

# THE CANADIAN

## RED CROSS SPECIAL.

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VOL. 1.

BUXTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1916.

NO. 9.

### BUXTON TURNS OUT TO GREET PATIENTS.

#### The Seating Capacity of the Opera House Taxed to the Utmost.

The word must have been passed around among the citizens of Buxton as to the excellence of the concert given by the Canadians of the Red Cross Special Hospital at the Pavilion on the 11th inst., for a crowded house greeted the talent of the three hospitals in Buxton, the Devonshire, the Auxiliary and the Canadian Red Cross Special. By the time the curtain was raised for the first number every seat in the house had been filled, and when the superb programme had been finished it was the unanimous verdict that no better entertainment had ever been given in the town of Buxton.

The programme opened with a selection entitled "Tipperaryland," which was followed by a song, "Glorious Devon," by Pte. Haggart, who has a fine voice which he used with good effect. At the opening bars of the "Marseillaise," which was sung by three French Canadians, the audience, as a mark of respect for our able ally, rose to their feet, and at the close of the beautiful anthem the trio were compelled to respond to an encore, "Allonette," a comic song which has a catchy air, and which pleased the audience immensely. "The Song That Reached My Heart," which is always a favourite, was next given by Sergt. Reddie, which was accorded liberal applause. Two songs, "Sincerity" and "Into the Dawn," with cello obligato by Mons. Paul Delstanche, was sung very beautifully by Miss Annie Copen, who graciously responded to an encore. "Two Eyes of Grey," which was very good, by Sergt. Wright and a selection by the Pavilion Orchestra was followed by one of the best numbers on the programme, "When You Come Home," by Pte. Rocca, who has an especially fine voice that captivated the audience, which by this time had begun to appreciate the excellence of the programme that had been prepared for them. Sergt. Reeves, who is nothing less than a professional, rendered a comic song, "When We Went on Active Service," in fine style, but it was in his next number, "I'm Shy, Mary Ellen, I'm Shy," that he fairly brought down the house. His make-up was excellent and his acting, to say the least, astonished his auditors.

A real treat was the cello solos, "Largo" and "Arlequin," by Mons. Delstanche, who showed perfect control of his instrument and played with great feeling. The outburst of applause that followed his efforts was sufficient evidence of approval. "Character Studies" by Rifleman Machlin, was another star feature, and was followed by Corpl. Thompson, who had been the efficient accompanist for the various singers, in his inimitable rendition of "The Chimes," and as the master musician is now well-known in Buxton musical circles it is unnecessary to comment further on his performance any more than to say that a pin could almost be heard to drop in any part of the house. The "Chaplin Twins," in pantomime, assisted by Pte. Jones and Harold Guest, son of the commanding officer, next delighted the audience with their comical antics. Master Harold, dressed as a little flapper, made such an engaging little miss that few of those present were aware of the fact that he was not what he appeared to be. Next came one of the best numbers, the Highland Fling, by Miss Hilda Dee, in costume, which was the embodiment of graceful execution. Sergt.-Major Carpenter, who is too well-known to need any comment whatever, kept the house in a roar of laughter in song and story and closed a very delightful matinee. He is a finished performer, a manager of rare ability, and untiring in his efforts to please.

Present were noticed Major and Mrs. Guest, Captain and Mrs. Thurgar, and many other officers and ladies with whose names we are not familiar. It is safe to predict that should another concert be given in the near future there is not a hall in all Buxton that would be large enough to hold all who would wish to attend.

### FAREWELL DINNER.

A pleasant affair occurred on Wednesday evening, when the officers and sisters of the Canadian Red Cross Special Hospital tendered a farewell dinner at Bishopdale to the matron, Sister C. F. Macalister, who left on Friday for Ramsgate, where she will assume the duties of matron in the hospital there. After the dinner, which began at 7-30, and during which speeches were made by several of those present, bridge was indulged in, a very pleasant evening being brought to a close by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

### WANTS THE PAPER.

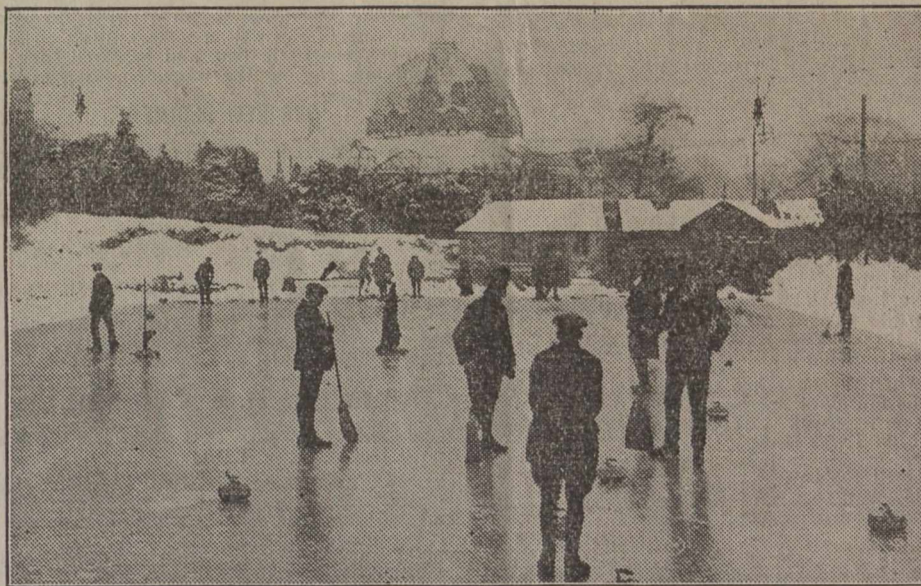
The following letter has been received by the commanding officer, and it is unnecessary to state that the request therein contained will be complied with:

"St. George's Hospital,  
Lawn Road,  
Doncaster,

"To the O.C., Canadian Red Cross Hospital,  
Buxton.

"Dear Sir,—I am in the above-named hospital and have received one of your papers, "Red Cross Special," and thought it very good. There are several of the Canadians here, and all say they would like the paper regular. Would it be any trouble to you or your staff to send a copy or two each week and so help some of us along. Hoping you will excuse the liberty I have taken in writing.—I am,  
Dear Sir, yours truly,

26th Canadians.



Curling in Buxton.

### MILITARY MISTAKES.

#### WHEN COLOURS ARE NOT COLOURS.

Never talk about the "colours" of a cavalry regiment. Cavalry regiments carry "standards" or "guidons." The Household Cavalry carry the former, as well as the Dragoon Guards. Other dragoon regiments carry the latter.

