

RUSSIANS TAKE ANOTHER TOWN ON ROAD TO BAGDAD.

DAILY SKETCH.

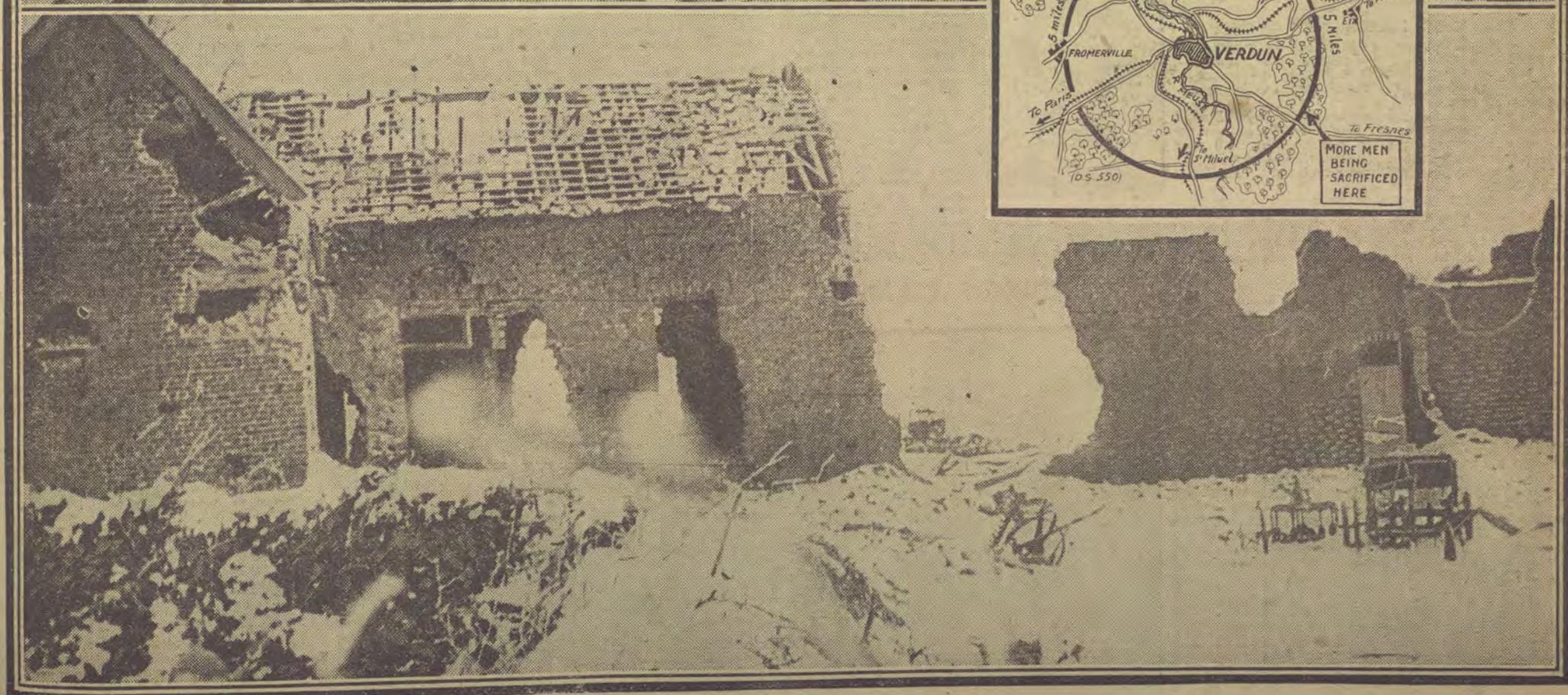
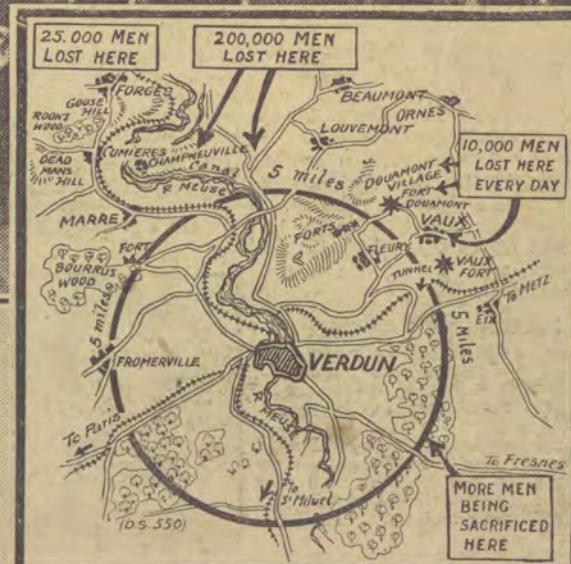
GUARANTEED DAILY NETT SALE MORE THAN 1,000,000 COPIES.

No. 2,187.

LONDON, MONDAY, MARCH 13, 1916.

[Registered as a Newspaper.] ONE HALFPENNY.

WHAT VERDUN MEANS TO THE GERMAN SOLDIER.



Drugged by ether the German soldier is still being hurled in hundreds of thousands against the French lines round Verdun. Whole regiments are being almost annihilated by the French guns, but still the Crown Prince orders fresh attacks. It is slaughter, not sacrifice, the German soldier has to face. In the top picture are seen only a few of the thousands wounded in the fighting waiting to go back to Germany. Below is a photograph, taken during the battle, of the smashed village of Douaumont. To gain even a footing in the Rooks' Wood the German leaders have sent 25,000 to certain destruction.

CALL TO THE MARRIED MAY BE POSTPONED

Pending Decision As To A State Scheme For Their Relief.

ANOTHER ASQUITH PLEDGE?

Age-Limit Likely To Be Raised : Men Of 45 For Home Defence.

Although the date for the issue of the proclamation calling up the next groups of married men has been provisionally fixed for next Friday, March 17, a news agency understands that during this week there may be developments in an "unexpected direction."

This statement, which is given with reserve, is made on information that pending a definite decision by the Government in regard to a State scheme for the relief of the married men summoned to the colours it might be decided in the national interests to postpone for a period the calling up of groups 33 to 41 (aged from 27 to 35), which are largely composed of men with many domestic responsibilities.

FAIR PLAY ALL ROUND.

How the pledge to the married men is to be fulfilled is a point on which a statement is anticipated from Mr. Asquith in the House of Commons this week, but the feeling at the War Office is that if fair play all round is to be attained the position of the unattested married men must be equalised with that of the men who have voluntarily offered their services.

It is stated unofficially (doubtless with the view of allaying growing agitation) that the Prime Minister has given Lord Derby an undertaking that the pledge will be fully observed, and that steps will be taken to release single men from many reserved occupations and also to remove those who have flocked to munition works.

WORK FOR MEN OF 40 TO 45.

The Government is considering the extension of the age for military service to 45, says the London correspondent of the *Daily Dispatch*, Manchester.

Single men up to that age would come under the Military Service Act—that is, they would be conscripted—while the married men would be invited to attest.

The object of raising the age limit is to strengthen our reserves for home defence.

Men between 40 and 45 can put in useful work on garrison duty in this country, and so release the younger men for service abroad.

This report bears out the forecast made by the *Daily Sketch* some weeks ago that military necessities would make the raising of the age limit imperative shortly.

MARRIED MEN'S DEMANDS.

When a married man's appeal came before the Twickenham tribunal the chairman said the situation was so uncertain that until the Government disclosed its hand the tribunal would adjourn all appeals by married men.

Romford tribunal has protested to Lord Derby about the number of fit young single men who are sheltering under stars and badges; and the attested married men of Sheffield have met to demand that the pledge "Single men first" shall be carried out.

A similar demand was made a Coventry yesterday by a large meeting of attested married men, a large proportion of whom were munition workers. It was announced that a petition, signed by married men, would be submitted to the military authorities.

Attested married men at Leicester yesterday formed a society to watch over their interests and press for compulsion for married men, better provision for the dependants, and the redemption of the pledge.

At a meeting of married recruits on Tower Hill to-day a resolution will be proposed urging the Government to deal drastically with the men who have not attested.

THE FOUR WAR CROSSES.

Bishop Weldon, Dean of Manchester, told a war story in his sermon at St. Margaret's, Westminster, yesterday.

Some time ago, he said, he met "somewhere in France" an Irish Roman Catholic Canadian, who said to him, "There are four crosses to be won in this war. There is the Victoria Cross, the Military Cross, the Cross of the Legion of Honour, and (after a pause) there is the little wooden cross over a fellow's grave."

GENERAL MINCHIN'S MISSION.

At the request of the Minister of Munitions, it is officially announced, Brigadier-General F. F. Minchin has undertaken a special mission overseas. Pending his return Sir Sothern Holland will be lent from the Explosives Supply Department of the Ministry to take temporary charge of the administration of the Inspection Department.

See-Lieut. Gaze, of the Bedfords, formerly a Congregational pastor at Chertsey, has been wounded while trench-digging in France.

CLERICAL ODDS ON WAR'S ENDING BY AUTUMN.

Rev. F. C. Spurr Goes One Better Than Dean Of St. Paul's.

WHY HE IS SO CONFIDENT.

Dean Inge's confidence in his opinion that the war will be over by Christmas recently prompted him to the declaration that if he were a betting man he would lay two to one on that eventuality.

The *Daily Sketch* has discovered another reverend gentleman who would be ready to offer more favourable odds—if he were a betting man.

This is the Rev. F. C. Spurr, of Regent's Park Chapel. He would be inclined to offer two to one that the war will be over "before the leaves fall," as he expressed it to the *Daily Sketch*.

Some time ago, at the invitation of the Army and Navy Board, Mr. Spurr visited the Western front with the object of writing a book on the work of chaplains in khaki.

NO PROPHETIC POWER.

"The wager I suggest," the rev. gentleman went on to explain, "is not based upon any official information I may have had at my disposal. It just represents my candid view of the situation."

"I don't make any claim to prophetic power, and I don't regard myself as a prophet," he said. "But it seems to me, looking calmly at the whole situation, that the great crisis is rapidly approaching. It seems to me that the end will come before the leaves begin to fall—before the autumn. That is the opinion I have formed after taking, as far as I have been able, a comprehensive view of the who's situation."

"The recent victory in Russia, the coming collapse of Turkey, the fact that Germany is shooting her last bolt on the West, and particularly the change of tone on the part of the military men in Germany—all these things make it pretty clear that the end is approaching."

BANKING FAMILY'S WAR DINNER.

Interesting Gathering Of Relatives Who Came From Many Parts.

The private banking house of Hoare, of Fleet-street, an institution which existed before the great fire of London, was the scene on Saturday of probably the most interesting little dinner party and family reunion during the war.

