

# THE CANADIAN RED CROSS SPECIAL.

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VOL. 1.

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NO. 9.

## PLEASING CONCERT AT PAVILION GARDENS.

Patients and Staff of the Hospital Entertain Large Crowd of Buxtonites.

On Wednesday at the Pavilion Gardens, by the kind permission of Major Frederick Guest, officer commanding, in the smaller hall of the Pavilion, the patients and staff of the Canadian Red Cross Special Hospital gave a special matinee concert to an audience that filled the hall, and, to judge by the hearty applause tendered to each number on the programme, those present were well pleased with the affair. The credit for the success of the concert is due, in a great measure, to the efforts of Sergt.-Major Carpenter, who not only took a prominent part in the afternoon's entertainment, but also attended to all the details necessary in such affairs.

After an opening selection by the orchestra, "King Carnival," which was well received, Sergt. Scott, who has never been heard before to better advantage, sang with fine control, "Son of Devon," which elicited generous applause. He was followed by Pte. Worthing, who recited "The Parson's Son," in real, dramatic manner, and held the house in a spell from the opening to the close of his recital. The quartette next sang "Over the Fields at Early Morn," which made a good impression, the orchestra following with "Miss Hook of Holland," both receiving hearty encores. Staff-Sgt. Morris and Pte. Moore then delighted those present with their dancing figures in a Southern melody, the singers being screened from the audience, and were compelled to reply to an encore. Pte. Rees, who is now well-known to Buxton people as a singer of great merit, sang feelingly the beautiful ballad, "I Don't Suppose," and responded to an encore with another choice selection. The next number was a pantomime by Grimes and Harbidge, each being "made up" as Charlie Chaplin, and their comical actions before a supposed mirror occasioned great merriment. The orchestra then gave another selection, followed by one of the best numbers on the programme, the French Canadian "Trio." Three selections had to be given before the audience was satisfied, the first being the "Marseillaise," those present rising to their feet as the grand old song was sung in a clear, sweet baritone voice by one of the others joining in the chorus. While the songs were sung in French and understood by possibly but a few in the hall, they were none the less appreciated. Next came the inimitable Sergt.-Major Carpenter, with whom few amateur performers can compare, who took his auditors in a grip the moment he appeared on the platform and held them throughout his rendition of several stories and the singing of the comic song, "In These Hard Times." An encore was demanded and the sergeant-major stated that as a pianoforte selection by Corpl. Thompson had been asked for from the audience he would appear again later. It may be said without fear of contradiction that Corpl. Thompson's playing was a revelation to many, even to those who had heard him before. He is a perfect master of the piano, and his imitation of the chimes was simply marvellous. He simply "brought down the house," and generously complied with an encore. Sergt.-Major Carpenter in Hebrew costume sang a comic song entitled "For He Was a Soldier, too," which was also well received, and then the quartette, in costume, sang "The Catastrophe," which mainly had to do with a boy, a tack, and the schoolmaster, which occasioned great laughter. After another selection by the orchestra the quartette again took the boards, two of them being dressed in feminine attire, and they certainly looked the part. In their song, "Another Little Drink Won't Do Us Any Harm," they fairly convulsed the audience, as much by their acting as their singing. All the performers then assembled on the platform, and the assemblage arising to their feet, sang "O Canada," "The Maple Leaf," and "God Save the King," all joining in, which brought to a close what may properly be classed as the best concert yet given in Buxton by the patients and staff of the Canadian Red Cross Special Hospital.

At the Opera House on Wednesday, October 18, another concert will be given by the three hospitals combined, to which the general public is invited and a good programme assured.

## ANKLE BROKEN.

Sergeant Robert Leith, popularly known as "Bob," has met with a rather serious misfortune during fire drill last week. While running with the hose he slipped and turned his ankle, tearing the ligaments badly. The X-Ray revealed the fact, however, that no bones were broken, and so "Bob" will soon be around again.

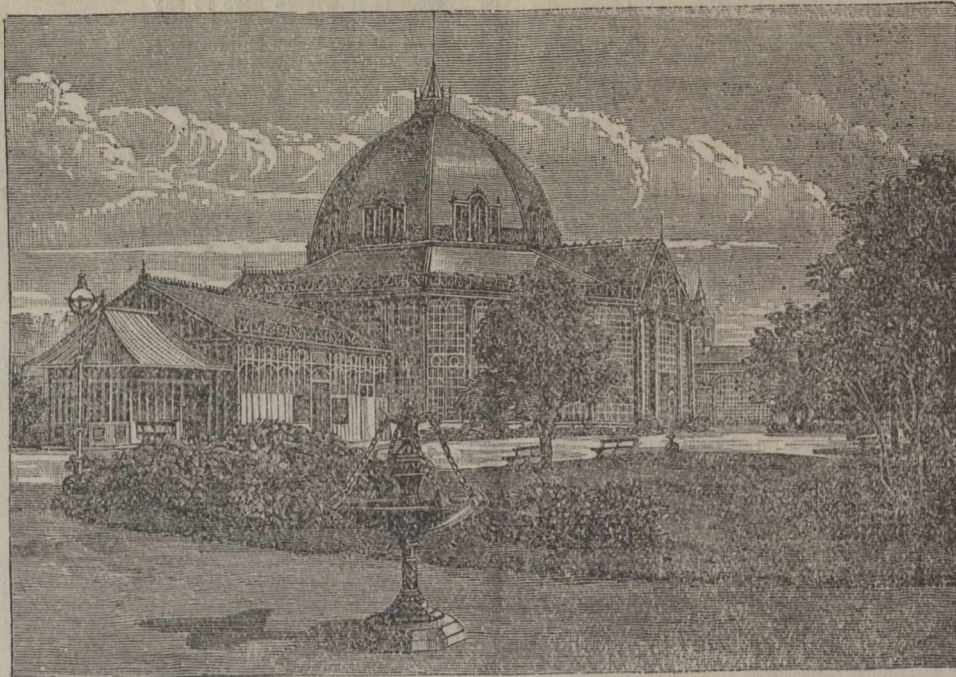
As a companion during his enforced confinement some of his friends sent him a beautiful rag baby, and did not forget to send food in the shape of a nursing bottle full of milk, which has been the source of great merriment, and on account of which "Bob" has been compelled to stand for a lot of good-natured chaff.

## TRY THIS ONE.

Sammy Redfern offers a suitable reward for the solution of the following problem: If it took an elephant a fortnight to walk to Nottingham in three weeks, how many sticks of rhubarb celery would it take to make a gooseberry pie?

## ANSWER.

So many correct answers have been received by Sergt.-Major Carpenter to his problem of last week that the prize had to be withdrawn. The answer is: Nine minutes to three.



View of Pavilion where the the Concert was held.

## FOOTBALL.

The Canadians met the Buxton Lime Firms in a game of football last Saturday at the Silverlands football ground. Owing to the wet weather very few spectators were present. Among the few present were Major Guest and Capt. Thurgar.

After the teams had waited for about an hour for the rain to stop the game commenced. The Lime Firms, winning the toss, took the advantage of the wind. After twenty minutes play the Lime Firms scored a rather lucky goal the ball glancing off the head of a Canadian player past the goalkeeper. At this stage the Canadians were playing a hard game and were unlucky not to equalize.

Just on half-time the Lime Firms scored No. 2. Half-time the score was two goals to nil in favour of the Lime Firms.

The second half had no events of any interest as the rain and wind spoiled any chance of good football. The final result was Lime Firms 2, Canadians 0.

