

GOVERNMENT'S PLAN TO HELP THE MARRIED MAN.

DAILY SKETCH.

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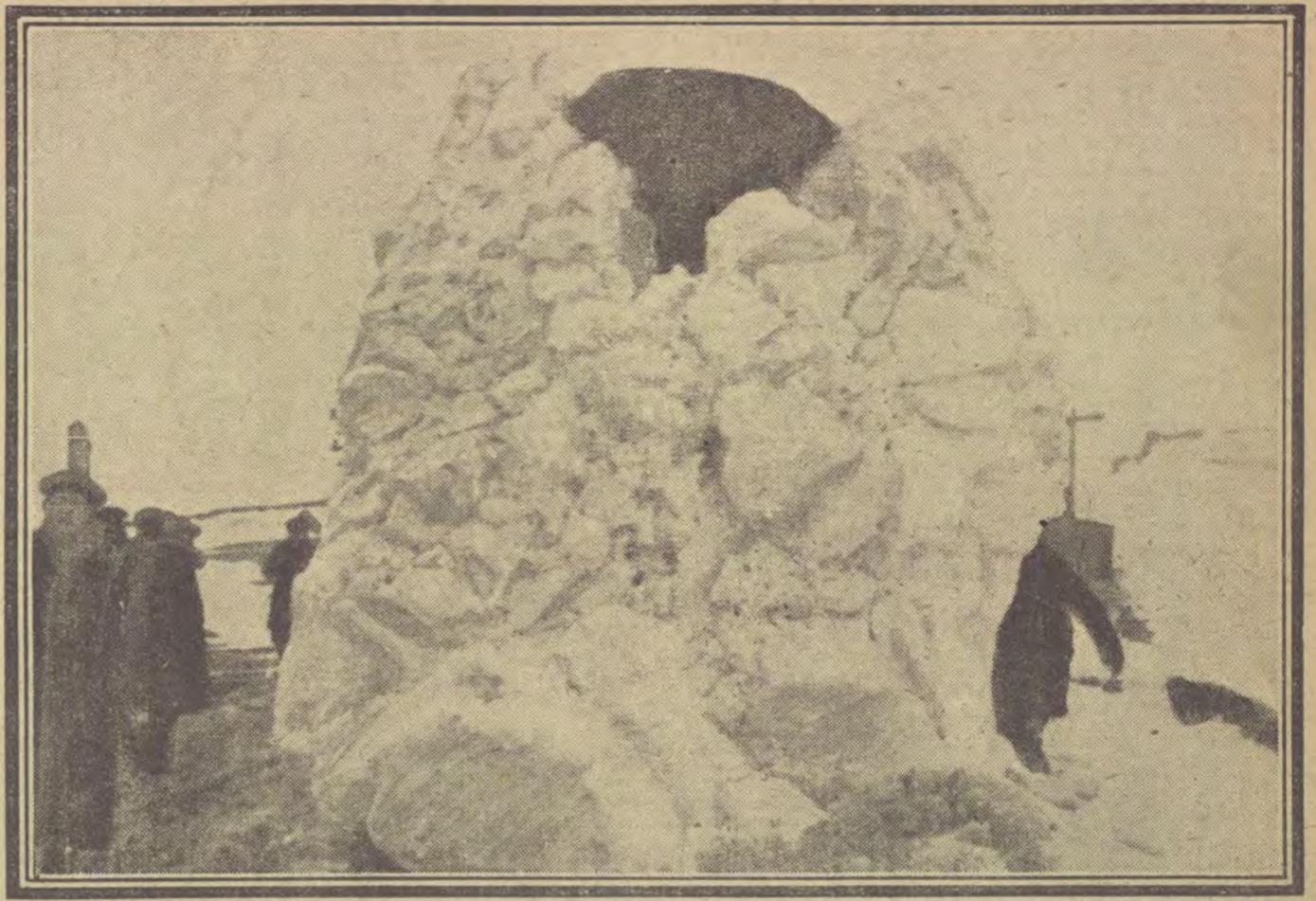
(Registered as a Newspaper.)

ONE HALFPENNY.

SNOWED UP IN THE GREAT BLIZZARD.



Digging out a snow-bound locomotive.



Not an iceberg hurled ashore, but the front of a railway snow-plough after cutting its way through a drift.



It looks a hopeless task to attempt to clear this main line with merely pick and shovel.



Side view of a snow-plough attacking the mass of frozen snow.

These storm pictures from Kirby Stephen, amid the hills of Westmorland, give a vivid impression of the effects of the blizzard, which was the worst experienced for thirty-five years.

THE CABINET PLAN TO SAVE THE MARRIED MAN'S HOME.

STATE GRANTS TO MEET CASES OF HARDSHIP.

Power To Be Given To Judges To Break Leases.

MR. LONG'S STATEMENT.

"Uncalled-For Criticism" Of The Government.

NO UNFAIR TREATMENT OF THE MARRIED MEN.

Mr. Walter Long, in the House of Commons, yesterday, outlined the Government's scheme for the relief of attested married men.

He declared that the criticism of the Government for not having dealt with the married men's case before was uncalled for.

The Government proposed that certain sums should be given to the Statutory Pension Committee to enable them to make grants to men already in the Army, or who were now being called up, to meet the hardships arising out of their liabilities. These grants were to be distributed according to rules drawn up by the Statutory Committee with the approval of the Treasury.

It was suggested that the Courts' Emergency Powers Act should be amended so as to apply to contracts made since the war in the same way that it applied to contracts made before the war.

It was also proposed that power should be given, authorising applications to be made to County Court judges for powers in certain cases to break contracts of leases. The owners of houses in a great many cases were quite willing that the leases should be broken.

The Government felt, said Mr. Long, that everything which could be done, justly and fairly, should be done to get single men in all their numbers to join the Colours and to meet the just claims of those men who had been called to the Colours and were suffering pecuniary difficulty, or even disaster.

Many of the men already serving had a very strong feeling that too much fuss was being made of their so-called grievances. They had given their services without complaint, and all they were asking was that they should be supported by men willing to make the same sacrifices that they had made. (Cheers.)

"UNFAIR AND CRUEL ATTACKS."

Lord Derby Feels Very Keenly Charges Of Breach Of Faith, Says Mr. Long.

Mr. Long began with a defence of Lord Derby against the "very unfair and cruel attacks" made upon him. Whatever mistakes Lord Derby had made, he was a man who would do nothing inconsistent with the highest rules of honour, and he had felt very keenly the charges of breach of faith.

The greater part of these attacks had been made upon him not because there was any foundation for the charges, but because he had been unwilling to allow himself to be used as a tool to attack the Government which he had done his best to serve.

Lord Derby himself made certain suggestions in the other House, and forwarded them to the Government. Nearly all these suggestions had already been accepted.

The Committee of the Cabinet, which met continuously to revise the lists of reserved occupations and exemptions, had been able to compose differences and secure more men. This revision of lists would continue.

The list of reserved occupations had been exhaustively revised and substantially reduced.

REVISING THE REGISTER.

Some trades had been entirely removed. In others certain occupations were no longer exempted, but the most important reduction had been made by removing the reservation in the case of single men below certain ages.

The age limits varied, in some cases 25, and in others 30, and in yet others all single men had been released.

Two hundred and seventy-five thousand women were now doing work which men were formerly doing, exclusive of agriculture, clerical, commercial and transport work.

Steps had been taken to revise the register, which was now out of date; and it would be made compulsory to produce certificate of registration.

Employers would be penalised if they failed to see that the employees were not registered.

There were also one or two industries in which the list of reserved occupations had been entirely reconstructed.

It had also been decided that men who had moved into reserved occupations since August 15 last should not be regarded as belonging to reserved occupations. (Cheers.)

The result of these changes would be to release a very large number of men.

An Hon. Member: How many?
Mr. Long said he could not possibly tell. There was some apprehension that young men had found

Munitions, who was anxious the facts should be examined, had appointed inspectors to investigate.

Dealing with the married men's grievances, Mr. Long said he could not share the view that the married men who attested had been unfairly treated by Lord Derby or his great scheme.

Mr. Ellis Griffith: The point is that the men who attested should have some advantage over the men who did not attest. Now the man who did not attest is not called up.

Mr. Long said he was amazed that should be made a charge. What advantage could Lord Derby promise the attested married men? He invited them to come forward and give service to the country, and they came. To say that Lord Derby held out some advantage by attesting other than the right to go before a tribunal was altogether a misunderstanding.

HOME SERVICE FOR LADS OF 18.

Some men were told by canvassers they would not be wanted for a long time, but did anybody believe that when Lord Derby made his appeal it was not perfectly well known to the great mass of men in the country that if they attested they would be called upon to serve? Because the time had been advanced by the exigencies of the war was anybody going to say they had been deceived?

There was no justification for the charges made, but there was justification for the demand that the Government should compel single men to come to the Colours and do all they could to find them wherever they were.

The Government proposed that the men who were in the first group—18, as they were now—should be called up for training here at home, and not sent for service abroad until they were 19. That would mean a considerable addition to the forces at home, and consequently the release of at least an equal number of men. (Cheers.)

"JUSTICE TO THE MARRIED MAN."

Sir Edward Carson Demands Application Of Compulsion To All.

Sir Edward Carson said the question of recruiting had never been grappled with in a proper and reasonable spirit. The whole Derby scheme was a mistake.

The Government should have calculated what force would be required to crush Prussianism, and said they must have that force.

Why were the married men dissatisfied? Simply because the Government had been taking up the question piecemeal instead of looking ahead to see what was going to happen.

The only possible way to bring about equality and justice was to make compulsion applicable to all. Justice must be done to the married men attested under the Derby scheme.

There was nothing disloyal in these men calling for equality of sacrifice before they were asked to go. (Cheers.)

The Government would never get married men to go in a satisfied spirit when they saw next door neighbours staying behind and shirking. He rejoiced to hear of the steps announced by Mr. Long.

LORD DERBY'S INVITATION.

"Lord Derby has asked that a small deputation from the National Union of Attested Married Men should wait upon him at noon to-morrow at the War Office for a preliminary interview prior to a general discussion on Monday.

The union has accepted the invitation.

OFFICER'S LEAP FROM THE COMMONS GALLERY.

Ill-Judged Advocacy Of Trench Helmets For Our Soldiers.

Lieut. Arthur Turnbull, of the Royal Army Medical Corps, allowed his enthusiasm for trench helmets to outrun his discretion yesterday.

He obtained admission to the Strangers' Gallery, and, unperceived, crept over into the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery, above the clock.

Then, while Mr. Percy Harris, the new M.P. for Market Harborough, was taking the oath, he swung himself over the Grille and jumped to the floor of the House, a drop of quite 20 feet.

He fell heavily, but got up and was making for the Treasury table when he was seized by the attendants.

He had just time to say—"I ask you to protect the heads of British soldiers against shrapnel fire" when he was hustled out of the Chamber.

After being escorted from the House the officer was handed over to the custody of Police-Inspector Rogers, and was detained at the police office for two hours. He was then removed to an Army hospital in Grosvenor-street.

The *Daily Sketch* learns that he arrived in England on Tuesday night. He spent the night at a private hotel in Bloomsbury, and after writing several letters yesterday morning went out intimating that he would return to dinner.

The incident has no exact parallel in Parliamentary history. Strangers have made demonstrations, but never has one leaped to the floor of the House.

"Before the war I had a comparatively easy time. Now I am working 16 to 18 hours a day," said Sir

SIX HENS PER HOUSE WILL SAVE £9,000,000.

Should Produce 900 Eggs A Year On What Is Wasted.

HOW EVERYONE CAN PROFIT.

By Lady Denman.

Economy is supposed to be hard to practise and to be invariably most unpleasant, but there is one form of saving which I believe to be the exception to this rule, an economy that becomes not only interesting but even absorbing.

All who have a garden or yard, however small, can help to liberate an enormous amount of space in the holds of ships, space which is so badly needed; we can help to prevent £9,000,000 from going abroad each year; we can increase the home food supply, and at the same time we can benefit our own pockets.

This can be done if everyone who is able will keep six hens, sufficient to eat up the household scraps which are now so often wasted.

Six hens, if they are of good laying strain and are well managed, should produce at least 900 eggs each year, and when housed on up-to-date lines only a few feet of space are required.

The Women's Section of the National Poultry Society has been formed to arouse interest in this question, and propaganda work will be carried on throughout the country.

We appeal for support by sending a donation to Mrs. Lionel Guest, or to me, at the National Poultry Society, 23, Bedford-street, Strand. Help us to make it no longer necessary for 2,500 million eggs to be imported into this country each year.

BAN ON BLOODLESS SURGERY

Mr. H. A. Barker Replies To The Army Doctors.

