

TURKISH POSITIONS CARRIED ON BOTH BANKS OF TIGRIS.

# DAILY SKETCH.

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No. 2,209.

LONDON, FRIDAY, APRIL 7, 1916.

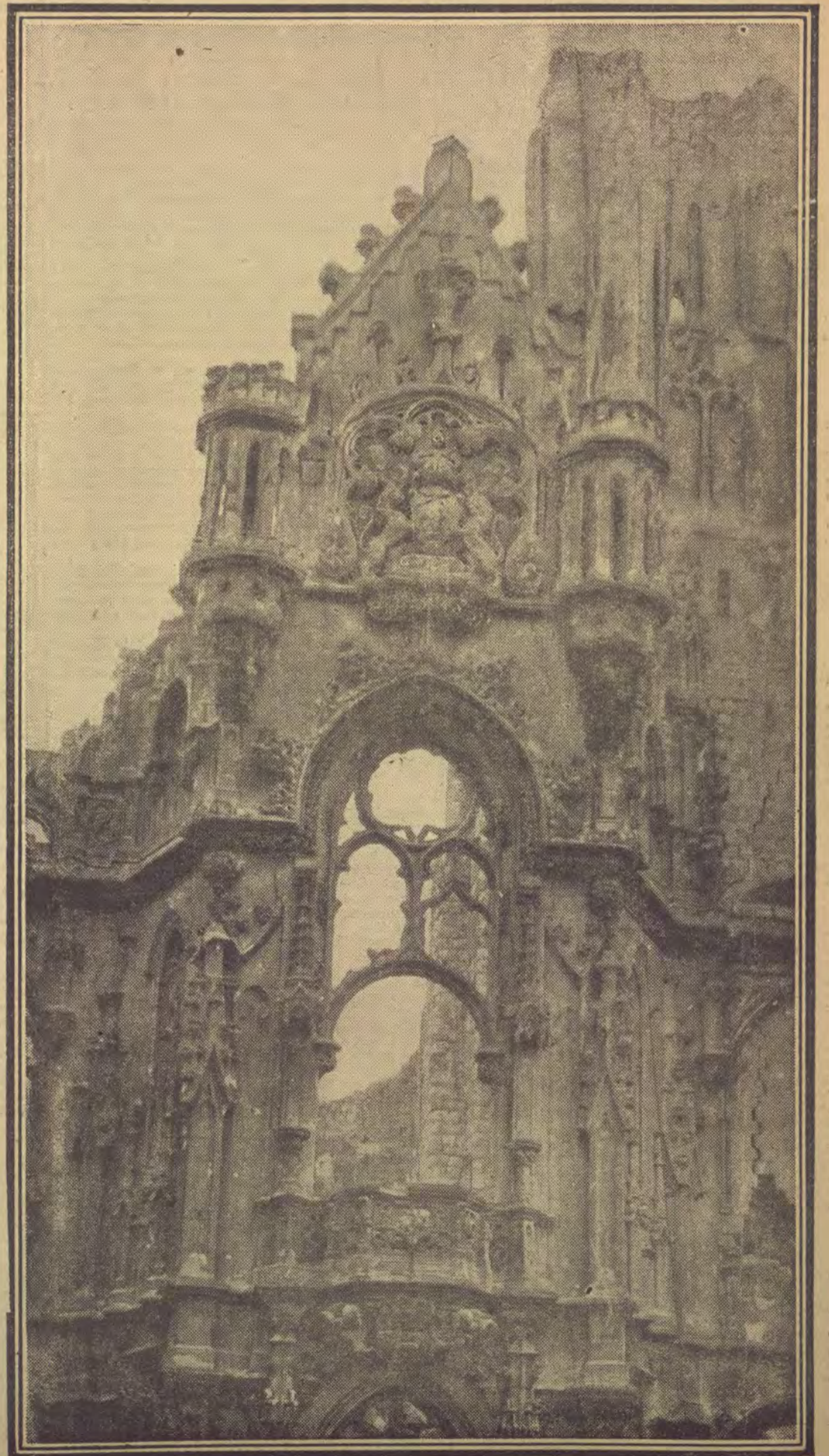
[Registered as a Newspaper.]

ONE HALFPENNY.

## SHELLS CANNOT SLAY THE SOUL OF A NATION.

*Here Is A Church, Let Us Pray Awhile—A Daughter Of France.*

*Here Is A Church, Let Us Shell And Shatter It—A Hun Soldier.*



These contrasted pictures—one of a youthful daughter of Alsace at prayer in a dim, deserted church within sound of the guns; the other of the shattered telfry of the cathedral at Arras, where British troops now hold the line—typify an enduring truth which the war has revealed with crystal clearness. These shattered walls of a stately church are as eloquent of Germany's brutal belief in Might as the kneeling figure is of the simple faith that upholds the Right. The Huns may batter the fabrics of holy fanes and the bodies of brave men, but they cannot slay the spirit of a nation.—(Daily Sketch Exclusive Photographs.)



# BATTLE PROCEEDING FOR BRITISH TRENCHES AT ST. ELOI.

## GENERAL GORRINGE'S VICTORIOUS ADVANCE.

**Turkish Positions Stormed On The Road To Kut. 121st DAY OF SIEGE.**

## Advance Of Five Miles Towards Beleaguered Garrison.

The British relief force on the Tigris has successfully carried two of the chief Turkish positions lying between them and Kut-el-Amara, where General Townshend's force has been besieged for 121 days.

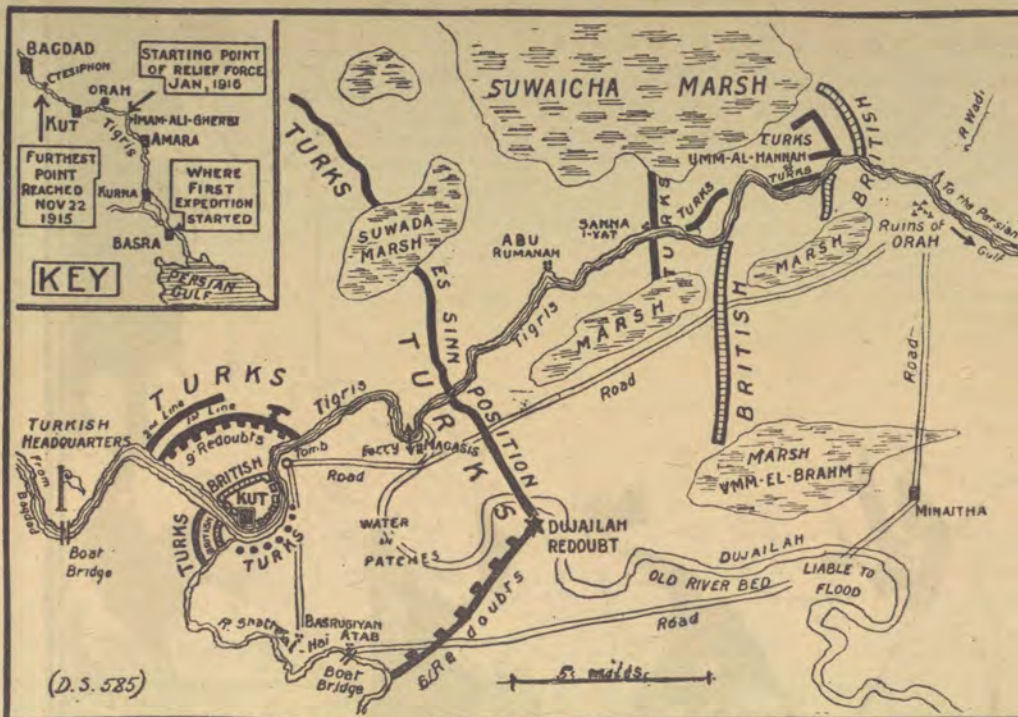
The advance began with the successful assault of the position at Umm-al-Hannah, 20 miles above Kut, as described in the brief message issued by the War Office yesterday morning.

