

**THE CANADIAN
RED CROSS SPECIAL**

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A RECRUITING EPISODE.

A gentleman at Hastings, too old to fight, but anxious to do something in connection with recruiting, thought it might be useful if he obtained a few posters from the Parliamentary Recruiting Committee and arranged for their distribution in quarters where they might be effectively displayed. Incidentally, two licensed viduallers had agreed to give a "show" to any suitable pictorial placards that could be obtained. In due course, the pictures came along, among them the familiar representation of a recruiting sergeant in khaki uniform, with cane and ribbon, beckoning to the passerby, and saying as plainly as could be said without words, "Come along and join the Army!" To each of the public-houses this poster was sent; and there the trouble began. No sane person could have mistaken the meaning of the picture, but common-sense apparently is not the leading attribute of the Chief Constable of Hastings, and before long the beckoning recruiting sergeant—that is, to take down the posters—for fear any thirsty wayfarer should interpret the eloquent gesture as a timely and seductive invitation to step inside and have a drink! In other words, it was soberly suggested by the chief policeman that the poster was likely to serve rather as an advertisement for the publican than as a call to arms, and, therefore, in the interests of public morality it was ordered to be instantly removed. In vain was it pointed out that from inside the premises the paper recruiting-sergeant appeared to be inviting people away from the hospitality of the bars out into the cold and rainy streets, and on to the Recruiting Office. No such compromise would satisfy the Chief Constable; the poster must go. So it was taken down—and the incident serves chiefly to show what shoddy material sometimes fills the hat of Chiefs of Police. It is regrettable that patriotic work of this kind should have cold water thrown upon it; though we are not surprised to learn that the Whitehall authorities adopted an evasive attitude when asked to express an opinion upon the matter.—John Bull.

The other day, in France, a German officer and a couple of hundred men surrendered to the British. Asked why they had surrendered, the officer said, "these men will be of more use alive in Germany after the war than they would be out there dead." The old proverb again: "A live dog is better than a dead lion."

However, it is a good thing for Britain and the Allies that British soldiers do not look at matters exactly in that light. If they did, the "contemptible British army" would not have saved Paris by their glorious and wonderful rear guard action at the Marne, and our Canadian die-hards would not have stood up with set faces at Ypres, and blocked the way to Calais!

Really, you know, we like the British way the best! Don't you?

One of the hard tasks performed by willing women in the Dockyard, Woolwich, is the washing and scrubbing soldiers' haversacks. These articles come from France and are in a dreadful state, mud-stained and blood-stained. Sixty haversacks per day is one woman's wash, and the quantity must be properly and duly delivered, complete cleanliness being expected—yet the woman, we are told, is given but one piece of soap, weighing about two-thirds of an ounce, without any soda or powder whatsoever. Elbow-grease, we know, works wonders; but at the wash-tub—and at such washing—the hardest scrubber needs enough soap to be seen when looked at. Perhaps the laundry will hand out a little more from store?

According to a recent despatch from the United States, Morgan and his financial associates have raised a loan of \$300,000,000. Apparently there is no lack of money in the United States, and England can probably have all she wants of it, but 5½ per cent. is a rather stiff rate of interest to pay on such a large sum.

As the law is at present, in the greater part of Canada, none but the rich can afford to get divorces. We have the testimony of the Canadian Bar Association for that, if any testimony were needed. That being the case, why not make it harder for the rich man to get married? Something should be done to give the poor man an even break.

The Germans have called back all their submarines in order to take an inventory of them. Apparently a similar stock-taking order has been issued to the Austrian Army in Galicia.

We know that there are wonderful performers in the United States; but we absolutely decline to believe that story about the American hypnotist who wears neither braces nor belt, and keeps up his trousers by sheer will-power.

**RHYME, ROT,
AND REASON.**

"STAND AT EASE!"

After standing at attention
For about an hour or two
There's an order I could mention
That would then sound good to you;
There's a cramp across your shoulders
And a pain about your knees
So you're anxiously awaiting
To hear: "Stand at ease!"
When you're drilled at bayonet fighting
Till your arms are stiff and sore,
And you wished that wars were banished
From the earth for evermore;
There is nothing you would think of
Which your anguish would appease
Than to hear the welcome order—
"Party, stand at ease!"
Now, if I could run this army
For about a day or so,
There's a lot of beastly orders,
From the list would have to go;
But I think if all the soldiers
I should really care to please
There would be one order only—
Simply "Stand at ease!"
—G. T. Duncan.

Six women went to market to sell their eggs, the first had 20 eggs, the second had 40, the third had 60, the fourth had 80, the fifth had 100, and the sixth had 120. They agreed to sell their eggs at the same rate, each woman receiving one shilling and eightpence. "At what rate were the eggs sold?"

VON TIRPITZ'S DREAM.

At midnight of Trafalgar Day
The sleep in which von Tirpitz lay
Was suddenly disturbed.
He woke, or thought he woke, and spied
A spectral figure at his side,
And sat him up, perturbed.
Not in grim ceremonies was clad
That spectral form, no aura sad
Oozed from his finger frail;
But brilliant orders, blazing stars,
And scars that spoke of olden wars
Announced a virale male.
An empty sleeve hung at his side,
One only eye flashed scorn and pride
Upon the cowering Hun,
Who, as he gazed, and gazing knew
His visitant, felt beads of dew
Down from his forehead run.
"Horatio Nelson!" Tirpitz snarled,
And writhed his bloody hands and gnarled,
And clutched the coverlid:
"Why, hateful Ghost, come you to haunt
One whom no terrors yet could daunt?
Hence, from my sight, I bid!"
"On this, the Anniversary
Of that long past October day"
The wraith of Nelson said,
"When I, in honourable strife,
Surrendered love, and hope, and life,
And joined the hoy dead."
"Who in their country's services fell,
With cannon for their passing bell,
And won immortal fame,
I come to you, whose savagery
Has stained God's pure and awful sea
With deeds of loathly shame."
"I come to you, at whose command
A murderous and ruthless band
Have strewn the waves with dead—
Not dead sea-warriors slain in fight,
Bold sea-dogs who in war delight,
Nor death nor foeman dread."
"But helpless children, women frail,
Whose anguished and despairing wail
Pierced to my soul's abode,
And broke the term of august rest
With which my passing had been blest
By the Al-Watchful God."
"I come to you, vile tool of Hell,
Worse than the Devil's self, who fell
From honourable state,
To warn you that the hateful crimes
With which you've stained these latter times
Have earned a fearful hate."
No word spake Tirpitz, who had hung
On Nelson's words; his stiffened tongue
Refused to voice his dread:
And when the Shadow ceased to be,
Von Tirpitz, Prince of Piracy,
Lay senseless on his bed.