There were eight in all at the table—

Major G. S. Hoare, of the Wessex (Hants) Regiment, home on a few hours' leave from Salonika.

Capt. Hoare, his brother, of the South-Eastern Mounted Brigade, home from the Dardanelles.

Lieut. A. H. Hoare, another brother, back from France, and now with the R.G.A.

Three sisters and the wives of Capt. and Lieut. Hoare.

"I nearly missed being at the party," remarked one of the sisters, Miss Patience Hoare, to the *Daily Sketch*, "as within 28 hours I am due on board to go to Pekin, where I am going to a brother of mine, who is in the Diplomatic Service."

A remaining sister, Miss Constance Hoare, is a nurse at the Military Hospital, Oxford, while Miss Katherine Hoare is at the War Office.

GAVE HIS LIFE FOR HIS MEN.

2nd Lieutenant Philpot, of the Royal Engineers, whose death has just been announced, sacrificed his life in trying to save two men at the bottom of a mine-shaft, who were suddenly overcome by gas caused by the explosion of a mine nearly forty-eight hours before. Lieutenant Philpot went down the shaft alone, attached a rope to one of the men, and nearly got back to safety when the gases overcame him, and he

fell back to die with the two men he had tried to save. He was an old Charterhouse boy, and served all through the South African Campaign.

TURNING SALONIKA INTO A BALKAN GIBRALTAR.



Hill soldiers start digging more trenches on the hills that environ Salonika, where there is now a wonderful network of earthworks.—(Official Photograph.)

COL. CHURCHILL'S RETURN.

Motor Trip To The Coast Ends His Eventful "Leave."

INTERVIEW WITH THE PREMIER.

Colonel Winston Churchill has returned to France. He left London yesterday.

He was not among the small crowd of officers and the larger crowd of "Tommies" that filled the only boat train which left Charing Cross for Folkestone.

Possibly it was the idea of avoiding the crowd at the station, or perhaps it was the promise of the first spring-like day that induced him to motor to Folkestone. He left his house in Cromwell-road shortly before noon, and, accompanied by Mrs. Churchill and two friends, he went by car to the place of embarkation.

On Saturday Colonel Churchill called at No. 10, Downing-street, and had an interview with the Prime Minister. What transpired at that interview will doubtless govern Winston's future attitude.

THE KING AND QUEEN AMONG LIMBLESS WARRIORS.

Shakes And Military Salutes With Artificial Hands And Arms.

Many human incidents marked the visit of the King and Queen to the Queen Mary Hospital for limbless sailors and soldiers at Roehampton on Saturday—an institution which is achieving almost unthinkable things towards equipping some of our finest men with artificial limbs that will help them to make another start in life. At present—

100 per week are being successfully equipped. 1,000 have already been treated. 2,000 are waiting for treatment.

How complete the treatment is was shown in one case where a man illustrated to the King the full military salute.

The King at once wanted to know how the grip and movement were imparted, and the limbs were stripped and some of the wearers partially undressed so that the Royal visitors might inspect the controlling straps and actuating springs.

"Can you shake hands?" asked the Queen of Private E. G. Fisher, of the 1st West Ontario Regiment. "Try me, your Majesty," promptly said the soldier. The Queen shook hands accordingly, and laughed merrily, despite convincing proof that the dummy hand had a good grip.

IN HER HUSBAND'S FACTORY.

Leeds Woman's War-Work Enthusiasm Has Comic Opera Sequel.

Talk of a strike in the Leeds wholesale clothing trade has disclosed a piquant situation.

The principal partner of a big firm is a member of the Masters' Association, while his young wife is a member of the Operatives' Union.

Anxious to "do her bit" in war-time, she entered the factory, and worked among the girls. She said she would be a "sport" and join their trade union. Asked what her attitude would be in the event of a strike, she said: "If the union ordered a strike, I should strike, too." Now if, as is threatened, strike notices are delivered, the head of the firm will receive one from his wife.

Until a few days ago she was paid 4d. an hour, but she is now proficient and obtains piece rates. She gives the money to a charity fund in the factory.

TRAINS BURIED IN THE SNOW.

As the result of heavy storms at the week-end snow lies over six feet deep in some districts in the Lothians, and many main roads are blocked.

A train which left Kirkby Stephen on Saturday night was buried in the snow, and the railway east of Kirkby Stephen was closed to traffic yesterday morning. A mineral train was also buried in the snow near Barras.

OUR WONDERFUL MEN BEAT FICTION.

True Stories Of Tommy Atkins, The Super-Hero.

ONE MAN AGAINST 15.

Colonel, Captain And 5 Soldiers Cornered In A Dug-Out.

All the war stories ever written by novelists of great imagination and renown seem very feeble stuff when compared with to-day's *London Gazette*.

The *London Gazette* is the Government's newspaper. Its language is terse and to the point. It never uses two words when one would do, and descriptive adjectives are spurned. It is the dullest paper on earth.

Yet in dry official language the *Gazette* contains records of such glorious deeds of individual bravery and devotion that if a writer of fiction had dared to use some of the episodes for his novel he would have been derided for making his heroes perform impossible feats.

MAN WHO CAUGHT A COLONEL.

Supposing a writer had written a story in which he made the hero, a British Tommy, penetrate the German trenches and unarmed capture a German colonel, a captain and five privates, and bring them back as prisoners to the British lines!

And yet this has actually happened in real life! A British Tommy has done it. This is what the *Gazette* says about him:

106269. Cpl. F. G. Cousins, 187 Co., R.E. D.C.M. for conspicuous gallantry. Immediately after an attack Cpl. Cousins followed the assaulting infantry into the enemy lines. Hearing some of the enemy talking, he entered a deep dug-out and, although quite unarmed, took prisoners and brought back to our lines one German colonel, one captain and five privates.

And the corporal was not the only soldier who so distinguished himself. Pte. J. Carrick, 1/4 Batt. Royal Lancaster Regiment (T.F.), is to receive a D.C.M.—

For conspicuous gallantry. While on listening post duty with another man he observed an enemy patrol in front of our wire and challenged and halted them when some yards distant. He compelled the officer to call up the remainder of his patrol, disarmed them, and brought them into our lines. He exhibited great coolness and presence of mind at a moment of emergency.

THE D.C.M. FOR CHEERFULNESS.

At least two men have been awarded D.C.M.s for, among other feats, keeping cheerful. One is the case of:

14045 Sergeant A. F. Gowers, 2nd Battalion Royal Fusiliers, for conspicuous gallantry. When in charge of a platoon he showed great ability in taking command of men without leaders, keeping them in good spirits, and making fire positions in the trench. On another occasion he supported bombers with his platoon, hanging on to the last and never losing heart.

Another case is that of Private W. Coleman, 6th Battalion Rifle Brigade. This is what the *Gazette* says of him:

His courage and cheerfulness was invaluable in inspiring all ranks of his company. On one occasion when his company had had many casualties under terrific bombardment, he set a fine example in going up and down continually assisting and cheering the wounded.

ONE MAN CAPTURED 15.

Here, too, is another example of remarkable heroism, which might require some effort to believe if it were not vouched for by the *Gazette*.

The hero is Corporal H. W. Oakhill, A. Battery, 71st Brigade, R.F.A.

On one occasion, single-handed and unarmed, he captured an enemy sniper, and learning from him that some of the enemy were in a house near he went to it and ordered them to surrender [the italics are ours]. Fifteen at once gave themselves up, and later, with the assistance of some infantry, he captured 25 more men in the cellar of the same house.

For gallantry of the good old-fashioned sort the adventure of Pte. G. Ingle, of the 4th Hussars, will appeal to the popular mind. This is how the *Gazette* describes his heroism:

During the attack, when advancing with his troops, he was badly wounded in the head from shell fire. Seeing his troop leader, Lieut. Radclyffe, severely wounded and unable to move, he, with the assistance of a non-commissioned officer, procured a wheelbarrow from a farm, and in turn wheeled the officer back to Brigade Headquarters under a heavy shell fire the whole time. On reaching these Pte. Ingle collapsed from loss of blood.

THE THREE WHO WERE MANY.

Here is a case in which three men bluffed the enemy into thinking they were a regiment:

8078 Acting-Corp. J. Ellingham, 5th Batt. Rifle Brigade. D.C.M. for conspicuous bravery. When everyone in his trench on a front of some hundred yards had been killed or wounded except himself and an officer and two other men, and the enemy were within 200 yards in force, Corp. Ellingham and his companions, by moving up and down the trench and firing rapidly, bluffed the enemy into believing the trench was strongly occupied, and they held it until retirement that night. By their bravery and intrepidity they saved a break in the line, which would have prevented the subsequent withdrawal.

GERMAN RAIDER BOLTS AT SIGHT OF BRITISH AEROPLANES

ANOTHER GERMAN "ROAD TO PARIS."

Threat From The Aisne Upon The City Of Rheims.

FRENCH HOLD FORT VAUX.

Complete Failure Of All Attacks On Verdun.

The Verdun battle is exhausting itself in a series of fruitless offensives, leading only to the piling up of a monument of dead.

It must not be supposed that the battle is over, for the enemy is bound to live up to his boasts as long as possible.

Nevertheless, the position at the beginning of the fourth week—the first infantry advances in the north took place three weeks to-day—remains completely satisfactory for the French.

Since Saturday week the enemy has made no considerable advance, except in the Crows' Wood, west of the Meuse.

Thus three days after the German official claim to have captured Fort Vaux the French are able to report quietly that the enemy is at the foot of the plateau which the fort commands.

ATTACK NEAR RHEIMS.

The feature of the week-end news is that the enemy is trying conclusions at a new point on the Aisne, north-west of Rheims.

As the map shows, this is about 150 miles west of Verdun.

The objective of this attack, if it is to be developed in strength, is the city of Rheims, which is important for the French communications through Champagne, and is about 80 miles from Paris.

No apprehensions need be felt lest the enemy should seize this or any other road to Paris.

"WE TOOK 26,000 FRENCH PRISONERS."

More Tall Stories In The Berlin Official News.

German Official News.

Via AMSTERDAM, March 12.

North-east of Neuville (north of Arras) we successfully exploded some mines and occupied the craters.

In the sector west of the Meuse the enemy undertook completely unsuccessful attacks against our new positions on the heights east of the river.

In the Woevre Plain fighting activity has been restricted more or less to violent artillery fighting.

The number of prisoners and amount of booty reported in our reports of February 29 and March 4 for the period since the beginning of events in the Meuse district have meanwhile increased to 430 officers, 26,240 men and unwounded prisoners, 189 guns (among them 41 of heavy calibre) and 232 machine-guns.—Reuter.

