

THE CANADIAN RED CROSS SPECIAL.

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VOL. 1.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1916.

NO. 3.

BASEBALL PLAYERS ARE ENTERTAINED.

MRS. RYAN THROWS OPEN HER BEAUTIFUL HOME TO THE TWO TEAMS.

What had originally been intended as a lawn party culminated in a sumptuous dinner at the residence of Mrs. Ryan, wife of the well-known general manager of the Buxton Lime Firms Company. On account of the inclemency of the weather the outdoor affair had to be postponed, and so on Monday evening fifteen of the players, including Sergt.-Major Tucker, the official scorer, and Sergt.-Major Carpenter, the manager and umpire, journeyed in the hospital ambulance to the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Ryan. On arrival they were received by the hostess, assisted by her charming niece and daughter, and were immediately made to feel at home by the gracious hospitality of the ladies. Mrs. Ryan is of Celtic origin and with rare Irish wit and brilliant repartee she kept the assembled ball tossers convulsed with laughter. The "boys" entered into the spirit of the occasion with a whole heart and enjoyed themselves to the fullest extent. They were conducted through the spacious house, the furnishing of which is almost priceless in antique and costly furniture, and Mr. Ryan, who is a great dog fancier, exhibited his kennel of champion wolf hounds, one of which has taken forty-two first prizes.

The visitors were then led to the dining room, where, with Sergt.-Major Tucker at one end and Sergt.-Major Carpenter at the other, an assault was made upon the good things provided, and by the appearance of the table after the departure of the guests it would be a hard matter to convince the amiable hostess that there was very much the matter with any of those present, at least so far as their appetites are concerned.

Mrs. Ryan takes a great interest in charitable institutions, and it was because of the collection taken up at the first baseball game for the Cottage Hospital that she decided to entertain the players, and thus gave them what they declare was one of the best times they ever had.

BUXTON WATERS WILL CURE YOU.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE WITH ILLUSTRATED
BOOKLET AND LOVE POTION.

READ OUR TESTIMONIALS.

Gentlemen,—When I came to Buxton I had a tumour and suffered in silence. I have taken the baths regularly and have now two more tumours, while the silence has completely disappeared.

(Signed) ABI GAS, Ottawa.

Gentlemen.—Since August, 1914, I have suffered from cold feet. I came to Buxton for the baths, and shortly after was declared medically unfit. Now, gentlemen, no one would suspect I ever had cold feet.

A. FOX.

Gentlemen,—Having lost a leg in France I was invalided to England. My recovery was quite good, but despite all that medical science could do I was troubled by that "sinking feeling." I came to Buxton, secured a cork leg and the feeling has disappeared.

J. LIGHTFOOT.

Gentlemen,—For years I endured a wart on the back of my neck, which was very inconvenient and tender. After three months of the baths I could use it for a collar button.

O. U. KID.

Gentlemen,—A widower of three years standing with eight small children, I was advised to try Buxton. I took the baths and visited on the Slopes. The children are very fond of their step-mother.

R. HAPPY.

Gentlemen,—I wish to add my testimonial to that of thousands of others with regard to originally noted matter. I have the honour to report that I invariably take it in mine now and find it almost as good as soda and much cheaper.

I have the honor to be Sir,
Your obedient servant,
GENERAL DEBILITY.



Sergt. Major (W.O.) F. N. CARPENTER.

Sergt.-Major F. N. Carpenter, whose portrait is herewith reproduced, is the physical instructor of the Red Cross Canadian Hospital. He was born in Rugeley, Staffordshire, and enlisted in the British Army in 1897. He has been a resident of Canada for 10 years, and is a permanent instructor of the Canadian Army, also instructor of Upper Canada College, Toronto. The activities of the sergeant-major in connection with the hospital are manifold, including: the formation of a first-class orchestra and arranging for concerts and sporting events, besides conducting a class in physical exercises twice daily. He is of a genial disposition and is well liked by all with whom he comes in contact.

THE FIRE ALARM.

Of all the discordant and raucous, noise making instruments that the ingenuity of man has enable him to invent, the new fire alarm, "Buzzer," now installed in the Hospital, easily heads the list.

