

THE CANADIAN RED CROSS SPECIAL.

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VOL. 1.

BUXTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1916.

NO. 13.

A REMARKABLE PROPHECY.

THE WAR OF 1914 PREDICTED IN 1854.

[This prophecy, made at Mayence, announces the Fall of Germany and of Austria-Hungary in 1914.]

There is in Germany a famous prophecy. It is called "The Prophecy of Mayence," and dates from 1854. It comprises eighteen verses of prediction, of which the first nine have been fulfilled in the most remarkable manner. Here are the verses:

1. When the little people of the Oder shall feel themselves strong enough to shake off the yoke of their protector and when the barley is sprouting from the ears then King William shall march against Austria.

2. They will have victory upon victory up to the gates of Vienna, but a word from the great Emperor of the West shall make the heroes tremble on the field of victory, and the barley shall not be gathered in until he has signed the peace, shaken off the yoke, and returned triumphantly to his country.

3. But at the gathering in of the fourth barley and that of the oats, a dreadful sound of war shall call the harvesters to arms. A formidable army, followed by an extraordinary number of engines of war that hell alone could have invented, shall start towards the West.

4. Woe to thee, great nation, woe to you who have abandoned the rights divine and human. The God of Battles has forsaken you; who will succour you?

5. Napoleon III., mocking his adversary at first, shall soon turn back towards the "Chene-Populeux" where he shall disappear, never to reappear.

6. In spite of the heroic resistance of France, a multitude of soldiers, blue, yellow, and black, shall scatter themselves over a great part of France.

7. Alsace and Lorraine shall be carried away from France for a period and half a period.

8. The French shall only take courage again as against each other.

9. Woe to thee, great city, woe to thee, city of vice! Fire and sword shall succeed fire and famine.

10. Courage, faithful souls, the reign of the dark shadow shall not have time to execute all its schemes.

11. But the time of mercy approaches. A prince of the nation is in your midst.

12. It is the man of salvation, the wise, the invincible, he shall count his enterprises by his victories.

13. He shall drive out the enemy of France, he shall march to victory on victory, until the day of divine justice.

14. That day he shall command seven kinds of soldiers against three to the quarter of Bouleaux between Ham, Woerl, and Bernborn.

15. Woe to thee, people of the North, thy seventh generation shall answer for all thy crimes. Woe to thee, people of the East, thou shalt spread afar the cries of affliction and innocent blood. Never shall such an army be seen.

16. Three days the sun shall rise upwards on the heads of the combatants without being seen through the clouds of smoke.

17. Then the commander shall get the victory; two of his enemies shall be annihilated, the remainder of the three shall fly towards the extreme East.

18. William, the second of the name, shall be the last King of Prussia. He shall have no other successors save a King of Poland, a King of Hanover, and a King of Saxony.

All the first part of this prophecy up to the ninth verse inclusive is verified by the war of 1866, then by that of 1870, and then by the Commune of 1871. Here are the last nine verses:

10. Courage, French patriots, Germany cannot carry out its schemes of supremacy.

11. The time of retaliation approaches. The tear shall come in the midst of you to seal the alliance.

12. That is the man of salvation.

13. He shall chase the enemy of France, he shall conquer Germany until it is completely destroyed.

14. The last battle on the field of Bouleaux, near to Paderborn, in Westphalia, shall reunite seven allied peoples [French, Belgians, English, Dutch, Russians, Japanese, and Serbians] against three [Germans, Austrians, and Hungarians].

15. Woe to thee, Prussia, thy seventh generation shall answer for the wars thou hast made upon all the people. [Seven generations make 30 years + 7 = 210 years. The realm of Prussia dates from 1713. The seventh generation is, then, living between 1893 and 1923.] Woe to thee, Austria! Never such a battle shall have taken place.

16. It shall last three days in the smoke of the conflagration.

17. Finally Prussia and Austria shall be annihilated. Hungary shall fly towards the extreme East [of Europe].

18. William II. shall be the last King of Prussia. Germany and Austria shall form three realms: Poland, Hanover, and Saxony.

The Little British Army is at present engaged in assisting the Prophecy of Mayence to a triumphant fulfilment.

FOOTBALL.

A match game of football has been arranged for this afternoon at 2-30 o'clock on the Silverlands ground between a team from the Canadian Red Cross Special Hospital and a team from Manchester. The Canadians have been spoiling for a game, and it is hoped that now that they have been taken on they will give a good account of themselves.

Little dabs of powder
Little spots of paint
Make a little lady
Seem like what she ain't.



WINNING THE V.C. IS NOT ALWAYS THE HARDEST PART IN THE LIFE OF A HERO.

HE HAS TO STAND BEING SLAPPED ON HIS BACK & HAVE HIS HANDS NEARLY WRUNG OFF.

AND EAT A LOT OF INDIGESTIBLE FOOD.

ANSWER SILLY QUESTIONS.

ADDRESS RECRUITING MEETINGS.

UNTIL HE IS GLAD TO BE BACK IN THE TRENCHES.

THE HOMECOMING OF A HERO. SHOWING THAT THE LOT OF A V.C.—LIKE THAT OF A P.C.—IS NOT A HAPPY ONE.

YARNS FOR A LIVING.

JAPS' QUAIN AMUSEMENT.

If in this country some enterprising individual opened an entertainment hall and amused his audience solely by telling stories he would hardly meet with great success, and the music halls and cinemas would need to have no fear of any serious rival.

In Japan, however, the professional storyteller is held in scarcely less esteem than an actor, and his art affords one of the most popular forms of entertainment in the Land of the Rising Sun.

Our Japanese Allies are not without reason in preferring this unusual form of amusement. It is less expensive than the regular theatre and the music-hall, and older than either. To the simple and often illiterate folk of the nation it is what the novel, the magazine, and the newspaper are to us.

None can appreciate good stories better than an audience of Japanese, all classes being accustomed to them from childhood, and although among the educated the theatre and cinema have largely supplanted the "yoseba" or amusement hall, the latter form of passing an idle hour has by no means lost its popularity. The largest of the "yoseba" (or halls of the story-tellers, would not accommodate more than 300 persons, while the usual hall holds about a hundred. They are advertised by huge lanterns and posters giving the names of the story-tellers and the themes to be treated. In Tokio alone there are no fewer than 150 "yoseba."

After paying the entrance fee, not more than 3d., you are conducted by an attendant to a cushion, on which you sit to listen to the stories. The latter are of great variety, which may be divided into funny stories and historic tales.

Of course, the manner of rendering depends upon the nature of the stories and the talent of the artiste. Some are declaimed with a solemn, persuasive oratory and fine realistic effect; while others give the piece like clowns or comedians, acting every detail with amusing and often grotesque exaggeration.

Many stories are sung. In this case the story-tellers must possess a good voice, and with the assistance of a chorus, generally rendered by the audience and a native Japanese instrument, he goes through his performance in grand operatic style.