[There is no means at present of testing the accuracy of the boast; but it is safe to assume that it is very wide of the truth. The French have already exposed the untruthfulness of similar claims, as when the Germans said they had captured at Forges more than twice as many Frenchmen as were present. Berlin news says nothing of German losses before Verdun. These are put by one writer as high as 200,000. In the Crows' Wood the enemy gained a few hundred yards at a cost of 25,000.]

NO NEED FOR ALARM.

Paris Has Full Confidence In General Petain And His Men.

PARIS, Sunday.
England may count with full confidence on France in this great issue. Wise men are managing this affair—that is the opinion generally expressed here. For Germany the fall of Verdun means much or all, for France it means little or nothing. Even if Verdun is taken, an eventuality which recedes daily, the French would not be one penny the worse.

It is certain that France would be prepared to evacuate Verdun and all its front if she felt the sacrifice entailed by holding it were too great. Every time the French have fallen back since the beginning of the battle it has been not because they were unable to hold the position, but because it was not worth holding at such a cost.

There need be no alarm if news come of further retreats. It is all in the plan. Absolute trust is felt in General Petain and his men and in the final issue.—Reuter.

FRENCH HEAVY ARTILLERY RAKES ENEMY BATTERIES.

Sharp Air Fights : Two German Machines Sent Down.

LIEUT. GUYNEMER'S EIGHTH VICTIM FALLS IN FLAMES.

French Official News.

PARIS, Sunday, 11 p.m.
To the south of the Somme we carried out destructive fire on the enemy works in front of Maucourt, and between the Oise and the Aisne against the defensive organisations in the region of Nouvron.

In the Argonne concentrated fire directed against the Cheppy Wood demolished several enemy observation stations.

In the region to the north of Verdun no infantry action occurred during the day.

The bombardment was rather violent on both sides on the two banks of the Meuse.

Our heavy artillery shelled enemy troops assembling in the ravine to the north of the Poivre Hill and German batteries in the region west of Louvemont.

In the Ban de Sapt (Alsace) we wrecked the hostile trenches in the region of Senones.

This morning Sub-Lieut. Guynemer brought down a German aeroplane, which fell in flames in our lines near Thiescourt. This is the eighth aeroplane brought down by this pilot. Six of these fell in our lines and two in the German lines.

Another of our airmen also brought down an enemy aeroplane in our lines, near Dombasle, in the Argonne.

The passengers of the two machines thus destroyed were killed.

The same day our squadrons of fighting aeroplanes fought 18 actions in the air in the region of Etain, putting their adversaries to flight.—Reuter.

ATTACK ON THE AISNE DEVELOPS.

Artillery Activity The Prelude To The Expected Battle.

PARIS, Sunday, 3 p.m.

North of the Aisne the artillery duel has been very active in the region of the Bois des Buttes, south of the Ville-au-Bois [town in the wood].

On the left bank of the Meuse there was a bombardment of considerable violence in the region of Bethincourt.

On the right bank a small German bombing attack near the Bois Carre—on the slope of Pepper Hill—was easily repelled.

The bombardment continues violent east of Douaumont fort and in the region of the fort of Vaux, where the enemy since the day before yesterday has made no fresh attempt to reach the plateau commanded by the fort.

In the Woevre yesterday evening after artillery preparation the Germans took from us in the course of an attack a small trench near the Etain road north of Eix.

LIVELY WORK ON BRITISH FRONT.

British Official News.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, FRANCE.

Sunday, 9.40 p.m.

The enemy sprang four mines near the Hohenzollern Redoubt, and grenade fighting ensued.

Very few casualties, and very little damage to our trenches.

Our trenches about Loos and Bois Grenier were shelled.

Heavy artillery bombardments by both sides about Ypres.

FLEET-STREET BOYS D.C.M.

Sergeant G. Gant, 7th Norfolk Regiment, who has been awarded the D.C.M., was formerly a corporal in the dispatch department of the Central News. During the advance at Loos he made a gallant attempt under heavy fire to rescue wounded. According to the official account he brought back two officers and a number of men and continued to go out until he was wounded.



GERMAN SEAPLANE CHASED OFF NORTH FORELAND.

Enemy Raider Intercepted By British Aeroplanes.

WAS MAKING FOR LAND.

A German seaplane was sighted off the North Foreland at about midday yesterday. British aeroplanes went up from Dover in pursuit.

The German machine, which was making for the land, went seaward again.

MERCANTILE AUXILIARY SUNK BY MINE.

14 Casualties In Naval Mishap Off The East Coast.

From the Admiralty.

Sunday Night.

H.M. mercantile fleet auxiliary Fauvette (Lieut.-Commander Henry J. T. Wilson, R.N.R.), has struck a mine off the East Coast and sunk.

The casualties were as follows:—

2 officers.

12 men.

A list of the men of the Fauvette reported to have been saved, issued by the Admiralty last night, contains 47 names, of which 30 are those of members of the specially entered mercantile crew.

INVASION OF MEXICO BEGUN.

American War Secretary Says Expedition Is A "Defensive" One.

WASHINGTON, Saturday.

Several newspapers announce that a punitive invasion of Mexico began under Brigadier-General Pershing early this morning.

If this is true the War Department is keeping it quiet for strategic reasons.

It is announced officially that three regiments of cavalry have been ordered to the border immediately to serve under General Funston. It is presumed that these will replace part of the cavalry now going forward.

Mr. Baker, Secretary for War, refers to the expedition into Mexico as a "defensive" one.—Reuter.

MORE RIOTS IN BERLIN.

PARIS, Sunday.

According to Amsterdam telegrams, a train from Holland into Germany was held up for ten hours at Spandau (8½ miles from Berlin). The passengers were forbidden to leave the carriages.

This measure is attributed to rioting which took place in Berlin when the news of the heavy losses suffered by the German troops before Verdun became known.

The Kaiser is expected in Berlin to-morrow or Tuesday.—Central News.

GERMAN WARSHIPS OUT AGAIN.

COPENHAGEN, Sunday.

The *Politiken* states that fishermen arriving in harbours on the west coast of Jutland (Denmark) report having seen a large number of German torpedo-boats, armed trawlers and minelayers in the North Sea. It is supposed they were spreading mines.—Exchange.

NEW ORGANIST OF ST. PAUL'S.

Mr. Charles Macpherson has been appointed organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, in succession to the late Sir George Martin. He has for some years been assistant organist, and lives close to the Cathedral, in Amen Court.



5 a.m. Edition.

NEW RUSSIAN SUCCESS IN PERSIA.

Another Town Captured On The Road To Bagdad.

BLACK SEA FIGHT.

Torpedo-Boat Blown Up By Enemy Submarine Off Varna.

Yet another town on the road to Bagdad has been captured by the Russians.

Last night's official report from Petrograd, received through Reuter, says:—

We have occupied the town of Kirind, in Persia, on the way to Bagdad.

Kirind is about 130 miles east-north-east of Bagdad, and has a population of about 6,000.

In addition to the report of the success in Persia the Russian official news says:—

On the Black Sea on Thursday two of our torpedo-boats reconnoitring the coast near Varna were attacked by enemy submarines.

The torpedo-boat Lieutenant Pustchin was blown up.

Part of the crew was rescued by the other torpedo-boat.

RUMANIA COMING TO DECISION.

30,000 Workmen Constructing Trenches Along The Danube.

AMSTERDAM, Sunday.

The Sofia correspondent of the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung* states that the Rumanian Government will, it is expected, shortly come to a decision in regard to intervention, and that the decision will be favourable to the Entente.

The Rumanian Minister for Bulgaria is expected to return to Sofia with instructions from his Government which, it is generally considered, will be of a nature to decide the future relations of Bulgaria and Rumania.

The correspondent admits that Rumania is now closer than ever to the Allies.—Exchange.

RUMANIANS "MASSACRED."

MILAN, Sunday.

A telegram to the *Corriere della Sera* from Bukarest says a band of Bulgarian soldiers crossed the Danube near Zimnitzia, and attacked and massacred eight Rumanian soldiers.

Thirty thousand Rumanian workmen are constructing trenches along the Danube, and movements of Rumanian troops towards the Bulgarian frontier continue.—Central News.

[Zimnitzia is the Rumanian railhead opposite the Bulgarian port of Svishtova.]

"AGREEMENT WITH RUSSIA."

ROME, Sunday.

A telegram from Bukarest to-day states an agreement has been signed between Rumania and Russia whereby the latter undertakes to allow the passage of war materials to Rumania, eventually providing her with the same.

Authority is also given to Rumania to buy Russian horses.

In Rumanian political circles the agreement is regarded as a proof of Rumania's definite adhesion to the cause of the Allies.

It is stated that Russia has agreed to give Rumania a part of Bessarabia.—Exchange.

Ninety women used to hard work are now acting as porters in a shipping company's sheds at Liverpool docks.

CAMPAIGNS AT A GLANCE.

VERDUN REGION.—German attacks slacken; bombardments continued. Vaux still held by the French.

ON THE AISNE.—New German bombardment north-west of Rheims, 80 miles from Paris.

PERSIA.—Russians capture Kirind, 130 miles from Bagdad.

FLANDERS.—Heavy artillery action on British front about Ypres.

NAVAL.—British mercantile auxiliary mined in North Sea.



Page 4.—DAILY SKETCH.

Verdun And The German Dispatches.



The Hun with the revolver (despairingly): "It's no good, sire—it's no good! We can't stop her mouth this way—it is not a mere English nurse this time!" —(Copyright by Will Dyson.)



Special constables from Ilford, Barking and neighbouring districts at a special church parade at Goodmayes. At St. Luke's Church the Rev. Hector W. Reindorn (inset). Vicar of All Saints' who is also a special constable addressed them.

SPORTS SHIRTS BY POST

The Shirt illustrated is of striped wash-ing crépe-de-chine. Collar, revers and cuffs are turned out in white: this crépe is a great feature in our new Shirts, and it washes perfectly. Stocked in a variety of coloured stripes and made in sizes 13½ to 15.

It will be sent to you post paid on receipt of 21/9. Once you have bought by post from us, you will never think of going elsewhere.

Write for sketches and descriptions of anything you have in mind, indicating the price you wish to pay.

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THE NON-COMBATANT CORPS.

WHAT do the Conscientious Objectors want? The Government has gone further than it should to meet them, and yet they are not content. They are exempt from combatant service on their bare word that they are opposed to the taking of life—though it is a fact that a gentle pacifist of my acquaintance is strong for the popping of undesirables into a lethal chamber. Anyhow, there are all sorts of work which can be done by these men at the base and on the lines of communication—digging, building, fetching and carrying, burying the dead, cleaning up—in fact, taking over all those fatigues which are at once so necessary and, for the men who want to fight, so boresome.