SHE MEANT WELL.

A soldier wrote from France to his mother, whose ignorance of things military was nearly as great as her affection for her boy.
"Well, Mother," ran his letter, "We are going in for a big thing to-morrow, and it looks like being a case of either the D.C.M. or R.I.P. for me, as far as I can see."
"Dear boy," she sighed, "I'm sure I hope he gets one of them at least. I think every man who goes into those awful trenches ought to have some decoration."
* * * * *

THE SOLDIER'S SHAVE.

(Moustaches are no longer compulsory in the Army.)
When I became your willing slave,
My Marjorie, some time ago,
My upper lip you bade me shave,
Because you said it tickled so.
Submissive to your sovereign word,
I did, and chanced the aftermath;
And thereby for my crime incurred
The Colonel's appoleptic wrath.
I quailed before his angry eyes,
And let the blamed thing sprout again;
And you—you did not sympathise,
But treated me with cold disdain.
Preferring to remain unshaved,
You likened that moustache of mine
To such protusions as exist
Upon the fretful porcupine.
But now my lip no longer need
Remain distressingly hirsute,
And there is nothing to impede
The imprint of a chaste salute.
So far as that hindrance is removed,
And none remains that I can see,
If, dear, you think my face improved,
Accept it—with the rest of me!

REFLECTIONS.

(On returning to an England where one may not treat.)
There was a day when, at "The Purple Cow,"
We stood each other pints of Triple X,
And, nodding o'er the glasses, cried "Were's
how."
"Likewise I catch your eye," or "Best re-
spec's."

We did not drink alone, but tête-à-tête,
Or shared our cordials with a cheery crowd;
The horny-handed navy nudged his mate,
Blew off the froth, and said, "You done me
proud."

But in this later introspective day
We take the tankard off the polished shelf,
And draw the beer, regard its depths, and say,
"I looks towards you," to that mirrored self.

THE LOST BOMB.

Here is a good story about General Sir Francis Lloyd, the new Commander-in-Chief of the London Volunteers.

On the night of the last Zeppelin raid he went into one of the bombed districts—a poor quarter of the town—to see for himself what was happening. He was in mufti, and hearing a woman holding forth volubly and angrily to a group of her neighbours, he stopped a moment to listen.

The speaker, judging probably from his appearance that he was someone in authority, thereupon appealed directly to him.

"Ere, sir," she said, "do you call it fair? A big bomb dropped right in the middle of our front garden, and didn't explode; and me and my old man was just startin' to dig it out, when along comes a bobby and walks off with it without so much as sayin' 'by your leave'! Like 'is cheek, I call it. It was our bomb!"

THE WATCHER IN THE NIGHT.

Up in the night,
Thick blackness round,
And never a sound
Save his engine's roar,
The Airman waits . . . waits . . . waits . . .
Patient as fifty Fates:
His hands are sore,
And his feet are frozen—
Who would have chosen
A task like this
But for the kiss
Of a loved one, lying asleep below,
While he waits aloft for the skulking foe?
Or for England's sake
Does his valour wake,
Where the bright stars stare bright,
Up in the night?

Up in the night,
Sudden, from distant earth,
Light springs to birth—
Light!
Its pencil pierces, and shifts . . . and stays . . .
And there, in the chill unwinking blaze,
Hovers, perturbed, he Form of Dread!
Swift overhead
The Airman dashes down to his prey;
Nearer he dives, and yet more near,
Till, poised like Vengeance over it sheer,
His moment's come—
His bolt strikes home!
He sees the monster sway,
Tremble, and strive to turn away;
Another bolt he launches . . . and another!
Quick rush the flames along its side,
And, through the smoke and smother,
Come up to him, bursting with joy and pride,
Exulting in the battle,
The thin machine-gun's rattle,
And . . . thinner dreadful cries of agony!
It falls; a streaming flame all down the sky,
In hot air-eddies turning,
And burning, burning, burning!

At last it strikes the earth: a rending crash,
A thunderous road, a blinding flash,
That lights the sky for fifty miles . . .
So . . . that's all over,
That ends the fight . . .
His loved one shall sleep safe to-night!
No longer need the Airman hover . . .
He smiles . . .
His work is done
His battle is won!
Up in the night.

NO REPLY EXPECTED.

Mr. Bernard Partridge, the famous black and white artist, once received a circular from a whisky firm, inviting him to join in a competition for a poser. Only one prize was to be given, and the unsuccessful drawings were to become the property of the firm.
He replied as follows:
"Gentlemen, I am offering a prize of two shillings for the best specimens of whisky, and should be glad to have you take part in the competition. Twelve dozen bottles of each kind should be sent for examination, and all whisky that is not adjudged worthy of the prize will remain the property of the undersigned. It is also required that the carriage be paid by the sender."
This letter ended the correspondence.

1914.