For the Lime Firms no player requires special mention, as they all played a good game.

Sergt.-Major Carpenter for the Canadians played a great game in goal and saved the situation on many occasions.

A match game between a team from the R.E.'s and one from the Canadian Red Cross Hospital will be played this (Saturday) afternoon at 3 p.m. on the Silverlands ground. Any other teams wishing a game may make arrangements with the sporting editor of this paper, Sergt. J. Henderson.

## GERMANS EAT HORSES.

### HUNS' FOOD SUPPLY RUNNING SHORT.

There has been an enormous loss of horses during the great war. In the first period of the conflict there was little effort at utilising the flesh and skin of the carcasses. The compelling idea was to get them buried when the carrion began to pollute the air, and worse still, to become a breeding-ground for myriads of flies. More recently, however, the German mind has been taking thought of the economic value of flesh and hide, bone and hoof.

The question has been made the subject of an article by Mr. Heyking, the director of the German Fisheries, in the "Deutschen Fischerkorrespondenz." This article bears the title "Horseflesh as Food for Men and Animals." Its author deplores the fact that there should be such a widespread and unreasonable prejudice against the use of horseflesh as human food. To our minds it seems probable that this prejudice is largely due to the sentimental associations which have gathered about the horse for untold generations as the friend and companion of man in time of peace, and his gallant and helpful comrade in time of war. Mr. Heyking, however, ascribes the feeling mainly to an instinct founded originally in religious prejudice. He says, as quoted in the "Kölnischer Zeitung" (Cologne): "The ancient Germans and Scandinavians esteemed horseflesh very highly, and the horse was the sacrificial animal most prized, its skull being nailed to house doors and roofs as a memento of the Feast of Freya. It was probably this connection with the old heathen sacrificial uses which caused the Christian priests to forbid the eating of horseflesh."

While this may have been partly the reason for abandoning horseflesh as food, it seems likely that a more direct cause was literal acceptance of the Mosaic law banning as unclean certain animals. At any rate, Pope Gregory III, formally denounced the horse as an unclean animal for food purposes.

However, a strong feeling of aversion to this food still lingers, though many scientists, including Professor Essex, of Gottingen, recommend it as a cheap and good popular food. To promote its use Professor Essex advises that butchers and dealers should be required to keep it on sale, though separated and plainly labelled, just as "kosher" meat is kept separate and margarine is separated from butter.

## FAMOUS SOLDIERS' HOBBIES.

### KING ALBERT AS AN ENGINE-DRIVER.

Sir John French's pet hobby is the study of Napoleonic literature. He is one of the greatest living authorities on "the Little Corporal." Very few people are aware that he is also a clever musician, and he has such a good singing voice that had he not chosen to be a soldier, he might have earned a first-class income on the concert platform.

Sir Ian Hamilton has a very curious hobby for a soldier. He writes poetry, and not the ordinary slipshod verse of the average amateur, but work of the highest order. Some of his poems have been printed in various papers under various titles, but the General is somewhat shy about his accomplishment and does not put his own signature at the end of his efforts.

Besides writing verses, Sir Ian spends a good deal of his spare time in sketching.

Sir Douglas Haig's greatest amusement is hunting, and he has the reputation of being one of the best polo-players in the Army.

Sir John Bullcock has practically no hobbies except the study of everything connected with the sea and the Navy.

King Albert of the Belgians, who has proved himself to be such a fine soldier in the most trying circumstances imaginable, has many recreations in time of peace; but his favourite is the study of mechanics. He understands all about motors, flying-machines, and engines, and he is probably the only living monarch who has driven a railway engine in his dominions. This memorable drive occurred when His Majesty was Crown Prince. He had always been anxious to become an amateur engine-driver, and one day he determined to put his powers to the test. He chartered an engine and took complete charge, and those who saw him driving averred that he did so with the skill and precision of an old hand.

Another of King Albert's hobbies is mountaineering. He has done a good deal of climbing in Switzerland, and on such occasions he usually travels strictly incognito.

General Joffre confesses that his favourite relaxation is study. Had he not been a soldier, he would undoubtedly have become a professor. The study he likes best is mathematics, and when he was quite a boy he astonished all his friends by the easy manner in which he could solve the most difficult mathematical problems.

In his interesting biography of the French Commander-in-Chief, Mr. Alexander Kahn tells a characteristic story of the famous soldier's boyhood. "One evening," says Mr. Kahn, "as his father was getting ready to go to sleep, the future Generalissimo burst into the room joyously shouting, 'It's all right! I'm well! I'm saved!'"

His joy was not at having won some game or beaten an opponent in a fight, but simply because he had solved some abstruse problem which had taxed his powers to the utmost.

### RUINED!

A certain professor, who was a remarkably fine, well-built man, was staying at a village some time ago.

He happened to pass two men eating flour, and overheard this conversation:

"Say, Bill, who's that?"

"That's the professor what's staying here," was Bill's reply; "they say as how he's very learned."

"What a spoilt man," rejoined the other. "I never in my life see'd such a sack of flour."

## LOST! LOST! LOST!

WRISTLET WATCH.—Somewhere between the Burbage Institute and Burlington Road.—Finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving same at the Canadian Red Cross Special Hospital in care of the Editor of this paper.

FOUNTAIN PEN.—On Wednesday or Thursday of last week one of the sisters lost a fountain pen, with calendar attached, in "C" or "D" Wards, and would be greatly obliged if the person who found it would turn it in to the office of this paper, room 17.

## A NEW PRAYER BOOK.

### SOLDIER USES A PACK OF CARDS IN PLACE OF A BIBLE.

Richard Lane, a private soldier, belonging to the 42nd Regiment, was taken before the Mayor of Glasgow for playing cards during divine service.

The Sergeant commanded the soldiers to church, and when the parson read his prayers and took his text, those who had a Bible took it out; but this soldier had neither a Bible nor a common Prayer Book; but pulling out a pack of cards he spread them out before him. He first looked at one card and then at another. The Sergeant of the company saw him, and said:—

"Richard, put up the cards, this is no place for them."

"Never mind that," said Richard.

When the service was over the constable took Richard prisoner, and brought him before the Mayor.

"Well," said the Mayor, "what have you brought this soldier here for?"

"For playing cards in church."

"Well, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Much, Sir, I hope."

"Very good; if not, I will punish you more than ever man was punished."

"I have been," said the soldier, "about six weeks on the march; I have neither Bible nor common Prayer Book; I have nothing but a common pack of cards, and I hope to satisfy your worship as to the purity of my intentions. Then, spreading the cards before the Mayor, he began with the ace.

"When I see the Ace, it reminds me there is but one God.

"The deuce, it reminds me of Father and Son.

"The trey, it reminds me of Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

"The four reminds me of the four Evangelists that preached, viz., Matthew, Mark, Luke and John.

"When I see the five, it reminds me of the five wise virgins that trimmed their lamps. There were ten, but five were fools, and were sent out.

"The six reminds me that in six days the Lord made heaven and earth.

"The seven reminds me that on the seventh day God rested from the works he had made, and hallowed it.

"The eight reminds me of the eight righteous persons who were saved when God drowned the world, viz., Noah and his wife, his three sons and their wives.

"When I see the King, it reminds me of the nine lepers that were cleansed by our Saviour. There were ten, but nine never returned thanks.

"The ten reminds me of the ten commandments, which God handed down to Moses on a table of stone.

"When I see the King, it reminds me of the Great King of Heaven, which is God Almighty.

