the girl "EMMA"; **P**HYLLIS MONKMAN, **O**DETTIE MYRTIL, **J**ACK MORRISON, **B**ERTIE ADAMS, **M**AIDIE ANDREWS, **P**EARL GREY, **J**ACK CHRISTIE, **R**EGINALD CROMPTON, the **G**RESHAM SINGERS, etc. Matinee Wed., Sat., and Easter Monday.

COLISEUM. At 2.30 and 8 p.m. **S**ARAH BERNHARDT in "UNE D'ELLES," Raymond Roze's Co. in "Arabesque," **F**LORENCE SMITHSON, **O**DETTIE MYRTIL, **F**RED LINDSAY, **H**YMACK, etc. Ger. 7541.

HIPPONDROME, London.—Twice Daily, 2.30, 8.30 p.m. New Revue, "JOYLAND!" **S**HIRLEY KELLOGG, **H**ARRY TATE, **Y**ETTA RIANZA, **B**ERTRAM WALLIS, **C**HARLES BERKELEY, and Super Beauty Chorus.

MASKELYNE'S MYSTERIES, St. George's Hall, Daily at 3 and 8. 1s. to 5s. Children half-price. Phone 1545 Mayfair.

PALACE.—"BRICA-BRAC" at 8.35. **V**ARIETIES at 8. **M**ATINEES WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.

PALLADIUM.—2.30, 6.10, and 9. Miss **R**UTH VINGENT, Miss **B**ETTY KING, Miss **C**LARICE MAYNE and "THAT" **J**ACK NORWORTH, **C**ARMEN TURIA, **G**EORGE MOZART, **P**HIL RAY, **J**AY LAUBIER, **D**E MAREST, **T**OM WONG TROUPE, etc.

EXHIBITIONS.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.—Life-like Portraits Models of HEROES of the WAR on SEA and LAND. Adm. 1s. Children 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS SALES.

BABY CARS direct from the factory on approval, carriage paid. We save you 5s. in the £; cash or easy payments from 4s. monthly; send for splendid new catalogue free.—**D**IRECT PUBLIC SUPPLY CO. (Dept. 114), Coventry.

BABY looks like a Boy in her new crawlers.—Combination knicker-overalls, with pocket, ease or rose cement cloth, keep romping children clean; elastic at knee; 2 1/2 years and under. 2s. Post free; approval.—**F**ENWICK, LTD., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

REAL NAVY SERGE, 10,000 Testimonials, 1s. 3/4d. 1s. 6/4d. and 2s. 3d. yard. Patterns free.—**B**EAG-MONTS, Contractors, Portsmouth.

THE KING'S NEW DERBY COLT IN A DEAD HEAT.

Sir Dighton And Roi d'Ecosse In Great Craven Stakes Finish.

PHALARIS BEHIND THEM.

It was in the Craven Stakes that Pommern made his three-year-old debut last year, when he failed to give over a stone to Rossendale, and it was much the same story yesterday, when Roi d'Ecosse made a dead-heat of it with Sir Dighton, who ran for the King.

Roi d'Ecosse was not so fit as the Royal colt, and in addition he was conceding 12lb., so that it was a good performance.

Both are engaged in the Two Thousand Guineas and the New Derby, as is Phalaris, who was beaten a length and a half by the dead-heaters.

Lord Derby's colt was favourite, but he failed to stay, and it is to be feared speed rather than stamina will be his forte.

He is too much on the leg to stay, and is not so compactly built as Roi d'Ecosse, who has improved since last year, when he was not overfond of racing, which accounted for his wearing blinkers yesterday.

A Nice Greenback Colt.

Backers would have none the best of the reckoning yesterday. If Cranford was a well-backed candidate in the Maiden Two-Year-Old Plate, she was only third in demand.

Greenroom, a very nice colt by Greenback, was in most request, but he will do better later on, for he stopped up the hill after showing good speed for half a mile.

Cranford is a nippy little filly, and she won quite cleverly from the King's Lucknow.

Trinity Square had run very well at Gatwick in the race won by Verge, but he was allowed to start at 8 to 1 in the Flying Handicap.

