

PLEASE TELL US.

When we are going to have our elevator running?
 How Uncle George likes tying Hospital neckties again?
 Why the Sporting Editor got "sore" over the football practice?
 Who was the patient Sergeant who lost the bet, and if he shouldn't have known so much as not to bet against something it is the duty of every Sergeant to know?
 If he will cultivate a little broader mind in future?
 Can Sergt. Lyons tell us what size boots Sergt. James wears?
 Why did the sausage-roll?
 Was it because the apple-turn-over?
 Why Pte. Worthing does not tell as what they are going to name the boy?
 Why did the Owl-howl?
 Did the wood pecker Peck'er?
 Is it a fact that Signor Caruso is employed in our kitchen disguised as a soldier?
 Is it true that a lady visitor who came here in a cab, heard his voice and was taken away in a faint?
 Why did the whale wail?
 Was it because the smelt smelt?
 What was the impetus that drove Corpl. Gilchrist at such a rapid pace in the direction of Miller's Dale last Sunday evening?
 Why did the letter-box?
 Was it because the piano-forte?
 Does Sid think Daisy Wood marry a Canadian?
 Where Winnie got those lovely sweet peas she gave to Robinson?
 Why did the fly fly?
 Was it because the spider spy'd'er?
 What is there in the Buxton air which seems to develop the matrimonial microbe?
 Do Pte. Billy Oatham, Sam Redfern, and William Robinson know?
 Where Pte. Purser spends those happy hours off duty?
 How Pte. Brame liked his farm furlough?
 Can Pte. Chaney give us advice on "How to be happy tho' married?"
 How long it will be before Corpl. Cummings rides to glory on his motor cycle?
 Who eats all Sister Popham's thermometers?
 If Corpl. Boothroyd is Day Commander of the Bath is Pte. Wench a "K"-night Commander of the Bath?
 Which one of our Orderly Corporals was it who was—what do you call it?—O! telling the tale to that nice dark maiden who talks geography and arithmetic?
 Who is the forlorn and lonely Sergeant who is now a firm believer in the Cockney's advice—"Never introduce your donar to a pal?"
 What Archie thought when he arrived in Hythe and found Dreadnought strolling around with Sybil?
 Why it is that:
 Whether it rains or whether it snows
 Whether it hails or whether it blows
 Whether it's cold or whether it's hot
 We all have to weather it weather or not?
 Who is the great big husky pugnacious looking visitor visiting the associate editor?
 Why Sister Manchester felt so blue on Sunday?
 Who is the Sergeant who got kicked out of a certain place, and why?
 Why is the Editor looking so downcast these days, and where has the fair one gone?
 Which Sister said that two things for a man to leave alone are the business end of a bee and a woman's private opinion?
 If Murphy enjoyed himself while away on pass at Manchester? Eh, what.
 Who is Peter? Is he a new addition to the membership of the Staff?
 When the Staff has their picture taken next week will Peter be in it?
 Why "Uncle George" is so quiet these days?
 Who is the Canadian who attracted the attention of a policeman by making a young lady shout?
 Why the "Red Cross Special" is so eagerly read by the young ladies?
 Why Archie is so careful what he says and does these days?
 Who was the Sergeant who went to Scotland on pass, and on his return to Buxton presented his lady friend with Xmas crackers?
 Who was it the Sergeant-Major was waving his hand to the other day?
 What Sergeant returned two days before his pass expired, and why?
 Why Sergt. Martin got so excited on Wednesday morning on receipt of a letter from Lincoln? Why did he exclaim: "She's a peach, she's a dream; oh, you Welsh Kid?"
 What happened to a certain young married man when returning from the Hippodrome the other night?
 Is the Summer gone from Buxton?
 Has it ever got here?
 Why the night Sisters got two large raw onions in their fish baskets, instead of grapes?
 Was it the odour of the onions or the disappointment over the grapes which made 'em sick?
 What attraction is there for the policeman at Bishop's Dale at 2-30 in the morning?
 When is Capt. McDonald going to give another birthday celebration, and will it be a stag or a "semi"?
 Splash! What happened when George fell off the wagon?
 Why did Scotty nearly have a fit when he threw the officer's false teeth in the sink?
 Who is the crazy, good-natured Corporal who bought out an old lady's confectionery store in order to feed his "guests" in Manchester?
 Why the chef left a certain emporium in a huff the other night? Would his words bear print?
 If Scotty and smiler enjoyed their tea on Sunday night and if they saw the two rattle titts off on the train?
 How the new arrivals of Royal Engineers like Buxton?
 Little six-year-old Harry was asked by his Sunday-school teacher, "And, Harry, what are you going to give your darling little brother for his birthday this year?"
 "I dunno," said Harry. "I gave him the measles last year!"