"When I see the Queen, it reminds me of the Queen of Sheba, who went to hear the wisdom of Solomon, for she was as wise a woman as he was a man. She brought with her fifty boys and fifty girls all dressed in boys' apparel saying tell me which are boys and which are girls. King Solomon sent for water for them to wash themselves; the girls washed to the elbow and the boys only to the wrists, so King Solomon told by this.

"Well," said the Mayor, "you have given a description of every card in the pack except one."

"What is that?" asked the soldier.

"The Knave," said the Mayor.

"I will give you your honour a description of that too, if you will not be angry."

"I will not," said the Mayor, "if you will not term me a knave."

"Well," said the soldier, "the greatest knave I know of is the constable who brought me here."

"I do not know," said the Mayor, "whether he is the greatest knave, but I know he's the greatest fool."

"When I count how many spots in a pack," continued the soldier, "I find three hundred and sixty-five—as many as there are days in a year. When I count the number of cards in a pack, I find there are fifty-two—as many weeks as there are in a year, and I find four suits—the number of weeks in a month, I find there are twelve picture cards in the pack, representing the number of months in a year, and counting the tricks, I find thirteen—the number of weeks in a quarter. So you see, Sir, the pack of cards serves for a Bible, Almanac, and common Prayer Book to me."—Hy. C. Thistleton, Summer Field, Buxton.

## "SHOO OFF MEN IN MUFTI."

### Advice to Winnipeg Girls.

"Mothers keep your eyes on the young man who is still in mufti, who calls round paying attention to your daughter. If he were a real man he would first prepare to avenge the wrongs of the poor mothers of Belgium. To become worthy of your daughter's hand he should possess either a 'Returned Soldiers' button, 'Exempt from military service button,' or be dressed in khaki."

The above little notice is contained in a dodger headed in bold black type "To Sister, Mother or Sweetheart," which is now being distributed by the recruiting organization of the 197th battalion, Winnipeg. It is regarded as the most militant of the military literature which has been produced in Winnipeg, since to the slacker it has both a message and a punch.

**THE CANADIAN  
RED CROSS SPECIAL.**

Editor and Business Manager ..... G. F. Duncan.  
Treasurer ..... Sergt. C. L. Granecome.  
Associate Editor ..... J. B. Ransome.  
Sporting Editor ..... Sgt. J. Henderson.  
Artist ..... C. Webster.

Registered as a newspaper for transmission abroad.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1916.

**A SERIOUS JOKE.**

Everybody knows that Germans are quite devoid of the sense of humour; but few would expect them to take with ponderous gravity a joke absolutely thrown at them, and to accept it as a tribute to a soldier's devotion to his rulers. The *Strassburger Post* tells this story without a smile: The Crown Prince saw a one-armed soldier who had received no medal, and he conferred on the man the Iron Cross of the Second Class. "If I had lost two arms," asked the soldier, "what would your Imperial Highness have given me?" And the Crown Prince replied, "The Iron Cross of the First Class." So the soldier "drew his sword and cut off his remaining arm with one blow—to earn the Iron Cross of the First Class." Of course, a man cannot cut off his only arm with his only arm, and the story is just a joke, thirty years old in this country. Germany tells it as a compliment to a soldier and the Crown Prince!

**SLANDERING THE R.A.M.C.**

A weekly paper prints a story, supposedly told by "A Wounded Anzac," of "how his things were stolen by some R.A.M.C. men at the Base." The things consisted of three German helmets, money, and some German documents—which no soldier is permitted to possess, it being an order that all enemy papers are to be given up. The theft "at the Base" is said to have occurred "at the clearing hospital," but the two localities are hundreds of miles apart; so there is a discrepancy to that large extent. But the real offence of the article is its headlines—"R.A.M.C.—Rob All My Comrades," together with the statement that the men of the corps "never get within miles of the firing line." This is wholesale slander of a devoted body of men who succour the wounded in front of the firing-line, and the Roll of Honour speaks of their self-sacrifice. If this "wounded Anzac" lost his things, we are sorry; but the meaning attached to the letters "R.A.M.C." is outrageous.

We read in some illustrated pamphlet describing Buxton and vicinity that "the town, being entirely surrounded by high hills, is protected from the wind." The way the "gentle zephyrs" have been whirling around the streets of Buxton the past few days would seem to make the above statement somewhat in the nature of a canard.

The highest praise of the Tanks that has yet reached us comes from a member of a Scots unit, who writes: "They plod slowly on and nothing stops them, not even estaminets."

The Buxton damsel with a trim ankle and shapely calf pays little heed to the manner in which the wind toys with her skirts.

It looks as though Greece would join the martial feast just about in time to wash the dishes.

**STRAY MAXIMS.**

A girl who is receiving attentions from a young fellow will do well to make sure whether her mother gets any.

A fault which humbles us is more good to us than a good action, which puffs up and makes us think we're perfect.

It is better to right your wrongs when you are young than to nurse and hug them until they are a blight to you and to others.

She who takes good care of the days need have no worry about a regretful retrospect at the end of the year.

No man has ever won a woman yet without wondering afterwards why he didn't let the other fellow win her.

The best thing to do when a girl offers you the cold shoulder is to admire the shoulder.

Youth flies, woman dyes, man still lies; "You look younger than ever."

One of the polite fictions of love is that which turns it into an enjoyable pastime instead of leaving it what it really is—hard labour.

No man is ever a hero to his wife, but that is because she is only a wife.

Hearts in a flirtation are never trumps to play.

It doesn't follow that when a man claims exemption from a love affair he is going to get it.

The primary cause of divorce is marriage. People who are suspicious always find what they are looking for.

There is a certain brand of Christian who feels that paying pew rent entitles him to a reserved seat in heaven.

Eliminate politics, religion, the weather, and the war, and there wouldn't be much to talk about.

A very youthful chicken-fancier had in his possession a couple of bantam hens that laid very small eggs. He finally hit upon a plan to remedy this.

When the lad's father went the next morning to the chicken-house he was surprised to find an ostrich egg tied to one of the beams, and above it a card with this notice:

"Keep your eye on this and do your best."

He was not much of a horseman; in fact, the only horse he could ride was the wooden one of his nursery days, so small wonder that the roughriding sergeant-major got exasperated.

"Why don't you get inside, you bally idiot?" roared the sergeant-major as he came to grief for the sixth time.

"I would," growled the angry recruit, "if his mouth was as big as yours!"

**RHYME, ROT,  
AND REASON.  
THOMAS EARL.**

**KILLED IN ACTION. DUTY WELL DONE.**

In that great chain of liberty and might,  
Each welded link of freedom and of right;  
It's aim and end a fuller manhood's sway,  
And nobler life when dawns that glorious day.  
The task was thine full sacrifice to give,  
That all completed would in fullness live,  
The humble toiler with the rich to be,  
Partakers since they fought and died like thee.  
That coming years, expanding rich to bear  
The heritage in fruitage free as air.  
No humble suppliant, but a God's decree  
That this is right, and only right shall be;  
A higher plane, endless the depth and wide,  
Manhood prevailing like a mighty tide.  
The tyrant's blight, repugnant, loathsome  
sway  
Powerless for ever, cease and pass away;  
Victorious, lo, the brimming cup they give,  
That we from worse than death may henceforth  
live.

—A. B. D.