This did not prevent him winning, however, for he went up the hill too merrily for Sunbar and Colour System, while Siller was also going strongly when the race was practically over.

It was a poor start for the Three-Year-Old Handicap, the well-backed Top Covert being one of the worst sufferers.

The top-weight, Foxton, ran well, but failed to hold the lightly weighted Caryanda, who won easily.

Wavey Belle colt won a fine race in the Selling Plate, and Merry Mac secured the Biennial Stakes cleverly from Ajalon.

GIMCRACK.

YESTERDAY'S RESULTS.

1.0—SELLING PLATE.
Capt. Hardy's WAVEY BELLE, 8-9.....A. Smith 1
Mr. F. Curzon's NOSEY PARKER, 8-11.....Wheatley 2
Mr. D. Fraser's JANE O' GAUNT, 8-11.....J. Evans 3
Also ran: Green Jacket, Prosy, Kadine I, Extol g, Encantadora, Manon, Sandy Way I, Archer Spinner. Betting: 2 to 1 Nosey Parker, 7 to 2 Sandy Way I, 9 to 2 Extol g, 10 to 1 WAVEY BELLE C, 100 to 7 others. Head; neck.
1.30—THREE-YEAR-OLD HANDICAP.
Mr. H. J. King's CARYANDA, 6-2.....K. Robertson 1
Mr. J. L. Dugdale's FOXTON, 9-0.....Jennings 2
Mr. W. Black's ATHLETIC, 6-13.....Collis 3
Also ran: Saxon, Kinsale, Furoro, Bruised, Top Covert, Golden Dagger, Meyrick, Monbretia, Serenissima, No Ball.

Trusty John, Kilbride. Betting: 4 to 1 Top Covert, Meyrick 5 to 1 Foxton, 5 to 1 Athletic, 100 to 8 Bruised, Serenissima, 100 to 7 Monbretia, 100 to 6 CARYANDA and others. 3 lengths; 1/2 length.
2.0—MAIDEN TWO-YEAR-OLD PLATE.
Sir J. Thursby's CRANFORD, 8-11.....J. Childs 1
His Majesty's LUCKNOW, 9-0.....H. Jones 2
Lord Penrhyn's LA MELBA F, 8-11.....Jelliss 3
Also ran: Quick Thrust, Cockyley c, Greenroom, Hammerhead, Lady Birdie c, Bin I, Saintes, Unfrooked, Queen Kitty. Betting: 3 to 1 Greenroom, 4 to 1 Quick Thrust, 9 to 2 CRANFORD, 5 to 1 Lucknow, 100 to 6 others. 1 1/2 lengths; 1/2 length.
2.30—GRAVEN STAKES.
Major D. McCalmont's ROI D'ECOSSE, 9-3.....Donoghue 1
His Majesty's SIR DIGHTON, 8-5.....H. Jones 2
Lord Derby's PHALARIS, 9-5.....Bickaby 3
Also ran: Radical, Kelso, Lendrick. Betting: Evens Phalaris, 5 to 2 SIR DIGHTON, 5 to 1 ROI D'ECOSSE, 100 to 8 others. Dead heat; stakes divided. 1 1/2 lengths.
3.0—FLYING HANDICAP.
Mr. J. Buchanan's TRINITY SQUARE, 8-0.....Fox 1
Mr. E. Jardine's SUNBAR, 5-13.....Jameson 2
Mr. E. Hilton's SILLER, 7-10.....V. Smyth 3
Also ran: Hornet's Beauty, Colour System, Chapel Brampton, Eagle's Nest. Betting: 7 to 4 Colour System, 5 to 1 Siller, 7 to 1 Eagle's Nest, Sunbar, 8 to 1 TRINITY SQUARE, 100 to 8 others. 1/2 length; 2 lengths.
3.30—NEWMARKET BIENNIAL STAKES.
Major D. McCalmont's MERRY MAC, 8-0.....Donoghue 1
Mr. Reid Walker's AJALON, 8-0.....Lancaster 2
Mr. A. James's CONTINO, 9-0.....Rickaby 3
Also ran: Manxman, Ajaccio. Betting: 5 to 2 Contino, MERRY MAC, 3 to 1 Ajaccio, 7 to 1 Manxman, 100 to 12 Ajalon. Length; 2 lengths.