In days before this little scrap
Revised our habits, changed our conversation,
How oft we'd hear, "Hello, old chap!
You feeling well?" or some such salutation.
In those glad times we always knew
The chap's reply—there was no variation—
He might be feeling very blue,
But still would say sans thought or hesitation,
"A1."

1916.

But alphabetically we
Have made some progress, and our expecta-
tion
Is kindled if we chance to see
A friend in mufti, full of jubilation.
In answer to our greeting he
Avoids our glance, looks not for approbation,
But with restrained, yet obvious, glee
Says, "Thanks, I'm feeling (since examina-
tion)
"C3."
* * * * *

A traveller stopped at the house of a pious old woman, and observed her fondness for a pet dog that she called "Moreover." "Is not that a strange name?" inquired the gentleman.
"Yes," said the lady, "but I thought it must be a good one as I found it in the Bible."
"Found it in the Bible. Pray in what part of the Bible did you find it?" The old lady took down her Bible with the utmost reverence and, turning to the text, read as follows: "Moreover, the dog came and licked his sores."

AFTER ALL.

We take our share of fretting,
Of grieving and forgiving.
The paths are often rough, and steep, and
heedless feet may fall;
But yet the days are cheery,
And night brings rest when weary,
And somehow this old planet is a good world
after all.

Though sharp may be our trouble,
The joys are more than double,
The brave surpass the cowards, and the leal
are like a wall
To guard their dearest ever,
To fall the feeblest never—
And somehow this old earth remains a bright
world after all.

There's always love that's caring,
And shielding and forbearing,
Dear woman's love to hold us close and keep
our hearts in thrall;
There's home to share together,
In calm or stormy weather,
And while the hearth-flame burns it is a good
world after all.

The lip of children's voices,
The dance of happy choices,
The bugle sounds of hope and faith through
fogs and mists that call;
The heaven that stretches o'er us,
The better days before us,
They all combine to make this earth a good
world after all.

A BIG DIFFERENCE.

Two Irishmen were eating their noonday meal at the works, when one of them, who had been reading a piece of newspaper which had been wrapped about his lunch, said to the other:

"Murphy, what's th' difference between satisfied and contented?"

"There's no difference," said Murphy.
"Yes," said Casey, "there is."
"An' I say there's not."
"An' I say there is."

And so they argued back and forth till they finally made a bet and agreed to leave the matter to the boss, who was supposed to be an educated man.

The boss decided with Murphy that there is no difference.

"Well," said Casey, "as we agreed to lave th' matter to yez, Oi suppose I lose, but I know Oi'm roight, an' Oi kin prove it."

"Prove it, then," said the boss.

"Well, Oi'm satisfied that one of me boorders is flirtin' wid me wife, an' Oi'm not a d—n bit contented about it!"

Casey won.

DIVIL A WOORD AV TH' IRISHMIN!

I rade th' paypers ivery day,
An' see what they have got to say
About th' English an' th' Frinch—
How they're advancin' inch by inch;
They tell av how the Belgians died
While foightin' th' inimy side by side;
Sometimes ye'll hear that th' "British" win,
But divil a woord av th' Irishmin!

Ye rade av th' Serbs an' th' Austrians, too,
An' what th' Turks an' th' Rooshians do;
An' how th' naygars at th' front
Have borne their share of th' battle's brunt;
Av Italy's min they also tell
They're in th'ir share, an' doin' it well,
But th' they've stuek through thick an' thin,
There's divil a woord av th' Irishmin!

At times, 'tis true, the Ulsterites
An' th' South-downs have had some foights—
Among 'mselves, but that's forgot—
When th' war broke out th' whole dang lot
Wint out to th' front wid an Irish yell
An' fought fer th' British flag like hell;
An' that's why I think it's a mortal sin
There's no danged woord av th' Irishmin!

—G. T. Duncan.

It was with a good deal of bashful shrugging that the maiden was induced to join in the mixed bathing party, and even as her "svelte" form poured into a stockinged bathing suite clove the embracing wave, she made one last condition.

"Now, look here, you boys," she shouted, "no submarining!"

The old rector was walking down the country lane, when he met one of his elderly parishioners.

"Good morning, Mrs. Brown," he exclaimed cheerily. "I hope you are coming to my class this afternoon."

"Ill come with pleasure, sir," replied the dame; "but I do ope as 'ow you won't ask me any questions. You makes me that nervous I don't know what to do."

The clergyman readily gave the promise required, and went his way. But by the time the afternoon had come round he had forgotten all about it.

"Now, Mrs. Brown," he exclaimed, cheerily, as he glanced round the room, "I'm sure you can tell me what the Seventh Commandment is."

"Dear me, dear me!" retorted the old dame. "Fancy you asking me that after what passed between us in the lane this morning!"

The editor of the correspondence columns had a very busy day—a very busy day indeed. So busy, in fact, that he had to enlist the services of the "sub" to read out the correspondence.

"What is the next query?" he asked, when he had gone half way through the pile of letters.

"Ob," replied the "sub," "a reader in South Africa wants to know how to prevent the hairs in his moustache from falling out. What shall I put down, sir?"

"Well," answered the editor, with a sigh, "just put down: 'The best way to prevent hairs from falling out is to brush them lightly apart, and keep them from quarrelling.'"

The new baby had proved itself the possessor of extraordinary lung powers. One day baby's brother, little Johnny, said to his mother:

"Ma, little brother came from Heaven, didn't he?"

"Yes, dear," answered the mother. Johnny was silent for a minute, and then he went on:

"I say, ma, 'What is it, Johnny?'"

"I don't blame the angels for slinging him out, do you?"

Hostess: "Mr. Jiggers, what can I help you to?"
Guest: "I'm going to be like Mary, and have a little lamb."

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD.

BY
MADGE BARLOW.

