

# THE CANADIAN

# RED CROSS SPECIAL.

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VOL. 1.

BUXTON. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1916.

NO. 12.

## HALLOWE'EN PARTY AT THE HOSPITAL.

### Old-time Games Indulged in and Thoroughly Enjoyed.

By the kind permission of the commanding officer, Major Frederick Guest, and at the suggestion of the matron, Miss Edith Campbell, the sisters and officers of the hospital gave the patients an old-time Hallowe'en party on Tuesday evening in Recreation Hall. A few invited guests, ladies who have assisted at various times in concerts given by the hospital, were present, and apparently enjoyed themselves to the utmost. As usual Sergt.-Major Carpenter was in charge, and so it is unnecessary to state that from start to finish the programme was carried out without a hitch.

After a selection by the orchestra a game called "musical chairs" was indulged in, which afforded much amusement, staid old veterans entering into the spirit of the thing with the ardour of the youngest. Just as the game was concluded a "lady" entered the hall, pushing a perambulator in which reposed a beautiful child, which, however, in no way resembled the mother. After she had taken a seat Staff-Sergeant Morris noticed that she was apparently in deep grief and inquired the cause thereof.

"I have lost my husband," she replied, between sobs.

"And who is your husband?" asked the staff.

"Sergt. Bobby Leith" was the answer.

The matter was laid before the commanding officer, who instructed S.M. Carpenter to have the culprit produced. The sergeant was brought in, protesting vigorously, and threw up his hands in horror when the woman confronted him and presented him with the child. Whispered word, however, set him somewhat at his ease and he immediately entered into the spirit of the joke, which, on being exposed, created a great deal of merriment. Corporal Keen impersonated the woman and was so well "made up" that very few had any idea he was anything but what he pretended to be.

Putting the tail on the donkey afforded much laughter. The outlines of a donkey, minus the tail, had been drawn on a large screen, and the efforts of both patients and ladies, after being blindfolded, to place the tail in its proper place, were laughable in the extreme. Ducking for apples in basins of water, and the efforts of the patients to fix their teeth in an apple on the end of a stick which had on the other end a piece of soap, which was kept rotating at a lively rate, added no end of amusement. Paddy O'Connor being the only one who was successful in this latter feature. Although Staff-Sergeant Morris had not previously been regarded as a man of prodigious strength, yet he undertook to "lift" seven men, and we have the authority of Pte. Worthing that the amazing feat was successfully performed. Refreshments consisting of sweets, nuts, apples, cakes, tea and coffee were then served and this brought a very enjoyable evening to a close. The patients are duly grateful to all those who contributed in any way to the fine entertainment and will long remember the occasion as a very happy event.

## HUN'S HOARD OF GOLD.

### GUARDED BY IRON DOOR WITH SECRET LOCKS.

In one of the towns of Spandau, in Prussia, is stored the gold which was part of the indemnity paid by the French after the 1870 war. The Prussians at the time decided to keep the gold in order to pay the expenses of mobilisation for the next war—the present European conflict.

The money has so far cost the Germans about half its total amount, as it has been for forty years lying useless instead of bringing in interest.

Every year there is an inspection by the imperial commissioners. While the inspection is in progress the guards around the Tower are doubled. The treasure can only be approached by a massive iron door which is fitted with specially constructed locks, and there are very few, even among the high officials, who know how to unlock the door.

The Allies don't need a key to unlock the door at Spandau. The Germans are constantly unlocking it themselves and drawing gold from their hoard.

## ANOTHER CONCERT.

A concert was held in the Recreation Hall of the Hospital Friday night, but as this paper had already been prepared for the press, an account of the same will necessarily have to go over till next week. Without doubt it was found to be up to the usual standard and met with the approbation of those present.

## NOT THAT SORT.

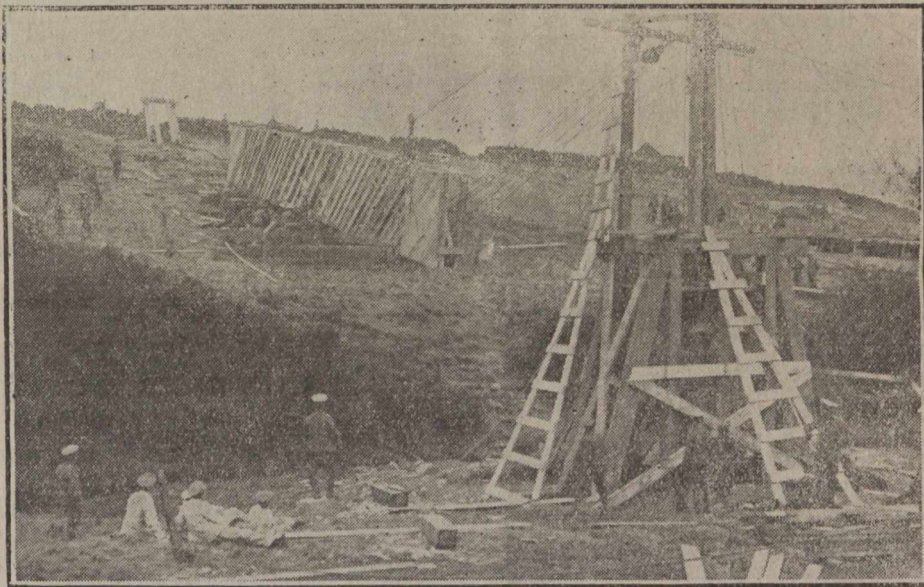
Lady Smith-Dorrien, who is appealing for hospital bags for wounded men, tells a rather touching story of a private soldier who had just recovered from a severe wound.

Feeling ill and very home-sick, he went to headquarters to obtain leave of absence. Said he, in a most dejected manner, "I haven't seen my wife for more than a year."

"Why," said the colonel, "I haven't seen my wife for nearly two years."

"Well," said the soldier quite earnestly and respectfully, "that may be, sir, but me and my wife ain't them kind!"

The furlough was granted.



Bridge in course of erection by Engineers at Buxton.

## ROMANTIC ESCAPES.

### TWO WELSH GIRLS RESCUE FRENCH PRISONERS.

Romantic escapes from durance vile are few and far between, and it has to be admitted that a game so energetic and exacting is not for the spiritless or faint.

In his book, "The Romance of Escapes" (John Murray), Mr. Tighe Hopkins vividly relates the circumstances surrounding the escape from the guillotine of a nobleman named Chateaubrun. The story reads more like a passage of dreamland than an adventure which actually took place during the French Revolution.

