

**PLEASE TELL US.**

Why Clarke and Dove went upstairs when in a cafe in Spring Gardens last Saturday evening, and did they catch anything?  
 Does the Chef allow the chicken to fly over, or run through, his well-known chicken broth?  
 Does he use soda water as a chaser?  
 Why does Pte. Oatham like Sundays above all days, is it because the Mrs. gives him his weekly half-crown?  
 Has the sanitary squad "Tiny" to scrub out the staff's new office?  
 If the ship was sunk that carries the Red Cross tobacco?  
 Is the staff-sergt. going to have radiators put in the summer house he so frequently visits of late?  
 If Sister Wilson's thoughts were printable when Evans stepped on her dog?  
 Why "Dark Eyes" can always be found with a quantity of pins in his possession? Is it to enable him to smoke his cigars shorter?  
 Who is the Canadian that is so slow as to let an R.E. do him out of our "Lill"? Does Harbridge know?  
 Was it because he was too busy stirring porridge that the night chef could not find time to put on his young lady's skates the other afternoon?  
 What attraction the laundry has for Pte. Twiggs?  
 Why did "Dad" have to disguise himself in a certain locality last Sunday evening?  
 Is he trying to become a Sherlock Holmes?  
 What part of Great Britain did Scottie Wells first discover the seven penny pieces.  
 What Pte. McNeill gave the young lady to bring her out of the fit, and what he said after she had recovered?  
 Was Corpl. Keene not inclined to hug himself when he was attired in that young lady's dress?  
 Why Orr carries the picture of his new discovery so close to his bosom?  
 Did Sergt. Scott meet that "wee Scotch lassie all the way from Edinburgh?"  
 What made Sammy Redfern so peeved when he heard that Sergt. Scott was promenading with his young lady?  
 If the sergeant cannot find one of his own?  
 If Scottie Cairns was to wear two sets of skates, which pair would be on the floor the most?  
 If it is for the want of exercise or the love for babies that makes Pte. Orr so fond of pushing perambulators up-hill?  
 Who the young lady was who said that "Sergt. Martin was the prettiest boy in the whole Canadian Hospital?" Can he tell us the secret of his toilet?  
 What were the feelings of the young lady when she heard that Corpl. Keene had been nursing Sergt. "Bob's" oldest child?  
 Does Sergt. Quigley not feel once more like a single man?  
 Could he not be heard singing, "My wife's gone to the country, hurrah?"  
 How the patient felt when he found his hat full of toffee?  
 Why Pte. Sergeant wanted to commit suicide, and what would his last desire be?  
 Why the Chef has to sport around a man dressed up in women's clothes; can he not find a real woman?  
 Does the Hospital barber push our whiskers in, or does he just break them off?  
 Does Scottie not feel swanky in his new East India trousers?  
 Why Pte. Robinson was so anxious to scrub out his room one morning last week?  
 Why Pte. Winch was absent-minded as to leave his belt when out calling? Did he do it for the purpose of having an excuse to go back again?  
 Why Pte. McNeill had such a gleeful expression on his face escorting Sister Popham to the depot? Was it because he was two shillings richer?  
 Why Archie Barnett's temperature went up on Sunday night? Was it the result of so many fair visitors?  
 If Sergt. Quigley is not going to give us all one of his latest portraits?  
 Why Capt. MacDonald would not enter into the spirit of Hallowe'en, and how he likes apple pie beds?  
 What Sister Kirk claims to be the one and only thing she brought back with her from London?  
 Was Sister Shaunissy not pleased with her surprise packets of Monday last?  
 Did Sister Maillard find the lost key? Was this a hallowe'en trick of Sister Refroy's?  
 Who is the wise guy who paid twopenny for a penny programme, and is he as wise as he thought he was?  
 Who is the sergeant who stood so long in the narrow passage the other night? Can Sergt. Isherwood tell us?  
 Who is the lance-corporal who has ceased going to the rink since a certain captain's recent visit?  
 Where the orderly corporal can purchase a pair of silk stockings, and does he want them for a lady or a child?  
 Does Sergt. W. get a commission from the editor for the number of tit-bits he hands in every week for the "Please Tell Us" column?  
 Who is the sergeant patient who went to a dance and asked a lady to put the names of her acquaintances on his programme so he could show the boys how many dances he had?  
 What were Corpl. Bailey's feelings when on bidding adieu to his lady friend, his fingers became caught in a down-come window, and what were the expletives he used? Can he tell us the dimensions of his finger when they were released?  
 Where did Corpl. Keen get the doll he and the chef were having so much fun with the other night?  
 Did Sister Manchester enjoy her trip to London?  
 Does the cold weather remind the Canadians of their homes across the sea?  
 Where did Keene get the "togs" for his feminine stunt on Tuesday night?  
 Has the R.S.M.'s best girl turned him down, or is that only a rumour?  
 Does Pte. Lockyer know that A— came from Chapel-en-le-Prith on Saturday on purpose to see him, and not to see Sergt. Davison, as on a previous occasion?  
 Who is the young lady who lost her hat on Monday night in Spring Gardens? Why didn't the corporal find it.