A young officer of the "knot" variety was explaining to his men what happened to a shell after leaving the gun. The comedian of the company couldn't refrain from making remarks *sotto voce*, much to the amusement of his pals. This was part of the lesson—  
Officer: "The shell, on leaving the gun, owing to the bore, goes wound and wound."  
Voice: "The mulberry bush."  
Officer: "After its momentum is expended gravity draws it to earth, otherwise it would keep on for evah and evah."  
Voice: "Amen."

**YOU.**

Was someone you trusted, faithless?  
Do ghosts walk in memory's scenes?  
Be glad, for the life that is wraithless  
Knows nothing of what faith means.  
Did one you loved well betray you?  
What matter—love taught you to live;  
Hear the voice of the God, you pray to,  
"Love covereth all—forgive."  
Through habit or passion's infection,  
Have you sinned unto death? Laugh at sin;  
For you there is still resurrection,  
Get back in the fight—and win!

**POOR MAN!**

Who is it slaves and grinds all day,  
Get never either thanks or pay,  
But just sits there and pegs away?  
Ye editor.  
Who, when he should be sound asleep  
As 'round the clock the hands do creep,  
Lies there in thought profound and deep?  
Ye editor.  
Who, when he would provoke a smile  
And thinks he's done it all the while,  
Finds out he's missed about a mile?  
Ye editor.  
Who has to stand all the abuse  
From many men who are obtruse,  
Who tell him he's no earthly use?  
Ye editor.  
Who is it wishes here to say  
That if he simply pegs away  
Will be rewarded judgment day?  
Ye editor.

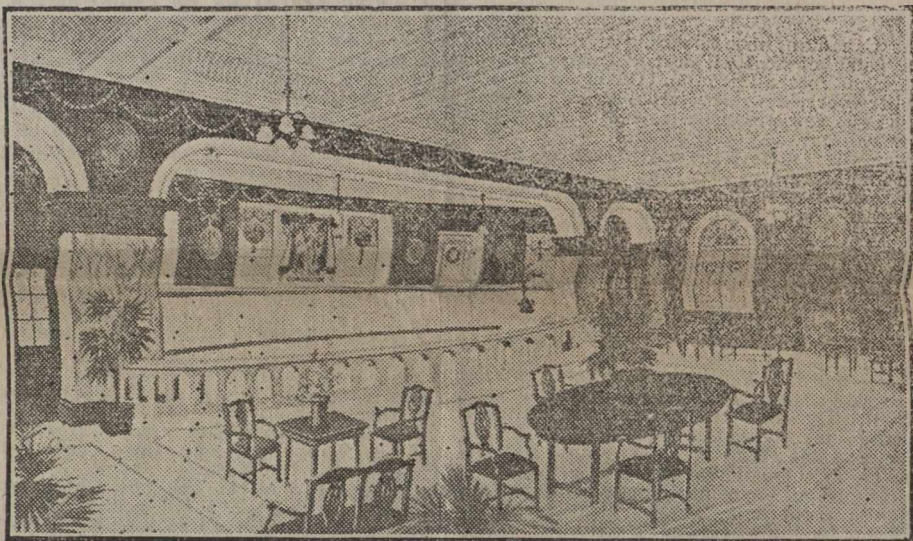
—G. T. D.

A French judge, visiting England, was one day riding in a London tramcar when the conductor approached him for his fare—two pence. Tendering sixpence in payment, on receiving the change the judge, who had a warm heart, presented two pence to the conductor, saying:—"Here, my man, get yourself a glass of beer."

**THE NEXT OF KIN.**

Tread softly, ye who enter,  
For sorrow reigns therein,  
Sad news has crossed the waters  
To "the next of kin."  
Fell on the field of honour,  
Brilliant, and gay, and young,  
Here lie war's keenest suffering,  
For he was an only son.  
The mother's hair seems whiter,  
Her eyes look old and dim;  
To the gallant fallen soldier  
She was his "next of kin."  
With shoulders bent and stooping,  
Her face all wrinkled thin,  
Oh, God! look down in mercy  
Upon the "next of kin."  
Her hero rests in Flanders,  
Far away from the battle's din.  
But oh! may the world in pity  
Remember his "next of kin."

A clergyman, sitting opposite, interposed.  
"Excuse me, sir, but is it wise to encourage drinking? I have not touched a glass of beer for years."  
"Poor man!" exclaimed the judge; "take the other tuppence."



Interior of St Ann's Well.

**DON'T SHOW YOUR HAND.**

If ever you should sit behind two deuces in a pot  
And try to make the other fellow lay down what he's got,  
If he should call your bet, then with a smile polite and bland  
Just say, "That's good—take in the pot," but do not show your hand.  
If in the game of love, perhaps, you find that you must lose  
And cannot get all for your own the girl that you would choose,  
Don't eat your heart out—show the world you're of a different brand,  
For tho' you may feel bad enough, you needn't show your hand.  
If you should meet reverses in a regular business way,  
Don't let them see how much you're hurt, no matter what they say;  
Then pretty soon the other folks will get to understand  
That you know how to take defeat, but never show your hand.  
This game of life is just a bluff and we are players all,  
And every one must play their hands, the great as well as small;  
And when one comes to "cash his checks" the feeling must be grand  
To know you played for all you're worth, but never showed your hand!

—G. T. DUNCAN.

**A TEARFUL LASS.**

She was a happy maiden,  
No cloud had crossed her sky  
With drenching sorrow laden  
Yet a tear stood in her eye.  
Her past was unregretted,  
And, as the day went by  
She never fumed or fretted,  
Yet a tear stood in her eye.  
Filled with the joy of living  
Life seemed an ecstasy,  
She had no dark misgiving—  
But a tear stood in her eye.  
It was no mournful feeling  
That made that lassie cry  
But the onion she'd been peeling  
Caused the tear drop in her eye.

**WHEN PA IS SICK.**

When Pa' is sick, he's scared to death  
An' Ma an' us just holds our breath.  
He crawls in bed, an' puffs and grunts,  
And does all kinds of crazy stunts.  
He wants "Doe" Brown, an' mighty quick,  
For when Pa's ill, he's awful sick.  
He gasps and groans, an' sort o' sighs,  
He talks so queer, an' rolls his eyes.  
Ma jumps an' runs, an' all of us,  
An' all the house is in a fuss.  
An' peace an' joy is mighty Skeerce—  
When Pa is sick, it's something fierce.

**WHEN MA IS SICK.**

When Ma is sick, she pegs away;  
She's quiet, though, not much to say.  
She goes right on a-doin' things,  
An' sometimes laughs, or even sings.  
She says she don't feel extra well,  
But then it's just a kind o' spell.  
She'll be all right to-morrow, sure,  
A good old sleep will be the cure.  
An' Pa he sniffs an' makes no kick,  
For women folks is always sick.  
An' Ma, she smiles, lets on she's glad—  
When Ma is sick it ain't so bad.

It was his first night on guard, and, of course Mike Flaherty was on the watch against officers and such-like questioning him on his duties. As it happened, he was at a station guarding a magazine of powder that had arrived during the day. Suddenly the orderly officer came round and, after the usual formalities, commenced to question Mike.  
Officer: "What would you do if the magazine blew up?"  
Mike: "Go up with the report, sir."

**SHOWS ITS POPULARITY.**

An incident occurred on the street on Wednesday which shows the popularity of this paper. While one of the patients was selling papers near Spring Gardens there came towards him from the opposite side of the street a soldier, "on the double."  
"Is that the Red Cross Special?" he asked.  
"Yes," replied the newsy.  
"Well, gimme one." The first one I saw of these papers was in the trenches—I am only here on a visit, you know—and, say, it was great. It had gone through hundreds of hands, and they all thought it was just all right. I am going to make arrangements to have it sent to me when I leave here.  
Everybody likes it.

