

RED CROSS SPECIAL.

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VOL. 1.

BUXTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1916.

NO. 16.

FANCY WORK SALE.

A LARGE CROWD IN ATTENDANCE.

An exhibition and sale of fancy work, made by the patients in the three hospitals in Buxton, the Devonshire, the Canadian Red Cross Special, and the V.A.D., was held under the auspices of the Red Cross Society in the Town Hall on Wednesday afternoon. A very large crowd was in attendance, the crush being so great that progress through the large hall was rather difficult. Great surprise was manifested at the excellence of the work exhibited, especially in view of the fact that it is only recently that most of the competitors had even attempted to break into woman's acknowledged realm, and went to prove the prediction that the situation of the sexes will in time be reversed is no idle dream.

The orchestra of the Canadian Red Cross Special was in attendance and discoursed delightful music during the afternoon. After the sale tea was served, and several excellent vocal selections and recitations were rendered. Altogether the affair was very successful, the prizes being about equally distributed between the various hospitals, and satisfactory prices were realized from the articles on sale.

BOYS MAKING FORTUNES.

HUGE PROFITS FROM OIL.

Men are making fortunes every twenty-four hours in Oklahoma at present, and Uncle Sam is acting as treasurer in the fascinating game of getting rich without doing a stroke of work. The money is pouring in a golden stream into the hands of people who a few years ago were as poor as the proverbial church mouse.

The discovery of oil is the cause of all this, and already a number of Indians, blacks, and whites are in the millionaire class, with one money still pouring in. Uncle Sam's part is to see that the Indians and the freedmen who own the lands get their royalty for the oil taken out. The freedmen mentioned were negro slaves held by the Creek Indians until they were freed by the Civil War. Later a treaty was made whereby slaves belonging to the Creeks and their descendants were given an equal share with their former owners on the Government of the old Creek lands in Indian Territory.

This is how a ten-year-old negro boy, named Danny Tucker, came into possession of 160 acres of land which has produced and is producing as much oil as any other similar area of ground in the United States.

The 160 acres of land were allotted to him in 1906 for farm purposes. It is rocky and hilly, and unfit for farming. Two years ago one of the big oil companies obtained a lease on the land, with the result that apparently worthless land has become one of the richest in Oklahoma.

At first Danny Tucker received £40 a month in royal money. In March last it had jumped to £1,200 a month, and now it is nearly £1,400 a month, still going up. The wells give promise of £100,000 a year if they do keep up, and it will be long before it will be impossible for Danny to count his money. Although the coloured boy is a prospective millionaire, he is paying no attention to anything but the feeding of his chickens on his father's farm.

Another concern Sarah Rector, an eleven-year-old orphan of the freedman class. It is estimated that she is already worth more than £600. Sarah and her younger brother received a quarter section each, in the same way as Danny Tucker, through possession of worthless farm land.

Several years ago the oil prospector came along and drilled wells on her land. The first month's revenue from her allotment were approximately £100. There are now eighteen wells on her land, and her income is about £2,000 a month. It is said that the little girl is now ill, and that she may not live to enjoy her wealth.

WHEN LOVE DOES NOT LAST.

IT ISN'T CUPID'S FAULT.

Are the couple who are merely fond of each other likely to be happier than the couple who are "passionately in love?"

There is this to be said of the former: they enter wedded life with eyes open to their mutual imperfections, and very often just "fondness" becomes real and lasting love which will endure "until death."

On the other hand, the sweethearts who are passionately in love may find that, after their marriage, when the romance has worn off and they have got to know each other better, their love has cooled.

If love does not last it is not Cupid's fault. It is generally the fault of husband or wife or both.

Very often Abby is a little careless as to showing her little attentions he showered on her during their engagement. He forgets to kiss her in the morning, reads the paper during breakfast, bangs the door and drops the cigarette ash on the drawing-room carpet. While perhaps she annoys him by devoting all her time to baby.

When he comes home in the evening she is bathing baby, when he leaves in the morning she is upstairs dressing baby, and, of course, hubby feels neglected.

Many wives pay little attention to their personal appearance after marriage. Both parties forget that all these petty things help to banish love which, if it is to last, must be prepared to face all the trials and irritations of daily life.

MEN WHO TELL THE NEWS. THE COLOUR OF YOUR HAIR. HOW I MET THE TSAR.

SOMETHING ABOUT OUR MOST FAMOUS WAR CORRESPONDENTS.

The famous war correspondent of the "Daily Express" has contrived to cram the maximum of adventure into a life that has been lived largely in the turmoil of camps since he was little more than a boy.

Before he was twenty, that is to say, he was following the Greek armies in their plucky but ill-advised war against the Turks, which ended in the desperate battle of Domoko, fought on May 17th, 1897.

This battle ended the war, and would have ended the Greek Empire, if England and the other great powers had not intervened and compelled Turkey to make peace. Young Phillips left Athens in deep distress, for his sympathies were all with the Hellenes; but he brightened up on receipt of a cable from his employers in New York ordering him to hold himself in readiness to proceed to Cuba, then in the throes of a long-protracted revolution.

He subsequently went through the Spanish-American War in that island, where, to quote the words of Richard Harding Davis, "the newspaper correspondents daily took chances such as no war correspondents ever took before in any war in any part of the world."

Phillips, however, escaped death from Mauser bullets, from the machetes of the insurgent guerilla bands of the interior—who were usually quite as ready to kill friend as foe—and from the still more to-be-dreaded "Yellow Jack."

We next hear of him in the Russo-Japanese War, where he first represented the "Express," and where he found the "Japs" so exceedingly polite that they shepherded the correspondents carefully together in Tokyo, and declined to allow them anywhere near the fighting area "for fear they might get hurt"—at least that was the reason alleged by the ever-courteous chiefs of the Japanese Headquarters Staff.

Phillips, however, managed to get to the Manchurian front, after a weary period of waiting, and was an eye-witness of much of the desperate fighting in this theatre of the war. He also went through the first Balkan war, when he was with the Bulgarian Army besieging Adrianople—a weary period of waiting in slush and snow, with shells screaming incessantly overhead and, to quote the words of a fellow-sufferer, "little to do and less to eat for weeks."

He was nearly frozen to death once or twice in this campaign. In the next one he was assigned to that of the Italians against the Turks in Tripoli, he was nearly roasted alive in what is probably one of the hottest regions on the face of the globe.

Mr. Phillips has met, in the course of his career, with enough adventures to fill a dozen good-sized volumes. He was nearly overwhelmed in the great Kingston earthquake. He was in the thick of the revolution in Portugal, the rising in Catalonia, and the rioting in Barcelona. While very early in the present war he came within an ace of being taken prisoner by the Germans, who entered Ghent on the one side as he left it on the other in an old ramshackle horse-cab, his chauffeur having bolted with his car on the first appearance of the dreaded Huns.

FAMOUS HALF-TIMER.

NOW A LANCASHIRE COTTON KING.

Mr. J. B. Tattersall, who recently became President of the Master Cotton Spinners' Federation, on Sir Charles Macara resigning after twenty-one years' valuable service, is a typically Lancashire man. Mr. Tattersall has Lancashire written upon his features, in his manner, in his language, in his attitude towards all men. He might write of himself, "I'm Lancashire, and Lancashire's me." He reminds one of another wealthy self-made Lancastrian who, whilst mayor of the town, attended to preside at a scientific meeting. The commissioner at the door, not knowing him, said, "And who are you, sir?" The reply was: "Me? I'm John So-and-So, spinner, manufacturer, and doubler." "But it's the mayor we are waiting for," said the man. "Oh, well," came from the self-made Lancastrian, "I'm t' mayor too. I'm a spinner, manufacturer, and doubler t' first, an' t' mayor second."

