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**PLEASE TELL US.**

Why the young ladies who had the two Canadians escort them to Brown Edge will not supply them with torchlights to enable them to keep out of the creek on their way home?

If Scottie really thinks his feet are serious?

If Pte. Brame is running opposition to Mc-Niell in the mail order business, or is he writing to himself for pastime.

Why the night Chef was so anxious to obtain two pigs' tails?

Did he anticipate making mock turtle soup?

If Pte. Purser thinks it is a very polite thing to do, to walk up to a young lady and gent, never speak a word, but deliberately walk away with the young lady?

How Winch felt when he found himself standing alone talking to himself?

Was it Corpl. Keene's personality, or was it Corpl. Roulson's good natured way that attracted so many of the Irish colleens during their stay in Ireland?

If Capt. Thurgar has given up the idea of becoming a fancy roller skater?

Why did Master Harold leave the Gardens on Tuesday afternoon with such a forlorn expression on his face? Was he downhearted or just angry?

How Staff-Sergeant Turner felt when a certain young lady was not in evidence at the V.A.D. on Tuesday evening?

What is the matter with the editor of this column this week? Is he fed up with the job?

Who is the Sergeant who so far forgot himself recently as to call out on going the rounds: "Shun, orderly sergeant!" and how did he feel when he realized his mistake? Does Sergt. Martin know?

How Staff-Sergt. Morris enjoyed his trip to Shoreham-by-Sea?

What did a certain S.M. do with the little dolly presented to him by two young ladies?

What was it Sergt. Quigley wanted to borrow last Saturday night? Had he lost his overcoat and was he trying to get another, or was it an umbrella he was looking for?

If an artist sat down on a drawing pin, how long would it take him to draw the pin?

If it takes a fly with a broken leg 15 seconds to skate around a bald head with no bumps, how long will it take a blind man to pick a fly out of a pot of jam with a pair of boxing gloves on?

Why does Pte. Kirk not visit Spring Gardens often this week?

Why one of the Sergeants dislikes having his name mentioned in this column, when he is responsible for many "items" himself? Does he hate people to know his true behaviour?

Who is the "Scotty" that is attracted to a certain house in West Street, and would he be as welcome if "someone" were to suddenly get leave from the "trenches"?

How many visits "Champagne Jack" paid to the show last week?

Was "Two-Bit" Sergeant heard humming the "Hymn of Hate" when he saw the announcement in Orders?

Who struck Sergt. Martin on the nose? Was it Dorothy?

Why is Sergt. Bennett so jealous of Corpl. Roulson these days? Does Nellie know?

Why a certain old lady in Spring Gardens is so anxious to see her Sergt.-Major again?

Why Sergt. Scott was so anxious to introduce a certain young actress to Sergt. Bennett on Wednesday night?

If (Corpl.) Rolls-stone gathers any (Q.M. Sergt.) Moss?

What end of the string was the dog, or did it Hook-her?

Whether a certain Lance-Corporal uses the same language to his friends as he uses in dining room?

Was it really Sergt. Scott's brother that attracted him to Dundee?

Who were the two civilians that attacked Pte. Wilkes on Spring Gardens, and did they like Wilkes' No. 10's across their shins? Does he not feel like challenging Jack Johnson now?

Who the young lady is that was kind enough to present Scotty Wells with a pair of white kid gloves? Does she think Scotty is a kid glove soldier?

Who were the ladies who came to the Hospital and demanded Pte. Jones to accompany them to the dance?

How Corpl. Keene likes night duty?

If Sergt. "Bob" is going to feed this latest addition to his family on Horlick's Malted Milk?

Is he going to start a kindergarten, or is he going to have a doll show?

**RAISULI THE RUTHLESS.**

**FAMOUS BANDIT IN GERMAN PAY.**

Once more Raisuli, the famous bandit of Morocco, has come to the foreground after having been practically constrained to lie low for the last few years.

His career as a brigand started from his early youth. He began by stealing donkeys and sheep. So successful were his depredations that gradually he attracted to himself a band of followers consisting of youths almost as lawless and daring as himself. As the years passed on this small company grew in numbers until at last they became the most formidable band of brigands in Morocco, haunting principally the outskirts of Tangier.

They made a speciality of capturing wealthy Europeans and Americans, and holding them in captivity until exorbitant ransoms were paid for their release, nor would they scruple to shoot their captives if the ransoms were not forthcoming by the appointed date.

A few years ago the whole world was ringing with the report of the capture by Raisuli of Kaid Maclean, the Sultan's Scottish General. Various attempts were made to rescue him, but they were unavailing. It was not until the huge ransom of £20,000 had been arranged for that the captive was set free. Of this, £5,000 had to be paid down and the rest guaranteed within five years.