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"It's disgustingly selfish of cousin Dan to sacrifice you to a deathbed whim," grumbled Victor Merridale, leaning on the mantelpiece and scowling down at the fire which a chilly June day made necessary to the comfort of the big, draughty room. A certain greedy eagerness in his averted eye belied the annoyance of his tone, and the girl sitting on the other side of the hearth was not blind to it. She had unbuttoned her shabby jacket, thrown back her veil, and with gloved hands folded on her lap sat perfectly quiet, listening to the amazing communication she had been brought thither to hear.

"There need be no sacrifice either I consent," she reminded him.

"But you must, Caroline," he cried, his jaw dropping.

"It's a ghastly kind of farce, Victor."

"For my sake you'll carry it through, for both our sakes, to enable us to marry and end a weary hopeless engagement. You won't have to bear the unpleasantness long. Dan cannot last beyond a week or two; you'll be his widow and sole legatee, and we'll fix our wedding for an early date after three months' decorous mourning, or less, if you don't mind shocking convention."

"Why doesn't Dan Merridale leave his money to you—his relative? Why am I singled out for the burden? Why must I be mock wife and widow in order to benefit you?" She spoke irritably.

"I have already explained, and you haven't paid attention. In the first place he prefers that it should filter through your fingers into mine. In the second place he is debarred by a clause of my uncle's will from leaving the money out of the family, therefore he marries you on his deathbed to fulfil the condition. How much simpler had he arranged for your immediate marriage to me. But no, he covets the satisfaction of scoring one over me, of hearing people call you Mrs. Dan Merridale before he dies. Don't pretend that you were ignorant all along of his hopeless infatuation for you."

"For me!" Her eyes dilated and stared at him in a frightened way. "I had no idea. He didn't even hint—"

"Because he saw he had no chance and hung back. I let him understand pretty early that you favoured me, were my prize, and—er—would rather he didn't push himself."

"So like you," she smiled, and her smile had an inscrutable quality.

"And now he has the whip hand of me. Pah! If we weren't a pair of beggars I'd fling his offer in his teeth."

An imperative knock came to the door.

"They are ready for us. Don't be an idiot," he implored. "Don't spoil my whole future prospects."

"I hope you will remember that you thrust me into this," she replied as they went upstairs.

The eyes of all in the room fastened on them. Caroline bowed to doctor, nurse, and clergyman, and though none of them questioned her mercenary motives, her dark beauty and proud composure won their admiration. Crossed to the bed, she bent over the sick man. He was older than Victor, with a plain rugged face, and a mouth of wonderful sweetness and strength.

"You agree to the condition?" he asked gently, and she said, "I agree."

The service began. She uttered the solemn vows firmly, faltering only at the words, "I take thee to be my wedded husband, to have and to hold from this day forward." Victor noticed her agitation, and whispered encouragingly, "For a couple of weeks at the most," and Dan must have heard too, he smiled upon his bride so wistfully.

Like one in a dream she looked at the ring on her finger, answered when somebody addressed her as Mrs. Merridale, felt Victor's arm about her leading her downstairs, drank the water he held to her lips. And all the time "to have and to hold" buzzed in her ears, throbbed in her brain—"to have and to hold."

"I will fetch you home at once," said Victor.

"I am at home," said Caroline, removing hat and jacket.

Victor pleaded, expostulated, prophesied that her action would be criticized and misconstrued. She was adamant, and he adopted a domineering tone. Caroline picked up a book, and resumed her old seat at the hearth, and when his temper wore it out, he quitted the house chewing threats between his teeth.

Left alone, the girl tossed the book aside, and clasping her knees, sank into reverie, seeing strange misty pictures in the red core of the fire—things that might have been if life had not gone awry and her father's fraudulent bankruptcy cast her upon the world to earn her bread. Of her lovers and friends only Victor Merridale clung to her at that period, and in sheer gratitude she accepted his proposal of marriage and promised to wait until he could make a home for her.

In her self-absorption she was deaf to sounds around her, and Nurse Jones's prim cough at her elbow made her jump.

"Mr. Merridale is easier and dozing nicely, madam."

"That is splendid," stammered Caroline. "I am so pleased. May I see him when he awakes? We—we used to be good friends."

"If he desires it—yes. He does not ask for you."

"He thinks I've gone, maybe. You will say I'm here; let me help to nurse him, won't you?"

"Thanks. If help be required we shall get it from outside."

Caroline shaded her eyes from the noon sunshine. Neither saw a white-capped figure hovering on the threshold.

"I can't rest," Victor continued. "Can't work, can't sleep, thinking of the possibility. The strain is killing me. I've spent the money in imagination a hundred times. Why do you sit dumb? Have you no feeling? How does he look?"

"I haven't seen him. Nurse Jones rules. She tells me how he is, and keeps me out."

"Ah!" The haggard countenance wrinkled into coarsening lines. He plucked at his lower lip. "They want to hide from us that he's holding his own. He's no worse, in no danger, or they'd have tan or straw on the street in front of the house. It marks the last lap of the losing race. I'll be off and try to get a wink of sleep. I'm suffering more than Dan, and there's precious little pity for me. Got a miniature chemist's shop in my pocket, and it's no use. You're not listening, Caroline. 'Pon my soul, I'm beginning to believe you don't care a button what becomes of me."

He went abruptly, omitting his usual perfunctory endearments, and Caroline paced the floor restlessly, pondering over Victor's plaint—"People have rallied on the brink of the grave. If Dan were to do that—"

Her eyes shone like stars in a tense grey face. She longed to know what was going on upstairs in the room from which she was shut out. The suspense was intolerable.

"Doctor," said Nurse Jones, following him as he prepared to depart after his next morning's call, "I want to speak to you. In here, please," leading the way to the dressing-room. "Something odd happened last night about twelve o'clock."

