

**"BACK TO BLIGHTY."**

**A JOURNEY FROM THE SOMME TO DEAR OLD LONDON.**

Yes, the most wonderful thing has happened. I am in "Blighty." It was quite easy. All you have to do is to stop a bullet or a bit of shrapnel in some convenient spot, and the rest is simple.

Having interrupted the flight of the afore-said piece of Hunnish metal at the end of a hard day's work, I made my way back to the regimental aid post. I was patched up, two or three bandages being arranged artistically around the entrance and exit of that foreign metal, and then I was given a ticket, which had to be tied on to a tunic button. It told me all about myself, my name and number, regiment, religion, service, and where I was hit. You get one of these labels at nearly every place you stop at.

Being instructed to go to the nearest dressing station, I left the trenches and made my way to the shell-battered village not far away. In due course I discovered the advanced dressing station, and presently a hand beckoned me into an inner chamber. Another label was thrust upon me, and then a R.A.M.C. man advanced towards me with a nasty-looking syringe in his hand. He seized my arm and jabbed in the needle, which, being blunt, popped in just as a fork would into a sausage.

The process of inoculation having been successfully performed, I was led out and found two or three motor ambulance cars drawn up in the road. In reply to an orderly's question I said I could sit up, and was then propped up in a seat with a stretcher case on either side of me. To return in such a luxurious fashion on the road on which we had, in the past, sweated and groaned with pack and rifle, put me in a very happy frame of mind.

It was not long before we arrived at the field hospital, which consisted of a number of huts, and as soon as the cars were emptied of their passengers they set off for the firing-line again to be refilled.

We were taken into the huts, examined, labelled again, and told to wait until we could be taken on to the casualty clearing station, which was ten or twelve miles away.

Four hours later the convoy drew up on the road. Our vehicle this time was a motor char-a-banc, and the subsequent journey was a great contrast to the comfortable one we had in the ambulance car. We rattled along at a great pace, and were bumped up and down and jolted from side to side so much that it was difficult for us to keep our seats. At the casualty station we found hundreds of fellows, with all sorts of wounds, in muddy clothes tattered and torn, waiting to be conveyed to a real hospital. We went under another examination, and had one more label attached to us. A meal of hot soup cheered us, and then we settled down, for we knew we had a long wait before us.

At nine o'clock that night an orderly informed us that there would be no more trains till the morning, and advised us to get some sleep. It seemed a few minutes later, but it was really five hours, when we were awakened by a shout of "Turn out everyone who can walk." We scrambled out into the open, and lined up. It wasn't a very straight line, but nevertheless it was good enough to enable the orderlies to count us. We were a motley crew. On the way to the station our line straggled out to the length of a foot, some fellows with huge bandages over their eyes trying to see their way, others limping and hobbling along with the aid of a stick or the one available arm of their neighbour.

We entered our train, and with many sighs tried to make ourselves comfortable. This was no easy matter, for all the sitting in the world won't turn wooden seats into cushions. We sped along at the terrific rate of five miles an hour, the usual high speed for troop-trains in France, but after a while we slowed down to a gentler pace.

Our express ambled along for a few hours, then, suddenly picking up speed, dashed into a large station. Here we were provided with food, and many men wearing captured German forage caps caused a flutter of excitement amongst the passengers waiting on the platform.

The train crawled on again, and at last we reached —. As soon as a porter came in sight, somebody hailed him with "Hi, m'soor-Where are we off to?" And we heard in reply something about "le bateau" (the boat). Then the excitement ran high. "Boys, it's Blighty for us," we shouted.

Reaching the port we were taken to a hospital ward, where our wounds were re-dressed and we were made a little more comfortable. If the damage was serious the medical officer handed each man two labels. Beautiful labels they were; far more interesting to read than any we had yet received, for they bore the magic words, "Hospital ship," which, being interpreted, means, "Home."

We sailed at last, and the sea was so calm that the ship hardly quivered the whole way across.

Eventually we reached dear old England, and then were taken to a clearing hospital. Here we experienced the joys of a hot bath, clean clothes, and a lovely soft bed. We were now near the end of our journey, and it was not many days before we left again for London, where we found rest and comfort in one of the splendidly-equipped hospitals.