The Kaiser has recently paid Raisuli large sums of money to stir up trouble in Morocco, principally, it is presumed, against the French. But for once the Hun calculations have gone astray, for the astute chieftain has utilised these huge monetary subsidies chiefly to his own advantage. He is stirring up trouble, it is true, in plenty, but against the Spaniards, not the French. He has built himself a fortified castle in the Benno Arros, has declared himself an independent chieftain, and has so influenced the mountain tribes with his deeds of daring that many of them acclaim him as the Khalifa of Islam, and his name as such has been introduced in their public prayers.

**KEEPING UP WITH SUCCESS.**

**IT OFTEN MAKES A MAN MISERABLE.**

Success may not be always easy to attain, but often, when it is acquired, the strain of keeping up with it makes the successful man or woman more miserable than happy.

Before the war many of our working-class people had poverty as a constant companion. Yet in their poverty some of them were less miserable than they are to-day with the larger sums of money they earn on munition and other work. They are not deriving the amount of real happiness from their improved conditions which the circumstances warrant.

Several families who are earning sufficient to bring them in every comfort, and not a few luxuries, are beginning to fret because their money will not take them into a higher social sphere. What is the good of wealth if they cannot scar they argue. So Success—what they think is real Success—is still far in the distance.

Hundreds of middle-aged and even old men are more prosperous to-day than they have ever been in their younger lives. Some of them have for wives women who cannot travel ahead in the social world so fast as the men folks; so these lords of creation are writhing under the imagination that they might climb much higher up the ladder of prosperity if they were not handicapped by these humble partners. Yet in all probability it was the women who gave their husbands the first lift upwards. No man can be regarded as successful until he is contented with his lot.

Any partnership will fail when one of the two who signed the bond acquires the idea of being superior to the other. The very assumption of superiority proves that he—or she—has not held on to Success. Often, all this "superior" being has done for the firm was to live in luxury and ease which has really been provided by the despised partner.

Success is a wonderful thing to achieve, but one needs to keep a balanced mind in order to stride forward side by side with it.

**FRANCE'S GREATEST AVIATOR.**

**THE "FOKKER-KILLER" IS ONLY TWENTY-ONE.**

In the Allies' Flying Corps it is agreed that the greatest flying aviator in the world is a French lad, of but one-and-twenty summers. This gallant son of the tricolour is Georges Guynemer, whose name is a boast throughout France and a dread to German airmen, who have christened him the "Fokker Killer."

During his twelve months' service in the French Flying Corps he has risen from private to lieutenant, won the Médaille Militaire, been made a Knight-Commander of the Légion d'Honneur, received the Croix de la Guerre with seven bars, and has had the unique distinction of being mentioned in an order to the nation!

To be mentioned in despatches is a distinction cherished by every soldier, but to attain mention in an order to the nation means that the Government considers the heroic individual mentioned as serviceable in the very highest degree.

Strange enough the "Fokker Killer," unlike his predecessors, Pégoud, Garras, and Guilbert, hitherto considered to be the three greatest aviators, had the utmost difficulty in being admitted to the service.

When he first presented himself to the military authorities he was rejected on medical grounds. But this did not diminish Guynemer's keenness. Five times the boy tried in different parts of the country to get passed into the Army, and each time he was rejected. Guynemer was at his wits' end to know what to do.

Suddenly a bright idea struck him. He pitched a tent in an aviation field near Paris and watched for his chance.

It came on the third day. A monoplane was temporarily deserted. He slipped into it and soared away up into the clouds. The commander of the aerodrome witnessed the daring feat and interested himself in this audacious youth. Finally Guynemer was admitted to the French Flying Corps under a special ruling.

During the first month he performed the remarkable feat of bringing down six German machines single handed. He pilots one of the smallest aeroplanes ever constructed, which is popularly known as "Le Vieux Charles" (Old Charley).

Georges is a Parisian. His father is a manufacturer at Compiègne. When the war broke out he was a student at Paris, living with his grandmother, to whom he is devotedly attached.

**WORLD'S BIGGEST BOTTLES.**

**IT TAKES THREE MEN TO BLOW ONE OF THEM.**

The biggest bottles in the world are made in Rumania, where the art of glass-blowing has flourished from time immemorial.

Just before the war a giant bottle was blown in a Bucharest factory, which measured over six feet in height. It was made to the order of a Parisian perfumery firm, for advertising purposes, and it will hold the contents of two thousand five hundred ordinary medium-sized scent-bottles.

Bottles measuring five feet in height, and holding two hundred and fifty pints, have previously been blown at the same factory; but the six-footer mentioned above is believed to be unique as regards size.

No less an amount than fifty pounds of liquid glass were used in its manufacture, and this had to be blown into the immense bubble which, on cooling, and being properly coaxed and manipulated, became a bottle.

The blowing was done by three men, one relieving the other as soon as he had exhausted his strength. The blow-pipe used was about five-and-a-half feet long.

**DID HE GO?**

"Johnny," said father firmly, "you must go to bed now."

"Don't want to!" replied Johnny mutinously, sinking deeper into his chair.

"Oh, but you must, sonny!" persisted father.