To be present as a spectator at the rehearsal of his own death by guillotine, to watch the dripping blade at work, to say, "Two more, and it will be I," and then to drift bodily from the scene, to find oneself sitting in a tavern and cracking a bottle with a stranger—this was Chateaubrun's awful experience.

After twelve or fifteen executions some part of the guillotine gave way, and a workman was sent for. The doomed man, his hands tied behind him, was standing close under the machine, a crowd of spectators at his rear. The workman came, and now all the onlookers forgot the prisoners who were to die, and watched the carpenter repairing the guillotine. Chateaubrun, passive and resigned, but very weak and weary, leaned on the persons nearest to him; the ranks opened mechanically, and he sank through them. Before he was aware of it he stood outside the throng, and no one had taken the least notice of him.

Chateaubrun looked this way and that, and ran as fast as he could to the Champs Elysees. Here he met a man returning from his day's labour, to whom he at once addressed himself. "Citizen," said Chateaubrun, "pray don't laugh, though the plight you see me in must look a little droll. Some friends have played a joke on me. Tying my hands behind me, they whisked off my hat, telling me to go and find it. I propose to be even with them. Have you a knife? Ah, now perhaps you will do me the favour of cutting this ridiculous cord."

The man seemed amused, and did as he was requested. "Thank you," said Chateaubrun, "and now in return you must take a glass with me." They went to one of the little drinking-shops in the locality, and Chateaubrun called for wine.

Another enthralling story told by Mr. Tighe Hopkins concerns an incident which is as picturesque as any of its kind. Five hundred French prisoners of war were confined in a building on Yolden Hill, near Pembroke, and as was the custom, they were allowed to eke out the meagre allowance voted for their subsistence by the sale of toys which they carved out of wood and bone. Two Pembroke lasses were employed in bringing the odds and ends requisite for this work. These girls dared to fall in love with two of the Frenchmen, and formed a desperate resolve not only to rescue their lovers, but the whole of the prisoners in the same ward, one hundred in number.

It was impossible to smuggle any tools into the prison, but a skin of horseflesh seemed harmless in the eyes of the guard. With the bone extracted from this delicacy the Frenchmen undermined the walls, the faithful girls carrying off the soil in their refuse buckets. When the subway was complete, the lasses watched until some vessel should arrive. At length a sloop came in. That night the liberated men made their way down to the water, seized the sloop, and bound the crew hand and foot, but unfortunately the vessel was high and dry, and it was found impossible to get her off. Alongside was a small yacht belonging to Lord Cawdor, which they managed to launch. In a few days the stern of the yacht and other wreckage being picked up, people were satisfied that the vengeance of Heaven had overtaken the traitors. They were, however, mistaken, for the Frenchmen captured a sloop laden with corn, and abandoning the yacht compelled the crew to carry them to France. When they were safe, it is pleasant to read that the two Frenchmen married the girls.

## "PHYSICALLY FIT."

### WHAT IS YOUR CATEGORY?

One of the features of the Army of to-day is the classification of every man into a category which "places" him at once according to his stage of training or physical fitness.

There are five main categories—A, B, C, D, and E, and the first four of these are again sub-divided. A recruit on joining, if found physically fit for General Service, is automatically classified as A2, which means that he is physically fit for service at the front as soon as he is trained. When his training is complete, and he is ready for drafting overseas, he becomes an A1 man. Category A4 applies only to boys under 19 years of age, and they continue to be so classified until they reach that age, when they, too, become A1 if their training is complete. Category A3 is applied only to men who have returned from overseas, and denotes that they are to undergo a special hardening training to make them fit to fight again.

So much for Category A; but it sometimes happens that illness or constitutional defects that escaped observation when he joined make a man unfit for "the front." In such cases he is specially examined by a medical board and is placed in a lower category which indicates fitness for service abroad, but not for general service. Many men, though able to stand different climatic conditions, are not equal to the strenuous work of the trenches. A man with whom this is the case is put into B1, if he is fit for garrison duties abroad or for work on lines of communication. If through defective eyesight he cannot pass his musketry test he goes into B2, which signifies that he is fit for any kind of Army work abroad, where he will not be required to use his rifle. Category B3 is reserved for those unfit for anything but sedentary work.

Category C is the home-service division. A man in C1 is only fit for service in garrison or other units here. In case of an invasion he would probably be called upon to do guard or outpost duties, and would only be asked to fight in an emergency. C2 denotes that he is not even fit enough for this, but must be employed in some way that does not necessitate his carrying a pack, marching, or fighting. C3 are the hopeless physical wrecks who are only fit for sedentary work at home.

The first two divisions of Category D are purely technical, but D3 means that a man is temporarily unfit or is under medical treatment. An A1 man who sprains his ankle is temporarily placed in D3 until he is fit again, and a man of any category who is admitted to hospital or is under medical treatment is placed in D3 until he is fit once more.

If a man's health or physical fitness deteriorates so much that he is not efficient for any other category, he is placed in Category E with a view to examination by a special board with powers to sanction his discharge.

Roughly then, the meaning of the categories is as follows:—

- A. Able to march, see to shoot, hear well, and able to stand active service conditions.
  - B. Free from serious organic disease, able to stand service conditions on lines of communication in France or in garrison units in the tropics, and, in addition, if classified under:—
    - B1. Able to march at least five miles, see to shoot with glasses, and hear well.
    - B2. Able to walk to and from work, a distance not exceeding five miles, see and hear sufficiently for ordinary purposes.
    - B3. Only suitable for sedentary work.
  - C. Free from serious organic disease, able to stand service conditions in garrisons at home, and, in addition, if classified under:—
    - C1. Able to march at least five miles, see to shoot with glasses, and hear well.
    - C2. Able to walk to and from work, a distance not exceeding five miles, see and hear sufficiently for ordinary purposes.
    - C3. Only suitable for sedentary work.
- With the whole Army under training divided in this manner, the statistical experts can tell at any moment how many men are available for the various purposes indicated by the categories.

## "STAND-TO!"

### FAMOUS ARTIST-SOLDIER DESCRIBES A NERVE-RACKING ORDEAL IN THE TRENCHES.

Whenever anything is going to happen in the trenches a whisper passes down the lines. "Stand-to!"

Thereafter every man grips his rifle and waits with tightly strung nerves for whatever may happen. It may be a charge by the Huns; it may be the beginning of a movement by our own troops; or it may be nothing.

A vivid description is given by Mr. Harold Harvey in "A Soldier's Sketches Under Fire," just published by Sampson Low, Marston and Co., Ltd.

