

AFTER HIM TOO.

Tommy had been naughty, so Tommy had to be chastised, and with this end in view his mother was pursuing him round the garden plot. Suddenly eluding her outstretched arms, he ran into the house and bolted upstairs and got under the bed. "All right, my boy," panted his mother, "wait till your father comes in I'll tell him." Soon after the father came home, and his wife proceeded to tell him of his son's wrong doings. Reaching for a cane, he went upstairs, got down on his knees, and looked under the bed. But before he could say a word his young hopeful burst out with: "dad, is she after you, too?"

O'CONNOR'S STORY.

The Solicitor-General for Ireland, Mr. John O'Connor, is gifted with his full share of the Irishman's proverbial wit. Recently at a dinner-party Mr. O'Connor was asked to give the exact definition of the term "presence of mind." "Well," he answered, "I don't know about defining it, but I can give you an instance. A man and his wife were in a railway accident, and were both hurled out of the train on to the embankment. The man picked himself up and, rubbing the dirt out of his eyes, inquired of his better-half, 'Sal are you hurt, dear?' 'No,' she answered, 'I'm all right.' 'Oh, you are, are you?' he replied, and with that he up with his fist and gave her a black eye. Five minutes later he had registered a claim on behalf of his wife for £100 damages. Well, if that isn't presence of mind for you, I would like to know what is," added Mr. O'Connor, laughingly.

WHEN ARTFULNESS SCORED.

I heard a good story recently concerning a smart "sub," and a certain peppery general officer commanding a brigade on the Somme front. It had been published in Brigade Orders that, so far as that particular unit was concerned, all leave was suspended for the time being. Now this particular "sub," badly wanted a week-end in Blighty, so he got in the General's way as often as he possibly could, and looking the picture of abject misery all the while until, as he had shrewdly foreseen, his Chief snappily inquired what was wrong with him. "Well, sir," said the artful one, "I did badly want to run over to London for the week-end, but my colonel says that an order is an order, and that not even yourself can break it once it has been issued." "What!" said the General. "They tell you I cannot give leave? I give you leave, sir, and report this order to your colonel."

WHERE JONAH WAS.

In her recent book stories Miss Helen Mar recalls that of a very young and nervous curage who had to discourse one morning upon the vicissitudes of Jonah and the whale. "And for three days and three nights," he began, "Jonah was in the—"

He blushed, stammered, stopped, and then started again. "For three days and three nights Jonah was in the—"

Once more he was covered with confusion, and once more he stopped and mopped his face, from which the perspiration was literally pouring, with his handkerchief. Then he gathered his courage in both hands and with a mighty effort he finished triumphantly: "And for three days and three nights Jonah was in the—the society of the whale."

WHY HE LAUGHED.

All the way from German East Africa, where General Smuts is rounding up the last of the Huns, comes the following: Two members of our expeditionary force got separated from their command and were lost in the bush. They were captured by a hostile tribe. He ordered them to go out and gather some fruit. Upon their return the chief ordered one of them, Jim, into his presence. "What bringest thou?" he demanded. "Grapes." "Then swallow them whole; that is thy punishment, and of like nature will be the punishment of thy friend." Jim burst out laughing. The chief gazed at him sternly; then: "Why dost thou laugh?" he asked. "Well, my pal, Bill—ha, ha!—he's got coconuts!"

HER ONE MISTAKE.

She took a course of first aid to the injured, and after long and anxious waiting, the street accident she had earnestly wished for took place. It was a bicycle accident, the man had broken his leg; she confiscated the walking stick of a passer-by, and broke it in three pieces for splints; she blushing took off her underskirt for bandages, and she was enthusiastically cheered by the crowd. When all was completed she summoned a cab, and took her patient to the hospital. "Who bandaged this limb so creditably?" inquired the surgeon. "I did," she blushing replied. "Well, it is most beautifully done," said the surgeon, "but you have, I see, made one little mistake." She felt terribly self-conscious. "You have bandaged the wrong leg," he said quietly.

ANY WOMAN TO ANY WOOLER.

Before I yield this fluttering heart To be your own till death us part; Before I speak, and you have heard, The last irrevocable word; Before, in short, I trust my life Into your keeping as your wife; Give me a moment's pause to think, And bring me paper, pen and ink To calculate, in figures clear, Exactly what you're worth a year.

PEOPLE WHO HAVE EATEN BOOKS.