IS not this an ideal arrangement? The N.C.C.s will work at peace on the lines of communication, conscious that the British Army is between them and the enemy, and that they run mighty little danger of getting hurt. They will miss all the glory and danger of the trenches (which they hate), and they will also miss all the unimaginable squalor and misery of that long-drawn-out martyrdom in the wet and the cold amidst the ceaseless bursting of the shells. What more can they want?

WELL, Snowden, the slacker's friend, tells us. "It appears," he says, "that the Government desire to place a stigma on the conscientious objectors. If so, they are up against the stiffest proposition." Dear me! Is it possible that the pacifists are prepared to fight rather than risk dying for their country? Or do they intend merely to indulge in passive resistance, utter dignified protests when they are dressed in khaki, and spend all their time in France disobeying the sergeant and paying the piper? As for the stigma, there was small need for the Government to put it on the men, it was there already, branded black upon their brow.

AND let me assure the conscientious objector he may think himself lucky to be segregated with fellows of like kidney. If he were drafted into ordinary corps he would have a hell of a time. Snowden also remarks on the differentiation in pay. Well, the only difference is that the N.C.C.s will not receive pay for proficiency in arms. Has he the colossal cheek to think they should claim this?

SNOWDEN says one true thing. The

Government has failed to distinguish between the Quaker and the faker. As I have said again and again, it is criminally foolish to take a man's bare word for it that he is opposed to all war. He should be compelled to produce evidence that before the war he belonged to a society among whose essential principles was the principle of non-resistance. It is not too late to insist on this. But when Snowden goes on to declare that there are certain men who will not take any part in the war—either as combatant or non-combatant—he falls again into folly.

IT is impossible to be neutral in Britain to-day; either you are helping your country or you are injuring her. Every man is paying taxes, directly or indirectly, and every pennyworth of taxation is helping to carry on the war. All our actions and utterances, all the actions and utterances of our public men either help our country or injure her.

LET me assure Mr. Snowden, therefore, that not one conscientious objector will be allowed to escape from service of one sort or another, and that in the end even he may find himself pressed into service for the country.



Four Tall Hats.

AT LAST the rawness and general beastliness of the past ten days has diminished, and the spring, when young men used to fall in love, and now take part in great offensives instead, seems to have made its reappearance. Yesterday, at any rate, was quite spring-like, and the Park had a real Church Parade for the first time for many months. The prevailing colour among the women was mauve, and only four men could I count wearing tall hats. One was Lord Arthur Hill, tall, and grey-moustached.

M.P.s In Piccadilly.

PICCADILLY WAS inordinately full of military policemen. Why this should be so on a Sunday morning I cannot imagine. But the red-topped caps were all over the place, and their wearers glared more fiercely than our more familiar friend the bobby in blue. They looked as if they would shoot at sight any recalcitrant Tommy, and glory in the deed.

Concerning Churches.

ST. JAMES'S, Piccadilly, disgorged a smartly-dressed, eager-for-lunch crowd (Prince's is quite handy) as I was passing. It has always been a fashionable church, but St. Mark's, North Audley-street, Christ Church, Down-street, the incumbent of which is the witty Canon Hilliard, who has sons and daughters on the stage, the Grosvenor Chapel, and St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, also have their vogue. The music and Father Bernard Vaughan, of course, invariably attract huge congregations of the well-to-do Farm-street or elsewhere.

The Portuguese Minister.

THE GROUP of diplomatic representatives of the Allies at the Court of St. James receives an interesting addition by Germany's declaration of war against Portugal. Senhor Teixeira Gomes, who conveyed the news to the Foreign Office immediately the Republic received the ultimatum, has been Portuguese Minister in London for four or five years. His family has taken a considerable part in the internal affairs of our new and old Ally since the revolution of 1910, and throughout the war he has been in close touch with Sir Edward Grey.



Our Representative At Lisbon.

THE BRITISH MINISTER to Portugal, who will attain an increased importance by the new turn of the wheel, is the Hon. Lancelot Douglas Carnegie, who went to Lisbon from Paris about three years ago upon the transference of Sir Arthur Henry Hardinge to the Embassy at Madrid. Mr. Carnegie, who is a half-brother of the Earl of Southesk, has served his country in many of the leading Continental Courts, and has had useful experience of the diplomatic methods peculiar to both Berlin and Vienna.

Americans After A Domenichino.

AMERICAN buyers are, I hear, after the famous painting, "Saint Catherine of Alexandria," the British-owned Domenichino, which was discovered accidentally in a French chateau some years ago.

So Suitable!

ONE HEARS some strange things about War Office appointments. I was told recently of a skilled engineer over military age who saw that engineers were being advertised for, and thought that with his credentials he might get a post. But when he applied, the answer was: "We don't want any." Not to be rebuffed he got influential friends to speak for him, with the result that eventually he secured a berth as historian to some of the regiments at the front!

The Non-Combatants.

WHAT A HAPPY time there is in front of the new Non-Combatant Corps! Can't you imagine how Army wit will play round them, can't you imagine the choice terms in which their imported sergeant-major will deal with their past, present and future on parade! All very wrong, of course, but soldiers are plain, blunt men. And do think of the orderly-room with careful discussions as to whether Private Stiggins in being ordered to kill that fly was asked

Echoes of the Town.



Green Tabs For Staff Officers— Spring Reveals Four Top Hats— A Good Play.

Green For The "Brasshats."

I AM TOLD that officers of the Staff are going to have their tabs changed from red to green. The reason given is the superior invisibility of green.

Winston Back To The Front.

WINSTON has gone back to the front, so statesmen may breathe freely, and Germans tremble. I had made up my mind to let him—and you—have a rest, but this little caricature on a postcard addressed to "The Man in the Street," who has handed it to me, was too much temptation. I gather that my neighbour has been saying that Winston should be a good boy and run away and play, or words to that effect—hence the weird combination of white socks and shoes



with spurs. The murderous-looking dagger, presumably, has some association with the inscription: "My revenge will be sweet If ever I meet The Man in the Street. Yes, Sweet, I repeat." And the hat speaks for itself.

Tantalising Jack.

A GROWL from the R.N. "Doesn't it make you sick," says an angry sailor, "to think that a man can fit himself in six months on land to get a shot at the Hun, while we who have spent our whole lives working for the same end are never likely to reach it? If I could get a month's leave, I'd be off to the trenches next week."

Indispensable.

AN IRISH CIVIL Servant who joined the Army last year was informed by the military authorities that they could not accept him for training until he obtained the consent of the head of his department. The head was quite willing to let him go, but the chief office in London "regretted" that for the present he could not be released for military service. That was many months ago. But no attempt has yet been made to train either a girl or a man over military age to do his work,

Turkish Baths.

TURKISH BATH habitues have been worrying. They needn't. Customers of long standing are hesitating about renewing their subscriptions to famous West End establishments, as rumours have been flying round that some of these will shortly close down owing to lack of labour. But it's all right, so the manager of the best-known informed me on Saturday. Most of his masseurs are over military age. Although kneading the muscles of paunchy politicians requires lots of vigour, they are well up to it.

An International Incident.

A FRIEND just returned from Switzerland tells me that the atmosphere of some towns there is thick with espionage. In one hotel a Frenchman was seated at a table reading a letter. A German was looking over his shoulder and reading it, too. An Englishman caught the inquisitive Hun in the act, and gave him what is called in popular language, I believe, "a thick ear."

Child Guides.

SO MANY warnings have been given to soldiers against the land sharks, male and female, that infest railway stations that Tommy distrusts offers of direction from "grown ups." This is evidently the small boys' opportunity, for the other morning I noticed a number of youngsters at Waterloo offering their services as guides with the insinuating address, "Where do you want to go to, captain?"

His Consolation.

THIS was actually overheard in a conversation among a party of working men as to the risks of Zepp. raids. "What would you say, Bill, supposin' as how a Zepp. dropped a bomb into your front bedroom when you was a-snoozing?" "Can't be did, mate. They can't find my 'ouse; why, it's that small it ain't shown on any map anywhere, and the 'uns you see they goes by what they sees on the map."

Getting Dry.

AN ARMY chaplain I know was telling me of a Tommy he met in the trenches literally sodden with rain and cased in mud. "Do you ever get dry?" he asked. "Oh, yes, we get dry all right." "When?" The matter-of-fact reply was: "About next Wednesday, when we come out." This was on a Saturday, and the plucky fellow was perfectly

An Extreme Case.

I DON'T WANT to be unkind, but I do wish that our junior subs. would remember their manners after the show at places where they finish with the National Anthem. We may have our own views on the wisdom of playing people out with the old tune, but where it is done officers should remember that it is their business to stand at attention till it is over, instead of chattering, raking about for their caps and lighting cigarettes. I remember an extreme case of doing the right thing at a Service match at Lord's. The band ended its programme with the National Anthem, whereupon the match stopped in the middle of an over, and all stood at attention till it was over.

"Kultur At Home."

I HATE war plays, and it was in no very enthusiastic frame of mind that I journeyed to the Court Theatre on Saturday night to see "Kultur at Home." But five minutes sufficed to banish boredom or bad temper. For this isn't a war play in the strict sense. There is no bursting of shell, shooting of spies, drunken Uhlans, sobbing Belgian women, heroic rescues by lads in khaki, and all the clap-trap that we have to endure on the "halls." It is a brilliant, penetrating study of life in a German family, into which an English girl happens unfortunately to have strayed. Still more unfortunately, she falls in love with a German officer.

The Authors And The Acting.

RUDOLF BESIER, whose portrait is here for you to look at, has done nothing better than this—and we must remember that he wrote "Don," "Lady Patricia," and "The Virgin Goddess." To Mrs. John Spottiswoode, his collaborator (if there is such a word) congratulations are also due. But the satire, the mordant humour, and the relentless realism are obviously Besier. The acting, too, is admirable, and Malcolm Cherry and Rosalie Toller show immense intelligence in spite of the fact that the parts of the young German officer and the English girl are so perfectly written and developed that only the veriest pair of nincompoops would have failed to do something with them.

Dramatic Literature.

I'M NOT given to fulsome or extravagant praise of anything or (almost) anybody. But "Kultur at Home" is, I think, the most interesting play now in London. It is undoubtedly the finest piece of dramatic literature the war has caused, although several dramatists of greater fame have churned out their inevitable "war-sketches," all of them bad.

Musical Battle Of The Sexes.

LOTS of letters have reached me, as I foretold they would, strafing me and my opinion that women players in orchestras are unsatisfactory. All the writers are women. Other letters, which do not strafe me, have come from musicians of note, some of them from conductors, who certainly ought to know. All the writers are men. So there you have it.

Exit "Puss In Boots."

"PUSS IN BOOTS" closed on Saturday night with affectionate applause, great enthusiasm, and an atmosphere of Auld-lang-Syne always associated with the Lane on special occasions. It has been an admirable show, and certainly the funniest I have ever seen. I'm sorry that the plan of rechristening it a revue and running it for as long as may be didn't materialise. By the way, "Puss" was buried with an appropriate "wake," and I hear that "somewhere in London" the coveted "extension" was wangled.