It is a curious fact that in Tokio one of the most popular of the professional story-tellers is an Englishman. This is Ishii Black, whose father was the founder of the first newspaper in Japan. Mr. Black was born and brought up in Japan, and speaks the language like a native. He tells his stories with such humor and pathos that he has few equals among the "hanashika," as the story-tellers are called. The art of story-telling is much more difficult than acting. The actor has the advantage of scenery and costume to arouse and maintain interest, but the story-teller has to create interest by his own merit and personality. And often he has to impersonate five or six characters in one story.

A PICTURE OF MISERY.

HOW FILM ACTORS HAVE TO SUFFER.

All records for casualties were broken in the making of the new Triangle-Keystone comedy, called "The Feathered Nest." Every principal in the cast was injured before the camera had finished its work.

In the first place, Louise Fazenda had to be stranded on a rock in the ocean, to be rescued by Harry Booker. They all got caught in a strong current, were banged about severely on the rocks, and would have been drowned if the Santa Monica lifeboat had not come to their assistance.

Later on, Miss Fazenda was doing a diving "stunt," when she was hit by the bow of a boat, and developed a bump as big as a young doornob.

The following day she was hurt again in a similar scene, and this time she was unconscious for three days. Naturally the taking of the picture was postponed.

Harry Booker, after being rescued from a watery grave, got along all right until a croquet scene, when another actor swatted a regulation ball, instead of the one put there for the occasion, and hit the popular "Keystone" on the nose with it, necessitating a two days' rest in hospital.

Wayland Trask, appearing in the same picture, was riding an old bicycle down a steep hill when he accidentally pulled the handlebars out of the socket, took a header into the road, and rested three days with a badly bruised shoulder.

Charlie Murray allowed himself to be run over by a hansom-cab, and had his right foot so badly hurt that he was laid up for a week. The last straw happened when two stage carpenters who were assisting in a boat scene got dashed on a rock, and were rescued unconscious.

Altogether the production of the film was delayed three weeks by these accidents to the performers.

Who will dare to say now that moving picture artistes do not go through considerable hardships for the amusement of picture-goers?

SHORT CUTS.

A pompous laird advertised for a man to do odd jobs, and an old-fashioned Scottish worthy applied. The laird interviewed him personally, was pleased with his acquirements, and promised him the situation.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"My name is Tammas Jeems Pittendrigh, sir."

"Oh, but that's too long a name. I'll just call you Old Tom."

"Verra weel, sir; but what micht they ca' you, noo?"

"Oh, my name is Nicolas Duff Gordon McKenzie."

"Losh me! Ye couldna expect me tae min' sic an awfu' lang name as that. I'll just ca' ye Auld Nick!"

PROFESSIONALS ASSIST IN CONCERT PARTY.

Recreation Hall Filled to Overflowing on Friday Night.

By permission of Major Frederick Guest, O.C., on Friday evening last, a programme styled "Canadian Special Concert Party," was rendered before an audience that completely filled the spacious hall and overflowed into the passage way. Each patient had been granted the privilege of inviting a friend, which was, of course, a lady, and so the fair sex was well represented. Four professionals from the Hippodrome had kindly consented to assist, and the result was an entertainment that would be difficult to excel.

The orchestra, which had been augmented by the addition of a cornet and two mandolins, gave a fine rendition of the selection "Virginia Lee," receiving liberal applause, which was followed by Pte. Williams, who sang in excellent voice, the "Bedouin Love Song." Then came what was really the show number of the evening, "The Black-Faced Scotsman," Andy Lee, Andy may be Scottish by birth, but he made a very good negro, and his mannerisms as he reeled off joke after joke kept the house in an uproar, and finished up an excellent turn with some grotesque dancing, which was greatly enjoyed. A flute solo of Irish airs was given by Pte. Leach in a finished manner and was well received, after which the Sisters Fraser delighted the audience in song and dance. Pte. Hackett gave "Some Rags" on the piano. He is a pastmaster in this style of music, and of which little is apparently heard or known on this side of the herring pond. A character sketch by Mr. J. Fortescue, which was very good, was followed by Miss Peggy O'Hara, at the piano, who closed an excellent programme in a decidedly artistic and pleasing manner.

Another concert was held on Friday evening of this week, too late for an account in this week's issue. Several artists of international repute had been secured from the Hippodrome, and the success of the affair was therefore assured.

THIS IS TINO'S WIFE.

THE REAL STORY OF QUEEN SOPHIE'S INFLUENCE.

King Constantine of Greece, better known as Tino the Timorous, will best be known in the history of the great war as the husband of the Kaiser's sister. Since time began the world has never seen a more pitiful example of a monarch who was tied to the apron strings of his wife.

Queen Sophie of Greece is the third sister of Wilhelm II., and was married to Constantine as long ago as 1889. She is a curious personality, a woman as imperious as her brother, and as faithful to the German cause as any ignorant Berlin hausfrau.

She was in Berlin when hostilities began, and Tino was free from her immediate influence. The Kaiser therefore thought that some influence should be brought to bear upon the King of Greece in the absence of his dominant partner, and sent an imperious message, tantamount to a command, upon Greek adherence to the Teuton cause. To that Tino sent a spirited rebuke, which proves that, when free from the Hohenzollern influence, he was quite prepared to interpret the Greek sentiment in favour of the Entente.

Thereupon Queen Sophie returned to Athens post haste, with a threatening message from her Imperial brother; and with her she brought a carefully laid scheme for establishing German influence in the Greek capital. Queen Sophie has the reputation of being something of a prude. Her prejudices have always been shown whenever great ability and distinction have been counterbalanced in any individual known by laxity of morals.

Yet this great polygamist of a Von Schenck, the German Minister in Athens, whose name was blackened by conduct that would sicken a scavenger, was installed as prime favourite at the Greek Court. His appearance in public was in those days the signal for loud lisses, yet in Court circles he could do nothing wrong. He had at his command unlimited money, and a whole legion of secret service men, chosen from the most disreputable of the Hunnish gang. In a year he made Athens a nest of intrigue and corruption.

Upon the King, Queen Sophie worked by skilfully fanning his jealousy of Venizelos; and Constantine, who is a fervent believer in the divine right of Kings, could not tolerate the popularity and influence of this genuine interpreter of Greek aspirations.

A CHALLENGE.

The following paragraph appeared in the "Buxton Herald," of this week:

"Quilp" writes thus:—It is understood that a Canadian football team are throwing out challenges in a publication of their own. The 239th (A.T.) Coy., R.E. are quite willing to accept any challenge like this on condition that if the Canadians win the gate money goes to the Canadian Red Cross Funds, but if the result should happen to be the same as the result of the cricket match, the money goes to the R.E. Comforts Fund."

If the secretary of the R.E. Team will communicate with Sergt. J. Henderson, no doubt satisfactory arrangements can be made for a game next week on the terms stated.

**THE CANADIAN
RED CROSS SPECIAL.**

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

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abroad.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1916.

LIEBKNECHT'S DEFIANCE.

The letter which Dr. Liebknecht wrote to the German tribunal which passed on him so severe a sentence has just been published in a Swiss Socialist paper. He accuses the Kaiser of making the war, deceiving the people, and working them up into a false hatred of their enemies. The invasion of Belgium, the employment of gas and Zeppelins against incompetency, the sinking of the Lusitania, the taking of hostages, and many other tyrannous acts of the German Government are all marshalled in a scathing indictment, which, of course, no German will be allowed to read.