To literally digest a book is an accomplishment which few can boast of having performed. Nevertheless, a good deal of literature has been destroyed in this way at one time or another. Barnabo Visconti compelled two papal delegates to eat the bull of excommunication which they had brought him, together with its silken cords and leaden seal. As the bull was written on parchment, it was all the more difficult to digest. A similar anecdote is related of an Austrian general, who had signed a note for 2,000 florins, and, when it fell due, compelled his creditor to eat it. A Scandinavian writer, the author of a political book, was compelled to choose between being beheaded or eating his manuscript boiled in broth. Isaac Volmar, who wrote some satires against Bernard, Duke of Saxony, was not allowed the courtesy of the kitchen, but was forced to swallow them uncooked. Still worse was the fate of Philip Oldenburger, a jurist of great renown, who was condemned not only to eat a pamphlet of his writing, but also to be flogged during his repast.

NOTHING WASTED IN FRANCE.

What becomes of old sardine-tins, tomato-tins, meat-tins, fruit-tins, and tins of all kinds? In France, where nothing is allowed to go to waste, they rather than up and use them—to cut into tin soldiers. In France, too, old boots and shoes are collected, and every part is used over again. The work is mostly done by convicts in prisons. They take the boots and shoes to pieces and soak them; then the uppers are out up into children's shoes, or, if they are too far gone for that, a peculiar kind of pressed leather is made by some chemical action. The nails are saved and sold, and the scraps go to the farmers to fertilize the soil. Who would have thought it possible to make anything out of old saws? Yet it is said that many of the finest surgical instruments, and some of those used by engineers, are manufactured from the steel that first did duty in saws. The steel of saws is of the very best quality and finest temper; and since it is good in the first place, it is always good.

TO A SARDINE.

"Sardines are being stored all over the German Empire for the coming siege. . . . The stoppage of the sardine would have a material effect upon the length of the war."—Mr. D. T. Curtis in the "Times."

Oh, most deceitful fish! you little beast! Off have I made you welcome at the feast. Little I thought you came perhaps to spy; I trusted—and had other fish to fry. I treated you with kindness and care, And left you lying snug, in oil to spare, Or on a piece of buttered toast, well done—Which you repay by trading with the Hun. Judges have doubted you (you'll call to mind The legal quest), yet I was ever blind To all your double-dealing; and your schemes Entered not once into my wildest dreams. Oh, miserable fish! oh, fish most foul! The smile I had for you has turned to scowl, And vengeance will be mine, my oily friend, When next we meet—and yours a bitter end. I'll skin you, and I'll scalp, and eke betail; From small sardine I will produce a wail. And when you lie all broken, as you've earned, I'll ope my mouth, and you will be interned.

THE HEARTLESS KAISER.

To-day every sidelight than can be obtained on the complex character of that Mad Dog of Europe—the Kaiser—is of vital interest to the British Empire. Kaiser Wilhelm, since he shattered the peace of Europe and plunged whole nations into war, has proved by his human and cowardly acts that the Huns ought really to be considered outside the pale of civilized humanity. It is now being revealed that even before the war there were many chapters of horror in the career of the "All-Highest." There is one grim episode, so terrible that it can only be spoken of with bated breath. Can it be believed that for nearly twenty years the Kaiser has been guilty of a crime which in common justice ought to have brought him to the gallows? It is a shameful story, a ghastly revelation, vividly told on the highest authority by Mr. Hayden Church in the November "Strand Magazine."

For a harmless and boyish prank that raised the Big Bull's wrath, a young Teuton lieutenant was doomed by the Kaiser to ride over the edge of a precipice of a cliff rising hundreds of feet above a Norwegian fjord like a blind man plunging to certain destruction. Mr. Hayden Church gives the name of the exact spot where this awful crime was committed, and has ample proof of the authenticity of the story. Read the account of this foul murder in the "Strand." It is one of the most dastardly outrages ever ordered by an inhuman ruler. The man who countenanced such an atrocity is utterly unfit to sit on any throne.

"Take two letters from 'money' and 'one' will be left."
"Is that a joke?"
"Yes."
"Well, I know of a fellow who took money from two letters, and it was no joke. He got twelve months."

FOOTBALL.

A game of football will take place this afternoon on the Silverlands ground between the 288th Company of the Royal Engineers and a team from the Canadian Red Cross Special Hospital. The match was originally made for the 239th Company, but owing to the fact that the latter company leave Buxton this evening the former was substituted. The kick-off will take place at 2-30 p.m. and a good game is expected. A nominal admission fee of fourpence will be charged and it is hoped that a good crowd will be in attendance. The following is the line-up for the Canadians:
S. M. Carpenter.
L. C. Mason. Stevenson.
Porter. Morton. Nicholls.
Henderson. Sergt. Granecome.
S.M. Jevons. Webster. Jones.
The game scheduled for last Saturday between the Manchester team and the Canadians had to be called off on account of the non-arrival of the former.

