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PLEASE TELL US.

Is it so as not to disturb the orderlies, that the patients put slippers on downstairs before going to their rooms?

What Sister Maillard will do with her lantern when the coal oil restriction comes into force?

Why Sergt. Quigly and Pte. Blunt left their supper in such haste on Tuesday night?

Why Sister Wilson so seriously objects to the Please Tell Us column?

Why Pte. Jones persists in telling certain young ladies of Buxton he has to work in the evenings, when he has absolutely no duty to do after six p.m. daily?

Does Williams know that there is such a thing as a speed limit?

Was it to have more space or to get closer to the fireplace, that the staff in the Registrar's office had the fixtures moved?

How Sergt. Granecome enjoyed his vacation? How the night orderlies like their new dining hall?

Did Scottie Wells set the chimney on fire to see the fire squad practice or was it to see what kind of uniforms the Buxton fire brigade wore?

Why McNeill refuses to let anyone see the contents of any more of his parcels?

If Sergt. Jimmie thinks it's just the right thing to do, to send one young lady into the fish and chip shop then disappear with the other?

If Sergt. Quigly makes a practice of selling bogus watches, and does he ever intend to buy them back?

What line of business Mac is going in for, now that he has given up the dairy line?

Did Sister Refroy accompany the other sisters to Manchester on Tuesday, or did she prefer to travel alone?

What attraction Sister Refroy's disc has for Pte. Buun, or is he collecting them?

Why Sister Hicks is always disturbed at lunch hour by the telephone; is it a regular occurrence?

Did Sister Kirk expect to meet some distant relative on Wednesday evening, that she was so anxious to meet the 9-30 train?

Did Sister Tanner have a spite against a sergeant, when she stopped him and asked him to carry a dog back to the Sisters' quarters, especially when he was accompanied by a young lady?

Which makes the most noise, the sanitary squad "Tiny," or garrison artillery in action?

If Pte. Warrington is thinking seriously of going in for missionary work?

If Pte. Oatham cannot bring back anything better than several big boils, when he goes on leave?

If Pte. Brame was to grow a moustache, would he have an equal show with the night chef?

Or is he going to take his defeat without saying a word?

Why Sergt. Henderson and Corpl. Cooke are so busy house furnishing, are they getting ready for some big event?

What's the attraction some of the office staff have at a short period during the day?

Who was the Sergt. that carried the girl's umbrella past the hospital. Does Sergt. Martin know?

Why Sergt. W. so earnestly requests to have his name kept out of this column?

Who are the patients who are always "Jhonnie on the spot" about half an hour before the bugle sounds at meal times? Do they believe in the idea, "come early and avoid the rush?"

Has the Chaplain tired of his "Here and There" column, or is he too busy?

Who said anything about Christmas pudding? Who sent Celloist Malcolm the tiny pair of baby shoes and the little imitation Red Cross nurse? Would he like to know?

If the little bit of blue ribbon is in "suspension" of what become of it?

Why is Cooper's, Higher Buxton, such a favourite meeting place, particularly noted as "the sausage shop?"

If the sausage carried home in a certain R.E.'s great coat was forgotten, and what became of it?

Who is the Canadian, on seeing a certain young lady nearing the hospital at 7-30 every morning waves and throws kisses with his body half out of the window?

Who is going to win in the competition between Gunther and Orr in pushing the perambulator up the hill?

Who is the sergeant who ran away with Jock's girl after the dance?

How does Fitzpatrick like his change of uniform?

Who is the Buxton lady who, reaching out in the dark to turn off the alarm clock, caught hold of her husband's ear and gave it a good hard twist? Ask George.

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**SWEETHEARTS ALWAYS  
QUARREL.**

TRUE LOVE NEVER RUNS SMOOTH.

"Tom and I will never quarrel," said a very newly-engaged girl the other day. "We love one another too much." This girl was one of the many who enter into engaged life with a mistaken idea.

The path of true love isn't so easy as it appears, and most couples, however much they love one another, have to confess to having had one or two quarrels.

A quarrel is really due to difference of opinion, and sweethearts, if they are normal men and women, are bound to disagree on some point or other sooner or later. It is better that the first quarrel should come during the engagement than after the wedding, for then neither will expect perfection when married life commences.

Of course "love is blind" and sweethearts cannot conceive that it will be possible for any disagreement to cross their path, for to him she is the "best girl in the world," and he is her "dearest boy." Things may go smoothly for weeks, perhaps months, but the quarrel is inevitable, and is often brought about by some trivial thing.