"Many a time," he says, "we had to 'stand-to' the whole night—the entire battalion, from evening twilight till the full dawn of day—as an attack was expected. Sometimes our artillery would open fire for the enemy's first line, perhaps for five or six minutes—it might be more, it might be less! Then a wait of six or seven minutes, when the enemy returned the fire, and we all got well down."

"Again silence, comrades and pals passing a few remarks in anticipation of what everybody knew was coming. The officers with us were one with us, and at their words 'Well, come on, lads!' there was never a laggard in getting 'over the top.'"

"As soon as we put our hands on the sand-bags to clamber over the top of the parapet, a hailstorm of bullets pelted us. It is impossible—at all events for me—to describe the charge. Speaking for myself, always my brain seemed to snap. It was simply a rush in a mad line—or as much of a line as could be kept—towards the enemy's barbed-wire entanglements, which our guns had blown to smithereens in preparation for the assault."

"We scrambled on to their parapet, each getting at the first man he could touch. After an attack there was generally a roll-call, from which here were many absentees."

"More trying—more wearing and tearing to the nerves—than anything in my experience ever followed it was the 'Stand-to' itself. The moments, minutes, even hours that followed that old familiar order, 'Stand-to!' were the worst I ever went through."

Mr. Harvey is the well-known artist whose painting, "A Market Scene in Cairo," attracted a great deal of attention at the Royal Academy in 1909. He has given many sketches in his book-sketches, literally made under fire. As he says: "In the nature of things I might have been finished myself by shot and shell before I could have finished any of them."

Many sightings on those dark, early days of the war, when the little British Army was holding up the German hordes from Calais, are to be found here.

"Almost every available man had to do the work and duty of three. There was also some shortage of shells and ammunition for guns and rifles, while of trench mortars a division had but few. We had to make our own bombs out of jam-tins. . . . We crawled out with them at night and heaved them into the German trenches. We had to time each heave with the most extreme accuracy, for the fraction of a moment too late meant the bursting of a bomb in our hands."

"The game we played with the Huns (keeping up a continuous fire all night, for instance) was one of pure bluff. They were massed, we estimated, in four army corps, and could have walked through us—if they had only known."

There are some grim little stories in the book. "Our boys in the trenches," says Mr. Harvey, "could never understand a bright light which in daytime issued from the garden adjoining the farm building on the British side. But one day a spy, who did work disguised as a farm hand, was discovered. He used a tin bowl as a reflector to send the enemy signals. The rascal was duly attended to."

"It was, I remember, at daybreak that, under cover of our own artillery, we made an advance and took a trench. So hurried was the Germans' exit when faced by British bayonets that they left behind them in the trench quite a number of articles most useful to us, such as saws, snipers' rifles mounted on tripod-stands, haversacks, and a quantity of other equipment. Also a very fine selection of cigars, which came as a godsend."

## PERSONAL MENTION.

Lieut.-Col. Finley, who has been attached to this unit, has returned to the offices of Director of Medical Services.

N.S. M. I. Plaford, of the C.A.M.C. training school, has been attached to this unit.

Pte. Harbidge returned on Tuesday from a pleasant week-end in Birmingham.

N.S. E. M. Drysdale has been taken on the strength, on being transferred from the C.A.M.C. training school.

Pte. G. W. Clancy, late of this unit, has been discharged from hospital and transferred to C.C.A.C. at Shoreham-on-Sea.

N.S. Kirk returned on Tuesday from two weeks' leave, and reports having had a very enjoyable vacation.

N.S. Manchester spent three days in London last week.

Capt. Curran spent a few days at his home in Brighton.

N.S. Popham left on Tuesday to spend a few days with friends in London.

Corpl. Grieves left for a few days with his parents at Brighton.

Major Wilson left on Thursday to rejoin his original unit, No. 10 Stationary Hospital, which has taken over the Imperial Hospital at Seaford.

B. J. Carter, of the Red Cross Hospital, Drenkister, Gloucester, paid the hospital a visit during the week. Staff-Sergt. Morris took him under his wing and saw to his comfort while here.

Sergt. Scott left on Friday for a three days' visit at Newcastle.



**THE CANADIAN  
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Editor and Business Manager ..... G. T. Duncan.  
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Artist ..... C. Webster.

Registered as a newspaper for transmission  
abroad.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1916.

People who know quite a lot about the earliest developments of the "tanks" rather want to know why the list of names, given in Parliament by Dr. Macnamara as being responsible for these weapons, contained no mention of a certain Scotch engineer who was intimately concerned with the earliest designs and models. This sportsman, who was one of the earliest aeroplane constructors and pilots in this country, went to America two or three years before the war, and "made good." He threw up a sound job in the States on the outbreak of war and came to England to make himself useful. He introduced the "tank" idea, in combination with the special mechanism used for driving these machines, to a number of friends during the first three months of war, and he spent much time on designs and models thereafter. The present "tank" is said, on good authority, to be very like one of his very earliest designs, and those who have seen his later designs say they are as far ahead of it as a battle-cruiser is ahead of a patrol-boat. Rumour has it that considerably more is likely to be heard about this affair in the near future.

There is a youngish woman living at Plympton, in Devon, in a two-roomed cottage. She is the widow of a Canadian soldier, who has been drowned, and she has no pension. She has not one penny beyond what she earns. She gets 10s. weekly in a paper mill, by working from 8 in the morning till 5 at eve. Out of her wealth she has to pay 2s. 6d. rent, and 2s. to a neighbour for looking after her two little ones. There is a balance of 5s. 6d. to feed and clothe that mother and her two children—widow and orphans of a gallant Canadian soldier. Who can be surprised to hear that she has been charged with "neglecting" her children? They were thin and underfed! We believe the proceedings were taken out of kindness, for the Magistrates have simply bound her over for six months, and the little ones are being well cared for in the workhouse, while inquiries are to be made of the Canadian Government—usually just and generous—as to a pension. To us it seems a mercy that the case has come into notice, for what that poor widow's feelings must have been passes comprehension.

The assertion was made that babies in the show at the Toronto exhibition were of a better class than any ever shown before. Perhaps. Anyhow, here's hoping the little boys will turn out as good men as those now fighting in France, and the little girls as good as the mothers who bore the said soldiers.

German newspapers afford curious reading just now. Boiled down to a phrase their comments on defeats east and west is, "All's well!" Reminds one of the story of the workman who fell from a New York sky-scraper. As he passed each storey he remarked: "All's well—so far!"

The world is now on its third year of the great war. Even now it would be a very wise man who would hazard a guess as to when it will end. But this sticks out plainly: It is going to end in the right way. 'Twas a long lane, but the German apple cart will soon be upset.