Showmen's Ambulances.

IT'S CURIOUS, but the showmen rarely get a show for themselves—anyway, not in the papers. The showmen, I mean the men who run circuses, travelling menageries, roundabouts, etc., collected £2,075 for the Prince of Wales's Fund, good luck to 'em. But I don't suppose many people knew it. Now the Showmen's Guild have decided to set apart a "day" soon, the whole of the gross takings to be devoted to buying a number of Red Cross ambulances for the front. Splendid.

The Odious Comparison.

"DAMMIT!" said the sergeant. "there are twenty-three distinct steps in this blinkin' platoon. Like a something Cabinet, that's what it is."

A PAL AS WELL AS A NURSE.



British nurses with the Eastern Mediterranean Force watching a quiet game of cards. The Red Cross sister is a real good pal to Tommy.—(Official Photo.)

KILLED IN THE VAN.



Lieut. Hersee, 9th Royal Fusiliers, killed while leading his men in a fight on March 3.—(Elliott and Fry.)

ON CHANGE AT SALONIKA.



An Indian soldier at Salonika exchanges money with a Greek labourer. Wits beat the currency rates.—
—(Official Photograph.)

"Kultur At Home."



Rosalie Toller as the English girl, and Malcolm Cherry as her Prussian soldier husband.

A RE-UNION WAR D



Major Hoare, Captain Hoare, and Lieut. Hoare, of the
of Hoare, Fleet-street, who celebrated a happy re-union.
(Story on news page.)

HARROW



Left to right: Martin Ricci, Dolly Holmes-Gore, Marianne Caldwell, A. E. George, Malcolm Cherry, and Rosalie Toller. Scenes from the latest war-play, "Kultur at Home," by Rudolf Besier and Mrs. John Spottiswoode, produced at the Court Theatre by Otho Stuart on Saturday. It deals with the marriage of a young Englishwoman with a German lieutenant

JACK AT PRAYER IN A DOCKYARD CHURCH.



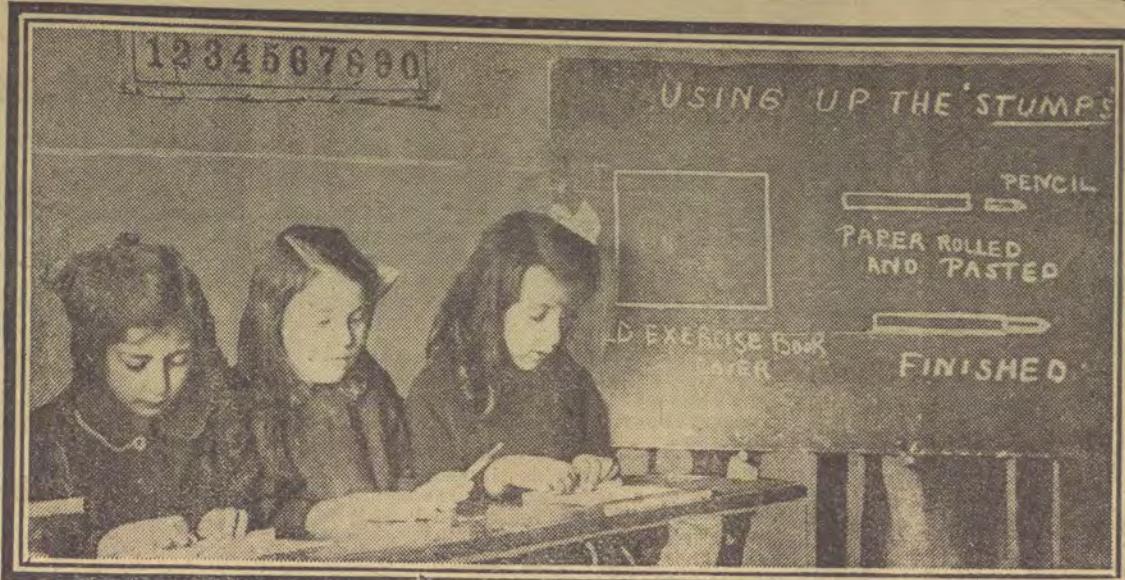
Having no naval chaplain aboard their ship the bluejackets attend Sunday service at a dockyard church, whose walls bear many tributes to naval heroes of the past.

ADMIRALS



Vice-Admiral de Robeck
Fremantle take a look
Pho

CHILDREN GIVE A LEAD TO CABINET.



While the Government are preaching economy—and in many of their departments still wasting material—children are being taught to prevent waste. These London County Council scholars are using up stumps of pencils by placing them in paper holders they have been taught to make.



At a Croydon school the children make their own practical economy suggestions. Many good resolutions appear on the blackboard.

At the Jellicoe Nursery School the children bring a penny a day to put in their money-boxes. Their fathers are serving with the colours.

CHILDREN KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING BY ACTING AS CARTERS.



Owing to the scarcity of carters many families in London were without coal this week-end. Here are seen children who kept the home fires burning by fetching the fuel from the depot.

THE 'GHOST' IN THE DUG-OUT.



Corporal F. G. Cousins, D.C.M., Royal Engineers, of Durham. He won the medal for entering a German dug-out unarmed, and capturing a colonel, a captain, and five Hun privates. So unexpected was his appearance that they thought he was a ghost.



Acting-Corporal J. Ellingham, 5th Rifle Brigade, a Northampton man, is also among the new D.C.M.s. By rapid fire and constantly changing his position he bluffed the Germans into thinking a trench was strongly occupied, whereas it was only held by four men.



Sergeant H. Powell, 7th London Regiment, another D.C.M., during the battle of Loos laid 400 yards of wire under heavy fire.



Lance-Cpl. H. W. Moore, Gloucester Territorials, won the D.C.M. by fighting his way with his fists to deliver a message.

DIER.

e banking house
a little dinner.

THE FRONT.



er, a Harrow
been appointed
ool of instruction
rance.—(Swaine.)

ORE.

and Rear-Admiral
Kephala—(Official

The Cruel Stab of RHEUMATISM



RHEUMATISM is mankind's commonest ill. It is also one of the most painful. Strangely enough, it is one of the easiest to relieve—if the right means are taken. But most sufferers are entirely on the wrong track. Uric Acid must be treated **through the blood**. The uric acid must be dissolved and passed off through the secretions before relief can be obtained and permanent cure commenced.

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NEURITIS
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and all uric acid ailments and pains.

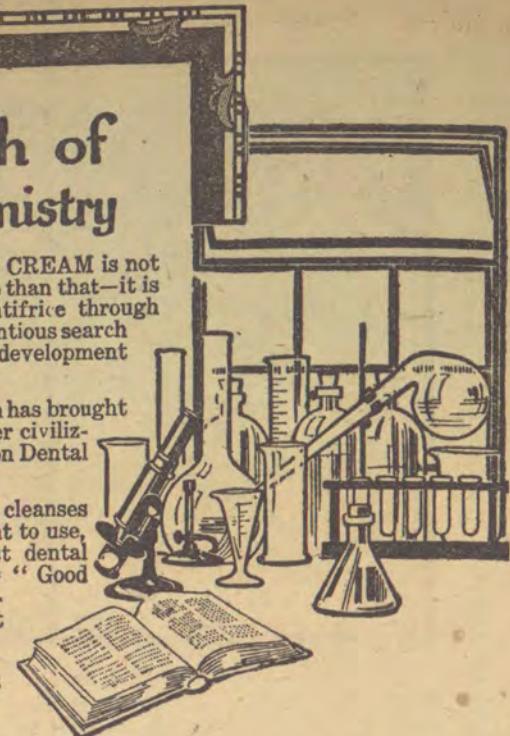
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You, too, should use Colgate's. It cleanses the teeth thoroughly—is pleasant to use, and acts as a safeguard against dental decay. For "Good Teeth" = "Good Health" use Ribbon Cream twice-a-day and consult your dentist twice-a-year.

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AMBASSADORS—"MOKA," by H. Grattan. Brilliant Revue. Evgs. 8.30. Mats. Thurs., Sats., at 2.30.

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COLISEUM.—At 2 p.m. and 8 p.m. AUGUSTUS YORKE and ROBERT LEONARD in "Isidore, You Tell Her." HALL CAINES' new play, "THE IRON HAND." VIOLET VAN BRUGH, EDMUND GWENN in J. M. BARRIE'S SURPRISE, LEE WHITE and JACK MORRISON, etc. Ger. 7541.

HIPPODROME, London.—Twice Daily, 2.30, 8.30 p.m. NEW Revue, "JOY-LAND!" SHIRLEY KELLOGG, HARVEY TATE, YETTA RIANNA, BERTRAM WALLIS, CHARLES BERKELEY, and Super Beauty Chorus.

VARIETIES.

MASKELYNE'S MYSTERIES, St. George's Hall Daily at 3 & 8.15, 1s. to 6s. Children half-price. Phone 1545 Mayfair.

PALACE—"BRIC-A-BRAC" (at 8.35). VARIETIES AT 8. MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, AT 2.

PALLADIUM.—2.30, 6.10 and 9. James Welch and Co. in "The Man in the Street." ERNIE LOTINGA and Co., JACK and EVELYN, CARLTON, G. H. CHIRGWIN, WHIT CUNLIFFE, JAY LAURIER, LAURA GUERITE, T. E. DUNVILLE, JOHNSON CLARKE, etc.

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A SMART PARIS HAT.



A Jane Leroux model in black taffeta with a coloured rose in front.

NOT FOR WAR TIME.



Too elaborate to be recommended in these days of war economy.

WORK FOR PENSIONERS.



John Doe, an old-age pensioner, loading up sacks at a Dunmow farm.

—(Daily Sketch Photograph.)

TO MAKE AT HOME:

A PRETTY FROCK FOR A SMALL GIRL.



Daily Sketch Pattern 1,020—a little girl's frock.

A picturesque yet simple and practical little frock for a girl of from 6 to 8 years is the subject of Daily Sketch Pattern 1,020. While it would look well in woollen materials, velvet or silk, the little frock is equally suitable for washing fabrics, so that the pattern is an especially valuable one at this season, when the home dressmaker must start well ahead with the clothes for warmer weather.

Exclusively designed for the Daily Sketch, the pattern is obtainable only from the Pattern Department, Daily Sketch, London, E.C., price 6d., or 7d. post free. Applicants should ask for Pattern 1,020.

THE BLOOM OF YOUTH.

Oatine will restore the Bloom of Youth to the most faded complexion. It gets down into the pores and removes the dirt and grime embedded there. It makes the skin soft and velvety—hence its success. Get a jar to-day.