Perhaps he is detained by business and forgets to write her his daily letter, and when they meet the "storm in a tea-cup" ensues. She, irritable and cross, reproaches him, and he feels hurt and injured. But just as the quarrel is inevitable, so if a couple really love one another will reconciliation be inevitable, and the bliss of "making it up" will have been worth the quarrel.

SIDE-SPLITTING WAGERS.

FUNNY THINGS ABOUT THE AMERICAN ELECTION.

Once more the Presidential Election fever is firing the blood and inflaming the brain of the United States; and the usual epidemic of wagering on the prospects of the rival candidates—the most ludicrous and laughable betting on the face of the earth—is beginning to rage.

At a moderate estimate it is safe to say that, when the result of the election is known, at least half a million losers will be called on to "face the music" for which, in their reckless enthusiasm they are now calling the tune.

It would be difficult for the most inventive brain to devise anything more absurd and grotesque than many of these wagers which are now being made by some of the most level-headed and responsible men in America.

To crawl on hands and knees across a bridge and back; to promenade in the loser's wife's clothes; to walk along the principal streets of New York or Chicago carrying a placard proclaiming to the world "I am an ass. Don't you think so?" to blow a feather half a mile; and to promenade Broadway in bare feet, and from time to time turn somersaults—such are a few of the ridiculous performances that await those who wager on the losing candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

One man, if his favourite, Wilson or Hughes, loses, condemns himself to trundle the winner through the principal streets of Boston during the busiest hours of the day, and another to go about hatless, with his head shaved, for a week.

As a penalty for backing the losing candidate at the last election a prominent Chicago man was condemned to go about his business for a fortnight with a gold ring through his nose. A Pennsylvania lawyer paid for a rash wager by blacking his face with burnt cork and masquerading, until Christmas day, as a nigger.

A highly respectable merchant of Kansas found himself condemned to crawl in the mud on all fours through the main streets of Wichita, from ten o'clock in the morning to six in the evening; and a New Jersey political enthusiast had to spend a week in a pig-sty, thus rescuing the other party to the wager from the ignominy of covering himself with oil and ashes, and standing in a field as a target for rotten eggs and too mature vegetables.

One Los Angeles man had to pay for his lack of political foresight by swimming across an icy river at dead of night, clad in his pyjamas; another, to promenade the streets for an hour at mid-day, dressed in a lady's summer attire and carrying a parasol, while the thermometer registered several degrees of frost.

Even women figures in ludicrous processions; for, four years ago, we read that Miss Gertrude Morris, a lady of Columbus, Ohio, was wheeled in a barrow the entire length of Livingstone Avenue by William Doolittle, the loser of the wager, the triumphant Gertrude blowing a horn to add to William's discomfort.

But the most popular of all these freak election-wagers is undoubtedly the "peanut and toothpick stunt" in which the loser is compelled to roll a peanut up a hill with a toothpick, the nut under no conditions to be touched with the fingers. After the last election, among the many victims of this ordeal was Mr. Christopher Murphy, a prominent customs officer of Boston, who rolled a peanut up the steepest hill in the neighbourhood amid the jeers and shrieks of laughter of ten thousand spectators.

"After having traversed a third of the distance," we are told, "the performer's back began to ache violently; but he persisted manfully, and, after four hours of almost superhuman perseverance, reached the top of the hill a very sad and utterly exhausted man."



Winter Sport at Buxton.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Regimental Sergt.-Major Campbell, of the Ontario Military Hospital, Orpington, paid a visit to his friend, Sergt.-Major Pegg, during the week.

N.S. Tamer spent the week-end in London, with her brother, Sergt. Tamer, who has just returned from France.

N.S. Manchester left on Saturday for transport duty to Canada.

Corpl. Boothroyd spent a very pleasant six days' leave of absence.

N.S. Adams has been taken on the strength of this unit on her transfer from Ramsgate.

N.S. Tripp on being transferred to Granville Special Hospital has been struck off the strength of this unit.

Sergt. Granecome spent a few days in Clevedon, Somerset.

Corpl. Keene and Corpl. Roulson left on Monday for Ireland, where they will spend a week in Dublin and surrounding towns.

N.S. Hayhurst has been granted fourteen days' leave of absence.

Corpl. Thompson spent Tuesday in Manchester purchasing music for the Hospital Orchestra.

CHEER UP THE OLD FOLK.

IMPORTANT WAR WORK FOR THE HOME GIRL.

Those girls who are doing the "thing that's nearest" are helping to win the war quite as much as those who have taken up special war work. It is very hard for a girl who would love to go nursing or munition-making to stop at home and go the trivial round. But there is war-work for her even in or on the fringe of the home circle.