Hussar and lancer regiments do not carry colours of any sort. Neither do rifle regiments. The Royal Regiment of Artillery carry neither colours nor battle honours. The guns are their colours, and they have been in every battle.

Very few regiments have the right of marching through London with "colours flying" (in spite of the newspaper reports). The Buffs (East Kent Regiment) is one of the few. This privilege is a relic of the days when the Buffs began as one of the Trained Bands.

If you tell your friends that you heard a cavalry bugler sound the charge, you are being foolish. Only infantry regiments have buglers; cavalry regiments have trumpeters.

Be wary about talking of non-commission ranks in the Household Cavalry. There are no sergeants in the corps. They are called corporals-of-horse and corporal-majors.

Don't say that the Royal Artillery has the "Right of the Line," that is, that the Artillery has right to take precedence on parade before all other regiments. Only the Royal Horse Artillery has the "Right of the Line." The Royal Field Artillery ranks after the cavalry.

The fact that their buttons and shoulder plates are black and don't need the button-stick is not the only distinguishing mark of rifle regiments. Rifle regiments never "slope arms," they carry their rifles at the "trail"; in non-technical terms, that means gripped by the middle and held by the side.

Speaking of buttons, the Royal Field Artillery has the right to wear a flat button. At the battle of Maiwand, where several batteries fought magnificently, a driver fell and was trampled on by a horse; his battery, nevertheless, brought both him and the guns away safely. In hospital the wounded man's tunic button was found flattened on his breast-plate. To commemorate Maiwand the R.F.A. wear flat buttons.

Another "dress" point. The Black Watch is the only kilted regiment to wear a red plume. All the others sport white "haches." The Black Watch won this in Flanders in 1794, by saving two guns after the defenders and some cavalry that was supporting had been thrust back by the French. Enraged that the cavalry had been driven back, the general, Sir David Dundas, called, "Forty-Second, the Dragoons shall never wear the red plume in their helmets any more, and I hope the Forty-Second will carry it so long as they are the Black Watch." It might be said that the Dragoons, in spite of Sir David Dundas, still carry a shade of red as well as white in their plumes.

Do not speak in general terms of officers being in mufti in these days of war, or if you are wiser than that, don't insist that all officers have to wear khaki all the time in war. Most officers have to wear khaki all the time; officers of the Guards, on the other hand, have the privilege of wearing mufti in the evening.

Look carefully at the officers of the Guards and you will see that they do not wear riding breeches as other officers do. It is strict etiquette to wear loose trousers turned down over the puttees in the style enforced on privates.

The officers of some regiments—the Royal Irish Regiment, for instance—have the right to discard the sword-holder on their Sam Browne.

Finally, don't call the Coldstream Guards the "Coldstreams"; next to losing a battle they consider this the most terrible thing to happen to them. Their correct name is the "oldstreamers."

### MORE KIND WORDS.

October 14th, 1916.

Dear Sir,—I enjoy reading your racy periodical and wish you and it every success.

Your lines on "Thou shalt not kill" are particularly fine and deserve the widest publicity. Any prints I have you may use for reproduction.—Sincerely yours,

W. PILKINGTON.

### LIGHT GREY FOR SOLDIERS.

#### UNIFORMS WHICH BECOME INVISIBLE.

What colour can be seen the farthest? What is the most conspicuous colour? Experiments to answer these questions have been made to determine the colour best suited for a soldier's uniform. The experiments proved that few people realize the difference colours can make or their real relation to one another.

The ideal soldier's costume is one that soon fades into the background, and that does not show at all from a distance, making it invisible to the enemy. In order to prove the relative conspicuousness of colours, twelve soldiers were dressed in coloured uniforms and ordered to march off, while a group of officers and colour experts remained behind to take notes on the uniforms. Two of the twelve soldiers were clad in light grey, two in dark grey, two in green, two in dark blue, two in scarlet, and two in tan, as these are the colours most fitted for uniforms.

The first to disappear were the light grey. The next two were the tan. The next, surprising as it may seem to those who believe they know colours, were the scarlet. Then followed the dark grey, while the dark blue and green remained visible long after the other colours had disappeared.

Experiments were also made at firing at targets of various colours, with the same results. Red and blue targets were also experimented with, and it was proved that blue could be more easily seen at a distance, and hit, than could red.

### MAKING STEEL HELMETS.

The steel helmets adopted by the French and British weigh from 14lb. to 15lb. each. The materials employed in the making consist of plates of steel for the convex helmet and for the visor and neck piece, leather and cloth for the lining, and aluminium to make the waving "plaquettes" which form the springs between the lining and the interior surface of the steel. The rolled steel plate has to be supple enough to be worked cold, as heating would lessen its resisting qualities. A special steel obtained from very pure castings, free from phosphorus or sulphur, has therefore to be used. The outer lining is made of sheepskin, whilst for the inner old cloth is utilized.

The helmets are painted with a dull grey similar to that of the gun, which is difficult to distinguish at a very short distance. The spraying process used has the advantage of being very rapid and of giving an inequality of surface, besides drying almost immediately. The interior of the helmet is painted by the same process. To add to the permanence of the paint the helmets are then suspended on bars in a gas-oven, where they are thoroughly dried.

The lining consists of a cloth cap, to which is fixed a segment of black glazed (glace) leather cut in a particular form. Each skin provides at least five linings, so that for 3,000,000 helmets 600,000 sheepskins have been used. The lining projects a trifle below the helmet, so that the metal in no place comes into contact with the man's head, says the "Sphere." When finished the helmets are packed in wooden cases and sent off to the different corps, where they are distributed.

### THRASHED THE KAISER.

#### WHEN HE DEFIED HIS ROYAL GRANDMOTHER.

Sir Charles Hallé, the famous musician, once described the Kaiser in his boyhood as "charming, but a devil." On one occasion the little Prince was staying with Queen Victoria, and entered the Queen's room just as Sir Charles was leaving it. The Queen told him to salute her visitor. He refused, and she asked him what his mamma would say if she were told that her little boy was impolite. However, he would not move. The Queen insisted that he should obey, and the delightful eight-year-old boy, looking straight into her eyes, said:—

"I will not!"

This, according to Miss Clare Jerrold in "The Widowhood of Queen Victoria" (Eveling Nash), was followed by a spanking, or, as the musician put it, "a veritable struggle and a very painful one took place between grandmother and grandson. At last the child yielded and made a deep bow."