"Don't you know that 'Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,' my boy?"

Johnny eyed his father in silence for a moment. Then he said, with a wise shake of the head:

"You didn't go to bed early when you were a boy, did you, father?"

**NEEDLESS TO SAY.**

All stories are not true, and we fear there are doubts about this one.

Two Tommies found a huge shell in a German trench, and promptly used it for a seat.

"'Spose it's a live 'un!" said Bill.

"Bet ye a bob it's a dud," quoth Dick.

"Right!" said the former. "We'll look to-morrow."

Dick, however, received sudden leave, and promptly made tracks for "Blighty," leaving Bill sitting on the shell, despondent.

Dick crossed the Channel safely, and was making tracks for his father's house across a field when something fell with a thud in front of him.

To Dick's amazement the "something" slowly got up, "What! you, Bill? Did you get leave too?"

"No," said Bill—"I'm a deserter!" And handing Dick a shilling the while he felt his bones, remarked, sadly, "You won't!"

**NOT WHAT HE LOOKED.**

A well-known author has a great dislike for interviewers, and avoids their attentions as much as possible. One day he was walking in a Sussex lane when he espied a keen, alert-looking man coming quickly towards him. As the stranger had all the appearance of a journalist, the author was firmly convinced that he was about to be interviewed, so he dodged down a convenient bridle-path. But the stranger would not be shaken off, and doggedly followed him down the path, across a meadow, and through a broken hedge, and at length, behind a haystack, ran him to earth. The author, facing about, resigned himself to his fate.

"Glad you've come to anchor, old man!" said the stranger, cheerfully. "Will you please tell me where I can find a 'pub.'? I'm dying for a glass of beer!"

**OLDER ONES IN LONDON.**

Some workmen on an ostrich farm in South Africa one day found a live shell left by some artillery men who had been at target practice on the plains a few days before. Not knowing it was loaded, they whitewashed it and placed it in an ostrich's nest, thinking to play a joke upon the boss.

The next morning one of the hands came around to look for eggs, and finding, as he thought, a large one, he seized on it at once.

In his astonishment at finding it so heavy he dropped it, with the result that it exploded with direful effect. The man was hurled several yards away, but, strangely enough, beyond lying stunned for a few minutes, he was unharmed.

"Whew, boys!" he murmured, when he recovered his speech, "that egg was the staled I ever ran across!"

**EDUCATIVE.**

Now Roger once, in a mood of cholera, thrust his head under a traction roller. The neighbours were surprised to find how it had broadened Roger's mind.

**INTERESTED HIM.**

Little Johnny, the apple of his father's eye, has been misbehaving, and the pater was compelled to administer a scolding.

For several minutes he reprimanded the lad, emphasised the necessity for an improvement in his future behaviour, and warned him that if it happened again more severe measures would have to be adopted.

The boy's mother sat by looking duly impressed.

Finally, the father paused for breath, and also to hear the culprit acknowledge his error.

But instead of doing so Johnny turned a face beaming with admiration to his mother, and said:

"Isn't father interesting?"

**SOME SIZE.**

At Chatham a soldier was brought before the commanding officer for selling part of his kit, when the following dialogue took place:

Colonel: "Now, Private Murphy, why did you sell your boots?"

Private Murphy: "I'd worn 'em for two years, sorr, and thought they were my own property."

Colonel: "Nothing of the sort, sir. Those boots belong to the King."

Private Murphy: "I'm sure I'm sorry, sorr, but I didn't know his Majesty took twelves."

**A POEM.**

Someone chase that frown away,  
With a sunshine smile;  
Don't forget that a frown's an inch  
While a laugh is many a mile.

Someone chase that pout away,  
With a loving song;  
For don't you know that a pout's one day  
While kindness is centuries long.

Someone chase that grouch away  
With a loving deed,  
For isn't a grouch a lowly knave,  
And a deed's a blossoming seed.

**PERSONAL MENTION.**

Staff-Sergt. Morris arrived back from Shoreham-by-Sea, where he had been on escort duty.

Major Guest (O.C.) had a flying visit to London the earlier part of the week.

Capt. Washburn has been attached to this unit and has been taken on the staff of this Hospital.

N.S. Tanner has transferred from this unit to the Canadian Hospital at Ramsgate.

Corporals Roulston and Keene returned on Monday from a very enjoyable week in Ireland.

Ye Editor has been confined to his bed for the last few days, but hopes to be able to resume his duties soon.

Nursing Sisters Patterson and Blott have also left for Yarrow House, Ramsgate.

Sergt. Scott spent a few days with his brother in Dundee, who has just arrived in this country from France.

Sergt.-Major Caldwell, of Epsom, paid a short visit to the Hospital on Thursday.

Dowser: "There goes Judge Wurdleigh. In addition to his being a fine jurist, he has the reputation of being aa master of the English language."

Bowser: "That may be, but I don't like his sentences; they are too long. It took me six months to get to the end of one of them."