Fr. Tattersall, however, has risen from clogs, as they say in Lancashire, to be the President of the Master Cotton Spinners' Federation, which controls about 45,000,000 spindles. Curiously enough he was, like Sir Charles Macara, born in 1845. But the circumstances were different. "J.B." was ushered into the world in a poor workman's home at Royton. He, following the example of his class, went to the spinning mill at the age of about nine years. Till the age of eleven he went half a day to the mill and half a day to school. At the age of eleven, however, young Tattersall became a full-time worker, rising soon after four o'clock in the morning, finishing at the mill about six o'clock or after, and attending evening school, as he now puts it, "to get a bit o' learnin'."

Everybody on the commercial side of Lancashire's supreme spinning and manufacturing business knows J. B. Tattersall. The operatives refer to him as "Owd J. B. T." His life has reality in it, romance in it. In Lancashire's own terms "he's made brass," but still lives in a way not far removed from the level of the operative classes.

That the complexion and also the colour of the hair form valuable guides to character is the contention of many character experts. Dark people are generally more romantically inclined than fair people, the latter being usually of a practical turn of mind, but as a well-known psychologist once said, "There are no such things as clear cut types, each type being subject to variations."

People with coal black hair usually combine a tendency to melancholy with great strength of character, purity and goodness, particularly if their hair be fine. If black hair be coarse and strong a rigid and scrupulously honest character is indicated. Golden hair portrays ardour in love, capriciousness of character, and a certain amount of timidity and nervousness. Caprice and nervousness is indicated by hair of an undecided yellowish shade.

Auburn-haired people have much innate refinement and purity of character; they are active and energetic, and have a great capacity for both enjoyment and suffering, and are also extremely sensitive. Bright, vivid red hair denotes quick temper, outspokenness, and a warm, sympathetic nature.

Light hair is indicative of a happy, cheerful disposition. Dark brown hair goes with intellect and great strength of character.

The texture and quality of the hair does a great deal to modify the characteristics betokened by its colouring. Thus curly hair indicates versatility, vivacity, and a certain amount of changeableness of disposition, whilst wavy hair denotes imagination and a strong vein of romance. Fine hair is a sign of refinement and sensitiveness, and smooth, glossy, and very straight hair betokens a steady, even character, reliable in every way.

SHOT IN PARLIAMENT.

TISZA. AUSTRIA-HUNGARY'S BIG MAN.

The dominant personality in the Dual Empire to-day, according to reports from Vienna, is Count Etienne Tisza, the Hungarian Premier.

But all the Empire knows what kind of man Count Tisza is. A country gentleman, a millionaire with vast estates, practically ruling Hungary, he is still a man of very simple tastes and habits. He is never more uncomfortable than when he puts on the elaborate jewelled costume which custom prescribes shall be worn by the Hungarian Premier on state and gala occasions. The Count has been an earnest student and has made a special study of British institutions, and especially of Parliament and the British Government.

The Hungarian Parliament is one of the most unruly of legislative bodies, and Count Tisza has been the central figure in some of its stormiest scenes. Some years ago, when he was Speaker, one of the enraged members of the Opposition fired three shots at him; but the Count escaped with his life. He has fought as many as three duels in a single year. In August, 1913, he fought the Marquis George Pallavicini, cavalry swords the weapons. During the ninth bout, both principals having been wounded in the forehead, the doctors stopped the fight.

The Count was born in Budapest on August 22nd, 1861, eldest son of the famous Coloman de Tisza, who was at the head of the Government from 1875 until 1890. Educated in the first place at home, he afterwards studied at Heidelberg, Berlin, and Budapest. He was first elected to Parliament in 1885.

FOOTBALL.

The return match between the 288th Coy. Royal Engineers, and the Hospital team will take place on the Hospital Football Ground at Silverlands on Saturday next. The Hospital will be very well represented as they have in their team players that have played for some of the crack teams in Canada.

The Hospital team will be as follows: (goal) Eeryt-Major Carpenter, (backs) Lance-Corpl. McLeod and Corpl. Stevenson, (half-backs) Pte. Porter, Pte. Morton, and Pte. Winch, (forwards) Pte. Jones, Sergt. Henderson, Sergt. Granecome, Sergt.-Major Jevons, and Pte. Aitkenhead.

It will be remembered that the first game between these two teams was won by the "Canadians" by the handsome score of 7-1. Kick-off at 2-15 p.m. sharp.

AN EDINBURGH STORY.

WHY THE DRIVER STOPPED THE CABLE CAR.

"I have nothing against the Edinburgh people," said a gentleman who hid from the great outer world, "but I must say I've found greater fellow feeling elsewhere. My hat blew away on Saturday, and, though everybody beside me took a warm interest in its perambulations, nobody joined in pursuit."

"Eh, but ye wrong Edinburgh folk," replied one of his hearers. "D'ye ken what I saw on Saturday? A man's hat blew off just as a cable car wis passin', and the driver stopped the car and sprinted awa doon the road efter it. Can ye beat that in the South?"

The stranger said he really couldn't, and would chalk it up to Edinburgh's credit.

"Wis it actly true, Tam?" asked a friend, after the "foreigner" had departed.

"Aye wis it, but d'ye think I wud tell yon Sassenach it wis the driver's ain cap that blew off?"

There are few Sovereigns more kindly and easy to converse with than the Emperor of All the Russias. As in other foreign countries the audience is arranged through the British Embassy or Legation; but, unlike others, Court dress is always worn in Russia, even though the reception itself is perfectly informal.

Tsarskoe Selo—or the Tsar's Village, as the words mean—is a little over half-an-hour by rail from Petrograd. I was instructed to start from the Imperial Station at Petrograd, across the platform of which, covered with rich carpets, I walked through saluting soldiers to the Imperial train, which is comfortably and luxuriantly fitted up with smoking, writing and reading compartments.

Upon arrival at the "Tsar's Village," I was met by one of the Imperial carriages, always in waiting for the expected visitors, with coachman and footman on the box wearing bright scarlet cloaks edged with white fur, and cocked hats of red and gold.

Sentries were stationed at intervals through the streets of the village, who saluted the carriage as it passed, although no occupant could be seen. The park was soon reached, and the carriage drew up at the small white palace where the Tsar always resides.

Nothing is more striking, after the cold and the snow outside, than the warmth and richness of colour within. On every side are brilliant and unfamiliar liveries and dazzling rich uniforms.

An official—of huge physique, wearing several medals, with a broad gold band round his head, from which on its right side, stands out a curious bunch of feathers—in a velvet and lace dress and with silk breeches and stockings, came forward and led the way to a dressing-room where I was allowed to leave my furs.

He then conducted me through one magnificent room after another, each one richly furnished and adorned with beautiful china, paintings trophies, and presents from different parts of the empire, until at length a small room was reached, where a number of officers in brilliant uniforms were seated, and evidently in attendance.

One of them came forward and welcomed me. I chatted pleasantly with him until a servant, dressed in the manner of an English butler, came from a room opposite and, holding the door open, signified that I should enter.

There was no introduction or announcement of any kind. The Emperor was already standing to greet me, smiling pleasantly and encouragingly with extended hand. I lost every bit of diffidence and sense of constraint at the sound of that cheery and unacted voice, and the simplicity and graciousness of the welcome.

He talked freely, and gave me the sense that I was to do the same, selecting those subjects of conversation that he thought would be of most interest—of England, of travelling, of the visitor's impressions of Russia; and before the audience was over frankly expressed the hope that it would not be the last.

And I left feeling as though I had been with an intimate friend whose only concern was for my welfare.

BIRTHDAY PARTY.

GIVEN IN HONOR OF THE COMMANDING OFFICER'S BIRTHDAY.

