

PLEASE TELL US.

Why Pte. Jones can be found at the side entrance every morning about nine o'clock?
 If Scotty Richie will tell us why a certain young lady from Robertson Road has taken such a dislike to the Canadians?
 If Sergt. Jimmie would have to stay up all night in order to be in time for breakfast?
 If it was the bump of knowledge, frying pan, or rolling pin that stood out so prominent on Pte. Orr's forehead for a few days last week?
 What was Warrington's idea in pushing the load in the go-cart up the hill when the occupant was old enough to walk?
 If Jones was not disappointed when going through a young lady's purse to his horror found the pictures of Pte. Winch and Corpl. Boothroyd?
 Who the young lady was who came up to see Sergt. "Bob," stole his sock, and went home and slept with both feet in it?
 If she intends to return it before cold weather sets in?
 Why so many patients go to a certain shoe store in Buxton and ask for a shoe that they know the firm does not handle? If this practice would continue if the firm employed male clerks?
 If Sister Maillard has found the two hens that reclaimed the two eggs? Could Sister Refroy not give her some information as to their whereabouts?
 Why Staff-Sergt. Moss would rather do escort duty alone?
 If it is to save his new shoes that "Dad" is coming in at nine o'clock?
 If Jimmie Aikenhead has joined the "Non-stop-out-lates"?
 Has Mr. Young not got a hobby for finding homes for homeless cats, and if his latest catch was not donated to the nursing sisters' "Zoo"?
 If the young lady that brings Pte. McNiel a pie every night thinks he does not get any midnight lunch?
 Can Pte. Abbott tell us the price of butter now that he is so closely connected with the industry?
 Who sent Pte. Oatham a parcel containing a pretty little soup bone, all wrapped up in tissue paper?
 Who Sammy Redfern is going to trust his little fairy to, now that he is on night duty?
 Did "Champagne Jack" really want to go to tea, or was he just as well pleased when the young ladies did not turn up?
 Who were the two shameful young ladies that asked Pte. Brame to wait five minutes for them, and forgot that he existed, after him going two miles to see them? If after thirty minutes' wait, was his language printable?
 When Corpl. Boothroyd will next appear in vaudeville.
 Why Pte. Worthing prefers showing the ladies through the baths in preference to any other part of the hospital?
 If Corpl. Cummings is thinking seriously of taking stage life as a future career?
 Would Sister Manchester not be annoyed if any one else was to call her what she called herself when she found the difference between Shore-um and Shore-ham?
 What the Chef spoilt when he upset the cup of tea on the young lady's lap?
 Was it to make a kilt or a nightgown that Scottie obtained the flannel for?
 How many different varieties of hairpins "Dark Eyes" has in his collection, and could he return each one to its rightful owner?
 Why Pte. Wells can always be found with a pocketful of peppermints?
 Was a certain sergeant horrified to find, after having written to a girl that he would kiss her on the spot, that she had come out in spots all over? And will he keep his word?
 How many names Sergt. Calderwood masqueraded under whilst he was here, and how many other sergeants did he get into trouble thereby?
 Who is the sergeant from the Canadian Hospital who waits every evening under the Town Hall Arcade for a certain young lady coming out of a certain office, and their usual walk is down to the G.P.O. along Broad Walk and into West Street? Does B. L. know anything about it?
 Why Sergt. Henderson leaves his office at certain intervals during the day, and where does he go?
 Why Sergt. Martin so anxiously inquires if his name going to be in the paper, and why he offers to bribe the editor to keep it out?
 Who is the young lady who has so often been seen with a "Jock" from the Auxiliary lately, and why have they not been seen together the last week or more? Had the long walk anything to do with it?
 Who is the sergeant who left his dancing partner to pick up some coins which had been dropped on the floor? Does Sergt. J— know anything about it?
 Has Sergt. Martin bought a bird cage for that Winkle he found in Buxton?
 Did Sergt. Sills get cold standing opposite the baths on Tuesday night?
 Did Sergt. Bennett get his night glasses for which he had his eyes tested? If so, why doesn't he wear them on night duty?
 Why Corpl. Bailey takes such an interest in a bottle of boot polish that is kept in room 21? Is it true that he intends purchasing an outfit, and when?
 Why does Corpl. Keen and his inseparable "side kick," the Chef, prefer the kitchen to any other room in a house on the London Road?
 Why most of those who buy the "Special" make a dive for the Please Tell Us column first?
 Will those who send items for this paper please remember that they will not be published unless the names of the senders are given, and that no personalities about citizens will be allowed under any circumstances?
 Who sent this in by mail: "When I want 'some' Canadian, I will go to the office and get him."
 Who is the corporal who likes to pose before the camera with certain sisters?
 Who is the sergeant who allowed a staff-sergeant to "cop" his girls, and who enjoyed the joke the most?
 Why one of the staff-sergeants takes such a huge delight in getting a joke on someone else? Does he appreciate those that others get on him?
 Why the sergeant-major is so sad and pensive these days? Has he lost any dear friends?
 Is Sergt. "Bob" Leith glad to be able to hobble around again? And how is the rag baby?
 Why Scottie Wells is evincing such an interest in this column lately? Has he an axe to grind?
 Who is the sergeant who took the wrong partner at the dance by mistake? Does Sergt. Bennett know?