THE SUBSTITUTE ST. LEGER.

The third Newmarket Extra Meeting has been fixed for September 12 and the two following days. On the second day will be run the September Stakes, a sweepstakes of 50 sovs each, with £1,000 added, for three-year-olds, entire colts and fillies, colts to carry 9st and fillies 8st 11lb.; last 1 1/4 miles of the Cesarewitch Course.

TANCY LEE BEATS GEORGE CLARKE

At the Liverpool Stadium last night Tancy Lee (the man who defeated Jimmy Wilde) beat George Clarke (London) in a 15-round contest. In the early stages Clarke went ahead by virtue of an excellent attack and defence. But Lee gradually wore him down and punished him heavily, and at the close of the eighth round Clarke retired soundly beaten.

HELP FOR BUSINESS MEN.

Business men who are keenly following the progress of events in regard to world-trade will find in the 1916 edition of the Newspaper Press Directory (C. Mitchell and Co., Ltd., 1 and 2, Snow-hill, Holborn Viaduct, E.C., price 2s. 7d. post free) matter of engrossing interest on commercial affairs, particularly concerning our overseas trade. A list of the tariffs imposed on goods imported into the British Dominions, with the amount of British preference in each case, and including the important revisions made during the war-year 1915, is an extremely useful feature.

P. W. Baker, the Welsh sprinter, has been killed in action. At the annual financial meeting of the Jockey Club on Monday last Capt. Greer, on retiring, nominated Mr. Arthur James as his successor, and this had the unanimous approval of the members present.

The Rugby match between the New Zealanders (Hornchurch) and the South Africans (Infantry Battalion, from Borden Camp) at Queen's Club to-morrow will start at 3.15. Admission to the ground will be 1s., soldiers in hospital attire free.

At Blackfriars Ring yesterday afternoon Sergeant Jack Irving, Army Service Corps, and Nat Brooks drew in fifteen rounds, and Dick Reed, Walworth, and Bob Tyler, Hackney, could not be separated at the end of ten rounds.

Notwithstanding the necessary advance in price, the cheapest and best Beverage of the times is "Montserrat" Lime Fruit Juice and "Montserrat" Cordial. Be sure and get "Montserrat."—Advt.

GOOD-BYES AND GREETINGS.

Happy Thought For Men Coming From And Going To The Front.

A Farewell and Reunion hut is the latest experiment of the Young Men's Christian Association, whose activities on behalf of the social comfort and well-being of our fighting men have been a marked feature of the war.

The hut, which will be an annexe to their soldiers' building in St. John's Churchyard, Waterloo-road, will be devoted to the use of soldiers' wives who are meeting their husbands returning from the front or bidding them good-bye upon leaving for the front.

If the experiment turns out a success it will be adopted at other centres.

RUBBER AND MEAT SHARES.

In the Stock Exchange yesterday War Loan stock continued in demand, and closed firm at 96 13-16, while Consols were supported at 57 1/2.

Home Railway stocks were not affected by the withdrawal of the proposed tax on tickets, because prices had not been previously depressed in anticipation of its imposition.

There was again good support for Rubber shares, and a fair amount of business was doing in meat shares, including Eastmans, although this company does not seem to be benefiting in any way by war conditions.

There was a sharp rise in Furness, Withy shares to 44s., and Armament shares were a good market.

KRUPP MACHINE FOR USE HERE.

Enemy Appliance To Aid In Munition Making Against Themselves.

A machine made by Krupp's for magnetically separating wolfram from the ore with which it was associated in order to be used in the manufacture of high speed steel was the subject of two applications yesterday in the Patents Court.

A specimen of the machine in the Royal College of Science is to be copied, as it is urgently needed for British munition establishments, and a Birmingham and a Sheffield firm applied for licence to manufacture the machine.