**BATTLEFIELD FOR SALE.**

In the Paris edition of the "New York Herald" for September 26, 1916, appeared the following advertisement, surely the first, as the "Herald" remarks editorially, that has ever been published in a newspaper:—  
**"BATTLEFIELD FOR SALE.**—A piece of land of 10 hectares, furrowed with German and British trenches, right in the Somme battle centre, north of the Bois de Fourceaux and south-east of Martinpuich.—GRARDEL, 10, rue Saint-Louis, Amiens."

**Fun, Facts & Fancies.**

**INTERESTING FACTS.**

An implement for squeezing ingots in a Leeds factory has a 7,000-ton squeeze.  
 A coroner is not limited by law to 12 jurors. He may have as many as 23 if he likes.  
 In the time of the Napoleonic wars Heligoland was used as a drill ground for British soldiers.  
 Both the eyes of the halibut, as is the case with most flat fish, are on the right side of its head.  
 Any child over seven years of age can open an account in the Post Office Bank with 12 penny stamp.  
 Sore mouths do not eat anything, but have enough vital force to fulfil their mission in life, and then die.  
 Before the introduction of the penny postage, M.P.'s could send letters free, both for themselves and for others.  
 Civil marriages, without any religious ceremony, held at a registrar's office, were sanctioned by the State in 1836.  
 Parisian barbers are legally compelled to wash their hands after attending a customer and before waiting on another.  
 There are 32,450 buildings, churches, and chapels in which marriages can be legally solemnized in England and Wales.  
 Charles Dickens's prayer-book, an autograph letter written by him, and a lock of his hair recently fetched 10 guineas at an auction.

**LEFT JUST IN TIME.**

A German shoemaker left the gas turned on in his shop one night, and upon arriving in the morning, struck a match to light it. There was a terrific explosion, and the shoemaker was blown out through the door almost to the middle of the street.  
 A passer-by rushed to his assistance, and, after helping him to rise, inquired if he was injured.  
 The little German gazed in at his place of business, which was now burning quite briskly, and said:  
 "No, I ain't hurt. But I got out shust in time, eh?"

**A TALL TALE.**

A village, four miles from the nearest railway station, at which trains rarely arrived, boasted a strong man, who, for a small remuneration, would go to the railway station and fetch any packages that came. One day a farmer asked this modern Samson to fetch a hen-house for him that would be arriving that day. When he got to the small station there was nobody about, so, picking up what he thought was the hen-house, he started for home. On the road he met the stationmaster, who was highly indignant. "Where are you taking that to?" he asked. "This? Oh! this is my master's hen-house which came to-day," the fellow replied. "Hen-house, indeed! Get away with you!" rejoined the stationmaster. "That's our waiting-room!"

**MYSTERY BY THE HANDFUL.**

A troupe of wandering musicians were playing before a Swiss hotel. At the end of the performance one of the members left the group, approached the leader of the band, and pulled out a little paper box, which he emptied into his left hand, while the eyes of the leader followed every movement.  
 He then took a plate in his right hand, passed it round, and a large sum was collected, everyone meanwhile wondering what was in his left hand.  
 "Why, t's very simple," said the leader when questioned. "We are all subject to temptation, and to be sure of the fidelity of our collector he has to hold five flies in his left hand, and we count them when he returns, to make sure of the money."

**MEET AND NEAT.**

Sir Walter Raleigh, Professor of English Literature at Oxford, recently arrived in New York, having been invited to lecture at Harvard and other American universities. An American colleague, temporarily resident in London, wrote to a friend in the United States to meet Sir Walter on arrival at the pier in New York, but supplied no other description of him except that he was "a very tall man." The friend has written to London: "I watched several tall men come down the gang-plank; and when I saw one who, I thought, might be Raleigh, I walked up to him and said 'Excuse me sir, are you Sir Walter Raleigh?' He happened to be a very typical Westerner, and not the Professor of English Literature at Oxford, and he replied 'No, sir; I'm Christopher Columbus.'"

**A NOVEL MARKET.**

The markets of Irkutsk, in Siberia, are an interesting sight, for the products offered for sale are in most cases frozen solid. Fish are piled up in stacks like so much cord-wood, and meat likewise. All kinds of fowl are similarly frozen and piled up. Some animals brought into the market whole are propped up on their legs, and have the appearance of being actually alive, and as one goes through the markets one seems to be surrounded by living pigs, sheep, oxen, and fowls standing up. But, stranger yet, even the liquids are frozen solid and sold in blocks. Milk is frozen into a block in this way, and with a string or a stick frozen into and projecting from it. This, it is said, is for the convenience of the purchaser, who is thus enabled to carry his milk by the string or stick-handle.

"My dear," said a young wife, "nurry in, for the cook is hashed!"  
 "What?" asked her husband, in amazement.  
 "Did she suffer much?"  
 "Are you talking about?" the young wife asked, nettled. "I said the cash is hooked!"  
 "You meant someone stole the cashbox?"  
 "I said no such thing! I said the hook was cashed!"  
 "The what?"  
 "Oh, dear, how stupid you are! Can't you understand English? I said the hook was cashed!"  
 Hurry in before it gets cold.

