

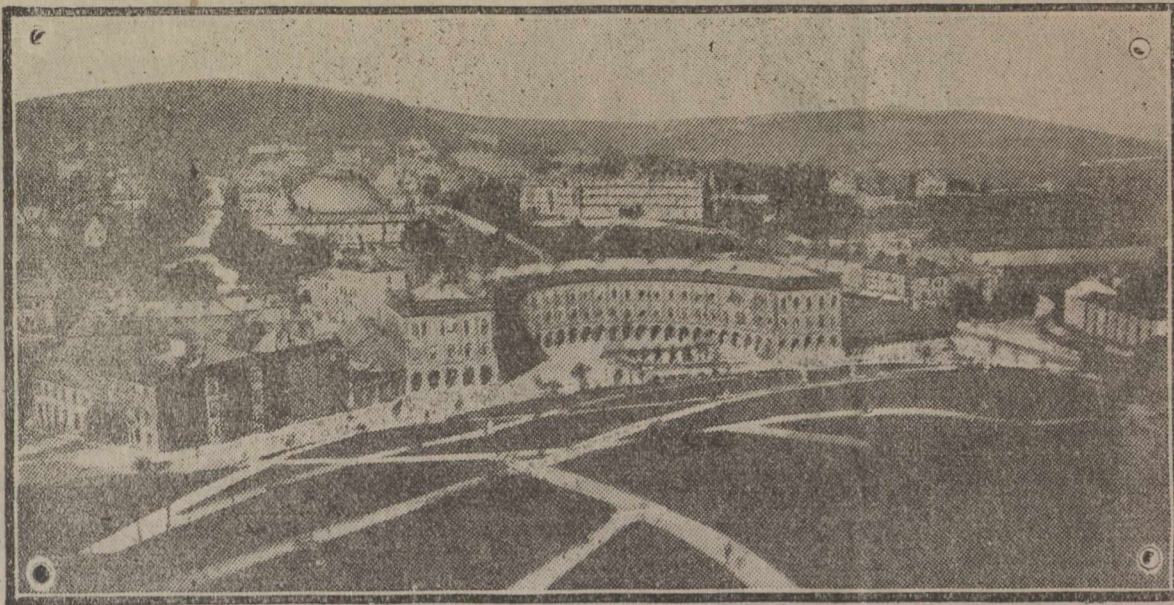
# THE CANADIAN RED CROSS SPECIAL.

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VOL. 1.

BUXTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1916.

NO. 7.



WINTER TIME AT BUXTON.

## ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN.

(By LADY HEARTSEASE.)

Dear Lidy Kind Mum.—Me an' 'Enery a' riting of these few lines to thank you for your drop o' good hadvice. I got the togs hall rite and wen I waz hall clobbered hup I has a little drop o' "Mothers' Ruin" an' I goes down to th' walk stall—an' there waz that 'ere Priscilla Zambuk an- she, showing 'er hignorance, says to my 'Enery, "Blimey mate, 'ere comes your old gal! My heve, wot a packet. My ole Pot and Pan look hup and e' sez Hemma, youse a fair knock aht. E puts 'is 'at on my 'ead an' hi puts my 'at on 'is 'ead and we walks away leaving 'ere Priscilla person in the lurch, an' 'Enery wading reel prond to walk alongside such a puffiackly dressed female lady.

We went abah to hall the pubs to sorter celebrate our reunion an' we waz 'aving a good time. You know 'ow hit his wen yer wiv a gent seeing as 'ow you gets abah wiv gents, yersel' an' a big crowd waz a follering of us oos it haint usual to see a lidy like me all dressed hup so swelllike. Well th' crowd got so big it couldn't stay peaceful like hand a big fight started. Me an' 'Enery waz pinched fer being drunk an' disorderly an' wen we waz broght hup before the beak, e' gives me a look between the glad eye an' awink an' 'e sez to 'Enery if that's yer wife I will let yer hoff wiv a caution cos I don't blame yer fer gettin' yer hops in, wich shows some of 'em beaks 'as got cence an' noes female beauty wen 'e sees hie.