"What happened?" he asked brusquely.

"I was tired, and when the patient slept I reclined in the easy chair behind the screen, near the fireplace. I didn't doze. I was wide awake, though my eyelids were closed, but with the light lowered anybody coming in might suppose me to be sound asleep. The handle of the door turned. Mrs. Merridale took a careful survey of me, and entering noiselessly in her stocking feet, was creeping towards the bed when I stirred, knocking my shoe against the fender, and she fled in sudden fright."

"You have no liking for Mrs. Merridale, eh?"

"I cannot say. She is a woman wearing a mask, but to-night my feigned slumber shall be more realistic and the mask may slip."

"What do you suspect?"

"I hate to be premature, doctor. To-morrow, though, I'll have a tale to tell."

And the thing she told him on the morrow caused him to stare blankly at her.

"I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it," she said with emphasis. "I confess I wasn't prepared for a surprise of that sort when I peeped round the screen. It's a queer world, isn't it? And this is a complicated piece of business. I am anxious to try an experiment, doctor. Cancel the engagement of the second nurse, and let Mrs. Merridale assist me. Go down to her and explain our change of front as best you can, but respect my confidences."

"Has he made his will yet?"

"The lawyer will attend early in the morning," Caroline replied, barring Victor's ingress to the sick room.

Nurse Jones had gone to snatch a much-needed rest, leaving her in charge. "I'm fagged out, my dear," she had said. "You can give him his beef-tea. He takes it like a lamb from you, whereas I have the greatest trouble getting him to drink even a mouthful. He seems to court death. Oh, Mrs. Merridale, it's simply the will to live that's lacking. If he had something to live for, something he wanted to live for, we should find a remarkable alteration in him. He would recover."

A dose of medicine the nurse had measured with care stood on the table by Dan's bedside. Victor's roving gaze lingered upon it, caught by a glitter of sunlight on the little glass tumbler.

"Not till the morning," he muttered. "And I daresay he's no worse."

"To-day we have strong hope."

"We!" he repeated in stupefaction. Then Caroline's face drew him from contemplation of the table and the glass barely three yards away, and its challenging, half defiant, wholly tender and protective expression revealed the bitter truth—she loved Dan Merridale, and he himself had been the one to blab of Dan's love for her, a secret he had kept religiously till circumstances compelled him to make use of it. He knew her force of character. By the strength of her love and the compelling power of her will she would drag him out of death's jaws, save him, hold him, rob her lover of the money necessary to avert his ruin. Victor moistened his lips. They were dry as ashes. His soul was a seething hell of vengeful thought.

"The unexpected generally happens," he said, descending a couple of steps, and halting with bowed head. Mrs. Merridale paid no attention. She was listening to a shouting of newsboys on the street. They might have been the heralds of a national calamity so excitedly did they cry their wares. Running softly to a window, she pushed it open a few inches and inclined her ear, her back towards the door and the landing. Victor fumbled in his pocket, slipped into the room, and spilled the contents of a tiny phial into the medicine glass. In one swift moment the deed was done.

When Caroline returned he stood where she had left him, breathing heavily, chalk-white. Her eyes were pitiful, but glad, glad as a happy child's.

"You heard the news they are shouting, Victor? Now you will not blame—misjudge me. You will believe in my love for Dan, and forgive me."

"Yes—yes—all right," he mumbled, stumbling downstairs like a drunken man. He had really heard nothing. The raucous yells were dying distantly. His sole idea was to get out of the house as he had come in, unseen. Fortune and neglectful servants favoured him. He gained the street. He had punished her treachery. None could say he had been upstairs except Caroline, and who would credit the word of a woman charged with the murder of her husband. There would be no will. He as next of kin would inherit his cousin's wealth, and suspicion would never fall upon him. He had purchased the poison abroad. Glancing hurriedly around to see that nobody observed him he thrust the tiny empty phial between the bars of a sewer grating, and hastened to his lodgings

by quiet side-streets, missing the stunning intelligence with which the busy thoroughfares pulsed. He stayed indoors, waiting for the tidings the next few hours might bring, shivering, burning, hating the girl who had deceived him, whose happy eyes were even then gloating over the face that smiled up at her from Dan's tumbled pillows.

"You are awake," she said. "Could you bear a shock?"

"If you mean I'm going to get well and cheat you and Victor—I think I couldn't."

"You haven't cheated him, not of anything he values, but the Gold Bubble Mining Company has. It has failed, and you are a pauper. You should have seen the face of Victor when the hubbub began outside. He took it badly. He left me—left me to you, my husband. Dan, I thank God there is no barrier of money between us, that I can give you myself, and you can give me nothing more than yourself. I've loved you all my life, dear, and I didn't know you loved me. Pride misinterpreted your silence, and the rest—the part which concerns Victor—was a mistake. You will live now, won't you? We shall be poor together, but I would rather be your wife, Dan, than a queen on her throne."

She was sobbing, her head close to his, her joyful tears wetting his cheek; and after the first gasp of wonder, the first incredulous pause, his arms went about her, and he forgot that he was a sick man to whom excitement was forbidden.

"Carrie, you mean it? You mean it, darling? Why, I was led to believe I'd no chance, not the ghost of a chance. And those nights last week, the nights you stole in like a spirit and kissed me again and again, and cried over me—they weren't a fevered dream, they were real. You did do it, Carrie?"

"I did indeed, Dan. I thought you and nurse were asleep."

"I shall get better," he declared. "I'd swallow every noxious drug in the pharmacopoeia to get better. Isn't it time for my physic, Carrie? I want it. Jove! Nurse would stare if she heard that. We'll start poor Victor afresh just to show there's no ill-feeling. He has treated us both shabbily, but we can afford to pardon, can't we, dearest girl?" Flushed and radiant he raised the fatal glass to his lips and drained it.