The English paper which said: "There are men in the Canadian Army all the way from Vancouver to B.C.," must know more about the geography of Europe than it does of Canada.

In some parts of Austria the citizenry is said to be living on radish tops. Before the war is over they may have boot tops as the piece de resistance on the bill of fare.

A Russian shell destroyed a barrel of beer which had been sent to a German at the front. No hope for an early peace in that portion of the war zone!

**TINY TRUTHS.**

Those who look for trouble are apt to find fault.

You never hear a dressmaker say that figures cannot lie.

Give a small boy a pin and soon both will be on mischief bent.

The sweetness of some women reminds us of sugar-coated bitter pills.

An old bachelor says a woman's heart is like a honeycomb—full of cells.

Just a little powder on a woman's nose acts as a powerful nerve stimulant.

Little Cupid must be very nervous; he is always pictured with a quiver.

Lack of money causes more poverty than anything else.

Never ask a woman for her reasons. If you only keep still and wait awhile she will give them to you.

Visitor: "Don't you sometimes envy the idle rich?"

Farmer: "No; I know men who haven't a dollar who can be just as idle as anybody."

**RHYME, ROT,  
AND REASON.**

**"ONLY A HOBO!"**

(The following poem was written by the author some years ago in a town in South Dakota, U.S.A. While attempting to board a moving freight train, a "hobo" or tramp, slipped and fell under the wheels, being instantly killed. A remark by a bystander, which is embodied in the first verse, gave the idea for the verses.)

"Only a hobo,—well, there let him lie—  
What should he be to you or I?  
Dirty, uncouth, the scum of the race  
There's a plenty of others to take his place."  
He's only a hobo, lying there  
With blood-stained clothes and matted hair,  
Torn and mangled, a terrible sight,  
Ground to death in the darkness of night.  
Only a hobo, yet who can tell  
Perhaps one day he was doing well,  
And looked at the world with a fearless eye,  
Honest and straight as you or I.  
Only a hobo, yet somebody's boy,  
Who once was his mother's pride and joy;  
'Tis better far she should never know  
The dreadful way that he had to go.  
Only a hobo, yet human at least  
Altho', perhaps, he lived like a beast;  
He might have been brought to reform some  
day  
Had he not thus been taken away.  
Only a hobo—well, lay him away  
Beneath the sod till the judgment day;  
At the bar of God he'll be treated square  
For the high and low are equal there!  
—G. T. Duncan.

"What is it that they mane by virgin soil,  
Pat?" queried McCarthy.  
"Virgin soil, is it? Shure, it's just the soil  
where the hand of man has never set foot."

**SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND.**

There's an isolated, desolated spot I'd like to mention.  
Where all you hear is "Stand at ease!" "Slope arms!" "Quick march!" "Attention!"  
It's miles from anywhere—by heaven it is a rum 'un.  
You might live here for fifty years and never see a woman.  
There's only two lamps in the place; you'll never find another:  
The postman has to carry one, the policeman has the other.  
And if you want a jolly night and do not care a jot,  
Just take a ride upon the car, the car they haven't got.  
Lots of tiny little huts, are dotted here and there,  
For the khaki lads who live inside, they've offered many a prayer.  
It's slush or sand to the eyebrows; it's either dust or puddle,  
Sandow himself he wouldn't stand a dog's chance in the struggle.  
Soldiers often from out the tents, say to me with sorrow:  
"I suppose it's still the same for me, somewhere down to-morrow."  
Inside the huts there's rats as big as any nanny goat.  
Last night a soldier saw one trying on his overcoat.  
For breakfast every morning it's just like Mother Hubbard;  
You double round the huts three times, then jump up to the cupboard.  
Sometimes they give you bacon, but mostly it is cheese,  
That forms a company on your plate, slopes arms and stands at ease.  
Every night you sleep on boards just like a lot of cattle,  
And when you turn from left to right you bones begin to rattle.  
Then when the bugle blasts at morn you're wakened up from your snoodle;  
You knock the icebergs off your feet and d— and b—the bugle.  
Week in, week out, from morn till night, with full pack and a rifle,  
Like Jack and Jill you climb the hill—"Of course that's just a trifle!"  
Slope arms! Fix bayonets! then present—they fairly put you through it.  
And as home you stagger to your hut the sergeant says, "Jump to it."  
There's another kind of drill you get, I think it's for the lazy.  
They call it Swedish drill, and yet it nearly drives you crazy.  
From eighteen up to forty-five they all have to go through it,  
And you need to be an antelope, or an elephant to do it.  
With tunic, boots and puttees off, you quickly get the habit.  
You gallop up and down the hill just like a blooming rabbit.  
Later on they make you put your knee cap where your face is,  
Heads backward ben, arms upwards stretch, knees up and then change places.  
This Swedish drill it drives you nuts and makes your bones so tender.  
You can coil yourself up like a snake and crawl beneath the fender.  
It's nothing else but Swedish drill from nine o'clock till seven,  
And ten to one that when we die, on the hands down in Heaven.  
When the war is over and we've captured Kaiser Billy,  
To shoot him is too merciful and absolutely silly.  
Just send him down to Somewhere amongst the mud and huts,  
And let the clown Prince watch him slowly going nuts.  
He wouldn't last a lifetime; he wouldn't last a day.  
For it wouldn't take much to send him beneath that slush and clay.  
—H. G. M.

An old gentleman walked up to the pretty girl attendant at the counting-room of a daily newspaper office a few days ago and said:  
"Miss, I would like to get copies of your paper for a week back."  
"You had better get a porous plaster," she abstractedly replied. "You get them just across the street."

**MY CREED.**

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;  
I would be pure, for there are those who care;  
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;  
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.  
I would be friend of all—the foe—the friendless;  
I would be giving and forget the gift;  
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;  
I would look up—and laugh—and love—and lift.

**BY KIND PERMISSION.**

Prior to the last solar eclipse the colonel of a German regiment of infantry sent for his sergeants and observed: "There will be an eclipse of the sun to-morrow. The regiment will meet on the parade grounds in undress uniform. I will come and explain the eclipse before drill. If the day is cloudy the men will meet in the drill shed as usual."  
Whereupon the sergeant drew up the following order of the day: "To-morrow morning, by order of the colonel, there will be an eclipse of the sun. The regiment will assemble on parade ground, when the colonel will come and superintend the eclipse in person. If the sky is cloudy the eclipse will take place in the drill shed."