Me an' 'Enery is now settled down an' 'appy, an' hany time you cum arahnd are way just drop hin an' see us ham' yer can 'ave happyfink yer wants, a drop o' gin or a pint o' stah't—an' if yer wants a real ole Beano list yer cum dahnd 'ere next Bankoldy an' me an' 'Enery will take yer to good ole 'Ampstead 'Eaph. I got a fine concertina an' 'Enery as got a lovely little mouf organ an' we boof plays a fine treat.—Yours truly lovingly,

HEMMA, an' 'ENERY AWKINS.

Dear Lady Heartsease,—I am very much in love with a nice young lady. I am a Canadian and have not had much experience with ladies. I would very much like to marry her, but when I meet her I feel so shy and embarrassed that I cannot screw up enough nerve to tell her of my love. I go to see her every evening and she is taking care of my pet white rats for me. How can I tell if she loves me?

Corpl. FAINTHEART.

Answer:

Dear Corpl. Faintheart,—I know that all Canadians are very shy and bashful, but don't you worry. If she allows you to meet her every evening and takes care of your nasty old rats I am quite sure that she has already chosen her wedding dress and has, in all probability fixed the date of the wedding. When you know women a little better you won't ask such foolish questions. My advice to you is to grab her.

LADY HEARTSEASE.

Dear Lady Heartsease,—I need your advice. You see I am such a very pretty, charming and desirable person that a number of young men are full of love for me.

There is Clarence in the R.F.C., who is just up in the air about me; Archie of the Motor Transport, who is driven crazy about me; Freddy of the Artillery, whose heart is just blown to pieces with emotion for me; Bertie the Bomb Thrower who is heaving with love; Percy of the Infantry, footsore and weary from marching back and forth from his camp to see me, and Harold of the Hussars whose heart gallops so rapidly when he meets me. It is very inconvenient to be so beautiful and to have so many and such ripping boys madly in love with me. Which one shall I accept when they bombard me with proposals of marriage?

FLOSSIE FAIRLEY TRUTHFUL.

Answer:

Dear Flossie,—Don't you think you had better wait until the young men propose to you—if indeed any of them ever do lose their mental balance to such an extent—before you allow

yourself to become worried as to your choice? It appears to me that you are suffering from a very modern complaint called "philappentitis" and the sufferers are obsessed with the idea that every young man who looks at them is in love with them. I would advise, as a cure, strict seclusion and no novel reading for ten years; at the end of which time, having ceased to be a flapper, your good sense will guide you.

LADY HEARTSEASE.

## MUSICAL FEAST ON FRIDAY NIGHT.

The Orchestra Astonishes the Audience by the Excellence of its Playing.

A program of rare excellence was rendered on Friday night last in Recreation Hall that would be hard to surpass. At its conclusion a screaming burlesque was put on which convulsed the audience and kept them in a continual roar of laughter from start to finish. The "skit" was a take-off on the drama, "Lord Aubrey's Jewels," staged during the week in the same hall by a troupe from the Devonshire Hospital, and Sergeant-Major Carpenter, out of whose fertile brain the piece evolved, deserves great credit for the laughable manner in which it was produced. The playing of the orchestra, which opened the program, was superb, and was a revelation to those who heard it. The quartette, composed of Sergeants Scott, Osgoode, Noble, and Pte. Rees, rendered several pleasing numbers in good form, which were greatly appreciated. Misses Ryan and Longbottom each contributed vocal selections in their well-known excellent style, while each of the members of the quartette rendered solos that received merited applause. Sergt.-Major Carpenter, in his comic song entitled, "In These Hard Times," brought down the house, as he always does. The Sergt.-Major has a fine stage presence and is perfectly at home before the footlights. Mrs. Phipps and Corporal Cunningham alternated at the piano as accompanists.