In one of the French trenches the men have constructed a small chapel under the earth. It is large enough to admit twenty men at a time. Every effort has been made by the clever workmen who have built it to make the underground chapel difficult of bombardment. The interior ornamentation has been carried to high perfection, for a parquet floor, carpets, candlesticks, and kneeling chairs saved from the ruined churches are to be found in it. A wooden communion-table has been erected in the trench chapel, and a magnificent French flag, the gift of an officer, has been hung over it.

"I am in a fighting mood to-day," said President Wilson, speaking to the Association of American Advertisers. But, in case you infer wrongly that his pride has had a fall, we hasten to add that the mood only referred to Mexico. In matters European the writing mood will still have to suffice.

One of the most moving thoughts of the moment is that had Shakespeare been living at the present time he would probably have been writing film scenarios and war articles for the weekly papers instead of wasting his time in turning out mere plays.

The All-Highest has become visibly thinner as the result of his four meatless days a week. His shadow may be expected to grow still less as the war goes on, and the German times become still more "out of joint."

The travels of Baron Munchausen were published exactly a hundred years ago. How wonderfully the art of lying has developed in Germany in one short century!

The Munchberg, Bavaria, authorities say they will seize all the cattle, as the farmers are not supplying enough farm produce to the Army.

Prizes have been offered by the Italian Chamber of Commerce for the encouragement of the study of languages.

Germany has prohibited the serving of sugar with coffee and tea at the restaurants.

Fly-veils are urgently wanted by the British troops in the Egyptian deserts.

TINY TRUTHS.

A woman's tongue is mightier than a man's fist.

The spinster always says it is a mistake to marry too young.

Courtship after marriage is more important than it was before.

Women always think they mean what they say—at the time they let it out.

A man may class his wife as a bird of paradise during the honeymoon—and as a parrot later in the game.

Before marriage a man considers his best girl a little dear; after marriage he is apt to consider her extravagant.

Compression of the waist is said to be harmful, but if the right young man makes the attempt the average girl is willing to take chances.

Even a wise man can't tell when a woman laughs whether she really means it or is merely trying to show off a dimple to the best advantage.

After a bachelor passes the age of forty it's up to him to marry a widow if he marries at all. He'll need a wife who knows how cranky men are.

The romantic maid who waits for a man to come along and make love to her after the manner of the hero in a novel will remain single to the end of the chapter.

Jock was fresh from the Highlands, and on arriving in London went to the Zoo. Seeing a lot of strange animals that he had never seen before, he called to an attendant: "Here, now, ye might tell's the names o' thae bit beasties." "Certainly," said the attendant; "that large black one is a bear."

"Ay!"

"And that one with the small horns is a wapiti."

"Ay!"

"And that one with the large horns is a moose."

"A moose! Awa', man! If that's a moose, then what are yer rats like?"

**RHYME, ROT,
AND REASON.**

IN BUXTON.

O, the girls are very sweet
In Buxton,
When you meet 'em on the street
In Buxton,
You may think them very shy
But a twinkle in the eye
Says: "You can 'mash' me if you try,"
In Buxton.

O, the soldier boys are bold
In Buxton,
And they're flirts, both young and old,
In Buxton,
For they wile their hours away
With a new girl every day—
That is why they'd like to stay
In Buxton.

O, they have a lot of rain
In Buxton,
It comes down with might and main,
In Buxton,
And to add to all his woes
Every soldier laquie knows
He's growing webs between his toes
In Buxton.

But tho' we do not like the clime
In Buxton,
We have had a splendid time
In Buxton,
And we wish right here to say
We'll remember many a day
Those who'll then be far away
In Buxton.

—G. T. Duncan.

A LITTLE STRANGER.

A citizen of a Canadian town who recently became the proud father of a son wrote to his brother:—

"A handsome boy has come to my house and claims to be your nephew. We are doing our best to give him the welcome due to such a relation."

Prompt came the reply:—
"Anyone who was not an absolute fool would know enough of his brother's affairs to realise that I have not got a nephew. The young man is an impudent impostor. I strongly advise you either to kick him out of the house or to give him in charge."

A NEW ALMANAC.

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and dark November,
All the rest have thirty-one;
February twenty-eight alone.
If any of them had two and thirty
They'd be just as wet and twice as dirty.

HO SIGN.

He had opened up a fish market and he ordered a new sign to be painted, of which he was very proud. It read, "Fresh Fish for Sale Here."

"What did you put the word 'fresh' in for?" said his first customer. "You wouldn't sell them if they weren't fresh, would you?"

He painted out the word, leaving just "Fish for Sale Here."

"Why do you say 'here'?" asked his second customer. "You're not selling them anywhere else, are you?"

So he rubbed out the word "here."

"Why use 'for sale'?" asked the next customer. "You wouldn't have fish here unless they were for sale, would you?"

So he rubbed out everything but the word "Fish," remarking:—

"Well, nobody can find fault with that sign now, anyway."

A moment later another customer came in. "I don't see what's the use in having that sign 'Fish' up there," said he, "when you can smell them half a mile away."

And that's why the fish market has no sign.

LITTLE WILLIE ON VERDUN.

(With apologies to a well-known song.)

The hours I've spent with thee, Verdun,
Are as a sting of pain to me,
I count them wasted since I first began
My blows on thee: My blows on thee
Each Hymn of Hate, each shell, and worse,
To vent my wrath on tree I flung.
I tell each man that at the end
An Iron Cross is hung.

Oh, shells and things that hurt and burn;
Oh, gains of Wolff that mean but loss;
I give my men the order now, "Bout turn!"
You make me cross, Verdun, you make me cross.

On the evening of the day that the new early-closing order came into force a flurried little man arrived at his suburban station at five minutes to seven, and made a dash for the nearest tobacconist's shop.

"Quick, please," he panted, "I want a wox o' bax!"

Lady Assistant (puzzled): "Wox o' bax?"
Customer (excitedly): "I mean bax o' wox—oh, dear, I should say wox o' batch!"

Assistant: "Do you mean a box of—"
Customer (interrupting with a last despairing effort): "Hang it, can't you see? A box of wax vestas!"

Then at length the assistant understood, but by this time the fateful hour had struck, and so no sale could take place after all.

It's becoming more clear that a woman's career should by no stale ideas be restricted;
Some male job every day she takes up in a way
Which no prophet has ever predicted.

She is driving a van just as well as a man;
She presides o'er an oyster saloon;
She can hustle the "rubes" from the lifts in
The Tubes;

But, alas! she can't play a bassoon.

She is joining the ranks of the clerks in the
banks;

At the station your ticket she's clipping;
Office-windows she'll clean, or will run a
machine;

Yes, the way she's turned to has been
tripping.

There are some things they say, that a woman
can play—
She'll play billiards a whole afternoon;
She can scare you to death playing Lady Mac-
beth—

But a woman can't play a bassoon.

WANTS THE SPECIAL.

The following is an extract from a letter handed to the editor, from "somewhere at the front," but which is rather lengthy for publication in full:

"We get very little in the way of news here. All the papers get to us from England, but it is strange having to wait for those in order to know what is going on not many miles away from us."

