

DAILY SKETCH.

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LONDON, TUESDAY, APRIL 25, 1916.

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ONE HALFPENNY.

TO WED AN EARL'S DAUGHTER



Commander the Hon. W. S. Leveson-Gower, R.N., who is engaged to Lady Rose Lyon, second daughter of the Earl of Strathmore.—(Russell.)

HIS WAR-TIME HOLIDAY.



Even the schoolboy devoted his holiday to working a lathe in a munition factory.

MUM'S THE WORD!

M.P.s TO ADOPT THE ANTI-GAS MASK.



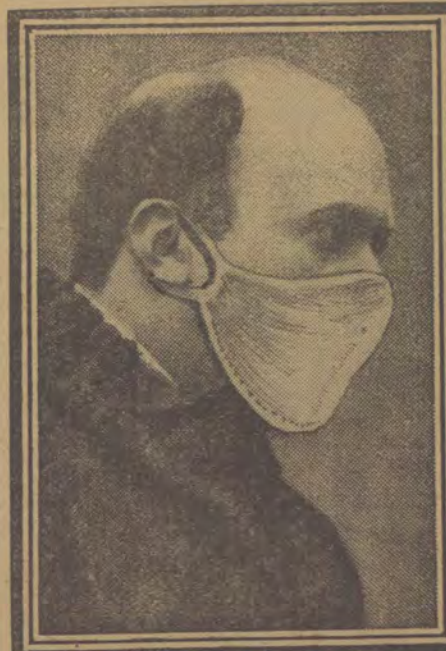
How will Sir Arthur Markham, the outspoken critic of the Government and its ways, like the gag?



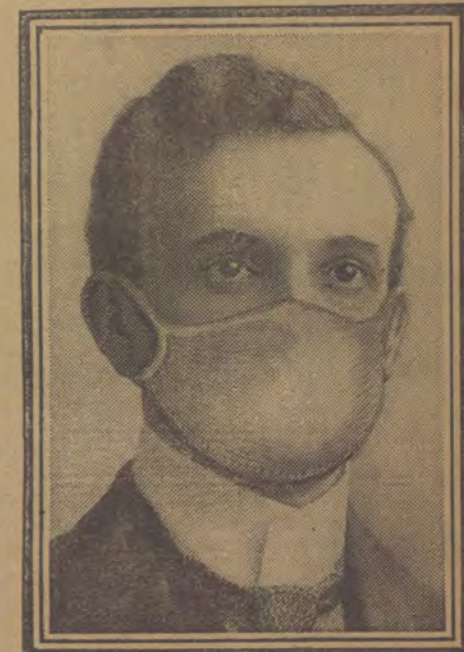
"Mum's the word!" Mr. Asquith's Cabinet secrets will not be made public now.



Mr. Ronald McNeill, M.P. for St. Augustine's, will have to maintain the silence of an Augustinian friar.



Mr. J. M. Hogge, the pertinacious Scot, will have to curb his pertinacity.



Mr. M. R. Pringle will not be able to ventilate grievances—in public.



Will M.P.s need an anti-gas mask to keep them from giving away the secrets revealed in to-day's Secret Session? To-day Parliament will impose on itself the greatest self-denying ordinance of all. It will agree to go on talking—but it will talk to itself. What is to happen to M.P.s if they ignore or forget their pledge to secrecy?

THE SECRET SESSION.

Discussion Expected On Motion To Sit In Camera.

LLOYD GEORGE'S POSITION.

Will He Reply To His Critics In The House Of Commons?

TO-DAY'S PROGRAMME.

From Our Parliamentary Correspondent.

To-day's proceedings in the House of Commons up to the point when the decision to go into secret session is come to will be open to the Press and public in the ordinary way.

Newspaper representatives will be allowed to remain in the Gallery, not only for the questions to Ministers, but also for the debate on the Government motion that the House sit in secret.

Only 34 questions are on the paper, and less than half an hour should be enough to dispose of them. The resolution may therefore be moved about 3.15. Discussion is expected, for, while the motion is sure to be agreed to, some members are opposed to the secret session.

There may be some delay in the moving of the resolution if Mr. Lloyd George should wish to make a personal explanation in reply to the attacks made upon him, for he would obviously desire more publicity for such a statement than could be obtained while the House was sitting in camera.

COMPULSION REFERENDUM?

Apart from this, the business which precedes the secrecy resolution is relatively unimportant. The only question of outstanding interest is that put to Mr. Asquith by Sir John Harwood-Banner:

Whether he will consider the question of submitting to a referendum of the Parliamentary voters of the kingdom, both in this country and at the front, the amendment of the Military Service Act so as to require equal sacrifice from all men of military age by rendering all alike liable for national service during the present war.

Mr. Asquith's reply will receive close attention. It will be no surprise in political circles if the attendance exceeds any since the memorable day in August, 1914, when Sir Edward Grey warned Parliament of the impending conflict.

Something like a thousand members of both Houses of Parliament are likely to be in their places to hear the Government statement of policy, and the facts and figures on which that policy is founded.

WHAT THE PUBLIC WILL BE TOLD.

On these facts and figures no statement will be made publicly, nor can there be any speculation as to their character. The report officially issued will contain all that may be said on the subject.

But the recruiting scheme itself will be explained fully, so that the country need be in no uncertainty as to its scope and meaning.

The first order of the day in the Commons is Sir Edward Carson's resolution declaring for "equal sacrifice from all men of military age by rendering all alike liable for military service during the present war." Until the Government has made its position clear it is impossible to state whether this will be moved or not.

A LLOYD GEORGE CAMPAIGN.

Minister To Address His Constituents: Welsh M.P.s To Tour Wales.

Mr. Lloyd George (says a North Wales correspondent) intends to address his constituents at Conway on Saturday, when he will explain his position and reply to the charges made against him.

It is stated that a number of Radical supporters of Mr. Lloyd George are also starting a campaign for his vindication.

Among them are some Welsh M.P.s, who propose to go into Wales and there defend the attitude taken up by the Minister of Munitions.

LLOYD GEORGE, THE "REAL LEADER."

In a letter vigorously defending Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. F. G. Kellaway, M.P. (who is now private secretary to Dr. Addison, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Munitions), writes:

The anti-Lloyd Georgians boast that they hope to drive the Minister of Munitions out of the Government. They may succeed, though I doubt it. But they cannot prevent him being the real leader of the nation. For in word and in action he has been the real leader of the nation.

EASTER WEATHER: GOOD.

Exceptionally fine weather prevailed generally over England throughout the holiday, except perhaps for a little cold rain on Saturday at a few of the Kentish health resorts.

In London the total rainfall during the whole period only measured one-twentieth of an inch, and on most days there was really a good amount of sunshine. On the South Coast the weather was chiefly bright. The temperature remained low, the thermometer failing to reach 60deg., but the air was milder than of late, and altogether the weather was a great improvement on that experienced for the last six weeks.

Prince Louis of Battenberg, late First Sea Lord, and his cadet son, Prince Louis Francis, attended an inspection by Brigadier-General Curties, of the Isle of Wight Battalion of the Volunteer Training Corps at Carisbrooke Castle yesterday.

I.L.P. WOULD END WAR TO-DAY—IF IT COULD.

Attitude Of "I Told You So," When Peace Comes Again.

MR. HYNDMAN'S NEW PARTY.

Mr. F. W. Jowett M.P., in his presidential address at the annual conference of the Independent Labour Party, at Newcastle, yesterday, put the position of the I.L.P. before his hearers, among whom were Messrs. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P., Philip Snowden, M.P., and W. C. Anderson, M.P.:

We do not believe in the war, and have said so. We do not believe in it yet.

We would bring it to an end this very day if we could.

Militarism has reached a point in this country in which men are compelled to be soldiers and to fight on foreign soil regardless of whether they believe in the cause or the justice or injustice of it.

To that position they have been brought by the demon of militarism.

Men will return from the war to find, if they are not careful, that during their absence the balance of power has been weighted still more heavily than it was before the war against the workers.

"Thief In The Night" Election.

Mr. Jowett added that the I.L.P. said last year, as they did at the beginning of the war, that while the violation of Belgium's neutrality might be urged as an excuse for entering into the war, that was not the real reason for it. The I.L.P. refused to assist the Government in an adventure which was bound to be disastrous to the country, whatever the military operations might be.

Following upon the president's speech came a jar of dissension from Mr. Philip Snowden—not, however, in reference to the war. It was merely politics, Mr. Snowden only expressed surprise at the absence of a Parliamentary report—one having been drafted nearly a fortnight ago. His experience of special election conferences was that they were fiascos.

The next election might "come like a thief in the night," he said, and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P., also regretted that the Parliamentary report had not been presented.

Nothing Worth The Sacrifice!

There is nothing between England and Germany that is worth the sacrifice of another human life. This was one of the remarks made by Mr. Snowden in explaining why the usual report from the I.L.P. Members of Parliament had not been submitted.

Then followed a discussion on peace terms, and the chairman, in place of three peace resolutions, moved one welcoming the efforts being made by Socialist comrades in belligerent countries to obtain from their governments a statement of peace terms, and singling out for special commendation the German Social Democratic minority.

It was decided to mobilise all the party's forces for a vigorous peace campaign, and to urge the calling together of an international Socialist bureau that workers should have an effective voice in the terms of settlement.

MR. HYNDMAN'S MINORITY GROUP.

The group of 30 delegates who separated from the British Socialist Party conference at Salford on Sunday held a further meeting yesterday.

It was decided to form a "National Socialist Advisory Committee."

Eight of the party were chosen to form this new body, with power to communicate with branches of the organisation, so that a conference might be called when deemed advisable. The first meeting of the committee will be held in London on Friday.

Major Sir Henry Paulet Mildmay, sixth baronet late of the Grenadier Guards, has died at Dogmersfield Park, Hampshire, at the age of 62.

THOUGH DEAF, THEY ARE ANXIOUS TO DO THEIR SHARE.



About a hundred deaf men who are training in the hope that the military authorities may find some use for them had a shooting competition at Belvedere, Kent, yesterday. They paraded under the Rev. Gilby, their commander.

ANZAC DAY TO-DAY.

Times And Places To See And Cheer Our Australasian Heroes.

KING'S TRIBUTE TO THE FALLEN.

To-day is Anzac Day—the anniversary of the landing of the Australians and New Zealanders in Gallipoli.

The King has sent this message to the Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia and the Governor of New Zealand:—

Tell my people of Australia and New Zealand that to-day I am joining with them in their solemn tribute to the memory of their heroes who died in Gallipoli.

They gave their lives for a supreme cause in gallant comradeship with the rest of my sailors and soldiers who fought and died with them. Their valour and fortitude have shed fresh lustre on the British Arms.

May those who mourn their loss find comfort in the conviction that they did not die in vain, but that their sacrifice has drawn our peoples more closely together and added strength and glory to the Empire.

The following time-table shows the times and places to see the procession of the men from overseas through London to-day:—

| | |
|--|------------------------------------|
| 10.10 a.m.—Aldwych. | 12.25 p.m.—Victoria-street. |
| 10.15 a.m.—Strand. | 12.35 p.m.—Buckingham Palace-road. |
| 10.20 a.m.—Charing Cross. | |
| 10.25 a.m.—Whitehall. | 12.45 p.m.—Strand. |
| 10.30 a.m.—Westminster Abbey. | 12.55 p.m.—Hotel Cecil. |
| 11.30 a.m.—Service in Abbey. | 2. 0 p.m.—Strand. |
| 12 (noon).—Tottenham-street. | 2. 5 p.m.—Trafalgar-square. |
| 12.15 p.m.—St. James's Park Station (New Zealanders return to camp). | 2.10 p.m.—Haymarket. |
| 12.20 p.m.—Broadway. | 2.15 p.m.—His Majesty's Theatre. |

Later in the afternoon the Australians will return to camp via Waterloo Station.