There is no doubt whatever, as to its awakening powers! No man, however securely enfolded in the arms of Morpheus, could fail to respond instantly to its nerve frazzling growl of danger.

However much we may disapprove of its inharmonious warning, we readily agree to the necessity for such an instrument, and admit its superiority over the feeble little tinkle of the old "fire bell," which, even when making its most frantic efforts to arouse only succeeded in soothing us into a more peaceful state of slumberous contentment.

MINERAL WATERS OF BUXTON SPA.

INTERESTING INFORMATION REGARDING THE HISTORICAL BATHS.

DATE BACK TO PREHISTORIC TIMES AND WERE VISITED BY MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

The following information, taken from a publication entitled: "Health Resorts of the British Isles," will doubtless prove of interest to those receiving the benefit of the healing waters of Buxton Spa:

From remains of Roman villas, baths and other buildings which have from time to time been found in the vicinity of Buxton, popularly known as "The Mountain Spa," it would appear that the Romans knew and appreciated the healing virtue of its thermal springs. The neolithic barrows in the neighbourhood have yielded interesting relics of a yet more remote age, and it is even claimed that the reputation of the waters have descended undimmed through the centuries from prehistoric times. In the early part of the Christian era the springs were dedicated to St. Anne, "who gave health and living great to those who love her most."

Soon after the accession of Queen Elizabeth the baths and wells attained great popularity and began to be resorted to by the nobility and gentry. It was at this time that Dr. John Jones, an eminent physician of the period, took charge of the Spa and published, in 1572, the first handbook of its waters under the title, "The Benefit of Ancient Bathes of Buckstones." His most illustrious patient was Mary Queen of Scots, who visited Buxton at least four times. On the last occasion, in 1583, she is said to have inscribed upon one of the windows of the room she occupied the following couplet:

"Buxtona, quæ calide celebrabere nomina
lymphæ

Forte mihi posthæ non adennda, vale."

which to-day is included in the arms of the town and may be thus translated:

"Buxton, whose fame thy milkwarm waters
tell,

Whom I, perhaps no more shall see, fare-
well."

Unfortunately the registers of Dr. Jones and all other documentary records were destroyed 100 years later and we are thus deprived of what would doubtless have been much interesting and curious information concerning Buxton and its waters.

The waters issue from nine springs and from one of these alone about 2,000,000 litres flow daily. A regular supply of radium emanation is constantly kept up—an important point in comparing these waters with artificial radioactive baths, which rapidly lose their activity and so deteriorate.

The waters emerge from the earth at a uniform temperature of 82 degrees, and are alkaline in reaction, and of low specific gravity. When seen in mass they are clear and of a peculiar blue color, and large bubbles of gas constantly rise and discharge on the surface. This gas consists of nitrogen and carbon dioxide, and also contains argon, helium, neon and other rare elements.

DONATIONS WANTED.

Sergt.-Major Carpenter desires to appeal to the citizens, through the columns of this paper, for donations of cast-off clothing of both sexes to be used in the "make-up" of characters for amateur theatricals. Any costumes that might be used for such purposes will be gratefully received. Donations may be left with the desk sergeant at the door of the hospital.

**THE CANADIAN
RED CROSS SPECIAL**

Business Manager G. I. Duncan.
Editor Sergt. J. W. Fairley.
Associate Editor J. B. Ransome.

Registered as a newspaper for transmission
abroad.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1916.

THE GROUCH.

It is an inherent trait of mankind to find fault when opportunity is offered, and frequently when really no fault exists. Especially is this the case amongst men who are suffering from ill-health, and are consequently more or less irritable. It should be borne in mind, however, that it is absolutely impossible to please everyone, and that in an institution like the Canadian Red Cross Hospital, with a large number of men constantly coming and going, there are bound to be more or less infractions of rules and sometimes destruction of property, and to prevent this the laws laid down must necessarily be more or less strict and rigidly enforced. The patients should see that these rules are necessary and endeavour to live up to them, otherwise others must suffer for their misdeeds. Two or three men with no regard for law or order can make conditions very uncomfortable for a large number of others simply because they are selfish and seek the gratification of their own desires regardless of the cost to the majority.