It would seem that the only person who could defy Queen Victoria with impunity was the immortal John Brown, her faithful servant. One morning when he was busy salmon fishing a servant went to him, saying: "Mr. Brown, Her Majesty wishes you to go to her."

"Weel, just tell Her Majesty that Ah canna come; Ah'm juist hooking a feesh."

A little later the servant went again; the Queen wanted to see him at once.

"Weel, ye must tell Her Majesty that Ah've juist hooked the saumun, and Ah canna come the noo."

Queen Victoria, wishing to have a boat of some sort for use on Virginia Water, consulted John Brown, who asked her what was the good of fooling away so much money. Later Her Majesty suggested a steam launch, but her servant snubbed her with the same retort. At last, through some influence, the Admiralty provided a barge at the public cost of £700. John Brown, however, still scowled until told that the Admiralty had paid for it, whereupon he graciously ejaculated:—

"Weel, if they like to fule awa' their money, o' course they can."

Brown was also credited with telling the Queen on more than one occasion that she did not know her own mind for two minutes together, a freedom which would have been allowed to no one else on earth.

Lady (rather difficult to please): "I like this one, but I see it is made in Germany."

Salesman: "Well, if you like it madam, I wouldn't take much notice of that statement; it's probably another German lie."

### WHIST DRIVE AND DANCE.

The first public whist drive and dance given by the 288th Company, R.E., was held Thursday evening in the Town Hall, which was liberally patronized, and a most enjoyable time was passed. Good music was in attendance and the floor all that could be desired. It is understood that Thursday's night's affair will be followed by many others of a similar nature during the winter months.

Old Gent in a restaurant: "Waiter, do you know you have your thumb in my soup?"  
Waiter: "That's all right, sir; it isn't hot."

**THE CANADIAN RED CROSS SPECIAL.**

Editor and Business Manager ..... G. T. Duncan.  
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Associate Editor ..... J. B. Ransome.  
Sporting Editor ..... Sgt. J. Henderson.  
Artist ..... C. Webster.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1916.

George Smith, tramp, of Sheffield, applied for Poor-Law relief at Mornmouth. What he wanted was a ticket for the casual ward. While he was being subjected to the usual cross-questioning, a police sergeant observed that his mouth was bulging. But he said he had nothing there. On being pressed, he confessed that his rose-bud mouth contained 3d. Being ordered to produce it, he gaped—and the reader must be here prepared to gasp—and coughed up 56 shillings, 7 sixpences, 2 three-penny bits, 4 halfpennies, and a farthing. Total: £3 0s. 2½d. No wonder his mouth "bulged"; we wonder it did not burst. How the man managed to speak is a mystery, but, anyway, his speech was silver—alloyed with bronze. The tale is told in a Scottish newspaper—so it must be true.

Our soldier boys meet all kinds of people, including true gentlemen and perfect cads; we hope the gentlemen outnumber the others. A wounded lad tells us of a complete curmudgeon. A few convalescents from hospital were delighted to accept a gentleman's invitation to a day's shooting. They were out for some hours, and were feeling pretty tired when they reached a farm. The farmer being on the spot, they politely asked him for a drink of water. Instead of rushing off to fetch a jug of milk, as any decent farmer would have done, that man inquired, "Are you with Captain —'s shooting party?" "Yes," was the reply. "Then go and ask Captain — to get you a drink," said the surly brute, as he stalked away. The soldiers expressed themselves as "disgusted," and we do not wonder at it.

They have got "some" Military Representative at Blaydon. A few days ago there arose in the local Tribunal an Unconscientious Objector. "Sir," exclaimed the M.R., addressing the chair, "his so-called objections are a mere haphazard and fortuitous concatenation of sonorous and seductive shibboleths which he has adopted under the influence—the neurotic and hysterical influence—of a pernicious political propaganda." As far as we are able to interpret it, the M.R. was trying to explain that the other fellow was not a conscientious objector, but only a shamming shirker.

Sympathy with a criminal is not necessarily sympathy with crime. There was a "criminal" at Swansea for whom we are sorry. A young man who sprang to arms the day after war was declared, served in France till invalidated home a broken man. He ultimately got a pension of 4s. 8d., but for 15 weeks he received not a penny, and debts accumulated because his wife was ill, with a doctor attending almost daily. The family had received a allowance of 12s. weekly. The man at length got work as temporary postman, and he stole a letter containing two postal orders. The Chief Constable spoke for him—"all he could say of him was to his credit"—but he must pay £25 or serve 3 months. The poor devil has been given a month to find the money, a hopeless task unless local folk come to his rescue. He deserves help. He flew to his country's flag, and his country threw him aside as done for. He has sinned—but has he not suffered?

**TRY THESE.**

- Sapper S. Kirkham will give a suitable reward to anyone sending in the correct answers to these conundrums:
1. Why is a caterpillar like a loaf of bread?
  2. When is a potato like a post?
  3. When is a Scotchman like a donkey?
  4. Why do the Germans spell culture with a K?
  5. What is the difference between a young maid of sixteen and an old maid of sixty?
  6. Little Johnnie, age 12, said to little Mary, age 10, as they were playing on the doorstep: "My father was your father and my mother was your mother; yet I am not your brother." What was little Johnnie?
  7. When are a woman's cheeks like a team of horses?
  8. A landscape gardener was given ten (10) trees and told to plant them in five (5) rows and have four (4) trees in each row. How did he do it?
  9. A boy was given two jugs. One was a three (3) quart, and the other a five (5) quart. He was told to go to the well and bring back exactly four (4) quarts of water. How did he manage to get the exact amount?
  10. Can you punctuate this so that it will be perfect grammar? That that is is that that is not is not.

Edith: "Haven't you and Jack been engaged long enough to be married?"  
Ethel: "Too long! He hasn't got a cent left."

A very inquisitive old lady was sitting next to a Tommy who had lost his right arm above the elbow.  
"Poor dear fellow," she exclaimed, "have you really lost your arm?"  
Tommy picked up his sleeve, and peeped into it. "Gee whiz, I believe I have," he answered.

**RHYME, ROT, AND REASON.**

**HE'S DEAD—THAT'S ALL.**

When'er I see a hearse go quietly passing on it's way  
I think that all too soon of him his one time friends will say,  
(No matter what his station, were he either great or small)  
When asked as to his whereabouts: "He's dead!"—that's all.

When'er I see a hypocrite who loudly prays and sings  
"I want to be an angel, and possess a pair of wings."  
(He never would be missed, but then he will not heed the call),  
I feel I'd like to say of him, "he's dead!"—that's all.