**RAFFLING A NAME.**

Our Japanese Allies have many quaint customs handed down from generation to generation, and one of the strongest is that of their christening ceremony.

When one month old, a Japanese child gets its first name with ceremonial. Trumpets are blown, and the child is borne in great state to the family temple, and behind the procession march the household servants carrying the infant's wardrobe. The servant in the rear of the procession bears a huge box, in which is the priest's fee, together with three slips of paper on which three names are written.

On reaching the temple the names are thrown into the air, and the first that touches the ground is the one which the child receives.

When three years old the child is again christened, accompanied by elaborate religious rites. At the age of fifteen his education is supposed to be finished, and as he then enters manhood (according to Japanese law) he is again christened.

When he takes to business he receives his "business" name, by which he is known in the commercial world, and upon every upward step in life he receives a new name. If his master happens to have the same name, he must at once change it, as it detracts from his superior's dignity. At his marriage his name is altered again, and his last and only permanent one is that given him after death, which is written on his tomb.



Engineers Trench Digging at Buxton.

**CARE OF SOLDIERS WITH RHEUMATISM.**

**NUMBER WILL RECEIVE TREATMENT IN CANADA.**

Information has been received from England that it is intended to forward to Canada a number of men disabled by rheumatism, as soon as arrangements can be made.

Many of these men have been treated from time to time in British and Canadian hospitals in England. Quite a large percentage improved under treatment in England to the point of being able to return to the firing line. It was discovered, however, that a return to the trenches generally brought a serious recurrence of the disease. Once a man in the trenches has had rheumatism badly enough to make hospital treatment necessary, he seldom recovers enough to return to the trenches without again breaking down. It has been decided by the authorities in England, therefore, that hospital cases of rheumatism will henceforth only be treated there till they are well enough to travel to Canada. Here everything possible will be done by the Military Hospitals Commission for their restoration to health.

It is estimated that from 1,000 to 1,500 men will have to be provided for, under the new arrangement. The Commission is therefore desirous of getting into touch with the proprietors of any hotels, inns, or other suitable buildings, which might be leased to the Commission, especially buildings in the neighbourhood of mineral springs.

As most of the patients will have to be treated by massage, the commission is arranging to have sufficient number of masseurs trained for the work.

**AS ADAM AND EVE.**

**QUEER EXPERIENCE OF YOUNG MAINE COUPLE.**

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Esnes, a young married couple of Maine, U.S.A., decided to experience the existence of our original ancestors, and for sixty days they lived the life of Adam and Eve in a wild ravine in that State.

They started on their expedition without food, clothing or fire, determined to prove that it is possible for people of the present day to return to primitive conditions of life and live a healthy, happy existence.

Their first problem was that of keeping warm, which they did by means of clothing made of birch bark and of fire kindled by rubbing two sticks together. After they had protected themselves against cold, their next problem was food. By means of pitfalls they killed two deer, and for a few days lived on the meat of those animals. From the skins they made more suitable clothing, tied together with thongs made of the deer's sinews.

After making clothing and getting food for a few days, they provided themselves with a suitable shelter. They constructed a lean-to with an open side, and in front of this a fire was built. This provided a very efficient home for the occupants for the two months they inhabited it.

When the couple emerged from their voluntary experiment they were met by the most incongruous of modernities, a motor-car, which was sent for them, and were driven in triumph to their home. A king would not have created a greater furor and received a more rapturous welcome than they had all along the road.

**A TALL STORY.**

A man who liked hot rolls for breakfast had a very clever dog. Every morning he would put a penny in his dog's mouth and say, "Baker."

The dog would then go to the baker's, place his paws on the counter, and present the penny to the proprietor, who, taking the coin, would then place a bag containing a roll in the dog's mouth. This the dog would safely carry to his master.

One day the dog had, as usual, brought his penny to the baker's counter.

The man, in order to see what the dog would do, took a halfpenny roll and, putting it in a bag, placed the latter, as usual, in the dog's mouth.

The dog put the bag down on the counter and went out and fetched a policeman.

Rachei: "Then you give your consent, papa?" Isaac: "Yes, my daughter; but I cannot let you leave me. You are mein only child, and you and Benjamin must live here mit de old folks. You can haf that second-storey front room for tirty sillings a week."