Mr. H. A. Barker, the manipulative surgeon, is in no way perturbed by the statement of Mr. Tennant in the House of Commons in reply to Sir Arthur Markham that the War Office declined to employ him "because he is not a registered medical practitioner."

"The reply was just what I expected," Mr. Barker said to the *Daily Sketch* yesterday. "It was

not so much, perhaps, Mr. Tennant's own answer as that of the Army Medical Council, whose mouthpiece he was.

"I have often been asked why I do not qualify, and have always readily supplied the reason.

"It is simply because the orthodox surgical and medical curriculum teaches nothing whatever of any worth, and because I cannot spare six years of my time to study subjects which have no real bearing upon my method of practice.

"The result is that thousands of men who might be made fit for the Army will be lost to the nation's service.

Mr. Barker says he is determined not to let the matter rest where it is at present. He is writing to Mr. Tennant to ask that he may be allowed to treat, free of charge, those men whom Army surgeons cannot cure, and hopes to have a debate in the Commons on the subject.

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A FATHER'S SOLITARY VIGIL.

Visit To Big London Station Every Day To Search For His Son.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell receives many remarkable letters every week giving the strange experiences of the writers or incidents which have come to their notice.

In an article written for the next issue of the *Illustrated Sunday Herald* Mr. Campbell mentions a letter he has received from a father who has not heard from his son at the front for many months, and does not know whether he is alive or dead.

The father goes to Victoria Station every day, and stands for some hours wistfully watching the trains come in with their freights of wounded and of men home on leave, in the vain hope that his son may be among them.

There is another tragedy behind this. The family is divided. Husband and wife separated years ago. The children, perhaps, have never suspected the depth of their father's affection. Yet in the letter to Mr. Campbell the father gives the outpouring of a long, pent-up experience.

Mr. Campbell gives this as an example of the mystery enshrouding many personalities. He de-

U-BOAT'S VICTIMS ON A HOSTILE COAST.

Attacked By Arabs After Six Days In Open Boats.

CAPTAIN GROOM'S STORY.

War-Time Tale Of The Sea That Beats Clark Russell.

By Captain Arnold C. B. Groom, Late Of The SS. Coquet.

About 10.45 a.m., January 4, 1916, I was writing in the saloon, when a gun fired. On reaching the bridge, the third mate told me it was fired across the bow. Then another was fired across the bow, one over the bridge, and one under the stern, from a submarine on the port quarter; at the same time, one or two people told me that there was another submarine on the port bow.

I stopped the engines, and indicated that I had done so by flag signals. The firing stopped, and a submarine was soon close to us with the signals flying, "Abandon ship immediately."

All hands were given 20 minutes to get what they wanted from the ship. At the same time the Austrians looted whatever they could.

COQUET'S FINAL SCREAM.

Shortly afterwards there were two explosions, and the ship settled down by the head. Four or five minutes after the Coquet lifted her stern high in the air, something hit the whistle lanyard, and with a pitiful scream the Coquet disappeared.

The two lifeboats were near the submarine again now, and baling was in full progress in each boat with two or three buckets.

I told the commander it was nothing short of murder to send 31 men away like that, middle of winter, too, so far from land. He laughed, and said he would save the next ship and send her to look for us.

We were very soon all wet through, and remained so practically for the next six days we were in the boat.

No change on the day or night of the seventh; everybody chilled to the bone with that cold northerly wind blowing right through our saturated clothes; we all used to look forward to the day-time coming, in the hopes of getting a little sun, but it was nearly always covered with clouds.

However, just after midnight, I made out land to the southward and the wind started to freshen considerably and shifted to south. We eventually took down the sail and got the oars out, as I could see a decent-looking landing in a little bay, with houses in the background. We eventually got into the bay, and, after getting the boat nearly swamped twice, succeeded in making a satisfactory landing. The houses were ruins, and had been deserted for a long time.

On the 11th I set out with three men to find some human being. It was very bad walking and we were just giving up hopes when a very tall Arab appeared.

The Arab suggested that I should go with him to the nearest town on foot; this I could not do, but I eventually sent two Greek firemen with him, one spoke Italian and the other Arabic.

ARMED BEDOUINS APPEAR.

About 9.45 a.m. we were all surprised by several rifle bullets whizzing round us. They came from two Arabs on a hill some distance inland, who, between shooting at us, were dancing wildly and laughing and yelling.

I told our people to take cover in a deep trench formed by the ruins of some old building. Half an hour afterwards 15 Arabs, with rifles, suddenly appeared over the edge of our trench and, after having given a preliminary yell, began jabbering hard in Arabic at us.

I held up my hands to indicate that I was unarmed. One of them still jabbered at me, but the other took careful aim at my head. After that I lost consciousness.

When I awoke everything was quiet, except for the groaning of the carpenter, who was rolling between me and the edge of the water, about six feet. I found he was horribly mutilated, but still alive. A little way out in the water the steward was floating, face downwards. Further up the trench the little Italian messroom boy was lying dead.

I was then overjoyed to see the smoke and funnel of a small steamer coming round the point, and more still later when I made out that she was flying the Italian flag. There was not a sign of the Bedouins or the rest of our people except a sailor named Lord, who was lying on the sand most brutally wounded by bullet and bayonet.

He said that the others—ten of them—had been carried off as prisoners by the Bedouins, after having had everything of any value taken off them.

THE NEWSVENDOR-HERO.

Private George Wilson, who has stood at Ludgate-circus selling papers for 25 years, and succeeded in joining the Army at nearly 50 years of age, died a heroic death in France. He was tending wounded comrades when he succumbed to a shell wound. He was very popular with his officers.



LADY DENMAN.
—(Lallie Charles.)



MR. H. A. BARKER.

study subjects which have no real bearing upon my method of practice.

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BRILLIANT FRENCH SUCCESS NORTH-WEST OF VERDUN.

FRENCH GO FORWARD IN FOREST REGION.

Brilliant Recapture Of Wood Taken Last Week.

300 YARDS FRONT CARRIED.

Redoubt Seized And Enemy's Counter-Attack Beaten Back.

RENEWED VERDUN BATTLE.

After six days' shelling of the French positions, the Germans have renewed the Battle of Verdun by a series of vigorous infantry attacks in the wooded region west of the Meuse.

The first attack began at three o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, between Malancourt and Avocourt [see map].

The French infantry lay down and awaited the onslaught, then mowed the thick, grey masses down with rifle and machine-gun fire. Thus the first attack of the new phase failed.

Yesterday, the second day, was marked by an important French victory.

Part of the Little Avocourt Wood and a redoubt which it contained were recaptured after a daring attack, and the French also advanced on the other side of Avocourt, between the road to Varennes and the Cheppy Wood.

In the village of Malancourt the enemy succeeded in winning a footing, but failed, in spite of strong efforts, to advance further.

On the British front at St. Eloi the ground won by the Royal and Northumberland Fusiliers on Monday has been made secure against counter-attacks by the enemy.

FRENCH HOLD CAPTURED GROUND.

Complete Repulse Of Three Successive German Attacks.

French Official News.

PARIS, Wednesday, 11 p.m.

Between the Oise and the Aisne our artillery dispersed important convoys to the north-east of Moulin sous Touvent.

In the Argonne we exploded a mine to the north of the Four de Paris. The explosion destroyed a bombing post and a shelter and wrecked an enemy work.

Our heavy artillery fired numerous shells into the Malancourt-Avocourt Wood while the Germans were making counter-attacks on the neighbouring sector.

To the west of the Meuse the bombardment continued with violence during the day from Avocourt to Bethincourt.

Three successive counter-attacks made by the enemy on the positions captured by us this morning in the Avocourt Wood were completely repulsed.

In the course of an attack in great strength launched against the village of Malancourt the Germans succeeded in setting foot in an advanced work situated to the north of Malancourt, and in capturing two houses in that village.

All their attempts to push further forward were stopped by our fire.

To the east of the Meuse and in the Woivre as far as Les Eparges there were some salvos of artillery fire.

In the Vosges we bombarded the German organisations of Stosswihr and of Munster.—Reuter.

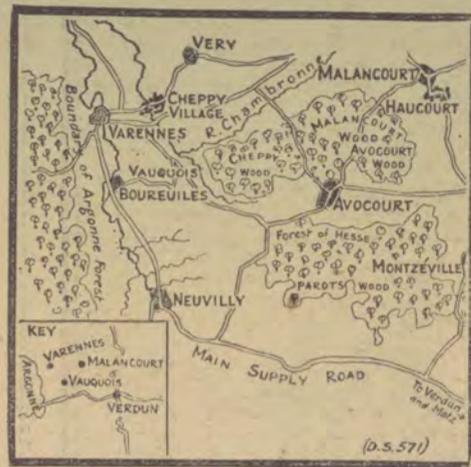
PROGRESS AT SEVERAL POINTS.

PARIS, Wednesday, 3 p.m.

In the Argonne our batteries bombarded the German works to the north of the Haute Chevauchée [a horse track leading through the Argonne Forest] and the southern borders of the Wood of Cheppy [between the Argonne and the Meuse].

An attack in force, delivered in connection with the attacks in the neighbouring sector, enabled us to make some progress, particularly in the enemy's cross trenches to the north of Avocourt and to take some prisoners.

West of the Meuse [the front where the latest German offensive was made] the enemy during the night made no fresh attempt on our positions of Haucourt and Malancourt [practically one village north-west of Dead Man Hill].



our front from Bethincourt to Dead Man Hill and Cumières.

This morning, after an intense artillery preparation, our troops made a vigorous attack on the Wood of Avocourt.

We captured the south-eastern horn of this wood to a depth of more than 300 yards, as well as the important work called the Redoubt of Avocourt, which the Germans had strongly fortified.

A violent counter-attack delivered by the enemy with a brigade of fresh troops, which had arrived a few days ago, was completely repulsed.

The enemy suffered heavy losses and left about 50 prisoners in our hands.—Reuter.

GAINS CONSOLIDATED.

British Position Secure On Ground Won At St. Eloi.

British Official News.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, FRANCE, Wednesday, 9.50 p.m.

A quiet day generally on the whole front. The enemy sprang a small mine this morning east of Bethune without inflicting any damage. South of St. Eloi we have consolidated all the ground gained by us on Monday.

"OF GRAVEST IMPORTANCE."

Government Evidence Concerning The Trouble On The Clyde.

It is understood that the Government is in possession of highly important facts concerning the situation on the Clyde.

It is semi-officially stated that unless the men return to work immediately the evidence in the hands of the military authorities—which is being withheld at present as an evidence of the Government's good faith—will be made public.

Several Scottish M.P.'s are prepared to proceed to Glasgow at once and ascertain the source of the whole trouble. It is believed some of them have been acquainted with the facts, to which the Government attaches the gravest importance.

MEN'S UPROARIOUS MEETING.

Twenty-two of the engineers who took part in the Clyde strikes, as the result of which the Government has deported six ringleaders, were at Glasgow yesterday each fined £5, to be recovered from their wages in weekly instalments of £1 from any employers with whom they may be engaged.

Uproarious scenes were witnessed in the City Hall, Glasgow, last night, when a meeting of the Clyde strikers was held.

The proceedings lasted upwards of four hours, and the meeting broke up in disorder, no decision being reached as to a resumption of work.

It is expected that a manifesto will be issued by the local district committee of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers urging the men to resume work immediately.

The Clyde District Committee last night issued a manifesto urging the engineers to resume work immediately and pay no heed to misleading reports issued by irresponsible persons.

STRIKE LEADERS' DENIALS.

A statement issued last night by the Clyde Workers' Committee says it has not embarked on any definite "policy of holding up the production of the most important munitions of war."

The strikes have nothing to do with the Military Service Act or the Munitions Act, nor the repeal of any Act of Parliament. They are pure shop movements, caused by a pure shop grievance, and no further significance attaches to them.

RUSSIAN WAR MINISTER RESIGNS.

PETROGRAD, Wednesday.

At his own request, General Polivanoff, Minister of War, has been relieved of his office by the Tsar. The Tsar has appointed as his successor General Chouvaieff, hitherto Director of the Commissariat Department at the Ministry of War.—

MANY DEATHS IN THE STORM.

Worst March On Record: 22 Days Of Snow.

TRAFFIC IN A TANGLE.

For blizzards, snow, and rain the present month has created a record.

The registers of the Meteorological Office show that snow has fallen in various parts of England in 22 out of 29 days, and on many days the nowstorms have been heavy and general, while the accompanying high winds have caused deep drifts.

Nine deaths are reported from South Wales. Assistant-Paymaster Arthur Henry Laird, R.N.A.S., stationed at Grove House, Roehampton, was killed by the fall of a large tree.