8s. RENT ALLOWANCE.

Grant From National Relief Fund To Soldiers' Families.

Colonel Lane, hon. secretary of the Surrey Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association, says that divisional committees of the association have been authorised by the National Relief Fund to grant at their discretion a rent allowance wherever they may think it necessary in any case where the rent exceeds 4s. a week.

The allowance may be the difference between 4s. and the actual rent up to 12s.

The officials of the National Relief Fund have laid down the principle that the allowance should be given in all cases eligible for it unless there are very good reasons for withholding it.

Eight shillings a week as a rent allowance may seem a vast sum in the remote parts of Surrey, but it won't compensate the middle-class wife in London for her absent husband's weekly earnings!

CARRIED BLAZING FILMS INTO THE STREET.

Cinema Operator Averts Panic Among Holiday Audience.

The presence of mind of a cinema operator prevented a disastrous panic and perhaps loss of life at Dudley on Saturday.

A continuous holiday exhibition of pictures was in progress, and a film in the operating room caught fire.

One of the attendants tried to extinguish it by putting his coat over it, and then a wet blanket, both without effect.

He then carried the films into the street, and burnt his hands. The brigade arrived and made things safe.

PLUCK HAS ITS PENALTIES.

Mr. A. E. Aspinall, barrister, who jumped into the Thames at Temple Stairs on Saturday and rescued an old man, is suffering from the effects of his immersion. He has developed a high temperature, and is confined to bed.

BANK HOLIDAY RAID ON DOVER.

Hostile Aeroplane Circles Over The Town In Daylight.

NO BOMBS DROPPED.

Anti-Aircraft Guns Put The Raiders To Flight.

From The War Office.

Monday Afternoon.

At 11.45 a.m. a hostile aeroplane appeared over Dover from the east, and circled over the town at a height estimated to be 6,000 feet.

Anti-aircraft guns at once came into action. The hostile machine was driven off. No bombs were dropped.

SEEN AT DEAL.

Many Spectators Of Battle In The Air.

From Our Own Correspondent.

DEAL, Monday.

Shortly before 12 o'clock to-day the holiday folk at Deal and Walmer were treated to a lively ten minutes with an aerial battle which was proceeding between Deal and Dover.

The conditions, however, were not quite perfect; parts of the sky were very clouded but there were bright patches.

At the time there were many folk on the sea-front enjoying their holiday, but the sound of heavy firing from the anti-aircraft guns at Dover only aroused the holiday-seeker's curiosity, and they ran indoors to procure their glasses and telescopes to watch the interesting proceedings that were happening in the sky between Deal and Dover.

Many affirm that they distinctly saw a hostile air plane flying high in the sky between Deal and Dover and shrapnel from the guns at Dover above, beneath and around the enemy machine. Apparently the German, finding it too hot for him, began to scuttle away, for the machine was seen to be hurrying over the sea in the direction of the South Goodwin Lightship.

No bombs appear to have been dropped in the locality.

Our correspondent adds that he has interviewed two gentlemen, members of the London Stock Exchange on holiday at Deal, who had been out driving.

"We were returning (said one) shortly before twelve this morning near Kingsdown and Ringwood when our attention was arrested by the sound of heavy firing overhead. On looking up we saw an aeroplane which we concluded was an enemy one because of its dark colour and unfamiliar shape. We then saw shells bursting around it, and a moment later the machine appeared to be in flames. I said to my companion: 'We have scored a direct hit.' But afterwards we saw the German emerge apparently undamaged. He struggled away in the direction of Deal, and when we last caught a sight of him he was flying away swiftly in the direction of the South Goodwin Lightship. We could still hear the guns from Dover popping at him, but he had got a good start."

CROWD RUSHES FOR SHELTER.

From Our Own Correspondent.

DOVER, Monday.

Just before noon to-day a German aeroplane was observed flying towards Dover. Coming from an easterly direction it was sighted as it flew towards the bay, and anti-aircraft guns began to play upon it as soon as it got within range.

A number of people along the front rushed for shelter, and from positions of security they watched shells bursting close to the raider.

The Taube, instead of attempting to get over the town, turned tail.

As far as can be gathered no bombs were dropped.

SOME SPLENDID SHOOTING.

Another Dover correspondent states:—About 11.45 promenaders on the front were startled by gunfire. A Taube was seen sailing over the town, coming from a northerly direction. It was bombarded on all sides by anti-aircraft guns, and some splendid shooting was witnessed, shells exploding all round him, and it appeared that he must be brought down.

ALARM SOUNDED AT RAMSGATE.

A Ramsgate correspondent says:—At 11.43 sirens at Ramsgate were sounded to denote the presence of hostile aircraft. A few minutes later a German Taube was in the neighbourhood of the town. At 12.30 the sirens again sounded to denote all was safe. No bombs were dropped at Ramsgate.

COUNCILLORS DRIVE TRAMS.

Although more than 160 employees were on strike the Croydon Corporation Tramways Department yesterday ran 34 out of the usual Bank Holiday service of 75 cars.

Several members of the Borough Council acted as drivers.

The strikers meanwhile held some sports. To-day they will hold another meeting to hear a report on the situation from the executive of the Vehicle Workers' Union.

SIR ROGER CASEMENT CAPTURED—ZEPP RAID LAST NIGHT.

GERMANS ATTEMPT TO LAND ARMS IN IRELAND

Enemy Auxiliary Vessel Sunk: Acting In Conjunction With A Submarine.

SIR ROGER CASEMENT A PRISONER.

From The Admiralty.

Monday Night.

During the period between — p.m., April 20, and — p.m., April 21, an attempt to land arms and ammunition in Ireland was made by a vessel under the guise of a neutral merchant ship, but in reality a German auxiliary, in conjunction with a German submarine.

The auxiliary sank and a number of prisoners were made, amongst whom was Sir Roger Casement.

STORY OF SIR R. CASEMENT'S VISIT TO GERMANY

Attempt To Wean Irish Soldiers From Their Allegiance.

TRAITOR'S MAD ENTERPRISE.



SIR ROGER CASEMENT.

Sir Roger Casement was British Consul-General at Rio de Janeiro and elsewhere for some years, and until his traitorous association with the Germans became known he was in receipt of a pension from our Government.

Soon after the great war began he went to Germany to convince the Kaiser that he could stir up rebellion in Ireland.

It has been reported that he received about £2,500 as a retainer from the Kaiser, and was to receive much more if his plans were successful.

SAVED BY GERMAN GUARD.

His most infamous exploit was an address to Irish prisoners of war at Lemburg, where he tried to induce them to forswear their allegiance to King George, and join an Irish brigade in the German service.

As soon, however, as he began to speak the soldiers discovered who he was, and a rush was made for him. If it had not been for the armed German guard in attendance upon him there is little doubt but that he would have been lynched.

Of about 2,000 Irish prisoners it is said Casement was able to induce not more than 50 to join his nefarious enterprise.

It will be remembered that he was the special commissioner appointed by the British Government to inquire into the Putumayo (Peru) rubber atrocities. At that time he was described as "the Bayard of our Consular Service," and his report upon the atrocities revealed a shocking state of affairs, which resulted in an inquiry by a Parliamentary Committee, before which Sir Roger Casement gave evidence.

REPUDIATED BY NATIONALISTS.

After his retirement from Consular service Sir Roger Casement gave close attention to the internal affairs of Ireland. A native of Antrim, his energies were devoted largely to recruiting for the Irish Volunteers.

It is only fair, however, to the Irish Nation-

they repudiated Sir Roger Casement and all his works

As a matter of fact, he had identified himself with the Sinn Fein movement, which seems to be animated chiefly by a desire to wreck the movement of which Mr. John Redmond is the leader.

A week ago it was reported that Sir Roger Casement had been arrested in Germany on a charge which was not specified.

In the early days of his visit to Germany the *North German Gazette*, the organ of the Imperial Government, published a remarkable interview which Sir Roger Casement was alleged to have had with the Foreign Office.

GERMAN "LOVE" FOR IRELAND.

It stated that Sir Roger called attention to the fact that ostensibly at the instigation of the British Government authorised statements had been published to the effect that a German victory would result in great injury to the Irish people through invasion by Germany.

In reply to this the German Foreign Office gave their categorical assurance that Germany cherished only wishes for the welfare of the Irish people, their country, and their institutions, and declared that Ireland would never be invaded with the intention of conquest and destruction of any kind of institutions.

TURKS RETURN TO THE ATTACK.

Attempts To Advance Towards Trebizond Repulsed By Russian Outposts.

Russian Official News.

PETROGRAD, Monday.

On the Caucasian front, in the coastal region, the enemy made attempts to advance towards Trebizond, but was repulsed by our outposts. Fighting continued in the region of Ashkalin. In the neighbourhood of Kharput our fire stopped the Turkish offensive.—Reuter.

TWO HOURS' BAYONET FIGHTING.

More Lurid Turkish Stories Of The Fighting On The Tigris.

Turkish Official News.

(Via Amsterdam), Monday.

On Thursday night (April 20) hostile attacks against our positions at Beitissa were easily repulsed.

From Friday till midday on Sunday the enemy intermittently bombarded our positions at Felahie. On the left bank of the Tigris about noon the bombardment increased, and the enemy attacked immediately afterwards with troops estimated at half a division (about 7,000 men).

Our reserves, however, directed an immediate strong counter-attack on the attacking hostile columns. After two hours' bayonet fighting the enemy was obliged to retreat to his own trenches, with the loss of about 2,000 dead.

The enemy losses in the battle on Saturday were over 3,000. Our losses were insignificant. Near Kut-el-Amara the situation is unchanged.—Reuter.

THE ATTACK ON SANNA-I-YAT.

From The War Office.

Monday.

General Sir Percy Lake reports from Mesopotamia that the bombardment of the Sanna-i-Yat position was maintained throughout the day on Sunday.

The steamer Parisiana has been sunk. The crew

FRENCH SUCCESSES ON THE AISNE AND MEUSE.

German Trenches Entered In The Caurettes Wood.

DEAD MAN POSITIONS AGAIN BOMBARDED.

French Official News.

PARIS, Monday Afternoon.

North of the Aisne a German reconnaissance which was seeking to penetrate into our lines on the plateau of Paissy was repulsed with loss. West of the Meuse during the night we dispersed several enemy reconnaissances south-east of Haucourt.

North-west of the Bois des Caurettes we advanced with the help of grenades into the enemy's communication trenches and took some 30 prisoners, including an officer.

The enemy directed a fairly brisk bombardment against the region of the Mort Homme. East of the Meuse and in the Woevre the night was relatively calm.

At Les Eparges the explosion of a German mine did us no damage.

In the forest of Aprémont our artillery displayed activity, and effectively replied to the enemy's trench engines.

In the Vosges we carried a small enemy post in the direction of the Bonhomme.

GERMANS SHELL THE DEAD MAN.

PARIS, Monday, 11 p.m.

In Belgium our artillery was active in the sectors of Westende and Steenstraete.

In the Argonne we carried out concentration fire in the region of Malancourt.

To the west of the Meuse the enemy violently bombarded, in the course of the afternoon, our positions in the region of the Mort Homme (Dead Man).

To the east of the Meuse, in the Woevre, there was intermittent artillery activity.—Reuter.

ACTIVITY ON BRITISH FRONT.

Hun Aeroplane Brought Down By Gun-Fire: One Of Our Machines Missing.

British Official News.

BRITISH GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, FRANCE.

Monday Night.

To-day there has been some mining activity about the Loos salient and at Neuve Chapelle.

Artillery on both sides has been active about Neuville St. Vaast, Angres, the Ypres-Comines Canal, and at Hooge.

A hostile aeroplane was brought down by anti-aircraft gunfire near Ploegsteert. Pilot and observer killed.

One of our machines is missing.

BIG FRENCH AIR RAIDS.

126 Shells And Incendiary Bombs Dropped On German Stations And Bivouacs.

PARIS, Monday Night.