"I saw a copy of the 'Canadian Red Cross Special,' giving a rather humorous description of our departure from Buxton. Would it be too much to ask you to send me a copy of this bright little paper, if one comes your way some time?"

The request was complied with.

SOMETHINK 'ORRIBLE!

[A medical gentleman in Wales has stated that meat kills more people than whisky.]

If veal and beef
Bring housewives grief,
And in them portents sad lurk,
Supplies of meat
We must estreat
To foil them in their bad work.

Come stocks a-freeze,
O'er distant seas—
Big icebound tanks they ride in;
But Death's cold star
Shines, where they are
Pantechmionified in.

So "out" the pork,
First hand from York,
And "in" the grapes and nut let;
Disaster hops
In mutton chops,
While murder dogs the cutlet.

Tho' honest bread
Still rears its head,
And honour crowns the baker,
Lamb-sellers thrive
When they connive
To help the undertaker.

Ben Nevis' dew!
We've libelled you—
So ere more trouble crops up,
May lawful powers
Extend your hours,
And shut the outchers' shops up.

A SHORT ENGAGEMENT.

Ah me, she was fair.
As a houri that night;
From the crush and the glare
Of the dance we took flight.
In the Garden we strayed,
Filled with rapture divine,
And I asked that sweet maid
To for ever be mine.

"For ever!" quoth she,
"What nonsense you speak!
You just fix it up
For the end of the week."

A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE.

Life in the Army has its humorous side even in war time.

There is a story going the rounds of a newly-appointed officer making his first visit to the mess, with the usual inquiry of "any complaints?"

He arrived at the first mess rather earlier than he was expected, and the orderly of the day, being taken by surprise, and in his shirt sleeves, dived under the table to save a reprimand.

"Any complaints?" asked the officer.
The corporal, grasping the situation at once, answered for the absent orderly.

"None, sir."
"Oh!" Then suddenly catching sight of the orderly under the table he asked: "Who is this?"

The corporal again rose to the situation.
"Orderly of the day, sir," he answered.
"Oh!" said the officer, and passed on.

The next mess were quite prepared, with the orderly spic and span, standing at attention at the head of the table.

"Any complaints?"
"None, sir," answered the orderly.
The officer looked him well over.

"And who are you?" he asked.
"Orderly of the day, sir."
"Then why the dickens aren't you under the table?" was the unexpected retort.

THE MAIDEN PROTESTS.

My sleeves have been flimsy and flowing;
I've worn my skirts hobble and flare;
I've fastened waists 'coming' and 'going';
I've worn some extraneous hair;
Worn petticoates full—and not any;
I've followed the fashion in hats;
My crimes have been frequent and many—
But I never have sported white spats.

PAT'S ANSWER.

An Irishman was newly employed at a lumber office. The proprietors of the company were young men, and decided to have some fun with the new Irish hand. Patrick was duly left in charge of the office, with instructions to take all orders which might come in during their absence. Going to a near-by drug store they proceeded to call up the lumber company's office, and the following conversation ensued.

"Hello! Is that the East Side Lumber Company?"
"Yes, sir. And what would ye be havin'?"
"Take an order, will you?"
"Sure! That's what I'm here for."
"Please send me up a thousand knot-holes."
"What's that?"
"One thousand 'knot-holes.'"
"Well, now, ain't that a bloomin' shame— I'm sorry, but we are just out."
"How's that?"
"Just sold them to the new brewery."
"To the new brewery? What do they want with them?"
"They use them for bungholes in barrels."

THE LOVERS' PUZZLE.

Got love not find me you see down
For my me I love love will and
Be all love if you I you up
Will then you but as that and read

"When first I left Blighty they gave me a bay'net.
And told me it 'ad to be smothered wiv gore;
But, blimey! I 'aven't been able to stain it,
So far as I've gone, wiv the vintage of war.
For, ain't it a fraud! when a Boche and yours truly
Gets into a mix in the grit and the grime,
'E jerks up 'is and wiv a yell, and 'e's duly
Part of me outfit every time."

HIS HANDICAP.

He wooed her when they both were poor, 'twas then he won her, too;
She cheered him when the days were drear, and toiled to help him through;
She taught him things from books that he had failed to learn in youth.
She got him to avoid the use of words that were uncouth;
She took her jewel in the rough, she polished day by day,
And with a woman's patience ground the worthless parts away.

She turned him from a stupid clown to one whose mien was proud,
She planted in his heart the wish to rise above the crowd;
She planned the things he undertook, she urged him on to try,
She gave him confidence to look for splendid things and high;

She bore the children that he loved, and toiled for them and him,
And often knelt beside her bed with aching eyes and dim.

She cheered him when the days were dark, and when the skies were bright,
She saw him rise above the world and reach a noble height;

Her brow is marred by many a line, she's bent and wan and old;
He has a bearing that is fine, a form of noble mould;

And people say: "Poor man, alas! He's grown beyond his wife;
How sad that such a load should be attached to him for life!"

THE MYSTIC INITIALS.

Susan Jane, the housemaid, was very proud of her soldier lover, because of the many heroic deeds he had performed during the war. One evening she said to him, "I told the missus all about you this morning."

"What did you say?" inquired the young man in khaki.

"Told her how you took that trench single-handed, and came through a hail of bullets with a machine-gun and a couple of wounded officers on your back."

"Ah!" he said.

"Yes," Susan Jane went on, "and then I told her how you spiked that big howitzer at Kiel, captured the convoy at Riga, and nearly collared the Crown Prince at Salonica. But, there, she doesn't understand anything about soldiering!"

"How do you mean?" he asked.

"Wanted to know what regiment you belonged to; and when I told her you were an A.S.C. man, what do you think she said?"

"Give it up."
"Said, 'That'll mean Ananias's Second Cousin, I suppose!'"

THE WEATHER.

We have chilblains in June and a sunstroke in May,
We look for a snowstorm on Midsummer Day,
And the sweet girlish laughter of April to-day
Isn't up to the sample expected.

From autumn to summer, from winter to June,
November with May seeks to inter-commune:
Can you wonder the birds fail to find the right tune,
And barometers get quite dejected?

DOOLAN'S PENANCE.

'Twas Friday. The village priest went on his rounds, when he found Tim Doolan licking his lips over a smoking dish of beef sausages.

"Timothy! Doolan!" quoth the priest, accusingly, "eat that you'd sin for a dish of meat?"

"Tain't mate, yer reverence," whined Tim. "Sure, it's only a troifle of sausages."

"It's meat," retorted the priest, "and ye'll do a penance."

"A loight one, then, plaze, father."
"Ye'll bring a load of wood to my house to-morrow," said the priest.

Tim concurred.

Next morning, as the priest stepped from his house, he discovered Tim in the act of tipping a load of sawdust into the woodshed.

"Tut, tut, Timothy!" he exclaimed. "What's all this?"

"It's the penance, sure," said Tim. "But I said wood. That's not wood."

"Well," replied the imperturbable 'im, "if sausages is mate, that's wood."

SLOW OF COMPREHENSION.