Tom Sayer, a van driver employed by J. Lyons and Co., was killed through a large tree falling across his van and pinning him to the vehicle in North End-road, West Kensington.

George Jackson, a farmer, of Breachwood Green, near Hitchin, was found dead yesterday underneath an overturned horse cart.

Robert Perrett, market gardener, of Stondon, Bedfordshire, died after being found unconscious in the snow near Hitchin. A tree fell on a horse and trap at Hitchin containing Robert Kingsley, farmer, of Holwell, Bedfordshire, his daughter, and a soldier nephew. Part of the tree had to be sawn away to release them.

Dozens Of Trains Held Up.

The disorganisation of the great railway systems continued yesterday.

Tuesday night's scenes of trains hours overdue, of anxious relatives waiting for storm-locked passengers, and of stories of weary waiting at out-of-the-way stations were repeated at the big London stations last night.

The Midland Railway has been the chief sufferer, and the disorganisation of traffic yesterday was even worse than that of Tuesday.

The most affected part of the line is between Leicester and Bedford, where dozens of trains are held up. The trains dispatched from St. Pancras in the hope of getting through added to the blockage, and a number of the long-distance trains were cancelled.

Only one train came through from Manchester during the day, and the Scotch Express, which should have arrived at St. Pancras at 7.35 a.m., turned up at 7.55 p.m.

The railway authorities have been confronted with the problem of feeding passengers, and it is stated that at Kettering and other stations food was supplied.

Fights With Tangled Wires.

Drivers told thrilling stories of fights with the gale and struggles with the tangled wires brought down by wind and snow. One of them said he carried hundreds of yards of wire for miles looped and festooned to the train, and another told of how he and his fireman had to hack away at the encircling wire with hammer and chisel before they could get along.

One result of the delays in the regular service was a marked scarcity of milk in London yesterday.

The mail from Euston to Westland-row station, Dublin, was almost 20 hours late. The journey by rail and sea had taken 28 hours, and the passengers had had a most distressing experience.

The London and North-Western Railway managed yesterday to get one or two trains through between London and Manchester. On some parts of the line hand signalling was resorted to.

Grand Stand's Aerial Flight.

Fratton Park grand stand at the Portsmouth Football Club's headquarters was carried away, sailed over some houses, and was dashed against one, which was wrecked. A man asleep in the house had a narrow escape.

In Mid-Rhondda, besides the demolition of a large skating-rink at Tonypany, the football grand stand was completely wrecked, and damage to the power cable kept 12,000 colliers idle all day.

At Sandwich a galvanised iron roof of two tons weight was carried 200 yards.

Historic Tree Blown Down.

The gale is responsible for the rooting up of many trees in Stamford Hill and Tottenham. One which stood for centuries at High Cross is amongst those thrown down. Tradition has it that it was planted in celebration of the coronation of Henry VIII and Queen Catherine.

As Judge Amphlett was motoring to Birmingham County Court yesterday from Droitwich he crashed into an elm tree lying across the road embedded in the snow and injured his scalp. He was able to sit in the Court in the afternoon.

£17,600,000 IN PENSIONS.

Mr. Forster announced last evening that it is roughly estimated that the cost of pensions arising out of the war for 1915-16 will be £2,600,000, and for 1916-17, assuming the war to last through the year, to be £10,000,000.

In addition there is a charge of nearly £5,000,000 for pre-war pensions.

HYDE RESULT TO-DAY.

Polling took place yesterday in the Hyde division to fill the vacancy caused by the retirement of Mr. Neilson. The votes will be counted this morning.

The Crown Prince of Serbia (Reuter is officially informed) will arrive in London to-morrow.

5 a.m. Edition.

CIVILISING THE HUNS AT THE FRONT.

Their Moral Natures Benefit By Experience Of British Mines.

FUSILIERS' HAPPY CAPTIVES.

Sch'eswigers "Quite Human" Compared With The Prussians.

BRITISH HEADQUARTERS, FRANCE.

Tuesday.

One way of improving the Boche is to blow him up by a mine.

There were 108 living testimonials to the efficacy of this elevating treatment assembled at a divisional headquarters this morning—prisoners who survived yesterday's triple explosion in the German salient at St. Eloi, south of Ypres—and their gratitude for small favours was equalled only by their docility and desire to please.

Their moral natures appeared to have benefited by the general uplift, which in the case of some of them was not less than 50 feet.

ALL FROM SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

These 108 prisoners were fine upstanding fellows between 24 and 30 years of age, all natives of Northern Schleswig-Holstein, which is close to the frontier of civilisation.

They were members of the 18th and 26th Jaeger Battalions—mostly the former—now considerably below strength in consequence of yesterday's surprise. Captivity had no terrors for them; two ex-waiters positively laughed for joy.

When the Northumberland Fusiliers and Royal Fusiliers scrambled into the ruined position they found it overlaid with stunned and wounded Germans. It was an easy matter to round up the visible prisoners.

MINERS' THOROUGH WORK.

So thoroughly had the miners done their work that the blocked communication trenches effectually held up enemy reinforcements.

Despite the inevitable bombardment which assailed them almost immediately, the Fusiliers cleared the captured line and established themselves firmly.

The happy 108 looked like scarecrows on parade when they were marshalled for examination this morning. They ate ravenously of white bread, cheese, and beef, while their captors watched them curiously and not unkindly.

Somehow, these prisoners seemed different from the ordinary captive Boche. They were not truculent, like the square-headed Prussians, nor sullenly savage like the Bavarians.

"They seem quite human," said one soldier thoughtfully. "I wonder why they're so different?" Northern Schleswig-Holstein was once a part of Denmark.

CARE FOR OUR HEROES' GRAVES.

A National Committee has been appointed by the Government to make permanent provision for the care of the graves of British officers and men in France and Belgium.

The Prince of Wales will act as president, and the other members are:—

Field-Marshal Lord Grenfell.
Lieut-General Sir N. Macready, Adjutant-General to the Forces.
Sir Wm. Chauncy Cartwright, representing the Foreign Office.
Sir Lionel Earle, Permanent Secretary to the Office of Works.
General Chevalier Brouardel, representing the French military authorities.
Sir Sidney Greville.
Lieut-Colonel Fabian Ware, Director of Graves, Registration and Enquiries.
Major A. A. Messer.

At a meeting of the committee information was given as to the progress which has been made in registering, marking, and identifying the graves of British officers and men in France and Belgium, and it was decided that no permanent memorials should be erected in any British military cemetery in either country during the continuance of hostilities or until the military situation should appear to the committee, in consultation with the French authorities, to justify them in giving the necessary sanction.

SWISS OFFICIAL DROWNED.

The Swiss Legation in London asks us to state that Mr. Giser, of the St. Gall, the bearer of the official bag of dispatches from the Swiss Legation in London to the Swiss Government, has been drowned in the Sussex disaster. The dispatch bag has not been found so far.

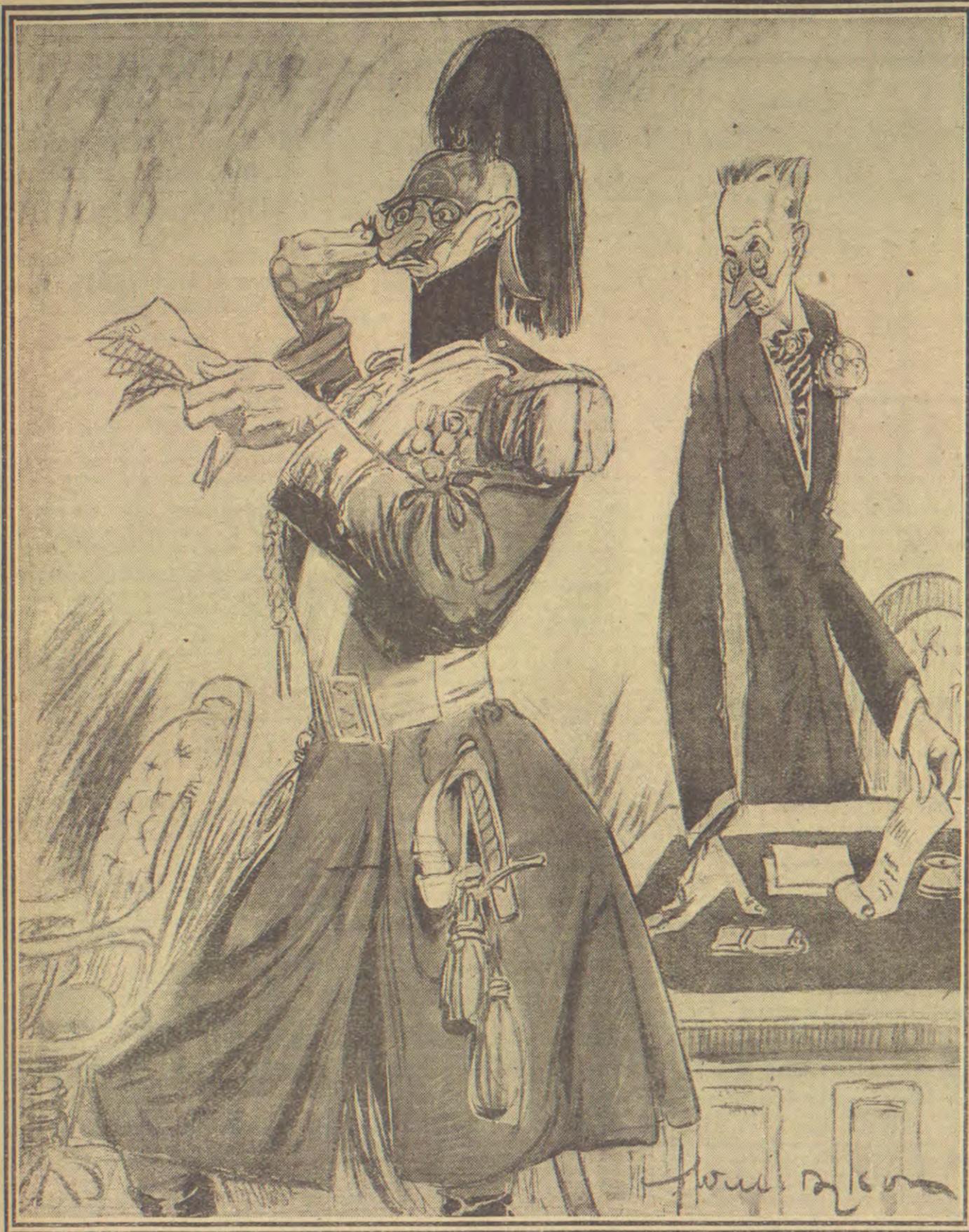
ENGLISHMAN SHELLED FIRST.

WASHINGTON, Wednesday.

Mr. Lansing announces the receipt of information that the steamer Englishman was first shelled by a submarine, and, after it had stopped, was torpedoed.—Reuter.

At Middlesex Sheriff's Court yesterday Arthur Wilson, of Shortlands, was ordered to pay £75 slander damages to Ernice Augustus Klaber, of Shortlands, in respect of the statement "He is a German," made at a City meeting to protest against Zappelin's raid.

For Home And Foreign Consumption



SUBORDINATE: "We've just sunk the neutral school-ship Mary with all the infants aboard. Shall we make a statement?"
CHIEF: "Um—yes. To the neutrals deny that we could be guilty of the barbarism of committing such acts, and at home deny that we could be guilty of the weakness of not committing 'em"! —(Copyright by Will Dyson.)

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

relieves the pain of
**Sprains, Bruises,
 Rheumatism, Chest
 Pains, Sore Throat,
 Neuralgia, Headache**

No matter what causes your pain, a few drops of Sloan's Liniment laid on the affected part will stop it instantly. No rubbing is necessary—Sloan's Liniment goes right to the seat of the trouble, warms and soothes the nerves and tissues, and the pain is felt no more.

Two Applications Completely Cured.



Mr. J. B. Riley, Kilmaclegue, Co. Waterford, writes:—"For at least three weeks I suffered terribly from a pain in the small of my back, and tried various remedies, but

of no avail. I was beginning to get quite hopeless when I saw your advertisement of Sloan's Liniment. Thanks to your wonderful remedy after two applications I was completely cured." Hundreds of people have given their testimony to the wonderful relieving power of Sloan's. If you have never tried it get a bottle to-day from any chemist, 1/1½ or 2/3.

TIRED ALL THE TIME.

It is good to feel tired sometimes, when you have exercised sufficiently to cause a healthful feeling of fatigue.

But you should be refreshed by rest. A tired feeling that does not disappear even after a night's sleep is abnormal. It means that you are anemic or debilitated, that you need a tonic to build you up and fortify your system against such a condition. If you do not take prompt measures you are inviting disease, because thin blood means that the body's defence against the inroads of disease is lowered.