During the night of Sunday-Monday our air squadrons carried out several bombardment operations.

Twenty-one shells and eight incendiary bombs were dropped on the station of Longuyon, five shells on the station of Stenay, twelve shells on bivouacs to the east of Dun, and thirty-two shells on bivouacs in the Montfaucon region and on the station of Nantillois.—Reuter.

PARIS, Monday Afternoon.

In Belgium yesterday and last night our air squadrons twice bombarded the station of Vyfweg, east of the Forest of Houthulst. Thirty and eighteen heavy calibre bombs were dropped on the station buildings during the two raids, and many of the projectiles struck the objects aimed at. All the machines returned safely.—Reuter.

FORWARD IN EAST AFRICA.

Boer Commander Reports Another Defeat Of Germans With Heavy Losses.

From The War Office.

Monday Evening.

Telegraphing on Sunday, Lieut.-General Smuts reports that the troops under General Vanderventer, after defeating the enemy before Koanda Irangi (German East Africa) on Wednesday, occupied that place.

Prisoners were taken, and a considerable number of casualties inflicted on the German forces, which retired in the direction of the

5 a.m. Edition.

ZEPPELIN RAID LAST NIGHT.

Enemy Airships Over The Eastern Counties.

THREE BABY-KILLERS.

Only A Few Incendiary Bombs Reported Dropped.

From The War Office.

Tuesday Morning.

Three Zeppelins are reported to have come in from seaward over the Eastern Counties last night.

Two crossed the coast of Norfolk shortly before half-past 10, and another followed about 11 o'clock.

A few incendiary bombs have been dropped up to the time of the issue of this statement.

BATTLE IN EGYPTIAN DESERT

Strong Attack On Duedar By Hostile Parties.

ENEMY PUT TO FLIGHT.

From The War Office.

Monday.

The General Officer Commanding-in-Chief in Egypt reports that on April 23 there was fighting in the Katia district.

Aerial reconnaissance indicated that hostile parties, strength from 200 to 500, had been assembling in the desert, and were in the neighbourhood of Duedar, and a strong attack by about 500 of the enemy was made at 5 a.m. on the post held by us at that place. The attack was beaten off after reinforcements had been



brought up, and the enemy withdrew, leaving 30 prisoners in our hands.

Their known casualties amounted to 40 killed. The enemy was harassed during his retreat by a column of Australian troops acting in concert with aeroplanes, and suffered heavy casualties both from the fire of the troops and from bombs and machine-gun fire from the aeroplanes.

Katia village, which was held by a small force of Yeomanry, was attacked simultaneously with Duedar by a hostile column 3,000 strong with three field guns. After a severe engagement our troops withdrew from the village.

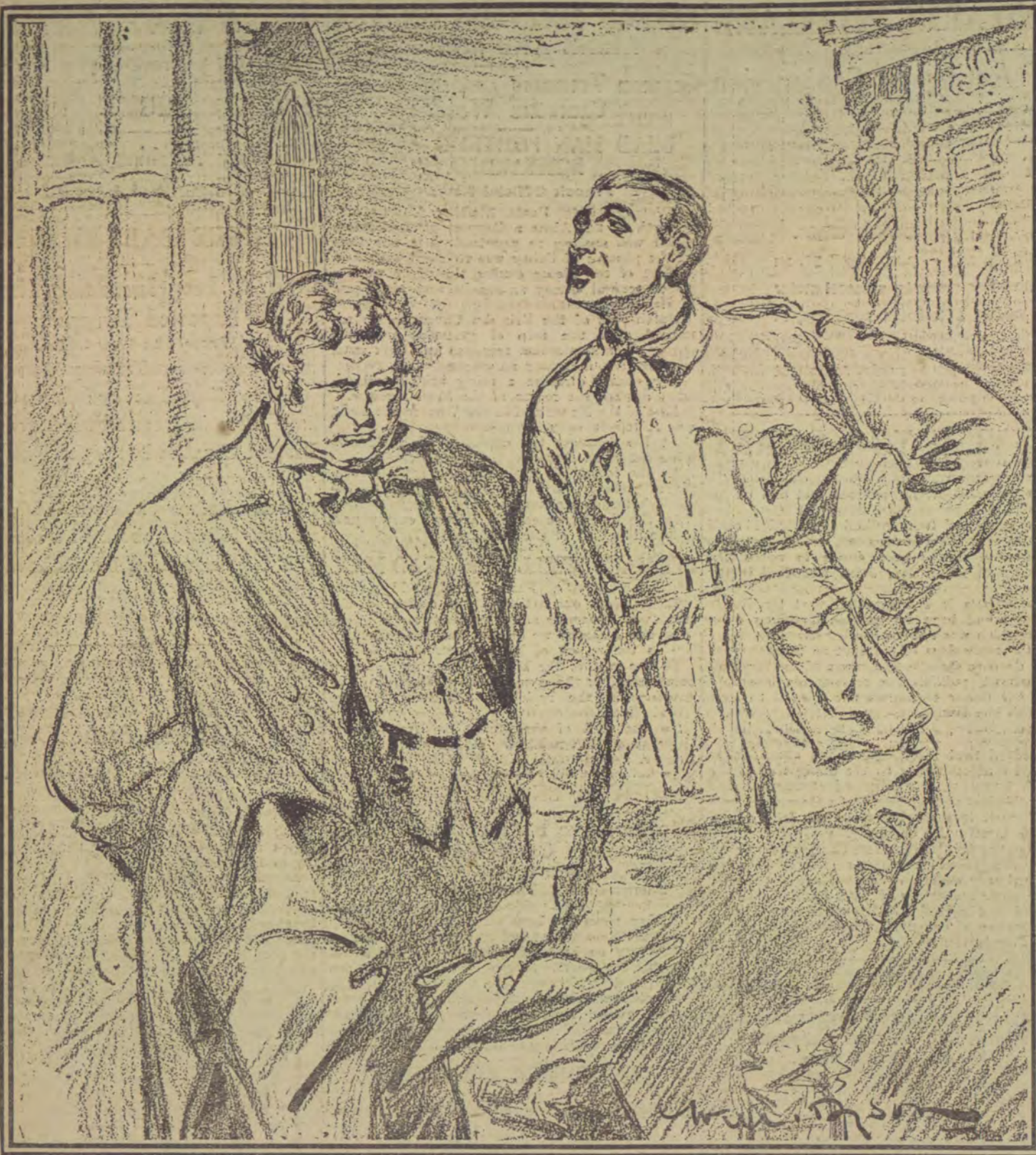
[Katia is an oasis in the desert, about 30 miles east of El Kantara, on the Suez Canal.]

TWO PRINCES IN A RACE.

Princess Mary and her younger brothers, who are very fond of horse-riding, are taking their favourite exercise in Windsor Great Park daily.

Yesterday morning the Princess, a graceful figure in the saddle, and little Prince George, mounted on a diminutive grey pony, were hopelessly left by Prince Albert and Prince Henry, who galloped up the Long Walk at a great pace, and had a mile race from the entrance to Frogmore to the cross-

The Anzacs At The Abbey.



THE ANZAC: "So here all the great British dead are buried——"
 JOHN BULL: "Not all here—some are in Gallipoli!"—(Copyright by Will Dyson.)

HONOURS FOR ONE OF ITALY'S GALLANT HEROES OF THE WAR.



General Marini, commander of the Rome Army Corps, presenting silver medals to Sub-Lieut. Menotti da Carraras, a legless hero of the heavy fighting on the Austro-Italian front.



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THE BOND OF BLOOD.

BEFORE this war we had thought the Dominions were drifting farther and farther apart from us. In many cases their economic interests were not ours, their economic friends were our enemies, their enemies our friends. They had grown another special type of man, and that man and the typical Englishman were said to regard each other with mutual contempt—good-humoured, but profound. Especially the Australians, brawny men, working most of them in the open at rough trades, seemed to scorn our softer ways. What were the links, sentimental or material, which bound us to our oversea dominions? To that query we found no comfortable reply.

THE war came, and in an instant we got the answer: We be of one blood, of one speech, of one civilisation. Whatever you may call us we are Britons, wherever you may find us, little Britain is our home.

WHAT need to tell of the deeds of the Canadians in France and of the Anzacs in Gallipoli? Of the deeds of the Anzacs perhaps we are a little loth to talk, for it is hard to prove that they were not in vain.

THIS, of course, is civilian's talk. A soldier knows that all generals are constantly making mistakes; your great general is he who knows how to recognise his mistakes quickly, and to profit by them. If many Anzacs fell in a fruitless attack on Gallipoli, well, God rest their souls! They did great deeds, and it is the fortune of war.

LET us leave it at that! Let us not now rake over the embers of a dead feud, let us celebrate the dauntless valour which stormed precipitous heights under a murderous fire and a burning sun! Let us recognise that in the last resort, whatever may be the final judgment of history on the assault of the Dardanelles, the lives of the Anzacs were not sacrificed in vain.

THE valour of the Anzacs is an example and an inspiration. If these Britons from the ends of the earth could do so much, what should we do for whom the German menace is so much more deadly?

THAT question is put; but, as I have said, the answer to another question is given. What are the links of Empire? Why, these—Brother handfast with brother, Anzac with Canadian, Canadian with South African, South African with Englishman, with Irishman, Scot and Welshman. We are all Britons here. It is less an Empire than an alliance of nations. And the alliance is a union—not of interests, but of hearts. At which proposition the materialist philosopher—Philip Snowden, to wit—laughs loud.

HE argues in the *Socialist Review* that the main cause of present-day war is not the bitterness of racial animosity, but the desire for economic opportunities.

IT is, of course, not only a question of race, but of speech, of manners and customs, of morals and spiritual sanctions. What Snowden would have us believe is that we and Germans are fighting for the world's markets, and he actually says "it follows that the way to end the war is to open the door to every nation on equal terms.

NOW, even if the premises were sound, we should dispute the conclusion, but the premises are quite unsound. Germany wants markets, yes! but only as a means. What she really wants is world-power. She wants to impose her methods of government and her way of life over the whole civilised world. And having sampled the one and the other we are determined to baulk her intent.

WE know Snowden and his aims. We know he is working for an early peace, on any plea, at any cost. We know he wants to persuade us that the merchant is always the maker of war. Well, let the Anzacs answer him. Their economic interests were not ours, and there are many



Royal Children At Windsor—The Girl And The General—Brigadier's Workman's Ticket.

Princess Mary's Birthday.

PRINCESS MARY, who has had an Easter after her own heart at Windsor, riding in the Park and cycling in the neighbourhood, enters upon her twentieth year to-day. Although her Royal Highness has missed a great deal during the past twenty months in the shape of Court functions and other festivities in which she would have participated upon "coming out," she has been provided by the war with a variety of other activities, and takes the keenest interest in the numerous service organisations with which the Royal Family is associated. Yesterday Princess Mary and Princes Albert, Henry, and George had an hour's riding.

Sir Edward Grey 54.

ANOTHER birthday of to-day is that of Sir Edward Grey, about whose health stories are rather contradictory. He is 54, which is young enough, considering that he has been at the F.O. more than ten years and that things have been happening most of that time. Not long ago he was being spoken of as a future Premier, but I don't think that that will ever materialise. He doesn't want the job, and will be only too pleased to bury himself at Falloden whenever he can win release from politics.

Young Flying Prince.

THIS jolly little chap is Prince Humbert, the twelve-year-old Italian Crown Prince, whose latest exploit has been an aeroplane trip. He has been paying a visit to the naval and military establishments at Tarento and pleaded to be allowed to make an air trip. The aviator Rossi took him up with him, to the young prince's unbounded delight. What a theme for Gabriele D'Annunzio! Prince Humbert has also been an interested



inspector of an aeroplane quick-firing gun near the Italian front, and last year he made the first distribution of medals to relatives of specially brave soldiers killed in action. He is beginning his Royal duties early.