Now, Kaiser Bill has caused the world an awful lot of woe,  
And it would please us very much if he would only go.  
But he just sticks around while all the world awaits to call  
With joy: "The Kaiser's gone at last—he's dead!"—that's all.

And when my time has come and I must leave this mundane sphere  
I'd like to think I'd made a friend or two whilst I was here;  
'Twould grieve me sore to think that when I'm placed beneath the sod  
That some d—n fool will say of me: "He's dead—thank God!"

—G. T. DUNCAN.

He was a rackets young man, and kept very late hours, but had now joined the Fusiliers and was ordered to the Front, and on bidding farewell to his beloved, he said to her:—  
"Darling, when I am far away wilt thou gaze at you star every night and think of me?"  
"I will, indeed, dearest," she replied. "If I needed anything to remind me of you I would choose that very star."  
"Why?" he asked.  
"Because it is out so very late at night, and looks so pale in the morning."

**THE MOTHER.**

A little ring of gold—a battered shoe—  
A faded, curling wisp of yellow hair—  
Some pencilled pictures—playthings one or two—  
A corner and a chest to hold them there.

Many a woman's fondest hoard is this,  
Among her dearest treasures none so dear,  
Though bearded lips are often here to kiss  
That once made only prattle to her ear.

The sturdy arm, the seasoned form, the brow  
That arches over eyes of manly blue  
Mean all joy to her living memory now,  
And yet—and yet—she hugs the other, too!

With that rare love, mysterious and deep,  
Down in a mother's heart thro' all the years,  
That placid age can never lull to sleep  
And is not grief, yet oft brings foolish tears.

She often goes those hoarded things to view  
And fingers the wee treasures hidden there—  
To touch the little ring and battered shoe  
And kiss the curling wisp of golden hair!

**OUR NEW REGIMENT.**

It was a little out-of-the-way village in France, and the Highland regiment was swinging along the road. Two old Frenchmen, obviously puzzled by their costume, were having a heated argument on the same.  
Said one: "Zey cannot be men, for look at ze dress and ze skirts!"  
Replied the other: "Zey cannot be women, for zey have ze moustachios."  
"Ah!" replied the first speaker, "I have it. Zey are ze famous Middle-sex regiment o' whom I have heard so mooch!"

**"MY LOVE HE IS IN GERMANIE."**

(Suggested by a well-known picture of the same title.)

The wan moon rests on silver clouds, beyond  
yon, misty pile of hills,  
And, O, her tender, wistful light the silent  
autumn evening fills;  
And I alone, with a thousand thoughts, am  
sitting here estranged and sad,  
For the same round face of the lucent orb  
looks down on my captive soldier lad.

O, that the moon were a mirror for me to  
show my face to him I love,  
And wouldn't he smile to see my eyes gazing  
at him from the sky above?  
And wouldn't I laugh and cry for joy to see  
him smiling back at me?  
But ah, alas, the moon shines on, and my  
love is in far Germanie!

—Henry Barratt.

**A CONJURING YARN.**

"Carlton," the well-known comic conjurer, when entertaining some wounded soldiers at Windsor Castle recently, told a story that tickled his audience immensely.  
"I was once," he said, "performing before a rough-and-ready audience in a Western American mining camp, and one of my tricks necessitated my borrowing a 'pocket flask of spirits.' 'Will some gentleman in the audience favour me with a pint flask of whisky?' I asked.  
There was no response.  
"Surely," I went on after a brief pause, "in a Western mining town I ought not to have to ask a second time for such a thing. I give you my word I will return it uninjured. Is there no—"  
"Mr. Carlton," said a tall, gaunt man, as he rose slowly from a front seat, "wouldn't a quart flask do just as well?"  
"Why, certainly; I merely—"  
"But before I could finish, the audience had risen as one man, and was on its way to the platform in a body."  
Mrs. Brown: "Mrs. Jones has the worst habit."  
Mr. Brown: "What is it, dear?"  
Mrs. Brown: "She turns around and looks back every time we pass in the street."  
Mr. Brown: "How do you know she does?"

**A PERSIAN STORY.**

A kind-hearted woman was boiling eggs one day, when a starving man came to her house and begged for food. Taking pity on him she gave him three of the eggs and sent him away refreshed.  
In course of time the beggar became a trader, and prospered and amassed a great fortune; whereupon a wily lawyer went to the kind-hearted woman, and said:  
"Lo, see this rich merchant. We all know that in the days of his poverty you fed him. See how much he owes to you, for he would have died had he not eaten those eggs, and had he not eaten them you might have hatched out three chickens, and those chickens would have become hundreds of chickens, and those hundreds of chickens would have laid thousands of eggs, and so on, till you would have been as rich as the merchant is now. See what losses he has caused you!"  
In the end the lawyer so worked upon the woman's feelings that he persuaded her to bring a lawsuit against the merchant.  
The case came on, and the whole story was told again in court.  
"The case of this woman seems very hard," said the judge. "Where is this merchant, and what says he?"  
"Oh, Wisdom!" replied the merchant's lawyer, "he's gone into his fields to plant boiled beans."  
"Plant boiled beans!" exclaimed the judge. "Is he mad?"  
"On, Wisdom!" was the prompt reply, "he is no more mad than this woman who gave him three boiled eggs, and now says she could have hatched chickens from them!"

**WHY BAGGS DISOBEYED.**

Some of the batches of lately-joined recruits are being rushed through their musketry course by peppy Anglo-Indian officers who have been recalled to duty from well-earned retirement and posted for "garrison duty at home."  
Recently one of them, a major with a face round and red as the setting sun, was in charge of a rifle range near London, and a certain "Boggy," whom we will call Private Baggs, was shooting with splendid accuracy all round the target.  
At last the major could stand it no longer. "Why the doose don't you hold your rifle steady?" he demanded.  
Baggs was silent.  
"Now, look here," said the major, "take careful aim at my eye."  
Baggs obeyed.  
"Now, steady—steady! Now press—gently—gently—very gently—Why the doose don't you pull the trigger, man?"  
"Please, sir," meekly replied Baggs, "it's loaded, sir!"

**"AN ESSAY ON PANTS."**

Pants were made for men and not for women. Women were made for men and not for pants. When a man pants for a woman, and a woman pants for a man, these, my friends, are a pair of pants. Pants are like molasses because they are thinner in hot weather and thicker in cold. A man cannot keep up his pants in hot weather without suspenders, but a dog can. Men sometimes make mistakes in pants and these pants are called breeches of promise. Now, in my mind when a man wears pants they are plural—but when he does not it is singular.

