

PLEASE TELL US.

Why Sergt. Quigley does not move up there and save all the railway fares?
 Why Sergt. Scott brought two young ladies to the concert and went home with another lady, leaving the duet of damsels to shift for themselves?
 Why Sister Manchester was seen eating her breakfast in the Ambulance one day last week?
 Is the breakfast-in-the-ambulance habit contagious, or does the food taste better there?
 When Corpl. Gilchrist held the umbrella for the young lady, did he protect her from the wet underfoot as well as overhead?
 Does our Social and Moral Reform Committee know of a similar incident?
 Did Corpl. Gilchrist and "Hellie" imagine that ye Editor would not hear of the occurrence?
 Who is the patient who, one day last week, went to sun himself in the smiles of a phair phemale on the Slopes and informed her that he was twenty-six years of age, was born in every province of Canada, had served in the South African War and won a D.C.M., discovered a diamond mine, was wounded at the Conquest of Canan and at the outbreak of the present war, resigned his Commission as Lieut.-Colonel in an American Regiment in order to go to the front where he was wounded by having a fifteen inch shell pass clean through his body?
 Is he the reincarnation of Ananias or only an ordinary liar?
 Is he in the habit of spinning such extraordinary yarns, and if so, does he want a job on the paper?
 Who was the giddy young thing who, passing through the office the other day, remarked that she thought the "Canadian Ferns" (indicating the two palms) were vastly superior to the English fern?
 Why did the member of the staff who was with her look so embarrassed?
 What is the attraction which draws Pte. Robinson out to Chapel-en-le-Frith so frequently?
 Does she work in the cotton mill, Robbie?
 Don't "Taffy," our quartette tenor, make a lovely "girl"?
 Do you know that if you have any queries which you wish to have printed in this column, you should write them on one side of a sheet of paper and leave them on the desk in "B" Ward's "Duty Room," addressed to "Please Tell Us Editor," and if they can be used we will be pleased to accept them. All communications must be signed, else no attention will be paid to them?
 How many little girlies Dad and Uncle have adopted in the past 10 days?
 Why "Dad" Howard chose his left arm for the cheverons?
 Who wrote the verses which are so much in dispute, but which were very much enjoyed when sung by the Shing Boys' Quartette?
 When was Nashville Tenn?
 Is it the dirt there which makes Seattle Wash?
 Why Corpl. Thompson does not go to see "her" anymore?
 Did Tommy Redfern's girlie believe what we said about him in last week's issue?
 Why the kitchen should do not buy some cigarettes once in a while?
 Who was the patient who met a young lady on the Slopes last Monday afternoon at 3 p.m. and became engaged to marry her at 3:30 p.m., and got a special license next day only to find that he did not know where the fair damsel resided and that he had forgotten where she said she would meet him?
 Why can't the staff of the hospital have a photo taken as a Unit?
 What our Moral and Social Reformer was doing at 8-4 p.m. on Wednesday evening?
 Who stole the powder puff from Bardis on "B" Ward?
 What Bardis was doing with a powder puff and if he got it in the same manner in which he lost it?
 What did Sister Wilson mutter to herself when she broke the top off the tumbler while mixing an egg-nog?
 Why did she leave the room so hurriedly?
 Why we can't ever get any real good queries about our office?
 Is it because their conduct is so exemplary or because our reporters are not on the job?
 If our genial friend of the Battleship build is still sailing merrily on?
 Is he in deep water?
 And does he dreadnaught?
 If the following are numbered among the attractions of Buxton and vicinity: "Poole's Cavern," "Solomon's Temple," "The Dove Holes," and "Uncle George"?
 If Pte. Guest guessed when he went away what was going to happen, would Archie be welcome a guest as he is now?
 Who is the patient from room 51 who came back from London with his clothing full of confetti?
 Which sister was it who rented a horse for two hours' enjoyment, but came back saying it was three and six worth of misery?
 Who was the Buxton woman who asked to borrow her neighbour's meat to make some broth for her husband's dinner?
 And who is the woman who wanted to borrow a dozen eggs to set under a hen, and when asked if she had a sitting hen replied, "No, I'm going to borrow one from another neighbour?"
 Who is the lame Corporal who delights in showing about a matrimonial fruit basket?
 Who owns the dainty wrist watch seen on the left hand of one of the patients?
 Who was the officer who was asked by a workman about the building if it wasn't much of a job to cut the hair for all the patients?
 Who was the orderly who was given two stripes to put up while on escort duty, and served them on the wrong sleeve? Ask Howard.
 How is Bill feeling now he has so short a time of single days?
 Who is the person that has a special liking for Guinness Stout?
 Why did the Chef lose his goat at Lyon's restaurant, Manchester?
 What did two lie Bill do while in Sheffield?

"A BULL" FROM THE BENCH.

Before a Dublin magistrate came one O'Brien charged with imbibing so freely that he had become a nuisance. He was also the cause of the beak committing a fine Irish bull. "Drunk again, eh, O'Brien?" said the magistrate. "It's ten shillings, or you'll go to prison." "Sure, but I've only a shillin' to me name," replied O'Brien. "Then there's nothing for you but the prison. If you had not got drunk with your money, you would have had enough to pay the fine."