A very pleasing social event of the week was the dinner on Wednesday evening given by Mrs. Frederick Guest in honor of the commanding officer's birthday. The table, at which twenty-two were seated, was beautifully decorated with chrysanthemums and bountifully laden with those things which gratify the inner man. The guests comprised the officers of the staff and wives, several officers from the C.D.D., and a number of senior nurses. During the course of the dinner the orchestra rendered several choice selections, and it must be said they were never heard to better advantage.

PRICELESS DIAMONDS.

THE DUCHESSES WHO WEAR THEM.

The three finest diamonds worn in England are those belonging to the Duchess of Westminster, the Countess of Dudley, and the Duchess of Portland. These ladies are the wives of three of the richest noblemen in the peerage. The Duchess of Westminster's diamond is the famous "Nassac," and has been in the Grosvenor family's possession for many generations before the Westminster marquessate became a dukedom. Its weight is seventy-eight carats. It is priceless. Lady Dudley's gem is called the "Star of South Africa." It used to be known as the "Dudley." Its weight is forty-four and a half carats, and before it was cut it weighed just double. The diamond of the Duchess of Portland is named the "Portland," and is a square-shaped stone of the purest water. Its weight is kept a secret in the family, but it is known to have been valued at £10,000. Of course, these diamonds only belong by courtesy to different peeresses of the time. The ladies themselves have no property in them whatever. They are heirlooms, and as such form part of the family jewels. The present peeresses have the right to wear them—nothing more.

**THE CANADIAN
RED CROSS SPECIAL.**

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Treasurer Sergt. C. L. Granecome.
Associate Editor C. R. Bailey.
Sporting Editor Sgt. J. Henderson.
Artist C. Webster.

Registered as a newspaper for transmission abroad.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2nd, 1916.

A MOTHER OF FIVE.

Disconcerting statement of the "Glasgow Post": "In a Partick train the other day a respectably dressed woman confided to a friend that her husband and five sons were engaged on munitions work, and that every Saturday her purse was augmented by no less than £36 odd." Either the "Glasgow Post" has misheard the statement, the woman has mishandled the truth, or the recruiting officer has mistaken his job.

HUNS WITHOUT HONOUR (GERMAN OFFICIAL).

Two German non-commissioned officers and two airmen, who were interned in Holland, were allowed out of camp on their signed promise to return, but they got to Germany and are now again serving in the ranks of the Hun. When Holland complained, Germany refused to return the men, "on the ground that men below the rank of officer have no word of honour, and therefore can neither give it nor break it." The result is that Huns interned in Holland will no longer be allowed out on parole, even for a walk. We know, of course, that German soldiers had very little sense of honour, but it is interesting to be officially informed that they have none at all.

ROBBING THE DEAD.

A mother who has lost her only son, a corporal in the Rifle Brigade, killed last July, was gladdened a little by a notification that his belongings were being forwarded to her. She thought of little possessions of his that she might treasure till her own call came. When he left home in March his kit-bag was well stocked, and he carried as well a watch, tobacco pouch, wallet, and a number of keepsakes. When the bag with his "belongings" reached her, she unpacked it hopefully, but its only contents were: One sock, a shirt, a cardigan jacket, a scarf (all filthy dirty), a Bible with a strange name written inside, and a torn hymn-book, the last being the only article she recognised as having been her boy's. If this means robbery, she can but marvel at the callous thief who causes such heart agony for such small gains—gains that surely scorch the looting fingers. Better supervision is promised, and not too soon, over the property of the sacred dead.

ONLY A TOMMY

The other day, at Leeds station, a coffin arrived covered with the Union Jack. It was brought in a Red Cross van, and on arrival at the side of the train the flag was hurriedly removed and the coffin bundled into the van—to be met, later on, by broken-hearted parents. *Couldn't that old flag have been spared for the rest of the journey—even if it had to be returned?*

THE BED PATIENT.

I'd been in bed ten days or more
And all my bones were getting sore,
When, lo, unto myself, said I:
"At getting up I'll have a try!"
But when the M.O. came around,
That I some fever had he found;
He shook his head and turned away,
Said he: "You can't get up to-day!"
I waited then a day or two
My urgent request to renew,
And felt assured I'd have success,
But there is where I missed my guess.
I hoped the M.O. had a heart,
But when he looked down at my chart,
He said again, 'tis sad to say:
"Oh, no, you can't get up to-day!"
And so right here in bed I stick,
Altho' I'm not so very sick,
And count the minutes of each day
(How slow the time does pass away);
But still I am not quite forlorn,
For I have hopes that some bright morn,
The M.O. then to me will say:
"I guess you may get up to-day!"
—G. T. Duncan.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

A platonic friendship is an unhealthy lie.
Friendship comes to grief when it crosses the frontier of business.
A platonic friendship usually ends in woman losing her heart and the man his temper or the man his appetite and the woman her complexion.
He's the best friend I ever had, or shall have—and that's more than many women can say of their husbands.
"They quarrel and they part," said the woman. "That is friendship," said the man. "They quarrel and they do not part," said the woman. "That is love," said the man.

Any right-minded girl would sooner wear a new hat that didn't suit her than an old one that did.

All girls are alike except the one you happen to be engaged to.

The easiest way to escape being hated, is to mind your own business, and refrain from giving good advice.

My advice to those about to buy a motor-car is—Pumble backwards down a long flight of stairs into a bath full of salad oil, and save the money.

You can't drown trouble in alcohol. The more you try the worse you get, and the worse you get, the more you drink.

If every girl were taught just tact, diplomacy and self respect, and a knowledge of man; woman would govern and teach the world, and the world would be better for it.

A moderate income and a good temper—given these two, if any girl can't get on with any man, any girl must be a born fool.

The great art of happiness—for a woman—is to go through life seeing only the things she is meant to see. For a man—to see all that a woman wants him to see.

The path to the altar is paved with platonic friendships.

You can find upon which side your bread is buttered by dropping it.

There is nothing as uncommon as common sense.

If you must call a spade a spade, do it in a whisper.

There is no fool like an old fool's son.

Some men keep promises, and everything else they can get.

THEN THE COURT LAUGHED.

I was talking to an American friend the other day, who told me a story of Mr. Hughes, the American Presidential candidate. Before he attained to the dignity of a Justice of the United States Supreme Court at Washington he occupied a seat on the judicial bench of one of the Federal Courts.

The judiciary in these latter are not termed "Justices," this distinction being reserved exclusively for the members of the Supreme Court. One day a young lawyer, new to his work, so far forgot himself as to refer to Hughes—then sitting in one of the inferior courts—as "Mr. Justice Hughes."

"Don't you know, sir," snapped that individual, "that we have no justice in this court?"

The lawyer was dumbfounded. He gasped once or twice, then said: "I had er—always heard so, your honour, but I had never believed it."

The laugh was on the judge.

GERMANS WHO FIGHT HUNS.

SOME FACTS ABOUT THE FOREIGN LEGION.

In France's famous "Foreign Legion" now doing such splendid work on the Western Front are to be found soldiers of almost every nationality, race and colour. British, Colonials, French, Russians and Germans all are banded together in a little army of their own.

None are so keen as the Germans to get the better of the "Huns." They have joined voluntarily to fight for the ideal of national liberty, which is the ideal of all the members of that famous fighting band.

For very many years the French Foreign Legion, which came into being in the days of France's colonisation of her African possessions, has been a favourite theme with novelists, owing to the general idea that it was a place of refuge for men who wished to bury their past. That may have been so in the old days, but the great band of France's foreign soldiers nowadays is mainly made up of men who wish to fight for the Allies in a just and noble cause.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

PARS FROM ALL THE PAPERS.

The German Empress has ordered that all dispensable articles of gold in the Court treasury not possessing historic or artistic value shall be given to the collections of gold articles organized for the purpose of increasing Germany's monetary gold supply.

The Scragg family, of Leigh, Lancashire, have had a remarkable experience—a wedding, a funeral, and a death taking place on the same day. Miss Florence Scragg was married at eight o'clock in the morning to a soldier on special leave, her father was buried at three o'clock, and her niece died at eight o'clock the same evening.