Prince Of The Asturias.

FROM A FRIEND who has just returned through Spain, I hear that the Prince of the Asturias has grown into a very English-looking boy, not unlike the little Prince Olaf of Norway of a few years ago. His second brother, Prince Jaime, is unfortunately still afflicted with loss of speech. The services of Miss Helen Keller, the wonderful American woman who is deaf, dumb and blind, have been retained to help. Miss Keller, in spite of her terrible infirmities, is one of the greatest women scholars in the world.

Royalties' Rings.

THE men of our own Royal family have a very quiet taste in rings, and some do not even wear any at all. The Serbian Crown Prince, I noticed, when here recently, sported one or two rather unusual looking rings, but, of all the royalties I have seen, none wears more than King Manoel. Both hands have three or four, and he has a habit of incessantly fingering them.

The Day's Good Deed.

THERE HAS BEEN a sort of strike of Boy Scouts at the Ministry of Munitions in the Hotel Metropole. They asked for sixpence a week more, and got it. I rather think they are losing some of their high ideals in the stress of the modern battle for life. One lad, for instance, boasts that he has made £3 in a week from tips, and he was the stoutest of those who struck for the extra sixpence.

Typist's Way With Generals.

MEANWHILE, typists tick off Brigadiers like anything, they get so used to them on the premises. A very important Red Hat came up to a little Cockney girl with some papers the other day. But she moved them off her table, and said: "D'you think I've got nothing else to do?" The Brigadier looked pained, but gathered up the MS. and said he would come back. While the girl turned to her friends and explained the efficacy of her methods with the General Staff.

One Of The Workers.

A READER tells me he sat opposite a Brigadier-General on a tram in South London the other day, about seven o'clock in the morning. The Brigadier asked the conductor for a "workman's ticket,"

Hon. Diamond Hardinge.

HERE IS THE Hon. Diamond Hardinge (pretty but unusual Christian name), daughter of the ex Viceroy of India, who has just returned home looking, of course, "bronzed and well" (stereotyped phrase). Miss Diamond naturally came with him. She has been his constant companion since the death of Lady Hardinge, in 1914, and has developed into quite an accomplished hostess at sixteen. They have had a sad time of it out



there. There were the bomb attack which injured the Viceroy, the death of Lady Hardinge and the loss of the eldest son and heir in the war last year.

Anzac Day.

I SUPPOSE you want to see the Anzacs to-day, which means that you will see them, though how people manage to get leave for these occasions I don't know. But it will be a thing worth seeing, and I fancy about the best place to go will be somewhere near the Gaiety Theatre, where the two streams from Fenchurch-street and Waterloo will commingle, so that there will be time to have a good look at the fine fellows. And very pleased they are in the thought that "Birdie" will be in the Abbey and at the luncheon.

Cherry Blossom.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC walker who set out during the week-end to "do" the cherry blossom country of Buckinghamshire tells me that if there are no disastrous winds in the meantime next week-end should be an even more favourable opportunity to see the bloom. At present many of the trees are not full out. There is a fine row of them lining the Amersham-Beaconsfield road, just south of Coleshill, and another on the Amersham-Gerrard's Cross road, near Chalfont St. Giles, where Milton's cottage nestles.

Flaunden's Tree.

HE TELLS me there is a great tree at the little village of Flaunden, the vista through which is like a bit of Japanese scenery, but he hasn't seen it this year, so cannot give the latest bulletin. The beauty of all these places is that they are miles from a railway station.

Back To Peat.

WHAT DO YOU THINK of burning peat in your fires instead of coal? The probability will have to be faced. Even as spills are coming back into use in the place of matches, so many people are going to burn peat. Already in the country, and particularly in Herts and Bucks, folk are burning it in response to the call for economy. As a matter of fact, peat is a very fragrant and clean fuel, and as it helps a British industry it should be encouraged.

The Keeper Of Verdun.

SIXTY YEARS ago Henri Philippe Pétain was born in a little town in the Pas de Calais—Cauchy à la Tour, where he spent his early years. Although six weeks of war saw Pétain raised from the rank of colonel to that of divisional general, and within three months he was commanding an army corps, he had been in the Army for over thirty years of peace without getting beyond the grade of colonel, owing to influences quite outside the Army and more related to politics and religion than the service.



Pétain And The Skipping-rope.

AT SIXTY Pétain is as vigorous and youthful as the most junior subaltern on his staff. This he attributes to his favourite maxim, "It is as necessary for an officer to be in perfect condition as a racehorse." A great believer in exercise, Pétain was fond of skipping in his younger days, and the story is told that when he occupied a flat his "downstairs neighbours" complained of his half-hour's skipping after his morning bath, that he was given the choice of abandoning his habit or seek-

Cabinet Decisions.

I'M NOT SURE whether some of our chroniclers have quite taken in the full effect of the Royal Proclamation on the Secret Session. The sting is in the second paragraph, which forbids any reference to Cabinet decisions. Rumour has it that the Cabinet discusses many and various things, and for all I know Mrs. Gossip might render herself liable to durance vile by mentioning some new freak of fashion on the ground that, across the table, Lord Blank may have whispered to Mr. Dash, "Have you seen Gaby in her new dress at the —?" And their colleagues might say, "Let's have a stage-box to-morrow." That would be a Cabinet decision.

Strapped Trousers!

IN Savile-row, where they know the new moves in the tailoring fashion, gossip says that the next style in men's trousers is to be a revival of the tight-fitting mode of the thirties. Some tailoring experts even go so far as to predict a run on heel-straps as well. We shall see! Is this an economy of material, or what?

Buy Boots.

I WAS TOLD yesterday by someone who undoubtedly knows that the wisest thing anyone can do at the moment is to lay in a store of boots, for in a very short time £3 or £4 is going to be the regular price of a pair. One Army contract alone, he said, was going to swallow up all the thicker kinds of leather for many months. So don't say you haven't been warned.

Aged Artists.

HERE'S A HEALTH unto James Sant, M.V.O., who was ninety-six on Easter Sunday, and believes in youth. He is a famous painter, and was a member of the Royal Academy from 1870 until 1914, when he resigned to make room in that limited body for a younger man. An example this—so many notable artists have had to wait years before they could enter the august assembly which some people spend most of their time decrying. For



example, there is the case of G. A. Storey, who exhibited his first picture in the Academy in 1852, and by 1914 had been elected R.A. at the age of 80! Another veteran R.A. is B. W. Leader, who at 83 still gives as his recreation, "My professional work." It's not a killing job, art. But to come back to James Sant, he is best known for his picture "The Soul's Awakening." At one time he was principal Painter-in-Ordinary to Queen Victoria.

It's "Fubs" Now.

IF you want to be the smartest yet, I'm told you've got to call a flapper a fub. I knew there was an old-English word like that, so I had the curiosity to look it up in the dictionary. I found it means a "chubby little girl," but as all flappers aren't chubby, I don't think I shall adopt the new fashion till I'm obliged to.

Rose-tipped.

AFTER LUNCH the other day, one of the ladies at my table took out of her case a cigarette the tip of which was rose-coloured. You can now buy cigarettes tipped with natural rose petals, retaining their sweet scent.

The Cuckoo.

A READER tells me that the cuckoo was heard and seen on Wednesday at Bushey Heath, only 12 miles from Marble Arch. I heard him, as I told you, on the previous Saturday, but that was in Surrey.

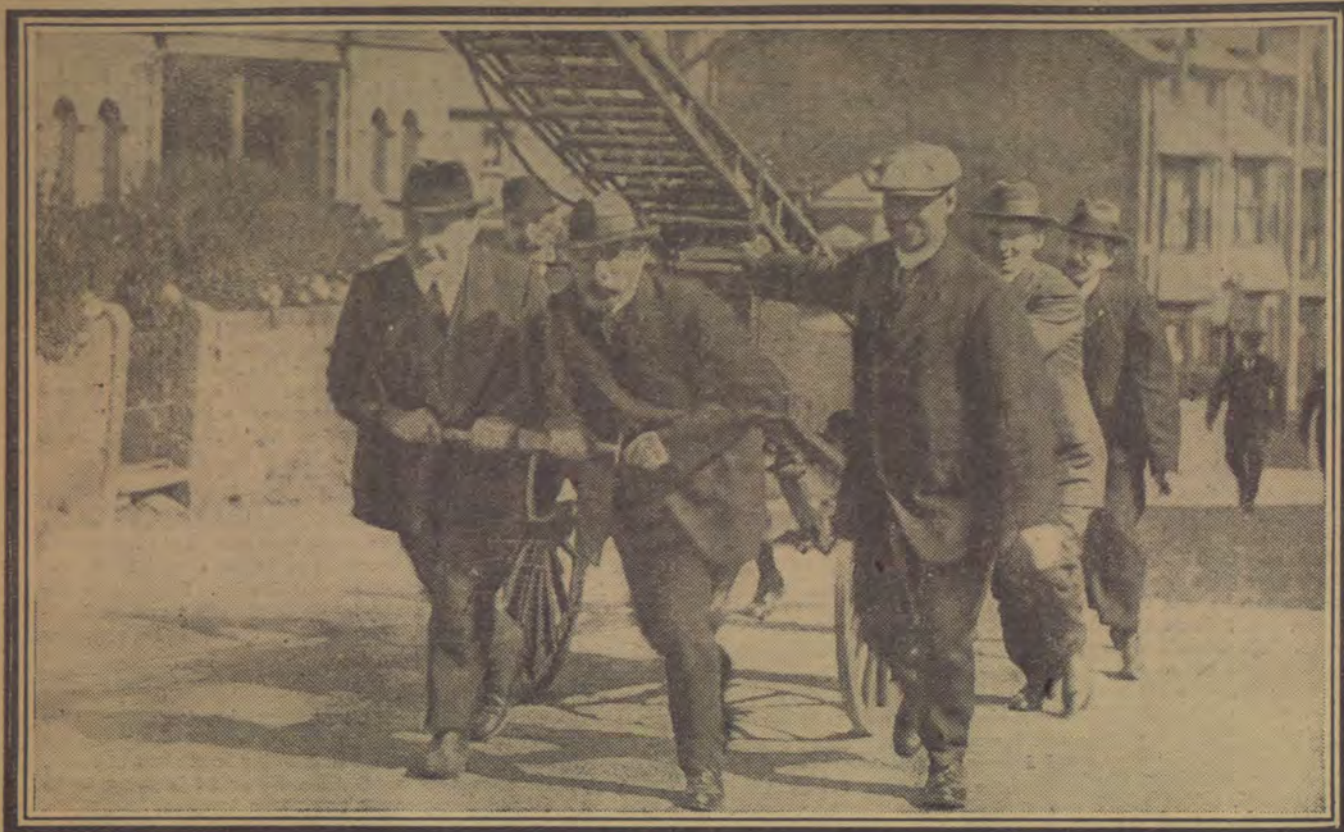
Don't Kill Your Wife.

THE WAR has produced some curious advertisements, but this is one of the oddest I have come across. It was on the gate of a laundry:—"Don't kill your wife! Let US do your dirty work!"

Tint And Taint, And Hint.

MR. ELLIS GRIFFITH, the hope of the Liberal "ginger" group, has a nasty habit of inventing epigrams in his morning bath. At breakfast recently he unburdened himself of this one, still dripping wet (the epigram, not Mr. Griffith). It dealt with the optimist and pessimist. "One gives to his outlook the tint of hope; the other the taint of fear." There certainly seems to be a hint of soap suggested in the sound of the first phrase.

LLOYD GEORGE'S VETERAN FIRE BRIGADE.



The fire brigade of Crickieth—the home of the Minister of Munitions—have all joined the Army: Yesterday their duties were taken over by members of the Town Council, some of whom are here seen wheeling the escape at a practice turn-out.—(Daily Sketch.)

The "Ploughman."



The Countess of Feversham is interested in women farm workers. She recently ploughed a furrow herself, and did it very well.—(Val L'Estrange.)