**THE EUROPEAN GAME AT "NAP."**

"Ill go 'one,'" said Austria;  
"Then I'll go 'two,'" said France  
"Then I'll go 'three,'" said Russia,  
"That's if I have the chance."  
"Well I'll go 'four,'" said Germany,  
"And wipe you off te map";  
But the Huns dropped dead when Britain said:  
"Gawd Blymey, I'll go 'nap!'"

Little Edward's twin sisters were being christened. All went well until Edward saw the water in the font.  
Then he anxiously turned to his mother and exclaimed, "Ma, which one are you going to keep?"

**D— NATURAL.**

Seated one day by the roadside  
I was angry and ill at ease,  
For my motor car was stranded  
And would only snort and wheeze.  
I scarce knew what I was saying,  
But it somehow seemed to me  
That the only sound I uttered  
Began with a great big D.  
It flooded the crimson twilight  
With a sulphury atmosphere,  
And soothed my fevered spirit  
Like a draught of ginger beer.  
It quieted pain and sorrow  
Like a full sized opium pill;  
It seemed the harmonised echo  
Of an unpaid tailor's bill.  
It has no perplexing meaning;  
'Twas as plain as A B C;  
And it broke up the restful evening  
Like a serenading flea.  
It need not be sought vainly;  
I can easily say it again:  
If the motor car should fail me  
You will hear it still more plain.  
But it may be that some good angels  
Will say that word for me;  
If they don't, I know I am able  
To repeat that great big D.

**CHEAP REFRESHMENT.**

General Birdwood, of Gallipoli fame, is responsible for an amusing story concerning some soldiers in training near Aldershot.  
The men had been practising route marching, and were resting by the wayside, when he overheard the following:  
"Our major, 'e's an officer and a gentleman—an officer and a gentleman. The other day he comes into the canteen, and, says he, 'Any complaints?'  
"And I says, 'Yes, sir. Beg your pardon, sir, this tea ain't fit to drink.'  
"So he says to the bloke who'd served us, 'Give us a cup.' And when he'd tasted it, 'Ogwash,' says he; 'Ogwash.'  
"And he says to the bloke, 'Line these men up,' and when he'd done that, he says, 'And now give them back their tuppence!'  
"And I'd never paid my tuppence!"

**TO HIS DEVILSHIP THE KAISER.**

It was rumoured one morning in Hades  
That his devilship Kaiser Bill  
Was doing his best with his army  
To bring the place under his will.  
When the devil got wind of the riot,  
And learned what it's all about,  
He said, if there's justice in Limbo,  
The rest of us all should get out.  
Our sins besides his a trifles,  
So light we should surely escape;  
He is guilty of unnumbered thousands  
Of robberies, murders and rape.  
In short, there is no use denying  
That right from the day of his birth,  
He's been scheming and plotting and lying  
To bring about hell upon earth.  
Said Judas and Herod and Nero,  
"We offer no serious complaints,  
"By jingo, the moment he gets here  
"We all can pass muster as saints."  
Ananias, Munchausen and others  
All shouted in unison, "Well  
At least he is justly entitled  
To the hottest darn corner in hell."

**PRACTICE V. PREACHING.**

It is easy to sit in the sunshine,  
And talk to the man in the shade;  
It is easy to float in a well-equipped boat,  
And point out the places to wade.  
But once we pass into the shadows,  
We murmur and fret and frown;  
And our length from the bank we shout for a  
Or throw up our hands and go down. [plank,  
It is easy to sit in your carriage,  
And counsel the man on foot;  
But get down and walk, and you'll change your  
As you feel the nail in your boot. [talk,  
It is easy to tell the toiler,  
How best he can carry his pack;  
But no one can rate a burden's weight,  
Until it has been on his back.  
The up-cured mouth of pleasure,  
Can preach of sorrow's worth;  
But give it a sip, and a wryer lip,  
Was never made on earth.

**NEW STYLE EPITAPHS.**

"Why should the married woman be listed on her tombstone as 'Jane, wife of John Smith?' Why shouldn't the data on the stone below which she rests be personal data? This sinking of the woman's identity in that of her husband, even in the record that is graven for future generations to read, is extremely unfair.—Miss Adeline W. Sterling to the Daughters of the Revolution.  
"Puck," the brightest of the American funny papers, shows what we may expect in the future.

Here lies interred one Sarah Jane,  
A woman with a massive brain;  
Her husband was a simplekight—  
See stoneless grave upon the right.  
Stranger, pause, and look who's here;  
The wife by Henry Jones held dear.  
Lord knows how Henry gets along,  
For everything he does goes wrong.  
Here lieth one whose maiden name  
Was Pearl Clarissa Gladys Mayme,  
Her married name, she said was Smith,  
And no name to be buried with.  
Rest in peace; you need it bad;  
The only rest you ever had.  
Your husband led you such a life,  
We're sorry for his second wife.  
Kind friends, I know not what is said  
On this here stone above my head;  
I s'pose it is—I have to laugh—  
The same old man-made epitaph.  
Beneath this stone some day will lie  
A lady who has yet to die.  
Her husband's huge success in life  
Is solely due to her, his wife.  
She had this tombstone carved and set  
For fear her husband might forget.  
— \* \* \* \*

**BLEVIN'S AIM.**

John Blevins was the most bashful lad in a Wessex village. For three years he had been keeping company with Sallie James, but he could not bring his courage up to the popping point. One Sunday night as he was leaving the garden gate of his inamorata he encountered the old man, who had begun to chafe under the diffidence of his daughter's sweetheart.  
"Look-ee here, John!" exclaimed paterfamilias, "you have been coming to see my daughter for several years now, and I want to know what your intentions are."  
"W-w-well, s-s-sir," stammered John, "I am aiming t-to m-marry her."  
"Aiming!" snorted the old man; "well, don't you think it about time that you fired?"  
— \* \* \* \*

**GO AHEAD!**

When you feel like going down,  
Go ahead!  
When you've got to swim, or drown,  
Go ahead!  
When things are looking blue,  
When the world seems all askew,  
When there seems no getting through,  
Go ahead!  
When you're on a thorny track,  
Go ahead!  
Square your shoulders; brace your back;  
Go ahead!  
When the clouds put out the sun,  
When of hope there's simply none,  
Get busy; get things done—  
Go ahead!  
When you've failed, don't sit and squeal;  
Go ahead!  
Put your shoulder to the wheel,  
Go ahead!  
When your hardest task you con,  
Courage, like an armour, don:  
Just keep on keeping on—  
Go ahead!  
— \* \* \* \*