"To our health and future bliss," he laughed weakly.

She arranged his pillows and smoothed the counterpane. Dan always crumpled the counterpane when he wasn't ruffling his hair or reducing the pillows to limp rags. "I feel uncommonly drowsy," he murmured. "It must be the dull sultry day. In case I don't waken before nurse turns you out, you ought to give me an extra kiss, Carrie."

She strained him to her heart in a passion of love.

"Never felt so drowsy," he whispered. "Good-night—little wife."

"Good-night, my own."

She rinsed the glass as usual, and sat near the foot of the bed, keeping serene vigil. Twilight came. The street lamps were lit, and still he lay in the same position, heavy and stirsless.

Victor also succumbed to the influence of the electrically charged atmosphere. At dusk he summoned his landlady, and bade her call him at once if any message arrived from Blank Street where his cousin was lying at the point of death. He regretted having said "at the point of death," it might appear significant by and by.

"My head's addled," he whimpered. "Unless I sleep I'll go to pieces and make a hash of the whole affair. Where's that sleeping draught I bought yesterday? Thought it was in this pocket. Could have sworn I put it here. No, it's in the other pocket." He grinned stupidly. "I've had too much brandy, and I've got confused, began it rather early for my health to-day. Can't think how I mistook the pocket. What is there to think about anyway?"

The rest is told in a couple of extracts from the next day's papers.

"We learn that the illness of Mr. Dan Merridale, a well-known member of the Stock Exchange, has taken a most decided turn for the better, and it is hoped he may soon be able to journey seawards accompanied by the charming young bride to whom he has been privately and romantically married. Mr. Merridale narrowly escaped being bitten by the failure of the Gold Bubble Company from which he fortunately withdrew several months ago."

"A Mr. Victor Merridale was found dead in his apartments in Pimlico last night. It is supposed that he drank a deadly poison in mistake for a harmless sleeping draught he was in the habit of using. The poison phial bore no label, and was similar in size and shape to other phials discovered in his rooms, and which had contained sleeping draughts."

The scraping off of the label sealed his fate. In his haste of the morning Victor had blundered.

[The End.]

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, "Listenin' 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 "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 from the Portuguese." One wonders what he said to her when they met again—this lover-husband who was also a poet.

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PLEASE TELL US.

Why Pte. Jones can be found at the side entrance every morning about nine o'clock?
 If Scotty Richie will tell us why a certain young lady from Robertson Road has taken such a dislike to the Canadians?
 If Sergt. Jimmie would have to stay up all night in order to be in time for breakfast?
 If it was the bump of knowledge, frying pan, or rolling pin that stood out so prominent on Pte. Orr's forehead for a few days last week?
 What was Warrington's idea in pushing the load in the go-cart up the hill when the occupant was old enough to walk?
 If Jones was not disappointed when going through a young lady's purse to his horror found the pictures of Pte. Winch and Corpl. Boothroyd?
 Who the young lady was who came up to see Sergt. "Bob," stole his sock, and went home and slept with both feet in it?
 If she intends to return it before cold weather sets in?
 Why so many patients go to a certain shoe store in Buxton and ask for a shoe that they know the firm does not handle? If this practice would continue if the firm employed male clerks?
 If Sister Maillard has found the two hens that reclaimed the two eggs? Could Sister Refroy not give her some information as to their whereabouts?
 Why Staff-Sergt. Moss would rather do escort duty alone?
 If it is to save his new shoes that "Dad" is coming in at nine o'clock?
 If Jimmie Aikenhead has joined the "Non-stop-out-lates"?
 Has Mr. Young not got a hobby for finding homes for homeless cats, and if his latest catch was not donated to the nursing sisters' "Zoo"?
 If the young lady that brings Pte. McNiel a pie every night thinks he does not get any midnight lunch?
 Can Pte. Abbott tell us the price of butter now that he is so closely connected with the industry?
 Who sent Pte. Oatham a parcel containing a pretty little soup bone, all wrapped up in tissue paper?
 Who Sammy Redfern is going to trust his little fairy to, now that he is on night duty?
 Did "Champagne Jack" really want to go to tea, or was he just as well pleased when the young ladies did not turn up?
 Who were the two shameful young ladies that asked Pte. Brame to wait five minutes for them, and forgot that he existed, after him going two miles to see them? If after thirty minutes' wait, was his language printable?
 When Corpl. Boothroyd will next appear in vaudeville.
 Why Pte. Worthing prefers showing the ladies through the baths in preference to any other part of the hospital?
 If Corpl. Cummings is thinking seriously of taking stage life as a future career?
 Would Sister Manchester not be annoyed if any one else was to call her what she called herself when she found the difference between Shore-um and Shore-ham?
 What the Chef spoilt when he upset the cup of tea on the young lady's lap?
 Was it to make a kilt or a nightgown that Scottie obtained the flannel for?
 How many different varieties of hairpins "Dark Eyes" has in his collection, and could he return each one to its rightful owner?
 Why Pte. Wells can always be found with a pocketful of peppermints?
 Was a certain sergeant horrified to find, after having written to a girl that he would kiss her on the spot, that she had come out in spots all over? And will he keep his word?
 How many names Sergt. Calderwood masqueraded under whilst he was here, and how many other sergeants did he get into trouble thereby?
 Who is the sergeant from the Canadian Hospital who waits every evening under the Town Hall Arcade for a certain young lady coming out of a certain office, and their usual walk is down to the G.P.O. along Broad Walk and into West Street? Does B. L. know anything about it?
 Why Sergt. Henderson leaves his office at certain intervals during the day, and where does he go?
 Why Sergt. Martin so anxiously inquires if his name going to be in the paper, and why he offers to bribe the editor to keep it out?
 Who is the young lady who has so often been seen with a "Jock" from the Auxiliary lately, and why have they not been seen together the last week or more? Had the long walk anything to do with it?
 Who is the sergeant who left his dancing partner to pick up some coins which had been dropped on the floor? Does Sergt. J— know anything about it?
 Has Sergt. Martin bought a bird cage for that Winkle he found in Buxton?
 Did Sergt. Sills get cold standing opposite the baths on Tuesday night?
 Did Sergt. Bennett get his night glasses for which he had his eyes tested? If so, why doesn't he wear them on night duty?
 Why Corpl. Bailey takes such an interest in a bottle of boot polish that is kept in room 21? Is it true that he intends purchasing an outfit, and when?
 Why does Corpl. Keen and his inseparable "side kick," the Chef, prefer the kitchen to any other room in a house on the London Road?
 Why most of those who buy the "Special" make a dive for the Please Tell Us column first?
 Will those who send items for this paper please remember that they will not be published unless the names of the senders are given, and that no personalities about citizens will be allowed under any circumstances?
 Who sent this in by mail: "When I want 'some' Canadian, I will go to the office and get him."
 Who is the corporal who likes to pose before the camera with certain sisters?
 Who is the sergeant who allowed a staff-sergeant to "cop" his girls, and who enjoyed the joke the most?
 Why one of the staff-sergeants takes such a huge delight in getting a joke on someone else? Does he appreciate those that others get on him?
 Why the sergeant-major is so sad and pensive these days? Has he lost any dear friends?
 Is Sergt. "Bob" Leith glad to be able to hobble around again? And how is the rag baby?
 Why Scottie Wells is evincing such an interest in this column lately? Has he an axe to grind?
 Who is the sergeant who took the wrong partner at the dance by mistake? Does Sergt. Bennett know?