In white jars, 1/1 and 2/2.
Ask for—

Oatine
FACE CREAM

GET IT AT YOUR CHEMISTS.

How to Treat your Hair and Complexion.

A Few Simple Beauty Hints.

By Mdlle. GABY DESLYS, the well-known Parisian Actress.

YOU ask me for a few hints on the treatment of the hair and complexion. Well, the less "treatment" you give the skin the better. I do not believe much in massage, but a little cream to the face is necessary to counteract the effects of wind or sun. What cream would I recommend? Well, I advise you to use a little mercolized wax every night and again in the morning after washing the face. Rub it gently into the skin, then wipe off any superfluous wax and dust a little barri-agar over the face. You will find that this will be the only "treatment" necessary and will keep your face fresh and youthful-looking all your life. The mercolized wax removes all the dead outer skin, so that you have always a fair, fresh complexion like a girl's.

For the hair, the first and most important thing is a good shampoo. Never use anything



Photo: Wether & Buys.

Give your hair a good brushing every night and that will be all that you need do.

Gaby Deslys

Blackheads Fly Away.

Instantaneous Remedy for Blackheads, Greasy Skin, and Enlarged Pores.

A practically instantaneous remedy for blackheads, greasy skins and enlarged pores, recently discovered, is now coming into general use in the boudoir. It is very simple, harmless and pleasant. Drop a stymol tablet, obtained at the chemists, in a tumbler full of hot water. After the effervescence has subsided bathe the face in the liquid, using a small sponge or soft cloth. In

a few minutes dry the face and the offensive blackheads will come right off on the towel. Also the large oily pores immediately close up and efface themselves naturally. The greasiness disappears and the skin is left smooth, soft and cool. This simple treatment is then repeated a few times at intervals of four or five days to ensure the permanence of the result.

Grey Hair—Home Remedy.

An old-fashioned Recipe restores Youthful Appearance.

There are plenty of reasons why grey hair is not desirable and plenty of reasons why hair dyes should not be used. But, on the other hand, there is no reason why you should have grey hair if you do not want it. To turn the hair back to a natural colour is really a very simple matter. One has only to get from the

chemist two ounces of concentrate of tannalite and mix it with three ounces of bay rum. Apply to the hair with a small sponge for a few nights and the greyness will gradually disappear. This liquid is not sticky or greasy and does not injure the hair in any way. It has been used for generations with most satisfactory results by those who have known the formula.

To Kill Roots of Superfluous Hair.

The most Effective Formula ever Discovered.

Women annoyed with disfiguring growths of superfluous hair wish to know not merely how to temporarily remove the hair, but how to kill the hair roots permanently. For this purpose pure powdered pheninol may be applied directly

to the objectionable hair growth. The recommended treatment is designed not only to instantly remove the hair, but also to actually kill the roots so that the growth will not return. About an ounce of pheninol, obtainable from the chemist, should be sufficient.

Good News For Fat People.

Something New In Obesity Cures.

A London chemist says: "The latest method of reducing obesity certainly is far more pleasant and convenient than all previous methods. It consists merely in eating clynol berries. The fat person who wants to reduce without the usual rigid diet, exercise, sweating baths, etc., now puts a few of these little brown berries in his or her pocket and eats three or four each day.

Clynol berries not only eliminate fat from the body, but also correct the tendency, which is usually constitutional, to create fatty matter. No discomfort whatever is caused by their action, in fact, except for the loss of superfluous fat, and the feeling of "fitness" so created, you would not be aware that these little berries were doing their work.

Local enquiry shows that clynol berries are not very well known in England, but the demand is increasing daily, and any chemist can quickly procure them if specially requested to do so.—Advt.

“Saved a lot of anxiety.”

E.I. Rly., Palaman District, Japla, India, July 22nd, 1915.

Messrs. W. WOODWARD & Co., Chemists, Chaucer St., Nottingham.
Dear Sirs,—By mere chance I came to know the value of Woodward's Gripe Water. I have given it to my baby from her infancy, and I assure you it has saved me a lot of anxiety. It is excellent for immediate relief in griping pain, etc., and is also a very good preventive.

She is now nearing two years of age, and I still continue the Gripe Water, as it has proved such a valuable friend, and I can only put down her easy teething due to the Gripe Water. You may insert this, as I would wish the public to know its value.

Yours faithfully, Mrs. W. WALLACE.

WOODWARD'S
“GRYPE 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.

GRYPE WATER.

SLEEP-CURE FOR SHATTERED NERVES.

Restoring Broken Soldiers To Health By Hypnosis.

MR. ERSKINE EXPLAINS.

We have received so many letters from readers—including a number of soldiers—asking what is hypnotic suggestion, now so extensively used in private and military hospitals, that we have asked Mr. Alexander Erskine, of 41, Great Cumberland-place, W., to explain it.

"Hypnosis is a condition, allied to normal sleep, which can be induced in a large majority of normal persons," says the encyclopaedia.

Hypnotism is no new fad or theory. It is a fact that has lived through and survived the ages. It has needed the world's greatest war to make it plain that it is a most powerful factor in the healing of nervous and functional disorders and in the elimination of bad habits.

Now hypnotism is coming into its own, and it is working wonder-cures with wounded warriors, restoring their shattered nervous systems and bringing them back to health and happiness.

Hypnotism is really subject to the same physiological law that produces natural sleep in a human being every night. The most simple way I can explain the manner of producing hypnosis, the sleep state, is this:—It is when so many points of consciousness are lessening down, and you are left with only one point or idea—sleep. Everything blots itself from the consciousness except the idea of sleep, because the other points have gone down, and sleep ensues instantaneously.

No Subject Has Died.

It is simply brought about by the hypnotist gaining the subject's concentrated attention and suggesting to him the one idea of sleep. The fact that no one has ever been known to have died from being placed in a state of hypnosis is sufficient to dissipate the ideas of "black magic" that are spread about.

I may state, however, that it is not always necessary to produce the sleep state to effect cures. So long as the patient is strong enough to give sufficient concentration in order to co-ordinate the conscious mind with the sub-conscious mind, it is possible successfully to give the suggestion while the patient is wide awake.

The greatest fallacy about hypnotism is that only the weak-minded make good subjects. This is contrary to fact, for the most susceptible subjects are intelligent people having strong minds and will power.

ALEX. ERSKINE.

A RIDE IN "THE ROW" AT SALONIKA.



Major John S. Churchill—Colonel Winston Churchill's brother—and a soldier friend starting off from camp for a morning ride in the vicinity of Salonika.—(Official Photograph.)

COAL BEING HELD UP.

Householders Obviate A Fireless Sunday By Getting Their Own Fuel.

The considerably fewer number of coal carts out in different parts of London on Saturday caused much concern among householders who rely upon these vehicles for their weekly supplies.

Apprehensions of a fireless Sunday caused householders to use trucks, wheelbarrows, and even perambulators, in order to convey home their purchases from coal-shops.

The scarcity caused a run on coal-blocks.

At a coal shop in Lambeth a line of people, stretching half-way up the street, were waiting to be served. Customers were admitted to the shop one at a time.

AMERICAN COTTON (Closing).—New York 9 to 15, and New Orleans 8 to 12 points down. Tone steady.

Are you troubled by Eczema or Pimples



Antexema is a sure cure for children's skin troubles.



For eczema of arms or legs you must use Antexema.

Are you worried day and night by itching, burning eczema? Is your face or neck disfigured by this distressing skin illness? Or have you eczema on your hand, chest, leg, or any part of your body? If so, let us assure you that you need not suffer in this way. Whether yours is dry, weeping, or scaly eczema does not matter, for in either case Antexema will free you from it once and for all. Antexema instantly arrests the progress of the trouble, and soon every sign of eczema disappears. Send for the Free Trial bottle of Antexema and prove its merits.

Humiliation, discomfort, and annoyance are caused by disfiguring pimples, blackheads, and face spots. They look ugly, and frequently they cause intense irritation, and spoil one's chances of business and social success. Not only so, but in many cases an eruption of pimples is the first sign of serious skin illness. That is why you should use Antexema immediately any trouble of this kind occurs, and clear your skin.

Not only is Antexema a cure for eczema, face spots, and rashes of every kind, but it also eradicates every other variety of skin illness in children and adults. Bad legs, bad hands, scalp troubles, slow-healing sores, skin irritation, red, rough or chafed skin, and all other skin ailments are conquered by Antexema.

Do your duty to your skin and get Antexema to-day. Supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also of Boots Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrod's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parke's, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, and Lewis and Burrows, at 1s. 3d. and 3s. per bottle, or post free, in plain wrapper, 1s. 6d. and 3s. Also throughout India, Australasia, Canada, Africa, and Europe.

Sign this Form

To Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.
Please send me family handbook, "Skin Troubles," for which I enclose three penny stamps; also Free Trial of Antexema and Antexema Granules, the famous blood purifier.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

FOOTBALL SUMMARY.

LONDON COMBINATION.

*Brentford (Amos, Gordon, Hooper) 3, Croydon Common (Allman) 1.
*Chelsea (Thomson 7, Buchan 4) 11, Luton (Polland) 1.
Crystal Palace (Sanderson, Martin, Lockton 2, Keene) 5, *Clapton Orient (Carney) 1.
*Millwall (Davis 2) 2, The Arsenal 0.
West Ham (Puddifoot 3, Sheaf 4, *Reading 0.
*Tottenham Hotspur 0, Queen's Park Rangers 0.
*Watford (F. Gregory, Knighton) 2, Fulham 0.

LEAGUE: MIDLAND SECTION.

Huddersfield Town (Holley, Elliott 4) 5, *Barnsley (Batty) 1.
*Bradford City (McIlennan 5) 5, Rochdale 0.
Leicester Fosse (Montgomery, Walker 2, Haynes, own goal, Atterbury) 5, *Derby County (Burton, Leigh) 2.
*Grimsby Town 0, Sheffield Wednesday 0.
*Leeds City (Stephenson 3) 3, Bradford (Bauchop, Affleck, own goal) 2.
*Lincoln City (Chesser 2, Egerton 4, Cavanagh) 7, Hull City 0.
*Notts County (Bird) 1, Chesterfield Town (Revell) 1.
Rotherham County (Panting, own goal, Lee, Hakin) 3,
*Sheffield United (Buddery, Utley) 2.
Notts Forest (Martin) 1, *Stoke 0.

LEAGUE: LANCASHIRE SECTION.