**KNEW HE WAS SAFE.**

A Company of Territorials were at the range. The usual marker had not turned up, but a deputy was soon found in the person of an old worthy well known in the district who occasionally acted as substitute in such circumstances. The first round was about to be fired when the Captain, looking towards the target, was almost stupefied to see the newly-engaged marker right in the line of fire.  
"Stop firing!" he screamed, as he hastened to where the old man tood, calmly smoking. approached. "Do you know you were within an ace of death just now?"  
"Och, aye," was the reply. "Jist fire awa'. A've marked for your squad before."

The following conversation was overheard in a saloon in Canada some little time previous to the outbreak of hostilities.  
"Congratulations, old man; I'm just engaged!"  
"You don't say so!" replied his friend.  
"Who's the girl?"  
"Dollie Smith," replied the other; "lives close to me, you know, in Mudcombe."  
"What!" exclaimed his pal incredulously, "Dollie? Well, my dear old chap, Dollie has been kissed by every man in Mudcombe."  
"Well! what about it. Mudcombe isn't a big place!"

"Doctor," said the young man, "I have a queer pain in my side."  
The doctor's eyes glistened.  
"Yes, yes," he said. "Low down in the right side. That's it isn't it?"  
"Now, doctor," said the young man, "I only get thirty shillings a week, so don't you go looking for any expensive appendicitis symptoms."  
The doctor's face fell, and it turned out that the young man only had indigestion after all.



Skating on the Lake.

**PASSING THE MUSTARD.**

Saws Reset.  
"There's one thing that's certain,"  
Says old Mr. Peck;  
"A boil on the stove is  
Worth two on the neck."

Says wise Uncle Ben  
(Uncle lives in a flat);  
"A stove in the kitchen  
Is worth two in the hat."

And here is one spieled  
By old Uncle Jack:  
"A 'crick in the field  
Is worth two in the back."

Says old Mr. Grumpy,  
Whose learning is wide:  
"A stitch in the vest  
Is worth two in the side."

And here is another,  
By old Uncle Joe:  
"A corn on the stalk  
Is worth two on the toe."

Said young Mr. Duffer,  
A gay dog is he:  
"A peach in the lap  
Is worth two on a tree."

And old Uncle Bing  
I distinctly heard mutter,  
"A hair on the head  
Is worth two in the butter."

An under-sized yokel approached a sergeant in the barrack yard of one of our military depots. "I want to join the Army, please," he said.  
The sergeant looked him up and down and replied: "You cannot join the Army, my lad. You are too small."  
"Too small?" said the youth. "What about that little fellow over there?"  
"But he is an officer."  
"Oh, is he?" replied the would-be-recruit. "Well, I'm not particular; I'll just join the officers."

The Black Watch, among others, have a short sharp way with them when they meet any Germans who try to work the universal brotherhood stunt. Describing his experiences in an attack the other day, one of the Highlanders remarked, "When we got up among the Germans, one o' the Polony-Biters plunked down on his knees, threw up his hands, and began to yell, 'Kamerad! Kamerad! Me a Christian!' 'Ye're a liar,' says I. 'Ye're an angel in twa seconds from noo!'"

**WHAT SHE WANTED.**

Rear-Admiral Troubridge, who has just left London to join the Serbian Army in the Balkans, relates how he had to hurry to catch a train on the point of starting.  
Swinging himself into a third-class carriage as it was gliding out of the station, he sat down hurriedly next a shabbily-attired little girl who was laden down with parcels, evidently the results of a Saturday night's shopping.  
Happening to glance at her a moment or two afterwards he saw that she appeared very uneasy, and was regarding him with no great favour. Then it was that it dawned upon him he was sitting upon her paper, an illustrated journal of the Funny Cuts type.  
"Here, my dear," said the Admiral, pulling the paper from under him and handing it to her. "I'm sorry."  
The little girl did not look quite satisfied, but she said nothing until a few minutes later, when the train drew up at the station.  
"Please, sir," she then inquired meekly, as she rose to get out, "may I have my fried fish? It was in the paper."

**WHAT HE WOULD DO.**

"Now, boys," said the schoolmaster, "suppose in a family there are five children, and the mother had only four potatoes to divide between them. She wants to give each child an equal share. What is she to do?"  
Silence reigned in the room. Everybody was calculating diligently. Finally one little boy put up his hand.  
"Well, what would you do?" asked the teacher.  
"Mash the potatoes, sir!"

**TRANSPARENT.**

A fine, robust soldier, after serving his country faithfully, became greatly reduced in weight owing to exposure and scanty rations, until he was so weak he could hardly stand. Consequently he got leave of absence to go home and recuperate. He arrived at his home station looking very badly. Just as he stepped off the boat, one of his old friends rushed up to him and said:—  
"Well, well, Pat, I'm glad to see ye're back from the front."  
Pat looked worried, and replied:—  
"Begorra, I knew I was gettin' thin, but I niver thought ye could see that much."

# HERE & THERE

MENTAL MEANDERINGS OF A TEMPORARY TRANSIENT OFFICER.  
BY ZETLO.

AS we have before remarked sympathy is an excellent attribute and gives that warmth of glow to personality which is as welcome as the fire in the grate on arriving in your room on a chilly evening. Without sympathy, person-ality, and without fire, the grate fall in their respective missions, which are in a sense identical—to be a comfort and blessing to men—practicality the whole house, than Corporal Thompson's rendering of the chimes or Church bells on the radio. We have heard of others this who were good, but never had we heard anything that rang so true as Corporal Thompson's touch of those treble keys. The whole range of tuneful melody of the clashing for-tissimo to the almost imperceptibly vanishing range of the grate, there is no fire in the grate; there is no sympathy in the personality. This is failure of mission by omission. There is also failure of mission by misdirection or misapprehension, for instance, should a grate fall in its mission owing to a batman's absence of mind—and of body. Sometimes a personality fails in its mission owing to a batman's absence of mind—and of body. Sometimes a personality fails in its mission owing to a batman's absence of mind—and of body. Sometimes a personality fails in its mission owing to a batman's absence of mind—and of body.

So it is with some of the dear kind people whose personality does not fall in its mission of comfort through absence of sympathy. There is plenty of it but they shoveled it out in such large quantities and in the wrong direction and at inopportune moments that—well—God bless them; they mean well.