**"THOU SHALT NOT KILL."**

Dark, dark the day, and darker still the morn,  
All hope of peace, alas, is now forlorn;  
The darkening cloud of war hath hid the sun,  
And blood in streams across the earth doth run.  
The golden fields of grain have turned to red,  
And mourn a requiem o'er the countless dead.  
Must Thy commandment, Lord, be set at naught—  
"Thou shalt not kill!"—as we at mother's knee were taught?  
The wives and mothers cringe and mourn with fear,  
While death, that awful spectre hovers near,  
Alas, too many mourn for someone lost,—  
('Tis wives and mothers who must pay the cost!)  
With beautiful cities now razed to the ground,  
Where not a habitation can be found,  
While babes and children cry aloud for bread—  
Their loving fathers numbered with the dead!  
The war-worn troops press on with bated breath,  
Stagger and retreat, then on to certain death!  
And all for what—oh, God, for what  
Was such a sick'ning devastation wrought?  
The joyous Christmas-tide now draweth near,  
While countless thousands mourn for someone dear;  
O, God of Love, Who gave Thine only Son,  
That nations here below might live as one,  
Wilt Thou not put an end to all this strife,  
This wilful, wanton waste of human life,  
So that His message may ring out again—  
"Peace, peace, on earth: Good will unto all men!"

—G. T. DUNCAN.

**Fun, Facts & Fancies.**

**INTERESTING FACTS.**

An elephant can shift six tons at a time with ease.  
In Japan girl babies have their heads shaved until they are three years old.  
In many parts of Scotland 100 herrings can be purchased for 6d. in normal times.  
In proportion to its size, Monaco produces a richer royal revenue than any other country.  
Italy, Spain, and Turkey are the only countries in Europe which do not pay their M.P.'s.  
The eggs of the great auk are the most valuable in the world. They have fetched as much as £300 each.  
Property-owners in New York are asked to pledge themselves not to rent or sell their houses to negroes.  
The most expensive and roomiest railway station in the world is said to be that of the Peninsular Railway Company at Bombay.  
Most of the cats in the town of Brockton, in Massachusetts, are always in an intoxicated condition through feeding on brewery waste.  
In London a motor-bus proprietor has to comply with between 50 and 60 conditions before he can obtain a licence to use it for public purposes.  
General Sir Ian Hamilton's most treasured possessions is the tooth of a favourite charger set in gold. The charger was killed in the South African war.  
When we talk about a person being "knocked into a cocked hat," we mean that he will be limp enough to be doubled up and carried flat under the arm, like the cocked hat of an officer.

**JAP'S TOOTH-BRUSH.**

The cleanly Japanese can teach us how to have beautiful and healthful teeth. In the land of cherry blossoms, early in the morning you can visit any Japanese home, look into the back-yard, and see the family at their morning toilet with brushes, charcoal, and bowl of alum rinsing water in hand. And the good hotels in Japan provide for their guests a new toothbrush each day—a queer, stubby little brush made of wood.

**A LEGAL PLEASANTRY.**

The following is an amusing anecdote of the well-known Cooke, the actor and musician:—  
At a trial in the Court of King's Bench, in 1835, betwixt certain music publishers as to an alleged piracy of an arrangement of the song of "The Old English Gentleman," Cooke was subpoenaed as a witness by one of the parties. On his cross-examination by Sir James Scarlett for the opposite side, that learned counsel questioned him thus:  
"Now, sir, you say that the melodies are the same, but different; now what do you mean by that, sir?"  
To this Tom promptly answered:  
"I said that the notes in the two copies were alike, but with a different accent, the one being in common time, the other in six-eight time; and consequently the position of the accented notes was different."  
"Now, pray, sir, don't beat about the bush, but explain to the jury, who are supposed to know nothing about music, the meaning of what you call accent."  
"Accent in music is a certain stress laid upon a particular note, in the same manner as you would lay a stress upon any given word for the purpose of being better understood. Thus, if I were to say, 'You are an ASS,' it rests on ass, but if I were to say, 'YOU are an ass,' it rests on you, Sir James."  
Shouts of laughter by the whole court followed this repartee. Silence at length having been obtained, the judge, with much seeming gravity, accosted the counsel thus:  
"Are you satisfied, Sir James?"  
Sir James (who had become scarlet in more than name), in a great huff, said:  
"The witness may go down."

**HUMOROUS?**

"One day," says a London journalist, "the late Walter Emanuel called on me and chatted delightfully. After about half an hour the humorist said he must go, and apologized for having wasted so much valuable time. 'Don't mention it,' I rushed to reply. 'It has been a pleasure.' 'Oh, it's not your valuable time I'm thinking of,' said Mr. Emanuel, as he picked up his hat; 'it's mine!'"

**PLEASE TELL US.**

Why Sergt. Scott smokes Black Cat Cigarettes? Is he saving the coupons for a trip?

Why Sergt. Martin asked his young lady if she had read the Canadian Red Cross Special? And what did she say to him?

How Archie enjoyed his trip to Worcester? Where Williams got the new hat?

Why Lushington never drives the "tank"? How Jimmy Aitkenhead enjoyed his trip to Burbage on Sunday night?

Why didn't he take "Smiler" with him? How Corpl. Cooke enjoyed his week-end to Bristol, and why did the returns come as usual? How Lily enjoyed "Charlie Chaplin"? What the attraction is at the "Grove" for the Sergt.-Major?

Why a Buxton girl told a patient he was the best Canadian she had met? How many has she met?

When the Niobe will sink its first submarine? And when the Rainbow is coming to Buxton?

Why Pte. Robertson looks so happy, though married?

Why Sergt. "Bertie" bites so well at "tit-bits"?

Is it because there are no flies on him that he is so keen to grab at those "choice morsels"? How Sister Manchester enjoyed her afternoon in the city of her namesake?

Why Sergt. Jimmie was so anxious to see the last coach of the train depart on Sunday night? Was there someone else "waiting on the corner of the street"?

How did the "Staff" enjoy his trip to Manchester?

What did Harry of the pack stores say when his lady friend demanded his presence at the door the other evening?

Why Sergt. Scott is so "invisible" these days? And why he wears such a dreamy far away look on his face when he does appear?

If Sister Hick can not be heard crying in her sleep, "Oh! Peter, Peter, how could you leave me?"

If it was the pet's toilet that detained Sisters Wilson and Manchester to late for breakfast on Wednesday morning?

Is the member of the Royal Engineers aware that not only a greater percentage of the patients have been to France and received wounds or some other complaint and are not staying here for any other reason than being cured, but more than one-third of the staff, who are attending to their ailments, have also been out, many of whom, were there perhaps before our friend thought seriously of enlisting? This for his edification.

Is it as unfortunate to be a member of the 1st Contingent as it is fortunate to be a native of a certain little village way out in Ontario?

Who is the very unwise person who persists in the absurd faculty of sending Blunt's name to "press" each week, and in view of his unceasing efforts to gain information, would he not figure more prominently with some diplomatic mission.

Is it true that there is to be a parade for the staff some time next week to be issued with arm decorations?

Why that patient in "A" Ward got so angry with the moon, when it shed its light upon him? Does Tommy "W" know?

Who is the Canadian that went into a certain Cafe in Spring Gardens and was cuddling the waitress on the sofa?

And why did he wait until someone was looking before he kissed her?