### TOOK NO RISKS.

The kirk in a Scottish village was in need of repair, so Sandy McNab was invited to collect subscriptions for the purpose. One day the minister met Sandy walking irresolutely along the road, and at once guessed the cause. "Man, Sandy," he said, earnestly, "I'm sorry to see ye in this state." "Ah, weel, it's for the good o' the cause," replied the delinquent quite happily. "Ye see, meenister, it's a' through these subscriptions, I've been down the glen collectin' fun's, an' at every hoose they made me have a wee drappie." "Every hoose! But—but—surely, Sandy, here are some of the kirk members who are teetotalers?" "Aye, there are; but I wrote tae those!"—*The Tattler*

## A "TALE" OF A SHIRT.

OR  
THE MYSTERY OF A BACHELOR BUTTON.

One of the sergeant patients had the misfortune the other day to lose a button from the back of his trousers, and to relieve the responsibility resting on the remaining button he procured what is known as a bachelor button. Now, a bachelor button is a handy contrivance in two parts, one of which is pointed and snaps into the other. His next move was to get someone to put it on for him, so he secured the services of the "staff" for the delicate operation, but the latter surreptitiously put the sharp end of the button through both trousers and shirt, then snapped on the other end, firmly securing both together. The question now is, how did the sergeant disrobe, as the one garment could not be pulled up nor the other down. Or did he "go to bed with his trousers on," as the nursery rhyme goes? Thereby hangs the tale.

## INTRODUCTION BUREAU.

By "THE HEART SPECIALIST."

This department will be a permanent feature of this paper.

In order to obtain any benefit from this column you must observe the few following rules:

1. In replying to these adds. (which are genuine) you must quote the number of the person you wish to correspond with.
2. When you wish to learn the address of a person who has advertised, you must write your application to "The Heart Specialist," Canadian Red Cross Special Hospital, Buxton.
3. Every communication must be accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope. If these rules are not complied with no attention will be paid to your letter. No fee is charged.

1. I am young lady, aged 25, medium height, brown hair and eyes; can work; good housekeeper; would like to correspond with a nice Canadian Soldier.
2. Young lady, age 22, ladylike, refined, and considered pretty, would welcome correspondence of Canadian soldier.
3. Young Lady (resident of Buxton), age 26, blond, pleasant disposition, jolly, would like to correspond with Canadian Soldier.
4. English girl, vaudeville artiste; fair, tall, cheerful and jolly, invites correspondence; age 21 years. D.W.
5. English girl, age 18; tall, musical, cheerful disposition, will write jolly letters to Canadian Soldier. J.W.
6. A Widow, age 38; entertaining, pleasant disposition, would like to correspond with Canadian about same age.
7. A Bugler Corporal, age 22, would like to correspond with nice young lady.
8. Young Man on troopship would like to correspond with young lady.
9. Middle-aged Widow, in business for self, would like to correspond with Canadian about 35 years of age, or older.

Editor's Note.—Anyone wishing to have an address sent to them will please send applications to "Heart Specialist" and all communications will be treated with absolute privacy and in strict confidence.

## WEDDING BELLS.

MEMBER OF THE STAFF TAKES  
UNTO HIMSELF A BRIDE.

One of the pleasantest of the hospital's activities last week was the presentation on Saturday of a handsome silver service to Pte. William Oatham on the occasion of his marriage to Miss Susan Grimes, of 59, London Road, Buxton, the ceremony taking place later in the afternoon in St. John's Church. The presentation was made by Major Frederick Guest, Commanding Officer, in a few appropriate words, to which the recipient replied to the best of his ability, being taken by surprise and visibly affected. On the evening previous at the home of the bride a supper and sing-song had been tendered to the members of the staff and a jolly time was had by all present. By way of a joke the bridegroom was made to miss two trains by the members of the staff, and then, at the third attempt, the taxi stalled between the starting point and the station. However, if there is any truth in the old saying that poor beginnings make good endings, it augurs well for the future happiness of the newly weds.

As on the battle daily goes

Death doth a harvest reap;  
The price of meat is soaring high,  
But human flesh is cheap.

## CANADIANS INVADE CHAPEL-EN-LE-FRITH.

Almost the Entire Population  
Present at a Successful  
Entertainment.