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE CHARGE.

On sword, and gun the shadows reel, and riot,
 A lone breeze whispers at the dug-out door.
 The trench is silent and the night is quiet
 And the boys in Khaki slumber on the floor.
 A sentinel on guard my watch I keep
 And guard the dug-out where my comrades sleep.

THE NIGHT AFTER.

The moon looks down upon a ghostlike figure
 Delving a furrow in the cold damp sod
 The grave is ready, and the lonely figure
 Leaves the departed to their rest and God.
 I shape a little cross and plant it deep
 To mark the dug-out where my comrades sleep.

EXPERIENCES IN A NURSE'S LIFE.

It is impossible for any woman to go through three years in a General Hospital without having a variety of experiences which would hardly fall to her lot in any other position. Thus repetition might sound rather curious or amusing to the outside world, but no trained nurse would regard them as anything unusual.

Whilst I was in my probationer days I was at work in a very busy ward where the Sister was rather an ogress. On the occasion in question there had been a rush of new patients, a new house physician, and stocktaking all on the same day, and the junior members of the nursing staff had survived a most agitating morning. A day labourer, who in time of convalescence had nothing else to do but lie in bed and see the working of the ward pass before his eyes, being one of the philanthropists of this world, called me to his side at the first propitious moment, and, raising himself on his elbow to give emphasis to his utterance, said: "You didn't ought to stop at this, my girl; I'll find you a much better job behind a bar when I get out of 'ere." I did not avail myself of his kindly services, though I certainly thanked him for them.

The following story is told of the Matron of a Nursing Home in the East of England, whose responsibilities extended over a very large area, and who had, as one branch of her work, to superintend the district nursing in the outskirts of and the town of Ipswich. She went with two of her nurses on one occasion to see a destitute old woman who was living alone in a very neglected condition, and completely dependent on other services the neighbours would do for her. It was a busy morning's work to put the invalid on a water bed, give her an elaborate toilet, and clean up the cottage. But when it had been accomplished to everyone's satisfaction, the old granny turned to the Matron with a little sigh of regret, and said: "Ah! my dear, you 'ardly credit 'ow I'm come down in 'e world. I used to be cooke in a grand house in Grosvenor Square, with six of the likes of you under me."

No one has enjoyed the story quite so much as the Matron herself, who, since the occurring of this incident, it may be interesting to know, has received the Royal Red Cross of the First Class for valuable work rendered on foreign service.—Margt. Newton in "London Gazette."

PRESENTATION TO MISS A. BARTON.



SISTER BARTON.

At the Devonshire Hospital on Monday, the presentation of a lady's dressing case was made to Miss Barton by Mr. Stevenson, on behalf of the staff and lady patients for her useful services at the Baths during the past ten years.

This came as a pleasant surprise. The presentation was made following a short speech, to which Miss Barton replied in suitable terms, thanking the Staff and ladies for their splendid present.

Miss Barton is leaving the Hospital to go on active service abroad. We join with numerous friends in wishing her God speed in her future work.

THE VERY MAN.

Pat pleaded exemption from Church parade on the ground that he was agnostic.

The Sergeant-Major assumed an expression of innocent interest.

"Don't you believe in the Ten Commandments?" he mildly asked the bold freethinker.

"Not one, Sir," was the reply.

"What! Not the rule about keeping the Sabbath?"

"No Sir!"

"Ah well, you are the very man that I have been looking for to scrub out the patients' mess."

FOOTBALL.

The Canadian Red Cross Hospital Football Club lined up for practice in the athletic field on Saturday, the 16th, and made a good show. The men are in good training and bid fair to make a name for themselves this fall.

The following showed good form: Sergt. Henderson, centre-half; Pte. Jones, right-half; Pte. A. Barnett, left-half; Pte. Cairns, inside-right; Pte. Worthing, inside-left; Pte. Parks, right wing; Pte. Sergeant, outside-left; Corpl. Boothroyd, back; Pte. Waddington, half-back.

Sergt. Major Carpenter was laid up with a severe cold and couldn't turn out; several other good members were also unavoidably absent.

The team wishes to fix dates with any amateur club in the district with the object of friendly games with them, which can be easily arranged with the Sports Editor of this paper.

