

**£500 PRIZE OFFER**

**Make Sure of Your Copy of the "Sunday Pictorial"**

In spite of the unostentatious manner in which it is being carried out, the most important event of the moment is the visit to the Argentine which the Prince of Wales starts this week-end, a fact which Mr. G. Ward Price emphasises in an exclusive article in *tomorrow's Sunday Pictorial*.

Mr. Ward Price shows that once again "Britain's Best Salesman" is giving the lead to the manufacturers of Great Britain.

The splendid example set by the Prince, he says, should act as a great incentive to the business men of this country to capture their share of the overseas markets by sending their representatives and their goods in his wake.

Another 100 Hampers are offered as consolation prizes this week in the *Sunday Pictorial's* £500 MUST-BE-WON Picture Puzzle Contest, in which the first prize is £400.

The remarkable success of Mr. Edgar Wallace's play, "On the Spot," is being repeated with the story of the play which is appearing in serial form in the *Sunday Pictorial*.

**TWO KILLED IN TRAIN SMASH**

**Man Rushes from His Bed to Help the Injured**

Two men lost their lives and three were injured in a collision between a newspaper train and a light engine between Clacton-on-Sea and Thorpe-le-Soken early yesterday.

The collision occurred on a lonely part of the line just outside Clacton, and the two men killed were E. Sheldrake, of St. Andrew's-road, Clacton-on-Sea, and Stan Wright, of Rosemary-road, Clacton-on-Sea, the driver and fireman of the newspaper train.

The injured were G. Goodrich, the driver of the light engine; his fireman, L. Wilding, of Clacton, and Ted Elliston, of Colchester, a guard.

Visibility was very bad at the time of the accident.

The two engines, although locked together, remained upright. Considerable difficulty was experienced in getting the injured men from the cab of the light engine.

Mrs. Adams, of Cooks Green, who lives about half a mile from the scene of the accident, said: "I was in bed at six o'clock when I heard

a bang and felt a terrific shock which shook the house.

Mr. H. Clarke, of New Cottage, Holland, said: "I was awakened by a sudden whistling. After hurriedly dressing I rushed over the fields to the scene of the collision and helped my father and brother to get the injured men out of the locked engines.

"We had considerable difficulty in getting the injured men from the light engine, as the cab was all entangled with the other engine." This is the third railway accident involving loss of life during this month.

**£20,000 HOSPITAL GIFT**

**Sir Albert Barratt's Offer if Public Will Subscribe £10,000**

Sir Albert Barratt, of Tetteridge Park, has given £20,000 to the Prince of Wales's General Hospital, Tottenham, on condition that £10,000 is raised by public subscription.

The hospital is in debt to the extent of about £10,000 and the governors have appointed a committee to issue an appeal for the required £10,000.

**HOME MENACE OF DOUBLE-WORDS**

**Mrs. Merry Andrew's Threat to Return to Mother**

**CONTEST CRUELTY**

**Craze That Is Disorganising Once Happy Household**

BY MRS. MERRY ANDREW

Double-Words must stop! Some one must win that £500 prize offered by the *Daily Mirror* in their puzzle contest, which closes, I am told, on Saturday, January 31.

If not, I shall have to get a divorce on the grounds of "mental cruelty."

Andrew has not been the same man since he started to do Double-Words. A mysterious change has come over him, and I am beginning to wonder if he is really sane.

He ceased to be merry soon after he opened the puzzle box. He used to be so bright and cheerful, and would carol gaily in his bath every morning; but now he only mutters words of four letters—and some of them are words which no gentleman would apply to his wedded wife!

I am worse off than a golf-widow. It is true he stays at home all day, but from morning till night he lies on the floor juggling with pieces or rapidly turning over the pages of a dictionary.

He never speaks to me, except when he grips me suddenly by the arm, stares at me with a strange expression in his eyes and demands brutally "Taop and wape! Is that sense or is it not?"

**SIGNS OF HYSTERIA**

He hasn't got actually violent yet, but sometimes he is strangely petulant, and I have noticed signs of hysteria in him. I fear he is growing neurotic.

Double-Words is rapidly wrecking our home-life. It has already disorganised the whole household.

Cook has caught the craze and spends her time struggling with the pieces of this dreadful puzzle. Yesterday three letters turned up in the soup.

Then there was a dreadful scene when the dog ate the first half of the puzzle which An-

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drew thought he had solved. I had to rush out and buy him another one—Andrew, not the dog—or I am sure he would have done something dreadful.

He is so temperamental that the slightest check sends him into the deepest gloom, but if he finds a letter that fits he dances round the room with cries of jubilation, and that is almost as bad.

There is no doubt about it; he has got Double-Words on the brain. If he is not moaning in agony or throwing the pieces all over the room in a fit of pique, he is discussing how he shall spend the £500 when it arrives.

Unless something happens I shall go back to mother.

But before I take that decisive step I think I shall have a shot at solving Double-Words myself.

From what I have seen of it, it seems to be quite a simple puzzle, and I have already thought out one solution.

I understand that now is the time to send in one's efforts (with name and address on back of envelope) to:—

Double-Words,  
The "Daily Mirror,"  
Back-hill,  
Clerkenwell, E.C. (Comp.)

I must beat Andrew at his own game. And yet—would he ever forgive me if I found the correct solution and won that £500?

**TRY THESE DISHES**

**Old English Fare on Show at Novel Cookery Exhibition**

Old English dishes, prepared from recipes handed down from generation to generation, have been collected for the English Folk Cookery Association's Exhibition, which opened yesterday in the Gas Light and Coke Company's lecture hall, Church-street, Kensington.

From Leicestershire there was a dish of Cheeky Pigs—little pigs modelled out of dough and stuffed with mince-meat. Stargazing Pasty—a herring rolled up in pastry with the head left poking out—came from Cornwall. Near was a three-cornered cake called the Country God Cake for baptisms, and Shropshire sent an example of the original Burying Cake eaten at burials.



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