Thin blood is largely the sufferer's own fault. It results from neglect, because the blood can be built up. Dr. Williams' pink pills supply the elements that the blood needs to make it rich and red and to enable it to carry more oxygen. Building up the red portion of the blood is simple, but because thin blood does not call attention to itself is often neglected. Have you seriously considered taking a course of treatment with these blood-making pills? If you are in doubt write for information to Book Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London: a postcard giving your address will bring a useful Health Guide by return of post.

The best way is to begin without delay a short course of Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people; any dealer can supply you; but take care to always ask for Dr. Williams'.—Advt.

MISCELLANEOUS SALES.

BABY looks like a Boy in her new crawlers.—Combination knicker-overall, with pocket, sax or rose casement cloth, keep romping children clean; elastic at knee; 2½ years and under. 2s. Post free; approval.—FENWICK, LTD., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

BABY'S Magnificent Long Clothes.—Very superior; exquisite home finish; 50 pieces; everything necessary; 25s., worth £4 4s. Appro.—MRS. ASHLEY, 27, Brazennose-st., Manchester.

CASH by return. Old False Teeth, Old Gold and Silver Jewellery, Cut Glass, Antiques, Plate. Highest value given. Birmingham Manufacturing Co., 5, New-st., Birmingham.

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 COMPLETE ART CATALOGUE, in colours, FREE.—CENTURY POTTERY, Dept. 590, BURSLEM, Staffs.

CHINA.—100 Perfect Pieces, consisting of Dinner Set for 12, Tea and Breakfast Set for 12, Teapot, 3 Jugs, Hot-water Jug. All to match, beautifully finished. Perfect delivery guaranteed. Catalogue Free.—Vincent Pottery, Burslem.

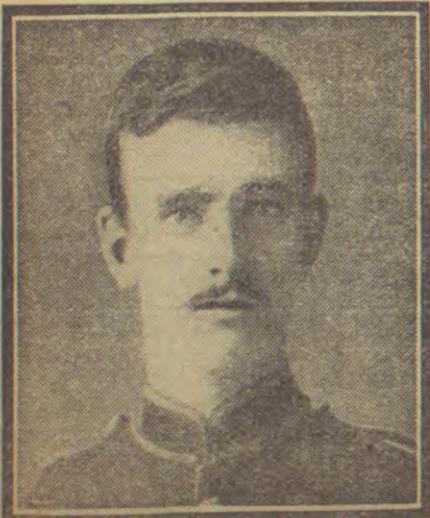
HAND Trucks, for all trades in stock, from 50s.; best hard woods, springs and axles, etc.; wheels and all parts supplied; price lists free. Truck Specialists (Est. 1860), 65, New Kent-rd., London (Dept. 10). Telephone, Hop 2529.

PAPER HANDKERCHIEFS.—"TOINOCO" Brand are cheap and cleaner for colds and general use; 50 for 1s. 6d. At Chemists or TOINOCO CO., 83, Clerkenwell-road, London.

VITADATIO, the Marvellous Blood Purifier and tonic. Cures Gastric Ulcers, Tumours, Tuberculosis and Internal Growths when other treatments fail. Sold by Boots Cash Chemists, and Taylors Drug Stores, 1s. 3d., 2s. 6d and 5s. bottles. Send postcard for Free Trial Bottle and Booklet to Vitadatio, Ltd. (Dept. D.S.), Park-square, Leeds.

5/- MONTHLY (Privately, by Post).—SUITS, COSTUMES, Raincoats, Overcoats, Blankets, Bedding, Gramophones, Watches, Rings, and Jewellery. Boots & Monthly Lists and patterns free. State requirements.—MASTERS, LTD., 109,

THE ALL-ROUND D.C.M.



Sergt. W. R. Lacey, R.E., of Portsmouth, awarded the D.C.M. for conspicuous good work ever since he went to the front.

IS THIS THE SOURCE OF THE POM-POM CURL?



Has the-fashionable Pom-Pom curl been borrowed, after all, from the mode affected by these Swaheli maidens, who wear rolls of curled paper in lieu of earrings?

BILLING'S BRIEF.

IT is possible we may have to modify our opinion of Mr. Pemberton Billing. We have taken him hitherto for a noisy wind-bag. But after his latest speech in the House no honest man can fail to acknowledge that he has a case. I do not say he has proved his case, but he has made out a case for inquiry, and the Government has at once yielded to his demand. So far, then, he has justified his presence in the House, and in a measure condoned his unmeasured vituperation.

HE asserts that of the 150 deaths, 160 wounded, and 105 missing among air-men, most were due to faulty machines.

THIS is a grave, and, at first sight, an extravagant indictment—unless we are to assume that most of the air casualties of our Allies and of the enemy are also due to faulty machines. He stated that this was due to the criminal negligence of officials; he actually refused to admit there had not been "intrigue among the higher officials at the War Office"—most of whom are military men.

THIS last is the gravest charge of all, and according to whether he substantiates or fails to substantiate it will depend whether Mr. Billing earns our lasting gratitude or contempt.

FURTHER, he asserts that while we are producing and using inferior machines, "not twenty miles away there exist the finest machines the world had ever seen—far finer than the Fokkers or anything the Germans produced." This also must be the subject of inquiry.

BUT what we fail to understand is why, when, as is acknowledged on all sides, our Air Service went from strength to strength up to a certain point, it should have suddenly gone absolutely rotten. We do not understand how it was that men who had been loyal and capable officers up to a certain date should after that date have become criminally foolish intriguers.

THE only changes in the War Office personnel, I am assured on the best authority, have been for the better. At the beginning of the war many of the best young officers were called to the Colours, and their places were filled by old half-pay men unacquainted with the conditions of modern warfare. This was unavoidable. But gradually young men with new and invaluable experience gained at the front were substituted for the old buffers, and I am assured that now what once took 50 hours to do can be done in 24. Is it insinuated that these gallant officers are incapable, or, if capable, are "intriguers"?

I VENTURE to believe that some truth will be found in Mr. Billing's statement that faulty aeroplanes have been used, and that the personal accusations he levels at the War Office staff will be absolutely rebutted.

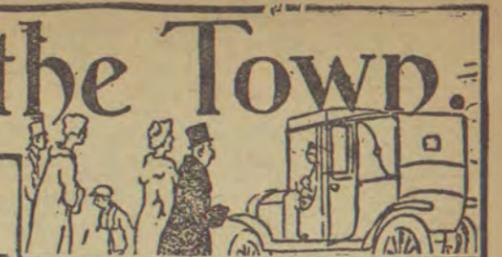
BUT I trust that, while throwing all the rubbish he may have talked into the waste-paper basket, we shall not ignore the grains of truth among the chaff. It is essential that our method of equipping our several services shall be subject to constant criticism, and if a man who has got hold of an important fact should lose his head in the excitement of the discovery and call for the execution of all parties concerned we must not therefore lose our heads and ignore the fact.

ON the other hand, because the naval and military authorities, latterly with the help of a co-ordinating Committee, may not have made the very best use of the material at their command, we must not therefore leap to the absurd conclusion that we should better things by giving the control of our Air Services to an inexperienced politician. To expose an official failing is a patriotic act; to exploit that exposure for political ends is a grossly disloyal one.



Echoes of the Town.

Lieutenant-Colonel At 28—Trouble Among No-Conscriptionists—Blizzard Adventures.



Will They Go?

IS IT a week's notice for the Government? Rash people are saying so, but you and I will take leave to doubt. To put it mildly, this Government has shown some fairly limpet-like qualities, and in one particular they have a great advantage over the ginger groups. They've got the recruiting business into such an infernal tangle that no one else will be at all keen to tackle it for them.

Jack Tennant's Son.

THE HOUSE was quite surprised to hear from Mr. Jack Tennant that he has a son in the Flying Corps, for no one thinks of the Under-Secretary as old enough to possess a soldier son. His only son by his first marriage died in childhood, and he married secondly, when 31, Miss Margaret Abraham, a very clever woman of a well-known Irish family. By this marriage he has four sons, the eldest of whom will be 19 next June. So he's not so very aged.

Duke's D.S.O.

SOME OF THOSE who are "the highest in the land" are wont to receive decorations for services rendered when those services have been negligible or even non-existent. In fact, Lord Melbourne once said that the one great advantage of the Order of the Garter was that "there is no damned merit about it." However, no one will deny that about the Duke of Westminster's D.S.O. there is a damned lot of merit. (I have his lordship's precedent for using a naughty swear word in this most respectable journal.) The Duke's distinction was well and truly earned. His motor-car dash across the desert to strafe the Senussi and rescue the survivors of the Tara was a fine and most picturesque feat.

Mr. Hughes's Health.

I AM GLAD to hear that Mr. W. M. Hughes, the Australian Premier, who broke down under the strain of much speaking and being entertained, is progressing well towards recovery. As in the case of many men gifted with an unquenchable spirit, he is a great sufferer at the best of times. He is inclined, however, to treat the matter in a jocular fashion, and has been heard to declare that if he had had any constitution to enjoy he would have lost it long ago.

"Sordello."

HONOUR to whom honour is due. The other day I said that the late Stopford Brooke was the only man who ever knew what Browning was driving at in "Sordello." This has elicited a polite protest from the Rev. Lionel Lewis, the famous vicar of St. Mark's, Whitechapel. Dr. Berdoe, another eminent literary critic, knew all about it, and the Browning Society in Boston some time ago sent him a beautifully bound set of the poet's works. Dr. Berdoe and Stopford Brooke died within a few weeks of one another. You see what comes of understanding "Sordello."

Unsettling.

SERIOUSLY, though, Mr. Lewis raises rather a remarkable point which may interest my more intense readers. Mr. Lewis's letter proves that I possess some. The late Dr. Berdoe "verted to the Church of Rome as the result of "Sordello." Did this same curious and semi-unintelligible poem induce Stopford Brooke to leave the Church of England and become a Unitarian?

Sic Transit.

APART from those of the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs, and until yesterday, it is long since I have seen a state coach, with hammer-cloth and all complete, in London. I think it was when some four or five were used by their respective noble owners at a certain opening of Parliament by the King some years ago.

Strawberry Leaves And All.

BUT yesterday, in a long, long street in a dreary suburb of the town, to which a mischance had brought me, I saw a sad horse slowly pulling a real state coach—a beautiful, blue-painted coach, with hammer-cloth and all. He was harnessed alone on the near side of the heavy pole, and he drew his precious load into a yard full of tumble-down carriages of all descriptions. As it passed into oblivion I just caught sight of a duke's coronet painted on the

The Babe C.O.

NOT so much talk about our aged commanders. There has recently proceeded to the front with his battalion a lieutenant-colonel whose age is 28. He was a private when he was 27, and not even a private before the war broke out. But by all accounts he is an extraordinarily capable young man, and has some fine Anzaes among his officers.

What A Night!

TUESDAY NIGHT was even worse than Monday. You know all about the gale, the blizzard, the monsoon, the typhoon, or whatever it was, so I won't dwell on that horror. Then the Bakerloo Tube was stopped—but not by snow. Result, the 'buses were stormed (in both senses) and the wretched outside passengers were snowed on until they resembled a load of sacks covered with a white tablecloth. Most comic effect.

Then The Sun.

BUT yesterday morning it was good to be alive. The Park was like a fairyland—rather a slushy fairyland, certainly—but the broad spaces of untrodden snow were of shimmering white, the sun shone on trees whose branches were bedecked with millions of glittering diamonds, and the sky, for the first time for weeks, was blew (Yank for blue).

Tall Stories.

DWELLERS IN THE SUBURBS were recounting awesome tales of their experiences. One man, I'm afraid, failed to obtain a respectful hearing. His yarn was that his train was very late, and he arrived home at something a.m., only to find that he was without his latchkey. All attempts to rouse his household failed. So he "just stood at the bottom of the garden and let the wind pick him up and blow him through the drawing-room window."

Looking Ahead.

IT IS a sign of the feeling of hopefulness existing in Paris just now that rich Americans are already booking windows and balconies so as to watch the march of the victorious French troops through the Arc de Triomphe at the end of the war. So friends write me from Paris.

The Star And Garter Fund.

I HAD ALMOST begun to imagine that the only two solo pianists in existence were a small youth called Solomon and a rather larger youth called Benno Moiseiwitch. Certainly these two have had all the "fat" in the way of important concerts for the past many months. Wherefore I'm glad to see that that very British pianist, William Murdoch, is to play at a charity matinee to be given to-morrow at Clarendon House. The matinee, at which there are to be several more highly-attractive turns, is in aid of the Star and Garter Fund, which is conspicuously deserving of support.

Court Comedy.