What is claimed to be the first time in golf history when a player won a match by making the final hole in one is recorded in a recent contest at Chicago. Playing in the final, the two contestants came to the eighteenth tee all square. The hole was 165 yards, and one player's mashie shot rolled up to the hole and rested against the pin. When the pin was lifted the ball fell in.

Lieutenant Pollner, a young and well-known Danish military aviator, has planned to make a record by crossing the Atlantic, and a Danish flying expert states that he will be able to carry out his plan by means of a machine supplied with a motor of 350-h.p. The distance from the Faroe Islands to Newfoundland could, he states, be made in about thirty hours, and the whole trip to New York in forty-eight hours.

One of the oldest leading Danish newspapers in Schleswig, the "Dybbøl Posten," recently announced that as the last printer has now been called out for military service, the owner of the paper will be unable to publish it again during the war. Long ago all men on the editorial staff had been called up. On the largest Danish Schleswig paper, the "Flensborg Avis," there is now only one left of the staff. The chief editor was called up a short time ago.

**RHYME, ROT,
AND REASON.**

ALWAYS GOING ONE BETTER.

You think, my lad, the effort ends when you have learned the ropes?
It's sad to dash your youthful zeal and bight your sanguine hopes,
But we who've tried the winepress long and bought our wisdom dear
Have found the struggle just as stiff year after busy year.
The strength to bear the burden grows (for this is not complaint),
But never was the task assigned that fit the heart that's faint.
And never, since old earth's pursued her sun-round path erratic,
Has any job worth while been found that turned out automatic.
The more you've brilliantly made good, the more of you's expected,
The higher you have sailed, the more by friends your slump's detected.
Day after day your field unfolds as height on height you climb—
"Not failure," one old poet said, "but coward aim is crime."
The moment you relax and say: "At last my job is fixed
So I can do my stunt each day and never once get mixed,"
That moment you start down the slope, a downright retrogressor,
And start, in your employer's mind, a search for your successor.
It's hard to say, but say I must, and say it most emphatic—
There is no job worth holding that will e'er be automatic.

BARGAIN IN ANCESTRY.

A connoisseur of paintings saw in the window of a secondhand dealer's shop the portrait of an admiral in full uniform. He offered the dealer £50 for it, but the latter declined to sell under £75, and, as neither would give way, the picture remained in the shop. A little time afterwards the connoisseur saw the picture hanging in the dining-room of a certain country house he happened to be visiting. With an exclamation of surprise he walked towards it.

"Halloa, what have you got here?" he said. His host replied that the portrait had just been bequeathed to him, and added: "It is the portrait of one of Nelson's admirals, an ancestor of ours."

"Was he, indeed?" commented the connoisseur. "A month ago he was within £25 of becoming one of mine!"

FOUR CROSSES.

First—emblem of a soul's desire,
The craved for, hardly won "V.C."
Gained by fierce pangs thro' blood and fire
And brave deeds done on land and sea.
"Legion d'Honneur"—the second cross,
So proudly borne upon the breast
By martial Frenchmen, scorning loss
Of life and limb, who gave their best.
The "Military Cross"—the third
A grand reward for him who bears
That sign which shows his King has heard,
Honors his bravery—and cares.
Ah, little cross—rough cross of wood,
That crowns a hero's rest in state—
Fourth cross which, stiffly upright stood,
Marks just a simple soldier's fate!

PLAY THE GAME.

(Composed by Pte. Haliburton's wife, in the recruiting camp at Calgary.)
You stalwart men in civilian's garb,
As you serve the public's whim,
Why don't you come out and join the ranks?
Why don't you get into the swim?
You've an honest job in times of peace,
At present it's too tame;
There are hundreds of girls to take your place,
Back up! and play the game!
The sands of France are stained with blood
Of the heroes who've died for right;
'Tis better to die and die a man
Than to live, afraid to fight.
The gaps in the rank need filling up,
There's a regiment needing your name;
Don't be a slacker in times like these,
Back up! and play the game!
There's a wife who longs for a husband's kiss;
There is a child who is lonely for dad;
There's a mother whose heart is strained with fear
For the fate of her soldier lad.
But they've steeled their hearts to thoughts of self
When they think of their country's fame;
And they bid their men as they leave for the front—
Back up! and play the game!
Have you any right to seek "safety first"
While your country needs your strength?
Paying in money will not suffice
If you've breadth and weight and length;
If you've good red blood and muscle and brawn
To spend for old England's fame
You've no excuse to withhold them now,
Back up! and play the game!

PRESENTED AT COURT.

One of the young men attached to the American Embassy at Berlin tells a story to illustrate that modern advertising can cope even with the etiquette of Courts.
A young American woman wished to be presented at the Court of the King of Saxony. The high officials, having inquired into her social standing at home, objected. They represented to her that the King could scarcely receive the daughter of a retail boot-seller.
The young woman cabled home and told her father the situation. The next morning she received this answer:—
"Can't call it selling. Practically giving them away. See advertisement."
That solved the difficulty. She was presented as the daughter of an eminent philanthropist.

OUR NON-COMS.

A sergeant was training a squad of recruits in musketry, when suddenly someone appeared in the line of fire.
"Hi, there!" bellowed the sergeant; "get back, carn't yer? Anyone 'ud think the place belonged to yer."
"Well, it doesn't exactly," meekly replied the interloper, "but my—er—father-in-law, you know, owns it, and nearly half the county besides."
"Oh, does 'e?" was the irate sergeant's answer. "Well, if you was yer father-in-law itself and walked acrorst the range when my lads was firing, you'd just as easily get shot as any other fool. So 'op it."

A DEADLY COMPLEXION.

He only kissed her on the cheek,
It seemed a simple frolic,
But he was sick in bed a week—
They called it painter's colic.

"UP ABOVE THE WORLD SO HIGH."

Private Doherty was six-feet-four in his socks; the Sergeant was much shorter. The Sergeant looked along the line.
"Head up there, Doherty?" he cried. Doherty raised his head.
"Up higher," said the little Sergeant. "There, that's better. Don't let me see your head down again."
"Am I always to be like this?" asked Doherty, staring away above the little Sergeant's head.
"You are."
"Then I'll say good-bye to ye, Sergeant, for I'll never see yez again."

A PREDICAMENT.

The weary cyclist plodded on,
In spite of pelting rain,
He tried to find a sign-post, but
His efforts were in vain.
He did not pass a single soul,
And much to his dismay,
One tyre was getting very flat
Which caused him some delay.
He could not see his way at all,
The night was dark and drear;
He ran into an obstacle—
A sign-post that was near.
He struck his last remaining match,
But soon his spirits sank;
There was no sign upon the post,
He found that it was blank!

HOW WAS IT?

"Oh! Bobby," said mother, "you'll turn my hair grey if you are such a naughty boy."
The little fellow reflected for a moment. Then he observed delicately: "Mummie, gran-mie's hair is quite white."

ALL ACCOUNTED FOR.

"I hope, John," said the parson very gravely, "you don't spend all your earnings gravely."
"No, sir," responded John respectfully; "I always make it a strict rule never to spend more'n two-thirds of me wages, sir."
"Ah, that's good—that's good!" nodded the parson. "And do you put the other third in the bank?"
"Oh, no, sir," responded the man; "I puts it to much better use than that. I gives it to the missus to keep 'ouse on!"

HIS WISH WAS GRANTED.

Against his strong supporting arm,
She gently laid her head;
"I wish your cheek could always be
Just where it is," he said.
When turning up the lights at home,
He found to his dismay,
A tell-tale patch upon his coat—
He'd brought her cheek away!

NOTHING UNUSUAL.

"Dou you know," said the successful merchant, "that I began life as a 'barefoot boy'?"
"Well," said his clerk, "I wasn't born with shoes on, either."