This success was followed up by a rapid pursuit on both banks of the river.

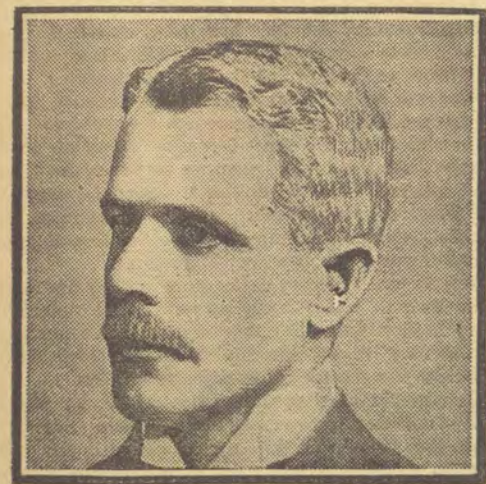
General Gorrige attacked at Umm-al-Hannah at 5 a.m. on Wednesday, capturing all three enemy's lines by 6 o'clock.

The fourth and fifth lines were carried by 7 o'clock, when the column on the north bank halted till evening.

On the south bank General Keary pushed forward with another column, captured



This map represents the British and Turkish positions as they stood on Tuesday night before the British advance began.



GENERAL AYLMER. —(Photograph exclusive to the Daily Sketch.)

the positions opposite to him (below the word "Umm" on the large map) and repelled a counter-attack.

Then General Gorrige restarted his advance on the north bank, carried the next enemy's position at Falahiyah (about the centre of the Suwaichi Marsh).

This advance, as far as it has gone, represents about five miles of progress, and roughly half the distance between Umm-al-Hannah and the strong Turkish position at Es Sinn, seven miles from Kut.

General Aylmer, who was until recently in charge of the relief force on the north bank, has been superseded by General Gorrige, one of the youngest Generals in the Army.

"No change on the Irak (Tigris) front" is all the amusing Turkish official news had to say last night of the double defeat.

## OFFICIAL DISPATCH.

**Storming Of Turkish Trenches Nine Feet Deep.**  
**From the War Office.**

Thursday Evening.

Sir Percy Lake reports that the Tigris Corps, under the command of Lieut.-General Sir G. Gorrige, who has succeeded General Aylmer, attacked the enemy's entrenched positions at Umm-el-Hannah at 5 a.m. on the 5th (Wednesday).

Our trenches had been pushed forward by means of saps to within 100 yards of the enemy's position, and the leading battalions of the 13th Division thence rushed the enemy's first and second lines in quick succession.

The third line was captured by 6 a.m., under

## ALL-DAY FIGHT AT ST. ELOI.

**Strong German Attack On New British Trenches In Progress.**

## HEAVY BOMBARDMENT PRECEDES ENEMY'S ASSAULT.

*British Official News.*  
GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, FRANCE.

Thursday Night.

Early this morning, after a very heavy bombardment, the enemy attacked our new trenches at St. Eloi strongly.

Fighting has been going on all day, and still continues.

At Hooge a small hostile raiding party, which entered one of our trenches, was promptly ejected, suffering several casualties.

Artillery on both sides has been active to-day about Lievin, Lens, and south of Boesinghe.

## GERMAN SUBMARINE LOST.

*French Admiralty News.*

A German submarine was sunk yesterday by a Franco-British squadron.

The officer and crew were saved and taken prisoners.

(Continued from first Column.)

the support of concentrated artillery and machine-gun fire.

The 13th Division continued their victorious advance, and by 7 a.m. had driven the enemy out of his fourth and fifth lines.

Aeroplane reconnaissances then reported that the enemy was strongly reinforcing his entrenchments at the Falahiyah and Sanna-y-Yat positions, respectively 6,000 and 12,000 yards from the front trenches at Umm-al-Hannah.

As these positions could only be approached over very open ground General Gorrige ordered further attacks to be deferred till the evening.

In the meantime on the right bank [south] the Third Division, under General Keary, captured the enemy's trenches opposite the Falahiyah position.

During the afternoon the enemy on this bank made a strong counter-attack with infantry and cavalry, supported by guns.

This counter-attack was successfully repulsed, and the position won was consolidated.

About 8 p.m. General Gorrige continued his forward movement on the left bank and carried the Falahiyah position.

Reports indicate that the Hannah position was strongly entrenched, its left flank resting on the Suwaichi Marsh and its right on the river.

The front trenches are stated to be nine feet deep, and the whole system extended in successive lines for a depth of 2,500 yards.

## GERMAN DEFEAT SOUTH OF DOUAUMONT.

**French Advance 200 Yards On A 500-Yard Front.**

## 35 ENEMY AEROPLANES BROUGHT DOWN IN A MONTH.

*French Official News.*

PARIS, Thursday, 11 p.m.

(Received Friday, 1.30 a.m.)

In the Argonne we blew up a mine in the region of Vauquois.

To the west of the Meuse the Germans continued to bombard persistently the salient of Bethincourt and the villages of Esmes and Montzeville.

To the east of the Meuse Poivre (Pepper) Hill was subjected during the day to a violent bombardment which foreshadowed an attack, but our curtain fire prevented the enemy from emerging from his trenches.

## HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING.

South-west of the fort of Douaumont a series of small engagements which led to some hand-to-hand fighting enabled our troops to advance in the enemy communication trenches and works on a front of 500 yards and a depth of 200 yards.

A counter-attack delivered by the enemy towards the close of the day failed completely.

In the Woivre our batteries carried out concentration fire against several points of the enemy's front.

In Lorraine our artillery displayed activity east of Luneville, and between Vevoise and the Vosges.

There was no event of importance to report from the remainder of the front, with the exception of the usual cannonade.

## 35 GERMAN MACHINES BROUGHT DOWN

During the month of March our military aircraft displayed great activity along the entire front, notably in the region of Verdun.

In the course of many aerial engagements 31 German machines were brought down by our pilots, nine of which descended in flames or crashed to the ground within our lines, while 22 were brought down in the German lines.

There is no doubt concerning the fate of these 22 machines which our pilots attacked over the enemy's lines. Twelve of these aeroplanes were seen coming down in flames, and 10 descended in headlong spirals under the fire of our aviators.

## FOUR SHOT DOWN BY GUNS.

Moreover, four German machines were brought down by our special guns, one in our lines in the neighbourhood of Avocourt and three in the enemy lines.

To this total of 35 German machines destroyed during the month of March must be contrasted the figures of our aerial casualties, which amount to 13 machines.

According to a paper found on a prisoner, the German pilots are reported to have received orders to cross their own lines as little as possible.

The balance for the month shows, on the contrary, that our chaser 'planes are constantly flying over the enemy's territory seeking a fight.—Reuter.

## THREE ZEPPELINS DAMAGED.

AMSTERDAM, Thursday, 4.23 p.m.

A correspondent of the Vaz Dias news agency learns that three Zeppelins which raided England have been seriously damaged by the British coast batteries.

## 5 a.m. Edition.

## FIFTH RAID IN SIX NIGHTS.

**Zeppelins Driven Off The North-East Coast.**

## SIX CHILD VICTIMS.

**3 Airships: One Believed Struck By Gunfire.**

From The War Office.