WELCOME VISITORS.

Since it has become generally known throughout Buxton and vicinity that the Canadian Red Cross Hospital is open to visitors between the hours of 1 and 4 p.m. every afternoon sees a large number of the fair sex in charge of efficient guides passing through the halls of the institution, and they prove a welcome sight to all inmates, but more particularly to those who are confined to their beds. One and all of the visitors express surprise at the completeness of every detail in the hospital and the excellence of its management.

STEADY GROWTH.

Starting with 500 copies, the "Canadian Red Cross Special" has in three weeks reached a circulation of 2,000, many of which have been taken to their homes by visitors in Buxton, while a considerable number have found their way to various parts of the world, being sent to their homes by the patients. Many congratulatory letters have been received from men high in authority in the Army, and the universal opinion of the people of Buxton is that the lively little newspaper is "quite all right."

"Elsa," in the Buxton "Herald" of this week, writing in a conversational manner that is distinctive and refreshing, in answer to our query: "How do you like us?" replies "Very much." The writer, however, took occasion to remind us of our woeful lack of knowledge of English titles, to which we plead guilty, and will endeavour to offend no more.

Roumania, who has been "on the fence" for some time, has at last toppled over—on the side of the Allies, and with 400,000 trained men ready for the field, and an equal number in training, should prove a welcome addition to the forces of the Allies. Every little bit helps.

It has been said that there is a time and place for everything, but there is no time or place for the Knocker. Sad to relate we have a number of these pests with us, but they can be made harmless by a refusal on the part of the fair-minded to listen to their odious utterances.

LOST AND FOUND.

LOST.—6 mops and 4 brooms from "B," "C," and "D" Ward. Finder will be suitably rewarded.

LOST.—A healthy full-grown goat. Will finder please return same to Pte. Porter "B" Ward Orderly and receive reward.

FOUND.—Several mops and brooms. Owners can have same by applying to Sergt. Quigley, Ward Master "A" Ward.

**RHYME, ROT,
AND REASON.**

G. T. DUNCAN.

AN OLD STORY IN VERSE.

Two Irishmen who had been friends since they were little boys and shared one with the other all their troubles and their joys, still held the same affection when to manhood they had grown, and what one had the other felt was just as much his own.

When England called for soldiers in the great Crimean War, both Mike and Tim enlisted, tho' they scarcely knew what for, and throughout all the trials that a soldier must endure their friendship never wavered but was always fast and sure.

On Balaklava's famous field, the Russians in retreat were followed by the English, and, while smarting with defeat, whenever chance did offer they would turn and with their guns would sweep the field and send to death a score of England's sons.

Though very much excited with the battle and the chase, Mike suddenly was much aggrieved to miss his dear friend's face, and as he searched among the slain his heart was sick and sore for fear that his dear comrade might be lost for evermore.

At last he found him, wounded, with a bullet in his thigh, and wildly gazed about for help, but not a soul was nigh; so, like the wind he tore across the battlefield hell bent to see if he could get assistance at the surgeon's tent.

"Oh, dochter, dear, I greatly fear me frino is goin' to die, an' I know that you can save him, sor, if you will only try. He's the dearest frind I've got, sor," added Mike with trembling lip, "an' he's lyin' out there wounded wid a bullet in his hip."

"I have no time," the surgeon said, "but if your friend's so dear and you desire to save his life why don't you bring him here?" "I nat will I do, sor," Mike replied, "for strength I do not lack, and quickly I will bring Tim here to you upon me back!"

He raised his friend upon his back, Tim's head above his own, and as he staggered on his way Tim's head clean off was blown, and on arriving at the tent he did not turn around, but carefully he slid the body down upon the ground.

"What do you mean," the surgeon cried, "by bringing that in here?" Mike looked around then started back, his eyes bulged out with fear. "Oh, dochter, dear, your pardon, sor, a thousand times I beg, the lyin' divil towld me he was hurted in the leg."

M.O. (on inspection, noticing that a patient had not shaved): "Why haven't you shaved to-day?"