On Monday evening about thirty entertainers from the hospital in two large motor-cars and a motor truck went to Chapel-en-le-Frith to give an entertainment in the commodious picture house there, and the result was that probably the best program ever given by the Canadian Red Cross Special Hospital was presented to a delighted audience that filled the hall almost to its capacity.

The party left the hospital at about 7 p.m., having been previously photographed, and after a quick run arrived at the enterprising little village, when the program was immediately started with an overture by the orchestra, which was well rendered and whetted the appetites of the audience for the good things to come. That the hospital has an orchestra which can produce music in professional style was not known to those present, hence a pleasant surprise. Corpl. Batley then sang a beautiful ballad entitled, "Marie, My Girl," which so pleased the audience that he had to respond to a vociferous encore. Next came the quartette, which captivated the house with their beautiful selection, "O'er the Hills at Early Dawn," which was followed by Sergt. Scott, who was at his best and sang "In an Old Fashioned Town," in fine voice, and for which he received a salvo of applause. Again the quartette appeared, dressed as "bobbies," in their comical song, "The Policemen," and again the audience showed their appreciation by vociferous applause. They were followed by Moore and Burgess with their dancing Martinettes, and kept the house in an uproar. "The Rag-pickers" and "The Quaker Girl" by the orchestra, were well received, after which Pte. Rees won the hearts of those present. He was followed by Master Kronn, a juvenile pianist of rare ability, whose fingering of the keyboard was a revelation. He was compelled to respond to an encore. The quartette then gave a selection entitled "Catastrophe," which delighted all present, followed by Pte. Williams, who sang with fine expression the popular song, "Long Live the King," receiving well-merited applause. "The Slipshodys," in a comical song in costume, two of them having very good make-ups as dashing romances, then completely captured the audience by both the song and the way they acted their parts. Miss Dee, who is certainly a graceful little dancer, next gave an Irish dance, which took so well it had to be repeated. Sergeant-Major Carpenter, who was master of ceremonies, next brought the house to their feet with several witty stories and the catchy song, "In These Hard Times," which he rendered with perfect Cockney dialect. Sergt. Osgoode, in appropriate costume, next gave "Major-General Worthington," and to say that the audience was pleased is putting it rather mildly. After a recitation, "The Parson's Son," which is a tale of the Yukon, had been rendered in dramatic manner, by Private Worthing, the audience rose to their feet while the company of entertainers sang "O, Canada," and "The Maple Leaf," then all joined in singing "God Save the King."

Tea was then served in one of the rooms in the basement, and after a hurried packing up of costumes, instruments, etc., the party boarded their cars in the presence of almost the entire population, for whom three cheers were given. The ride back to the hospital, enhanced by the singing of popular songs and the tooting of horns, was all too short, although for a time it looked as though the party were in for a ducking. However, Jupiter Pluvius kindly stayed his hand, and so the happy crowd reached the hospital and retired to their couches with the consciousness of having passed a very enjoyable evening and also of having afforded a great deal of pleasure to a large number of other people.

### TINY TRUTHS.

Love nowadays is often spelt Love.

Always on the watch.—The hands.

Dreams, unfortunately, have no cash value.

Men talk to amuse others, but women talk just to amuse themselves.

Adapted Proverb.—A box in the hand is worth two on the ear.

Almost anybody would rather be an unpopular talker than a popular listener.

Whatever sense a man may have he puts in cold storage when he falls in love.

How many of us when we say we are doing our very best are telling the strict truth?

There are some people who have no enthusiasm except when they sit down to dinner.

A man wouldn't think it home if he couldn't throw his overcoat over the back of a chair.

### PERSONAL MENTION.

Sergt. J. Henderson left on Tuesday on escort duty and spent a few days in Folkestone.

Sergt. Bob Leith returned recently from a trip to Scotland.

Sergt.-Major Pegg returned this week from Bramshott, where he had been on escort duty. Pte. Chanev, who was taken ill on Saturday evening and has been in hospital, is in process of recovery.

Pte. Wilkes spent six days in the vicinity of Leeds and reports an enjoyable outing.



"SUCH A HEADACHE."