How did Boots enjoy himself in Manchester? Why did Scotty want to borrow his kilt? Who is the Canadian who occupies the band stand on the Slopes every night, and why doesn't he give someone else a show?
 What did Sergt. Sills say on Monday night when Hamie took his young lady for a walk? What did the lady say when Scotty didn't kiss the baby good-bye?
 Why would Fergie rather be back in Buxton? How do some of the cripples like the new roller skates?
 What did Sister Refroy say when she couldn't find the key?
 How does Sergt. Quigley like to be on day duty?
 Why does Sergt. Wheelhouse stick around the end of the Slopes?
 Why Corpl. McDowell cannot take any pleasure in his after dinner nap? Does Fitzpatrick know?
 Why Pte. Conkel shaved off his moustache when he went to the pictures, and did he catch anything?
 Why did the patients at the roller skating rink suddenly disappear off the floor the other day when Capt. Slayter hove in sight? And did they have their usual limp on the way back to the hospital?
 Will some of the patients, when they get back to Canada, still retain the "Buxton limp"?
 Who are the two sisters who became so angry when they found their names in the "Please Tell Us" column last week, and finally burst out in a fit of laughter at each other?
 What's the use of getting sore when the joke is on you? Remedy: Get back at the other fellow.
 What was a certain sergeant's feelings after approaching a lady on the street and asking her to go for a walk, he found out who she was, and was that the reason he shaved off his moustache?

POETS IN THE BIG PUSH.

MERRY VERSES FROM OUR FIGHTING MEN.

(By Herman Darewski, composer of "Sister Susie" and many other popular songs.)
 We all know that ours is a joyous Army. We have seen the cheerfulness of the wounded at home. We have heard of the comical names our men have given to the trenches and the death-dealing shells.
 We had another proof of the lively humour of the boys when the "tanks" first went into action. Instead of blessing the inventor of these monsters or boasting, as Fritz would have done, of the genius which produced them, the Army simply roared with laughter at their uncouth gambols. In the midst of a most desperate battle our fighting men were in such a jovial mood that they hailed the "tank" as the greatest joke on earth!
 That proves how joyous they are. But in spite of such evidence few people really appreciate to the full extent how amazingly light-hearted our Army is.
 I did not realize it myself until a few days ago. Now, beyond all question, I know that it is the most merry, high-spirited body of men that ever faced death with song and jest. Proof of this came to me in a most unexpected way.
 I recently offered prizes for songs from soldiers at the Front. There seems to be a song-writer in every platoon, for songs came from France by the thousand. Many were sentimental, some were comic, and some marching songs.
 Every one of them showed that the writers were possessed of the same spirit, the spirit of indomitable cheerfulness. Take for example "The Song of the Sniper." If anyone was inspired by savage hatred of his adversary, you would think that a sniper would be. But there was not a trace of savage hatred about that song. It was full of humour, grim perhaps, but quite cheerful. Its spirit is well illustrated by the first two lines of the refrain, which ran:—
 Tilt your whiskered chin a little higher;
 Do, Mr. Schneider, do.
 A peasant little invitation, that.
 The duel to the death was made a joke of by the writer, and I would like to back him against the Hun opposed to him, who probably howled the "Hymn of Hate." If you want another example of joyousness, take the refrain of the man who wrote:—
 I don't want the war to end just now,
 I don't want the war to end
 While there's good French tippie at a penny a jug
 At a nice estaminet round the bend.
 That writer was in the middle of the Big Push, and no doubt miles away from any estaminet, but he was not going to let a little thing like that worry him. He felt life was a lark, and death, if it came, another one. So he took advantage of a poet's licence, and gave a cheerful, if slightly inaccurate, version of his surroundings. Here is another example of the right spirit:—
 What's the use of fretting?
 Never mind the sweating.
 Sing a song, sing a song, sing a song.
 One could give any number of such lines. There is never a sign of flagging or faltering spirit in any one of the verses that came from France. Curiously enough, there is very little about actual warfare either. Many of the songs came from hospitals, with a note saying the writers had been wounded at Pozieres, or Devil's Wood, or some such hot corner; but the lines seldom referred to their experiences in the field. One wounded man wrote:—
 Glengarry and kilt and a chain with a tilt
 Are the signs of a fighting man.
 But he said nothing about the trials of a fighting man. A Londoner expressed his feelings thus:—
 I don't long for any farm I know,
 Don't want to hear any old cock crow.
 You can have Tipperary—you your factory lass.
 Give me good old London and a bottle of Bass.
 You can't beat boys who write like this. And this is the spirit of our New Army, an army of Mark Tapleys.
 A Lancashire shopkeeper asked a lady customer if she knew the difference between recollect and remember. She replied: "Naw, ther' is no difference." "Yah," he said, "ther' is, an' awl tell thi'. I remember thee having hauf a pound o' bacon last week, but aw dunno recollect thee paying for 't."