**MAD KING DEAD.**

The death is announced from Munich of King Otto of Bavaria, after a long illness, at Fürstenried, near the Bavarian capital.  
King Otto had been insane for over forty years, and though he retained his title of King of Bavaria, he never ruled. He was born in 1848. The reigning monarch is King Otto's cousin.  
King Otto, the younger brother of the mad King Ludwig, had been a lunatic since 1870. He succeeded to the throne nominally in 1886, when Ludwig II. drowned himself.  
The King was confined in the beautiful castle of Fürstenried, in the Bavarian highlands. His Court consisted of two nobles (who were frequently relieved), two physicians, and a staff of servants. The castle park is surrounded by a high fence, and guards were maintained at every exit.  
— \* \* \* \*

**FACE MASKS FOR WOUNDED.**

There is, perhaps, no kind of wound so much dreaded by soldiers as one which disfigures the face. Aided by experienced surgeons, Lieutenant Derwent Wood, A.R.A., who in peace times is a well-known sculptor, has now come to the aid of many sadly disfigured soldiers by making masks to cover the parts of the face destroyed by wounds. Working in a disused kitchen as studio at the 3rd London General Hospital, Wandsworth, Lieutenant Wood has succeeded in devising flesh-coloured and exquisitely-fitting masks, which entirely hide any disfigurement.  
A plaster mould of the face is first procured; then a clay squeeze is obtained, giving a positive model of the patient's dressed wound and the surrounding healthy tissues. The model is then taken to the electrolyser, where an exact reproduction by galvanic-plastic deposit is made in thin virgin copper. The mask is finally well coated with silver, bands being soldered on to the back to hold it in position on the face. Strong spectacles are sometimes adjusted to keep it in place, but the mask is so light that mostly it can be secured with spirit gum.  
Some idea of the delicacy of Lieutenant Wood's work may be gathered from the fact that he has actually endeavoured to complete the masks with false hair for eyebrows and eyelashes. As he found, however, that these would not stand the weather, he has adopted thin tin, which he splits with scissors and solders on to the modelled lids of the eyes.  
One of the most remarkable cases which Lieutenant Wood has dealt with was that of a young sergeant in the Canadian Artillery who has lost his left eye and the whole of the upper part of the nose as the result of shell-fire at Ypres. This man has now a new eye, new eyebrows, and a new bridge to his nose, which fit him like a glove.



**"BACK TO BLIGHTY."**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Four hours later the convoy drew up on the road. Our vehicle this time was a motor char-a-banc, and the subsequent journey was a great contrast to the comfortable one we had in the ambulance car. We rattled along at a great pace, and were bumped up and down and jolted from side to side so much that it was difficult for us to keep our seats. At the casualty station we found hundreds of fellows, with all sorts of wounds, in muddy clothes tattered and torn, waiting to be conveyed to a real hospital. We went under another examination, and had one more label attached to us. A meal of hot soup cheered us, and then we settled down, for we knew we had a long wait before us. At nine o'clock that night an orderly informed us that there would be no more trains till the morning, and advised us to get some sleep. It seemed a few minutes later, but it was really five hours, when we were awakened by a shout of "Turn out everyone who can walk." We scrambled out into the open, and lined up. It wasn't a very straight line, but nevertheless it was good enough to enable the orderlies to count us. We were a motley crew. On the way to the station our line straggled out to the length of a mile, some fellows with huge bandages over their eyes trying to see their way, others limping and hobbling along with the aid of a stick or the one available arm of their neighbour.

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

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

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

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

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

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

**RAFFLING A NAME.**

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

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

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

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

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



Engineers Trench Digging at Buxton.

**CARE OF SOLDIERS WITH RHEUMATISM.**

**NUMBER WILL RECEIVE TREATMENT IN CANADA.**

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

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

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

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

**AS ADAM AND EVE.**

**QUEER EXPERIENCE OF YOUNG MAINE COUPLE.**

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

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

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

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

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

**A TALL STORY.**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**HOW THE HUNS FIGHT DISEASE.**

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

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

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

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

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

"Is that you, Agnes?" he inquired, upon being given the proper number.

"Yes, it's me," returned the lady.

"Will you marry me, Agnes, and marry me quick?"

"Yes, I will," was the reply, "Who's speaking?"

Rule: "Did you hear that Smithson married an instructor in a cooking-school?"

Gould: "No. Where does he get his meals?"