Why won't Fergie go to Manchester? Can Scotty tell us?

Who is Becky, any way? Is she Ticklish or Yiddish?

What did Fergie say when Nellie couldn't get out that night?

How is it he never goes with the same girl more than a week?

If Miss Istippi wore Miss Ouris New Jersey what would Dela Ware?

Does the girl in Whaley Bridge still dream of Belgie and Lovers' Leap?

Does the Sergeant still love the girl?

Who is the young lady who was asking for "a soldier in a skirt," and who is the soldier?

Who sent "Bobbie," Leith the rag baby? And does Bob sing it a lullaby every night? What will he do when the milk gives out?

Who is the patient who took a shilling from a young lady to buy some chocolates and then forgot to hand her the sixpence in change?

By Mail: Who is the young lady who thinks Scotty Wells is a darling and is just dying to make his acquaintance?

What did Sister Mallard say when she discovered her looking glass was missing? And if she didn't say it, what would she have said if she had said it?

What kind of "con" is Sergt. "Con" peddling to a certain fair one these days?

Why doe Corp. Keen look so happy these days? And where does he and the chef go nearly every night?

Why Sergt. Martin had a kick coming when he found his name in the paper, when he is so fond of sending in "skits" about others?

Why a good many girls prefer the lads in the "skirts" to those in trousers?

Why the "staff" takes such a huge delight in getting a joke on the other fellow?

Where does Sergt. Grancome get his contributions for the paper from?

Why some of the patients are afraid to send the "Special" home to Canada?

Why this column is so eagerly read by certain Buxtonites?

Why did Bond walk? Because Barrington Road.

Why was Rider Haggard? Because he had to marry Correlli.

Who put the baby's soother in McGougou's bed on Sunday night?

Where was Ransome on Saturday night?

How many birthdays Pte. Jones is going to celebrate this month, and if it is true that he is on milk diet from now hence?

Who the young lady was, who after keeping company for four weeks with Scottie, calmly informed him on Saturday last that she was to be married on the following Tuesday to a fellow she had long been engaged to?

If Scottie Wells does not enjoy a good night's sleep after lecturing for three hours on temperance, and if it is true he has joined the "Templars"?

If the young ladies from Sheffield who sent Corpl. Keen and Corpl. Roulstop the two pieces of cutlery meant for them to "cut it"?

What was the matter with our football team on Saturday? "Was it rain?"

Who the young lady was who attracted Corpl. Hooker to Derby, and what he said when she was not there to meet him?

If "Champagne Jock" anticipates becoming "Speed King," or is he trying to commit suicide?

If it was really the chef's parents who attracted him to Shorncliffe?

Why the gramophones are not so popular any more?

Who the patient is who has to carry a stone in his right pocket to keep his right shoulder even with his left? Ask McGee.

If the nursing sisters would accept a goat to add to their collection of pets at the nurses' quarters?

Who the sister was who left down her purse to say good bye to some of the patients, and in the excitement went to the station without it. Does Sister Weatherup know anything about this?

Why the Sergt.-Major took an old horse carriage on Sunday in place of his usual taxi? And how the young lady likes the change?

If it is right that the Canadian Ambulance drivers password is "poultry beware"?

What night Corpl. Boothroyd will be absent from Lovers' Leap?

If Sergt. Quigley could not induce his young lady to move to Buxton in place of him leaving us to reside in Manchester?

If we are going to have a Basket Ball team? Why not?

If it is hard to find Staff-Sergt. Morris every night at 10-30?

Who was the attraction that made Pte. Wilkes climb fifteen feet of rain pipe, and if Triggs had as good a view from the ground?

If the left armed Corpl. "Dad" will take better care of his new trousers than he did his previous issue?

What made Pte. Orr give up the cosy fireplace for the country lanes? Was it at his own request?

Why Strothers does "patrol duty" up and down Spring Gardens from 6-30 till 9-30?

Who the patients are who can entertain the ladies by their fancy dancing on roller skates, but can not walk in the Hospital without the aid of two canes?

Is it the affects of the morning after the night before that makes "Sergt. Jimmie" pound the typewriter with such vengeance?



Lover's Leap.

If it is true that Pte. McNeil has to carry a brick in his pocket to stand on, in order to bid his fair maiden good night?

If "Sergt. Bob" is going to do all his own dressmaking?

What did the Lance Corporal think on Monday night when he followed the young lady up the street past the Hospital?

Did he bargain for the rebuff he got?

What is the attraction Charlie that you stand under the green trees for a period of fifteen minutes. Surely you weren't afraid to go into the garage were you?

Was Sister Manchester named after the noted city of that name, or was it named after her?

What the two young ladies from Chapel-en-le-Frith said when they found they had missed the last train home on Thursday night through he blandishments of a sergeant patient?

And how he excused himself from walking home to Chapel with them "neath the light of the silvery moon? Ask Sergt. McLang.

Does Sergt.-Major Carpenter believe in the fiscal policy of 16 to 1?

Colonel (at the manoeuvres, to young Lieutenant, who has lately joined the regiment): "Lieutenant, what would you do with your division if you were attacked by the enemy's infantry on both sides—that is to say, on the right and left wing—with a body of cavalry rushing at you from the front, and a brigade of artillery drawn up in your rear?"

Lieutenant: "I would command Battalion, halt; ground arms; stand at ease; helmets off for prayers!"

Sergeant (to squad of Australian recruits): "Eyes right! Eyes right! Number four, eyes right!"

Number Four: "Sure. Had 'em tested by the travellin' optimist at Burraboo."

A sentimental editor asks, "Are there any sweeter words in the English language than those of 'I love you'?"

Perhaps not; but the words "What will you have?" are not lacking in eloquent and delightful enunciation.

Some of the last-joined Army recruits do not take at all kindly to route-marching, which, as every old soldier knows, is apt to prove extremely trying to untrained muscles and sinews.

One man had fallen out three times in about eight miles, and at last his company sergeant-major could stand it no longer.

"Look 'ere, my lad," he said, "you've joined the wrong regiment. You ought to be in the Flying Corps."

"Why?" asked the tired one curiously.

"You'd only fall out once then!"

**MAKING AN IMPRESSION.**

The old grey-haired doctor was walking along when he espied a crowd. Not an unusual thing a crowd, but what interested him was the fact that his young medico nephew was at the head of it.

"What on earth are you doing with this crowd, my boy?" he remarked as he stopped the boy.

The young doctor drew him aside.

"I've hired them to come and sit in my reception room. I expect a rich patient this morning, and I want to make an impression on him," he whispered confidently.

And the old doctor walked away with a tear in his eye as he thought of the days of his youth.

**A BEDSIDE LIBRARY.**

"Start a bedside library," says Dr. Osler to young physicians, "and spend the last half-hour of the day in communion with the saints of humanity." The advice might be taken with good results by many others. Instead of thinking over the cares and troubles of the dying day, let the tired worker of balmy sleep read a page or two of his "bedside library" and lie down to pleasant dreams. The library might be started, perhaps, with Marcus Aurelius or Thomas à Kempis, or possibly Aesop or Montaigne. If the Bible is too conventional a suggestion, perhaps the Apocrypha might be worthy of consideration—it contains, among other gems, an apposite word for book-lovers: "The more thou searchest, the more thou shalt wonder."

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## THE GREAT TEMPTATION.

By RAYMOND WRIGHT.