How did Boots enjoy himself in Manchester? Why did Scotty want to borrow his kilt? Who is the Canadian who occupies the band stand on the Slopes every night, and why doesn't he give someone else a show?
 What did Sergt. Sills say on Monday night when Hamie took his young lady for a walk? What did the lady say when Scotty didn't kiss the baby good-bye?
 Why would Fergie rather be back in Buxton? How do some of the cripples like the new roller skates?
 What did Sister Refroy say when she couldn't find the key?
 How does Sergt. Quigley like to be on day duty?
 Why does Sergt. Wheelhouse stick around the end of the Slopes?
 Why Corpl. McDowell cannot take any pleasure in his after dinner nap? Does Fitzpatrick know?
 Why Pte. Conkel shaved off his moustache when he went to the pictures, and did he catch anything?
 Why did the patients at the roller skating rink suddenly disappear off the floor the other day when Capt. Slayter hove in sight? And did they have their usual limp on the way back to the hospital?
 Will some of the patients, when they get back to Canada, still retain the "Buxton limp"?
 Who are the two sisters who became so angry when they found their names in the "Please Tell Us" column last week, and finally burst out in a fit of laughter at each other?
 What's the use of getting sore when the joke is on you? Remedy: Get back at the other fellow.
 What was a certain sergeant's feelings after approaching a lady on the street and asking her to go for a walk, he found out who she was, and was that the reason he shaved off his moustache?

POETS IN THE BIG PUSH.

MERRY VERSES FROM OUR FIGHTING MEN.

(By Herman Darewski, composer of "Sister Susie" and many other popular songs.)
 We all know that ours is a joyous Army. We have seen the cheerfulness of the wounded at home. We have heard of the comical names our men have given to the trenches and the death-dealing shells.
 We had another proof of the lively humour of the boys when the "tanks" first went into action. Instead of blessing the inventor of these monsters or boasting, as Fritz would have done, of the genius which produced them, the Army simply roared with laughter at their uncouth gambols. In the midst of a most desperate battle our fighting men were in such a jovial mood that they hailed the "tank" as the greatest joke on earth!
 That proves how joyous they are. But in spite of such evidence few people really appreciate to the full extent how amazingly light-hearted our Army is.
 I did not realize it myself until a few days ago. Now, beyond all question, I know that it is the most merry, high-spirited body of men that ever faced death with song and jest. Proof of this came to me in a most unexpected way.
 I recently offered prizes for songs from soldiers at the Front. There seems to be a song-writer in every platoon, for songs came from France by the thousand. Many were sentimental, some were comic, and some marching songs.
 Every one of them showed that the writers were possessed of the same spirit, the spirit of indomitable cheerfulness. Take for example "The Song of the Sniper." If anyone was inspired by savage hatred of his adversary, you would think that a sniper would be. But there was not a trace of savage hatred about that song. It was full of humour, grim perhaps, but quite cheerful. Its spirit is well illustrated by the first two lines of the refrain, which ran:—
 Tilt your whiskered chin a little higher;
 Do, Mr. Schneider, do.
 A peasant little invitation, that.
 The duel to the death was made a joke of by the writer, and I would like to back him against the Hun opposed to him, who probably howled the "Hymn of Hate." If you want another example of joyousness, take the refrain of the man who wrote:—
 I don't want the war to end just now,
 I don't want the war to end
 While there's good French tippie at a penny a jug
 At a nice estaminet round the bend.
 That writer was in the middle of the Big Push, and no doubt miles away from any estaminet, but he was not going to let a little thing like that worry him. He felt life was a lark, and death, if it came, another one. So he took advantage of a poet's licence, and gave a cheerful, if slightly inaccurate, version of his surroundings. Here is another example of the right spirit:—
 What's the use of fretting?
 Never mind the sweating.
 Sing a song, sing a song, sing a song.
 One could give any number of such lines. There is never a sign of flagging or faltering spirit in any one of the verses that came from France. Curiously enough, there is very little about actual warfare either. Many of the songs came from hospitals, with a note saying the writers had been wounded at Pozieres, or Devil's Wood, or some such hot corner; but the lines seldom referred to their experiences in the field. One wounded man wrote:—
 Glengarry and kilt and a chain with a tilt
 Are the signs of a fighting man.
 But he said nothing about the trials of a fighting man. A Londoner expressed his feelings thus:—
 I don't long for any farm I know,
 Don't want to hear any old cock crow.
 You can have Tipperary—you your factory lass.
 Give me good old London and a bottle of Bass.
 You can't beat boys who write like this. And this is the spirit of our New Army, an army of Mark Tapleys.
 A Lancashire shopkeeper asked a lady customer if she knew the difference between recollect and remember. She replied: "Naw, ther' is no difference." "Yah," he said, "ther' is, an' awl tell thi'. I remember thee having hauf a pound o' bacon last week, but aw dunno recollect thee paying for 't."