A shirker from Diss, who wrote his own epitaph in his diary, deserves to meet the fate he has himself predicted:

"Here lies the body of a young man of Diss,
 Who vowed he would never accept martial bliss;
 He would neither work, nor take, nor give,
 And died because he was too lazy to live."

When this Diss-graceful young man was up before the magistrate he sat down upon the floor of the court and had to be carried to the cells. He should be left there to work out his epitaph.—John Bull.

NEWS FROM THE FRONT.

The Army has suffered an awful rout in the terrible battle of (place left out). But the enemies' hordes have been defeated on the banks of the River (name deleted). The Austrians under General Dank, Attacked the Russians at (name left blank). On the road near ("Cut") they fled in fear. But they turned and fought at (Blue-pencilled here).

Our men have had but little rest since the fighting began at (name suppressed). But a funny thing happened—we had to laugh—When (word gone) we (missing paragraph). If the Censor destroys this letter, well—I wish the Censor would go to —. (Deletion by Censor).

* * * *

A man, a woman, a child and a monkey were born without knees. Where did they go to obtain them?

The man, of course, to Africa where the "ne-groes."

The woman to Whitechapel, where the "shenies" are.

The child to the butchers where "kid-neys" can be obtained.

And the monkey to the Mint where the "ape-nies" are made.

* * * *

I don't mean to be mean, but—There is no one so tall that he couldn't be taller.

There is no one so small that he couldn't be smaller.

There is no one so thin that he couldn't be thinner.

There is no one so fat that he needn't have dinner.

There is no one so mild that he couldn't be milder.

There is no one so wild that he couldn't be wilder.

And so on, and so forth, this, that and the other.

But just for the fun of it, here goes another. But there are folks so mean that they couldn't be meaner!

INSECT INGENUITY.

There is no better place than a garden to study insects. The dark-coloured beetle—the oil-beetle—may be observed, and as soon as the bees come the larva of this beetle contrives to get upon a bee's body, so as to be carried away to the bee's home, where it feeds upon the food there, and eventually leaves as a perfect beetle.

Other kinds of beetles act as grave-diggers; certain ants keep a diary; and there are masons, carpenters, and upholsterers among the bees. The mason-bee constructs its cell of mortar. By dropping saliva on bits of earth and mixing both together, it pounds the mixture into a sort of cement. It then works this into the shape of a mould, inside which the female deposits her egg. Several such mortar cells may often be found lying close together.

The carpenter-bee makes its house on decayed wood, and lines it with pieces of leaves, which it cuts off in the form of a circle, and adjusts so skilfully that its nest is made watertight without any coating. A very ingeniously-constructed home is also that of the upholsterer-bee, which dexterously cuts out the petals of the half-expanded flowers of a poppy. It then strengthens the folds, and fits them so that a splendid tapestry overhangs the walls of its home in which the honey is deposited.

MATCHES.

The first known method of producing a "light" was by the laborious process of friction, the rubbing of one dry piece of wood against another. It is said that savages noticed that forest fires occurred during wind, and observation showed them that it was the "sawing" of branch against branch that caused the flames. Hence the "friction" light.

The flint and steel and tinder box superseded wood friction, and that improvement was also due to observation. It was seen that the chipping of flints for arrow heads produced sparks, and hence the evolution of the flint, steel and tinder "lighter."

After a series of attempts, crude forerunners of the automatic lighter of to-day, came the "sulphur" match. This, however, was not complete in itself. The tip, made of a paste of chlorate of potash, sulphur, colophony, vermilion and gum, had to be dipped into a bottle containing sulphuric acid and rapidly withdrawn. An explosive flame was thereby generated which set fire to the match. These matches were sold at a shilling a box, and were called eupyrrions.

The next match was the Promethian. The tip of this was made of chlorate of potash, sugar and gum, and the sulphuric acid—necessary to make it fire—was, with some of the paste, in a glass bead. This cumbersome method was superseded in 1832 by the friction match proper.

It was ignited by being drawn through folded sandpaper. This was a phosphorus match, and was but a variation of the "friction" principle. After a time came the safety match, as we know it. A change in the phosphorus brought about the "safety" to the workers and the users.

"Now, boys!" said the school teacher, "I want you to bear in mind that the word 'stan' at the end of a word means 'the place of.' Thus we have Afghanistan—the place of the Afghans; also Hindustan—the place of the Hindus. Can anyone give another example? Nobody appeared very anxious to do so until little Johnny Snags said proudly: "Yes, sir, I can. Umbrellastan—the place for umbrellas."

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