Patient: "I have shaved, sir."

M.O.: "Don't tell me you have shaved when I can see you haven't."

Patient (feeling his chin): "Well, sir, there is only one glass in the ward, and there were so many faces around it I must have shaved the wrong face."

My sweetheart's face is wondrous fair,
Set in a frame of coal black hair,
With rosy cheeks and deep brown eyes
As pure and clear as heaven's skies,
Alas, alack, she does not know
How this poor heart doth love her so

WHO IS HE?

There is a man whom I could name,
Well known to all for "asperin" fame,
Who limps about from morn till night,
Wants every treatment that's in sight;
Is always in the sister's way
And follows her about all day;
His wants are great—you'd think that he
Was constantly in misery;
But when he's out upon the slope
He readily forgets his dope,
And with a racket in his hand
He jumps about to beat the band.

Orderly Officer (making inspection at the noon meal): "Any complaints?"

Patient (who has found a splinter in his sausage): "Yes, sir. I don't mind eating the dog, but I do object to eating half his kennel as well."

M.O. (examining recruit): "And do you always stutter like that?"

Recruit: "N-n-n-o, s-s-sir. Only w-w-w-when I t-t-t-talk."

Grow old along with me, the best is yet to be;
The last of life for which the first was made.
Our times are in His hands who said: "A
whole I planned
Youth shows but half, trust God, see all, nor
be afraid."

—BROWNING.

Visitor to Canadian: "Have you got a Canadian Red Cross Special?"
Canadian: "No, they are all gone."
Visitor: "That's too bad, for a Canadian Special is cheaper than a Scotch Special."

O.C. (on inspection at meal time): "Any complaints?"

Patient: "Yes sir; taste this."

O.C. (after tasting): "Why, that's the best soup I have ever tasted."

Patient: "That's just it. The cook, sir, he wants to call it coffee."

DO FIGURES LIE?

A Jew approached by an employe for a raise in wages spoke thusly:

"Let me see. This is leap year, which gives us 366 days?"

"Yes, sir."

"You work eight hours a day, leaving 122 working days?"

"Yes, sir."

"There are 52 Sundays, which leaves 70?"

"Yes, sir," becoming bewildered.

"Fifty-two Saturdays, which leave 18?"

"Yes, sir."

"And I have given you 14 holidays?"

"Yes, sir."

"That leaves four, and as there are four bank holidays you have apparently done nothing for what I have paid you."

On the Phone: "Is that the Canadian Hospital?"
"Yes, lady."
"Well, this is Mrs. Dooin. How is Mister Dooin doin'?"

STILL ANOTHER.

The following personal letter, received by the Commanding Officer, is published as an evidence of the paper's appreciation wherever it has found its way:
The King's Canadian Red Cross Convalescent Hospital, Bushy Park, Hampton Hill, Middlesex, England.
26th August, 1916.

Major Frederick Guest,
Officer Commanding,
Canadian Red Cross Special Hospital,
Buxton.

My Dear Major,
I am delighted to have received a copy of "The Canadian Red Cross Special" from you. This publication reflects great credit upon your institution, and upon its editorial and business management, which, if I judge correctly, must be composed of newspaper-men of more than ordinary ability. I am more than charmed with the wise, interesting and highly entertaining literary efforts displayed. There is no doubt in my mind but that, under your able guidance, "The Canadian Red Cross Special" will speedily occupy a very high and influential place, ranking with, if indeed not excelling, the better class of the present-day publications.

Wishing you all success, and with kindest regards,

I am,
Very sincerely,
H. R. CASGRAM, M.D.

THE CONCERT PARTY.

At a meeting of the members of the Canadian Red Cross Special Hospital Concert Party, which was held in the Recreation Room on Wednesday last, it was decided to place the Party on a firmer footing. As a result of the meeting the following officers and committee were elected:

President: Major Goodwill.
Secretary: Lance-Corpl. J. B. Ransome.
Executive Committee: S.M. Carpenter (W.O.), Sergt. Scott, Staff-Sergt. Moss.