One of Mr. Harry Lauder's most amusing stories concerns an Englishman and a Scotsman who were on a walking tour in the Highlands when they came to a sign-post which said, "Five miles to Stronachlachar." Underneath this was written, "If you cannot read, inquire at the baker's."

The Englishman laughed heartily when he read it, but refused to tell the Scotsman the joke.

That night the Englishman was surprised at being awakened by his companion, who seemed much amused at something.

Asking the reason, the Scotsman replied, "Och, mon, I hae just seen the joke—the baker might not be in!"

THE THINKER.

Back of the beating hammer
By which the steel is wrought,
Back of the workshop's clamour
The seeker may find the Thought.

The thought that is ever Master
Of iron and steam and steel,
That rises above disaster
And tramples it under heel.

The drudge may fret and tinker,
Or labour with lusty blows,
But back of him stands the Thinker,
The clear-eyed man who knows;
For into each plough or sabre,
Each piece and part and whole,
Must go the brains of labour,
Which gives the work a soul.

Back of the motor's humming,
Back of the bells that sing,
Back of the hammer's drumming,
Back of the cranes that swing,
There is the Eye which scans them,
Watching through stress and strain,
There is the Mind which plans them—
Back of the brawn, the Brain.

Might of the roaring boiler,
Force of the engine's thrust,
Strength of the sweating toiler,
Greatly in these we trust,
But back of them stands the schemer,
The Thinker who drives them through,
Back of the job, the Dreamer
Who's making the dream come true.

LIMBERGER CHEESE.

Ma sent me to pay a bill at the grocer's last Saturday. The boss behind the counter made me a present of something wrapped in a piece of silver paper, which he told me was a piece of Limberger cheese. When I got outside the shop I opened the paper; when I smelt what was inside I felt tired. I took it home and put it in the coal shed. In the morning I went to it again, it was still there; nobody had taken it. I wondered what I could do with it. Father and mother were getting ready to go to church. I put a piece in the back pocket of father's pants and another piece in the lining of ma's muff. I walked behind them when we started for church. It was beginning to get warm. When we got to church father looked anxious, and mother looked as if something had happened. After the first hymn mother told father not to sing again, but to keep his mouth shut and breathe through his nose. After the prayer perspiration stood on father's face, and the people in the next pew got up and went out. After the next hymn father whispered to mother that he thought she had better go out and air herself. After the second lesson some of the church wardens came round to see if there were any stray rats in the church. Some more people near our pew got up and went out, putting their handkerchiefs to their noses as they went. The parson said they had better close the service and hold a meeting outside to discuss the sanitary condition of the church. Father told mother they had better go home one at a time. Mother told father to go the nearest way home and disinfect himself before she came. When they got home they both went into the front room, but did not speak for some time. Mother spoke first and told father to put the cat out of the room, she thought it was going to be sick; it was sick before father could get it out. Mother then turned round and noticed that the canary was dead. Mother told father not to sit so near the fire, it made it worse. Father told mother to go and smother herself. Mother said she thought she was smothered already. Just then our servant came in and asked if she could open the window as the room smelt very close. Father went upstairs and changed his clothes and had a hot bath. Mother took father's clothes and offered them to a tramp who said: "Thanks, kind lady they're a bit too high for me." Mother threw them over the back fence into the canal. Father was summoned afterwards for poisoning the fish. Mother went to bed. Father asked her if she had been fumigated. Just then father had a note sent to him. Father came to wish me good night at ten o'clock in the evening with a note in one hand and a razor strop in the other. I got under the bed. The people next door thought we were beating carpets in our house. I cannot sit down comfortably yet. I have given my little sister the remainder of that Limberger cheese; I thought it a pity to waste it.

WORSE CONFOUNDED.

Peace has loomed large in the newspapers lately, which reminds me somehow of a story I once heard concerning Mr. Asquith. No one listening to the Prime Minister's polished diction and easy flow of words could imagine that, as a boy at the City of London School, he was timid and halting of speech and easily flustered. One day (so the story goes) he was reciting in class, and the lines at which he had a good run: "The Turk was dreaming of the hour When Greece her knee in supplication bent." Young Asquith stuck in the middle of the second line. "Greece her knee," he repeated twice, and then stopped. His form-master smiled grimly. "Go on, Asquith," he said, "grease her knee once more and perhaps you'll get through next time."

NATIONAL CONCEIT.

Leo Tolstoi, in his "War and Peace," writes thus on national conceit:—It is only a German's conceit that is based on an abstract idea—science, that is the supposed possession of absolute truth. The Frenchman is conceited from supposing himself mentally and physically to be inordinately fascinating both to men and women. An Englishman is conceited on the ground of being a citizen of the best constituted State in the World, and also because he as an Englishman always knows what is the correct thing to do, and knows that everything he, as an Englishman, does do is indisputably the correct thing. An Italian is conceited from being excitable and easily forgetting himself and other people. A Russian is conceited precisely because he knows nothing and cares to know nothing, since he does not believe it possible to know anything fully. A conceited German is the worst of them all, and the most hardened of all, and the most repulsive of all; for he imagines that he possesses the truth in a science of his own invention, which is to him absolute truth.

CRISP!

Lady: "Is this celery fresh?"
Greengrocer: "Yes, m."
"Really fresh?"
"Yes, m."
"Just in?"
"Yes, m."
"Is it crisp?"
"Yes, m."
"Are you sure it's all right?"
"Yes, m."
"Where did you get it?"
"From the market gardener, mum."
"To-day?"
"Yes, m."
"This morning?"
"Yes, m."
"How much is it?"
"Fourpence a bunch?"
"Isn't that rather high?"
"Not at this season."
"I've got it here lately for less."
"That was small and rather green."
"Can you send it up?"
"Yes, m."
"In time for dinner?"
"Oh, yes, m."
"Just break off a piece and let me try it."
"Yes, m. Here is some."
"Humph! It isn't nice at all. It's withered."
"Well, mum, you see, it's a good while since you asked me if it was fresh."

Fun, Facts & Fancies.

INTERESTING FACTS.

The first English shilling was minted in 1503. Starfishes have eyes at the tips of their rays. From 10 to 12 miles is the range of a 15-in. gun. Some of the cigars of the Philippines are 18 inches long. One-third of the sufferers from gout in hospitals are painters. Forty thousand voters can demand an alteration in the laws of Switzerland. Two thousand people were guillotined in France during the Reign of Terror. Pemmanic, the staple food of Arctic explorers, is made from the flesh and fat of bisons. In the Sargossa Sea the gulf-weed is so densely packed as to impede the passage of the largest ships. However strong a gale may be blowing, not a breath of wind is felt by the occupants of a balloon. All the wasps of a nest die in the winter except a few females, which hibernate in a hole or under a stone. When the white cloud from the chimney of a steam engine is seen trailing a long distance, rain may be expected. Wire used in big guns, though only 1-10in. thick, is strong enough to withstand a stress equivalent to 100 tons to the square inch. Persons born abroad are not necessarily aliens, as English nationality can be inherited by the first and second generations of the male line. The curfew bell—the "cover fire" bell—of Banbury (England) now rings with a purpose it has not claimed since Henry I abolished its "lights out" message. It tolls at 7 p.m. instead of 8 p.m., and the people then cover their lights in accordance with the lighting regulations—just as they did in Norman times.