The comptroller observed that Krupp's agent, after war broke out, applied to remove the machine from the Imperial College of Science, but the authorities would not let it go. He should recommend the Board of Trade to grant the applications, and to fix the royalty at no higher figure than that asked for.

OUR CIGARETTE FUND.

10s.—W. Johnson, 8s.—Daily Sketch Readers and Compa. 7s.—Tommy's Friends, Colne (86th contribution). 1s.—K. H. Wilks; E. B. W.

The German Crown Prince in a harem. Sensational disclosures about the Kaiser's heir's visit to Egypt. See next Sunday's *Empire*.—Advt.

Damaged in collision, the liner *Leicestershire* and the steamer *Chatton* put into Dover yesterday.



Wincarnis Offers New Health & New Life to all who are

Weak, Anæmic, "Nervy," Run-down.

If you are Weak, 'Wincarnis' offers you new strength. If you are Anæmic, 'Wincarnis' offer you new rich red blood. If you are "Nervy," 'Wincarnis' offers you new nerve force. If you are "Run-down," 'Wincarnis' offers you new vitality. If you are an invalid, 'Wincarnis' offers you new life. Because 'Wincarnis' (the wine of life) possesses a four-fold power. It is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-maker and a Nerve Food—all combined in one rich delicious life-giving beverage. That is why over 10,000 Doctors recommend 'Wincarnis.'



For over 30 years 'Wincarnis' has given new health and new life to millions of sufferers. At the present moment thousands of people are daily deriving new health and happiness by using 'Wincarnis.' And thousands of our brave wounded, and the wounded soldiers of our gallant Allies, are quickly gaining renewed strength and new life from 'Wincarnis,' which is used in Hospitals the world over.

The unparalleled popularity of 'Wincarnis' is due to the fact that it does all it claims to do. It does create new strength—it does create new blood—it does create new nerve force—it does create new vitality and give new life.

'Wincarnis' is not a luxury, but a positive necessity to all who are Weak, Anæmic, "Nervy," "Run-down"—to all enfeebled by old age—to martyrs to Indigestion—to all Invalids—and to all who are depressed and "out-of-sorts."

Don't suffer needlessly. Take advantage of the new health 'Wincarnis' offers you. All Wine Merchants and licensed Chemists and Grocers sell 'Wincarnis.' Will you try just one bottle?

Begin to get well—FREE

Send the Coupon for a Free Trial Bottle—not a mere taste, but enough to do you good.

Free Trial Coupon

COLEMAN & CO. Ltd., W 322, Wincarnis Works, Norwich. Please send me a Free Trial Bottle of 'Wincarnis.' I enclose FOUR penny stamps to pay postage.

Name _____

Address _____

Daily Sketch, 14/4/16.

"OUR SEVEN SONS ARE IN KHAKI."



Frank, 15th County of London.



Ernest, R.G.A.



Mrs. Dickens, the mother.



Thomas, Norfolk Regt.



Horace, Norfolk Regt.



Alfred, A.S.C.



Richard, R.F.A.



William, R.G.A.

Mrs. E. Dickens, of Goodwin-road, Shepherd's Bush has all her seven sons in khaki. She is naturally very proud of the real patriotism of her boys.

THE LOVE CHEAT.

Serial Story Specially Written for the Daily Sketch.

By YELVA BURNETT.

The Squire's Mistake.

"Pardon me, sir, but can you spare me a moment or two?" Withy asked, forcing himself to the manner of a subordinate who craves a favour.

The Squire gave the man a shrewd look and observed that he was labouring under intense excitement, the greater part of which was compounded of wrath. These emotions made of the new under-gardener a somewhat striking individual who looked above his position.

After the slightest hesitation Mr. Grant said: "Step up with me to the house, we can talk on the way. Now, what has put you out, my good fellow; but wait a moment—why on earth is that girl rushing about over my turf; is there a mad bull in sight, Withy?"

The man's eyes travelled in the same direction as the Squire's, towards Laurette, who, for no perceptible reason, was racing towards them.

Withy frowned. "It is Mrs. Chevonne's maid," he said.