One girl has taken upon herself the work of cheering up the old folk. Her mission is to comfort fathers and mothers whose boys are facing danger in the firing line.

She goes to see these old people regularly, taking with her little presents to cheer them up. Often she stops for an hour or so and chats with them on bright topics so that they become quite cheerful. She leaves behind her a restful feeling, and the old folks begin to look forward to her next visit. She is tactful and sympathetic, and inspires despondent parents with hope and pride in their sons.

This girl does not wear any uniform except that wonderful cloak called charity. She is doing her bit bringing comfort to the aged, the father and mother who must needs "stand and wait."

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INTELLIGENT HENS.

GREAT POULTRY MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

A journalist keeps hens about a mile away from his home, and daily his wife fetches home about fifty eggs.

For three consecutive days now she has found all the nests empty. The hen-house door was intact, so was the lock, therefore how had the thieves got into the shed?

She could not tell, and Mr. and Mrs. Henfruit sat up the three nights discussing the thefts and how to catch the thief. But they were baffled.

On the following morning, when returning fruitless from the shed, she met all the hens on the road, nearly half-way between the shed and the house. Whatever they were doing there she could not tell.

When she next went to tend the fire she was surprised and delighted to find a solution to the mystery. There in the coal-place were all her eggs.

"Now, how thoughtful of those hens to save me the trouble of fetching the eggs," she thought.

And she fully understood, when the journalist got home that night and told her of having seen all their hens in a row on a fence, looking at a new poster—

"Now is the time to lay in coals."

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HORSES DECORATED FOR BRAVERY.

The cavalry horse has always played a prominent part in warfare, and there are several occasions when he has been decorated for bravery. A short time ago, for instance, a Russian officer's horse was awarded a medal for "gallantry in action." It appears that the animal's master was badly wounded, and fell from the saddle. The horse evidently realized the rider's plight, for it picked him up by his belt with its teeth and carried him to safety.

This reminds us that a Russian artillery horse was awarded a medal at Plevna. A number of wagons were sent with ammunition to the front line. As they were making the journey the wheels began to fall, and all the horses, with one exception, refused to move. The driver of one wagon noticed that one horse of the team did not seem a bit cowed, so he cut the traces of the other horses. Thereupon the willing animal dashed forward and succeeded in pulling the ammunition wagon through the fire. The driver was promoted and his animal decorated with a medal specially struck for it.

The late Earl Roberts was carried on the memorable march from Kabul to Kandahar on the back of a grey Arab steed named Vonolel. Queen Victoria bestowed upon this animal the Kabul medal with four clasps and the bronze Kandahar star. When Vonolel died it was buried with pomp and ceremony in the rose garden near the Royal Hospital at Dublin.

"We're glad to welcome you into our little family, Mr. Slimm," said Mrs. Starvem. "Our boarders invariably get fat."

"Yes," replied the new boarder, "I've noticed the same thing in most boarding-houses. It's cheaper than lean meat, isn't it?"

"Where did you find the prisoner, constable?" asked the magistrate.

"In Trafalgar Square, sir," was the reply. "And what made you think he was intoxicated?"

"Well, sir, he was throwing his walking-stick into the basin of the fountain and trying to entice one of the stone lions to go and fetch it out again."

They have some precocious youngsters in the schools down Shepherd's Bush way. Look at this for instance—

"Oh, Miss Tuttleston," said little Bobbie, who had been kept after school, "whenever I see you I can't help thinkin' of experience."

"What do you mean?" the lady demanded, with a good deal of asperity.

"Experience is a dear teacher, you know." Then she gave him a pat on the cheek and said that he might go if he would promise not to make faces at any of the little girls again.

Even the lowly comma, when misplaced, may be the cause of disaster. Of this no better instance can be found than that where the printer, setting up a little story, asserts—

"The two young men spent the early part of the evening with two young ladies; and after they left, the girls got drunk."

The death of the unfortunate ex-King Otto recalls a story, good enough to be true, bearing on the not too friendly relations normally existing between Prussians and Bavarians.

"Your King is a madman," a typical Prussian remarked to a Bavarian acquaintance.

"Quite true," was the retort. "Our King is mad, and we know it, and keep him where he can't do any mischief. But your King is just as mad, and you don't know it. One day you will be sorry you didn't keep him under control."

The Patron: "How old are you?"  
The Barber: "Thirty-nine, sir."

The Patron: "And how long have you been bald?"

The Barber: "Lemme see, sir. Ah, yes, I was quite bald thirty-nine years ago, sir."