PERSONAL MENTION.

N.S. E. T. McLachlan recently of the C.A.M.C. training depot, is attached to this unit.
 Quartermaster Capt. Thurgar has spent a couple of days in London on duty.
 Lieut.-Col. Finley, of the D.M.S., has been attached to this unit for temporary services.
 Capt. McDonald has returned, after four weeks' duty at Bramshot.
 N.S. M. E. Smith, of the training depot, has been taken on the strength of this hospital.
 N.S. Patterson is enjoying a two weeks' leave of absence.
 A monthly meeting of the sergeants' mess was held last Saturday.
 Pte. Ashford was presented with a tobacco pouch in recognition of the good work he did on "Our Day."
 Capt. Vipond spent a few days at his home in Southport.
 Pte. W. R. Leach returned on the 20th from a three days' leave of absence, having visited his home town, and reports a jolly time.

NO ANSWERS.

A prize was offered for the solution of ten problems in last week's paper, but no answers have been received. The following are the answers.
 1. Because it's the grub that makes the butterfly.
 2. When its put in the ground to prop-a-gate.
 3. When he stands on his banks and braes.
 4. Because they cannot use the "C's" (Seas).
 5. The one is happy and careless and the other is cappy and hairless.
 6. He was a liar.
 7. When they are one each side a wagging (wagon) tongue.
 8. On the lines of a five pointed star.
 9. First he filled the five quart, from that he filled the three quart. Then he poured the three quarts away and put the two remaining quarts from the five quart into the three quart. Then he filled the five quart again and from that he finished filling the three quart which left him exactly four quarts in the five quart jug.
 10. That, that is, is, that that is, is not, is not.

HORSELESS ARTILLERY.

Following upon reports of the wonderful achievements of the British "tanks" in France, plans are announced by the United States for the formation of a horseless regiment of heavy artillery. The guns will be hauled from point to point, and then put into the firing line by means of "caterpillar tractors," described as similar in construction to the giant motor-cars used by the British.
 The new regiment is to have many distinctive features. Its colonel and other regimental officers will ride in an automobile instead of on horseback. Its heavy field-guns and their ammunition caissons will be hauled by powerful tractors, which, unlike the "land Dreadnoughts" on the British front, will not be armed, and will be armoured only for protection of their machinery. The battery and store-wagons of the regiment will also be hauled by tractors, so as to be able to follow the tractor-drawn field-howitzers into action over rough country. The artillerymen, who heretofore have ridden horses, will hereafter ride on motor-cycles with "bathtub" attachments, each cycle carrying three men.
 Some Tommies were having a discussion upon the changes of Army clothing that have taken place since the war started. German helmets have vanished, French red trousers have disappeared, and the Allies generally have gone in for "tin hats."
 "I wonder what'll be the fashion this winter?" asked a sergeant.
 "Checks" for Germans and "stripes" for us Tommies," promptly responded a lance-corporal.

DID NOT WORK.

A man dropped into an auctioneer's shop one evening and purchased a musical box. Meeting a friend he told him of his purchase.
 Friend: "Whatever do you want it for?"
 "Well," said he, "being fond of music I shall have it in the bathroom and set it going when having my bath."
 A few days after his friend inquired: "How does the musical box suit you?"
 "Oh," he answered, "I've broken it up."
 "What for?" asked his friend.
 "Why," said he, "the darned thing only played one tune which was God save the King, and I had to stand up in the bath all the time."

STATESMEN'S SOLDIER SONS.

ALL "DOING THEIR BIT" AT THE FRONT.

Everyone reading with regret of the death in action of Lieutenant Raymond Asquith, of the Grenadier Guards. Being appointed to a commission in the Queen's Westminster Rifles a few months after war broke out, he soon made himself one of the most popular officers in the regiment, and when he transferred his affections to the Grenadier Guards there was not a member of the "Westminsters" who was not sorry to see him go. He entered into the training with the zest and enthusiasm of a schoolboy, and the writer has on many occasions enjoyed the privilege of leaping over the back of the Prime Minister's son during physical "jerks." Captain Cyril Asquith, a younger brother of the dead officer, is still serving with the "Westminsters," a battalion which has on many occasions distinguished itself in France.
 Mr. Asquith is not the only member of the Cabinet who has had the misfortune to lose a son in the present war. In the early days of the war Lord Lansdowne was thrown into mourning by the death of his son, Lord Charles Mercer Nairne. At the time of his bereavement, however, his lordship was not a member of the Coalition Ministry.
 It was only a few days after the death of Lieutenant Raymond Asquith that it was announced that one of Mr. Arthur Henderson's sons had been killed in action.
 Amongst other Cabinet Ministers whose sons are on active service are Mr. Lloyd George, whose two sons are serving in Welsh units; Mr. Bonar Law, whose son, an officer in the Royal Flying Corps, was wounded some time ago; and Mr. H. J. Tennant, whose son recently sustained a serious accident while flying.

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