Burnley (Hastie 2) 2, *Blackpool (Carney) 1.
Preston (Morris 5, Hooker) 6, *Bolton Wanderers (Smith) 1.
*Everton (Williamson 2) 2, Stockport County 0.
*Manchester City (Barber) 1, Liverpool (Watson) 1.
Oldham Athletic (Wolstenholme) 1, Manchester United 0.
Bury (Lythgoe) 1, *Southport Central 0.
*Home team.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.—Aberdeen 1, Heart of Midlothian 1;
Airdrieonians 2, Raith Rovers 1; Dundee 2, Ayr United 1;
Celtic 5, Hamilton Academicals 1; Queen's Park 2, Clyde 2;
Third Lanark 4, Dumbarton 0, Falkirk 1, Partick Thistle 0;
Glasgow Rangers 5, Hibernians 2; Motherwell 1, Kilmarnock 1;
Greenock Morton 3, St. Mirren 0.

SOUTH-WESTERN COMBINATION.—Cardiff City 5, New-port County 1; Southampton 4, Portsmouth 2.

ORDINARY MATCHES.—R.N. Division 6, Monmouthshire Regiment 1; Nunhead 5, R.G.A. (West Ham) 2; Charterhouse 4, Harrow 2; Coventry 1, Birmingham F.C. 1; Swindon 8, 11+0 R. Warwicks 2; Shropshire R.H.A. 4, Norwich City 1.

RUGBY UNION.—Australians 12, Public Schools 11; United Hospitals 21, 3rd Batt. Gloucester Regiment 0; An Oxford XV. 11, A Cambridge XV. 0; M.T. (Cattford) 3, M.T. (Grove Park) 3; Artists 4, St. Thomas's Hospital 0.

NORTHERN UNION.—Swinton 5, Leigh 0; Salford 21, Hunslet 0; St. Helens Rec. 48, Runcorn 0; Kingston Rovers 8; Halifax 0; Leeds 6, Wigan 0; Huddersfield 24, Rochdale Hornets 0; Bradford 11, Brighouse Rangers 0; Dewsbury 2, Oldham 0.

SPORT BY THE WAY.

Barnsley lost their unbeaten home record to Huddersfield.

BILLIARDS.—Close: Falkiner (in play), 8,527; Newman, 7,918.

3/4 Wiltshire Regiment won the seven miles military race at Bournemouth.

Two Derby County players, Leonard and Brooks, were ordered off in the match with Leicester Fosse.

Charles Satterthwaite, the old Arsenal and West Ham forward, played full back at Homerton.

Private 1 Hodge, A.S.C. M.T. was first home in a five miles military race at Raynes Park, and the 3rd Irish Guards took team honours.

Harry Rees and Corporal Donovan, and Kid Davis and Joe Goodwin, afternoon, and George Clark and T. Holt, night, will fight at the Ring to-day.

At the Blackfriars Ring on Saturday W. Fry beat Lance-Corporal Dido Gains, Dick Lee lost to Burrows, and Dick Head accounted for J. Leyne.

After an absence of nearly 11 years, William Meredith, the former Welsh international, reappeared for Manchester City, and was not the least successful man on the side.

Lance-Corporal J. Hatton, 4th Sherwood Foresters, scored his tenth consecutive win in the north this season on Saturday, in the last of the present series of races promoted by the Northern Command Cross-country Association.

A couple of events were held by the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment at South Ashton on Saturday, the respective winners being Corporal Cummings (4/5 Battalion's four-mile road race) and Private Sedon (2/5 Battalion's five miles Marathon).

Attested men lost the trail in a five miles novices' race at Forest Gate, and they will try again next Saturday. In the race as run, Gunner S. Beard, 1/1 Essex R.G.A., finished first, and H. J. Murphy (Group 19), Stoke Newington, second.

At the annual meeting of the Amateur Athletic Association Sir Montague Shearman was elected president in the place of the late Lord Alverstone. Sir Montague, who presided, made the presentation of a piano-piano, subscribed by the members to the former hon. secretary, Mr. Percy Fisher. The balance sheet, which was adopted, showed a loss of £172.

SIR W. HARTLEY'S THANK-OFFERING.

To commemorate his 70th birthday Sir W. P. Hartley, the Liverpool jam manufacturer, has divided £30,000 between 22 London hospitals, 7 Liverpool hospitals, and 5 charities connected with the grocery trade.

King's College, the Middlesex, Guy's, and the

London each get £1,000.

His firm has this year distributed among its



£50
PRIZES

Painting Competition For Children !!

The proprietors of ALLINSON genuine WHOLEMEAL BREAD have pleasure in announcing a JOLLY PAINTING COMPETITION open to all boys and girls under 15 years of age who eat this delicious nourishing and health-giving bread. There is no entrance fee, and each competitor can obtain a splendid

Painting Book FREE

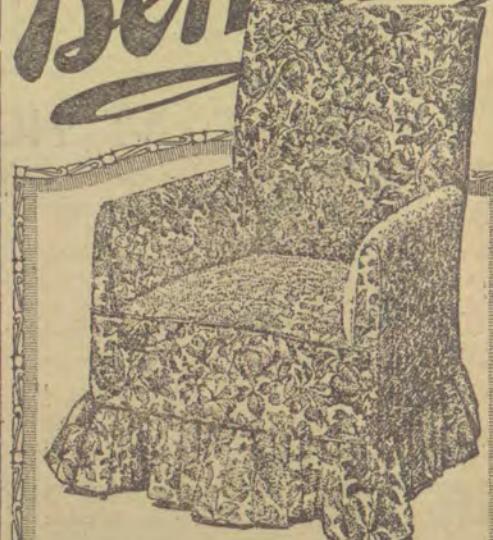
from any Allinson Baker or direct from the address given below (1d. stamp for postage).

In this book will be found full particulars of the 150 CASH PRIZES and Awards of Merit. There are two classes to give the little ones just as good a chance as their big brothers and sisters. All they have to do is to comply with one simple condition and then paint the book as well as possible, and send it in by March 31st. The result will be announced in THE DAILY SKETCH on April 17th, 1916.

Now hurry up, Kiddies, and get your painting book from any Allinson Baker, or send 1d. stamp direct to the NATURAL FOOD CO., LTD., Dept. S., 210, Cambridge Road, London, E.

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WHOLEMEAL Bread

Berkeley



LOOSE COVER MODEL

Specially designed for Bedrooms and Drawing Room. Dainty in appearance, yet strongly constructed upon a sound Birchwood frame. The sides and back are gently curved, giving extreme comfort, and the seat is sprung with best steel-coppered springs.

Upholstered in Casement Cloth and fitted with a charming Loose Cover in Cravatone of your own selection.

This Loose Cover easily slips on or off the chair for washing, and the chair can still be used without the cover. As a supreme guarantee every Berkeley

IS SOLD ON THE MONEY-BACK PRINCIPLE

On receipt of 3/6 with order we send the Chair complete with Loose Cover, without further payment carriage paid in England and Wales, and if you are not completely satisfied you may return it at our expense, and we will refund your money in full.

35/- COMPLETE WITH LOOSE COVER. 3/6 with order and balance 5/- monthly.

FREE Send a postcard to-day for patient Cretonnes and full particulars. You will be delighted with the range of designs and colours.

H. J. SEARLE & SON, LTD.

Specialists in Easy Chairs.
Dept. V. 70-78, Old Kent Road, London.
West-End Showrooms: 133, Victoria St., Westminster.

LOVE GOES ASTRAY

By Howel Evans

Little Eric.

"Sheila! Sheila! Where have you been? Naughty Sheila, not to say good-night to me last night!"

Sheila's thoughts were interrupted by the sudden inrush of little Eric Landor, who flung himself through the door like a whirlwind, holding out his arms to Sheila as if yearning to be taken to her embrace, to be mothered, to be loved.

"I missed mother so last night, and I missed you too, Sheila," went on the little chap. "I teet so lonely I cried myself to sleep."

Sheila's heart was touched. At first it had repulsed her to look upon this boy, the striking image of the Eric Landor who had so blinded her for a time by love.

But now she felt that this little boy was really only a child who ought not to suffer for another's fault. And, after all, though he had her husband's colourings, his outline of features, the same shaped mouth, yet the eyes were different, for the eyes were those of the boy's mother, and in them now there was a look so appealing, so pathetic, that Sheila stooped, almost knelt to him, and took him in her arms and kissed him.

"Real boys, you know, who are going to be real men, never cry," she said. "Now you promise me you won't cry again?"

"I won't as long as I know you're somewhere near, Sheila. And when shall I see mother again? Won't they let me go and see her soon? Isn't she any better?"

Sheila thought for a moment and then, with just a word to Meg and Bill, who were whispering together, she took little Eric out of the room with her.

In the room which Sheila was using she sat down and took the boy on her knee, pushing his curly hair back from his forehead, and looking him straight in the eyes—his mother's eyes.

"Eric, dear," she said, quietly, "you know when I told you just now that brave boys don't cry?"

"Yes, Sheila?" he answered, wonderingly.

"Well, dear, I expect you will cry when you've heard what I have to tell you, and I shan't say you're not brave if you do. But you must be brave afterwards. You will, won't you, dear?"

"Yes, Sheila, I'll try to be brave, to be a man."

She felt those honest grey eyes searching her face as if trying to probe her innermost thoughts, and with a little choke in her voice she went on.

"It's about your mother, Eric, dear. She's gone away from you, Eric, for a long, long time, but perhaps you'll see her again some day if you, too, are good. For she was very, very good, was your mother. You knew that, Eric, didn't you?"

"Yes, I knew mother was good, Sheila. But why—why won't she come back? Why shan't I see her for such a long time?"

The little chap's arms were snuggling round Sheila's neck, he was cuddling closer and closer to her, and his little velvet cheek was close to hers as he spoke.

"Because, dear, she is what we call dead. But God has taken her to Him, her soul, her spirit you know. And when you die, Eric—which won't be for a long, long time yet—if you're good your soul will go where your mother's has gone, and you'll see her again. Do you understand?"

Sheila's Fears.

Tears were rolling down the child's face. He was silent, as children will be silent, for some time, and at last he took his arms from around Sheila's neck and sat upright on her lap, swelling out his little chest and clutching his hands.

"Handkerchief, please, Sheila," he said. "I'm going to be brave. I won't cry any more."

He dried his eyes with the handkerchief Sheila gave him and then went on.

"Is she happy, Sheila?"

"Yes, dear, she's happy, for she's gone to God."

And Sheila looked at little Eric wondering why she should feel this tender love, this pity for this child who was . . . But why think of that?

Sheila rose to her feet and kissed the child and told him to run away and play with some of his boy companions; mother wouldn't be angry, she would like him to enjoy himself, she said.

"It's all right, I've made 'im give in, Shei." said Meg. "The weddin's goin' to come off just the same. But 'ere, what d'you think of 'im?' E won't take my money that's in the bank to start the 'ome with."

"Not me!" Bill broke in. "The 'ome's goin' to be bought with my money or not at all. We'll live in lodgin's, if you please, till I've saved enough to buy what we wants."