IN EVERY



In Salonika, as in France, women are always ready for a soldier. Erected just before the war.—(Official)

BACK HOME.



Major-General Dobell has just arrived home after taking part in our victorious campaign in the Cameroons.—(Speaight.)

WITHIN RANGE OF THE ENEMY'S GUNS



The French peasant has learned to ignore the dangers of war. This man working in the Oise district is easily within range of the Huns' guns.

FEEDING THE BIG GUN



One of the big guns in action with the Salonika army. Notice the men feeding the gun.—(Official)

HIS FAVOURITE GAME.



A new photograph of King Alfonso on the polo ground. His Majesty is much interested in the game.—(Official)

THE RHUBARB IS FOR TOMMY'S JAM.



The children in the Oise district are busy harvesting rhubarb for the soldiers' jam.—(Official)

ALWAYS READY.



Sgt. J. Tyrie, H.A.C., has been given the D.C.M. for his willingness to undertake any task.—(Official)

THE SOLDIERS' TRIBUNE



The soldiers' tribune. A woman in a wheelchair is being attended to by the soldiers.—(Official)

TIME.

To Wear An Armlet.



The Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry has declared her intention to qualify for the green armlet of the Women's Land Army.— (Lafayette.)

the boys are
This ring was
the lines.
Photograph.)

THE SALONIKA LINES.



the left, who are passing up ammunition from the underground
Photograph.)

TO THE POET.



HELD THE HUNS.



Pte. C. R. Cowall, D.C.M.,
22nd London Regt., a
Bermundsey man, single-
handedly held off a Hun against

RUSSIANS AND FRENCHMEN TO FIGHT SIDE BY SIDE.



The streets of Marseilles were lined with cheering crowds as the Russians marched through. "Vive la Russe" was on everybody's lips.



The Russian priest passed along the lines blessing the men on their arrival.



French cavalrymen drawn up alongside the roads saluted their gallant Allies as they marched to their camp



Little Ivan, the Russian mascot, was the idol of Marseilles.



Their flag bears the head of Christ.

"NOT ONE BAD NIGHT."

Pakenham, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, 2/2/13.

Messrs. W. Woodward, Ltd

I enclose a photo of my happy little son at the age of seven months and had seven teeth when it was taken. Have never had any trouble with him, not one bad night. This we feel is all due to Woodward's Gripe Water. I recommend it to all mothers. You may use this testimony if you like, and I am willing to answer any enquiries, for I am sure we have you to thank for such a bonny boy.—Yours faithfully (Mrs.) H. J. Nunn.

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

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GRIPE WATER.



Let me tick the points off on my fingers:

- (1) Soundness of design.
- (2) Quality of material.
- (3) Rigid inspection of the product from start to finish.
- (4) Constant tests, and
- (5) 28 years' experience has made

DUNLOP

Warwick and Cambridge cycle tyres unique.

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COCOA

"OF EXCEPTIONAL FOOD VALUE"

OPERA.

ALDWYCH THEATRE—Grand Opera Season.—MAGIC FLUTE, To-night at 8; TALES OF HOFFMANN, Wed. at 8; MADAME BUTTERFLY, Thurs. at 8; ROMEO AND JULIET, Fri. at 8; MAGIC FLUTE, Sat. Mat., at 2.30; CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA and PAGLIACCI, Sat. Evg., at 8. Prices, 10s. 6d. to 1s. Gerr. 2515.

THEATRES.

AMBASSADORS—"MORRIS" by H. Grattan. (Last weeks.) Evngs. 8.30. Matinee Thurs. Sats. at 2.30.

APOLLO—"PEG O' MY HEART." Daily, 2.30. Evenings, Weds., Frys., Sats., 6.45.

COMEDY—Sole Lessee, Arthur Chudleigh. THURSDAY NEXT, at 8; following nights, 8.30. Mat. Sat. next and following Mon., Fri. and Sat., 2.30. "HALF-PAST EIGHT." Phone, Gerr. 2725.

DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL—Arthur Collins presents D. W. Griffith's Mighty Spectacle, "THE BIRTH OF A NATION." Twice Daily, at 2.30 and 8 p.m. Prices 1s. to 7s. 6d. Tel. Gerrard 2568.

GLOBE—Every Evening at 8.15. "THE SHOW SHOP." Matinee, Weds. and Sats., at 2.30.

LONDON OPERA HOUSE, KINGSWAY. 2.15 and 6.45 p.m.

THIS WEEK. Seymour Hicks, Ellaline Terriss and Co. in "Broadway Jones." Ernest G. Rolls' Revue, "The Other Department." BOTH ATTRACTIONS AT EVERY PERFORMANCE.

Next Week. Robert Courtneidge's Co. in "The Pearl Girl." Fred. Karno's Revue, "Hot and Cold." BOTH ATTRACTIONS AT EVERY PERFORMANCE.

Box Office, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Daily, 7/6, 5/-, 4/-, 3/-, 2/6, 2/-, 1/6, 1/-. For seats under 3/- an advance booking fee of 6d. extra is charged. Phone Holborn 6840 (8 lines).

VARIETIES

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

COLISEUM—2.30 and 8 p.m. Mile. ADELINA GENEE and Co. in "A Pretty Pretence." FLORENCE SMITHSON; OSWALD WILLIAMS; MAIDIE SCOTT, etc. Gerrard 7641.

HIPPODROME, London.—Twice Daily, 2.30, 8.30 p.m. New Revue, "JOYLAND!" SHIRLEY KELLOGG, HARRY TATE, YETTA RIANZA, BERTRAM WALLIS, CHARLES BERKELEY, and Super Beauty Chorus.

MASKELYNE'S MYSTERIES, St. George's Hall, W. At 3 and 8; 1s. to 5s.; children half-price. Phone 1545 Mayfair.

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

PALLADIUM—2.30, 6.10, and 9. HARRY TATE AND CO. MISS CLARICE MAYNE AND "THAT" HARRY WELDON, CORAM, ERNIE MAYNE, BARTS TRIO, J. H. WAKEFIELD AND PERCY HONKIN HIS 1916 REVUE.

LOST.

10 REWARD to Finder of PLATINUM BROOCH, missing at ...

MISCELLANEOUS SALES.

DAVIS and CO (Dept. 110), 284 BRIXTON-ROAD GREAT CLEARANCE SALE OF UNREDEEMED PLEDGES of every description at less than one-third original cost price. WRITE FOR LIST OF 5,000 ABSOLUTELY GENUINE BARGAINS POST FREE.

ALL GOODS SENT ON 7 DAYS APPROVAL. BUSINESS TRANSACTED PRIVATELY BY POST.

13/6—GENT'S 18-ct Gold-cased KEYLESS LEVER WATCH, improved action 10 years' warranty; timed to a few seconds a month; also double-curb Albert same quality, with handsome Seal attached. Week's free trial together, sacrifice, 15s. 6d.; approval before payment.

7/6 (worth £2 2s.)—LADY'S Solid Gold Half Hoop Ring, claw setting; large lustrous stones; great sacrifice, 7s. 6d. Approval before payment.

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35/-—Valuable violin; magnificent Strad model; lovely toned instrument, in perfect condition, rich fully mounted bow, in fitted ebony case, complete; sacrifice, 35s.; honestly worth £5; approval.

8/6—MASSIVE CURB CHAIN PADLOCK BRACELET (filled), in velvet case; sacrifice, 8s. 6d. Approval before payment.

22/6—GENT'S superior quality Navy Blue Serge Jacket Suit; well made latest fashion, unworn; 38 1/2 in. chest 30 in. waist, 3 1/2 in. leg, genuine bargain, 22s. 6d.; worth £3 10s.

45/-—Worth £6 6s. 6d.)—Magnificent Hornless GRAMO PHONO, solid oak cabinet, with 10 in turn-table powerful improved "Symphonica" tone arm and sound box with six 10 in. disc tones, genuine bargain, 45s.; approval.

12/6—GENT'S Massive Double Albert; 18-ct Gold (stamped filled), solid links, curb pattern; approval.

4/9—GENT'S 17s. 6d. Oxidized Keyless Lever Watch perfect timekeeper; non-magnetic action; 5 years' warranty; week's free trial; sacrifice, 4s. 9d. Approval before payment.

16/6—ARMY SERVICE WRIST WATCH, solid nickel silver dust and damp-proof case, with luminous dial (time can be seen in the dark); reliable timekeeper, warranted 10 years; genuine bargain, 16s. 6d.; worth 42s.; approval.

4/9—PRETTY NECKLET, with heart pendant attached, set Parisian pearls and turquoise; 18-ct gold (stamped filled), in velvet case; sacrifice, 4s. 9d. Approval before payment.

14/6—LADY'S handsome 18-ct GOLD-CASED KEYLESS WATCH, EXPANDING BRACELET; fashionable pattern; will fit any wrist; perfect timekeeper; 10 years' warranty; sacrifice, 14s. 6d.; week's free trial. Approval before payment.

12/6—LADY'S very handsome long NECKCHAIN or watchguard; exceedingly choice pattern; genuine 18-ct Gold (stamped filled), in velvet-lined case; great bargain 12s. 6d. Approval before payment.

22/6—GENT'S tailor-made DARK TWEED JACKET SUIT superior quality; fashionably made; 35 in chest 35 in waist, 3 1/2 in leg; never worn; sacrifice, 22s. 6d.; approval.

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FRINGE NETS, full size, 1s. 1d. doz. list free, combs purchased.—J. BRODIE, 41 Museum-street, London.

PEACH'S CURTAINS, Casement Fabrics, Linens, Laces; great advantages in buying direct from Makers. Send for New Catalogue, post free, large choice attractive values, exclusive designs.—Peach and Sons, 223, The Looms, Nottingham.

MACKINTOSH'S

When we say Toffee de Luxe is full of food value we don't ask you to accept the bald statement alone, we name the chief ingredients in support of our statement.

BUTTER—that's a food,
CREAM—that's a food,
SUGAR—that's a food.

—these, and some other things are what we use, all of which we guarantee to be pure and wholesome. Are we wrong, therefore, in saying that Toffee de Luxe is full of real food value?

You must put good things in the pan if you wish to get good Toffee out. You know that from experiments with home-made toffee. You cannot, however, make toffee at home quite like Toffee de Luxe because there are some essential things that you do not keep in your pantry. Further, it requires special boiling apparatus, and our scientific process of mixing and making, and it is these things, plus all our good honest articles you would use yourself, that give Toffee de Luxe its "de Luxe" flavour and quality.

1d. per Ounce for a Toffee like De Luxe is money not injudiciously spent, so even in war time we say—buy

MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE DE LUXE

KITCHENER'S MAN says—"My emergency ration is Toffee de Luxe and there's an emergency every minute into the tin lasts."

The SAILOR says—"It's a general favourite on every deck. You should see us cheerfully munching it with the North Sea at its worst."

The TYPIST says—"I keep a tin of Toffee de Luxe going, and that keeps me going and makes the keys run sweetly."

TOFFEE de LUXE

B.S.A. MOTOR BICYCLE

Copy of 1916 B.S.A. Motor Cycle Catalogue post free on request

THE INVISIBLE WOMAN.

By EDITH SHACKLETON.



A dressing-gown of cyclamen pink crêpe-de-Chine, with black and white silk trimmings.

It was Mr. G. K. Chesterton who built up a story of a baffling crime on the fact that a postman in uniform, going about his customary functions, is invisible to the average eye, or, at least, makes no impression on the average brain. Even to a suspicious watcher the postman of the story was "nobody"—a thing as remote from life as a pillar-box. So much for the invisible man. But a more fascinating and curious case is that of the invisible woman. To-day woman, merely as woman, has completely faded out of the public intelligence.