BOILING IT DOWN.

"I will take your novel," announced the heartless publisher, "if you will cut it down by half."
The budding author cast up his hands.
"Cut it?" he cried. "Impossible! Every word is vital."
"Indeed?" replied the publisher. "Just listen to this passage: 'Outside the wind moaned unceasingly, its voice now that of a child which sobs within itself in the night, now that of a woman who suffers great pain alone, as women have suffered since life began. And, mingled with the wailing of the wind, rain fell—fell heavily, intermittently, like tears wrung from the souls of strong men.'"
"Well," said the author.
"Well," retorted the publisher, "why not say simply, 'It was raining?'"

BELIEVE ANYTHING.

"Do you believe that awful story they're telling about Mr. Pierce?"
"Yes, what is it?"

SWEETNESS.

To kiss away a maiden's tear
Is really worth the trying;
Select a time when no one's near
To kiss away a maiden's tear.
The only drawback is, I fear,
That she will keep on crying!
To kiss away a maiden's tear
Is really worth the trying.

THE GENTLEMANLY NIGGER.

BY FRANCIS GRIBBLE.

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It was generally admitted that the nigger who performed that summer, on the beach at Frinton, was "no ordinary nigger."

His costume, of striped cotton, was as neat as if he had put it on for a fancy-dress ball; his wide flapping collar was spotless; his straw hat was never weather-beaten; and he did not wear a made-up tie.

"The gentlemanly nigger" was the girls' name for him. They deserted all the other seashore entertainments—they even neglected their novelettes—in order to sit in a circle round him; and speculation as to his identity was rife in the Sea View Boarding House.

"It is vain for him to call himself 'Mr. Bimbo,'" said Mrs. Haycroft, the proprietress. "Nothing will ever persuade me that Bimbo is his real name."

"I should think not, indeed," said Mrs. Browne, the wife of the great Brixton draper. "You can tell that by his grand air when he turns the banjo upside down to collect the coppers."

"Just as if he was calling for the King's taxes," said Mrs. Haycroft.

"Or as if he was a great nobleman at a charity bazaar," said Mrs. Browne.

"And who shall say that he isn't a nobleman in disguise?" said Mrs. Haycroft. "I've heard of noblemen doing such things before now, when they are down on their luck."

"I shouldn't wonder if it was," said Mrs. Browne, "for there's no denying that he's dis-tangay, and when he takes to singing one of his sentimental ballads—"

"It's just as if he was serenading the maid in her attic—I mean to say her lattice—height."

That was how the elder ladies discussed Mr. Bimbo; and the younger ladies were equally enthusiastic, so that it was like a bomb-shell bursting in their midst, when Master Tommy Haycroft, aged nine, burst into the conversation with the question:

"Who kissed Mr. Bimbo last night over the garden wall?"

All the elder ladies then looked at all the younger ladies; and all the younger ladies looked at each other; while Mrs. Haycroft tried to cover their confusion by threatening to smack Tommy afterwards if he told.

But Tommy was as bold as brass.

"I'm not going to tell," he said, "not now, and I'll promise not to tell at all if she gives me sixpence."

So the subject dropped; but, on the following morning, Master Tommy Haycroft decided to Master Johnnie Browne that—

"Six of them gave me sixpence each for promising to say it wasn't them, and one of them gave me a shilling."

"Then that's the one, you bet," said Johnnie; and though Johnnie was cynical, he was right.

The "one" in question, indeed, was no other than Johnnie's own sister, Miss Brilliantina Browne, known to her family as Brillie; and the conversation above reported seems to show that, if she had done wrong, her mother was hardly less to blame than herself for her lapse from proper courses.

Nor did that conversation stand alone. On the contrary; the theme came up nightly; and pleasantries, and even personalities, were exchanged about it.

"There's a far-away expression in his eyes, but I daresay his thoughts aren't quite as far away as his looks," said Mrs. Haycroft.

"That's just what I think when I see him looking round at the girls," rejoined Mrs. Browne. "Now it's one he looks at, and now it's another, so that it's hard to say which he looks at most; but if I wasn't afraid of turning my Brillie's head—"

"Oh, ma!" Miss Brilliantina interrupted. "Look at her blushing," laughed her mother and Mrs. Haycroft said:

"Well, if he should turn out to be a nobleman in disguise—and stranger things have happened to my certain knowledge—in that case, Mrs. Browne, it wouldn't be a conquest to sneeze at after all."

So the talk ran; and it was seed that fell upon a fertile soil.

Miss Brilliantina Browne was pretty, in a fluffy sort of way, and knew it; and she had cherished "ideas beyond her station" ever since last summer's seaside flirtation with an Oxford undergraduate who had been introduced to her (by the Master of the Ceremonies).

That flirtation, indeed, had come to nothing, as seaside flirtations generally do; but it had left Brilliantina with a yearning for higher social things. She blamed the young Brixton tradesmen for not adopting the "Oxford manner."

It would have taken but little to make her censure her own father for the same short-comings.

Moreover, there were the novelettes. She regularly read two a day, and we all know in what light life is pictured in these romantic tracts. What wonder, then, that Brilliantina began to see the gentlemanly nigger as the King of a Castle in the Air? What wonder that an understanding began to grow up between them when he collected contributions in his banjo?

"I suppose Mr. Bimbo isn't your real name?" she ventured as she dropped into the instrument a piece of silver originally intended for the collection plate on Sunday.

"I expect you're doing it for a charity, aren't you?" she asked on the next opportunity; and Mr. Bimbo smiled his most enigmatic smile.

"I knew it because any one can see you have the Oxford manner," she said on her third opportunity; and Mr. Bimbo rewarded her with a confidential nod.

Such were the passages which led Mrs. Browne to the conclusion that her Brillie had made a conquest; and, if the subsequent passages were not observed by Mrs. Browne—well, we all know that there are some secrets which the young like to keep to themselves.

Mrs. Browne was not to know, for instance, that Mr. Bimbo had serenaded Brilliantina under her bedroom window at midnight, and she was still less likely to be informed of the passage which had put a shilling into Master Tommy Haycroft's pocket. Such incidents are associated in sentimental minds with thoughts too deep for the idle chaff of boarding-houses; and there is a point at which even mothers who laugh at their daughter's flirtations, remember their responsibilities.

"I shouldn't mind so much if it was only ma, but she might get writing to pa," was the way Brilliantina put it to herself.

For her father did not read novelettes, and was ignorant of the romantic possibilities of life. A nigger for him was just a nigger. It would be useless to try to convince him that Mr. Bimbo was black as night only for wantonness. He would only telegraph to summon Brilliantina home.

"And then I should miss that drive," thought Brilliantina, for things, still unobserved by Mrs. Browne, had even got as far as that.

Sunday was to be the day, and Clacton was to be the meeting-place. A visit to an old school-friend, alleged to be staying at Clacton; was to be the pretext. Mr. Bimbo was to be waiting with the carriage at the Clacton station.

He was; and he had washed his face, as a first step, as it were, towards the disclosure of his identity. He was dressed as elegantly as any other gentleman who takes a lady for a drive, and as for his manner—

"If that isn't the Oxford manner," thought Brilliantina, "then I don't know the Oxford manner when I see it."

Perhaps she did not know it; but Mr. Bimbo's manner, at any rate, was widely different from that of the ordinary nigger on the beach, and he ended a delightful afternoon by quoting Tennyson's "Lord of Burleigh":

"He was but a landscape-painter,
And a village maiden she."

It was one of the few pieces of poetry that Brilliantina knew; and having to learn it by heart at school, she had voted it "as good as a novelette," except that the end was "so sad" and "so unnatural."

"For what I can't understand," she said, "is the girl's pining away. She can't have been a girl of any spirit."