**NEGRO ARMIES.**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**FOOTBALL.**

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

**B AND D**

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**PLEASE TELL US.**

Why Clarke and Dove went upstairs when in a cafe in Spring Gardens last Saturday evening, and did they catch anything?  
 Does the Chef allow the chicken to fly over, or run through, his well-known chicken broth?  
 Does he use soda water as a chaser?  
 Why does Pte. Oatham like Sundays above all days, is it because the Mrs. gives him his weekly half-crown?  
 Has the sanitary squad "Tiny" to scrub out the staff's new office?  
 If the ship was sunk that carries the Red Cross tobacco?  
 Is the staff-sergt. going to have radiators put in the summer house he so frequently visits of late?  
 If Sister Wilson's thoughts were printable when Evans stepped on her dog?  
 Why "Dark Eyes" can always be found with a quantity of pins in his possession? Is it to enable him to smoke his cigars shorter?  
 Who is the Canadian that is so slow as to let an R.E. do him out of our "Lill"? Does Harbridge know?  
 Was it because he was too busy stirring porridge that the night chef could not find time to put on his young lady's skates the other afternoon?  
 What attraction the laundry has for Pte. Twiggs?  
 Why did "Dad" have to disguise himself in a certain locality last Sunday evening?  
 Is he trying to become a Sherlock Holmes?  
 What part of Great Britain did Scottie Wells first discover the seven penny pieces.  
 What Pte. McNeill gave the young lady to bring her out of the fit, and what he said after she had recovered?  
 Was Corpl. Keene not inclined to hug himself when he was attired in that young lady's dress?  
 Why Orr carries the picture of his new discovery so close to his bosom?  
 Did Sergt. Scott meet that "wee Scotch lassie all the way from Edinburgh?"  
 What made Sammy Redfern so peeved when he heard that Sergt. Scott was promenading with his young lady?  
 If the sergeant cannot find one of his own?  
 If Scottie Cairns was to wear two sets of skates, which pair would be on the floor the most?  
 If it is for the want of exercise or the love for babies that makes Pte. Orr so fond of pushing perambulators up-hill?  
 Who the young lady was who said that "Sergt. Martin was the prettiest boy in the whole Canadian Hospital?" Can he tell us the secret of his toilet?  
 What were the feelings of the young lady when she heard that Corpl. Keene had been nursing Sergt. "Bob's" oldest child?  
 Does Sergt. Quigley not feel once more like a single man?  
 Could he not be heard singing, "My wife's gone to the country, hurrah?"  
 How the patient felt when he found his hat full of toffee?  
 Why Pte. Sergeant wanted to commit suicide, and what would his last desire be?  
 Why the Chef has to sport around a man dressed up in women's clothes; can he not find a real woman?  
 Does the Hospital barber push our whiskers in, or does he just break them off?  
 Does Scottie not feel swanky in his new East India trousers?  
 Why Pte. Robinson was so anxious to scrub out his room one morning last week?  
 Why Pte. Winch was absent-minded as to leave his belt when out calling? Did he do it for the purpose of having an excuse to go back again?  
 Why Pte. McNeill had such a gleeful expression on his face escorting Sister Popham to the depot? Was it because he was two shillings richer?  
 Why Archie Barnett's temperature went up on Sunday night? Was it the result of so many fair visitors?  
 If Sergt. Quigley is not going to give us all one of his latest portraits?  
 Why Capt. MacDonald would not enter into the spirit of Hallowe'en, and how he likes apple pie beds?  
 What Sister Kirk claims to be the one and only thing she brought back with her from London?  
 Was Sister Shaunniss not pleased with her surprise packets of Monday last?  
 Did Sister Maillard find the lost key? Was this a hallowe'en trick of Sister Refroy's?  
 Who is the wise guy who paid twopence for a penny programme, and is he as wise as he thought he was?  
 Who is the sergeant who stood so long in the narrow passage the other night? Can Sergt. Isherwood tell us?  
 Who is the lance-corporal who has ceased going to the rink since a certain captain's recent visit?  
 Where the orderly corporal can purchase a pair of silk stockings, and does he want them for a lady or a child?  
 Does Sergt. W. get a commission from the editor for the number of tit-bits he hands in every week for the "Please Tell Us" column?  
 Who is the sergeant patient who went to a dance and asked a lady to put the names of her acquaintances on his programme so he could show the boys how many dances he had?  
 What were Corpl. Bailey's feelings when on bidding adieu to his lady friend, his fingers became caught in a down-come window, and what were the expletives he used? Can he tell us the dimensions of his finger when they were released?  
 Where did Corpl. Keen get the doll he and the chef were having so much fun with the other night?  
 Did Sister Manchester enjoy her trip to London?  
 Does the cold weather remind the Canadians of their homes across the sea?  
 Where did Keene get the "togs" for his feminine stunt on Tuesday night?  
 Has the R.S.M.'s best girl turned him down, or is that only a rumour?  
 Does Pte. Lockyer know that A— came from Chapel-en-le-Prith on Saturday on purpose to see him, and not to see Sergt. Davison, as on a previous occasion?  
 Who is the young lady who lost her hat on Monday night in Spring Gardens? Why didn't the corporal find it.

**BATTLEFIELD FOR SALE.**

In the Paris edition of the "New York Herald" for September 26, 1916, appeared the following advertisement, surely the first, as the "Herald" remarks editorially, that has ever been published in a newspaper:—  
**"BATTLEFIELD FOR SALE.**—A piece of land of 10 hectares, furrowed with German and British trenches, right in the Somme battle centre, north of the Bois de Fourceaux and south-east of Martinpuich.—GRARDEL, 10, rue Saint-Louis, Amiens."

**Fun, Facts & Fancies.**

**INTERESTING FACTS.**

An implement for squeezing ingots in a Leeds factory has a 7,000-ton squeeze.  
 A coroner is not limited by law to 12 jurors. He may have as many as 23 if he likes.  
 In the time of the Napoleonic wars Heligoland was used as a drill ground for British soldiers.  
 Both the eyes of the halibut, as is the case with most flat fish, are on the right side of its head.  
 Any child over seven years of age can open an account in the Post Office Bank with 12 penny stamp.  
 Sore mouths do not eat anything, but have enough vital force to fulfil their mission in life, and then die.  
 Before the introduction of the penny postage, M.P.'s could send letters free, both for themselves and for others.  
 Civil marriages, without any religious ceremony, held at a registrar's office, were sanctioned by the State in 1836.  
 Parisian barbers are legally compelled to wash their hands after attending a customer and before waiting on another.  
 There are 32,450 buildings, churches, and chapels in which marriages can be legally solemnized in England and Wales.  
 Charles Dickens's prayer-book, an autograph letter written by him, and a lock of his hair recently fetched 10 guineas at an auction.

**LEFT JUST IN TIME.**

A German shoemaker left the gas turned on in his shop one night, and upon arriving in the morning, struck a match to light it. There was a terrific explosion, and the shoemaker was blown out through the door almost to the middle of the street.  
 A passer-by rushed to his assistance, and, after helping him to rise, inquired if he was injured.  
 The little German gazed in at his place of business, which was now burning quite briskly, and said:  
 "No, I ain't hurt. But I got out shust in time, eh?"

**A TALL TALE.**

A village, four miles from the nearest railway station, at which trains rarely arrived, boasted a strong man, who, for a small remuneration, would go to the railway station and fetch any packages that came. One day a farmer asked this modern Samson to fetch a hen-house for him that would be arriving that day. When he got to the small station there was nobody about, so, picking up what he thought was the hen-house, he started for home. On the road he met the stationmaster, who was highly indignant. "Where are you taking that to?" he asked. "This? Oh! this is my master's hen-house which came to-day," the fellow replied. "Hen-house, indeed! Get away with you!" rejoined the stationmaster. "That's our waiting-room!"

**MYSTERY BY THE HANDFUL.**

A troupe of wandering musicians were playing before a Swiss hotel. At the end of the performance one of the members left the group, approached the leader of the band, and pulled out a little paper box, which he emptied into his left hand, while the eyes of the leader followed every movement.  
 He then took a plate in his right hand, passed it round, and a large sum was collected, everyone meanwhile wondering what was in his left hand.  
 "Why, t's very simple," said the leader when questioned. "We are all subject to temptation, and to be sure of the fidelity of our collector he has to hold five flies in his left hand, and we count them when he returns, to make sure of the money."

**MEET AND NEAT.**

Sir Walter Raleigh, Professor of English Literature at Oxford, recently arrived in New York, having been invited to lecture at Harvard and other American universities. An American colleague, temporarily resident in London, wrote to a friend in the United States to meet Sir Walter on arrival at the pier in New York, but supplied no other description of him except that he was "a very tall man." The friend has written to London: "I watched several tall men come down the gang-plank; and when I saw one who, I thought, might be Raleigh, I walked up to him and said 'Excuse me sir, are you Sir Walter Raleigh?' He happened to be a very typical Westerner, and not the Professor of English Literature at Oxford, and he replied 'No, sir; I'm Christopher Columbus.'"