Here the reader becomes annoyed. "What! Woman invisible? Why, at this particular period of the world's history there is no getting away from her. If she isn't punching your 'bus ticket she is mending your car or neatly carving you on an operating-table. Every newspaper you pick up is full either of pictures of her doing these things or of articles saying how splendidly she does them. Of course, one can't say it out loud at a time like this, but we are just the least little bit fed up with Wonderful Woman."

ABNORMAL WOMEN OBSCURE THEIR SISTERS.

All of which merely goes to prove that woman, living her average life and performing her natural and traditional functions, is invisible. It is only when she ceases to be normal that she becomes a visible object—and then she becomes not only visible but so prominent that there is all the less likelihood of her everyday sisters being discovered. It is not merely a case of not being able to see the wood for the trees; the publicists of to-day, in this matter, cannot see the wood for the telegraph poles. Telegraph poles are useful affairs, but the wood they came from is more essential and beautiful.

One of the fallacies which have sprung from the comparative invisibility of woman is that conveyed by the statement that women will not, or can not, live together. Co-operative house-keeping has been suggested repeatedly as a fairly practical solution of the domestic difficulties of Derby men's wives and families, but is always greeted by the cry that it is impossible.

"Women would never agree to live together." Nobody seems to have thought of looking at women and so discovering that they do live together already.

Women, in fact, have been living together for the length of history. Men it is who will not live together unless under the pressure of a great emergency like that which has now driven them to endure one another's society in the Army. Whoever marvelled at the spectacle of daughters living with their mothers until they are grey-haired, or who failed to be surprised that a son should remain contentedly in his father's house after he could grow a beard?

IS THERE REAL COMRADESHIP AMONG MEN?

It may be urged that men live together in universities, but this they do only for a few years, and then not in the domestic sense of the term. Their common inhabitation of the same town or group of buildings has to be made tolerable to them by a rigid etiquette which makes it possible for any one of them to isolate himself temporarily from his fellows when their society becomes too much for him. Men do not show that passionate zest in one another's society which will send almost any two girls in one house to do their hair in one another's rooms, or causes women to call on one another for no definite object. A man rarely goes merely to see another one. He has to see him about a dog. He must cling to some ritual, such as that of drinking, to cover his embarrassment at seeking out a fellow man.

There is, of course, a fundamental reason for the natural and universal comradeship of women as opposed to that lack of it among men which has led them to cement themselves into artificial bonds of fellowship such as Freemasonry and the like. Women are interested in one another, and understand one another, because, normally, their occupations are the same—and not only are the invisible woman's occupations the same as those of her invisible neighbour, but they are little different from those of her stone-age foremother. The bearing and rearing of children, even the

preparation of food, have not altered in their essential details since Eve played with the toes of the infant Cain.

But with Adam it has been different. His fundamental job—that of hunting for food—has been so elaborated, so specialised, that he no longer recognises the man who goes up to town with him in the train as a fellow hunter. Adam may be in the Civil Service, while the man next door sells patent castors. How can they fall to when they meet and discuss their various hunting trails as Eve and Mrs. Patent Castors discuss teething and flannels after two minutes' acquaintance?

One can only suppose that woman will remain for ages yet invisible, and that the fallacies concerning her will consequently thrive for as long. The Man in the Street gets the fullest recognition and understanding from the publicist, but the Woman Who Pours the Tea is an uninteresting mystery, about whom he merely makes dull guesses and wild generalisations. She is too numerous a person to be visible in a world sprinkled with feminine "sports" who can add up soldiers' allowances, cut canteen sandwiches, and face a whirling lathe or a broken ambulance wagon with the utmost calm and efficiency.

PATRIOTS THAT THE PUBLICISTS CANNOT SEE.

But sometimes, when I see the praises of our gallant army of feminine stopgaps, I am jealous for the invisible woman. For in her war work there is no excitement and little glory. Unsung, she wrestles with household tactics when coal is two-and-twopence a hundredweight, and milk is sixpence a quart. Unheard but by her immediate circle, she keeps the laughter about her hearthstone. She may not, in a becoming uniform, bind the wounds of the soldier of to-day, but, in her last year's frock, she fights the whooping-cough and measles of the soldier of to-morrow who sits on her knee. And if we strained our eyes enough to see her as she is, we would see also the real greatness and splendour of our country.

EDITH SHACKLETON.

LILLIPUTIAN WEEK AT SELFRIDGE'S



GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

THIS WEEK, Selfridge's, like Lilliput, is a veritable island of little people, and a giant figure of Gulliver stands as a symbol on the facade of the Store. For it is Lilliputian Week, when everything for children of all ages is offered. There are dainty Baby Clothes, Nursery Frocks, and suits for the little ones—school outer and underwear for the older boys and girls. Trunks, Bags, Tuck Boxes, Play Boxes for school use—everything for sports and games for the long summer term. Juvenile Cycles, Children's Books, Toys, Sweets—in fact, everything for childhood's days at Selfridge's, the Children's Buying Centre.

WASH SUITS & FROCKS for BOYS & GIRLS



No. 1. The "CLIVE" WASH SUIT for Boys of 2½ to 6 years, in fine White Pique, with pretty Check knickers: cuffs and collar of Mercerised Cotton. Four shades, Saxe, Fawn, Mauve and Pink. All sizes, **12/11**
No. 2. The "ABERCROMBIE" TUNIC SUIT, in good Wash Linens. Mauve, Reseda, Light Brown, Blue, Ginger and Wine. Trimmed White pique collar and cuffs. For ages 3 to 6 years. A Suit, **15/6**
No. 3. The "GERALD"—For Boys of 2½ to 5 years. Harris Linen Knickers. Fine White Haircord Muslin Blouse, hand-embroidered, with pretty and exclusive smocking to match knickers. Brown, Green, Saxe, Mauve, Sky, and Cerise. All sizes, **16/9**



No. 4. "Joy" Crepe de Chine DRESS for girls of 5 to 12 years. In charming shades, also Cream and Navy. Price for 5 years **42/6**
Rising 2/- each size.
No. 5. "Jill" Dainty White Embroidered Voile DRESS, with lace and pin tucks at yoke. Ribton at waist. Styled for the little girls of 6 to 11 years. Price for 6 years **29/6**
Rising 2/- each size.
No. 6. "Winsome" Charming Shantung DRESS, pleated and smocked with Rose and other shades, with collar and cuffs to tone. Styled for girls of 5 to 12 years. Price for 5 years **35/6**
Rising 2/- each size.

TRUNKS and PLAY BOXES for the NEW TERM.



No. 8. Nut Cowhide KIT BAG, lined drill, brass lock & 2 clips, leather covered frame, hand-sewn. Sizes, 22, 20 and 18 in. Prices, respectively, **30/-**, **32/6** and **35/-**. Deal PLAY BOXES, iron clamps and corners, with till, good lock. Sizes, 24, 22, 20, and 18 in. Prices, respectively, **15/6**, **14/6**, **13/6** and **12/6**
No. 7. 3-ply Birch Veneer Cabin TRUNKS, 4 hard-wood battens round trunk,

brass corners, 2 good sliding nozzle locks. Covered Brown or Green waterproof canvas. Tray inside. Very light and strong. Sizes, 38, 36, 34, 32, and 30 in. Prices respectively, **50/-**, **45/-**, **42/6**, **40/-** and **37/6**



SWEETS. We are now making a wonderfully nutritive Food Confection consisting of finest American white corn, which will be popped daily with the addition of fruits, nuts and butter. No less than 200 varieties will shortly be available.

BOYS' FLANNEL SHIRTINGS.

Make your BOYS' SHIRTS and PYJAMAS at home. The Boys Clothing Department has strong Union Flannel cut out ready for making to fit boys from 6 to 18 years. No patterns are needed and directions are included with the material. Price of Shirt each **3/11** size. Pyjamas unmade **6/3**

FOOTWEAR. A Smart BOOT for boys or girls, Black Glace with patent cap; to lace or button. 3-6, a pair **15/9**; 11-1½, **13/9**; 7-10½, **12/9**
Girls' Patent Lace SHOE, sizes 11-2½, a pair **11/9**; 7-10½, **10/9**

WILDE BEATS ROSNER.**American Retires In The Eleventh Round.****VISITOR'S DOUBTFUL TACTICS.**

Johnny Rosner came from America to learn at Liverpool last night that Jimmy Wilde is astonishingly clever.

The latter was nearly always avoiding the crude swings of the visitor, and it was only because Rosner can, apparently, assimilate punishment that the contest for the fly-weight championship of the world did not end before the eleventh round, in the course of which the American's seconds acknowledged their man had had enough.

Both were cautious at the opening of the first round, but Wilde jabbed a left lightly to the head. The American whipped the right hand, but the elusive Welshman was away before he could do any damage.

Wilde was not averse to having a fight, and stood well up to his man, and a couple of lefts were followed by Rosner swinging a hard right to the body, which missed.

Afterwards he scored with a similar punch. The "terror" appeared to be studying his opponent, and just at the close lashed out heavily with a left to the head.

A couple of body punches with right and left to the head by Rosner did Wilde no harm in the second round, but then we saw the Welshman at his best, and both hands were much in evidence. A left, which just missed, might have ended the contest in summary fashion had it reached its objective. Then a right, which caught Rosner on the side of the head, did him no good.

Rosner was very strong, and time after time tried with right and left hooks, but didn't find the Welshman there.

Wilde Settles Down.

We saw Wilde settle down to business in the third round, and that left and right never left his opponent's face. Rosner's left eye was now bleeding, and he kept swinging both hands, but doing no damage.

Cool and collected as usual, the Welshman easily avoided those swings with which the American tried to end the contest, and gained the points easily, and it looked as though the Welshman was approaching.

In the fourth round Rosner, who was now strong, kept swinging time after time, and making to draw his man into ambush. This he failed to do. Then Wilde rushed his man all over the ring, and scored repeatedly with that propeller-like left on the face, and although Rosner occasionally got home punches to the ribs, they did not trouble Wilde.

Every now and again in the sixth round we saw Rosner going in that style which has earned him an American reputation, but Wilde was throwing no chances away. A right hook looked like ending matters, but Rosner, although palpably weakening, held his ground.

Rosner Hits Low.

In the seventh round Rosner, in trying a body punch, caught Wilde very low. This he repeated shortly afterwards. A similar punch soon came again, and sent Wilde on his head, but, quickly getting up, he made things most interesting for the American, and the end of the round came as a relief to Rosner.

Both were soon at work in the eighth round, Wilde getting his left home on his opponent. Rosner's wicked swings kept flashing out, but Wilde was always outside the danger zone.

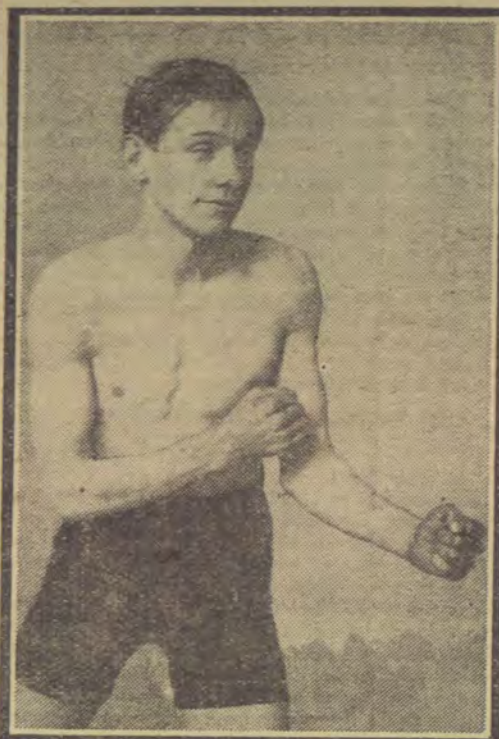
Wilde Keen To Finish It.

In the ninth round Wilde tried deliberately to end the contest, and but for Rosner's strength he would have accomplished this. Just on the close Rosner hit his man low, and was cautioned by the referee.