"Don't you think 'e's obstinate, Sheila?" said Meg.

"No, I don't," answered Sheila, smiling. "I think that's a very nice, manly thing to say. The male bird always builds the nest, doesn't he, Meg? and loves to do it, too. Still, it was very sweet of you to offer him the money."

"Well, I must be gettin' on now, Sheila," said Bill, who by now had brought himself to address Sheila in friendly fashion. "There are lots of jobs goin' in my line, I daresay, but I've got to find one of em, for I've got to earn them weddin' fees, eh, Meg?"

And Bill danced off with a smile on his face, the smile that the consolation of love had put there.

"Meg, Meg," said Sheila quickly, when they were alone, "I must go away from here at once. You saw how somebody—Jane Gladdytch, perhaps—had cut that advertisement from the newspaper? I'm watched. I'm spied upon. I don't want anyone to know where I am. I shall go to-day, at once."

"But, my dear," said Meg practically, "where are you goin' to, and how are you to earn your living?"

"I—I never thought of that. Oh, Meg, what shall I do?"

The Stranger.

In some strange way the trials she had experienced had done Sheila good.

She had always led a sheltered, cloistered life. had had every wish and whim anticipated and provided for; but now she had to fend for herself, and she saw that the world was not entirely inhabited by women who were supported by others; she saw that there were women who had to work if they wished to live. And she forced herself to think clearly, collectedly.

There was money at her solicitor's, she knew; the trifles that was left out of the wreck of her father's fortune, but she couldn't go and apply for it without betraying her whereabouts. And then—oh, why had she brought all this trouble on herself?

But suddenly the memory came to her of her jewels.

Then they were still at the Gables! If only she could get them! They weren't very, very valuable. Three hundred pounds perhaps they might be worth, but what a fortune that would be to her now! And she smiled to herself as she thought of what she could do with three hundred pounds.

"Glad to see you smilin', Sheila," said Meg. "You looked quite frightened when you went out of the room just now, after what you'd seen in the paper."

There was a knock at the door. Mrs. Jessop was out, so Meg admitted the visitor—a tall, fairly well-dressed man, who spoke to her politely.

"You'll forgive my troubling you, won't you, but I was directed to come here if I wished to see someone who knew the late Mrs. Eric Landor. She was killed in that unfortunate fire, wasn't she?"

Sheila turned away, and Meg answered quickly.

"Yes, poor soul."

"And I suppose everything belongin' to her was destroyed?"

"I suppose so," said Meg, looking the man curiously up and down, "considerin' as 'er room was pretty well burnt out."

"She said nothing to you about her husband having married another woman, did she?"

Sheila stood facing the fireplace, with her back to the man, trembling. Then this Eric Landor had really married another woman! Was she the woman? But the photograph she had seen of Mrs. Landor's husband was not the photograph of the Eric Landor, now known as John Finch, whom Sheila had married. Oh, it was all too puzzling. And who was this man who was asking all these questions?

"I don't know 'oo you are," said Meg, "or why you're askin' all these questions, but Mrs. Eric Landor was a pal o' mine, and if she'd told me anythin' I shouldn't tell you until I know 'oo you

are, and if it was for good or for the good of the little one she left be'ind."

"Quite right, quite right! I appreciate your loyalty to your friend. But I can assure you that I am for her good. Should you by any chance come across anything belonging to her, any papers or anything of that sort, I should be glad if you would communicate with me at that address."

He took a slip of paper from his pocket, handed it to Meg, then took off his hat politely and left.

Back To Highcliffe.

"Ere's a funny thing, Sheila!" said Meg. "You 'eard what 'e said, and look what 'e's given me—a copy of that advertisement that was in yesterday's paper, beneath the one offerin' a 'undred pounds for you. 'Mrs. Eric Landor. Will the lady 'oo was married under this name, etc., etc. Apply S.D., Box 42.' Funny, ain't it?"

Outwardly cool and collected, but really shivering with nervous apprehension, Sheila looked at the newspaper cutting which the man had handed to Meg, and she tried to laugh it off. For it must be remembered that she had not told Meg of her own marriage to a man named Eric Landor.

"Yes, it's—it's a strange coincidence, isn't it? But, Meg, I must go at once, for I don't want to be found. Meg, I'll tell you more some day, but not now. And now I must get some money. I've got an idea, but it's only an idea. I believe I know someone I can trust, someone who'll help me. I shall be away some little time, perhaps, but I shall come back, dear. Do you think, Meg, I could sell this for anything? I want some money now just to pay my fare."

She fingered a little brooch at her throat as she spoke, and Meg looked at it critically.

"Yes, you could get 'arf a quid on that in the pop shop. I'll take it if you like. My dear," Meg stopped and looked Sheila full in the face, "I don't know what you're goin' to do, I don't 'arf understand, but I believe in you just because I love your sweet, pretty face, and where you go I'll go too, and I'll look after you. You ain't goin' to be left alone in London all by yourself. Come on, now!"

The brooch was pawned, and Sheila, persuading Meg not to accompany her further, started for Highcliffe.

Her limbs trembled, and she felt a flutter at her heart and a sick feeling of sadness as she turned up the slope that led to The Gables, her dear old home. She walked timorously, with downcast head, hoping, praying that she wouldn't meet anyone she knew, and, going down a turning before she came to her old home, she knocked at a door in a pretty little side-street, and asked for Mrs. Allan, the old housekeeper who had worshipped Sheila ever since she was a child.

But the door was opened by a strange woman.

"Mrs. Allan? Oh, she's gone to live in the country!" said the woman loquaciously. "It broke her heart when the young lady she had nursed disappeared, and she said she couldn't abide the neighbourhood any longer. What's her address? Oh, I don't know, I'm sure, miss. Sorry I can't tell you."

Sheila thanked the woman; and, feeling terribly disappointed, walked away. She had meant to take Mrs. Allan into her confidence, to ask her to go to the old home and secure her jewels for her. Not that she wanted to realise on them solely for herself; she had another plan. But now—well, it was hopeless.

At The Gables.

"I should love to see the old place again!" said Sheila to herself. "I wonder whether I dare walk round?"

And as she caught sight of herself in a shop window she laughed a little bitterly. No, nobody would recognise her, and so she walked on to within a few yards of The Gables, and there saw staring at her a large board on which was:

THIS HOUSE TO BE LET FURNISHED.

Apply within.

Her house! Her home! Who had dared to try to let The Gables? was Sheila's first thought.

And then, on the spur of the moment, for getful of her shabby appearance, she walked boldly up to the front door and rang the bell.

Then for a second her courage forsook her. What if the servants, her old servants, were still here? And, frightened at her sudden daring, she turned to fly, when the door opened and an old woman with a jug in her hand appeared.

"Oh, did you want to look at the 'ouse, miss?" said the old woman, who was evidently short-sighted, peering forward. "I was just goin' out, but you can look over it while I'm away, can't you?"

"Oh yes!" said Sheila. "Is there anyone else in the house beside you?"

"No, miss," answered the old woman garrulously, "and I was just goin' to pop out to get my dinner-beer. You don't want me around with yer, do yer? You go in and 'ave a look."

"Oh!" thought Sheila to herself, "that's the sort of caretaker the agents leave here, is it, an old woman who admits anybody without an order and allows them to go round by themselves!"

But all the same she was secretly delighted at the old woman's negligence, as once more she stood in the house that had been her home.

But there was no time for thought. She must act.

And away she ran up to her own little room, dainty, sweet, just as she had left it. Quick, quick to her jewel case. She crammed into her pocket all her trinkets, and then she was ready to run away again before the old woman returned.

But as she stepped outside her door she heard two voices speaking down in the hall below, men's voices they were, and one of them was the voice of Steve!

(Another Splendid Instalment To-morrow.)



Louise of "LUVISCA" Speaks

"All you who have laboured under the problem of dressing attractively on a circumscribed income—I've a message of real gladness for you. Know you all, then, that 'LUVISCA' is a fabric with all the beauties of silk and with none of its drawbacks. That it costs less than silk costs—wears better and longer, and can be washed and washed, practically without limit—and will always retain its glorious lustre of surface, for all the world like the finest silk.

The secret? Of course there's a secret! But it's an open one. The groundwork of 'LUVISCA' is a stout cotton warp. The woof is of a fine, glistening artificial silk. The one gives strength. The other gives lustre—and such a lustre! A lustre that lasts—as I have said—spite of washings innumerable.

"Take my advice, get a 'Luviosa' Blouse

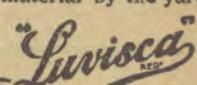
ready-made if you like. You can see all sorts of beautiful models at your own Drapers.

"Make sure it is a LUVISCA. Look for the neck-tab:



Or you can buy the material by the yard.

"You can tell the genuine 'LUVISCA' by seeing the selvedge stamp:



"Get a 'LUVISCA' Blouse and it will radiate all the charm that only a real silk blouse can communicate. And you will be well in pocket, knowing that you can always wash 'LUVISCA' and render it as new again. So you needn't worry about dirtying it too soon. We 'LUVISCA' girls wear 'LUVISCA' Blouses that give all the effects of silk, in business—in the home—everywhere!

"It's worth while seeing the wonderful range of pretty patterns and colour-combinations. Ask your Draper next time—and live to thank

Louise of "Luviosa"

P.S.—In case of any difficulty in obtaining "LUVISCA," either by the yard or in garments, please write the manufacturers—COURTAULDS, Ltd., 19, Aldermanbury, London, E.C. They will gladly send you name of nearest Retailer with an illustrated Booklet giving particulars of the many characteristics of genuine "LUVISCA."

INDIGESTION MEANS LOSS.

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

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

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

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

FREE—"What to Eat" is the title of a useful Diet Book offered free by return post to all readers who send a postcard request to Offer Dept., 48 Holborn Viaduct, London.—Advt.

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"Yours sincerely, Sheila Spallen." The photograph was found near Loos.



One of the 1st Surrey Rifles came on this when reconnoitring in front of our lines.



"The Three Graces of Arbroath." This was recovered from a dug-out in an old German trench.



The sender thinks this and others with it belong to a Carlisle man.



Found by a Dublin Fusilier at Salonika.



"Who is this little chap, do you know?" is written on the back.



Sent home from France by one of the Devonshire Regiment.



"To dear Uncle Ernie, from his little niece, Phyllis, with love."



"To Jack from Kitty." Picked up after a Hun gas attack.



"Gertie." A memento of the Gallipoli struggles.

"Who is this little chap, do you know?" is written on the back.



This was found by an Irish Fusilier on the Bulgarian frontier before our men withdrew to Salonika.



"With love from Alice." This inscription on the back may enable the owner to claim this Gallipoli relic.



Found in the pocket of a dead German. Probably he kept it to remind him of his own home.