We are sure there was nothing but desire to comfort, stimulate and sympathize in the hearts of two or three Buxton friends who recently engaged us in a climatic conversation; gilding arm in arm around the rink is an inspiration. It reminds one so forcibly of an old lived and what kind of winter we had in that part. We told them we were not unused to 20 and 25 below zero. "How fortunate you are stationed at Buxton. You will enjoy the winter here. It is the coldest spot in England. We do not have it 20 below zero, but the winds are very keen; and we do have snow and the rains are very cold too. So don't you will feel quite at home and comfortable in Buxton in the winter."

Now, having a little real sympathy in our well-meaning sympathizers—with a club, wish we could have clapped—those misdirected, joined in the clapping for a few seconds. We joined in the clapping for a few seconds. We joined in the clapping for a few seconds. We joined in the clapping for a few seconds.

THE great demand for dentists in the camps of those about to "go across" took from us Captain Macdonald over a fortnight since. We had long been accustomed to his absence from breakfast, but we miss him much at luncheon and dinner. May he soon return to his home and family.

Murphy was out sniping one night, and a big Fritz came forward him with outstretched hands, and asked to surrender. "Well, it ver does, just ship back and get your kit," says Murphy. "I'll be glad to see you."

Some members of the party were horrified and called Shim aside. "It seems to us," said the spokesman, "that it isn't just right, you are playing for a damn the night after you bury your wife." "Well, I didn't know how it would strike you, but considering she wasn't a performer, she was some of the best."

Shim Jackson, the hatter, lost his wife. She died on Thursday, and was buried on Friday. Shim Jackson, the hatter, lost his wife. She died on Thursday, and was buried on Friday. Shim Jackson, the hatter, lost his wife. She died on Thursday, and was buried on Friday.

Some what in the nature of an innovation was the concert held in Recreation Hall last Friday night. After a short programme of unusual interest, in which Private Kocca and Reeves, of the Voluntary Auxiliary Hospital, kindly assisted, volunteers were called upon from those present to demonstrate their ability as entertainers, the commanding officer, Major Frederick Guest, having offered three prizes as an inducement to the "amateurs" to come forward. Some of the efforts were really very good, the prizes being awarded to Privates Bannbridge, Parker and Evans. As a whole the affair was very enjoyable and was evidently appreciated by those present, as manifested by playing for a dance the night after you bury your wife.

She: "The doctor says I want a change of climate and I don't know where to go." He: "You don't need to go anywhere, just you stay right here in Buxton and you will get it all the time." Mrs. Bacon: "I heard you talking to your- self whilst you were taking your bath, John. That's a bad custom."

Bill (reading of the German atrocities, and scratching his head): "I've known, Joe, the missus ain't so bad when you come to think of it." Curate (discussing the drink question): "If you can't afford ale you can have cocoa." "If you don't drink half a gallon of cocoa a night!"

A party of entertainers consisting of the French-Canadian trio, Pies, Grimes and Bur-bidge, and Serf-Major Carpenter paid a visit to the hospital, received word during the past week that his sister, Mrs. James Bowler, had died at Plum, Michigan, on September 20th. His comrades sympathize with him in his bereavement.

He was very, very old, and, like most old warriors, lived wholly in the past, nothing pleasing him more than to be able to relate the glories of the battles in which he had fought long ago, and nothing pleased him more than to listen to these stirring stories. The old man had just been describing the death of a dusky labourer in a South California town, and the testimony was required from a coloured workman who was the last person to see the deceased alive.

An enquiry was being held relating to the death of a dusky labourer in a South California town, and the testimony was required from a coloured workman who was the last person to see the deceased alive. Asked what he knew about the sad occurrence he said:—

## AMATEUR NIGHT.

SAD NEWS.  
Sapper Tom Kirkwood, one of the inmates of the hospital, received word during the past week that his sister, Mrs. James Bowler, had died at Plum, Michigan, on September 20th. His comrades sympathize with him in his bereavement.

## GANADIANS VISIT AUXILIARY.

A party of entertainers consisting of the French-Canadian trio, Pies, Grimes and Bur-bidge, and Serf-Major Carpenter paid a visit to the hospital, received word during the past week that his sister, Mrs. James Bowler, had died at Plum, Michigan, on September 20th.

## BATTLES LONG AGO.

He was very, very old, and, like most old warriors, lived wholly in the past, nothing pleasing him more than to be able to relate the glories of the battles in which he had fought long ago, and nothing pleased him more than to listen to these stirring stories.

## BEDTIME STORIES.

KEEPING THE HUNS ON THE RUN.  
General Sir Douglas Haig, Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces in France—Man-behind-the-lines.  
"This is my photograph with my two French buddies. You recognize me, eh?" "You are the one with the hat on, are you not?" "I think so, said the young lady. "You have your ever kissed another girl?" asked the girl. "If I have," replied the experienced young man. "When upon she asked me about it."

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# THE INDIAN BAZAR

AT 47, SPRING GARDENS.

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## PLEASE TELL US.

Why wouldn't Boots loan Scottie his kilt on Sunday? Was he expecting his lady friend from Manchester?

Where was Fergie Tuesday night? Can Scottie tell us?

How did Belgie enjoy his week-end in Manchester, and did he find the girl he went to see?

Does Sergt. Wheelhouse know anything about the shilling, and does he love the girl?

What did "Scotty" think when he came back from pass and found his girl with two R.E.'s and a Canadian?

If it is the scenery of Corbar Woods that attracts Pte. Warrington?

When Staff-Sergt. Moss will forget his favourite phase, "come back in five minutes?"

What particular reason Sergt. Quigley has, in getting off night duty?

Is it because his lady friends cannot spare the afternoons?

If Sergt. Bennett obtained his glasses to distinguish the difference between porridge and coffee.

If Pte. Robson has a favourable report to make after the siege?

Who the patient was who tried to pass the bogus shilling? Does Pte. Kirkwood know?

How many blue armlets are fitted with patent detachable hooks?

Why Pte. Orr will persist in using castor oil as a hair tonic?

Who the patient was who thought he had found a silver watch, and who it was that had put it on the sidewalk and slipped back into a doorway to see the gleeful expression on the finder's face?

How many feather pillows Capt. Thurgar is going to use next time he goes roller skating.

Who the two young ladies were, who left the Sergt.-Major all alone in Manchester, and what he said when they returned?

If Sister Maillard has found the mirror?

Why Sister Wilson placed the leg of a chair on a patient's toe, and then deliberately sat down on the chair?

What the patient said when he went hopping around on one foot?

Where was "Dad" on Saturday night?

What makes Corpl. Cook take such great precaution with his latest love novel?

If he thinks that everybody doesn't know that the title of the new volume is "Knowledge a young husband should know?"