Rosner swung right and left hard to the body in the tenth round, but his idea of defence was crude, and towards the end he was heavily punished.

Hurricane Methods.

The eleventh round began in hurricane fashion, but Wilde resumed his punishing tactics to such an extent that Rosner's seconds ultimately threw the towel into the ring to save the American further punishment.

THE FLY-WEIGHT CHAMPION AND HIS RIVAL.

Jimmy Wilde.



Johnny Rosner.

SIR EDWARD GREY MAY RESIGN.**Continued Ill-Health Leads To Talk Of Change In Foreign Secretaryship.**

The Marquis of Crewe is temporarily in charge of the Foreign Office, Sir Edward Grey having gone into the country to make the best of a short Easter respite.

But I am sorry to say, writes the London correspondent of the *Daily Dispatch*, that it may become necessary for him to take a prolonged rest. He continues to suffer severely with his eyes, and the effect of this malady on his general health has often been most marked.

In the more exclusive clubs there is talk of a change in the Foreign Secretaryship, and I believe I am right in saying that Sir Edward Grey would have laid down his heavy burden some time ago had it not been for the possible effect of such a step on international opinion.

Sir Edward, in his modest way, did not take so high a view of his personal importance as did our Allies in France and Russia.

Should it become impossible for him to continue a likely successor is Lord Hardinge. Among other names which suggest themselves are those of Lord Crewe and Lord Robert Cecil.

EAST LONDON'S CLOSING STATIONS.

At the mass meeting at the People's Palace tomorrow evening, to protest against the proposed closing by the Great Eastern Railway Company of several East London stations, Mr. Warwick Brookes, M.P. for Mile End, will preside. Lord Burnham will move the main resolution, which will, it is hoped, be seconded by Sir Edward Cornwall, M.P. for N.E. Bethnal Green, and supported by Mr. A. W. Yeo, M.P. for Poplar.

Practically every public body in East London has protested against the closing down of the stations.

AMERICAN COTTON (close): New York, 3 points down to 2 up. New Orleans, unchanged to 7 points down. Tone steady.

The Royal Munster Fusiliers Prisoners of War Committee

(formed of Officers and relatives of the Regiment)
The White House, South Farnborough, Hants.

THE ROYAL MUNSTER MATINEE

(In aid of the 670 Royal Munster Fusiliers—Prisoners of War interned in Germany since Mons, 1914.)

will be held at

THE QUEEN'S THEATRE

ON FRIDAY, APRIL 28th, 1916, at 2.15.

THE ALL STAR VARIETY PROGRAMME

includes, by courtesy of their respective managements, London's best talent—

Mr. Harry Tate, Mr. Edmund Gwenn, Mr. Harry Weldon, Mr. Nelson Keys, Miss Violet Loraine, Act II. of "Kitty Mackay" by the generosity of Mr. Alfred Butt and the company, Miss Phyllis Monkman and Mr. Jack Christie, Miss Teddie Gerard, Mr. Lewis Sydney, M. de Groot and his orchestra, Miss Dorothy Varick; Mr. James Welch in "Judged by Appearances," supported by Miss Ruby Miller, Mr. Bertram Phillips, and Mr. Philip Page; Mr. Jack Morrison, Miss Cicely Debenham, Mr. Robert Cunningham, Miss Beatrice Lillie, Miss Ruby Miller and Mr. Gerald Kirby, Mr. Jerome Murphy, and Mr. George Moore. Many well-known stage beauties will be selling programmes

UNDER MOST DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE.

TICKETS from 1s. to 21s.; Boxes £3 3s. Box Office now open at Queen's Theatre, Shaftesbury-avenue. Telephone Gerr, 9437.

Tickets may also be obtained at the Junior Army and Navy Stores, York House, Regent-street; the Daily Graphic, Tallis House, Whitefriars-street, E.C.; or from the Hon. Sec., Mrs. Gower, 29, Half Moon-street, W.

FLYING ACCIDENT NEAR BOURNEMOUTH.**Fatal End To R.F.C. Officer's Morning Journey.**

The holiday at Bournemouth was marred by a flying accident, which resulted in the death of Lieut. Edward Wm. Wise Rebbeck, of the Royal Flying Corps, son of the late Colonel E. W. Rebbeck and Mrs. Rebbeck, of Stafford Lodge, Bournemouth.

Lieut. Rebbeck left Beaulieu, in the New Forest, early in the morning in an Army biplane,



and safely reached the aerodrome near Bournemouth, where he came down for a brief rest just after 8 o'clock.

When he was at a height of 200 feet something went wrong, and the machine crashed to the earth.

An Interesting Scotch Proverb.

"Bread is the staff of life, but the pudding makes a good crutch"—that is if made with ATORA Peef Suet. More digestible and economical than if you use raw suet. Sold in 1 lb. cartons 10d. and 4 lb. cartons 5d. Ask your grocer for it; refuse substitutes.—Adv't.

RUSSIA AND ENGLAND.**From the King to the Tsar.**

Easter Day, 1916.

To-day, when by a happy coincidence our two nations are celebrating Easter and we are commemorating St. George, I cannot refrain from sending you my congratulations and expressing my renewed confidence in the victory of our Allied Armies. I have followed with delight the recent victorious achievements of your gallant Army.

From the Tsar to the King.

Warmest thanks for your kind Easter greetings and good wishes. I entirely share your confidence in the ultimate success of our combined efforts.

YESTERDAY'S FOOTBALL.**LONDON COMBINATION.**

Luton 3, Watford 1. At Luton
Chelsea 3, The Arsenal 1. At Highbury
Queen's Park Rangers 2, Millwall 0. At Kenal Rise
West Ham United 2, Clapton Orient 1. At Upton Park
Fulham 1, Brentford 0. At Craven Cottage
Croydon Common 10, Reading 2. At Selhurst.

LEAGUE: MIDLAND SECTION.

Hull City 4, Rotherham County 1. At Hull
Bradford 4, Bradford City 2. On the former's ground.
Leeds City 1, Barnsley 0. At Leeds
Nottingham Forest 4, Notts County 2. On the Forest ground.
Sheffield United 1, Sheffield Wednesday 0. On Wednesday's ground.

Grimsby Town 3, Lincoln City 0. At Grimsby.
Stoke 6, Derby County 1. At Stoke.
Leicester Fosse 2, Chesterfield Town 2. At Leicester

LEAGUE: LANCASHIRE SECTION.

Bolton Wanderers 4, Stockport County 2. At Bolton
Oldham Athletic 4, Bury 2. At Oldham.

ORDINARY MATCHES.—Southport Central 1, Everton 0;
2nd Footballers' Battalion 5, Manchester United 2; Cardiff City 3, Swindon Town 2; Birmingham 4, Crystal Palace 0;
West Bromwich Albion 3, Aston Villa 1; Newport County 5, Swansea 0; Walthamstow Grange 2, Irish Guards 0; Leytonstone 2, A.S.C. (Canford) 2.

SOUTH-WESTERN COMBINATION.—Bristol Rovers 2, Bristol City 0; Southampton 3, Portsmouth 0.
SCHOOLBOY INTERNATIONAL.—Scotland 4, England 1.
MIDLAND COMBINATION.—Chesterfield 3, Rotherham County 1; Doncaster Rovers 7, Gooze Town 0.
RUGBY UNION.—New Zealanders 9, Bath 3.

OUTSIDER WINS SYDNEY CUP.

SYDNEY, Monday.
The race for the Sydney Cup was run to-day, and resulted as follows:—Prince Bardolph, 1; Green Cap, 2; Scout-Master, 3. Also ran: Carita, Uiva's Isle, Berrabdeen, Gira, Marcullus, Washing Cap, Celsigne, Limeight, Fortune Hunter, Hush Money, Kandos, Corsep, Christian Brother, Frasca, Fantarie, Foll, Bay Rum, Ravello, Common Law, Wedding Day, Karanand King, W. L. S., Dollar Dictator, 1; Scout-Master.
Prince Bardolph, with Foll, led all the way. Green Cap challenging at the distance. Won by two lengths, 5 lengths dividing second and third. Time, 3min. 24sec.—Reuter.

SPORT BY THE WAY.

Billiards close: Falkner, 10,137; Stevenson, 7,614
Sapper Callicot beat Young Lippe in 15 rounds at Plymouth.
Willie Farrell beat Jim Prendy in twelve rounds at the Blackfriars Ring last night.

Ice-Corpl. Cummins, 4/5 Loyal North Lancashires, added to his long list of victories at Ashford yesterday by winning a six miles "Marathon" race in 36min. 20sec.
In a trial at Newmarket over a mile Sirian beat King's Joker, Broken Doll, Polystome and Silver Star. Won by a neck; Chelsea lead in the London Combination. Their score of 2-1 at Highbury yesterday raised their record to 118 goals. Buchao did not score; he and Thomson have now each 38 goals.

At the Ring yesterday afternoon Billy Wells, Bermondsey, beat Fred Housego, Paddington, during the tenth round; Harry Brooks, Aldgate, received the decision, on points, over Johnny Moran, Lambeth, after 15 rounds; and Driver George Buswell, R.F.A., won on points against Corpl. Fred Preston, First Surrey Rifles.

The chief contest at Hoxton Baths yesterday afternoon, between Sergt. Johnny Summers, 4/10th Middlesex Regiment, and Corpl. Billy Fullerton, 19th Hussars, finished unsatisfactorily, as both men were guilty of so much clinching that the referee stopped the bout in the sixth round and declared no contest.

At Sandown Park yesterday, at sports carried out by the London Divisional R.E., Corpl. Hecumont, of the 4/3 Field Co., scored a double success, winning the 100 yards handicap and the 120 yards hurdle race. He also ran second in the 220 yards, the winner of which was Lieut. MacFarlane, 3/2 P.O.

Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Asthma, Coughs, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Colds.

Vapo-Cresolene

Established 1879.

A simple, safe and effective treatment for bronchial troubles, avoiding drugs. Vaporised Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves Spasmodic Croup at once. It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma. The air carrying the antiseptic vapor inspired with every breath makes breathing easy; soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights. It is invaluable to mothers with young children.

Send postcard for descriptive Booklet to—Selling Agents: Allen & Hanbury, Ltd., Lombard St. London E.C.

**GREATEST SALE EVER KNOWN SECONDHAND FURNITURE, CARPETS, &c.**

(MODERN AND ANTIQUE)
500 BED-ROOM SUITES, complete walnut, mahogany, Chippendale, Sheraton, ash, oak, etc. ranging from 3 guineas. OVER 800 BEDSTEADS, complete, from 21s. upwards
DINING-ROOM FURNITURE, every character, "hippendale, Jacobean, Hepplewhite, etc. Suites from 4 guineas.
DRAWING-ROOM FURNITURE, every period at low prices.
COLLECTION OF TALLEBOYS, antique chests, secretaire, PIANOS, over 40 to clear, from 7 guineas upwards
12,000 CARPETS.—Mirzapore, Turkey, Aubusson, Axminster, Wilton, Brussels, and art squares, from 7s. 6d.
70 CHESTERFIELDS from 3 guineas. Lounge Chairs from 14s. 6d.

CURZON'S FURNITURE DEPOSITORIES, 272, PENTONVILLE RD., KING'S CROSS, LONDON, N. Goods selected will be stored free by us until required. Orders packed free for country and sent carriage free. WRITE FOR CATALOGUE NOW READY.

No MORE GREY HAIR

You can easily avoid that most disquieting sign of age—grey hair—by using VALENTINE'S EXTRACT

WALNUT STAIN which imparts a natural colour, light brown, dark brown, or black, and makes the hair soft and glossy. It is a perfect, cleanly and harmless stain, washable and lasting. One liquid, most easy to apply. No odour or stickiness. Does not soil the pillow. Price 1/-, 2/-, and 5/- per bottle. By post 3d. extra, securely packed. Address—

THE LOVE CHEAT.