4.10 p.m., Thursday.

The air raid of last night on the North-Eastern Counties was apparently carried out by three Zeppelins.

The first one made an attack about 9.10 p.m., but was driven off by the fire of anti-aircraft guns after dropping five bombs, which caused no damage or casualties.

Numerous observers state that this Zeppelin was struck by gunfire.

A second raider made its appearance in another locality about 10.15 p.m., and though he was in the neighbourhood for some time no bombs were dropped.

Another raider delivered an attack in a third locality during the night, but although several bombs were dropped only slight material damage was caused.

The total number of bombs dropped was 24 explosive and 24 incendiary, and the casualties at present reported are:—

	Men.	Women.	Children.	Total
Killed	0	0	1	1
Injured	2	1	5	8

No military damage was caused.

## TEN-YEAR-OLD BOY KILLED.

**Five-Year-Old Child Rescued From Debris Laughs At Danger.**

In the early hours of the morning (says a correspondent) some inland rural districts of North-East England were visited by a Zeppelin. According to observers the first signs of the raider were seen just before midnight, when it made a tour of inspection, but no attempt to do any damage.

Half an hour after midnight, however, the crew of the Zeppelin began their dastardly work. The first bomb dropped near a school, damaging the surrounding wall and only slightly the school buildings. A few more bombs dropped in an adjoining field, some of which failed to explode.

The raider next proceeded to another village a few miles away, having entirely lost its bearings, and dropped eight bombs in rapid succession. The first fell on vacant ground, and the next on a row of houses in the little main street.

## YOUNG GIRL INJURED.

Three small dwellings were smashed, but fortunately the casualties amounted to only two, a man about fifty and a girl of 17 being injured.

A third bomb also fell in the main street of the village, but did little damage to the buildings on either side.

The succeeding five bombs fell on agricultural land.

One small house was struck here, and a husband and wife had a narrow escape. The whole of the dwelling was wrecked with the exception of two back rooms where they were asleep. They had no means of escape except by the shattered window, and, calling for help, they were immediately rescued.

In the next bedroom were the son and a visitor. This unfortunate pair were precipitated into the basement kitchen, and literally buried in the debris. The visitor was easily extricated, but it took an hour to rescue the lad.

## THE CHILD WHO "CHAFFED."

Close by a five-year-old boy suffered the same fate, while his mother escaped.

The infant, according to the rescuing policemen and a number of helpers, kept up a brave heart, and even "chaffed" in an amusing child-like fashion, the adult rescuers.

One policeman said he had never seen a braver little chap in all his experience.

## BOY BURNT TO DEATH.

In another country district a bomb struck the roof of a dwelling-house in which a mother and two boys were sleeping, the father being away on active service. The mother, who was downstairs, escaped uninjured.

One boy, aged 10, was killed outright, his body being burned almost to cinders.

His little brother, aged 7, who was sleeping in the next bedroom, had both legs fractured.

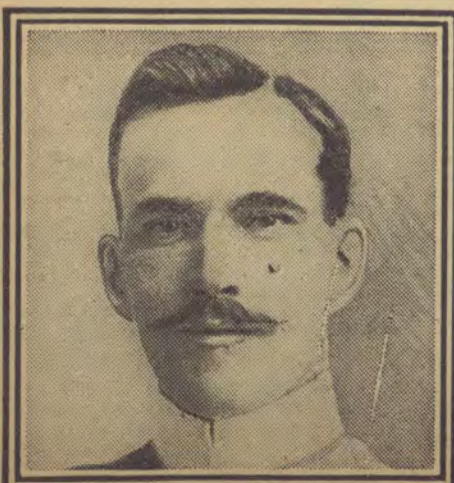
It was about 2.30 when the Zeppelin made its appearance over another part of the North-East Coast. It dropped a number of bombs, but there

# Budget Congratulations



LUXURY (to WAR PROFITS): Here's luck to the Budget! It gets the money for the country, and not too much of it out of us.—(Copyright by Will Dyson.)

## A HERO OF KUT.



Sergeant R. Maidment, of the Dorset Regiment, won the D.C.M. at Kut-el-Amara, where his regiment has done fine work.

## TO WED A DANE.



Miss Monica Massy-Beresford is engaged to M. Jorgen de Wichfold, the honorary attaché to the Danish Legation in London.—(Swaine.)

## FROM THE STATES.



Raymond Hitchcock, the American comedian who has made such a hit in "Mr. Manhattan" in London.—(Hoppé.)

# "TIZ" Gladdens Sore, Tired Feet.

"Oh! My poor swollen, puffed-up feet."

"Great Scott! Where's the TIZ?"



TIZ makes sore, burning, tired, "chilblainy" feet feel just fine and comfy. Away go the aches and pains, the corns, hard skin, blisters, bunions, and chilblains.

TIZ draws out the acids and poisons that puff up your feet. No matter how hard you work, how long you drill, how far you march, or how long you remain on your feet, TIZ brings restful foot comfort. TIZ is magical, grand, wonderful for tired, aching, swollen, smarting feet. Ah! how comfortable, how happy you feel! Your feet just tingle for joy; boots never hurt or seem tight.

Get a 1/3 box of TIZ now from any chemist's or stores. End foot torture for ever—wear your new boots, keep your feet fresh, sweet and happy. Just think! a whole year's foot comfort for only 1/3.

## INDIGESTION MEANS LOSS.

Indigestion means loss as well as suffering to many business people. Loss of strength, loss of time, loss of money follow indigestion; and debility continues as long as the indigestion remains.

Workers suffer from indigestion because their hours are long, and they cannot give proper time to meals. Then the appetite wanes, digestion grows feeble, and the blood becomes impoverished. So the general health suffers; languor, nervous troubles and sleeplessness follow. Remember, the whole system relies upon good blood, and good blood depends upon a good digestion.

The stomach cannot do its work unless the blood is made rich and red and so new blood alone can cure indigestion. For this reason a remedy that makes new blood, like Dr. Williams' pink pills, provides the method of curing indigestion.

To overcome indigestion, palpitations, heartburn and flatulence, make your blood rich, red and abundant with Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people. You need never suffer in health or pocket through indigestion. Any dealer can supply you.

FREE—"What to Eat" is the title of a useful Diet Book offered free to all readers who send a postcard request to Offer Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London.—Advt.

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**THE ADVANCE ON KUT.**

NOTHING has made me realise how stupendous is this war more than the dispatches from Mesopotamia. While all our thoughts were centred on the operations in Europe, out there in Asia a British army was engaged in a great war; was executing operations of the first magnitude.

IN a tropic heat, through flooded country, where the operations were mostly "amphibious," the English and Indian troops made their way. Goringe drives back the tribesmen from Ahwaz, chases them from the Karun—the pipe-line is repaired. Meanwhile to the west, at Kurna, on the Tigris, another British detachment is holding a strong force of Turks and tribesmen. Farther south the enemy is driven from the neighbourhood of Basra and flies up the Euphrates to strongly fortified positions at Nasiriyeh. Then, safe from attacks from the rear, Townshend advances up the Tigris, with land forces, infantry in long, shallow boats, a naval flotilla. Goringe, advancing from the Karun, engages the enemy and eases the main advance. If you would understand the splendour of that great advance you must read the dispatches.