That most genial of Irishmen, General Sir Bryan Mahon, tell the following among a batch of other good stories of the war. Two companies of the "Buffs" were marching along at the end of a long and tiring day, when a young staff officer galloped up to them, and said to the commander of the party, "Are you the West Riding?" Before the officer addressed had time to give his answer there was a gruff voice from the ranks which said, "No; we're the Buffs—walking!"

INTERESTING FACTS.

In Russia a man may not marry more than four times. Ironclads were originally wooden vessels protected by iron plates. Black diamonds, found in Borneo, are the hardest substance known to man. It is said that Rembrandt knew the Bible, word for word, from beginning to end. The tendency to suicide is more prevalent among the educated and wealthy than among the poorer and middle classes. More than twice as wide as Niagara and fully 50ft. higher, the falls of Iguazu, in South America, are one of the great wonders of that continent. The marriage ceremony in France, in very remote times, consisted of the man paring his nails and sending the pieces to the girl of his choice. Then they were man and wife. A French landowner cannot will his property away from his family or to one individual. He must distribute it in certain proportions among his children irrespective of sex. German brides once had a custom of removing a shoe after the ceremony and throwing it among the bystanders. The one who secured it was supposed to be certain of an early marriage. It has been estimated that the progeny from a single pair of rabbits would, if allowed to breed unchecked, number nearly 12 million in three years. It would be difficult to find even standing room for these in all the underground railways of London. The streets of London are busiest with pedestrians, on an average, between six and seven o'clock in the evening, when thousands of workers are homeward bound. The total earning capacity of London's workers is estimated at nearly £180,000,000.

A READY WIT.

There is a species of sentry groups employed near the trenches. These are called "listening patrols," and their duties are to be always on the alert and give timely warning of any attempted attack. One night an officer on his rounds inspected a listening patrol stationed in an empty farm. He asked, "Who are you?" The reply was, "Listening patrol, sir." "What are your duties?" "We listen for the hen cacklin', and then we pinches the egg, sir."

MRS. BROWNING AND THE PORTUGUESE SONNETS.

Perhaps because of her dark skin and deep, luminous eyes, Browning had often called her his "little Portuguese." One day, when he was writing, she came shyly into his room, laid a manuscript on the table before him, covered her burning face with her hands—and fled. Wonderingly, he opened it—to find the most exquisite portrayal of woman's love ever written or ever to be written in any language, breathing the fragrance of a pure and holy passion, burning with the divine fires of immortality—the "Sonnets for the Portuguese." One wonders what he said to her when they met again—this lover-husband who was also a poet.

After having had a slight disagreement with an exploding shell, Private Bombshell was taken to the field hospital, there to wait the attention of the surgeon. After a time two or three doctors entered, and after examining the unhappy private—who was slightly wounded—said one to the other: "I think we ought to wait until he gets stronger before we cut into him." Here Private Bombshell raised a terrified head from the pillow. "Here!" he yelled. "Do you chaps take me for a blinkin' cheese?"

The weary customer had dropped off to sleep in the barber's chair. The shave artist made valiant attempts to proceed, but eventually had to own himself beaten.

"Excuse me, sir," said he, gently shaking the man in the chair, "but would you mind waking up? I can't shave you while you are asleep."

"Can't shave me while I'm asleep!" exclaimed the victim, with a wondering expression. "Why not?"

"Because," explained the barber, as softly as possible, "when you fall into slumber your mouth opens so wide that I can't find your face."

Chaplain: "So you've been to the hospital to see your son? It's a sitting-up case, isn't it?" Proud Mother: "Yes, but he made them 'Uns sit up afore they did 'im."

Officer (who has "lost touch" with the troops on field training): "I say, sergeant, where have all the blithering fools of the company gone to?" Irish Sergeant: "Shure, an' I don't know, sorr; it seems we're the only two left."

"Why does he speak so bitterly against the girl he was recently engaged to?" "Because when she sent back the ring she labelled the box 'Glass—With Care.'"

"What have you got that piece of string tied round your finger for?" "My wife put it there to remind me to post a letter." "And did you remember?" "No; she forgot to give it to me."

The sergeant and the lieutenant were conversing about the new recruit. "E don't look strong enough to 'elp in the store," complained he of three stripes. "Oh, let him clean the rifles," suggested the lieutenant. "And 'oo's a goin' to pull 'im through?" barked the sergeant, defiantly.

Pat was home from the front wounded in the arm, and he was telling his friends of the hard times he had in France. "I tell you," said he, "a candid fact. We were eighteen hours under fire."

"What!" exclaimed an old man, pointing to the big turf fire, "do you mean to tell us that any man could lie under that fire for ten minutes let alone eighteen hours? Pat, you are a proper liar!"

A Scottish doctor, new to the gun, once ventured on a day's rabbit-shooting. Chased by the ferrets, each rabbit proved to be a quick-moving target, and the doctor was not meeting with quite the success he anticipated. At length he lost his patience and exclaimed to the keeper who accompanied him:—"Hang it all, man, these rabbits are too quick for me!" "Aye, doctor," was the keeper's reply, "but ye surely didna expect them tae lie still like yer patients till ye kill them!"

A lady was once sitting on a seat in a well-known park in London. She was fondly caressing a dog, when a gentleman, who fancied he knew the lady, said to her: "I wish I was a dog." She coolly replied: "You'll grow."

AN OLD ONE.

If a hen and a half lay an egg and a half in a day and a half, how long will it take ten hens to lay 1,000 eggs, and what will they be worth if they increase 10 per cent. over the present price?

SOME USES OF LEMONS.

Lemons rid the system of humours and bile and leave no ill effects. Weak, debilitated people oftentimes may be greatly benefited by a free use of them. Lemon juice should be diluted with water or sweetened sufficiently so that it will not produce a drawing or burning sensation in the throat. Clear lemon juice is very irritating; the powerful acid of the juice will cause inflammation if the use of it is continued any length of time. A bilious attack may be soon overcome by taking the juice of one or two lemons in a goblet of water before retiring, and in the morning before rising. When taken on an empty stomach the lemon has an opportunity to work on the system. Continue the use of them for several weeks. Lemons are an excellent remedy in pulmonary diseases. More juice is obtained from lemons by boiling them. Put the lemons into cold water, and bring slowly to a boil. Boil slowly until they begin to soften; remove from the water, and when cold enough to handle squeeze until all the juice is extracted. Strain and add enough loaf or crushed sugar to make it palatable, being careful not to make it too sweet. Add about twice as much water as there is juice. This preparation may be made every morning, or enough may be prepared one day to last three or four days, but it must be kept in a cool place. Lemon juice sweetened with loaf or crushed sugar will relieve a cough.

For feverishness and an unnatural thirst, soften the lemon by rolling on a hard surface, cut off the top, add sugar, and work it down into the lemon with a fork, then suck it slowly.

Hot lemonade will break a cold if taken at the start. Make it the same as cold lemonade, only use boiling water instead of cold water, and use about one-half as much sugar.