**BETTER THAN HE COULD.**

Mr. Travers, who stammers enough to make a story interesting, went into a bird fancier's in Centre-st. to buy a parrot.  
 "H-h-have you got a-a-all kinds of b-b-birds?" asked Mr. T.  
 "Yes, sir—all kinds," said the bird fancier, politely.  
 "I w-w-want to b-buy a p-p-parrot," hesitated Mr. T.  
 "Well, here is a beauty. See what glittering plumage!"  
 "I-is he a g-g-good t-t-talker?" stammered Mr. Travers.  
 "If he can't talk better than you can, I'll give him to you," exclaimed the shopkeeper. Travers bought the bird.

**THE WORLD-STRUGGLE.**

The world is our mother, we say, and smiles upon our childhood. But the world-mother is inexorable in driving her children to the fray. As George Meredith sings:—

More aid than that embrace,  
 That nourishment she cannot give; his heart  
 Involves his fate; and she who urged the start  
 Abides the race.

For he is in the lists  
 Contentious with the elements, whose dower  
 First sprang him; for swift vultures to devour  
 If he desists.

The world is no palace of ease for its children  
 —or, if it is, it works their ruin more surely than  
 any place of struggle. Let us not deceive our-  
 selves. Struggle is our inheritance and over-  
 coming is our opportunity.

**HUMOUR WITH THE NOOSE ON.**

Callousness and even grim humour of condemned criminals is well exemplified by the following stories:—On walking to the scaffold in the solemn procession a criminal once called to the governor of the prison, "Just oblige me, gov-nor," he said, "by telling me the day of the week." "Monday," answered the surprised governor. "Monday," exclaimed the prisoner in disgusted tones; "well, this ere's a fine way of beginning the week, ain't it?" And he marched on with disgust imprinted on every line in his face.

On another occasion an officious hangman whispered as he placed the white cap on his victim's head, "If there's anything you'd like to ask me I'll be pleased to answer, yer know." The victim craned his neck forward, and said in an equally low, but very much more serious voice, "You might tell me is—is this planking safe?"

**AN ASTRONOMICAL PUZZLE.**

One of our best-known astronomers was talking about the difficulties and intricacies that astronomy presents to the popular mind.  
 "For instance," he said, smiling, "there is the story of the meteorite that fell on an Essex farm a year ago. It was a valuable meteorite, and the landlord claimed it at once."  
 "All minerals and metals on the land belong to me," he said. "That's in the lease."  
 "But the tenant demurred. 'This meteorite,' he said, 'wasn't on the farm, you must remember, when the lease was drawn up.'  
 "This was certainly a poser; but the landlord was equal to the occasion, for he promptly retorted: 'Well, then, I claim it as flying game.'  
 "But the tenant was ready for him. 'It's got neither wings nor feathers,' he said. 'Therefore as ground game it is mine.'  
 "How long they would have continued their argument I cannot say, for at that moment a revenue officer came up and proceeded to take possession of the meteorite. 'Because,' said he, 'it is an article introduced into this country without payment of duty.'"

**A POINT TO HERTZ.**

Carl Hertz, the great juggler and illusion king, is fond of recalling how he once served a race-course sharp with a dose of his own medicine. The crook was operating the pea-under-the-thimble swindle, and had already reaped a nice harvest from his dupes. Carl Hertz arrived on the scene to hear the following appeal:—

"Now, ladies, gents and noblemen, I offer you the opportunity of a lifetime. Here in my hand I have a small pea. You will observe that I shall place this pea under one of these thimbles. Perfectly plain, isn't it? No deception at all. Now, I am prepared to bet any gent present that he won't spot the thimble the little joker is under."  
 "I'll bet you five shillings I can," said the juggler, assuming the expression of a confiding innocent.

The bet was accepted with alacrity, the thimble raised, and the pea disclosed by the triumphant Hertz.

The swindler's expression of astonishment was a study for the gods. Thinking that the slight-of-hand must have failed for once, he repeated the experiment and doubled the stakes, but only with the same result. Again the procedure was repeated, and once again the smiling Carl withdrew the pea from the thimble he had selected. This was too much for the baffled sharp, who, with a despairing gesture and appropriate strong language, cried, recklessly:—

"Lord lumme, this beats the band! Why, I've got the bloomin' pea in me 'and all the time!"

"Quite so," replied Hertz sweetly, as he moved off, "but you see, I always make a point of carrying my own pea."

**PROBABLY CORRECT.**

"If any man here," shouted the temperance speaker, "can name an honest business that has been helped by the saloon, I will spend the rest of my life working for the liquor people." A man rose. "I consider my business an honest one," he said, "and it has been helped by the saloon." "What is your business?" "I am an undertaker."

A witty retort was that of Thelwall, who, when on his trial at the Old Bailey for high treason, wrote the following note during the evidence of the prosecution, and sent to his counsel, "Mr. Erskine, I am determined to bleed my cause myself."  
 Mr. Erskine wrote under it, "If you do, you'll be hanged."  
 To which Thelwall immediately returned this reply, "I'll be hanged, then, if I do."

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