PERSONAL MENTION.

N.S. E. T. McLachlan recently of the C.A.M.C. training depot, is attached to this unit.
 Quartermaster Capt. Thurgar has spent a couple of days in London on duty.
 Lieut.-Col. Finley, of the D.M.S., has been attached to this unit for temporary services.
 Capt. McDonald has returned, after four weeks' duty at Bramshot.
 N.S. M. E. Smith, of the training depot, has been taken on the strength of this hospital.
 N.S. Patterson is enjoying a two weeks' leave of absence.
 A monthly meeting of the sergeants' mess was held last Saturday.
 Pte. Ashford was presented with a tobacco pouch in recognition of the good work he did on "Our Day."
 Capt. Vipond spent a few days at his home in Southport.
 Pte. W. R. Leach returned on the 20th from a three days' leave of absence, having visited his home town, and reports a jolly time.

NO ANSWERS.

A prize was offered for the solution of ten problems in last week's paper, but no answers have been received. The following are the answers.
 1. Because it's the grub that makes the butterfly.
 2. When its put in the ground to prop-a-gate.
 3. When he stands on his banks and braes.
 4. Because they cannot use the "C's" (Seas).
 5. The one is happy and careless and the other is cappy and hairless.
 6. He was a liar.
 7. When they are one each side a wagging (wagon) tongue.
 8. On the lines of a five pointed star.
 9. First he filled the five quart, from that he filled the three quart. Then he poured the three quarts away and put the two remaining quarts from the five quart into the three quart. Then he filled the five quart again and from that he finished filling the three quart which left him exactly four quarts in the five quart jug.
 10. That, that is, is, that that is, is not, is not.

HORSELESS ARTILLERY.

Following upon reports of the wonderful achievements of the British "tanks" in France, plans are announced by the United States for the formation of a horseless regiment of heavy artillery. The guns will be hauled from point to point, and then put into the firing line by means of "caterpillar tractors," described as similar in construction to the giant motor-cars used by the British.
 The new regiment is to have many distinctive features. Its colonel and other regimental officers will ride in an automobile instead of on horseback. Its heavy field-guns and their ammunition caissons will be hauled by powerful tractors, which, unlike the "land Dreadnoughts" on the British front, will not be armed, and will be armoured only for protection of their machinery. The battery and store-wagons of the regiment will also be hauled by tractors, so as to be able to follow the tractor-drawn field-howitzers into action over rough country. The artillerymen, who heretofore have ridden horses, will hereafter ride on motor-cycles with "bathtub" attachments, each cycle carrying three men.
 Some Tommies were having a discussion upon the changes of Army clothing that have taken place since the war started. German helmets have vanished, French red trousers have disappeared, and the Allies generally have gone in for "tin hats."
 "I wonder what'll be the fashion this winter?" asked a sergeant.
 "Checks" for Germans and "stripes" for us Tommies," promptly responded a lance-corporal.

DID NOT WORK.

A man dropped into an auctioneer's shop one evening and purchased a musical box. Meeting a friend he told him of his purchase.
 Friend: "Whatever do you want it for?"
 "Well," said he, "being fond of music I shall have it in the bathroom and set it going when having my bath."
 A few days after his friend inquired: "How does the musical box suit you?"
 "Oh," he answered, "I've broken it up."
 "What for?" asked his friend.
 "Why," said he, "the darned thing only played one tune which was God save the King, and I had to stand up in the bath all the time."

STATESMEN'S SOLDIER SONS.

ALL "DOING THEIR BIT" AT THE FRONT.

Everyone reading with regret of the death in action of Lieutenant Raymond Asquith, of the Grenadier Guards. Being appointed to a commission in the Queen's Westminster Rifles a few months after war broke out, he soon made himself one of the most popular officers in the regiment, and when he transferred his affections to the Grenadier Guards there was not a member of the "Westminsters" who was not sorry to see him go. He entered into the training with the zest and enthusiasm of a schoolboy, and the writer has on many occasions enjoyed the privilege of leaping over the back of the Prime Minister's son during physical "jerks." Captain Cyril Asquith, a younger brother of the dead officer, is still serving with the "Westminsters," a battalion which has on many occasions distinguished itself in France.
 Mr. Asquith is not the only member of the Cabinet who has had the misfortune to lose a son in the present war. In the early days of the war Lord Lansdowne was thrown into mourning by the death of his son, Lord Charles Mercer Nairne. At the time of his bereavement, however, his lordship was not a member of the Coalition Ministry.
 It was only a few days after the death of Lieutenant Raymond Asquith that it was announced that one of Mr. Arthur Henderson's sons had been killed in action.
 Amongst other Cabinet Ministers whose sons are on active service are Mr. Lloyd George, whose two sons are serving in Welsh units; Mr. Bonar Law, whose son, an officer in the Royal Flying Corps, was wounded some time ago; and Mr. H. J. Tennant, whose son recently sustained a serious accident while flying.

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