I LIKE that little law court comedy when the senior counsel said he should retire because of something the judge said. Then the junior said he would go too, and finally the judge said he wouldn't play either! Can't you imagine them all running home to tell their mothers what the other fellow had said to them. Touchy people, lawyers.

A Deadly Parallel.

THE venerable Lord Mount Edgumbe is to sustain the rôle of a German waiter! This is in a playlet which his lordship has written for the amusement of the wounded Tommies whom he entertains to tea every Friday at Winter Villa, on the water's edge opposite his classic seat. Lord Mount Edgumbe, who is eighty-three, explains that the war has taken him out of himself. As the German waiter in his own play, Lord Mount Edgumbe, though he is heard, is not seen... but his Teutonic accent is top-hole, they say!—*London Opinion*, this week.

My Excuse.

I DON'T LIKE doing this sort of parallel business—it's so easy—but the extract below is my reason: When I recently announced—before any of the gossips who imitate and frequently repeat my paragraphs—etc., etc.—*London Opinion*, March 11, 1916.

Taxis Getting Scarce.

THERE APPEAR to be plenty of taxis in the streets, except at night, yet I hear of large numbers having been withdrawn owing to the drivers joining the forces under the group system. One firm alone has withdrawn 1,600 taxis, and many more will be laid aside shortly when more married men are called up.

The Lucky Ones.

THOSE remaining in the streets are earning good money, and a lot of it. But the men who are fairly scooping in the shakels are those fortunates who own their taxis. Some of them are making between £8 and £14 a week—after paying all expenses, too. One taxi-drier-owner I hear of bought his taxi (it cost £400) out of his tips during three years.

Clever Child.

HERE'S a very clever kid. It's not a bad effort to have had an original work staged at the West End before you are fifteen. But Vera Wray has pulled off the double event. Some time ago she produced at the Coliseum a sketch of her own with great success. Next Monday she will not only produce another one, entitled "A Five-shilling Bet," but she will also act in it. This is certainly "the younger generation," and no mistake about it.



—(Rita Martin.)

"Arabesque" And Arthur Weigall.

THE ONLY redeeming feature of Raymond Roze's "Arabesque" at the Coliseum is the scenery of Arthur Weigall. Otherwise this attempt to put dialogue into the mouths of Harlequin, Columbine and Pierrot is most disappointing. Fantasy is a delicate thing to handle. Without the right touch it becomes fatuity. In this case it has.

No-Conscriptionist Split.

MY PARAGRAPHS about the No-Conscriptionist conference have brought forth the following quaint note, which reached me yesterday:—
Sir,—In regard to the no-conscriptionist secret preparations is quite true. I must inform you that we are not all of opinion that main life is sacred and shall therefore put up a little fight. We advise the soldiers to keep away.—**NO-CONSCRIPTIONIST.**
So they seem to have their own little troubles, too.

For Our Good!

STATE SENATOR HENDERSON, U.S.A., has been talking about our "durned old country" for its good. "When they stop being so thoroughly English," opines this gentleman from the land of lynchings, rag-time, and chewing-gum, "they will have accomplished much towards their future welfare as a nation. Cricket, football, fairy-plays for grown-ups, Bank Holidays, and other of their institutions must be placed on the waiting-list and well down at the bottom, too." There you are. I daren't risk comment.

The Canadian.

THERE was a party of very cheery Canadians at the next table to ours at Romano's the other night. When the band played "Michigan," which Beatrice Lillie (herself a Canadian) made so popular at the Alhambra, their enthusiasm knew no bounds. They waxed expansive and genial, and finally started to talk to our table. "What part of Canada do you come from?" I asked the host, a giant in khaki. "New York," was the answer.

"Is It Safe?"

THE WARNINGS posted at the rear of London omnibuses are rather amusing when read in conjunction with the advertisements just above. For instance, I read on a 'bus yesterday, "—'s Cough Cure. Is it safe?" "Ask for —'s Whisky. Is it safe?" To the last question most people, I suppose, will reply that they are prepared to risk it!

Window Dressing A La Militaire.

IN SECRET I have long nursed resentment against bluff young men who dress shop windows when they might be doing something better for their country. I was agreeably surprised therefore when passing down Westbourne-grove to observe a man in khaki stalking amongst blouses and silk pieces and putting his plate-glass house in order.

IN THE TRACK OF THE GREATEST BLIZZARD FOR THIRTY-FIVE YEARS.



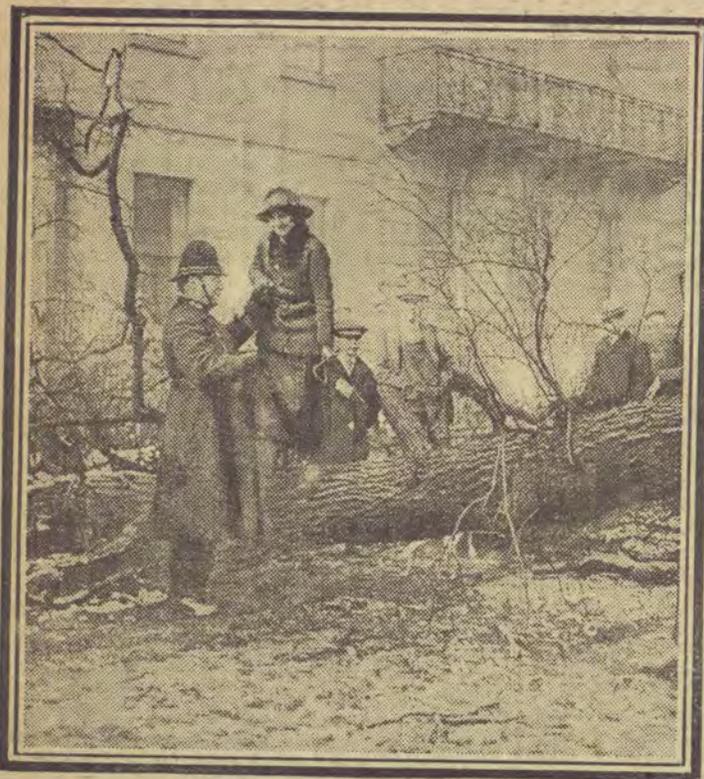
It's no use asking the stationmaster here the time of the next train home. "Wait and see" would be his reply.



How a railway snow plough looks when at work in a drift.



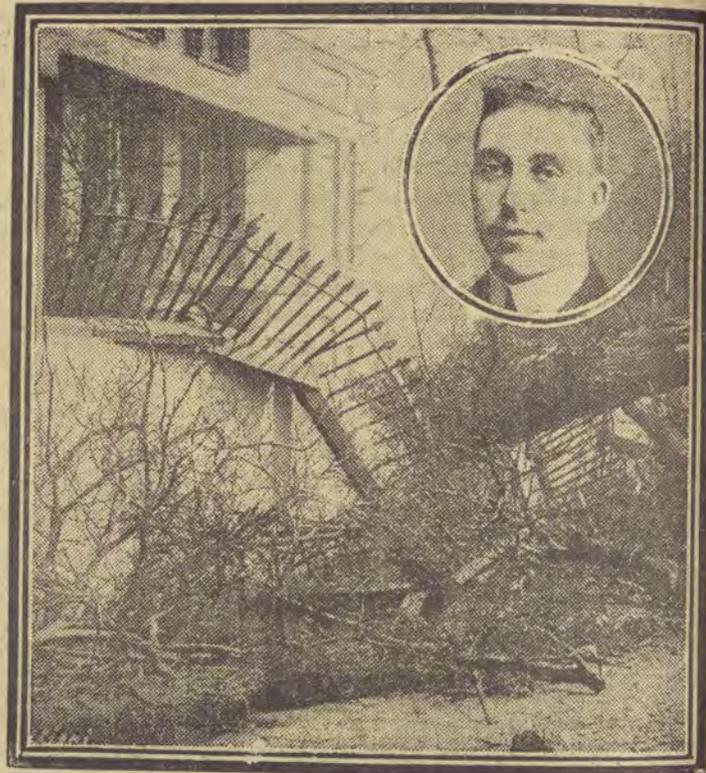
When the train came to a standstill the passengers gladly helped to clear the line of the heavy drift.



Aristocratic Berkeley-square had its share of havoc of the storm and became impassable, especially for fair pedestrians.



The wind brought down a chimney-stack which crashed through the roof of this house at Uxbridge into the bedroom below.



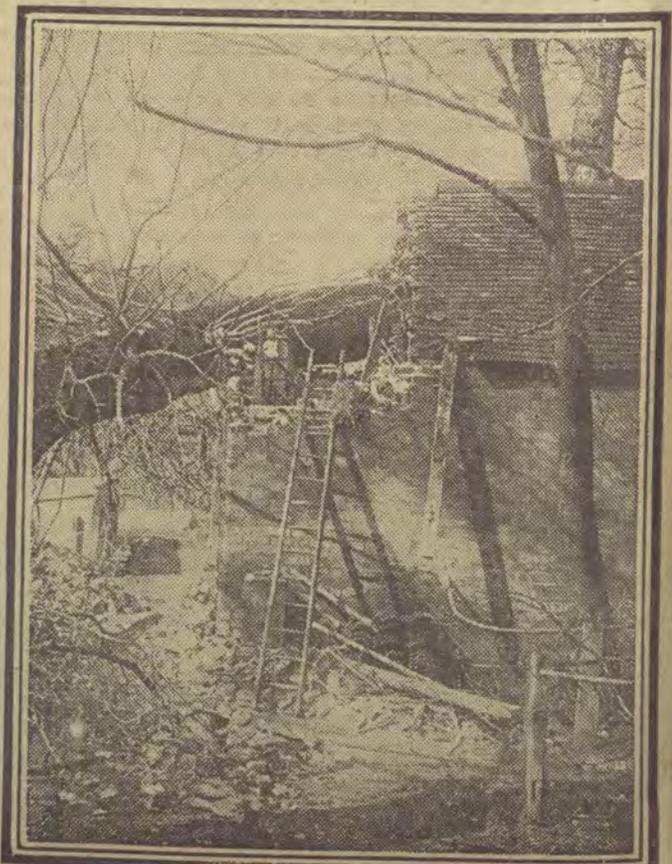
This tree also fell across a passing van and fatally injured the driver, Tom Sayer (inset).



Repairing telegraph and telephone wires near Northampton.



The floods at Waltham Cross seemed to bring the seaside right home to the youngsters. In the lower picture is seen a tree completely blocking two roads at Palmer's Green.



Not a Zepp bomb, but a tree blown down in the gale, did this damage at Shepperton.

was some apprehension that young men had found. Now I am working 16 to 18 hours a day.

A WARD MAID



Miss Ena Grossmith, George Grossmith's daughter, is acting as a wardmaid at Goring-on-Thames. —(Foulsham and Banfield.)

THE KIND OF HELMETS OUR MEN WANT.



An official photograph issued by the Press Bureau of Canadians in the trenches. The men are wearing the steel helmets for the greater provision of which an officer made such a dramatic appeal in the House yesterday.

THEIR PARENTS HAVE BEEN MASSACRED BY THE TURKS.



Armenian waifs who were rescued from the Turks by a French cruiser. They are now in America, where they are being well cared for. Unfortunately thousands of Armenian children fell victims to the ferocity of the Turks, who seem determined to wipe out of existence this unfortunate race.

HIS FINE SEAMANSHIP.



Lieut.-Com. V. S. Butler, of the torpedo-boat destroyer Lasso, whose work in rescuing the crew of the Medusa is officially described as "a fine piece of seamanship."



Mrs. Butler, the lieutenant-commander's wife. She has reason to be proud of him.—(Russell, Swaine.)

WATERING THE HORSES BEHIND THE VERDUN LINES.



French artillerymen water their horses in a stream near the Meuse after moving up new guns for the defence of Verdun. The Huns' prospects of breaking through are now worse than ever.

FROM THE KING'S HANDS.



Capt. Monier Williams leaving Buckingham Palace yesterday after receiving the Military Cross.



Captain C. H. Fox and his bride, Miss Nora Somerville, leaving St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, yesterday. When on the Undaunted he helped to sink four German torpedo-boats.



'Wincarnis' gives New Life to the Weak and Ailing

There is nothing so valuable as 'Wincarnis' for giving new life to the Invalid—nothing so prompt in producing new strength when you are Weak—nothing so dependable for creating new blood when you are Anæmic—nothing so satisfactory for reconstructing new nerve force when you are "Nervy"—and nothing so sure in surcharging the body with new vitality when you are "Run-down." And this is the reason:—'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.'



If you are Weak, Anæmic, 'Nervy,' 'Run-down'—or a martyr to Indigestion—or enfeebled by Old Age—or an Invalid striving vainly to regain strength after an exhausting illness—'Wincarnis' offers you the quick, sure, and safe way to the new health you need. And, remember, the health that 'Wincarnis' creates is lasting—not a mere "flash-in-the-pan"—not a temporary "patching-up"—but real, delicious, vigorous health that makes you feel it is good to be alive.