**A NOVEL MARKET.**

The markets of Irkutsk, in Siberia, are an interesting sight, for the products offered for sale are in most cases frozen solid. Fish are piled up in stacks like so much cord-wood, and meat likewise. All kinds of fowl are similarly frozen and piled up. Some animals brought into the market whole are propped up on their legs, and have the appearance of being actually alive, and as one goes through the markets one seems to be surrounded by living pigs, sheep, oxen, and fowls standing up. But, stranger yet, even the liquids are frozen solid and sold in blocks. Milk is frozen into a block in this way, and with a string or a stick frozen into and projecting from it. This, it is said, is for the convenience of the purchaser, who is thus enabled to carry his milk by the string or stick-handle.

"My dear," said a young wife, "nurry in, for the cook is hashed!"  
 "What?" asked her husband, in amazement.  
 "Did she suffer much?"  
 "Are you talking about?" the young wife asked, nettled. "I said the cash is hooked!"  
 "You meant someone stole the cashbox?"  
 "I said no such thing! I said the hook was cashed!"  
 "The what?"  
 "Oh, dear, how stupid you are! Can't you understand English? I said the hook was cashed!"  
 Hurry in before it gets cold.

**BETTER THAN HE COULD.**

Mr. Travers, who stammers enough to make a story interesting, went into a bird fancier's in Centre-st. to buy a parrot.  
 "H-h-have you got a-a-all kinds of b-b-birds?" asked Mr. T.  
 "Yes, sir—all kinds," said the bird fancier, politely.  
 "I w-w-want to b-buy a p-p-parrot," hesitated Mr. T.  
 "Well, here is a beauty. See what glittering plumage!"  
 "I-is he a g-g-good t-t-talker?" stammered Mr. Travers.  
 "If he can't talk better than you can, I'll give him to you," exclaimed the shopkeeper. Travers bought the bird.

**THE WORLD-STRUGGLE.**

The world is our mother, we say, and smiles upon our childhood. But the world-mother is inexorable in driving her children to the fray. As George Meredith sings:—

More aid than that embrace,  
 That nourishment she cannot give; his heart  
 Involves his fate; and she who urged the start  
 Abides the race.

For he is in the lists  
 Contentious with the elements, whose dower  
 First sprang him; for swift vultures to devour  
 If he desists.

The world is no palace of ease for its children  
 —or, if it is, it works their ruin more surely than  
 any place of struggle. Let us not deceive our-  
 selves. Struggle is our inheritance and over-  
 coming is our opportunity.

**HUMOUR WITH THE NOOSE ON.**

Callousness and even grim humour of condemned criminals is well exemplified by the following stories:—On walking to the scaffold in the solemn procession a criminal once called to the governor of the prison, "Just oblige me, gov-nor," he said, "by telling me the day of the week." "Monday," answered the surprised governor. "Monday," exclaimed the prisoner in disgusted tones; "well, this ere's a fine way of beginning the week, ain't it?" And he marched on with disgust imprinted on every line in his face.

On another occasion an officious hangman whispered as he placed the white cap on his victim's head, "If there's anything you'd like to ask me I'll be pleased to answer, yer know." The victim craned his neck forward, and said in an equally low, but very much more serious voice, "You might tell me is—is this planking safe?"

**AN ASTRONOMICAL PUZZLE.**

One of our best-known astronomers was talking about the difficulties and intricacies that astronomy presents to the popular mind.  
 "For instance," he said, smiling, "there is the story of the meteorite that fell on an Essex farm a year ago. It was a valuable meteorite, and the landlord claimed it at once."  
 "All minerals and metals on the land belong to me," he said. "That's in the lease."  
 "But the tenant demurred. 'This meteorite,' he said, 'wasn't on the farm, you must remember, when the lease was drawn up.'  
 "This was certainly a poser; but the landlord was equal to the occasion, for he promptly retorted: 'Well, then, I claim it as flying game.'  
 "But the tenant was ready for him. 'It's got neither wings nor feathers,' he said. 'Therefore as ground game it is mine.'  
 "How long they would have continued their argument I cannot say, for at that moment a revenue officer came up and proceeded to take possession of the meteorite. 'Because,' said he, 'it is an article introduced into this country without payment of duty.'"

**A POINT TO HERTZ.**

Carl Hertz, the great juggler and illusion king, is fond of recalling how he once served a race-course sharp with a dose of his own medicine. The crook was operating the pea-under-the-thimble swindle, and had already reaped a nice harvest from his dupes. Carl Hertz arrived on the scene to hear the following appeal:—

"Now, ladies, gents and noblemen, I offer you the opportunity of a lifetime. Here in my hand I have a small pea. You will observe that I shall place this pea under one of these thimbles. Perfectly plain, isn't it? No deception at all. Now, I am prepared to bet any gent present that he won't spot the thimble the little joker is under."  
 "I'll bet you five shillings I can," said the juggler, assuming the expression of a confiding innocent.

The bet was accepted with alacrity, the thimble raised, and the pea disclosed by the triumphant Hertz.

The swindler's expression of astonishment was a stud for the gods. Thinking that the slight-of-hand must have failed for once, he repeated the experiment and doubled the stakes, but only with the same result. Again the procedure was repeated, and once again the smiling Carl withdrew the pea from the thimble he had selected. This was too much for the baffled sharp, who, with a despairing gesture and appropriate strong language, cried, recklessly:—

"Lord lumme, this beats the band! Why, I've got the bloomin' pea in me 'and all the time!"

"Quite so," replied Hertz sweetly, as he moved off, "but you see, I always make a point of carrying my own pea."

**PROBABLY CORRECT.**

"If any man here," shouted the temperance speaker, "can name an honest business that has been helped by the saloon, I will spend the rest of my life working for the liquor people." A man rose. "I consider my business an honest one," he said, "and it has been helped by the saloon." "What is your business?" "I am an undertaker."

A witty retort was that of Thelwall, who, when on his trial at the Old Bailey for high treason, wrote the following note during the evidence of the prosecution, and sent to his counsel, "Mr. Erskine, I am determined to bleed my cause myself."  
 Mr. Erskine wrote under it, "If you do, you'll be hanged."  
 To which Thelwall immediately returned this reply, "I'll be hanged, then, if I do."

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