A nourishing drink for a convalescent is to add a fresh egg, beaten as lightly as possible, to a glass of strong lemonade. The lemons will destroy the raw animal taste that is so offensive to some.

A piece of lemon, or stale bread moistened with lemon juice, bound on a corn, will cure it. Renew it night and morning. The first application will produce soreness, but if treatment is persisted in for a reasonable length of time a cure will be effected.

The discomfort caused by sore and tender feet may be lessened, if not entirely cured, by applying slices of lemons on the feet.

Lemon juice will remove roughness and vegetable stains on the hands. After bathing the hands in hot soap suds, rub them with a piece of lemon. This will prevent chapping, and make the hands soft and white.

Silverware can be cleaned brighter, and will keep brighter longer when cleaned with lemon than with any other preparation.

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PLEASE TELL US.

Is it so as not to disturb the orderlies, that the patients put slippers on downstairs before going to their rooms?

What Sister Maillard will do with her lantern when the coal oil restriction comes into force?

Why Sergt. Quigly and Pte. Blunt left their supper in such haste on Tuesday night?

Why Sister Wilson so seriously objects to the Please Tell Us column?

Why Pte. Jones persists in telling certain young ladies of Buxton he has to work in the evenings, when he has absolutely no duty to do after six p.m. daily?

Does Williams know that there is such a thing as a speed limit?

Was it to have more space or to get closer to the fireplace, that the staff in the Registrar's office had the fixtures moved?

How Sergt. Granecome enjoyed his vacation?

How the night orderlies like their new dining hall?

Did Scottie Wells set the chimney on fire to see the fire squad practice or was it to see what kind of uniforms the Buxton fire brigade wore?

Why McNeill refuses to let anyone see the contents of any more of his parcels?

If Sergt. Jimmie thinks it's just the right thing to do, to send one young lady into the fish and chip shop then disappear with the other?

If Sergt. Quigly makes a practice of selling bogus watches, and does he ever intend to buy them back?

What line of business Mac is going in for, now that he has given up the dairy line?

Did Sister Refroy accompany the other sisters to Manchester on Tuesday, or did she prefer to travel alone?

What attraction Sister Refroy's disc has for Pte. Buun, or is he collecting them?

Why Sister Hicks is always disturbed at lunch hour by the telephone; is it a regular occurrence?

Did Sister Kirk expect to meet some distant relative on Wednesday evening, that she was so anxious to meet the 9-30 train?

Did Sister Tanner have a spite against a sergeant, when she stopped him and asked him to carry a dog back to the Sisters' quarters, especially when he was accompanied by a young lady?

Which makes the most noise, the sanitary squad "Tiny," or garrison artillery in action?

If Pte. Warrington is thinking seriously of going in for missionary work?

If Pte. Oatham cannot bring back anything better than several big boils, when he goes on leave?

If Pte. Brame was to grow a moustache, would he have an equal show with the night chef?

Or is he going to take his defeat without saying a word?

Why Sergt. Henderson and Corpl. Cooke are so busy house furnishing, are they getting ready for some big event?

What's the attraction some of the office staff have at a short period during the day?

Who was the Sergt. that carried the girl's umbrella past the hospital. Does Sergt. Martin know?

Why Sergt. W. so earnestly requests to have his name kept out of this column?

Who are the patients who are always "Jhonnie on the spot" about half an hour before the bugle sounds at meal times? Do they believe in the idea, "come early and avoid the rush?"

Has the Chaplain tired of his "Here and There" column, or is he too busy?

Who said anything about Christmas pudding? Who sent Celloist Malcolm the tiny pair of baby shoes and the little imitation Red Cross nurse? Would he like to know?

If the little bit of blue ribbon is in "suspension" of what become of it?

Why is Cooper's, Higher Buxton, such a favourite meeting place, particularly noted as "the sausage shop?"

If the sausage carried home in a certain R.E.'s great coat was forgotten, and what became of it?

Who is the Canadian, on seeing a certain young lady nearing the hospital at 7-30 every morning waves and throws kisses with his body half out of the window?

Who is going to win in the competition between Gunther and Orr in pushing the perambulator up the hill?

Who is the sergeant who ran away with Jock's girl after the dance?

How does Fitzpatrick like his change of uniform?

Who is the Buxton lady who, reaching out in the dark to turn off the alarm clock, caught hold of her husband's ear and gave it a good hard twist? Ask George.

**SWEETHEARTS ALWAYS
QUARREL.**

TRUE LOVE NEVER RUNS SMOOTH.

"Tom and I will never quarrel," said a very newly-engaged girl the other day. "We love one another too much." This girl was one of the many who enter into engaged life with a mistaken idea.

The path of true love isn't so easy as it appears, and most couples, however much they love one another, have to confess to having had one or two quarrels.

A quarrel is really due to difference of opinion, and sweethearts, if they are normal men and women, are bound to disagree on some point or other sooner or later. It is better that the first quarrel should come during the engagement than after the wedding, for then neither will expect perfection when married life commences.

Of course "love is blind" and sweethearts cannot conceive that it will be possible for any disagreement to cross their path, for to him she is the "best girl in the world," and he is her "dearest boy." Things may go smoothly for weeks, perhaps months, but the quarrel is inevitable, and is often brought about by some trivial thing.

Perhaps he is detained by business and forgets to write her his daily letter, and when they meet the "storm in a tea-cup" ensues. She, irritable and cross, reproaches him, and he feels hurt and injured. But just as the quarrel is inevitable, so if a couple really love one another will reconciliation be inevitable, and the bliss of "making it up" will have been worth the quarrel.

SIDE-SPLITTING WAGERS.

FUNNY THINGS ABOUT THE AMERICAN ELECTION.

Once more the Presidential Election fever is firing the blood and inflaming the brain of the United States; and the usual epidemic of wagering on the prospects of the rival candidates—the most ludicrous and laughable betting on the face of the earth—is beginning to rage.

At a moderate estimate it is safe to say that, when the result of the election is known, at least half a million losers will be called on to "face the music" for which, in their reckless enthusiasm they are now calling the tune.

It would be difficult for the most inventive brain to devise anything more absurd and grotesque than many of these wagers which are now being made by some of the most level-headed and responsible men in America.

To crawl on hands and knees across a bridge and back; to promenade in the loser's wife's clothes; to walk along the principal streets of New York or Chicago carrying a placard proclaiming to the world "I am an ass. Don't you think so?" to blow a feather half a mile; and to promenade Broadway in bare feet, and from time to time turn somersaults—such are a few of the ridiculous performances that await those who wager on the losing candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

One man, if his favourite, Wilson or Hughes, loses, condemns himself to trundle the winner through the principal streets of Boston during the busiest hours of the day, and another to go about hatless, with his head shaved, for a week.

As a penalty for backing the losing candidate at the last election a prominent Chicago man was condemned to go about his business for a fortnight with a gold ring through his nose. A Pennsylvania lawyer paid for a rash wager by blacking his face with burnt cork and masquerading, until Christmas day, as a nigger.