SKILFUL MULE TRAINER.

INTERESTING EXTRACT REGARDING ONE OF THE PATIENTS NOW HERE.

The following extract from a Canadian paper is about the circulating agent of the "Red Cross Special" and makes interesting reading:
 Salisbury Plains, England,
 May 22, 1916.

A very interesting and exciting experience was witnessed on Saturday last, May 20th, at Larkhill Camp, when Sergt. Prof. Lawder of the 224th Forestry Battalion, C.E.F., undertook to saddle and ride the well-known mule "Boxer."

The audience, over a thousand strong, comprised the officers of the Royal Field Artillery, the officers of the 224th Battalion and the men of both battalions.

"Boxer" has a very wide reputation on the Salisbury Plains, and is known as the worst mule here. Up to Saturday no man had ever been able to harness him or even put a hand near him.

Sergeant Lawder had the mule brought to the parade ground at 2.30 p.m. and I might say "Boxer" had a large escort. In a very few moments the Professor had Mr. Mule on his back and then commenced what to the Imperial army men was a novel but very convincing way of training and subduing a mule. The Sergeant commenced by patting and rubbing practically every portion of the mule's body and his limbs. Then poor "Boxer" at the word of command lifted his head or lowered it, and did several other stunts whilst on the ground, which to him must have been an amazing piece of impudence to be imposed upon the "Lord of the Lines." Finally he was allowed to stand upon his feet when the Sergeant coolly put his bridle and saddle on. He then called for volunteers to ride him, but there was no response. Here where the Sergeant had the laugh on the horse-men. He not only rode the mule, but also stood in the saddle and performed other feats of horsemanship.

The whole performance was watched with great interest and increasing amazement. One of the R.F.A. officers took snapshots of the whole performance. Finally poor "Boxer" was led back to the lines (amid great cheers and laughter) a "sadder but wiser" mule.

The officers of the Royal Field Artillery then entertained the Sergeant Professor to a very enjoyable afternoon at their quarters. Before leaving he informed the officers that if he could have "Boxer" for an hour each morning for a few days he would drive him around the parade ground with only a whip.

SPECTATOR.

POSED AS A MUTE.

EXTRAORDINARY CHAPEL CASE

A curious case under the Military Service Act came up at Chapel-en-le-Frith on Wednesday, when William Pritchard, of Derby, was remanded as an absentee.

Pritchard, who is 24 years old, was in the casual ward of the Chapel-en-le-Frith Workhouse, when he appeared to be both deaf and dumb, and wrote down his requests on a slate. Seeing another inmate with tobacco, he suddenly recovered his speech and asked for some. "I thought you had been deaf and dumb," exclaimed the man, whereupon Pritchard again lapsed into silence. Mr. Atkins, the master, being informed of the incident, telephoned the military authorities at Buxton, who fetched the man, but afterwards liberated him on the ground of deafness.

Prisoner was next found in the night time in the fire hole of a coker near Whaley Bridge, and as he refused to leave or speak, and acted in a strange manner, Mr. Harvey, the manager, sent for Sergeant Deaton, to whom he acted as deaf and dumb, but when the officer, who was in plain clothes, told him that he was a policeman, Pritchard said he did not care who he was. He was taken to Chapel-en-le-Frith, where he again assumed the attitude of a mute. He was remanded.

Prisoner was again before the magistrates on Thursday, when he presented the same stolid appearance as on the previous occasion.

Police-Sergt. Deaton, stationed at Whaley Bridge, said he was fetched to the Shalleross Colliery, and found the accused in the boiler-house. He did not speak and held out a pencil as though he wished the officer to write. "Tell me your name," said the officer, "but still there was no acknowledgment. When the sergeant told him who he was he exclaimed, "I don't care who you are, I shall tell you nothing."

The Magistrates' Clerk: He seemed to hear that. (Laughter.)

When told he would have to go to the police station, Pritchard took off his coat, became quite vicious, and said: "Take your hands off me."

The Clerk: He would show fight to the Germans, would he?

Witness: He would show fight to anyone.

The Clerk: That's the kind of chap we want. (Laughter.)

At the police station the man again appeared deaf and dumb. As he seemed now not to hear, and stood mute, although the Chairman (Mr. S. Evans) shouted to him, the Bench asked a question in writing, and the man said he was in Derby Deaf and Dumb Institution until 16 years old.

The Chairman said no doubt it was there he was taught to articulate. Buxton military authorities were not present to receive him, and in order that the man might go before the Medical Board at Derby, he would be fined 40s. and handed over. If it were a genuine case he would then receive a certificate which would prevent him getting locked up again.

SURE THING.

Some people say the parents send their sons to Canada to make good.
 Precisely so.
 Canadians, can make good at other places. Take "Wipers" (Ypres) for instance.

TWO CRICKET GAMES.

