

LIMBERGER CHEESE.

Ma sent me to pay a bill at the grocer's last Saturday. The boss behind the counter made me a present of something wrapped in a piece of silver paper, which he told me was a piece of Limberger cheese. When I got outside the shop I opened the paper; when I smelt what was inside I felt tired. I took it home and put it in the coal shed. In the morning I went to it again, it was still there; nobody had taken it. I wondered what I could do with it. Father and mother were getting ready to go to church. I put a piece in the back pocket of father's pants and another piece in the lining of ma's muff. I walked behind them when we started for church. It was beginning to get warm. When we got to church father looked anxious, and mother looked as if something had happened. After the first hymn mother told father not to sing again, but to keep his mouth shut and breathe through his nose. After the prayer perspiration stood on father's face, and the people in the next pew got up and went out. After the next hymn father whispered to mother that he thought she had better go out and air herself. After the second lesson some of the church wardens came round to see if there were any stray rats in the church. Some more people near our pew got up and went out, putting their handkerchiefs to their noses as they went. The parson said they had better close the service and hold a meeting outside to discuss the sanitary condition of the church. Father told mother they had better go home one at a time. Mother told father to go the nearest way home and disinfect himself before she came. When they got home they both went into the front room, but did not speak for some time. Mother spoke first and told father to put the cat out of the room, she thought it was going to be sick; it was sick before father could get it out. Mother then turned round and noticed that the canary was dead. Mother told father not to sit so near the fire, it made it worse. Father told mother to go and smother herself. Mother said she thought she was smothered already. Just then our servant came in and asked if she could open the window as the room smelt very close. Father went upstairs and changed his clothes and had a hot bath. Mother took father's clothes and offered them to a tramp who said: "Thanks, kind lady they're a bit too high for me." Mother threw them over the back fence into the canal. Father was summoned afterwards for poisoning the fish. Mother went to bed. Father asked her if she had been fumigated. Just then father had a note sent to him. Father came to wish me good night at ten o'clock in the evening with a note in one hand and a razor strop in the other. I got under the bed. The people next door thought we were beating carpets in our house. I cannot sit down comfortably yet. I have given my little sister the remainder of that Limberger cheese; I thought it a pity to waste it.

WORSE CONFOUNDED.

Peace has loomed large in the newspapers late, which reminds me somehow of a story I once heard concerning Mr. Asquith. No one listening to the Prime Minister's polished diction and easy flow of words could imagine that, as a boy at the City of London School, he was timid and halting of speech and easily flustered. One day (so the story goes) he was reciting in class, and the lines at which he had a good run: "The Turk was dreaming of the hour When Greece her knee in supplication bent." Young Asquith stuck in the middle of the second line. "Greece her knee," he repeated twice, and then stopped. His form-master smiled grimly. "Go on, Asquith," he said, "grease her knee once more and perhaps you'll get through next time."

NATIONAL CONCEIT.

Leo Tolstoi, in his "War and Peace," writes thus on national conceit:—It is only a German's conceit that is based on an abstract idea—science, that is the supposed possession of absolute truth. The Frenchman is conceited from supposing himself mentally and physically to be inordinately fascinating both to men and women. An Englishman is conceited on the ground of being a citizen of the best constituted State in the World, and also because he as an Englishman always knows what is the correct thing to do, and knows that everything he, as an Englishman, does do is indisputably the correct thing. An Italian is conceited from being excitable and easily forgetting himself and other people. A Russian is conceited precisely because he knows nothing and cares to know nothing, since he does not believe it possible to know anything fully. A conceited German is the worst of them all, and the most hardened of all, and the most repulsive of all; for he imagines that he possesses the truth in a science of his own invention, which is to him absolute truth.

CRISP!

Lady: "Is this celery fresh?"
Greengrocer: "Yes, m."
"Really fresh?"
"Yes, m."
"Just in?"
"Yes, m."
"Is it crisp?"
"Yes, m."
"Are you sure it's all right?"
"Yes, m."
"Where did you get it?"
"From the market gardener, mum."
"To-day?"
"Yes, m."
"This morning?"
"Yes, m."
"How much is it?"
"Fourpence a bunch?"
"Isn't that rather high?"
"Not at this season."
"I've got it here lately for less."
"That was small and rather green."
"Can you send it up?"
"Yes, m."
"In time for dinner?"
"Oh, yes, m."
"Just break off a piece and let me try it."
"Yes, m. Here is some."
"Humph! It isn't nice at all. It's withered."
"Well, mum, you see, it's a good while since you asked me if it was fresh."