A highly respectable merchant of Kansas found himself condemned to crawl in the mud on all fours through the main streets of Wichita, from ten o'clock in the morning to six in the evening; and a New Jersey political enthusiast had to spend a week in a pig-sty, thus rescuing the other party to the wager from the ignominy of covering himself with oil and ashes, and standing in a field as a target for rotten eggs and too mature vegetables.

One Los Angeles man had to pay for his lack of political foresight by swimming across an icy river at dead of night, clad in his pyjamas; another, to promenade the streets for an hour at mid-day, dressed in a lady's summer attire and carrying a parasol, while the thermometer registered several degrees of frost.

Even women figure in ludicrous proessions; for, four years ago, we read that Miss Gertrude Morris, a lady of Columbus, Ohio, was wheeled in a barrow the entire length of Livingstone Avenue by William Doolittle, the loser of the wager, the triumphant Gertrude blowing a horn to add to William's discomfort.

But the most popular of all these freak election-wagers is undoubtedly the "peanut and toothpick stunt," in which the loser is compelled to roll a peanut up a hill with a toothpick, the nut under no conditions to be touched with the fingers. After the last election, among the many victims of this ordeal was Mr. Christopher Murphy, a prominent customs officer of Boston, who rolled a peanut up the steepest hill in the neighbourhood amid the jeers and shrieks of laughter of ten thousand spectators.

"After having traversed a third of the distance," we are told, "the performer's back began to ache violently; but he persisted manfully, and, after four hours of almost superhuman perseverance, reached the top of the hill a very sad and utterly exhausted man."



Winter Sport at Buxton.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Regimental Sergt.-Major Campbell, of the Ontario Military Hospital, Orpington, paid a visit to his friend, Sergt.-Major Pegg, during the week.

N.S. Tamer spent the week-end in London, with her brother, Sergt. Tamer, who has just returned from France.

N.S. Manchester left on Saturday for transport duty to Canada.

Corpl. Boothroyd spent a very pleasant six days' leave of absence.

N.S. Adams has been taken on the strength of this unit on her transfer from Ramsgate.

N.S. Tripp on being transferred to Granville Special Hospital has been struck off the strength of this unit.

Sergt. Granecome spent a few days in Clevedon, Somerset.

Corpl. Keene and Corpl. Roulson left on Monday for Ireland, where they will spend a week in Dublin and surrounding towns.

N.S. Hayhurst has been granted fourteen days' leave of absence.

Corpl. Thompson spent Tuesday in Manchester purchasing music for the Hospital Orchestra.

CHEER UP THE OLD FOLK.

IMPORTANT WAR WORK FOR THE HOME GIRL.

Those girls who are doing the "thing that's nearest" are helping to win the war quite as much as those who have taken up special war work. It is very hard for a girl who would love to go nursing or munition-making to stop at home and go the trivial round. But there is war-work for her even in or on the fringe of the home circle.

One girl has taken upon herself the work of cheering up the old folk. Her mission is to comfort fathers and mothers whose boys are facing danger in the firing line.

She goes to see these old people regularly, taking with her little presents to cheer them up. Often she stops for an hour or so and chats with them on bright topics so that they become quite cheerful. She leaves behind her a restful feeling, and the old folks begin to look forward to her next visit. She is tactful and sympathetic, and inspires despondent parents with hope and pride in their sons.

This girl does not wear any uniform except that wonderful cloak called charity. She is doing her bit bringing comfort to the aged, the father and mother who must needs "stand and wait."

INTELLIGENT HENS.

GREAT POULTRY MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

A journalist keeps hens about a mile away from his home, and daily his wife fetches home about fifty eggs.

For three consecutive days now she has found all the nests empty. The hen-house door was intact, so was the lock, therefore how had the thieves got into the shed?

She could not tell, and Mr. and Mrs. Henfruit sat up the three nights discussing the thefts and how to catch the thief. But they were baffled.

On the following morning, when returning fruitless from the shed, she met all the hens on the road, nearly half-way between the shed and the house. Whatever they were doing there she could not tell.

When she next went to tend the fire she was surprised and delighted to find a solution to the mystery. There in the coal-place were all her eggs.

"Now, how thoughtful of those hens to save me the trouble of fetching the eggs," she thought.

And she fully understood, when the journalist got home that night and told her of having seen all their hens in a row on a fence, looking at a new poster:

"Now is the time to lay in coals."

HORSES DECORATED FOR BRAVERY.

The cavalry horse has always played a prominent part in warfare, and there are several occasions when he has been decorated for bravery. A short time ago, for instance, a Russian officer's horse was awarded a medal for "gallantry in action." It appears that the animal's master was badly wounded, and fell from the saddle. The horse evidently realized the rider's plight, for it picked him up by his belt with its teeth and carried him to safety.

This reminds us that a Russian artillery horse was awarded a medal at Plevna. A number of wagons were sent with ammunition to the front line. As they were making the journey the wheels began to fall, and all the horses, with one exception, refused to move. The driver of one wagon noticed that one horse of the team did not seem a bit cowed, so he cut the traces of the other horses. Thereupon the willing animal dashed forward and succeeded in pulling the ammunition wagon through the fire. The driver was promoted and his animal decorated with a medal specially struck for it.

The late Earl Roberts was carried on the memorable march from Kabul to Kandahar on the back of a grey Arab steed named Vonolel. Queen Victoria bestowed upon this animal the Kabul medal with four clasps and the bronze Kandahar star. When Vonolel died it was buried with pomp and ceremony in the rose garden near the Royal Hospital at Dublin.

"We're glad to welcome you into our little family, Mr. Slimm," said Mrs. Starvem. "Our boarders invariably get fat."

"Yes," replied the new boarder, "I've noticed the same thing in most boarding-houses. It's cheaper than lean meat, isn't it?"

"Where did you find the prisoner, constable?" asked the magistrate.

"In Trafalgar Square, sir," was the reply. "And what made you think he was intoxicated?"

"Well, sir, he was throwing his walking-stick into the basin of the fountain and trying to entice one of the stone lions to go and fetch it out again."

They have some precocious youngsters in the schools down Shepherd's Bush way. Look at this for instance:—

"Oh, Miss Tuttleston," said little Bobbie, who had been kept after school, "whenever I see you I can't help thinkin' of experience."

"What do you mean?" the lady demanded, with a good deal of asperity.

"Experience is a dear teacher, you know." Then she gave him a pat on the cheek and said that he might go if he would promise not to make faces at any of the little girls again.

Even the lowly comma, when misplaced, may be the cause of disaster. Of this no better instance can be found than that where the printer, setting up a little story, asserts:—

"The two young men spent the early part of the evening with two young ladies; and after they left, the girls got drunk."

The death of the unfortunate ex-King Otto recalls a story, good enough to be true, bearing on the not too friendly relations normally existing between Prussians and Bavarians.

"Your King is a madman," a typical Prussian remarked to a Bavarian acquaintance.

"Quite true," was the retort. "Our King is mad, and we know it, and keep him where he can't do any mischief. But your King is just as mad, and you don't know it. One day you will be sorry you didn't keep him under control."

The Patron: "How old are you?" The Barber: "Thirty-nine, sir."

The Patron: "And how long have you been bald?"

The Barber: "Lemme see, sir. Ah, yes, I was quite bald thirty-nine years ago, sir."