It is anticipated that good results will be derived from the proper organization of the Concert Party, which has already, under the able management of S.M. Carpenter, achieved considerable success. In a Concert Party, as in every other organisation, "The root of all evil" is a necessary consideration, and, there being no fund at present from which to draw the money necessary for the purchase of such items as the Executive Committee may deem necessary, we hope that our visitors will not take it amiss that we charge a small sum for programmes. All money derived from this source will be turned into a fund to be known as the Concert Fund, from which it will be voted by the Committee for such purchases as they may deem necessary from time to time.

J. B. R.

A NEW EMBLEM FOR CANADA.



The above very creditable sketch is from the pen of Sergt. James B. Walker, undergoing treatment at the hospital.

ENJOYABLE
AFTERNOON.

PATIENTS ATTEND THE MATINEE
PERFORMANCE OF "TOTO"
AT THE OPERA HOUSE.

Through the kindness of Mesdames Bray, Ripley and Hodener thirty of the patients received an invitation to attend the matinee performance of "Toto" at the Opera House, and to say that they enjoyed the truly delightful burlesque would be putting it mildly. After the play the invited guests repaired to the Town Hall, where a spread had been prepared for them, and half a dozen of Buxton's hospitable ladies attended to their wants. As usual the patients did ample justice to the repast, after which cigarettes were passed round, which seems to be considered an essential part of a feast in England. Chairs had been placed for thirty-one, but for some unaccountable reason only twenty-five put in an appearance. This, however, in no way interfered with the enjoyment of the occasion.

When all had eaten their fill Pte. Rees, the silvery-voiced tenor of the quartette, rendered a comic song, entitled: "Standing on the Corner of the Street," after which Mrs. Bridge-Berry, a well-known journalist, gave a recitation which proved to be a recipe for the upbringing of children. Several other recitations and songs were given by volunteers and the representative of the Canadian Red Cross Special in a few well chosen words thanked the ladies on behalf of the assembled guests. The affair ended with the singing of the National Anthem.

ANOTHER CONCERT.

GOOD PROGRAMME PREPARED AND PLEASANT
EVENING ANTICIPATED.

Through the untiring efforts of Sergt.-Major (W.O.) Carpenter, assisted by the quartette and orchestra, another concert has been arranged for Friday evening, and, judging by the programme a musical feast is in store for those fortunate enough to secure an invitation. An extended account of the concert will appear in next week's issue of this paper, it occurring too late for publication this week.

ANOTHER QUERY.

The answer to the conundrum of last week, which is worked out by algebra, is as follows: At 9d. per dozen, 16 for 1s.; at 8d. per dozen, 1d. cheaper, 18 for 1s.

Here is another: If it takes a clock six seconds to strike six o'clock, how long will it take to strike twelve? Get busy.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Pte. A. Brown is away on leave.
Pte. W. J. A. Roulston has been transferred to the staff from the C.A.M.C. training school.
Major Frederick Guest spent a couple of days in London last week.
Pte. J. C. Duncan returned from a visit to Glasgow.
N. Sisters Kirk and Patterson have been added to the staff of nurses.
N. Sister McKiel, who has been transferred for Mediterranean service, was granted a ten days' leave of absence.
Editor Fairley is spending the week-end in Folkestone.
Sergt.-Major A. Peg returned on Tuesday from Epsom, where he had been on escort duty.
N. Sisters Hanaley and Weatherup spent three days in London together during the week, returning on Thursday.
Capt. Slayter paid a visit to his native place, Godalming, Surrey, during the week.
Pte. Waddington spent the week at his home in Carlisle, seeing his parents for the first time in a number of years.
Sergt. Moss is to be congratulated on his promotion to the rank of Staff-Sergeant.
Corporal Henderson is promoted to Sergeant. He is now spending six days in Scotland.
Two additions were made to the Staff of the paper this week, Lance-Corpl. J. B. Ransome as associate editor, and Sergt. "Prof." Lawder as circulating agent.
The business manager was receiving the congratulations of friends on Thursday on the anniversary of his birthday.
N. Sisters Gregory and Sewell bade the patients good-bye on Friday previous to their departure from Buxton.

THE YEOMANRY'S EPITAPH.