"She can't," Mr. Bimbo agreed; and then there was an interval of silence until Mr. Bimbo spoke again:

"If I knew a girl of spirit," he said "a girl who would trust me absolutely—a girl who would adorn any station, even the highest—"

And, of course, he did know such a girl—and of course, Brilliantina knew one, too—and so, of course—

It was in the office above the shop, and Brilliantina had to face an angry father.

He was an indulgent father as a general rule, but he did not read novelettes, and secret marriages do take some explaining—when the wife is not in a position to give a definite account of her husband. Brilliantina felt it so. She feared that Mr. Bimbo had overdone the part of the Lord of Burleigh. She wished that he had given her more precise information as to the whereabouts of his estates. Sentiment had prevented her from thinking of all that before; but now that she was under cross-examination it troubled her.

For Mr. Browne had bounded from his chair, and was pacing the room, and using very violent language.

"A secret marriage! Oh, Brillie! Brillie! A nigger on the bench, and your mother there to look after you! Oh, Brillie! Brillie!"

"But ma said he was such a gentlemanly—"

"Gentlemanly nigger, indeed! Your mother said that, did she? What's the world coming to next? And what's your gentlemanly nigger's name, miss? What does he call himself? Uncle Bones? Sambo? Jumbo?"

"Bimbo," said Brilliantina.

"Bimbo! Bimbo!" Mr. Browne repeated. The name seemed to suggest something to him—he did not seem to know exactly what. Perhaps it was a music hall memory. Perhaps—

"Bimbo isn't his real name, of course," Brilliantina corrected. "It couldn't be. His real name is Poppewick"; and once more Mr. Browne repeated the name after her.

"Bimbo! Bimbo! Poppewick! Poppewick!" Evidently he was searching for some link between the two appellations; but Brilliantina interrupted him.

"You'll change your mind about him, pa, when I show you his photo, and you see how distinguished he looks," she went on, adding, as she removed the tissue paper. "There are Poppewicks in the Peerage, I expect, pa."

But Mr. Browne retorted with a withering scorn.

"Expect! Is that what your novelettes teach you to expect? Why don't you expect him to be the Prince of Wales and all the Royal Family while you're about it? What I expect is—"

But then he stopped; for he had looked at the photograph, and found the missing link. When he resumed, the tone of his voice was modified. He spoke with sarcasm, yet as one relieved to know that things are not so bad as he has feared.

"Well, Miss Brillie," he said. "So that's your gentlemanly nigger, is it?"

"What! You know him, pa?" gasped Brilliantina.

"Know him? Know Mr. Poppewick, who blacked his face and called himself Mr. Bimbo at the smoking concerts? Seeing that he was one of my assistants until two months ago—"

Brilliantina gasped again. It was difficult for her to know what to say, so she said nothing, nor did it seem that her father expected her to say anything. He had been an angry father, for five minutes, but now, he was about to become an indulgent father once more.

"I've nothing against him, my dear," he said. "He only left because I was giving up the New Cross branch. I thought he'd gone to Jones' Brothers, but as he preferred to try his luck as Mr. Bimbo—"

He paused, and then,

"I don't know that it's altogether a proper way of going courting, Brillie, but still—well he is a very gentlemanly young fellow, as you say—and you're fond of him, Brillie, aren't you?"

"Oh, pa!" said Brilliantina once again.

He had become quite the indulgent father now. His manner was no longer even that of a man making the best of a bad job.

"You looked higher, Brillie. You couldn't help it, with your boarding-school education and your novelettes. But I daresay you've got just as high as it's good for you to go, so I'll tell you what I'll do for you. I'll open that New Cross branch of the business again, and I'll put you and Mr. Bimbo in to manage it, so just you run away and tell Mr. Bimbo to come and see me."

[The End.]

SENTIMENT AND STRATEGY.

The great soprano was singing at Pangaroo. Her desire was to finish up the concert in time to take train back to Melbourne, and, at the last moment, here was the audience whooping for a second encore. The great soprano, in her dressing room, ramped. Then she darted out, assumed a cardboard smile of great gratification, and retreated again. But the audience still whooped. "Here," she snapped, "I'll fix them." She came on, began "Home, Sweet Home," and sang half-way into the verse with profound feeling. Then her voice broke, and she gave way to a flood of passionate tears, and staggered from the platform. "Now," she said, "drive like blazes for that train!"

AN ADVENTURE WITH ROBBERS.

A traveller in Mexico, whose name was Taylor, started one morning at sunrise from the cold comfortless inn where he had slept the night before. A few hours' riding brought him to a small town, where he was glad to rest himself, and breakfast. When mounting his horse again, he was asked whether he would not have a guard, as the road he was going was much frequented by robbers; but he refused, either because he was too brave to care for one, or because he thought it was a mere pretence to make him pay for an escort. He rode off, the inn-keeper telling him he would certainly be stopped on the road.

He travelled on for some time; not a creature was to be seen on the road, which lay between two steep hills. So lonely was it that he thought it would be well to load his pistol. Before he could do this, however, he heard a slight movement in the bushwork by his side. Turning to see what caused it, a double-barrelled musket met his view, pointed at him, so close and so well-aimed that he could almost look down the barrels. Holding the musket was a fierce-looking man in a pink shirt and white trousers. In a moment, a second was visible on the other side, then a third in front. The attack was so sudden, that he could only throw down his arms as they bade him. The next command was that he should get off his horse; this, too, he did, for, with one unloaded pistol, how could he fight the robbers? They made him lead his horse out of the road, for fear of any passers-by. One of them went back to keep guard. The others, pointing their muskets at their victim, ordered him to lie down on his face. They then took off his coat and waistcoat, and turned his pockets inside out. His purse had very little money in it, at which they were angry. He had been so prudent as only to take enough for his journey, but he had a cheque on a bank in Mexico. The robbers gave him back his papers, and this cheque among them.

They next tied his hands behind him; then spreading out a blanket he carried, emptied his bags into it, that they might choose what to take. They took all but letters, books and papers. They also picked his pockets of some oranges and cigars, but gave him back one of each, saying: "Perhaps you may get hungry before night." They tied all they took up in a blanket, and carried it off, leaving him his horse, fortunately. They then departed, bidding him good-day, and saying how pleased they were to have met him. He, poor fellow, with his hands tied behind him, felt it anything but pleasant. The first thing was to get rid of the rope; and, after twisting and turning a long time, he contrived to turn his hands round so that he could reach the knots with his teeth—in half an hour he was free once more. His horse had remained near him. He caught him, mounted, and rode off, seeing, as he did so, the three robbers in the distance. He galloped on as hard as he could, and reached a town where a good old priest directed him to an honest inn. As he jumped off his poor tired horse, he told the people in the inn he had no money. But they kindly bade him not to mind it; he might stay as long as he liked. They told him, too, that he ought to be thankful the robbers had not taken his life as well as his money and goods.

THE IRISH REPUBLIC.

Postage stamps prepared by the short-lived Irish Republic have been found, ready for issue. They are printed in the Republican colours—green, white, and orange, with inset pictures of the three Manchester martyrs (Larkin, O'Brien, and Allen) on a shamrock leaf. Beneath is a harp and the words, "God Save Ireland."

WORTH HER WEIGHT IN GOLD.

A CAT THAT SWIMS AND DIVES.

The pet of the stock stores labourers who work day and night at the Enfield Munition Factory is a black cat with white chest and paws. This cat is quite ordinary so far as looks go, but it is worth its weight in gold all the same.

Before the advent of "puss" the water-rats, which abound in the River Lea, made short work of the sandwiches and other eatables which the men brought along with them. Often a man would put his dinner into what he thought was a safe hiding-place, only to find on going to look for it that it had disappeared.

Now the reign of the rats is over, and puss reigns supreme. She will chase a venturesome rodent round and round the workshops, and even if it plunges into the river she will dive in and swim after it until she catches her prey. Then she will land triumphantly and place her capture in a prominent position for all to see.