AMARA taken, British troops, naval and military, under General Goringe, make their way up the swollen Euphrates to Nasiriyeh—often over country too flooded for marching, often over water too shallow for boats. Often the boats must be lugged over ground, often they must be carried, the heat is terrible. Up the main stream steams the naval flotilla. Well, I have no space here to follow that attack—to tell in detail of the breaking of the embankment which blocked the Hagigah Channel, the hauling of boats up the cascade which rushed through the break, the assault and carrying of impregnable entrenchments, in the course of which "Captain Nunn, in a small stern-wheeler, laid his ship alongside hostile trenches and engaged them at short range." Nasiriyeh is occupied, and Goringe shifts his men across country once more to join in the main attack on Kut. That attack, and the defeat of Nur-ed-Din Bey's army by Townshend, is perhaps the most brilliant piece of strategy in the whole series of operations. And it reads so simply

*His plan was to make a decisive attack on the left bank by enveloping the Turkish left with his main force, but in order to deceive the enemy as to the direction of the real attack, preliminary dispositions and preparatory attacks were made with the object of inducing the Turks to expect the principal attack on the right bank.*

THE plan succeeded, and Townshend reached Kut. He is there now. For the beaten enemy came on again with reinforcements, and surged round the tiny encampment. For many months he has been besieged, waiting, as how many British Generals have waited! for the relieving force. That force has been creeping nearer and nearer, day by day, gaining mile after mile, until just lately one detachment came within twenty miles of Kut, and felt the strength of the enemy's first line entrenchments at Umm-el-Hannah, on the east of the Tigris; while on the other bank another detachment was even farther in advance, though with even more formidable positions before it. Well, those first line entrenchments have been taken. We hardly dared hope it would be done, for it was a position that could not be turned, but it has been done, and the British relief is creeping still further to the beleaguered fort.

WILL Townshend hold out? Surely! However well or ill provisioned he may be, he will hold out, for he knows the relief is there, and he has heard their guns. Still we wait with great anxiety, if with greater hope, for the news that our men have cleared the desperate defiles between the marshes and the river, and that Townshend and his liberator have joined hands.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.



**Echoes of the Town.**

Kitchener At Red Cross Sale—  
Sir Douglas Haig, Field-Marshal?—  
Indiscretion Of Billing.



**Mr. Asquith Looked Self-Confident.**

MR. ASQUITH received an ovation on his re-appearance in the House of Commons yesterday. There was a large assembly of M.P.s, and there was no mistaking the real significance of the loud and prolonged cheering which greeted his entry. The Premier looked very self-confident and well, and carried an air which augured that the recent international conference of the Allies is likely to give the most fruitful results.

**The Cabinet And Compulsion.**

His statement, quite voluntary, on the intentions of the Government as to recruiting made a deep impression. The Cabinet will consider the necessity for the extension of compulsion on military grounds when it has all the facts before it, and will come to a decision on its own responsibility. Thus, whether it be compulsion or not, it will be a Cabinet decision, and the Government will stand or fall by it. All speculations on the resignation of this or that Minister in certain contingencies may now be laid to rest.

**Mr. Bonar Law To The Rescue.**

MR. BONAR LAW, not for the first time, came to the rescue of the Government on the payment of members question, and openly rebuked the small coterie of intriguers who are daily doing their utmost to bring down the Government. If they wanted to break the Administration, he invited them to come out into the open and make their challenge on a sufficiently important issue. The surprise of the debate was the spectacle of Sir Edward Carson throwing over Sir Frederick Bantley, his vice-chairman on the Unionist War Committee. I think you will find that as a result of yesterday's proceedings the meetings of the two war committees, both Unionist and Liberal, will be by no means harmonious in the future.

**Tariff Agitation.**

YOU MAY expect to see a big revival of the fiscal agitation in this country before very long. The approaching economic conference in Paris has made all the disciples of Joseph Chamberlain very active, and his famous organisation, the Tariff Reform League, is, I hear, shortly to resume full operations. In a sense there is no longer a question of principle at stake, for we are all tariff reformers now. But there is still a lot to be done in the construction of a detailed workable scheme.

**Duke Of Somerset.**

THE Duke of Somerset, who has just left his fine house in Grosvenor-square for the Highlands, is the most stalwart of Tories, his Toryism being exceeded only by that of the Duchess of Somerset. This is not surprising, since he is the fifteenth Duke of a creation which dates from 1547. He is a large landowner, his principal seat being Maiden Bradley, near Bath, and he has always taken great interest in land questions. Many years ago he was a lieutenant in the 60th Rifles, and served a military connection by acting as Lieut.-Colonel of the 1st Wiltshire Rifle Volunteers.



**Lord Bertie In Town.**

AN interesting visitor to town at the moment is Lord Bertie, on whom the war has thrown so great a burden. At seventy Lord Bertie was preparing for a well-earned retirement when the war broke out, but he was indispensable in Paris, and consented to continue there till it was possible to relieve him. Gossip has it that his successor will be Lord Hardinge, but the ex-Viceroy is believed to be urgently in need of rest, and the fact that he is a widower may make difficulties, for a hostess is essential in Paris, and his elder daughter is not yet 19.

**Billing The Zepp-Strafer.**

IT is very gallant of Pemberton Billing to offer to rush off and strafe the Zeppelins himself, and we all hope that he will go and do it; but, if he has ambitions to be a national hero, he should get someone to revise his speeches. He means well, but when he says that during a recent raid he saw thousands of people rushing into the streets, lying flat in the road, and trembling with fear, he shows very clearly that his imagination runs away with him.

**Jam For Germany.**

I CANNOT imagine anything more likely to comfort the King's enemies than this picture of England under the terror of the Zeppelins. Such grotesque depictions from the facts will do neither Pemberton Billing nor his country any good.

**Field-Marshal Vacancy.**

SIR CHARLES BROWNLOW, who has died, was one of the last survivors of that race of giants which included Lord Roberts and Lord Wolseley. His death makes a vacancy in the list of Field-M Marshals, and there is one man who is obviously designated as his successor. Sir Douglas Haig is now in command of incomparably the largest British Army ever put into the field, and there could be no more popular selection for the baton. No doubt it will be as Field-Marshal that he will begin his big push.

**Unromantic Mishap.**

FOR a General in war time to be mixed up in a tramcar accident is doubly unfortunate. It is not a comfortable thing to happen to anyone, and such an episode, in addition, lacks romance and heroism. A couple of days ago Lieutenant-General Sir W. Pittclair Campbell, of the Western Command, was motoring with a couple of aides-de-camp through the streets of Chester when a misunderstanding occurred with one of the municipal tramcars. However, the General was only slightly injured, so there's no need for anyone to worry. His most distinguished military career includes the Soudan campaign of 1884 (battle of Abu-Klea) and the South African War. He is fond of hunting, and is a good shot.



**The Campbells Have Come.**

WHAT a military name is Campbell! There are no fewer than ten General Campbells, while Colonel Campbells, Major Campbells and Captain Campbells would fill this page many times over.

**Lord Kitchener Among The China.**

INTEREST in the Red Cross sale had by no means diminished on Wednesday, the last day for inspection. I looked in twice, and on each occasion found the place crowded, with a very interesting crowd, too. In the morning there were some bishops, two judges, a musical director, and a lot of khaki. In the afternoon there was Lord Kitchener. The great soldier was in one of his gentler and less martial moods. He wore a black lounge suit, a bowler hat, and a large pair of spectacles.

**Crown Derby—**

I DON'T THINK half a dozen people realised who the tall man was bending studiously over bits of Dresden or Crown Derby with the air of an expert. And, of course, Lord Kitchener really is an expert on matters artistic. His personal collection of blue china is exceedingly fine, and one of his hobbies is the constant re-arrangement thereof. I can imagine no better method of relaxation from the strain of running a mighty nation in a mighty war than to snatch half an hour among the treasures at Christie's.