The Army authorities having taken away the horses used by a Yeomanry regiment now stationed in Scotland and substituted bicycles, the men have made a grave, on which the inscription reads:

Born 30, 10, 1914:
Departed 4, 7, 1916.
Stranger, pause and shed a tear,
A regiment's heart lies buried here.
Sickened and died through no disorder,
But broken by a staggering order.
Our hearts were warm, theirs cold as icicles,
To take our horses and give us bicycles.
For cavalry they said there was no room,
So we've buried our spurs in this blighted tomb.

R.I.P.

Return if possible.

One trooper is charged with the duty of renewing weekly the flowers inserted in a wreath made of straw, which lies at the foot of the tombstone.

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PLEASE TELL US.

Why S.M. Tucker (W.O.) objects to being awakened in the dead of night to have a dose of baking powder administered?

Where Sammy Redfern had his arm tucked when he was escorting that collection of "phair phlappers" through the dark passages of "B" Ward?

And if the scratch on his wrist is in any way related to a belt pin?

Why everyone insists on drying their gashes on Halliburton's (dirty) face towel?

If our reference to rusty cigarette cases was a contributing cause to the purchase of the splendid article now in Mr. Young's possession?

How Smith likes North Wales as a rest resort?

Why Blandy looked so upset on his return from Manchester?

Who is the sister that prefers to finish her breakfast in the ambulance on her way to the Hospital every morning instead of at the breakfast table?

And if honey and toast is not very tasty?

What our Business Manager, G. T. Duncan, would do were the wart now growing on the point of his chin, to transfer its activities to the tip of his olfactory organ?

Who got Corpl. Cummings' Roumanian Goat in the mess room last Monday evening?

Who is the patient with heart trouble who has been forbidden all forms of violent exercise, even to rolling his own cigarettes?

If "Dad" does not surpass "Uncle" in his predilection for adopting—as daughters—all the pretty girls in town?

Who is the tall patient who gave himself four days C.B. and then as an additional punishment volunteered for Physical Jerks?

Who was the kiltie soldier who took his young lady to the Gardens and lost her when finding a seat?

Who was the Police Sergeant (by the name of Thatcher) who took his young lady to the Cat and Fiddle and forgot (?) to pay the fare on the return trip?

Why Pte. Arr no longer meanders off in the general direction of the Pies?

What he did after he blew the candle out?

Did the C.O. enjoy his trip to London as much as we would have?

Did he enjoy it in the same way?

Is not Williams several £ lighter since his trip?

How it happened that Ernie Cook was not inditing an pistol when ye editor looked in upon him recently?

When we are going to be given another opportunity to trip the light fantastic toe in the recreation room again?

Why Jones and Freddie H. are such constant visitors at the Hippodrome?

What sets Providence, R. I.

Is it true that 'way out West the sun melts Portland Ore?

If you can't tell do you think Topeka Kan?

If a tidal wave inundated Victoria, would Victoria B.C.?

Why two Sergeants were seen alone at the Theatre on Tuesday, whilst on all previous occasions they were invariably accompanied by two lovely bits of femininity?

What is the attraction for two of the staff at the foot of the hill?

Who made the kick about the editorial on the married men? Does the shoe pinch?

How about that double wedding? Who are the contracting parties?

Was it anger or accident which caused Sister Popham to heave the hand towel out of the window?

How we got through this column without giving Archie Bennett a dig?

Who the boys mean when they speak of "Fat Jack, The Mascot"?

Who hypothicated Orr's razor?

What became of the other five members of the theatre party?

And who was sore because he did not get a ticket?

Why more patients do not contribute to this column?

Who broke the cook's arm at Solomon's Temple?

When Uncle George is going to start a Kindergarten.

The names of the patients who were pushed down the cellar stairs by the little Jewess to escape an irate ma?—Received by mail.

What about that three shillings?

The name of the man who said he had been gassed, but neglected to state that he got it in the dentist's chair?

Who is the lady who inquired of an officer if the people of Nova Scotia knew there was a war in progress, and if there are any newspapers in that section?

Who made up the French bed for Blount, and what he said when he couldn't get into it?

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