Recently she caught a rat nearly as big as herself, swam along with it in her mouth, and landed it quite neatly.

She makes a good living hunting rats, and eats every particle excepting the tail. A legend goes about among the men who labour day and night at Enfield Lock that a rat's tail would poison their favourite.

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SAM THE SPRUCER.

"His Royal Holiness the Bishop of Rumtifo," said Sam, "is a whiskey old oyster by his photograph, with a face like a doormat in convulsions. But I could forgive him that. A man's face isn't usually his own fault. He starts out with a handicap, and makes it worse or better as he goes through life. I shouldn't say the Bishop had done much to improve his little lot, barring raising a fine crop of hair all over it that really ought to be trained up a trellis. But that's neither here nor there, as the Brigadier said when the bomb went off premature."

"His face he can't help, but he can help being a silly old date, a blithering, blathering old sheephead, and an episcopal chump. Can't he? Well, then, why don't he? I know! Because of the limelight, and there's no prizes for finding the answer."

"He's like all the bishops. Got to do something to keep his end up, else he'll be overlooked. Take that other joint! All of a sudden he discovers that London is a wicked place! Marvellous! Just come to him! A brain wave! Wicked? Course it is! If it wasn't he'd be out of work. But wasn't it wicked before the war? Bet your sweet life! And did the bishops mind? Bet your life, too! 'Well, here's the Rumtifo geezer, dipping his pen in indelible ink to write to the papers about bad language in the Army. Course! Silly old date! How does he reckon you're going to get the work done if you don't stiff a bit? Soldiers ain't choir-boys not by a good many coats of paint. Our halos are all in pawn."

"It's like this here. We'll suppose I'm a sergeant and I've got a lot of round-shouldered clod-hoppers like yourself to put through it. It's up to me to teach 'em how to march without falling over their feet, how to form fours by numbers and do the rest of the bright things that are going to win the war for us. Well, what do I do? I looks at 'em and draws a deep breath through my nose—so. Then I inflates my chest and lets 'em have it 16 h.p. and all out."

"You flat-footed lot of swizzle-headed Amalekites," I says, "why the Hellespont don't you stand up without leaning on one another? You ruddy-faced bunch of mucky old bishops, I says, 'at the word 'Form' you stand fast. At the word 'Pours' you takes one pace to the rear with the hind foot and one pace to the left with the right foot. And now, you bandy-legged sons of sin, you bottle-nosed beer tanks, you amazing specimens of infantile paralysis, form fours!"

"And what's the result? They try! It's a gaudy mess, and most of 'em get strangled in the attempt, but they try, bless 'em. I've done it myself, so I know. But what would happen if the Bishop had his way. At the parade call the rookies would all fall in and have a nice cup of tea with thin bread and butter. Then, when they had had a smoke, we should start work."

"Gentlemen," I should say, "while deprecating the lack of thought shown by the military authorities and the Army Council, it is my painful duty to inform you that this afternoon you are expected to do at least one about-turn. Much as I regret this, orders is orders, and must be obeyed. Besides, you never know what it might lead to. If you oblige and do it successfully, there may even be promotion for some of you."

"Therefore, gentlemen," I should say, "may I request that you raise your beautiful bodies slightly, poising on the right heel and left toe those sublime members of your admirable anatomy, afterwards swinging a half turn to the right, bringing the left heel into position with a pronounced click. Of course, I know it's a beastly bore and all that, but war's war, gentlemen, and these degrading duties must be done."

"Then, running my episcopal eye along the ranks, I should notice that some of the men were not quite ready."

"Excuse me, Private Brown," I should say, "but pitch-and-toss in the ranks is not looked upon with favour by the military authorities. Therefore, when you have called to Private Johnson, will you kindly return the coin to your pocket and oblige yours truly? Thank you! And now, gentlemen, if you are all quite rested and fit would you be so good as to about-turn?"

"What do you think they'd do? They'd tell me to go and bury my muddy old face in a dug-out and lose the ticket. I shouldn't get anything done. But take the proper method. Thusly—"

"Comp'ny, honk! Why the honkity honk don't you honk, you bladderheaded lot of gazekas? You plucky mugwumps! You perishing lot of hump-backed gorillas! You stand there with your legs all wobbling like new-boiled macaroni, with a look on your ugly, three-cornered dials as if the insides of you was full of high explosive, and about as intelligent as a wagon-load of ruddy-nosed village idiots with the mumps."

"Stand up!" I says. "Stand hup, you disastrous devils, and try to look as if you meant it. And when I say 'Honk' you mind you get a wiggle on it, you blazing lot of stupefied sandbags! Now then, 'Comp'ny—Honk!'"

"And immediately they all fall over. Five are carried away bleeding profusely from the nose, and the rest are picked up and dusted by the lance-corporals. But, anyway, I get something for my money, whereas the bishop don't. That's the difference."

"And let me tell you for the benefit of all new recruits that this forming fours business isn't so barny as it looks. You never know when you may be glad of the information so obtained in these early days. Suppose you get into a tight corner. A thousand Fritzies are advancing on you from the front, and two thousand at the double from the rear, you are being shelled from the four points of the compass, you've got your foot stuck in a hole and the barbed wire is affectionately embracing your trousers and face. You are sitting on a live bomb with the pin drawn, and to make matters worse, and finally put the lid on, it is raining cats and dogs. Having lost your rifle, what would you do in the circumstances?"

"Form fours, of course! A fine thing is forming fours. I've formed some thousands of 'em in my time—beauties."

"But you can take it from me, cussing in the Army is highly essential. In fact, some of the sergeants have to go through a special profanity course before they get their stripes. That's why I got passed over."

LOST.—A wrist watch in the wash room in "A" Ward. Finder please return to Pte. Redfern, "B" Ward duty room.

THE ROSE OF DENMARK.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS TO QUEEN ALEXANDRA WHO CELEBRATED HER BIRTHDAY ON DEC. 1.

The other day a crowd of little Italian children had assembled outside a cinema to watch Queen Alexandra had paid a visit. She had gone to see the great Italian war film, and the whole Italian colony in London took the royal visit as a personal compliment to themselves.

The children, in charge of their teachers, were waiting impatiently for the royal party to come out. "We may cheer the Queen, may we not?" one little dark-eyed girl asked.

"Of course you may, but be careful that you all cheer together," was the teacher's reply. "But what shall we say?" the tiniest mite in the school, a brown-eyed, golden-haired fairy dressed in white, asked.

"Envidia el Regina—long live the Queen!" the teacher said.

A few moments later, when Queen Alexandra came out, she was greeted by a regular hurricane of cheers. There was silence for a moment as, before stepping into her carriage, she smiled and bowed her thanks to the bright-faced little girls, and then a tiny, shrill voice rang out, clear and alone:

"Long live the beautiful Queen!" The little fair-haired girl hadn't deemed her teacher's instructions sufficient. "Well, she is beautiful, so why shouldn't I have said it," she explained afterwards between smiles and tears as, astonished at her sudden outburst, teacher and children crowded round her. "She is even beautiful for a Queen."

And the verdict of the little Italian girl is endorsed by every man, woman, and child in the British Empire.

Queen Alexandra's popularity began when she came as a pretty, graceful girl of nineteen to be the bride of King Edward, then Prince of Wales, in 1863. Women copied her dress, her smile, the way she did her hair. For very many years the long side-curl worn by the then Princess of Wales, and known as the "Alexandra" curl, was the fashionable coiffure.

Since the war Queen Alexandra has been one of the busiest ladies in the land. She has remained almost constantly in London, where she has been simply indefatigable in all kinds of work for the soldiers at the front and the sick and wounded in France and at home.