Don't remain Weak, Anæmic, "Nervy," Run-down.

Don't continue to suffer needlessly. Take advantage—to-day—of the new health and new life '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., W320, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.
Please send me a Free Trial Bottle of 'Wincarnis.' I enclose FOUR penny stamps to pay postage.

Name _____

Address _____

Daily Sketch,
Mar. 30, 1916.

Send this Coupon for a Free Trial Bottle.

"THE HAPPIEST LITTLE FELLOW YOU COULD EVER WISH TO SEE."

Messrs. W. Woodward, Ltd.

Ropers Lane, St. Michaels Road, Wareham, Dorset.
March 15, 1916.

Dear Sirs,—I feel it is my duty to tell you how much I have appreciated Woodward's Gripe Water this last four years. I have given it to my two little sons ever since they were born, and every one says what two lovely boys they are. They like the Gripe Water so much that baby will not go to bed unless he has an empty Gripe Water bottle to cuddle. He is now fifteen months old and has cut fourteen teeth without any trouble whatever, is so fat and strong, and is the happiest little fellow you could ever wish to see; can run about anywhere. I can assure you I think it is the Best Baby medicine, especially when teething, anyone could possibly buy, and always recommend it when I get the chance to others. You may make use of this testimony as you please.—Yours faithfully,
Mrs. F. PARKER.

WOODWARD'S

"GRIPE WATER"

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

Registered Trade Mark No. 99.

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

Of all Chemists and Stores, Price 1/3

BEWARE OF DANGEROUS IMITATIONS.

PREPARED BY

W. WOODWARD, Ltd.

Registered Trade Mark No. 100.

GRIPE WATER.



One Quality Only—the Best

Buyers of Margarine need only pay SEVENPENCE per pound for

HOME & COLONIAL PERFECT MARGARINE

Made from finest Nuts and Milk.
DON'T PAY A FANCY PRICE & think you get better.

7d
PER LB.

1/2 DOUBLE WEIGHT

Sold at all Branches of the

HOME & COLONIAL STORES LIMITED

HOW I REMOVED MY SUPER-FLUOUS HAIR.

NO MORE PULLING, SHAVING, OR ELECTRIC TORTURE.

"For years I suffered from the humiliation of a hairy face. I spent large sums on special treatments, plasters and waxes, only to find my face painfully disfigured and the hairs larger and worse than ever. I also tried shaving, pulling out with tweezers, and finally resorted to the torturing electric needle, but all to no effect. At last I spoke to a chemist friend of mine, who told me that if I would follow his simple instructions, he would painlessly and at slight expense keep my face for ever free from disfiguring hair. He made a powder for me by mixing 4½ drams sulphur concentrate with 2½ drams zinc oxide and 1 dram powdered orris root. When I got home I made a paste by mixing a few drops of water with a little of the powder, and applied it to the hairy parts. At the end of two minutes I removed the paste with the back of a knife, and found to my astonishment that the hair had completely and painlessly disappeared. Superfluous hairs now have no dread for me, for whenever they appear I follow this simple plan, and in two or three minutes I am entirely rid of them. Instead of using creams, rouge or powders, I was advised to always use Floxoin Lotion, which, while beautifying the complexion, is said to exert a discouraging influence on hair growth."—T. H. P.—Advt.



Rowntree's
ELECT COCOA
INCREASES ENERGY.

What Women Are Doing:

A King's God-daughter Married—Boom In Birthdays—Send For That Entry Form.

By MRS. GOSSIP.

I SHALL have something specially interesting to tell you about the *Daily Sketch* Needlework Competition in a day or two. In the meantime, don't forget that it is high time you sent in your applications for entry forms. Post a large stamped, self-addressed envelope to "Needlework Competition," *Daily Sketch*, 46-47, Shoe-lane, E.C.

War-Worker And Playwright.

Mrs. Gabrielle Enthoven is probably one of the busiest women in London, even in these days of extraordinary activity.

I found her hard at work at 18, Carlton House-terrace, yesterday morning, taking charge of a department of the Red Cross devoted to missing and wounded prisoners of war.

In her very limited spare time she is attending rehearsals of her play, "Ellen Young," which the Pioneer Players are producing on Sunday.

90,000 Play-Bills.

Mrs. Enthoven is an enthusiast about theatrical matters, and possesses the finest collection of play-bills of London theatres in the world. About 90,000 is her estimate of their number. They date from 1735.

"I have one that shows Mrs. Siddon's first appearance," Mrs. Enthoven told me, "and others marking the débuts of Edmund Kean, the Kembles, and Ellen Terry."

Duchess's Two Days.

How busy is the Duchess of Somerset these days! Tuesday saw her in the chair at the general meeting of the British Women's Patriotic League, at 35, Grosvenor-square. The Duchess wore a lovely diamond jewel in the lace at the throat of her black gown, and she had fine sables and a becoming little feather-trimmed hat.

Lord Kitchener's sister, Mrs. Parker, was there, and I saw, too, Lady Audrey, Lady Nathan, Sir William Grey Wilson, and Lady Massie Blomfield. Miss Baden Powell's smart girl guides were a sort of guard of honour, and such neat little girls they were, and bright withal.

Friends Of The Children.

The following day the Duchess was at home to the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. All sorts of interesting folks were present, and the Duke of Somerset was helping the Duchess. The party was to meet the Dowager Lady Ancaster, Lady Iddesleigh, Lady St. Cyres, and many other influential workers in the cause.

"Going At Two Guineas."

The all-Star and Garter concert takes place to-morrow at the Duchess of Marlborough's. I hear that the tickets have sold like hot cakes and that there are only a few two-guinea seats left.

Lady Cynthia Asquith, Miss Elizabeth Asquith, Mrs. Frances McLaren and Lady Diana Manners will be selling programmes.

Why Not A Birthday Club?

Birthday parties continue to be fashionable, war time though it be. There was Ethel Levey's, to which I was bidden long before Christmas. Then I was at Gertie Millar's, and Joe Coyne's; Lee White had one, and now Marie Novello has done it.

It was on Tuesday at the Ritz. Miss Novello had been playing at the charity matinée at the Queen's Theatre, so came on to receive her friends, in a pale blue taffeta frock and wearing chinchilla furs. Priscilla Countess Annesley, in black velvet and a becoming bacchante green tulle toque, was one of the party. Mrs. Geoffrey Marks looked well in a simple gown of blue serge

and a wine-coloured sash. Miss Lilian Braithwaite was in black and an osprey hat.

A Hampstead Affair.

Every member of the big audience seemed to enjoy Miss Kate Rorke's matinée, at the Queen's Theatre, in aid of the Hampstead War Hospital Supply Depot. Most appreciative of all were the wounded soldiers in the pit. How they applauded the Westminster Glee Singers and laughed at "The Optimist and Pessimist" from the Palace!

The Grand Duke Michael, as befitted a Hampstead resident, was in a box with the Courtes Torby and their son and daughters. The Countess Torby was presented with a bouquet of pink carnations, and the Russian National Anthem was played as the party came in. Countess Zia Torby, who sat between her parents, looked very pretty in a little hat with slim red feathers round it, and when she took off her velvet coat was seen to be wearing the plainest of white silk skirts.

In a near-by box were Priscilla Countess Annesley and the Countess of Limerick, each wearing a small hat.

When They Sighed.

Girl workers from the supply depot, in their white caps and overalls, with red and blue scarf badges, sold programmes and added greatly to the general picturesqueness of the affair. I liked the way they nearly all sighed with excitement and hurried to the front when Henry Ainley came on to recite.

The programme was as fresh and interesting one. Miss Kate Rorke herself appeared in "The Great Look." Mr. H. B. Irving gave a speech from Hamlet—why doesn't he do all of it again?—Lady Tree, in a voluminous fur-trimmed velvet coat, recited, so did Miss Lilian Braithwaite—but I haven't room to tell of all the glories of that long programme.

From Puddles To Paradise.

It was like coming into the Garden of Eden out of the Arctic regions when I looked into the flower show at Vincent-square on Tuesday. The orchids were wonderful. I loved those mauve-coloured ones dashed with pink. The carnations, also, were magnificent.

There were, despite the fearful weather, a host of flower-lovers in the hall. The Duchess of Wellington, in a seal wrap, came early, as did the Duke of Marlborough. I met the Countess of Northbrook and Lady Leconfield. Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew was one of many giving several orders.

Surprised Them.

Miss Alberta Ridley, one of the pretty daughters of Mrs. Charles Ridley, sprang a surprise on her friends and was married quietly to Captain Williamson-Wickham this week at St. James's, Piccadilly.

The honeymoon is being spent at her mother's place, South Warnborough Lodge, Winchfield. She is an expert motorist, and can tackle repairs, which fact inspires confidence in the convalescents she drives out. She is a fearless horsewoman, and has carried off many prizes in jumping competitions. King Edward was her godfather, hence her name.

Claude Duval.

Peeping at a rehearsal of "Stand and Deliver," at His Majesty's, I noticed that Mr. Bouchier spoke his lines with a strong French accent. Claude Duval, the actor explained to me, was of Norman birth. He came to England at the Restoration in the train of the Duke of Richmond; and the idea of the play is to involve him in a romance as the offspring of a noble house, pitting him against his rascally, though legitimate, brother, the Marquis de Pontac, for the hand of the Lady Berinthia.

Pukes And Buckles.

Once more we get the picturesque costume of Charles II., which, by reason of its very extravagance, lends itself admirably to stage effect. The note of the period was revolt against the sombreness and simplicity of the Puritans.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. T. (Pellistowe).—Sorry I cannot tell you. A. D. and F. D.—Many thanks for mittens. MRS. GOSSIP.



MRS. ENTHOVEN.



LADY BEATRICE POLE-CAREW. (Lillie Charles.)



HON. MRS. McLAREN. (Val L'Estrange.)



Clean Hair Without Wetting

Members of first aid and sewing classes—busy housewives and women workers generally—will find Icilma Hair Powder a wonderful convenience in keeping the hair bright and clean without wetting and without loss of time.

With this novel dry shampoo, dust and grease can be removed in a few minutes. Its use is simplicity itself. A little powder and a vigorous brushing—that's all. No wetting—no trouble—no danger. Try it to-day and at all times when wetting the hair is inconvenient. But be sure to ask for Icilma Hair Powder—the only dry shampoo that readily brushes out.

Icilma
Hair Powder

2d. per packet; seven packets 1/-; large box, 1/6. Everywhere as usual. Icilma is pronounced Eye-Silma.

FREE—Send postcard for new 6d. book of 250 Toilet Hints and Beauty Treatments. Tells what to use—what to avoid—how to save money. Address, Icilma Co., Ltd. (Dept. K), 37, 39, 41, King's Road, St. Pancras, N.W.



The PRIMA DONNA says:—
"This Toffee de Luxe is a perfect boon. I find it a wonderful aid to keeping me in voice—it is a splendid emollient for the throat. Then again, as I dare not eat a meal before singing, a piece of Toffee de Luxe just satisfies that natural craving for food, and so sustains one through the longest and hardest of operas. It's the top-note in Toffees, I simply couldn't be without it."
Sugar and cream and butter, blended into one delicious whole. Try also Mackintosh's Mint de Luxe, Cafe de Luxe and Chocolate de Luxe, all so very "de Luxe."

BIRDS AND LIVE STOCK. TALKING Parrots, from 12s. 6d., 3 months' warranty.—Particulars, Chapman, Parrot Aviaries, Birmingham.

TO LET. GOOD Stabling accommodation to let. Apply on premises, Doughty Mews, Guildford-st., Gray's Inn-rd., W.C.

MEDICAL. DIABETES.—Write for Samples and Booklet and enclose 6d. stamps for postage, CHELTINE FOODS CO., Cheltenham. Flour, Biscuits, Bread, Food, etc. Recom. by Medical Profess'ns.

PERSONAL. OFFICERS' UNIFORMS AND EFFECTS.—Largest Second-hand stock in the world. Always reasonable. "GOLD-MAN'S UNIFORM CONCERN." DEVONPORT. (Uniforms bought.)

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 Grata, 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, Worcester, Worcester.