**THE CANADIAN RED CROSS SPECIAL.**

Editor and Business Manager ..... G. T. Duncan.  
 Treasurer ..... Sergt. C. L. Granecome.  
 Associate Editor ..... J. B. Ransome.  
 Artist ..... A. Webster.  
 Sporting Editor ..... Sergt. Anderson.  
 Registered as a newspaper for transmission abroad.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1916.

**CIVILIZED WARFARE.**

As a humorist Kaiser Bill is refreshing. On Saturday last the following dispatch from Geneva appeared in one of the leading London dailies:

"It is understood that the German government proposes to lodge a complaint with the International Red Cross Society here against the use of the so-called 'tanks' as being contrary to the recognized methods of civilized warfare."

In another column of the same paper appeared the following:

"It is only too well established that the Germans have been in the habit of keeping women in their trenches usually captives from the invaded territories."

"Hitherto it has not been possible to ascertain the experiences of these wretched victims, but three such have now been found living in the North of France, who have escaped from captivity."

Their stories of the horrible treatment while serving their ferocious taskmasters, and of the shooting of vast numbers of Belgians on the slightest pretext, are of poignant human interest.

"One of the three is a young, married woman, with three children; the other two are girls, one of whom comes of highly respectable people, her parents having kept a large jewellery shop in one of the Belgian cities. The girl of superior education tells the best story."

"She and her two brothers, aged 14 and 16, happened to be in Brussels when the Germans broke into Belgium."

"The boys, with the imprudence of youth, went out to see the Germans marching into the town, and on the slightest pretext presumably they were taken and shot."

"The sister returned home, and her father sent her off with a crowd of refugees to seek security in France."

"But this train, containing over a thousand people, was cut off by the Germans near Amiens, and those who were unable to escape, as many did over open country—a large number of them were picked off by riflemen in their efforts to get away—were thoroughly searched and deprived of everything they possessed. Unquestioning, immediate obedience to all and every order was one of the first lessons taught them, and as an example to the rest, numbers were shot for the smallest offence."

And this is the Kaiser's idea of civilized warfare! But those "tanks," in which the Kaiser sees an engine of warfare which will very likely have a great influence in bringing him to his knees (one of which is said to have captured a whole battalion) are "contrary to civilized warfare." The Allies have been only too backward in meeting the Germans with their own weapons, and if the "tanks" are as destructive as they are said to be, we say "more power to 'em."

**NE T'EN FAIS JAMAIS. (DON'T WORRY).**

When one is a soldier, it is one of two things. Either one is behind or in front. If one is behind, there is no need to worry. If one is in front, there are two alternatives; one is either in a dangerous place or in a "cushy" place. If it be a cushy place, there is no need to worry.

If one be in a dangerous place, it is one of two things; one is either wounded or one is not. If one be not, there is no need to worry. If one be wounded, it is one of two things. One is either seriously wounded or lightly wounded. If one be lightly wounded, there is no need to worry. If one be seriously wounded, it is one of two things. One either recovers or one dies. If one recover, there is no need to worry. If one die, one cannot worry. Under these circumstances the real "Tommy" never worries.

(Translated with apologies, from "Le Courrier de l'Armée.")

**RHYME, ROT, AND REASON.**

**A BAD DREAM.**

I dreamt I died last night and met St. Peter at the gate  
 And asked him that I be allowed into that heavenly state;  
 Said he: "You were not very bad down in that world of sin,  
 And tho' you had a lot of faults, I guess I'll let you in."

Now, when I lived below I was as lonesome as could be,  
 And did not wish to be that way for all eternity;  
 Said I to Peter: "Are there any here from where I came?"  
 "Oh, no," said he, "from Buxton town I cannot find a name."

I thought with grief of all my friends who'd died and gone before  
 And could not bear to think that I would see them nevermore!  
 So, turning to the good old saint, I this to him did say:  
 "Just slip to me a transfer—I'll go down the other way."

Of course you'll realize that this was nothing but a dream,  
 But it gave me an awful jolt, so real did it seem;  
 And when my time has really come and upward I should go,  
 I hope to meet from Buxton town a couple of friends or so.

—G. T. Duncan.