**And Crown Prince.**

AS I emerged into King-street, about six o'clock, I found a large crowd lining the pavements. No, it wasn't waiting for Lord Kitchener, or even for me. The Crown Prince of Serbia was expected along at any moment, and, sure enough, he turned up, obviously pleased with his reception. He looks a most affable young man, albeit, to all appearances, a scholar rather than a soldier.

**A Good Game.**

I HAVE BEEN told this story of a well-known politician who is a great anti-gambling crank, and a keen opponent of bonus bonds. The other night he took home a number of fireside games. Although he didn't know it, one was nothing less than a gamble. After he had gone to bed the family tried the game, and the combined forces of two sons and three daughters absolutely cleaned out their young cousin, a "sub." home on leave, who was left without a bean to return with. The politician had to find him £10 in the morning. Then he burnt the precious game.

**The Descent Of Man.**

MAN's hospitality to man having passed from the stage of "Have a drink?" to "Have a cigar?" has now reached the climax (or anti-climax): "Have a match?"

**The Old Steeds Coming Out.**

WESTMINSTER way on Wednesday was to be seen a man riding a bicycle of the early, antiquated pattern, one huge wheel and one tiny one. Sensation.

**Lloyd George Portrait Controversy.**

A PRETTY LITTLE controversy concerning the much-discussed portrait of Lloyd George by another Welshman, Augustus John, has halted at a most interesting point. Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, who is not a Welshman, described the picture as nothing like a good portrait, and added "if it were not for the law of libel" he would "write more explicitly and with much fuller detail."

**The Next Move.**

NOW MR. JOHN, I hear, has assured Sir W. Robertson Nicoll that he need have no anxiety, that he would be interested to hear the criticisms, "and, if need be," the painter adds, "I shall reply with a like freedom." It now seems to be Sir W. Robertson Nicoll's move. I am particularly anxious to see it, because I happen to know what Mr. John's reply is likely to be.

**Boom In Fortune Telling.**

THERE IS a boom in fortune telling, and the majority of the clients are women. The reasons for this are probably akin to those which (it's no use concealing the fact) are driving so many women to cocaine, laudanum, and so on. They feel on the edge of a precipice, as it were, and anxiety gnaws. The curious thing is that the trade is not confined to the Bond-street, guinea-a-visit, sort of seer. Only yesterday a very chic young lady made me drive her to a horrible slum much further east, where a Witch of Endor dispensed her bunkum for a bob.

**A "U.S. Cop."**

I SAW a New York policeman in Shaftesbury-avenue yesterday—at any rate, a man in the garb of one. Isn't this a penal offence? Bringing President Wilson's uniform into contempt, or something.

**"The Mind Of The Clerk."**

THE LONDON CLERK has been described heaps upon heaps of times, but never so well, I think, as by Edwin Pugh in his new book of essays, "Slings and Arrows." That is only one of the many essays in the volume, and in my opinion is worth all the others. But then Pugh knows London and the London clerk. He was born in Clerkenwell; his father was in the Covent Garden orchestra, and his mother wardrobe mistress. Until he was twenty-one Pugh was in a solicitor's office; at that age he published his first book—a collection of stories dealing with lower suburbia—which has become a realistic classic.

**Armletted Musicians.**

THE QUEEN'S HALL orchestra are just bringing their season to a close. It has been a most successful one. I have counted, at recent concerts, no fewer than thirty-nine members wearing the khaki armlet of a fearless life. Some of the men, too, have been on active service for some time. Take note of this, please, you cranks who blame this and other orchestras for playing the music of Bach, Beethoven, and other Germans who have been dead and gone for many, many years.

**The Same Music Stand.**

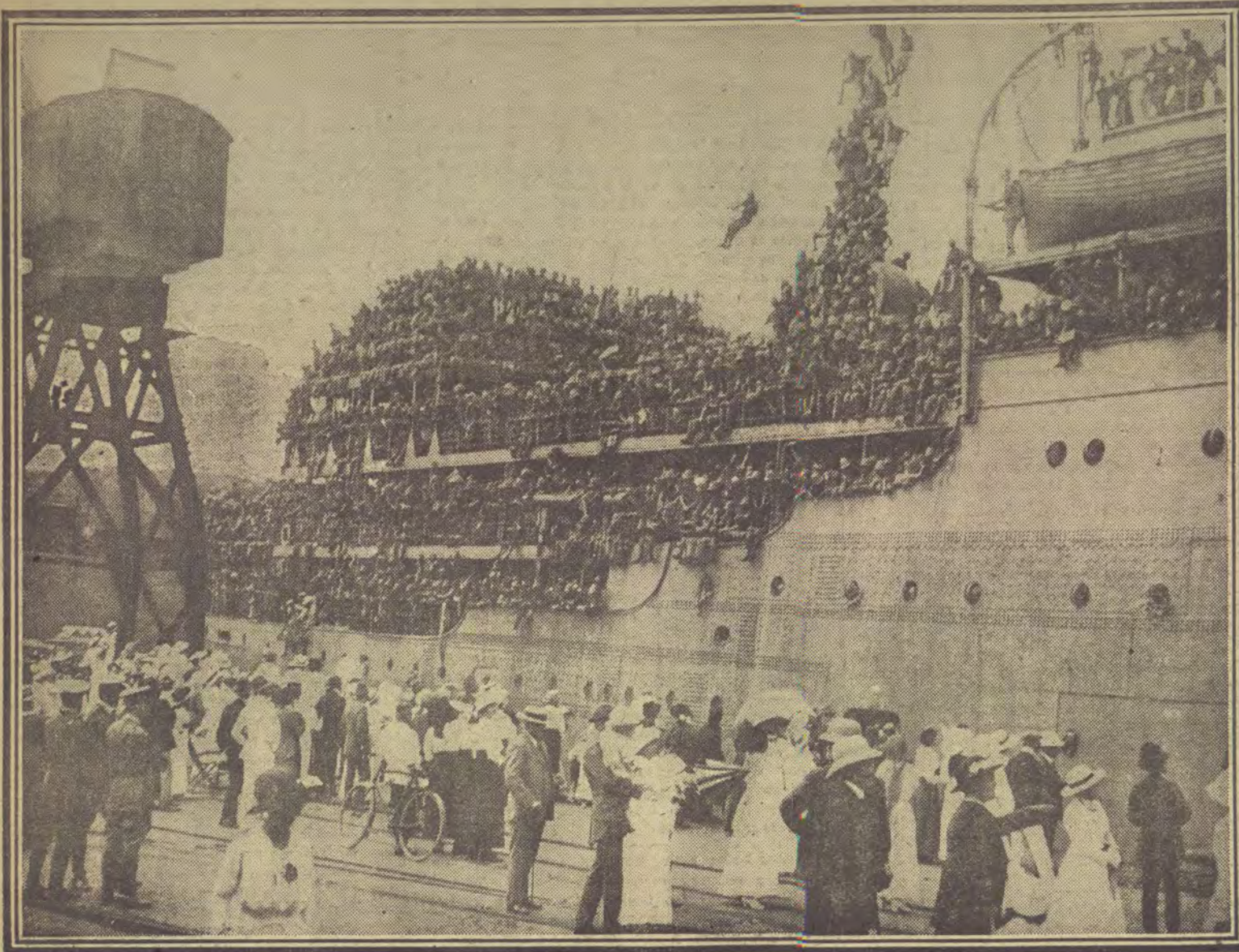
THIS REMINDS me that not long ago an orchestral player of my acquaintance, now in khaki, told me a curious little yarn. He had come back on a few days' leave from a corner in Flanders that had been particularly hot. He had been a member of a party which had successfully strafed an enemy trench. In that trench, lying dead, he found a Hun whom he recognised. Three years before the two men had shared the same music-stand in the orchestra of an important provincial theatre.