### PLEASE TELL US.

#### CHAPTER XI.

Fate does not always decree that man shall be able to follow his own devices. The ideas and plans which men formulate for themselves and attempt to carry through for the furtherance of their own interests are not always allowed by destiny to materialise, and fortune in denying success to men's schemes can sometimes favour mortals with a far greater measure of success than they could ever hope to achieve by the smooth running of their own plans.

Very shortly after Dr. Cyril's cogitations he went again to the bedside of his new patient and regarded her with attentive scrutiny. She was asleep.

Her terrible experience had left its mark upon her but she still retained her charms and the Doctor was somewhat moved at the sight of her lying before him.

She had been restless in her sleep which had caused the bed clothes to become disturbed and her neck and bosom were exposed. Her wealth of hair was spread like a dark stain around the pillow on which her head reclined. Despite her pinched and drawn features, the picture was good to look upon. Her skin was as flawless as palest amber; her eyelashes like darkest velvet rested on the pure curve of the cheeks. Her bosom rose and fell in accordance with her breathing. The Doctor sat down beside the bed and noted her condition.

He had not been by her side for many moments before she again grew restless and after turning from side to side several times she stretched herself on her back and opened her eyes. For a second or so her full gaze was upon the ceiling then she turned and saw the Doctor by her side. A curious expression took possession of her face.

"Dr. Cyril!" she gasped.

"Yes—Yes," he said to her, "but you must be still, you must be quiet, do not excite yourself."

Her eyes were a puzzled expression and she looked around her as if trying to account for things; after a survey of her surroundings her eyes went back once more to the doctor and a look of sudden intelligence seemed to sweep her face.

"Doctor, how is my father?"

The doctor was temporarily robbed of his composure. His mind played him strange tricks. He had not expected this. He had not reckoned with enquiries of this kind. He did not anticipate recognition and further a deep tenderness which he had tried to crush was creeping over him.

The old feelings were coming back to him, and he wished he had let things culminate of themselves. Nevertheless he was able to tenderly admonish his patient.

"Be quiet, everything is alright, you'll be better shortly," and with this he straightened out the bed clothes.

But this was not enough to quieten Rene. Her position was a complex one and she desired to *ferret things out*.

"Where am I and where is James?" she said.

The tone in which she spoke indicated to the doctor that she would shortly be compelled to hold silence. Her voice was thicker and she was partly delirious, besides which she was thoroughly exhausted.

It was an antagonism between brain and body. She moved and spoke once again—"I won't go home—I'd be ashamed to. They would scorn me—Oh God, James, be careful!"

Then for a little while there was quietness and after that her semi-delirious state asserted itself once more.

"I don't care what you say Elsie dear; he is a nice man, he must be. He wants to marry me and I shall marry him, I must do. . . . James! and I did so love you—oh, would to God that I had never been born. . . . No I will not go to my father. He would not take me in after this even if I did."

Then silence.

The doctor looked at his patient. He found it difficult to sum up his real feelings towards her. They formed a motley and heterogeneous admixture, some animosity, some esteem, much fear, some respect, much uneasy curiosity and a very great deal of admiration.

Rene knew that she was in a hospital; she knew that Dr. Cyril was in attendance upon her. She pondered over the strange fate which had directed this strange turn of events.

What had brought Dr. Cyril to the hospital; how was it that he appeared to be a paid servant instead of his own master?

What struck her as being most peculiar was the fact that Dr. Cyril should be the first person to minister to her needs, in her darkest hour of trouble. She remembered one beautiful day in the summer when he had asked her to become engaged to him. She recalled the answer she gave him and the look of disappointment on his face which it had caused.

Had Dr. Cyril been seeking her? Had he found her after a long search, and was this part of his devotion to her?

Perhaps, after all he was not a paid servant; perhaps he had got to know her position and had made it his business to attend her. If this was so, what a glorious act of self-sacrifice on his part to neglect his practice in order to devote his attention to her. But she did not know. She could only guess.

She did not know what had been passing in Dr. Cyril's mind. She did not know she stood between him and a fortune. She had no idea of her father's death.

#### CHAPTER XII.

Rene was convalescent. She had almost recovered. Dr. Cyril had attended to her personally, and he had looked after her with painstaking devotion.

Under his skilful care she had speedily improved until by now she was able to get out of her bed and walk round the Ward.

The doctor visited her daily and sent her newspapers, books and flowers; sometimes he came to have a chat with her and they spoke of old times.

There is a feeling living in the human breast which conquers will, rides over our desires and overpowers our inclinations. This is the feeling of individual love—man for woman and woman for man, and when the feeling is lasting and permanent its contemplation and realisation forms the most beautiful factor in human existence.

Dr. Cyril felt a return of the old feeling he had for Rene and the feeling was stronger and greatly intensified. He had not expected when first he had recognised Rene in the hospital that

his affections would spring into life like this. When he saw her there lying on the bed, helpless before him—helpless, yet standing between him and a fortune, he did not anticipate that he would soon succumb to the old state of mind with which he had previously regarded Rene Oakleigh.

Of her past life she had told him nothing, whilst he on the other hand had remained silent concerning the way in which he had lived since the time they had last met.

With his numerous visits to her here sprang up a greater sympathy and a better understanding between them, and each thought much of the other.

Sometimes a word dropped here and there by the one or the other would almost lead to a conversation about what had happened to either of them since their estrangement and on these occasions a brief silence would manifest itself only to be broken by a common place remark or a pleasantry.

On one occasion the doctor said something to her which was almost a question asking her how she came to be in the awful position in which he had found her. After the remark was made the doctor saw its effect upon her face and he immediately turned the conversation before she had time to reply. A feeling of soul-consciousness sprang up between them.

Thus did the days pass until Rene had been in the hospital for a fortnight.

The warmth of feeling which the doctor began to experience for Rene caused him to be doubtful as to his conduct towards her. The old love which he had borne for her sprang up anew and not knowing whether her heart was free he had been loth to speak of his love for her.

One day the doctor approached her bedside and he noticed a look of terror on her face. Her features had assumed a deathly pallor and there was a startled look in her eyes as though she had just discovered some horrible truth. Her head was thrown back and in her hand she clutched a newspaper convulsively.

"What is the matter?" he said taking his place by her side.

In reply she pushed the newspaper towards him. "Read that," she said in a shaky and an unusual tone, and with her forefinger she indicated a column which was headed:—

#### "SAD BOATING CATASTROPHE

Three Men found Drowned." underneath which the doctor read the following words:—

A boating fatality occurred on the Welsh Coast yesterday when the bodies of three men were washed up with the tide. The names of the unfortunate victims were James Wilde, Gerald Mundy and Harold Staden, all of whom were actors, the last two named being employed in the production of "Violet Desford" which is now being played in Llandudno. At the inquest it transpired that the men had been drinking heavily and a bottle which had contained spirits was found in the clothing of James Wilde. The three men stared from Llandudno beach and a storm arose shortly after their departure. Their bodies were picked up on the rugged and isolated coast in the neighbourhood of Rhos, and up to the present the boat in which they set out has not been recovered.

A verdict of "death from misadventure" was returned.

"Well, what of it?" asked the doctor when he had finished reading.

"Mr. James Wilde," she said, with a tremor in her voice—"Mr. James Wilde was—was my husband!"

#### CHAPTER XIII.

Rene had told the doctor everything. She had explained to him how she came to marry Mr. James Wilde. She told him of the awful life she had led. How her husband had left her alone in the house for so long and so often, and how on one of these occasions she had fled never to return. She told him of her search for work around Manchester, how she had pawned everything she had which was of value, even to the extent of some of her clothing, and how after months of privation and semi-starvation, when she had reached the entire end of her resources and had become weak, emaciated and exhausted, she had been knocked down by a passing vehicle.