Once she served coffee, tea, and buns to a number of soldiers at a Y.M.C.A. recreation hut. "I call it the best kind of send-off I could have had, and it'll bring me luck," was the remark of one lad in khaki, just off to the front, when he had been smilingly asked by the Queen-mother if he would have tea or coffee, and had taken, as he described it, "a jolly good mug of tea" from her hands.

Queen Alexandra is a constant visitor to the military hospitals in London which bear her name. Last year she presented a silver-mounted walking-stick and a service pocket-book to each patient in the hospital, and a box of chocolates to every member of the nursing staff.

Queen Alexandra is a great favourite with the younger members of the Royal family, who take all their little troubles and worries to "grannie."

WAR-TRAIN CONTROLLER.

SIR HERBERT WALKER'S GREAT TASK.

There are scores of eminent men whose names are not much before the general public, but who are working hard behind the scenes to see our "contemptible little Army" through. Among them is Sir Herbert Walker, the general manager of the London and South-Western Railway.

It is no exaggeration to say that the transportation of our troops to France would have been impossible but for the wonderful organizing abilities of this great expert.

As chairman of the Railway Executive Committee, which now arranges the whole work of railways under Government supervision all over the kingdom, he is responsible for the safe transport of stores, ammunition, and food across to France, the conveyance of vast quantities of coal from ports to inland towns, and the enormous work of keeping the whole of the British Isles plentifully supplied with the necessities of life.

Since the war no fewer than 15,000 special trains conveying troops have been run on the London and South-Western Railway, as well as 2,500 fully-equipped Red Cross trains carrying our wounded. So wonderfully have these cars been constructed that a serious operation could actually be performed whilst the train was going at a speed of thirty miles an hour.

Sir Herbert was originally intended for the medical profession, but he preferred the engineering shop to the operating theatre. He finally abandoned the idea of becoming a doctor and entered the service of the London and North-Western Railway.

It was not long before he gained recognition, and in 1910 he was appointed outdoor goods manager.

The offer of the high position of general manager of the London and South-Western Railway in 1910 caused quite a flutter in railway circles.

Naturally when a young man is appointed to a post of such great responsibility there are doubt or misgivings in the minds of old and important servants of the company as to the ability of their new chief.

Sir Herbert Walker allows no slackers to be near him, but has every respect for the energetic workman, and he is as willing to receive sound advice as he is to give it, when it is worth having.

Since the war no patriot could have done more for his country. Sir Herbert may well be proud of the fact that no fewer than 3,800 of his men are with the Colours and "doing their bit." He has placed some of his company's best workshops at the disposal of the Ministry of Munitions and he has sent many of his skilled workmen to make shells. And Sir Herbert has not forgotten the wives and children of his men now fighting. He is forwarding payments to the families left at home.

A trainload of Boche prisoners was being taken from the Somme front, and a Hun officer found himself in a third-class carriage with a "Tommy" as escort.

"Why," said he, in an injured tone, "have I, an officer, to travel third class?" "Because," said Tommy, "I've got to guard you, and they didn't think a British soldier ought to be put in a cattle-truck, see?"

PLEASE TELL US.

Why Maek sat looking at a key in a certain house in Buxton? And where was he when he said: "Four at a time?"

Which corporal of the staff was it who cried to quieten the baby, or was it the nurse who received the most attention? Can Corpl. Roulston tell us?

Who is the young lady who said she would never marry a man with hairs on his legs? And who is the man?

Who is the Canadian who is thinking of taking over the dye works in Spring Gardens? Does Shepherd know?

Was it owing to the darkened streets that a certain Canadian took a young lady for a walk, and what caused the loss of the lady's earring? Does J. — know?

Why does the mere mention of "geegees" "get" the office staff?

Will certain young ladies in Buxton miss the "Canadian Red Cross Special"? Better keep this week's copy as a souvenir.

Who were the four soldiers taking to four young ladies in Spring Gardens when one of the girls struck a match and the other three bolted? Does "Shep" know?

Who is the soldier who persisted in kissing a young lady in a shop doorway in Spring Gardens?

Is Sergt. Martin contemplating attending the school children's fete?

Whether it was really the tall lady or the little school teacher, who was chasing a certain Staff-Sergeant on Monday night, and which of them caught him?

Why does Pte. H. walk Spring Gardens alone these days?

If Ptes. Worthing and Leach are members of the H. and H. Company?

Why was Lily so tickled with the bombardment of Freddy?

Who is the person who stated that Pte. Purser was married and walked out with a married lady? Does he need his head examined?

If Pte. Sargeant has now opened up in the tobacco business and how much will two packages of cigarettes cost?

If Jimmie was sore about the tickets, or was he worried over parting with the other sixpence?

Who the young lady was that mistook Sammy for someone else, and did not find out her mistake until after the usual osenatory greetings were passed?

Is Sammy anxious to meet the young lady again?

When the next meeting of the H. and H. Company will be held?

Who is the Sister that is barred from the Roller rink owing to the weakness of the floor?

The reason of the fire in Lieut. Young's room; was he anxious to see the famous Buxton Fire Brigade?

Was Corpl. Cook disappointed when he didn't get his usual letter, and did he get two next mail?

What Sergt. Moss intends doing with the baby carriage?

When Robinson intends taking another bath? Why Wilks keeps calling for "Lily" in his sleep?

How Sergt. Henderson likes his new home, and is he figuring on joining the firm?

If Pte. Porter professes to be such an artist which could he draw the quicker, a bottle or the cork?

Who is the Private who offered to take two young ladies home and left them in the middle of a field, saying it was too cod? Does Pte. W. know?

Why Pte. Porter looking so worried these days? Is it worrying over Nellie in Leighwood?

Who are the two soldiers that were hugging three young ladies in Spring Gardens? Does Corpl. Athroyd and Scotty Wells know?

Why Jimmie was so eager to have the picture framed, after deciding not to? Did he have anyone in mind?

Why Sergt. Moss objected to taking the long distance 'phone message? Did he not want the young lady to know that he was going to Manchester?

Why Pte. Sargeant showed off his moustache? Did his young lady object to it?

Who accompanies the chef on his nightly visits up the hill since Corpl. Keen went on night duty?

What Pte. Sinclair's young lady weighs? Why the Sister asked Sergt. Scott if he was Sergt. Scott, and what does she know about him?

Is the editor of the Please Tell Us column carrying a gun this week for protection?

What relation had the pair of white gloves to the fact that there was no orderly room for three days? Had the absence of the "staff" anything to do with it?

What the fair maiden told Corpl. Roulston when he asked her if she could buy a penny-worth of humbugs?

PERSONAL MENTION.

N. Sister Mills has been attached to this hospital for duty during the past week.

Pte. Worthing is visiting his brother at Liverpool.

N. Sister Smith reported for duty this week from the C.A.M.C. training school.

Editor Duncan is still confined to his bed, conducting the paper from that point of (disad) vantage.

N. Sister Walker reported for duty this week from the C.A.M.C. training school.

N. Sisters Popham and Wilson have been transferred to the Ravenscroft Military Hospital, Seaford.

FIRE DRILL FOR HORSES.

A DEVICE TO SAVE THEIR LIVES.

Horses are terrified of fire, and when a conflagration breaks out in a stable a terrible panic ensues among the animals. A new invention has already been put into use which will bring the horses from the stable into the open five seconds after the fire-drill alarm is sounded.

The stalls in the stable are fitted with doors which are hung on gravity hinges. These hinges allow the door to swing open when the latches are undone. To the latches is attached a wire cord, which is joined together in places by links that melt in slight heat. As soon as a fire breaks out these links melt almost immediately, enabling the doors to fly open.

The manger is fixed to the door, so that the horse, instead of standing with his back towards the exit, faces it.

As soon as each door opens a gate drops and the horse cannot back, but is bound to go forward. As soon as the door opens the manger drops, and releases the rope by which the horse is tied. The animal is then free to run into the yard.