Serial Story Specially Written for the Daily Sketch.

By YELVA
BURNETT.

The Ruse.

In his resolve to get the better of Mrs. Chevonne Thomas Cotwood found Felix invaluable. Through the maid he learned of what her mistress intended to do during the day.

On most mornings, while Betty dawdled at her toilet, Vivian accompanied his uncle to golf, or they went riding together over the estate. Betty was a late riser, and it was her custom to breakfast in bed.

She had done this only since the Rear-Admiral's death. The days were unbearably long to her; the feigned sadness with which she was forced to mask her natural frivolity was becoming more than she could bear, hence she joined the others as late as possible and nobody rebuked her, for she was encouraged to rest after the acute shock which she was supposed to have suffered.

One morning a note on her tray, from Miss Maddox, asked Betty to come over to lunch at the Court that day. Betty thought it would be bad policy to refuse, although the spinster caused her unmitigated boredom with stories of Mrs. Starre's early girlhood.

Felix was told to hurry in preparing Mrs. Chevonne's bath; Betty did not wish to be late, for she knew that Colonel Maddox regarded unpunctuality as an unforgivable offence; and she saw the necessity of pleasing him, hoping in return for a particularly handsome wedding gift.

Betty sent down a message to Uncle Ben asking whether she might have one of the cars.

"Tell him, Felix, that I shan't need a chauffeur, for I am well able to drive myself, and prefer doing so."

The maid returned a few moments later to report that the car was at her service.

"I only just caught the squire and Mr. Vivian in the avenue going off somewhere or other, madame," she added.

Her duties performed, Felix went into the grounds, where she met Withy coming along the drive. She blushed and giggled at sight of him, convinced that the new servant had fallen a victim to her charms.

"If that isn't so, why in the world does he single me out from the other maids, for whom he never has a word?" she asked herself. There was something very likeable about Withy.

The man grinned at her now, and gradually led her on to speak of Mrs. Chevonne.

"She goes driving this morning, and it seems she's clever at managing a car, for she won't have nobody with her."

The under-gardener had his wits about him; he had already lain in wait for such a chance as this. Looking boldly at Felix he told his lie easily.

"That's just what I'm here for, Miss Felix," he said politely. "The squire has forbidden Mrs. Chevonne to drive herself, and Mr. Vivian's of the same mind. They sent me back to take her along."

What Lay in His Heart.

"You, Withy—a gardener!—heavens save us," Felix giggled into her lifted apron. "I can't see you in a car!"

"Wait and you will," retorted Withy, looking offended. He went straight to the Squire's chauffeur, with whom he was on friendly terms.

"A small car is wanted."

"Um! I've got the order," grumbled the man over his pipe. "Morning, noon and night now

she's here, but I find I'm not to drive her this journey."

"No; the Squire's told me to take your place, Cummins. He knows I can handle a car, and he don't like her drivin' herself."

The chauffeur grinned. "You'll look rummy as a chauffeur, my friend; but you're welcome to my place. Ever driven a car?"

Withy answered with dignity: "At one time I had four of my own."

"A tall story that," Cummins commented, showing his teeth. "Madame will want the five-seater, I expect. She's a beauty; goes like a bird. You'll need my rig-out, and I guess it won't bag much on you, seeing we're about the same build."

Withy was burning with impatience lest even at the last moment his plan should miscarry, but he looked as calm as usual. He washed the garden earth from his hands and changed into the chauffeur's livery. As he steered the car round to the drive, his heart was hammering against his ribs.

He was sacrificing much in order to punish his niece. He looked round at the Talebriar grounds with an acute sense of coming loss. He was breaking away from a certain means of earning his bread, for he well knew that his return, after what he was going to do, was impossible.

After a wait of nearly twenty minutes, Betty came into the hall. Withy heard the butler repeating the supposed orders of the Squire. Evidently Felix had told him. Withy knew his niece well enough to fear that, in a pet at not being allowed her own way, she might refuse to go to Maddox Court; but to his relief Betty approached the car smiling.

"So you are to drive me, Withy!"

He stood on the gravel and opened the door of the vehicle.

"Yes, madame!"

"Very well, I must prove to your master some day that I can drive myself. How hot it is, Withy!"

The sun rays fell warmly beneath the limes and oaks; already bees were to be seen droning over the budding flowers. It pleased Betty's sense of power to see her own uncle in the livery of a Talebriar chauffeur. She thought it was a fine chastisement for his former insolence to her. The man's face showed so crushed and downtrodden a spirit that she never dreamed of what lay cherished in his heart.

Years ago Laurette had discovered that Uncle Tom's mild, kindly nature could at times be withered by a vindictive wrath, but Betty saw him only as a weak, doddering creature whom she and Cecil Chevonne had ruined for their own benefit.

In Her Enemy's Power.

The car bore Betty and her uncle away, seeming to spring across the drive, to dip in and out of the oak trees, dragon-fly fashion.

They had only five miles to go on a smooth road; Betty enjoyed leaning against the cushions, watching the young leaves and young birds, the trickling streams and purple hills. Warm new scents came to her from the spring grass, from the fir woods, and beech woods, wherein the primroses showed hearts of gold to the sun.

But they were only a mile from Talebriar, when a big cloud sprawled itself overhead, showing a sullen bronze edge against the blue of the sky. A raindrop spattered on to Betty's dainty nose, and a family of other drops followed, clapping upon her cheeks.

Betty leaned forward and bade Withy lift the hood of the tonneau. He blessed his good fortune;

the rain-cloud was his friend. With Betty caged behind him his task would be all the more easy to accomplish. She would be less likely to notice their direction.

Betty's sense of impish amusement caused her to giggle at Uncle Tom as he made her secure from the rain.

"How kind you are to me, Withy!" she murmured, looking into his eyes without the smallest compunction. "You drive very well. How would you like to be my chauffeur when I am married? That will be better than gardening, won't it?"

"You are very kind, madame!"

Mrs. Chevonne held out her hand to him. She did not altogether approve Withy's calm self-control. She wanted him to show her his bleeding wounds; she feigned some pity.

"You may call me Betty, while we are alone, Uncle Tom."

"That's good of you, Betty."

"I often feel sorry to see you serving at Talebriar."

"I'm resigned to my fate, Betty. Being what you are, I suppose you couldn't help grabbing money that wasn't yours?"

"Oh, come, Uncle; that was Cecil's doing."

"Yours as well, Betty; but, anyway, that's over, so it doesn't matter."

"You are quite a philosopher; but we meant you no harm. None of us can see into the future!"

"That's unlucky for you," muttered Withy, in his throat.

Thomas Cotwood's Design.

The April shower threatened to accompany them all the way to Maddox Court, but Betty, being sheltered, did not mind; she lay back watching the raindrops slant down and dreamed her dreams of security and power.

When she roused from these she discovered that Withy was driving at a high speed across a road which she failed to recognise.

Betty leaned towards him.

"Have you lost your way?" she cried. "You must turn back immediately!"

To her utter amazement, however, Withy paid no heed. Betty called to him again, raising her voice angrily, but to all appearances her uncle was visited by sudden deafness. He had his set purpose before him, from which he would not swerve by one hair's-breadth.

He meant to push forward to some high ascent above the sea and desert the car. Betty should be forced to relinquish her hat and her scarf and he would rush the empty car down to its destination on the beach below at the last moment. Yes, the touring car, in all her beauty of silver and green, must be sacrificed. Everyone would be assured at a glance that he and Betty had been killed; the tide was rising and in an hour or two all the biscuit-tinted beach below them would be covered with deep blue water.

Then he intended to set forward on foot with Betty. Her jewellery would furnish them with necessities for a time, after that she should tramp the streets, as he had tramped them, until her spirit was broken.

Thomas Cotwood meant to make a sorry pilgrim of Mrs. Chevonne; he had no spark of compassion for his as yet unconscious victim; but Betty, observing the sea—which was not visible from Talebriar—succumbed to a sudden dread that sharpened and whitened her face. Her knees shook beneath her; her voice rose to a scream.

Fool that she was to have trusted her precious self to this sullen and cold-blooded rogue. She might have known that he had taken Cummins's place so as to punish her in some manner so terrible that she dared not let her thoughts dwell upon it.

The Catastrophe.

"Stop! Will you stop!" she shrieked. And as she car hurled onwards Betty was convulsed with her impotent rage. "You devil; oh, you devil!" she sobbed.

She steadied herself, wondering if she dared venture along the footboard and snatch the wheel from Uncle Tom. The car was humming along at full speed, but Betty thought she could manage to achieve her purpose with but little difficulty.

Betty lifted the catch of the door, and pushed it back; in an instant she was on the footboard, and, clinging to the car with both hands, was working her way along.

The rain beat on her cheeks; the veil of her motor bonnet was whipped across her eyes. To see the road skimming away beneath her caused a giddiness which she could only relieve by turning her face swiftly to the sky.

With every ounce of her strength, however, she held on, and at last was able to pull open the door which gave access to the driving-seat of the car. As she clambered in beside him, Thomas Cotwood glanced round at her, his eyes suddenly wild and startled.

"Get back!" he cried fiercely. "Get back! What the—"

Betty reached out at the steering-wheel; one little hand gripped its rim, while with the other she tried to grasp the clutch, with one movement of which she could throw the engine out of gear.

"Betty, for God's sake—"

Thomas Cotwood's voice rose in a harsh scream; he was trying to push her away from him; in the struggle the steering-wheel received a sharp tug, either from Betty or from himself; the car swerved, and crashed heavily into a huge boulder at the roadside.

Thomas Cotwood was flung forward, but the firm grip of his feet and hands saved him from disaster.

He heard a crash of splintered glass; he saw Betty's body jerked, as a stone from a catapult, through the jagged glass of the wind-screen. He heard her wild, throttled cry as she disappeared.

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



Our Portrait is of Miss Nellie Thornton, of 79, Brighton Street, Salford, Manchester, whose mother writes:—

"I am sending a photo of my daughter 'Nellie' who is now completely cured 'of Eczema by your 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' She was

Without Healthy Skin from Head to Foot

and could hardly bear to stand, sit, or lie down. I took her to the doctor's, but she seemed to get no better. After six weeks I took her to a skin hospital, and I kept her under their treatment for five months. They gave me ointments for her, but they did her no good. She got worse. I then bought some 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' for her, and am now very thankful, for her life is due to the wonderful cure it has made of her."

In a further letter recently received Mrs. Thornton writes: "Nellie is a fine young woman now, and has never ailed anything since she was cured by your wonderful 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.'"

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such as Eczema, Scrofula, Bad Legs, Abscesses, Ulcers, Glandular Swellings, Boils, Pimples, Sores of any kind, Piles, Blood Poison, Rheumatism, Gout, &c.,

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MORE GERMAN BLUFF.

HER HUSBAND KILLED: HER BOY WOUNDED

A BARRIE BELLE.



This cartoon from the German *Ulk* represents what official Germany wants the public to believe—that the French defenders of Verdun are cornered at last!



Mrs. Allard and her family. Inset, the eldest boy. Rifleman W. Allard, a Tottenham man, risked his life to save a comrade's just before he was killed. His widow is anxious to see her eldest boy, who, though once wounded, has not been home since he went to France ten months ago.



Rfn. Allard, killed.



The man he saved.



Olive Royston is one of the six beautiful princesses in Barrie's "Kiss for Cinderella."—(Bertram Park.)



Industrious little Susies sewing for Tommy's comfort. These Lakeland children have already made 200 articles for various soldiers' funds.

A BOAT AS MESS-ROOM.



Veterans of the City of London National Guard utilise an upturned boat as mess-room after a morning's drill at Brighton.

ONE OF THE GUNS HUN AIRMEN DREAD.



One of the quick-firing guns which the French use against German aeroplanes making reconnaissances over the Oise— (French official photograph.)



"The last of Russia's regiments"—another sample of German bluff that ignores the victory at Trebizond.