A minister, spending a holiday in the North of Ireland, was out walking and, feeling very thirsty, called at a farmhouse for a drink of milk. The farmer's wife gave him a large bowl of milk, and while he was quenching his thirst a number of pigs got round him. The minister noticed that the pigs were very strange in their manner, so he said:—"My good lady, why are the pigs so excited?" The farmer's wife replied:—"Sure, it's no wonder they are excited, sir; it's their own little bowl you are drinking out of!"

**HOW THE HUNS FIGHT DISEASE.**

In fighting disease and the spread of epidemics among soldiers by fleas and other insects, the German are as thorough and systematic as they are in most other things. Disinfection stations are built everywhere along their fronts, usually in the immediate vicinity of railroad depots. At each of these stations 12,000 men can be treated, disinfected, and provided with clean clothes in twenty-four hours.

The plan of procedure at each station is quite simple. At the entrance each man is given three nets, all numbered, a distinguishing mark bearing the same number being placed round his neck. Into a white net he puts all his clothing; into a brown net he puts his trappings, helmet boots, knapsack, etc.—anything to be sterilized by dry heat; and in a smaller net he puts all his valuables—note-books, tobacco, etc. These nets are handed over to the attendants at the various windows. Each man takes a shower-bath for a quarter of an hour, after which he is given a towel. The men are then given new slippers and underwear, and pass on to where they receive their disinfected clothing. The disinfection of their leather goods and valuables having been completed, these are returned to them. Provision is also made for hair cuts and shaves.

After they are thoroughly cleansed the men are given meals, officers and privates receiving the same food. Each disinfecting station is provided with clean clothes for 100,000 men, all worn-out clothing being replaced.

The soldiers then march into disinfected railway carriages. Special provision is made for the transportation of horses and mules. The systematic manner in which these disinfecting stations are run may be judged by the fact that the dirty water that drains away is filtered and disinfected, so as to prevent the carrying of disease germs.

following story. It concerns a bashful bachelor, and a lady, somewhat past her prime, with whom he had fallen in love. Several times he was on the point of proposing, but on each occasion his courage failed him. After thinking the matter over he finally decided to telephone, which he did.

"Is that you, Agnes?" he inquired, upon being given the proper number.  
"Yes, it's me," returned the lady.  
"Will you marry me, Agnes, and marry me quick?"  
"Yes, I will," was the reply, "Who's speaking?"

Rule: "Did you hear that Smithson married an instructor in a cooking-school?"  
Gould: "No. Where does he get his meals?"

**NEGRO ARMIES.**

The suggestion of Mr. Winston Churchill that we should raise a great army of black troops in Nigeria ready for the campaign of 1917, and the statement that the French are already employing nearly 100,000 men from Africa in the lines in France, calls attention to the use which has been made in the past of the fighting qualities of the negro.

The French have always recognized the splendid fighting qualities of the blacks. The number of Senegalese in the French army had risen to 22,000 as far back as 1911.

It was in that year that the raising of 300,000 blacks was strongly advocated by French military authorities, who suggested that they should be used in the coming European struggle, to redress the balance which the greater population of Germany gave to the Kaiser's army. Of course, says the "Star," the Zouaves, Turcos, and Spahis have all been employed in the French wars from the time of the Crimea; but these natives of Tunis and Algeria are not really blacks. They are Arabs, and are not open to the reproach of colour to which the negro is subject.

During the American Civil War many negro regiments were raised, and when the war ended in 1865 there were still 123,000 negro soldiers in the Federal armies, though after the war their numbers were greatly reduced. There are still several negro cavalry regiments in the United States army.

Lord Wolseley had a great opinion of the military value of the negroes as soldiers. The black regiments in the Egyptian army, he once said, were the best portion of it, and the West Indian regiments of the British Army, when they were recruited from the newly-liberated slaves, men fresh from the West African forests, were splendid fighting material.

First Sergeant: "Have you seen old Sykes, just returned from the West Coast, looking a complete wreck?"

Second Sergeant: "No. What has he been doing on the West Coast?"

First Sergeant: "Oh, he went out as a Sanitary Inspector and has returned an Insanitary Spectre."

**FOOTBALL.**

The football team of the hospital are still waiting to hear from any other eleven in Buxton or vicinity. They are willing to take on all comers, the R.E.'s preferred. Games can be arranged by communicating with this paper.

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