A very pleasant game of cricket was played on the Buxton Cricket Ground between a team from the Hospital and the Royal Engineers, on Saturday, September 2nd, which resulted in a victory for the latter by a score of 44 to 37.

The Hospital team won the toss and went first to bat, and with the bowling of Swain and Brooks were dismissed for 37. They then took the field against the R.E.'s, and for the latter it looked an easy victory, but the bowling of Blunt, who was ably supported in the field, was deadly, and the best they could do was to run up a score of 44.

The features of the game were the bowling of Blunt, who took 7 wickets for 16 runs, and the batting of Carpenter, who knocked up 22 without giving a chance. The Cannucks were well satisfied with their associations of the game and hope it will not be the last time they will meet their opponents in a similar way. Following is the score:

Royal Engineers.	
Corpl. Brookes, c Morten, b Blunt	5
Pte. Brooker, b Blunt	5
Sapper A. Sammon, b Blunt	8
Sergt. Fincke, b Blunt	0
Pte. Herman, run out	2
Sergt. Swaine, c Morten, b Blunt	0
Corpl. Townsend, b Blunt	4
Sapper Murray, not out	4
Corpl. Terris, c Press, b Jones	6
Sapper A. J. Salmon, c Belford, b Blunt	0
Sapper Brooks, run out	0
Extras	7
Total	44
Canadian Hospital.	
S. M. Carpenter, b Swaine	22
Pte. Belford, b Swaine	1
Capt. Thurger, c Sammon, b Swaine	8
Corpl. Morten, b Swaine	1
Pte. Jones, b Brooks	0
Sergt. Granecome, st. Terris, b Brooks	2
S.-Sergt. Moss, c Fincke, b Brooks	0
Pte. Blunt, c Sammon, b Brooks	0
Corpl. Bailey, st. Terris, b Brooks	0
Pte. Press, run out	1
Pte. Guest, not out	0
Total	37

The Canadians once more entered into the cricket field on Wednesday of this week against a picked team captained by Mr. Lees, and they had a most enjoyable afternoon, tea being served by Mrs. Lees, who proved a charming hostess.

Our opponents went to bat first and put up 55 runs, of which Barker scored 28 by very good playing. Things did not look any too bright for the Canadians, but the genial Carpenter came to the rescue, and by hard hitting knocked up a score of 53 runs, boosting the total to 79, and thus winning the game. The score follows:

Barker, b Thurger	28
Deanley st. Carpenter, b Thurger	1
Whittaker, b Thurger	0
Spafford, c and b Blunt	9
Parker, b Blunt	3
Harrop, c Carpenter, b Blunt	4
Butterfield, c Carpenter, b Blunt	0
Coventry, c Fellows, b Thurger	0
P. P. Lees, c Jones, b Thurger	4
H. Guest, not out	3
R. G. Lees, b Thurger	1
Extras	5
Total	55
Canadian Hospital.	
Carpenter, b Spafford	50
Noble, c Spafford, b Barker	0
Fallows, c Deanley, b Barker	0
Capt. Thurger, b Barker	0
Morton, b Lees	3
Jones, b Lees	6
Granecome, c Barker, b Lees	2
Blunt, b P. P. Lees	1
Belford, c Deanley, b Lees	1
Mass, run out	5
Boothroyd, not out	2
Extras	6
Total	79

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

AN ANCIENT WEATHER GLASS PROVES A HOODOO FOR SOME PEOPLE.

In the little village of Peak Forest, about nine miles from Buxton there exists a curiosity, of which even the people of Buxton are unfamiliar. It is in the nature of a weather glass, which has been in the possession of the family of the present owner for at least three generations, and how much longer no one knows. To this weather glass there is a little door, which has always been kept open, except when closed by accident, and, according to the owner, whoever has had the temerity to close this door has come to grief. In only rare instances has the door been shut, and then generally by accident, but never has the one who closed the door escaped from some dire calamity. It was only recently that the owner became involved in an argument regarding this relic of ancient times with a visitor, who declared he had no faith in its power to work harm upon those who tampered with it, and thereupon, to prove his belief, deliberately shut the door. It is stated upon reliable authority that before he had gone two miles from the place his horse fell and broke two of its legs. The owner, and the majority of those who are acquainted with these facts, believe the weather glass to be in the nature of a hoodoo, and nothing in the world would induce them to shut the door, being convinced that some calamity would befall them.

WHY?

Private Jones was hauled up before the Captain with whom was an angry civilian.
 "Jones, this gentleman accuses you of killing his dog," said the Officer sharply.
 "A cruel thing to do," retorted the owner. "You have done to death a defenceless animal who never harmed anyone in his life."
 "Dunno' about harmless," said Private Jones heatedly. "E bit pretty deeply into my leg when I was on sentry go, so I ran my bayonet in him."
 "Rubbish," retorted the dog's owner. "He was such a gentle little animal. Why didn't you drive him off with the butt end of your rifle?"
 "Why didn't e bite me wiv 'is tail?" countered Jones with suspicious meekness.

A. E. JONES

(Successor to H. INMAN, late of Oldham Street, Manchester).

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