Fun, Facts & Fancies.

INTERESTING FACTS.

The first English shilling was minted in 1503. Starfishes have eyes at the tips of their rays. From 10 to 12 miles is the range of a 15-in. gun. Some of the cigars of the Philippines are 18 inches long. One-third of the sufferers from gout in hospitals are painters. Forty thousand voters can demand an alteration in the laws of Switzerland. Two thousand people were guillotined in France during the Reign of Terror. Pemmanic, the staple food of Arctic explorers, is made from the flesh and fat of bisons. In the Sargossa Sea the gulf-weed is so densely packed as to impede the passage of the largest ships. However strong a gale may be blowing, not a breath of wind is felt by the occupants of a balloon. All the wasps of a nest die in the winter except a few females, which hibernate in a hole or under a stone. When the white cloud from the chimney of a steam engine is seen trailing a long distance, rain may be expected. Wire used in big guns, though only 1-10in. thick, is strong enough to withstand a stress equivalent to 100 tons to the square inch. Persons born abroad are not necessarily aliens, as English nationality can be inherited by the first and second generations of the male line. The curfew bell—the "cover fire" bell—of Banbury (England) now rings with a purpose it has not claimed since Henry I abolished its "lights out" message. It tolls at 7 p.m. instead of 8 p.m., and the people then cover their lights in accordance with the lighting regulations—just as they did in Norman times.

INTERESTING FACTS.

In Russia a man may not marry more than four times. Ironclads were originally wooden vessels protected by iron plates. Black diamonds, found in Borneo, are the hardest substance known to man. It is said that Rembrandt knew the Bible, word for word, from beginning to end. The tendency to suicide is more prevalent among the educated and wealthy than among the poorer and middle classes. More than twice as wide as Niagara and fully 50ft. higher, the falls of Iguazu, in South America, are one of the great wonders of that continent. The marriage ceremony in France, in very remote times, consisted of the man paring his nails and sending the pieces to the girl of his choice. Then they were man and wife. A French landowner cannot will his property away from his family or to one individual. He must distribute it in certain proportions among his children irrespective of sex. German brides once had a custom of removing a shoe after the ceremony and throwing it among the bystanders. The one who secured it was supposed to be certain of an early marriage. It has been estimated that the progeny from a single pair of rabbits would, if allowed to breed unchecked, number nearly 12 million in three years. It would be difficult to find even standing room for these in all the underground railways of London. The streets of London are busiest with pedestrians, on an average, between six and seven o'clock in the evening, when thousands of workers are homeward bound. The total earning capacity of London's workers is estimated at nearly £180,000,000.

A READY WIT.

There is a species of sentry groups employed near the trenches. These are called "listening patrols," and their duties are to be always on the alert and give timely warning of any attempted attack. One night an officer on his rounds inspected a listening patrol stationed in an empty farm. He asked, "Who are you?" The reply was, "Listening patrol, sir." "What are your duties?" "We listen for the hen cacklin', and then we pinches the egg, sir."

MRS. BROWNING AND THE PORTUGUESE SONNETS.

Perhaps because of her dark skin and deep, luminous eyes, Browning had often called her his "little Portuguese." One day, when he was writing, she came shyly into his room, laid a manuscript on the table before him, covered her burning face with her hands—and fled. Wonderingly, he opened it—to find the most exquisite portrayal of woman's love ever written or ever to be written in any language, breathing the fragrance of a pure and holy passion, burning with the divine fires of immortality—the "Sonnets from the Portuguese." One wonders what he said to her when they met again—this lover-husband who was also a poet.

After having had a slight disagreement with an exploding shell, Private Bombshell was taken to the field hospital, there to wait the attention of the surgeon. After a time two or three doctors entered, and after examining the unhappy private—who was slightly wounded—said one to the other: "I think we ought to wait until he gets stronger before we cut into him." Here Private Bombshell raised a terrified head from the pillow. "Here!" he yelled. "Do you chaps take me for a blinkin' cheese?"

The weary customer had dropped off to sleep in the barber's chair. The shave artist made valiant attempts to proceed, but eventually had to own himself beaten. "Excuse me, sir," said he, gently shaking the man in the chair, "but would you mind waking up? I can't shave you while you are asleep." "Can't shave me while I'm asleep!" exclaimed the victim, with a wondering expression. "Why not?" "Because," explained the barber, as softly as possible, "when you fall into slumber your mouth opens so wide that I can't find your face."