"Well, she's playing the deuce with my lawn, Withy! What the dickens is the matter with her?"

"She's coming here to try to stop me speaking to you, sir," Withy answered. "But speak I will, whether she wishes it or not."

"Have you been quarrelling?" Uncle Ben was in a sprightly mood; he had had a good game; he chuckled, resuming, "Never give a woman away, Withy, whatever she says; it's like hitting a man below the belt."

"I've had no quarrel with her, sir," the man retorted. "She's the dearest lass that ever stepped."

"You haven't seen much of her to give that statement a sound foundation, Withy; be careful before you fasten yourself into the matrimonial noose. I once knew a chap—but that's neither here nor there." Again he chuckled. "Trying to kiss Cotwood under my cedars, and getting a box on the ear for your pains? Well, doubtless you deserve it, eh, Withy? Suppose you go back to your work; you look a bit heady. Don't tell me anything you'll regret to-morrow."

"God, will he never let me speak?" thought Withy, burning with impatience as he saw Laurette's swift approach.

Laurette Saves Her Sister.

"Squire," he said sharply, "what I've got to say has nothing to do with Cotwood; it's about Mrs. Chevonne."

The squire's jolly little figure became less flexible, he drew himself together, looking up at his gaunt gardener with the pride of race marked strongly on his features. His pupils glittered like sword points.

"You wish to speak to me of Mrs. Chevonne?" "Yes, I do," replied the other. "And I will. This brilliant lady friend of yours, who is to be your nephew's wife—"

He got no further—Laurette sprang between them.

"There is a carriage coming through the gates," she declared feverishly. "Visitors are coming, Mr. Grant."

"Visitors?" repeated the squire in high displeasure. "And what of that? Are they any concern of yours, Cotwood, that you should so far forget yourself as to come interrupting our conversation? Go back to the house this moment, and don't let me see you on these lawns again!"

"I beg your pardon, sir," she said softly. "I didn't know I was trespassing. I came out for a little fresh air. I thought you might like to know about the visitors. I saw them because I was on higher ground." Her apologetic tone and refined demeanour mollified the squire a little, but he said no less sternly:—

"I can't make out what ails the pair of you. Here is Withy with no more sense than to consider he has reason for complaint against one of my guests, and as for you, young woman, you seem very excited about a trifling matter."

"Oh, sir, perhaps I do! And I might as well confess the truth"—Laurette was acting magnificently—"I wanted to keep Withy from making a fool of himself," she said boldly, "and I didn't know how to find an excuse for interfering until I saw the carriage. Please, sir, don't you listen to him. Withy's annoyed because I won't leave Mrs. Chevonne and—and go off with him. He wants to marry me, sir, but"—Laurette tossed her head coquettishly—"there's other pebbles on the beach—other sweethearts, sir—and I do keep on saying to Withy he's a bit too old for me."

"So that's how the land lies?" the Squire

A Winter Diet

should include plenty of heat producers. The most wholesome and delicious are puddings made with Shredded ATORA Beef Suet, which needs no chopping. Sold in 1 lb. cartons 10½d., and ½ lb. cartons 5½d. Ask your grocer for it. Sole Manufacturers—Hugon & Co., Ltd., Manchester.—Advt.

observed tartly. He was still annoyed and puzzled, yet he could not help feeling amused.

His servants loved him for his humanity and interest in their private concerns. He thought that Withy was a fool and Laurette a flighty, inconsequent person, but she looked so pretty, with the fading sunlight wreathing itself into her uncovered hair that he was willing to be lenient.

"Withy," he said sternly, "I think this young woman of yours has arrived only in the nick of time to save you from an unpardonable blunder, and I trust she will bring you to book as you deserve. Now off with the pair of you. And look here, Withy, if Cotwood won't have you it's no good pestering her, and if she will, go like a man to Mrs. Chevonne and she won't prove unreasonable."

"By the way," he added to the abashed Withy, who hung his head without a word during Laurette's brief explanation, "Cotwood is employed by another lady, a Mrs. Drayton, and is only here for a short time, so there's no need for you to feel sourly against Mrs. Chevonne. It seems to me you are a hasty wooer. There's the carriage coming round the curve—it's the Maddox livery," he observed half to himself. "Leave me now, and no more bickering."