Mary had a little lamb,  
 Which had a lovely fleece,  
 She clipped its wool and made two coats  
 Which brought ten bob apiece.

Don't try to do some silly thing  
 To gain a Victoria cross,  
 Because if you do, you may find that you  
 Of your life may suffer a loss,  
 And it's better to live a few years more,  
 Tho' perhaps you won't be called brave  
 Than to pull off a stunt out there at the front  
 And then fill a darn fool's grave.

**BRITAIN AYE MUST WIN.**

(By G. T. DUNCAN.)

In days of old, when knights were bold,  
 They fought with the sword and lance,  
 And they sailed away, as they do to-day  
 To the shores of Bonnie France;  
 There, side by side, they fought till they died,  
 And throughout the war's fierce din,  
 Their battle cry that reached to the sky,  
 Was: "Britain aye must win!"

'Tis the same to-day, tho' it's not the way  
 That the men of Britain fight,  
 But the soldiers know, before they go,  
 Their cause is just and right;  
 And with their last breath, as they meet their death,  
 E'er they leave this world of sin  
 You will hear them cry, with a deep-drawn sigh:  
 "Britain must always win!"

On that other shore, 'mid the cannon's roar,  
 As onward the years doth roll,  
 Full many a son, when Victory is won  
 Will be found to have paid the toll;  
 But when peace comes at last, and these dark days are past,  
 Tho' we've sacrificed kith and kin,  
 We'll be able to say, 'till the Judgment day  
 That "Britain must always win!"

**INFANTRY.**

We've met them out in the desert, in the wind  
 And dust and sun,  
 We've met them tramping home again, when  
 The long day's march was done,  
 They've passed us "Skirmishing order," they've  
 Passed us "Column of route,"  
 We ride on horses, limbers, and wagons, but  
 They do it all "on the boot."

With a blasted pack and a haversack, belt and  
 entrenching tool,  
 Bayonet, rifle, and overcoat, to help to keep  
 them cool  
 A quart of water they mustn't touch, two hun-  
 dred rounds to suit,  
 It's only Infantry training, doing it all on  
 the boot!

They've taken the whole of the desert and  
 handed it back again,  
 There isn't a hill they haven't charged, there  
 isn't an open plain  
 The infantry haven't been over, sweating,  
 solemn and mute,  
 Suffering "Infantry training," doing it all on  
 the boot.

At the first grey sign of dawning you'll hear  
 their bugles blow  
 And the Band misusing the family march as  
 round the camp, they go,  
 They pass while we're at "Stables," marching  
 in "Column of route,"  
 Going out for their training, doing it all on  
 the boot.

We're home and watering horses, when they  
 come marching through  
 From twenty miles in the desert, with guards  
 that night to do;  
 Sunburnt, dusty, and weary, solemn, sweating  
 and mute,  
 Infantry in from training, doing it all on the  
 boot.

Charging the empty sandhills, skirmishing over  
 the plain,  
 Tearing out miles of trenches and filling them  
 in again,  
 Day after day they're at it. You mounted beg-  
 gars, salute!  
 The men in the infantry, training, doing it all  
 on the boot!

"Your Majesty," said the chief cook timidly  
 to the cannibal king, "the new missionary is  
 enveloped in a complete suit of armour from  
 head to foot."  
 "Then send him away," returned his  
 Majesty, indifferently; "I never could bear  
 tinned goods."

First Tommy: "Hexcuse me, but did you  
 uesteep keep a fish shop in the Old Kent Road?"  
 Second Ditto: "I did, mate."  
 First Ditto: "Well, I ran a welk barrer  
 there."

Second Ditto: "What! You ain't the bloke  
 'as 'ad that welk barrer? Well, I'm blowed,  
 fancy you meetin' me 'ere, equals like. Bless  
 if this war don't 'arf level some of us down,  
 don't it?"

This is what she said  
 When I asked her to wed —  
 "Go to father!"

For she knew that I knew  
 That her father was dead;  
 And she knew that I knew  
 What a life he had led.

And she knew that I knew  
 What she meant when she said  
 "Go to father!"