**A Sunday Procession.**

SEVERAL PRECIOUS processions, I see, are announced to converge on Trafalgar-square on Sunday afternoon, when a demonstration is to be held organised by the "Workers' Suffrage Federation," whoever they may be. Part of their programme is "to protest against the restriction of popular liberties." Sylvia Pankhurst seems to be the star turn, and a Glasgow councillor is to speak about the Clyde strikers. I hope this won't lead to any trouble, but I have heard of several soldiers who talked of being present *in case* any unpatriotic sentiments should be expressed.

MR. GOSSIP.

# OFF TO CAPTURE FOR THE OLD COUNTRY THE HUNS' LAST COLONY



South African troops leaving for East Africa, where they are helping General Smuts to drive the Germans out of their last colony. The men crowded to the side of the vessel and on the rigging to give three ringing cheers before they started on their great adventure.

# HER LAST MESSAGE



"It's quite time that I go," wrote Olga Neverof, a young Russian, who shot herself in Regent's Park. —(Walter Barnett.)

## A WAR-TIME SCENE NEAR KUT-EL-AMARA.



A wounded Turkish officer and a doctor disembarking with their wives from a river steamer near Kut-el-Amara.

## VILLA BANDITS.



Some of Villa's bandits who were captured by American soldiers during a recent raid. They are now awaiting trial.

## THE VETERAN'S MEDAL.



Captain Hubert, who is 57, the President of the League of Patriots of Paris, receives the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

# 'TARTAN CINDERS'

# FASHIONABLE GOWNS TO SUIT WAR-TIME PURSES.



A scene from "Kitty Mackay" at the Queen's Theatre. Kitty (Molly McIntyre), the Cinderella of the McNab's family, meets for the first time the Hon. David Graham (Langhorne Burton).



Saxe blue faille, with old gold satin facings, and draped skirt effect.



A striking creation for evening wear—in lime-green net.



Of black net, this evening gown is handsomely embroidered in diamanté.

Some of the gowns at the "Economic Parade of Fashion" by the Maison Fifinella, which were shown yesterday at the Waldorf Hotel.

## PREMIER AT THE VATICAN.



Asquith photographed in one of the ante-rooms at the Vatican during his visit to the Pope. On his right is Sir Harry Howard, the British diplomatic representative at the Papal Court. Mr. Asquith is the first British Premier to visit the Vatican.

## POLICE ASSISTANCE FOR UNLUCKY 'CHASER.



While taking an open ditch at the Hawthorn Hill Steeplechases—Mr. Mark Firth's "Salvation" fell and was got out with difficulty. The police are seen here giving a hand.



Sir George Alexander and Mrs. Stobart at the St. James's Theatre, where the latter told the story of her adventures in Serbia. —(Daily Sketch.)

## PROUD OF HIS BOYS.



Henry Lytton, the old Savoyard, and his two sons—Harry and Percy. Both are at the front with the Royal Irish Regiment.

5% Exchequer Bonds.

# To the Women of Great Britain and Ireland

THE Women of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales have nobly helped the War in a thousand ways. They have given their husbands and their sons to fight for their country; they have nursed the wounded; organised relief; helped recruiting; manufactured munitions of war; and taken men's places in business offices, on farms, and in trades innumerable.

They are now asked to help by lending their money to the Nation. A long purse means a shorter War. Money is the mainspring of all our warlike energies and enterprises. It buys ships, shells and aeroplanes; and clothes, feeds, and pays our soldiers and sailors.

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£100 for every £100 of Bonds applied for), is enclosed herewith.

	Bonds of	£100	£	
	do.	£200	£	
	do.	£500	£	
	do.	£1,000	£	
	do.	£5,000	£	
<b>TOTAL</b>			<b>£</b>	

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."

*Daily Sketch*



## Coming Fashions In Cabloid Form.

"What is the 1916 style?" asks the woman who can't afford to make mistakes in choosing her spring clothes. "There is lots of talk about Spanish influences, Breton effects, and Watteau silhouettes, but what is the average well-dressed Englishwoman going to wear?" Below are the main dress rules for the coming season, sifted from a mass of opinion gathered from leading dress experts.

### The Outline.

The 1916 outline is just that of last year with its main points a little exaggerated. Skirts and basques are no longer, but each flares a little more, and a little sooner, and stiffening materials such as horsehair are used to get this effect. There is also a "barrel" outline which is not perfectly flat at back and front and curves in a little at the hem, but this is only seen on evening and elaborate afternoon frocks. For street wear the rule is ease and simplicity, almost a semi-sporting effect, which is heightened by the frequency of pockets. Coats are belted and buttons are often the only trimming.

### Colours.

In navy, blue, beige, and wine-red are to be found the widest choice of material and accessories, and also of ready-made garments. A good deal of black and white will be worn, and the annual spring tide of shepherd's plaid has risen to an unusual height and will remain at full for a long period.

### Materials.

Serge holds first place for tailor-mades, but is closely followed by gabardines and various twills. For afternoon frocks taffeta still reigns, but has rivals in alpaca and patterned foulards. Voiles and muslins will be more in favour for washing frocks than linen and the heavier materials.

### Blouses.

Work-a-day washing shirts will often employ two materials. White material is edged with a colour and vice versa. Sleeves are wrist-length and practical, shoulders are slightly sloping, and collars fit easily and turn down at the front.



A braided blue taffeta frock showing the afternoon outline, a favourite sleeve, and a new neck arrangement.

Because a woman has no time to scour all the shops and read all the fashion papers it does not follow that she wants to be dowdy or doesn't care whether or not she chooses just the right things to supplement her worn-out ones. Here, for her especial benefit, is a condensed guide to the decided "lines" of 1916.

### Hats.

Large sailors, unobtrusively trimmed, or not trimmed at all, will be first favourites with Englishwomen, who nearly all find them most becoming. Fine, glossy straw in bright colours will be used for these, which are worn well forward, not on the back of the head. Apart from these sailors there is a wide choice, from Watteau hats to tiny helmets, for the woman who is difficult to suit, but she must remember not to mix her trimmings or her colours.

### Coiffures.

There is talk of puffs and curls, but as a matter of fact the coiffure depends on the hat worn. If a Fragonard bonnet is chosen there should be ringlets at the back. The stove-pipe toque demands that the hair should all be drawn smoothly to the top of the head. For a large, straight-brimmed sailor, a trim, simple style is demanded.

### Stockings.

Plain colours, matching either the gown or the shoes. Transparency is no longer smart.

### Footgear.

Less fantastic than last year. Russian ballet boots and Greco-Parisian sandals are not worn by the best-dressed women. Fewer shoes will be of leather and kid and more of suede, moire, and other fabrics. Shoes may match the dress or suit, but only when this is in a "shoe-colour," such as dark blue, brown or drab.

### Up-to-Date Accessories.

The very short umbrella with a leather loop handle matching the gown in colour. Small, long-shaped handbags of faille. Pierrot neck-frills. Waxed ribbons. Iridescent insects and butterflies as hat-trimmings. Gloves with heavy stitchings. Muslin shoulder capes. Silk tassels.