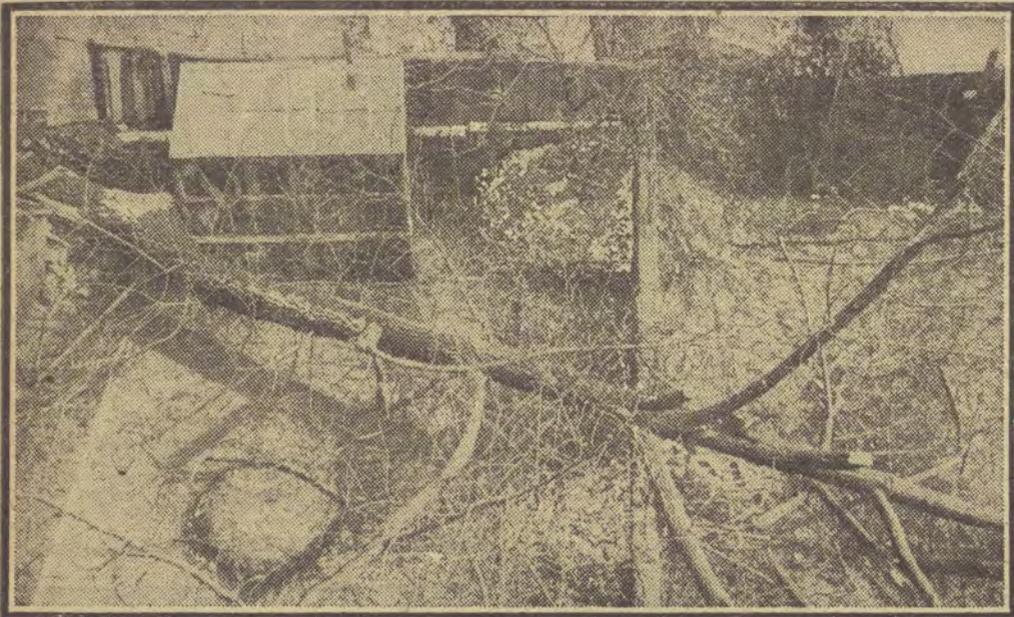
10 AMERICA. Pink; 10 Scarlet; 10 White; 10 Blue; 10 Mrs. Francis King; 10 Lemon; 20 Hybrids; named, separate.

80 GLADIOLI COLLECTION, 1s. 8d.

TWO PHASES OF THE STORM.



One of the many trees blown down in Hyde Park fell across Rotten Row, and made an excellent jump. A lady rider is seen taking it in good style.



This tree, blown down in the back garden of a house at Dalston, was nearly 100 feet high. —(Daily Sketch Photograph.)

A BRISK WOOPER AT 50.

Proposed Marriage In A Day Or Two And Wished To Be Wedded Secretly.

Miss Doris Rhoda Burton, said to be an actress professionally known as Miss Doritza Duilbert, brought an action for alleged breach of promise against Mr. George Dresden, of Hatton Garden, in the King's Bench Division yesterday. The alleged promise was denied.

Mr. Vachell, K.C., said Miss Burton was 26 years of age, and had been on the stage for about five years. She had largely performed with companies on the Continent.

On November 12 Miss Burton and a Miss Clendon, who was also an actress, were at a cinema in



MR. DRESDEN



MISS BURTON.

Regent street, and Mr. Dresden occupied a seat next to them.

He expressed affection for Miss Burton, and arranged for her and her friend to call and have lunch with him on the following day. Mr. Dresden, who, counsel observed, was "a brisk wooper," proposed marriage to her.

Ultimately Miss Burton told Mr. Dresden the fact of a certain incident in her past life, and he insisted on his proposal, and eventually she accepted him. The marriage was arranged for March 15, 1916. He was a man over 50.

It appeared that Mr. Dresden suggested that the marriage should take place at once secretly, and when pressed to say why he made this proposal he said he was a married man, but he added that divorce proceedings were pending.

The hearing was adjourned.

Mr. Justice Eve has granted Bovril, Limited, an injunction restraining certain caterers from passing off as bovril, or in response to order for bovril, any other meat preparation.

NO TIME FOR PEACE TALK.

Labour Party's Only Business Is Resolute Prosecution Of The War To Victory.

At a meeting of the Parliamentary Labour Party yesterday in the House of Commons Messrs. Vandervelde and Huysmans, the Belgian Socialist leaders, said they had come to ascertain the views of the British movement on the conditions of an enduring peace when the war came to an end.

In the discussion which ensued it was made evident to the visitors that any consideration of possible terms of peace by the British movement was absolutely impossible at the present time, and that the only thing with which the Labour party could concern itself just now was the prosecution of the war to a victorious termination.

BARON DE FOREST TO PAY £1,014.

Judgment was given yesterday for £1,014, including £268 paid into Court in favour of Mr. Albert Amor, art dealer, against Baron de Forest on a claim for valuing and cataloguing art treasures, consisting of silver and china, at Spencer House and Gaddesby Hall, Leicestershire.

SPECULATION STILL ACTIVE.

Business in the Stock Exchange yesterday was again interfered with by the delays consequent upon the blizzard, but there was still a fair amount of activity in the speculative departments.

In the Kafir section Hendersons were again very prominent and the Cape was buying these in advance of London prices.

From the same quarter buying orders came for Bantjes, which were carried to 18s. and left off at 17s. We hear that important developments are taking place at this latter property and that influential interests are buying the shares.

Rubbers were quieter, but still very firm. Kepong 2s. shares advanced to 14s. 6d. on the declaration of a dividend for the year of 75 per cent. The company should be in a position to increase this dividend for the current year, and when the whole of its planted area is in bearing shareholders should receive regular dividends of 100 per cent., even though the price of rubber fell to 2s. per lb., as the capital of the company is only £25,000.

AMERICAN COTTON (closing).—New York, 2 to 5; New Orleans, 3 to 4 points up. Tone steady.

BILLIARDS (close): Falkiner, 14,004; Stevenson (in play), 13,100; Newman, 11,756; Gray (in play), 10,631.

Temporary Lieutenant Vivian J. Woodward has been gazetted temporary captain.

Hull magistrates yesterday granted the application of Syd Deane, the well-known Colonial football player, to enable him to obtain a passport to return to Australia. Deane said he wanted to return to Australia to join the forces there. He had tried to enlist among the Australian forces at present in England, but could not do so.



Dragoon Guards

in Ambush.

TROOPER
J. BROWN

Dragoon
Guards

British Expeditionary Force

"I have great pleasure in recommending your splendid Phosferine as a splendid nerve tonic. I have been out here 17 months and have had some very strenuous and nerve-racking work. I was wounded in June last, and since returning to the trenches, to my dismay I felt absolutely run-down and nervous, I was fit for nothing. I had a bottle of Phosferine sent me, and, believe me, after taking that bottle of your splendid tonic, it has made a new man of me. It is really marvellous what it has done for me. I have recommended Phosferine to my chums, and shall always say that was my only cure."

This war-stained Trooper makes it clear Phosferine alone saved him from succumbing to the rigours and privations of 17 months at the Front—Phosferine roused the inactive nerve organisms to establish such an abundance of robust vitality, that he now easily endures unharmed just the same unnatural nerve strain and exposure that caused the collapse from which Phosferine restored him.

When you require the Best Tonic Medicine, see you get

PHOSFERINE

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

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| Nervous Debility | Neuralgia | Lassitude | Backache |
| Influenza | Maternity Weakness | Neuritis | Rheumatism |
| Indigestion | Premature Decay | Faintness | Headache |
| Sleeplessness | Mental Exhaustion | Brain-Fag | Hysteria |
| Exhaustion | Loss of Appetite | Anæmia | Sciatica |

Phosferine has a world-wide repute for curing disorders of the nervous system more completely and speedily, and at less cost than any other preparation.

SPECIAL SERVICE NOTE

Phosferine is made in Liquid and Tablets, the Tablet form being particularly convenient for men on ACTIVE SERVICE, travellers, etc. It can be used any time, anywhere, in accurate doses, as no water is needed.

The 2/9 tube is small enough to carry in the pocket, and contains 90 doses. Your sailor or soldier will be the better for Phosferine—send him a tube of tablets. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, etc. The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.

THEATRES.

AMBASSADORS.—Third Edition of "MORE," by H. Grattan Egan. 8.30. Matinee Thurs. and Sat., at 2.30.

COMEDY THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Arthur Chudleigh. SECOND EDITION, "SHELL OUT!" by Albert de Courville and Wal Pink. Every Evening at 8.45. Mats., Mon., Fri., and Sat., 2.45. Phone, Ger. 3724.

DRURY LANE. Arthur Collins Presents W. D. Griffith's Mighty Spectacle "THE BIRTH OF A NATION."—Worthy of the Best Traditions of Old Drury. Twice Daily at 2.30 and 8 p.m. Prices 7s. 6d. to 1s. Tel Gerzard 2588.

VARIETIES.

ALHAMBRA. Last Week of Revue. 5064 Gerrard. ANNA DOROTHY, LYDIE COOK, GEORGE FRENCH, MANNY and ROBERTS, and ODETTE MYRTLE.

VARIETIES.

COLISEUM.—At 2.30 and 8 p.m. Raymond Roze's Co. in "ARABESQUE." ELLALINE FERRISS, AUGUSTUS YORKE and ROBERT LEONARD in "Isadore, You Tell Her." EDMUND GWENN in J. M. BARRIE'S SURPRISE. Ger 7541.

HIPPODROME, London.—Twice Daily, 2.30, 8.30 p.m. New Revue "JOY-LAND!" SHIRLEY KELLOGG, HARRY TATE, YETTA RIANZA, BERTLAIN WALLIS, CHARLES BERKELEY, and Solo: Beauty Chorus.

MAS-CELYNE'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. VARIETIES at 8. MATINEES WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.

PALLADIUM.—2.30, 6.10 and 9. "ALL SCOTCH," featuring JEAN AYLVIN. Varieties by GEO. MOZART, MAY HENDERSON, JAY LAURIER, T. E. DUNVILLE, FRANK

Begin This Great New Story To-day.

THE LOVE CHEAT.

By YELVA
BURNETT.

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 Chevonne, a spendthrift.
 VIVIAN GRANT, an attractive, honest 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 husband, Cecil Chevonne, 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. "If you've any affection for me—as you used to say you had," she tells Laurette afterwards, "you'll let nobody know that you are my sister."

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, and when she discovers that he loves Laurette she decides upon a bold stroke. During an interview with Laurette in Betty's room Betty declares that Vivian has asked her to marry him, but that they have had a lovers' quarrel.

"He's merely amusing himself with you," she adds, "until we make it up again."

Laurette is fearfully upset after the interview, and when next she meets Vivian she treats him coolly, much to his dismay and bewilderment. He demands an explanation, but this is prevented by the arrival of Betty.

Later, Betty makes Vivian believe that Laurette—or Cotwood, as Betty calls her—is a vulgar adventuress who is trying to trap him because of his money. When they are joined by Mrs. Drayton, some time afterwards, Betty announces that she and Vivian are engaged.

Betty has boasted to Vivian of wealthy and distinguished relatives, who exist only in her imagination, and when, one night, she is accosted by a wretched old man, her uncle, who has come down in the world, she makes Vivian believe that the man is a disreputable associate of Laurette's.

In order to obtain money for herself, Betty tells Vivian that Laurette is threatening to bring an action against him for breach of promise, but that she can be bought over for one hundred pounds. Betty offers to arrange the matter herself, if Vivian will give her the money, and Vivian, now completely disillusioned about Laurette, agrees to do this.

Later, however, he resolves to write to Laurette, enclosing the money with his letter.

The letter arrives prematurely, while Vivian and Betty are in the lounge with Laurette and Mrs. Drayton. Abruptly, Vivian walks away, while Laurette looks with amazement at the banknotes and the letter which she extracts from the envelope.

A Matter Of Money.

It was horrible! Betty felt herself transformed into some hideous hag riddled with age.

Mrs. Drayton continued her crochet placidly. Laurette stared at the created bundle of notes. She seemed frightened, her hands began to tremble and hover like restless little birds over this hush-money of Vivian's, of which she as yet knew nothing; but a glance sufficed to show, even while the crackling paper remained unfolded, that a good many pounds lay in her lap.

Fortunately, Mrs. Drayton was far away in thought, absorbed in Vivian. He was so often blunt and discourteous; he had walked off with a muttered excuse that was inarticulate. Mrs. Chevonne's influence did him no good, thought Mrs. Drayton, but how on earth was it to be broken? If only his father were alive!

Laurette had turned herself slightly away from

No Increase in Price.

Reduce your Meat Bill.

Puddings made with ATORA Shredded Beef Suet are sustaining and digestible—1 lb. cartons 10½d. and ½ lb. cartons 5½d. with recipes—goes much further than raw suet. Ask your grocer for it.—Advt.

Mrs. Drayton, nearer the lamps of the cosy corner which, because of the old lady's constant use, was left uninhabited by others.