Laurette pulled Withy away by the back of his coat, and, playing her part to the last, she said to him, so that the squire might hear her without difficulty:

"There now, what did I say? You milksop, trying to get his yes against my no; and it's as he says; I haven't known you over long, and I don't believe you've a penny in your pockets. I've got to think of my wages, I have. Good silver's more to me than a man's promises."

Their voices died away; the cedar branches hid Withy and Laurette from the squire, who had already reached the house.

"No Matter What She Does."

Thomas Cotwood and Laurette peered at each other through the deepening dusk. She was the first to speak.

"Oh, God! What I've suffered!" "Laurette, you're a fool!" her uncle retorted huskily. "You'll never get on in the world while you let people like Betty trample you down."

"If I am, what matter? Don't you see that it was suicidal to go to the squire; almost like cutting your throat?"

"Then she's to do as she likes?" her uncle challenged her sullenly. "Perhaps you'd like me to applaud her for her clever lies?"

The tears drenched Laurette's eyes; she stretched her arms, laying her hands on his shoulders.

"I've been very wicked, I've said things that aren't true. I had to. There was no other way—I couldn't let Betty fall. Isn't she my sister? Our mother loved her dearly, Uncle Tom; Betty was more to daddie than I was; and—and who was going to believe your story? It might have hurt Betty a little in arousing suspicion against her, but such a tale from one in your position would have condemned you utterly, Uncle Tom."

"You're a brave girl—as clever as Betty, but in a different way, a nobler way. You'd never tell lies for yourself. I know that well, but for her and me—"

Laurette laid her head on his shoulder.

"I'm so tired of it all, Uncle Tom; the endless acting. I—I get terrified at the risks that Betty runs just through her vanity. I don't know how it is all going to end, but this I do know," she looked at him steadily, her eyes grew dark with feeling, "Betty's gone so far that we can't pull her back; she must come back to what she was once—of her own accord. Meanwhile you and I, Uncle Tom, must stick by her, no matter what she does, because of father and mother, because she's a woman more lonely, more truly wretched than you or I have ever been."

"You Are An Impostor."

When Betty returned from London she went straight upstairs to dress. Felix was surprised and pleased to find herself still considered preferable to Laurette at making the most of the widow's radiant beauty.

"There's Colonel Maddox and his sister staying to dinner, Madame," Felix announced, while she brushed Betty's shining hair. "Not by invitation, but by accident. The lady and her brother were going to dine in London and go to a theatre, but they missed the train, and then, knowing the Squire so well, drove back here to spend the evening."

"Ah!" said Betty. It was almost a sound of relief. At last she was to meet a woman whom she could only regard as a powerful foe. "Of course Miss Maddox is in evening dress?"

Felix nodded. "Black, that's the colour she always wears; it doesn't suit her, but she's no looks to speak of."

Betty decided to wear her gayest and most expensive gown; it was composed of green and silver, she knew that it made her irresistible; a pair of little devils sat hunched in her eyes as she submitted to the maid's last touches.

"I suppose," she said thoughtfully, "that everyone is dressing, and that Miss Maddox and the colonel are alone?"

"Well, Madame, for the moment the lady is by herself, for the gentleman is mad on books, and went to the library. She's in the drawing-room, waiting."

"Well, as I'm dressed sooner than I expected, I'll go down and talk to her a little," Betty said, with genuine courage. She slipped out of her room, and hurried down the stairs and through the hall. On the right-hand side, near a conservatory, was the drawing-room door.

Betty opened it without the least hesitation; she was astonished at her own calmness—not a muscle throbbed, not a nerve burned in her body.

"Either Miss Maddox has heard who I am, or she hasn't. If I'm lucky enough to be first with the news, all the better for me. If not—"

She smiled. "I can surely find some means to get her

to hold her tongue—it all depends what manner of woman she is."