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### FROM Y.M.C.A. TO V.A.D. WORK.



Mrs. Ainslie Williams, wife of Major F. Ainslie-Williams, R.F.A., has been working in Y.M.C.A. canteens and is now taking up V.A.D. hospital nursing.—(Yevonde.)

### PEER'S SISTER AS NURSE.



The Hon. Alexandra Rhoda Astley, a god-child of Queen Alexandra and sister of Lord Hastings, is nursing at her brother's Norfolk home, now a V.A.D. hospital.

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**VARIETIES.**

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**HIPPODROME, London.**—Twice Daily, 2.50, 8.30 p.m. New Revue, "JOY-LAND!" SHIRLEY KELLOGG, HARRY TATE, YETTA RIANZA, BERTRAM WALLIS, CHARLES BERKELEY and Super Beauty Chorus.

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**PALACE.**—"BRICA-BRAC," at 8.35. VARIETIES at 8. MATINEES WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.

**PALLADIUM.**—2.30, 6.10, and 9. Miss RUTH-VINCENT, Miss CLARICE MAYNE and "THAT," HARRY WELDON, JACK NORWORTH, GERTIE GITANA, GEORGE MOZART, JAY LAURIE, T. E. DUNVILLE, SAMMY SHIELDS.

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**SMITH'S SEED COLLECTION.** 2s. 6d.

**ONE PINT** of Smith's Early Bird Pea, 1/2 pint King of Marrows Pea, 1/2 pint Distinction Pea, 1/2 pint Broad, 1/2 pint Kidney Beans, 1/2 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 Potatoes "Golden Wonder." All named, packed free on rail, 2s. 6d. R. SMITH and Co., Dept. M., Nurseries, Worcester.



# THE LOVE CHEAT.

By YELVA BURNETT.

creased. Her nerves were pricked to a sudden attention. In vain she sought to grip her courage, calling herself a fool for allowing imaginary sounds and vague terrors to disturb her. She had only to walk back a few yards to reach the lighted side of the house and the dear oak panelled hall, but, somehow, she scarcely knew why, she dared not as yet turn her back upon the thick evergreens that emitted a slight rustling in the evening breeze.

She forced herself forward, and with soft outstretched fingers, every one of which carried a costly white jewel, she deliberately pressed down the strong, dusty branches, peering into the tangled heart of green and brown beneath her. Then she recoiled, for she saw what looked like twin lamps level with her knees. She felt her body grow rigid when these eyes—for eyes they were—lifted higher and higher until they were level with her head.

A man's shoulders appeared, he was bare-headed, but his hat lay beside him on the soft mould of the garden bed. She felt the creature's warm breath on her cheek and throat, a voice rasped to her ear, and all her plump, smooth flesh froze at the sound; in the mild evening air her very bones were chilled.

"Betty, you little devil! I've found you at last! Where's my money, eh? God, won't you speak?" Thomas Cotwood caught her wrists in harsh, cruel fingers. "Got you at last!" he hissed.

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

**CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.**  
LAURETTE COTWOOD, a sweet, good-natured girl, companion to Mrs. Drayton, a wealthy old lady.  
BETTY, Laurette's worldly, unscrupulous sister, the widow of Cecil Chevolle, a spendthrift.  
VIVIAN GRANT, a rich, attractive young man, a great friend of Mrs. Drayton.

**WHAT HAS HAPPENED.**  
Laurette is staying with her employer, Mrs. Drayton, at the Corona Hotel. There she meets Vivian Grant, and soon the young people are head over ears in love.  
One day Laurette's sister, Betty, arrives at the hotel. Although her late husband, Cecil Chevolle, has left her almost penniless, Betty is posing as a rich woman and because Laurette is merely a paid companion, Betty refuses to recognise her.

But Betty is quick to claim acquaintanceship with Vivian, who was once infatuated with her, but whom she threw over for a richer man. Now she resolves to win Vivian back.

By clever but unscrupulous means she makes Vivian believe that Laurette—or Cotwood, as she calls her—is an adventuress who is trying to trap him for his money. Vivian falls again under Betty's spell, and soon afterwards they become engaged.

Betty tells Vivian that her father was a certain Rear-Admiral Starre, whom she knows to have disappeared in Egypt many years ago. She explains that she was born after the Admiral's disappearance. Vivian takes Betty to visit his wealthy uncle, and shortly after their arrival Betty is startled by the news that Rear-Admiral Starre is in the house. She is so overcome at their meeting that she faints, and has a short but severe illness. Nevertheless, the Admiral accepts her as his daughter.

In her delirium Betty calls for Laurette, and when she recovers she finds to her dismay that Laurette is in the house.

When Laurette discovers that Betty is posing as the Rear-Admiral's daughter, she tells Betty that she cannot countenance the imposture, and declares that for Betty's sake she will tell the Rear-Admiral everything. Betty obtains Laurette's promise that she will keep silent until next day. Betty gets the Rear-Admiral to give Laurette a present for loyalty to his "daughter," her idea being that if Laurette accepts the present she will be implicated in the family's treachery. Laurette is sent for while the family is at dinner. As the Rear-Admiral presses her to accept a necklet of moonstones she looks up and sees, peering through the window—Uncle Tom!

**The Man At The Window.**  
The prolonged fixturing of Laurette's eyes towards the French door arrested general attention.

Everybody, including Betty, turned to look towards the long narrow panes.

One of the servants had left the door slightly ajar, for a southern breeze had rendered the night air unusually humid and gentle for March, and the fire had been allowed to die down. The sweet scents of lilac and budding hyacinths stole into the room, but the glass whereon had been depicted a face that would have scared Betty almost out of her senses now reflected nothing more than the shadow of a soft felt hat which was moving rapidly away.

The Squire was the first to break the sudden silence that had fallen upon them.

"Why, it's Withy; for that's his hat as sure as I'm alive! Confound the fellow!"

Laurette, forgetting her humble position, answered: "Withy?—One of your men?—Oh, Mr. Grant, are you sure?" She drew a deep breath. "I thought it was someone else!"

"Who else on earth should it be?" demanded Betty. She had turned her head over a marble white shoulder, but the dilapidated hat had vanished by now.

"What on earth does he mean by peering in here? The impudent rascal!" the Rear-Admiral inquired.

"From his most displeasing reflection one would suppose him a burglar or a loafer," said Vivian. "Shouldn't you make some enquiries, Uncle, before you encourage such vagabonds about the place?"

"The fellow means no harm, he is ignorant of the proprieties, not malicious. A few days ago he arrived here, hungry and footsore, asking for a job. I found him something to do, and discovered he was quite an old hand at looking after rose trees, so he is to stay on. His name is Withy, he comes from London. His clothes and boots are terrible, but he has been measured for the buff livery the out-of-door men wear. When he's shaved and decently dressed you won't know him. There's a certain distinction about the fellow that rather took my fancy. Vivian, would you mind going round and seeing what he wants?"

The young man nodded and strolled away. Laurette found herself ignored and practically dismissed. Her face bore a strained, white expression that had not escaped the observant Betty, who, however, never thought of connecting the shadow on the window pane with the man who had tried to rob her in the lane near the Novelty Theatre.

Uncle Tom was a person so completely down and out that she thought no more of him than she would have thought of an earthworm pressed into the ground beneath her foot.

Betty moved towards the hall, with Uncle Ben and the Rear-Admiral behind her. The moment they had gone Laurette darted across the room and made for the terrace.