ROYAL MUNITION WORKER.

The darling of Canada, beautiful Princess Patricia of Connaught, who has recently returned to England with her parents, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, is very anxious to do war-work. She makes no secret that she would like to be a munition worker, but this her mother does not think she is strong enough for. Princess "Pat," as she is called by all good Canadians, was immensely popular in the land of the Maple Leaf, for she took a prominent part in sports of every kind. It is not widely known that her Royal Highness has a rare talent for caricature, and delights in amusing the Royal Family with "take-offs" of themselves. One represents her father in a violent rage, wearing the uniform of a Field-Marshal, and calling out, "Where's my horse?"

WAR HOSPITAL BONT'S.

Considerable annoyance is caused by well-meaning friends visiting our wounded heroes, and asking foolish and obvious questions. In the East Leeds War Hospital there is the following list of questions which visitors are requested not to ask:—
Are you wounded?
How did you know you were wounded?
Did it hurt?
Which hurts most—going in or coming out?
Did the shell hit you?
Did you see any Germans?
How many did you kill?
What are the tanks like?
Do you want to go back?

WHAT TOMMY DID.

The private had had pneumonia, and had been treated for some time in the hospital, where they treated him so well that he was much averse to the prospect of being discharged as "cured." One day the doctor was taking his temperature, and while Tommy had the thermometer in his mouth the doctor moved on and happened to turn his back. Tommy saw his chance. He pulled the thermometer out of his mouth and popped it into a cup of hot tea, replacing it at the first sign of the medico's turning. When that worthy examined the thermometer he looked first at Tommy and then back to the thermometer and gasped: "Well, my man, you're not dead, but you ought to be."

"Bobby," inquired the mother, "did you wash your face before the music-teacher came?"
"Yes, ma."
"And your hands?"
"Yes, ma."
"And your ears?"
"Well, ma," said Bobby judiciously, "I washed the one that would be next to her!"

A sergeant was drilling some very raw recruits and felt the great importance of his position until "Right turn!" he thundered, "As you were," "Left turn," "As you were," "About turn."
He was about to give another command when he noticed one of the recruits walking away. "Here you, where are you going to?" he shouted.
"Oh, I'm off, I've had enough of this; you don't know your own mind two minutes together," answered the recruit.

The hotel bar was full, including the local wag, when in came the out-of-work stranger. Spinning the bad trade yarn to perfection, and being rather decently dressed, he enlisted their sympathy, the local wag making a whip round on his behalf, besides getting him a drink or two to be going on with. The roadster was leaving, when the wag just remembered to put the question:—"Oh, by the by, mister, what is your trade?" "Oh," replied he, "I'm a wooden whistle painter, and since these blooming tin whistles came in I can't get a job nowhere."

AVARICE OVER-REACHES ITSELF.

A merchant in Turkey lost a purse containing two hundred pieces of gold. He had his loss proclaimed by the public crier, and offered half its contents to whosoever had found and would restore it. A sailor who had picked it up, informed the crier that he had found it, and that he was ready to restore it on the proposed conditions. The owner having thus learned where his purse was, thought he would try to get it back for nothing. He therefore told the sailor that if he wished to get the reward, he must restore also a valuable emerald which was in it. The sailor declared that he had found nothing in the purse except the money, and refused to give it up without the reward. The merchant went and complained to the cadi, who summoned the sailor to appear, and asked him why he kept the purse he had found. "Because," replied he, "the merchant has promised a reward of one hundred pieces, which he now refuses to give under pretence that there was a valuable emerald in it; and I solemnly declare that I found nothing in the purse but the money." The merchant was then desired to describe the emerald, and how it had come into his possession; which he did,—but in so confused a manner that the cadi was convinced of his dishonesty. He accordingly gave the following judgment:—"You have lost a purse with two hundred pieces of gold and an emerald in it; the sailor has found one with only two hundred pieces in it; it cannot therefore be yours. You must then have yours cried again, with a description of the precious stone. You," said the cadi to the sailor, "will keep the purse during forty days without touching its contents, and if, at the end of that time, no person shall have proved his claim to it, you may justly consider it your own."

Apelles, an ancient famous artist, used to hide behind his pictures when they were on public view, to hear criticisms. One day a cobbler criticised a shoe in one of the pictures, and Apelles instantly put it right. Next day the cobbler criticised the legs of the same portrait, but Apelles rushed out from his hiding place and told him to mind his own business.

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