To Betty, years and years of waiting suspense were passing over her head, sapping her nerves and vitality; her limbs felt stiff and rheumatic, her whole world was about to collapse. She knew that in some way she must snatch those tempting papers from Laurette without arresting Mrs. Drayton's attention. How to do it?—but she must—she must, or she was ruined.

Laurette was looking at her; wonder darted from her eyes. She saw that Betty endured some kind of excruciating torture, her features had sharpened, her small pearl-white teeth were bared in what looked like a fixed grin or a snarl; even her soft, fresh lips had lost some of their exquisite bloom. It was evident that the envelope and its astonishing contents were connected with Betty's ghastly look.

Suddenly Laurette, although astounded at receiving so much money and a letter from someone whose writing she failed to recognise, decided to read it in private. There was some mystery here. She couldn't try to face it among these people. She therefore slipped the bank notes back into the envelope which she thrust secretly into a silk pocket hanging from her waist.

Mrs. Drayton paid no attention. Betty sighed deeply; she stirred and lost that old, haggard look. She had been granted a short reprieve.

"My head is splitting," she said to Mrs. Drayton, "I think I must wish you good-night." She permitted the elder woman a touch of fingers which had ceased to tremble.

"This is very odd, has she quarrelled with Vivian?" conjectured Mrs. Drayton, but she had schooled herself to be civil to this detestable Mrs. Chevonne, knowing that an open feud would cause her to lose sight of Colonel Grant's son.

"You look tired," she said, "perhaps Laurette will go up with you. She has a magic way of brushing one's hair when one's head aches; haven't you, Laurette?"

The girl rose. "I will be delighted to do what I can for Mrs. Chevonne."

Betty's face was eloquent of extreme self-pity. "If you only would," she said, "My maid is clumsy, she gets on my nerves."

They went into the lift together.

Keeping Her End Up.

Betty switched on the lights and locked her bedroom door; she went to the dressing table, yawning and stretching her beautiful arms.

"I don't think I was ever so tired in all my life," she complained. "I believe I'm going to be ill."

"Oh, Betty, I hope not!"

"I have enough bothers to make me so."

"What is the matter?"

"For one thing I am concerned about you."

"About me?"

Betty twisted round. "You've got a letter. D'you know who wrote it?"

Laurette shook her head. "I never saw the writing before."

"Vivian Grant?"

"You must be mistaken, Betty: why—why should he—now—?"

Betty lifted her shoulders. "He has some most absurd notions," her smile was a supreme effort.

"I knew he was going to write—I knew he would send you money. There is a hundred pounds in that envelope, Laurette!"

She gave a low cry. "A hundred pounds for me—from him? What does it mean?"

Betty responded carelessly, "Well, you're lucky to get it. That's an easy way of earning money, and as Mrs. Drayton's companion you've many chances."

"I don't follow you!" There was an odd quality in Laurette's voice. She looked as though she might do or say something unexpected.

Betty began to hum a strain of "Pagliacci." Her fingers were travelling among carved ivory-topped bottles of cut-glass; at last they alighted upon an old silver cigarette-case that bore her monogram in emeralds. She took a cigarette and lighted it from a box of vestas. She began to enjoy herself. She knew what to say to Laurette.

"Do get me out of my frock, like a darling, there's a silken jacket in the wardrobe. My head feels wicked. Take out the pins." She stood before the glass. In it she could watch Laurette's face.

"Oh, sometimes I long for the old days when we were safe with mother and dad, and didn't know the hateful tricks this ugly old world teaches. I know I behave in a beastly fashion sometimes, but—I've just got to keep my own end up."

The wardrobe door clicked shut. Laurette had the costly silk jacket in her hand; she hurried to her sister. "Oh, Betty, we seem so far apart. All this pretence makes us so."

"Not really, Laurette. I love you more than anyone in the world except Vivian."

Laurette bent her head and kissed Betty's cheek.

"Now you've told me that I can bear anything." She relieved Betty of her frock and put her into the looser garment. She glowed with pride that she was still of use to Betty.

Once on her shoulders, Betty's long, beautiful hair gave her a childlike, innocent appearance. Laurette's heart was swamped in a flood of affection.

"I tried to make Vivian see that you'd be frightfully hurt by his decision," said Betty.

Laurette's fingers began to shake. "What was it? You say I have earned this money, although I can't imagine—"

"Darling, I wronged you, but not so much as he did."

"Tell—me!" pleaded Laurette hoarsely.

Betty shammed pity, and distress which she did not feel.

"When a man of his fibre believes that he has disappointed a girl not in his own position, cheated her of hopes which he didn't mean to inspire, his conscience bids him add to the injury by a gift of money. In that way—quite a usual one—he makes a compact with her to hold her tongue. This hundred pounds—and I warned him you were not that sort."

Laurette sprang back, and the brush fell from her hand to the floor. She was knifed to the heart, but she looked splendid, alive with a wrath which swept over her like a flame. She was really beautiful, Betty had not discovered that before. She watched her sister with astonished interest through an ascending veil of cigarette smoke.

"Your Scorn And His."

Betty spoke gently. "Vivian fancies he has inadvertently broken your heart—men are ridiculously vain. He is afraid you may insist on marrying him, and that will just about ruin his chances with Uncle Ben."

"Be quiet this instant!" Laurette commanded.

Her head went up, one could see the palpitating throb of her throat. Never had she addressed Betty in such a voice. "How dare you say this to me?"

"Poor darling!" whispered Betty. "You thought he cared for you, you told me so."

"Your pity," sobbed Laurette, but without tears, "your scorn and his; then this insult. Oh, my God!"

"Laurette, hush! Someone will hear you! Dearest, I'm so frightfully sorry. Vivian and I had words over the matter, but because of that snobbish Uncle Ben I couldn't explain that you are my sister, and as such above all mean scheming. However, you can easily show him that he has misjudged you most cruelly by ignoring his gift and his letter. Give them to me, I will return the money and burn his letter unread."

She stretched a seemingly languid hand towards the hanging silk pocket that swung agitatedly with Laurette's passionate movements.

The high flame of wrath was dying down; Laurette felt rather sick and giddy. An unclean hand clutched at her heart, someone was seeking to push her into the mire. This someone was the man she had once loved and exalted above all others; how long ago that seemed! She hated him now with all the fierce white wrath of her virginal soul.

"Worse Than Murder!"

She became aware of Betty's outstretched hand, inert, indolent, soft and white, made for a cushioned existence, characteristic in every particular of Betty.

Betty was right—it was worse than useless to be violent and angry; to exhaust yourself because Vivian was possessed of a despicable belief.

Laurette's eyes dropped to her pocket, she lifted it and the languid hand stretched, yet with half-curved fingers, expressed nothing of Betty's eagerness. Laurette laughed a little, somewhat unsteadily.

"There it is, Betty; take it; do what you will with it, I don't want to see a word."

Betty received the letter. It would be amusing to read it later on, but now her mind was concentrated on those notes that shivered and stirred like sweet, secret voices in Laurette's hold.

"He shall have them back," said Betty.

"Yes," Laurette agreed, "everyone of them."

She peeped at the notes, separating them with her finger-tips. Betty had told no lie; here they were, smug, nasty things, twenty of them in all. "He shall have them back," she said in an odd, strangled voice—"like this!"

Betty darted up and away from the mirror. Her chair clattered over. He-laces and ribbons whirled like rainbow streaks caught in foam. She spread her hands, and cried wildly, while her hair floated out like an amber cloud behind her.

"You are crazy, crazy! For God's sake stop, for pity's sake stop! D'you hear! D'you hear? It's money, good money—worse than murder! You've no right—"

But Laurette had moved across the room, safe from her sister's frenzied clutching. She kept on tearing the notes into tiny jagged pieces. "Like this, he shall have them back. That's my answer! Isn't it a good answer, Betty?"

Sweeping past the widow, she laid the useless shreds upon the corner of her toilet table, near to the slender cut-glass bottles with their tops of carved ivory.

"Put them in an envelope, please," Laurette said, and she left the room.

A wolverine cheated of its prey, cheated! A witch cowering within her lair, denuded of some former power, sobbing wretchedly, cheeks all tears—that was Betty now.

"To destroy money!" Betty gasped. "Wasn't it worse than murder?"

"Never Felt
Better In
My Life."

Our Portrait is of Miss Alice Skinner, of Parkenden Farm, Hawkenbury, near Staplehurst, Kent, who writes:—

Several months ago, after being away from home for two years, I came back thoroughly run down and suffering from Anæmia. I went to two doctors and took several different kinds of medicine, but did not get better. I was in a terribly weak state, and then Abscesses began to form on the lower part of my body. I suffered very much from them, the agony being almost unbearable. After a fortnight of torture I happened to see an advertisement about "Clarke's Blood Mixture" and a case of abscesses it had cured, so at once decided to give it a trial. When I had finished the first bottle I felt much better, and so continued with your mixture, and am glad to say my cure is now complete. I have never felt better in my life than I do at the present time, and my mother says she has never seen me looking so well. I shall not cease to tell others about "Clarke's Blood Mixture," as I can never express gratitude enough for what it has done for me. I think all sufferers should know of this grand medicine.

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Due to Impure Blood

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THE ONLY WAY TO WIN THE WAR.

One aim, one action, and one front—the great resolve of the eight Allied Nations in Conference in Paris, represents our invincible solidity of will to win.



Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey leaving the French Foreign Office after one of the momentous meetings of the Allies' Paris conference.



Lord Kitchener, followed by General Sir William Robertson, leaving his hotel to attend the conference.



The British and French Munition Ministers—Mr. Lloyd George and M. Albert Thomas—left the French Foreign Office together after attending the conference.

THUMBS UP.



Violet Loraine, as she will appear in the new Albambra revue. —(Hoppé.)

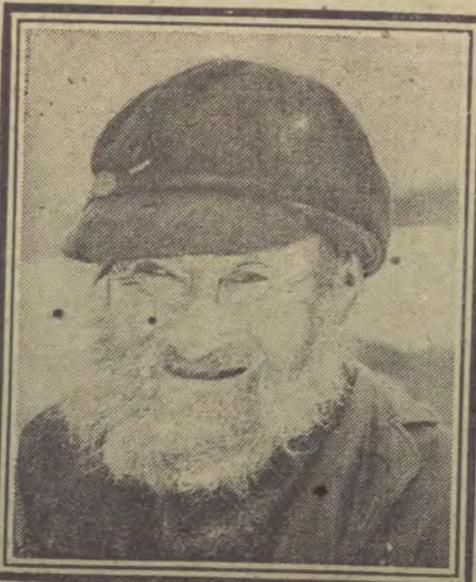


The high frill of tulle is all right in calm weather, but not in a blizzard.



Miss Hélène Le Mottée, the youngest daughter of Col. Mottée, is to wed Capt. C. Crossley. —(Lafayette.)

AULD DAVID.



Auld David lives alone in the Scottish hills, 20 miles from any town. During a recent storm his cottage was buried

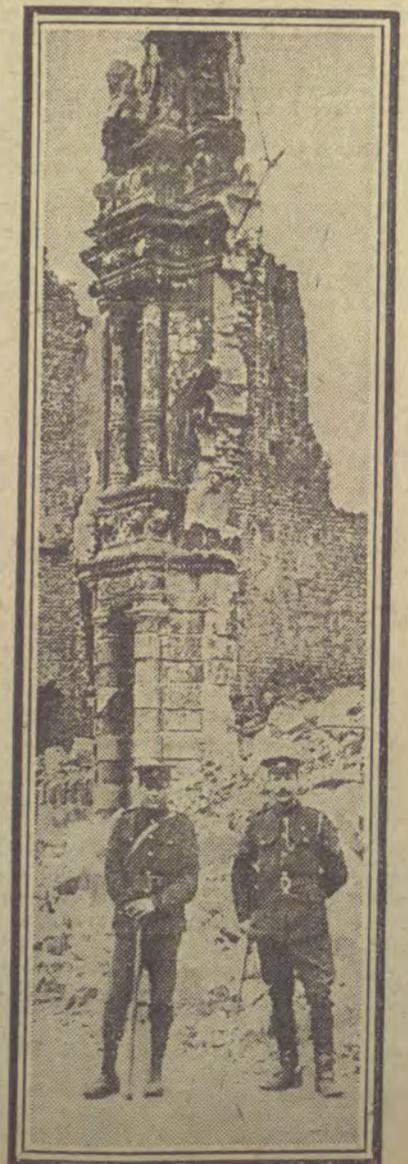


The Countess of Carrick. The Earl has been gazetted Deputy Assistant Adjutant and Quartermaster General. —(Lafayette.)



Miss Seligman, the fiancée of Capt. G. F. de Teissier, Baron de Teissier's heir.

IN RUINED ARRAS.



Tommies in ruined Arras, which is now part of the British lines. —(French Official photograph.)