Surely the new under-gardener could not by any possibility be Uncle Tom. Some trick of lamplight and shadow had deceived her. Her excited nerves had played her some trick. Withy might resemble Thomas Cotwood because of his bearded cheeks

and sunken eyes, but—Laurette almost laughed at herself for her ridiculous notion—how on earth could he have discovered the whereabouts of his nieces?

Her timidity left her, she went boldly from the room to the terrace. The incident connected with the pendant shining on her breast, which had caused her so much emotion, was temporarily forgotten. Her whole attention was directed to Withy.

Started as she had been at his sudden appearance, she wished nothing better than to see him again so distinctly that her every doubt should be set at rest.

She decided to speak to the man without providing him with any clue as to her reason for so doing. She must pretend to be roaming the garden, and he must think that she came upon him by chance. She must be very circumspect, for Vivian, in obedience to the squire's wish, was also seeking the prowling figure, and Laurette, with an added heart-beat, declared to herself that she would sooner risk any personal affront or danger than be cornered in some remote part of the garden by the man who had so often deliberately insulted and scorned her.

She felt sure that Vivian would go straight from the terrace in search of Withy, and she therefore chose a more roundabout way, following a little white ribbon of path that wandered between flowerbeds to a sheet of willow-shaded water and a sundial wreathed in ivy.

**Laurette Knows The Worst.**

Laurette reached the sundial without perceiving anybody, but having passed it she suddenly discerned Vivian. He stood close to the man with the pinched face and ragged clothing; but Laurette could see neither of their faces. Vivian was speaking hotly, warning Withy that a second breach of discipline would cost him his place.

The man answered sullenly and monotonously. "I meant nothing by it, young sir, nothing at all. I wanted to see the squire, and that was the nearest way to him. I didn't know he had company until I looked in at the window. I'm sure I humbly apologise. Don't bear me a grudge, sir, for pity's sake."

"Well," answered Vivian, "this must not occur again. You alarmed the ladies—Mrs. Chevolle and the maid."  
"I did, did I? Well, I'm sure I'm very sorry for that, very sorry indeed."

Laurette drifted away, taking heed that not fallan twig should crackle beneath her feet as betray her to the two men. She knew the work now, for that husky, broken voice which reached her beneath the willows was the voice which had wailed from a London lane: "My little Laurette!"

Uncle Tom, disguised as a gardener, and calling himself Withy, had come to Talebriar.

Was it by chance or was it by design? As Laurette remembered the times in her childhood when this most kindly man could yet be quickly aroused into a vindictive wrath, when she remembered that once anyone offended Uncle Tom seriously he was never forgiven, she thrilled to an anticipation of extreme dread.

Betty had refused to know Uncle Tom at their last chance meeting, and hence what fierce seeds of spleen might not have been implanted in that sorrowing heart? Had he not reason for resentment?

When, as children, had he ever denied Laurette or Betty any pleasure or gift in his power to grant them? And how much he had conceded in those days when his wealth was almost as limitless as his generous intentions.

Yet here he was, dependent upon a spade for his livelihood, whilst Betty nestled sweetly in the lap of luxury.

Tears touched Laurette's cheeks. Her heart was very full just then. She would like to have conveyed her pity to Thomas Cotwood, and, above all, things, she knew she must discover whether he purposed harm to Betty; if so, she must turn him from his resolve—a difficult task, as she well foresaw.

Yet it was impossible to say a word to her Uncle while Vivian stood there; it might lead to endless trouble were she seen. Laurette made swiftly for the house.

Presently, Withy touched his hat to Vivian and slouched off towards the shrubbery. The young man continued his way in a leisurely fashion through another path which led to the rose garden, to the hall—to Betty!

**A Sinister Incident.**

Meanwhile, Betty, impatient of her lover's absence, had slipped from the hall and stepped lightly across a border starred by sleeping tulips.

She hummed gaily to herself, and had not a fear in her heart. Now and then her merry song broke off and she chuckled audibly at the clever means by which she had routed Laurette.

"I did not know that little pendant was going to be so valuable," she asserted. "Now that Laurette has accepted it she is as guilty as myself. That is perfectly obvious to the meanest intelligence. I must get her to stay here and serve me, for she is really an excellent buffer between me and the world, and she's so meek and fond that I can twist her like silk round my fingers. Mrs. Drayton, my dear, good woman, you'll have to find someone else to put out your gowns and your shoes."

Betty could dimly see Vivian striding ahead of her, the light of his cigar shone like a red star. He was near the corner of the house, returning across the turf that led to the rose garden, but Betty thought he was still seeking the new under-gardener.

She approached him, inquisitive to hear what Withy's defence had been, since it promised to provide her with amusement. What a dirty old rascal—to judge by his hat, which had seemed to convey a satirical challenge to her own fine clothes. When she ruled at Talebriar, with Vivian, such people should not be allowed on the estate.

Now that she came to think of it, it was very

singular that any new servant, however ignorant he might be, should dare peer into a room occupied by his betters. Rather a sinister incident. Why the wretch might be a murderer or an escaped convict. He might have a revolver in his pocket and be seeking a means of entrance into the house. Amid the lime trees she had lost sight of Vivian. The moon was rising, but on the western side the manor house cast a broad ebony band of shadow that, fringed by laurels and laburnum, was like a wall of rock resisting one's vision.

**Betty At Bay.**

But to the right Betty thought she heard a movement. Her somewhat erratic humming ceased. She wondered whether Vivian was there seeking Withy, or—unwelcome thought—was the man himself crouching unseen with his eyes upon her?

She felt suddenly afraid. She supposed Vivian had plunged into the shrubbery towards the pad dock, where the stream murmured merrily across fat, brown pebbles, and that Withy, having discovered Vivian's approach, had purposely ducked down amid the bushes so as to avoid him.

It was a night for love, but Betty's fear in-



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Daily Sketch  
April 7, 1916.

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# HOW I WOULD TREAT ZEPPELIN PRISONERS.

# DAILY SKETCH.

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BRITAIN'S BEST PICTURE PAPER.

## EVERY PATRIOTIC WOMAN

Should ask for particulars of the gigantic Needlework Competition organised for the benefit of the Red Cross Society. Send a large stamped addressed envelope to the Needlework Department of the *Daily Sketch*, 46, Shoe-lane, London, E.C., for particulars of the classes. The prizes are from 2s. 6d. to £10.

### THE HOUSEMAID'S ARMLET.



Mrs. Parish, the Board of Trade representative, handing an armlet at Fakenham to a housemaid who had given thirty days' service to farm work. Over 4,000 Norfolk women have joined the "Land Army."

### HUSSAR'S FIANCEE.



Miss Frances Leggett, an American heiress, engaged to Lieut. Henry D. Margesson, 11th Hussars, son of Mr. and Lady Isabel Margesson.—(Elliott and Fry.)



The Hon. Phyllis Legh, youngest daughter of Lord Newton, has two brothers in the Army.—(Elliott and Fry.)

### REVIVING THE PAST.



The early Victorian note is strongly in evidence in many of the new fashions. It is to be seen in this summer dress of eau de nil.—(Reville and Rossiter.)

### DRIVEN FROM THE HOME OF HER CHILDHOOD.



The old woman—a widow—has lived at Verdun all her life. At last she has had to leave the home of her childhood, as the Germans are doing their best to raze the town to the ground.—(Daily Sketch Exclusive Photograph.)

### REAL "CHIPS OF THE OLD BLOCK."



The carpenters' crew form a very important part of the personnel of a man-of-war. By their efforts many a ship has been kept afloat after a scrap. "Chips" is as useful now as in the days of the old three-deckers.