A man charged at West London with being  
 drunk and disorderly denied the latter charge,  
 saying, "My legs gave way, but I was all right  
 in my head." Mr. de Grey: A part of the whole  
 is contained in the whole, and therefore if one  
 part goes wrong the whole goes wrong. So if  
 your legs were disorderly, you were disorderly  
 because they were a part of you.

**THE 7th S.L.I.**

(SENT FROM THE TRENCHES.)

As the sun was setting o'er Ypres town  
 A band of warriors were standing aroun',  
 Bespattered with mud and covered with grime  
 (They'd just returned from the firing line).  
 Tired and weary with battle's dread din,  
 Their thoughts went back to their own kith and  
 kin.

While the deadly missiles screamed overhead  
 And round about them their comrades lay dead.  
 These men were a part of the 7th Somersets,  
 Who'd been fighting like hell to square up old  
 debts.

Giving Fritz "socks" 'mid the gases' dread  
 stench,  
 While the gallant Canadians regained a lost  
 trench;

For five days they stuck it without a thought  
 of pain,  
 While bullets and shrapnel fell 'round them  
 like rain,  
 So now, tired and weary, these men 'rom the  
 west

Were going to "Pop" for a well earned rest,  
 Where with good food and a cooler of ale  
 They'd forget their passage thro' death's dark  
 vale;  
 And when (those now fighting at peace once  
 again)  
 The "Canucks" have returned to their homes  
 o'er the main

There's a regiment they'll praise all through  
 life till they die—  
 The old Western Bulldogs, the 7th S.L.I.

**TWO PARODIES.**

(By Pte. Nicholas Riley of the Twenty-third King's Liverpools.)

Tune—"Somewhere the Sun is Shining."  
 Somewhere o'er in France the shells are flying,  
 Gallant heroes lie on every side,  
 Somewhere in the Homeland hearts a-sighing,  
 Sighing for their sons who nobly died;  
 They have kept the dear old flag flying,  
 Tho' thousands lay upon the blood-soaked plain,  
 Their dead lips cry out aloud for vengeance,  
 Do not let them cry to you in vain.

Chorus—

Somewhere your mates are calling,  
 Somewhere on land and sea,  
 Somewhere your mates are falling,  
 To keep your Empire free;  
 List to the call of duty,  
 Take rifle, sword, or lance,  
 And help your gallant comrades,  
 Some-where, Some-where in France.

Somewhere on the sea our mighty Navy  
 Watches for the foe who if he dared,  
 Would come and hurl destruction on our home-  
 steads

Not a little babies would be spared,  
 'Mid the storms and rages of the ocean  
 The sailor must his lonely vigil keep,  
 And there's many a gallant blue clad hero,  
 His duty done now sleeps beneath the deep.

**Tune—"When I lost you."**

Throughout the land, came the command,  
 Britons your King needs you,  
 Your freedom at stake, Britons awake,  
 Britons your King needs you.

Chorus—

"I must not lose," said Britannia,  
 Now that the day is due,  
 I could depend on your fathers  
 Can I depend on you?  
 I've kept my honours quite spotless  
 Sons are they nothing to you,  
 I ask every Briton that knows he's a fit one  
 Won't you join too?

Your brothers have died,  
 They sank 'neath the tide,  
 Britons they died for you,  
 Their ghosts of the free calls from the sea,  
 Britons we died for you.