Chaplain: "So you've been to the hospital to see your son? It's a sitting-up case, isn't it?" Proud Mother: "Yes, but he made them 'Uns sit up afore they did 'im."

Officer (who has "lost touch" with the troops on field training): "I say, sergeant, where have all the blithering fools of the company gone to?" Irish Sergeant: "Shure, an' I don't know, sorr; it seems we're the only two left."

"Why does he speak so bitterly against the girl he was recently engaged to?" "Because when she sent back the ring she labelled the box 'Glass—With Care.'"

"What have you got that piece of string tied round your finger for?" "My wife put it there to remind me to post a letter." "And did you remember?" "No; she forgot to give it to me."

The sergeant and the lieutenant were conversing about the new recruit. "E don't look strong enough to 'elp in the store," complained he of three stripes. "Oh, let him clean the rifles," suggested the lieutenant. "And 'oo's a goin' to pull 'im through?" barked the sergeant, defiantly.

Pat was home from the front wounded in the arm, and he was telling his friends of the hard times he had in France. "I tell you," said he, "a candid fact. We were eighteen hours under fire."

"What!" exclaimed an old man, pointing to the big turf fire, "do you mean to tell us that any man could lie under that fire for ten minutes let alone eighteen hours? Pat, you are a proper liar!"

A Scottish doctor, new to the gun, once ventured on a day's rabbit-shooting. Chased by the ferrets, each rabbit proved to be a quick-moving target, and the doctor was not meeting with quite the success he anticipated. At length he lost his patience and exclaimed to the keeper who accompanied him:—"Hang it all, man, these rabbits are too quick for me!" "Aye, doctor," was the keeper's reply, "but ye surely didna expect them tae lie still like yer patients till ye kill them!"

A lady was once sitting on a seat in a well-known park in London. She was fondly caressing a dog, when a gentleman, who fancied he knew the lady, said to her: "I wish I was a dog." She coolly replied: "You'll grow."

AN OLD ONE.

If a hen and a half lay an egg and a half in a day and a half, how long will it take ten hens to lay 1,000 eggs, and what will they be worth if they increase 10 per cent. over the present price?

SOME USES OF LEMONS.

Lemons rid the system of humours and bile and leave no ill effects. Weak, debilitated people oftentimes may be greatly benefited by a free use of them. Lemon juice should be diluted with water or sweetened sufficiently so that it will not produce a drawing or burning sensation in the throat. Clear lemon juice is very irritating; the powerful acid of the juice will cause inflammation if the use of it is continued any length of time. A bilious attack may be soon overcome by taking the juice of one or two lemons in a goblet of water before retiring, and in the morning before rising. When taken on an empty stomach the lemon has an opportunity to work on the system. Continue the use of them for several weeks. Lemons are an excellent remedy in pulmonary diseases. More juice is obtained from lemons by boiling them. Put the lemons into cold water, and bring slowly to a boil. Boil slowly until they begin to soften; remove from the water, and when cold enough to handle squeeze until all the juice is extracted. Strain and add enough loaf or crushed sugar to make it palatable, being careful not to make it too sweet. Add about twice as much water as there is juice. This preparation may be made every morning, or enough may be prepared one day to last three or four days, but it must be kept in a cool place. Lemon juice sweetened with loaf or crushed sugar will relieve a cough.

For feverishness and an unnatural thirst, soften the lemon by rolling on a hard surface, cut off the top, add sugar, and work it down into the lemon with a fork, then suck it slowly.

Hot lemonade will break a cold if taken at the start. Make it the same as cold lemonade, only use boiling water instead of cold water, and use about one-half as much sugar.

A nourishing drink for a convalescent is to add a fresh egg, beaten as lightly as possible, to a glass of strong lemonade. The lemons will destroy the raw animal taste that is so offensive to some.

A piece of lemon, or stale bread moistened with lemon juice, bound on a corn, will cure it. Renew it night and morning. The first application will produce soreness, but if treatment is persisted in for a reasonable length of time a cure will be effected.

The discomfort caused by sore and tender feet may be lessened, if not entirely cured, by applying slices of lemons on the feet.

Lemon juice will remove roughness and vegetable stains on the hands. After bathing the hands in hot soap suds, rub them with a piece of lemon. This will prevent chapping, and make the hands soft and white.

Silverware can be cleaned brighter, and will keep brighter longer when cleaned with lemon than with any other preparation.

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