If Pte. Strother does not go into a heavenly trance when he is addressed by the ladies as "Dark Eyes," and if he would not prefer to be called Reggie?

Where the Chef hides the meat, in his renowned Mulligans?

What Pte. Halliburton is going to do, when he sends that one, and only, night shirt, to the laundry?

Why Pte. Winch will only recognise his friends by making faces at them from across the street, when he is accompanied by his young lady?

Where Sergt. Granecome spends his Sunday evenings, and if he is thinking seriously of taking on matrimonial duties?

If the Nursing Sisters cannot treat Archie a little more kindly when he has no mail for them?

Why McNeil cannot "chew the rag?"

If it was from drinking buttermilk that made Scottie Wells so sour on Sunday night?

Who the modern Caruso was who was going to favour us with a vocal selection at the concert, but on reaching the stage to his dismay found himself both deaf and dumb?

Who was the Corporal who would insist on singing "Whiter than the whitewash on the wall," and if he was as white as whitewash the next morning?

Does Corpl. Boothroy know?

If the sports committee are still in the land of the living, and why they don't get busy and do something, now that the football season is just commencing?

If "Ye Editor" bought a young lady a diamond ring with the very best intentions, how he felt when she turned round and gave it to the dog to play with?

If there is any danger of Sister Hick developing heart complications while taking the fresh air treatment?

If Sister Manchester is really going to become a shareholder in the "Allan" liners?

Is it quite the correct thing in the "Smart Set" for a young married woman to accept Chatsworth Roses from any other man than her husband?

When some good Samaritan will volunteer to hide all the gramophone records?

If the Chef has to have Corpl. Keene's assistance in order to steal Pte. Jone's fair maiden during his absence?

What does "the clink" mean?

What the difference is between seven days B.C. and C.B. for seven days?

If Sergt. "Bob" recommends Horlick's Malted Milk or Nestle's Food to the young mothers of Buxton, and is he showing his own little family for example?

Who was the sister in "C" Ward that couldn't find her "Parrot," and if she wanted to take its temperature?

Was Pte. Purser posing a the "Statue of Liberty" on the corner of Spring Gardens, or was it the old, old story, she's late again.

When Sammie and Mac are going to have another toast fight?

How "Taffy" enjoyed his little jaunt to Cardiff, and if he had company on the return?

If Sister Wilson still leads in the "Breaking Thermometer contest," and what her daily average is?

The formula of the preparation that Scottie used to keep his knees clean when he was wearing kilts?

Who is the young lady attendant at the Baths who became so engrossed in the Canadian Red Cross Special that she forgot the eggs she was boiling for the Superintendent's breakfast, and boiled them so hard he could not eat them? Does Dolly know anything about it?

Is Santoy a boy or girl's name?

Why Sister Manchester has preference for Scotch patients?

Did Sister Tripp enjoy her trip to London?

Why did Sister Hicks start that gramophone?

Was it because music has charms to tame the savage beast; or to divert attention?

How Sisters Taimor, Tripp and Blott enjoyed their trip to Manchester?

Why so few patients use the library? A new assortment of books have just arrived, including: "Knowledge a Young Husband Ought to Have." Same can be had on application to Pte. McCall, Registrar's Office.

Why Sister Popham never pops around any more, and does she like Home Service?

Sister Refroy prefers night to day duty?

Why does Sister Refroy prefer night to day duty?

How Lieutenants Blott, Pugh, Taimor and Young found the going near Millers Dale?

What attraction Sister Taimor's patients have for Sister...

## THE YOUNGER MISS PRINGLE.

BY

THOMAS COBB.

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At the time of Roger Dewhurst's temporary disgrace, most persons in Westcastle expected him to marry the elder Miss Pringle. If Olive, the younger, entertained any regard for him, she succeeded admirably in keeping the suspicion from her friends.

Olive was twenty-two, Priscilla three or four years older, and scarcely less attractive, although of a more anxious and sceptical disposition. Since their mother's death they had continued to live on at the same house by the common, pooling their small capital.

There was no engagement, and indeed Roger was scarcely as yet in a position to marry. He had served his articles to Mr. Yeoman, the chief solicitor in the town, and stayed on as his managing clerk. It could not be denied that he had been in possession of more money of late, having bought certain stocks during a slump.

When the blow fell, his explanation of this accession of fortune came as a surprise to his friends, and to Priscilla as nothing less than a shock. He had, he said, received a "tip" for the Derby, backing an outsider at long odds, and won some hundreds of pounds—he who had probably never made a bet before. Still Priscilla went about loudly protesting her conviction of his innocence, and naturally it should have required the very strongest evidence to make anyone believe that Roger could by any possibility have stolen a deed and have pledged it for what Mr. Yeoman, junior, described as a "monkey."

No doubt, however, the circumstances were suspicious, and neither Mr. Yeoman nor his son appeared to question Roger's guilt for an instant. Not scrupling to compound a felony, Mr. Yeoman allowed his clerk a week to restore the money, failing this, Roger's immediate arrest was to follow.

Envy Olive's perfect confidence, Priscilla passed one or two sleepless nights. She sent Roger special invitations, and stood his friend while others turned their backs, but she could not help her growing suspicions. It became more and more difficult to believe in the betting transaction, and in the meantime he hung about the town, disdaining flight, and assuredly not disposed to acknowledge his guilt by paying Mr. Yeoman the sum he had lost.

On the third day of the probationary seven, Olive was astounded to see her sister leaving the office of Mr. Spurgeon, a rival of Mr. Yeoman; and, indeed, Priscilla would fain have kept her own counsel if it had been possible to accomplish her object without Olive's signature.

"But I don't understand," said Olive, gazing blankly into Priscilla's face.

"Easy enough," was the answer, given with a clever assumption of carelessness. "I simply wish to realize five hundred pounds."

"You will miss the interest dreadfully," cried Olive. "You will never be able to get so much again."

"I shall not want to re-invest it," murmured Priscilla.

Then their eyes met for some time in silence.

"Oh!" said Olive reproachfully, "surely you can't imagine that Roger is a thief?"

Priscilla fell weeping on her sister's neck, and made her confession. She did believe in his guilt, he had yielded to some momentary temptation, and as it did not appear that he intended to refund the money, he would certainly go to prison. With maidenly shame, Priscilla allowed Olive to read her heart; she did not attempt to hide her great love for Roger, although the younger girl could not conceive how it were possible to love a man whom one did not completely trust. But Priscilla knew. His error made no difference; she was prepared to go to any length to protect him, and so, while she insisted to all and sundry that Roger was innocent, she had taken steps to pay Mr. Yeoman just as if she felt confident of his guilt, as, indeed, she did.