She did not remember how the accident had happened but she could recall standing in the path of the approaching vehicle and an overpowering vagueness and soporific stupor stealing over her, and the next thing he knew after that was that she was in the hospital.

All this she told the doctor, keeping nothing back. How she had left her father's home to go upon the stage and how she had met Mr. Wilde there, her fascination and her marriage with him, and afterwards her awakening; how she had heard that her husband had been discharged from his company and how he had not returned home for several days, and how, finally, in a fit of desperation she had left the house, never to return.

She told the doctor of her life since that time; how she had almost been tempted to live on the streets—to sell herself as she saw other women do—in the mixture of all her feelings and temptations, she was driven to despair, a haunted tottering soul in the merciless unsympathetic city of Manchester.

When she had finished her story the doctor felt a great tenderness within him. He took hold of her hand—

"Well," he said, "you are better now, and you are able to walk. Soon you will have to leave this hospital, but I have something to tell you before you go. I will tell you now and I hope you will take bravely that which I have to say. In the first place you know of the esteem and affection which I bore for you in the old days. That feeling is not dead; rather is it a great deal stronger and more deeply rooted. But I have something else to tell you and considering the gravity of the news I have to convey, it is almost irrelevant for me to speak of my affection for you. The news which I have to tell you is this—your father is dead—and—"

He paused to see the effect of his words. The expression on her face was enigmatical. "And what, doctor?" she asked.

"And," continued the doctor, "I don't think you have ever thought of the possibility of his decease—that is to say," he added—"the effect of his death upon yourself. Your father was an eccentric man, but a good man, and a just man above all—before he died he made his will in the presence of his lawyer and he usual witnesses. I was not present although I was under the same roof and attending your father in my medical capacity. Before your father died he told me that his entire fortune was yours, should you come back and claim it within twelve months from the time of his death. If you did not come back within that time it was to fall absolutely and unconditionally to myself. Time passed and you could not be found. You were advertised for; detectives were employed to trace you. Descriptions of you were circulated all over the country and it was said

that you were dead. Your father has now been dead almost eleven months and I have heard from the solicitors with respect to the estate.

He visited them and everything was in order for me to take possession. Had you not appeared so miraculously I would have taken the legacy and would have used the greater portion of my time and wealth in the attempt to find you, and I should not have rested until I had met with satisfaction with regard to your whereabouts or your decease. As things are, I have the pleasure of placing you in your proper position; of restoring to you your rightful possessions, and of putting you in the home that is very rightly your own."

The doctor ceased speaking. There were tears in Rene's eyes. Suddenly as if from an instinctive desire she threw out her arms appealingly, caught his head between them and drew it to her breast and, with her own head upon his shoulders, she gave vent to her pent up feelings in a fit of sobbing.

"My love! My love!" he breathed, "courage! courage!"

No other word was spoken and when he took her head from his shoulder their eyes met and the love light shone from the eyes of each face. The instinctive conscience within them both directed their actions and their lips met.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

Oakleigh Hall is a pretty place. The building is stately and grand; it is a venerable pile and it has been the home of the Oakleighs for generations. The surrounding district is pregnant of pretty scenery and in the vicinity is the small town of Bakewell.

Standing in its own grounds Oakleigh Hall commands a wide view of the surrounding scenery, and the peaceful river Wye curls and winds itself around the beautiful valley which lies before the front of the Hall.

A mile or so away is Haddon Hall, an ancient Baronial mansion which once was the home of an historic family by the name of Vernon; tradition and legend is responsible for many wonderful and interesting stories concerning Haddon and its Vernons, and certainly it is that the country around, and the beautiful Haddon Hall itself are sufficiently charming and historic to give credence to the stories connected with them.

From Oakleigh Hall one can walk along the riverside, through Millers Dale and on to Buxton, where the houses are all built with stone, and where the healing springs have made the name of the town justly famous.

In the neighbourhood is Castleton, Eyam, Tideswell, and other places of historic interest. In fact, Oakleigh Hall is situated in the most pleasant part of Derbyshire.

And it is upon Oakleigh Hall that we must fix our attention for in that Hall there lives Dr. Cyril and his charming wife.

Since her marriage to Dr. Cyril the life of Rene Oakleigh had been one of constant joy. Everything had been good to look upon and life to her had been one bed of roses.

It was some four years now since their wedding, but right through that time since the day they were made man and wife she had not had one day of unhappiness, not one hour of sorrow or regret or remorse. It was good to be alive, and both she and her husband were supremely happy. And what was more than that she had a charming baby boy—a nice little lad—who was now three years old and his childish prattle and peculiar actions delighted the hearts of his parents. They would sit and watch him and then their eyes would meet.

As Dr. Cyril and his wife were well-known in the neighbourhood for their kindness and benevolence they were respected and esteemed by all who knew them.

Their home was the Temple of Love, and beautiful hallowing days were kept unclouded, free from strife, and they held to them for the precious enchantment which they brought.

Their lives were happier than any words can express, to each other they were sweeter than music, more perfect than any ideal and dearer than anything a poet's imagination can create.

They loved each other and were loved by each other, and the sorrow of the past was lost in the glory of the future. And paradise opened its gates for them and they wandered in the present but dimly conscious of the eventful world around them; for their days were days of love, and they stood on the highest pinnacle of satisfied desire attainable by mankind. . . . Their lives were complete.

And everything connected with the way in which they lived and their feelings towards each other, was serene and harmonious.

#### THE END.

#### ARMY SLANG.

There is more slang among soldiers than one would find at all the schools in England. Some amusing examples are given by Corporal P. L. King, of the 2nd Life Guards, in the "Household Brigade Magazine."

"Tom Clarke" is a swab, and it is also a kiss. Hence one may hear a soldier refer to "Tom Clarking his straight missus," which means kissing his prospective bride. Nobody knows who the original Tom Clarke was.

"A touch of the Lawrence" means a fit of laziness.

A pennyworth of bread and cheese is known as a "rimer" for some inscrutable reason, and tea is "dirty 'ot." Meat is "saddle flap."

To "put half a gauge on" anything is to do work for a man for sixpence, which may have some connection with the fact that a half-gallon can is known as "half a gauge."

Tramp: "Can you assist me along the road, mum?"

Lady of the House: "Personally I cannot; but I will unchain my dog, and I know he will be most pleased to do so!"

#### PERSONAL MENTION.

N. Sister Refoy returned Tuesday from a brief visit in London and declares she had a most enjoyable time.

Farrier Sergt. Kirkpatrick returned on Wednesday evening from Ramsgate, where he had been on escort duty.

Sergt. Foster returned Friday from a trip to Shorncliffe, also on escort duty.

Corpl. Matthews, our genial orderly corporal visited relatives in Wooster during the week.

N. Sisters Manchester and Kirk spent Wednesday afternoon in Manchester.

Sergt. Scott is confined to his bed with throat trouble.

Pte. Worthing is visiting his brother, recently from Canada, in Liverpool.

N. Sisters Hayhurst and Manchester, chaperoned by Mrs. F. Tucker, and accompanied by Major W. Caswell, 1st C.M.R., on leave from France, and Lieut. D. J. Allan, 43rd Cameron Highlanders, spent a few days last week visiting the home of Shakespeare and other places of historical interest at Stratford-on-Avon.

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