Betty tripped into the long, lofty room. At the farther end she saw a grey-haired, thin-necked woman seated near the fire, reading a newspaper. Betty's heart sank at the severe and honest appearance of the visitor. No hint of compromise or deceitful dealing showed itself in the tight line of grey mouth or in the pointed, slender chin.

"Good evening, Miss Maddox," Betty said. The woman was startled; she dropped the paper and rose to her feet.

"I am Mrs. Chevonne," Betty continued, "the only daughter of Rear-Admiral Starre. I have never seen you before, but I longed to. You were my mother's dearest friend."

Miss Maddox seemed to bristle like a dog about to spring; her upper lip curled back.

"You're lying," she said curtly. "You've nothing to do with the Starre family. You are an impostor!"

Betty looked at her as though she were mad. "Will you please explain the reason of these weird remarks?"

Miss Maddox made an angry movement, her silk dress crackled as though it were alive and vibrating to forces that shook its wearer.

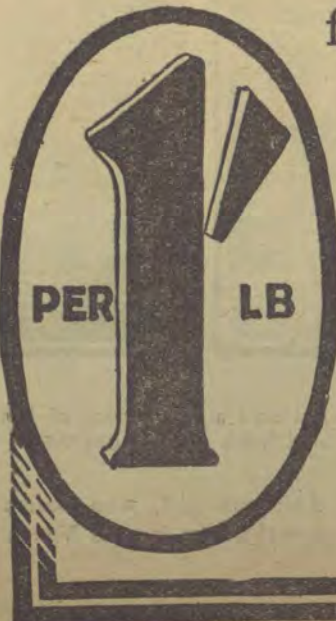
"Rachel Starre had one little son; he died of diphtheria six months after his birth." She paused, as though her breath had failed her. "Who are you?" she snapped passionately.

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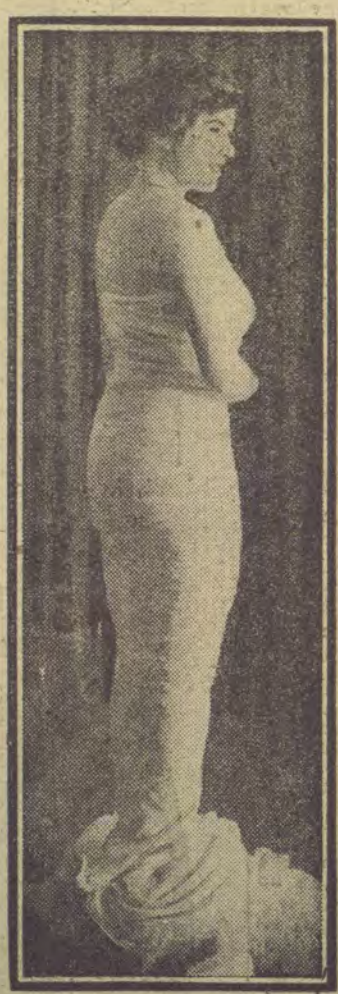
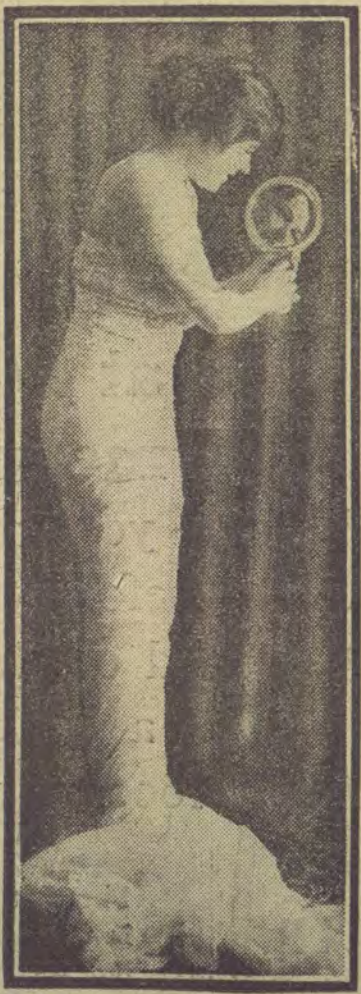
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