The next day Mr. Spurgeon advanced the five hundred pounds, and acting on Priscilla's instructions, handed it over to his colleague with all possible secrecy, Roger Dewhurst at once receiving an intimation that the sooner he quitted the town the better.

He came to see Priscilla the same evening, finding her unwontedly nervous. He was curious to know who had bought him off, and inclined to pray to be saved from his friends. Priscilla blushed for him when she heard how he tried still to brave it out.

"Anyhow," he said, gloomily, "I shall have to cut Westcastle, and to get another berth will be out of the question. I fancy my only plan will be to go to London and open an office on my own account."

Olive tried to keep her eyes from Priscilla's face, feeling, indeed, not a little angry with her sister in these days, inasmuch as in a manner she had gone over to the enemy. As to Priscilla, she felt extremely miserable, wondering whether it could be possible that Dewhurst was bad in grain, yet never questioning that she should marry him if he asked her, as she believed in due course he would do. Her life was his, and if he were as bad as she was sometimes tempted to believe, let it be for her to try to make him better.

Before Roger Dewhurst had time to leave Westcastle, however, the truth came out. Some suspicious circumstances came to Mr. Yeoman's knowledge; further inquiries were made, to be followed by his son's confession and flight. Now Priscilla wished more than ever that her trust had been as complete as Olive's. But the discovery of her mistake served only to increase her love, and she devoutly hoped that he might never find out what she had done. Roger's face looked radiant once more; he became a kind of idol of the town, the people could not make too much of him, and moreover the defalcation of Mr. Yeoman's son at once improved his prospects.

At first Roger had been averse from returning to the office, but a promise was made of a speedy partnership, and after his re-instatement, his visits to Priscilla became more frequent than ever. A man of few words, he could not refrain from giving vent to his gratitude.

"When almost everybody was against me," he said, "you two remained faithful. I can't tell you what it meant to have someone to stand by me."

He saw Olive's eyes on her sister's tearful face, and he took a hand of each. After he had gone that evening, Priscilla became very silent, feeling an abhorrence of the deceit she was practising, yet entirely lacking the courage to make a confession. How could she at the moment when he was thanking her for her trust, admit that she had doubted his innocence almost from the outset?

Nothing was said, and several weeks passed; Mr. Yeoman began to hold up his head again and a deed of partnership was being prepared in the office. At last everything was arranged, the deed was signed, and leaving the office early, Roger turned his steps towards the house where so much of his time was now spent. He had made up his mind to ask Priscilla to marry him, as soon as he became Mr. Yeoman's partner, and now he was certainly losing no time. It was a beautiful afternoon, and as he walked towards the common, Roger swung his stick and lighted a cigarette; then he met Mr. Spurgeon.

"Ah, Dewhurst," he exclaimed, "I haven't had an opportunity of congratulating you—which way are you going?"

"To Miss Pringle's," was the answer.

"I suppose," suggested Spurgeon with a laugh, "it won't be long now before you will be wanting our congratulations about something else too—eh?"

"Well, I hope it won't," said Roger.

"Upon my soul," continued Spurgeon, "you'll have a magnificent woman for a wife."

"Anyhow," returned Roger, "you encourage me to be hopeful."

Mr. Spurgeon hesitated a moment:

"I don't suppose," he said, "you would ever know if I didn't tell you. But it seems to me it's the sort of thing a man would like to know about his wife."

"What's that?" demanded Roger, looking considerably astonished.

"You never found out who it was that mustered the five hundred pounds to satisfy Yeoman at the time I'm afraid we all thought—"

"Not all," said Roger, hastily.

"Well, no, not quite, but very nearly. Even when she thought you were guilty it made no difference. That good girl Priscilla came to me, sold out some stock, and handed over the five hundred—"

"Priscilla?" ejaculated Roger.

"Yes, Priscilla Pringle," was the answer.

After Spurgeon had walked on Roger still stood on the same spot; but a few minutes later set out rapidly to the house. He found the two girls in the small drawing-room; Priscilla, the shorter and thinner, with her charming oval face and dark hair, not without an expression of anxiety. Priscilla looked older and even slightly faded of late, but Olive had never appeared to greater advantage. She was fairer than her sister, with a well developed figure and less restless eyes. Her disposition was far more equable, and she was the first to hold out her hand to the guest.

He seemed, however, not to see it, and turned at once to face Priscilla:

"So," he exclaimed, "you've let me live in a fools' paradise all this time."

"I suppose," Roger continued, "I ought to thank you for what was meant as a great kindness."

"Yes," murmured Priscilla, "it was meant as a kindness."

He stood looking down at her bowed head for a second or two, then suddenly raised his eyes to Olive, standing behind her sister's chair.

"Did you think I was guilty, too, then?" he asked, and although she had loved him a long while, she hated her victory over Priscilla, who felt the girl's hands pressing hard on her shoulders.

"No," faltered Olive; "I never questioned your innocence, Roger."

He continued to visit the house almost as often, but Priscilla knew that her chance was gone. She had done for him what only a woman who loved him sincerely could do; but she had distrusted him, and that fact counterbalanced every other. During the next few months Priscilla stood by and saw Olive trying to dissemble her growing happiness, until a day came when he asked her to be his wife. Then it became Priscilla's turn to dissemble; she assured Olive that although it may have been true that she was fond of Roger once upon a time, his own recent conduct had entirely cured her, until now she could welcome him whole-heartedly as a brother.

Although Olive, having a simpler and more confiding nature, was agreeably deceived, there was surprise in Westcastle when Roger's engagement to the younger Miss Pringle became known, for certainly everybody had expected him to marry the elder.

[The End.]

## PERSONAL MENTION.

Capt. (Chaplain) Vipond returned last week after a leave of absence of fourteen days.

Staff-Sergt. Moss left for Shoreham-by-Sea on escort duty Friday morning.

N. Sister Kirk left Thursday for London for a two weeks' stay.

N. Sister Patterson leaves to-day on a two weeks' vacation in various part of England.

N. Sister Tripp is visiting London this week.

N. Sister Refroy returned Monday from London.

N. Sister Popham is on special duty at the sisters' home.

Our new matron, Miss Edith Campbell, assumed the duties of her office on Friday morning.

Ptes. Turner and Cairns spent the week-end in Manchester.

N. Sister Kidd has been taken on the strength of the staff.

N. Sister Shagnhissy departed for duty at the C.A.M.C. training school on the 16th.

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