**THE SOLDIERS TEN COMMANDMENTS.**

- 1st.—Thou shalt challenge all persons approach-  
ing thee.
- 2nd.—Thou shalt not send any graven image of  
any airship in the heavens above, or of  
any fortifications on the earth beneath,  
nor any drawing of any submarine in the  
waters under the earth; for I the Censor  
am a jealous censor, visiting the iniqui-  
ties of the offender with seven days C.B.,  
but having mercy unto thousands by let-  
ting their letters go free who keep my  
commandments.
- 3rd.—Thou shalt not take the name of the O.C.  
in vain; thou wilt get soaked sure if the  
Sergeant-Major is around.
- 4th.—Remember a Soldier's week consists of  
seven days. Six days shalt thou labour,  
and do all thy work, and the seventh thou  
shalt do all thy odd jobs.
- 5th.—Honour thy King and Country. Keep thy  
rifle well oiled that thy days may be long  
upon the land which the enemy giveth  
thee.
- 6th.—Thou shalt not kill—time.
- 7th.—Thou shalt not use thy mess tin as a  
shaving mug.
- 8th.—Thou shalt not steal thy comrade's kit,  
nor pinch his best girl when he is on  
leave.
- 9th.—Thou shalt not bear false witness against  
thy tent mate, but thou shalt observe dis-  
creet silence as to his goings out and  
his coming in.
- 10th.—Thou shalt not covet thy Sergeant's  
post, nor thy Corporal's, nor thy Field  
Marshalls, but by dint of perseverance  
rise to the high position that is awaiting  
thee.

KALEX.

**LOST! LOST!! LOST!!!**

Between Canadian Hospital and South Ave-  
 nue, a Lady's brooch, amethyst and pearl set-  
 ting; suitable reward if returned to J. B. Ran-  
 some, Canadian Red Cross Special Hospital.

The Canadian Red Cross Special covers more  
 territory than any other paper of its kind in  
 existence.

# HERE & THERE

BY ZETO.

MENTAL MEANDERINGS OF A TEMPERATE, TEMPORARY TRANSIENT OFFICER.

**A**MONG the verbal products of the war is the "profiteer." The loathsome rascal, known now-a-days by this new name, is the same old rascal—and there are enough of him to make a division, in numbers, but not a Corporal's guard in courage and patriotism—who in every age has regarded every emergency and every catastrophe of other people from a business point of view. The greater the catastrophe, the deeper the sorrow, the more keen the need of others, the bigger opportunity he sees to indulge his insatiable greed of gain and love of profit. From what has been evidenced during the war the soul-lost profiteer has not been confined to any trade or line of business. While every trade, calling and profession has given its quota of heroes and true patriots, there has been an undesirable residuum, in many callings—from that of milk dealer to that of shipowner, with whom the call to sacrifice, the need of the wounded, the moans of the sorrow-laden have been just so much gladly-seized opportunity for more profit. Strafe these parasites wherever and whosoever they may be, but if distinction can be made where all is or all are loathsome and soulless, the most loathsome of the profiteers is the ghoul, who during the first hours of pain and poignant sorrow evoked by death of a dear one rushes at the sorrow-laden with his hideous wares—"memorial verses." This ghoul of profiteers of course finds his victims only among the simple and more or less uneducated classes; the very conditions of life which should be their protection and which would appeal to the chivalry of all manly and decent thinking people are seized by these conscienceless souls as their great opportunity. They play and prey alike upon the literary ignorance and the love for their dead, of their victims. The greater the ignorance and the deeper the affection of the former the more the ghoul gets out of them. How extensively the ghoul who writes hideous memorial lines is pursuing his infamous calling is evidenced in the death columns of many provincial newspapers, especially after the official publication of lists of casualties. The columns devoted to "Killed in Action" or "Died of Wounds" will teem with "memorial lines" of worse than dogrel. Not infrequently the same "memorial line," purposing to be a personal inspiration, will be found doing duty for half a dozen different "casualties" in the same column. For the poor sorrow-laden, heart-broken wives, mothers and fathers in whose names these "memorial lines" are put forth we have nothing but the tenderest sympathy. For the ghouls who have exploited the affections of these broken hearted wives and mothers, for & s. d., we have nothing but loathing and contempt as great as that we have for any Hun. If only the brave "Tom," "Will" or "Jack" who has found the soldier's grave in France could know that his "death in action" has been made the opportunity by a "brother" Englishman, who stayed at home, to make a trade out of the affections of his dear ones and to besmear the record of his gallant death with dogrel at so much per line, he would surely wish to rise from his grave, grasp his rifle and bayonet and deal with the ghoul as he had dealt with the Hun.

**H**AVING to some extent worked off the nasty taste that followed the perusal of the columns with memorial lines in a couple of newspapers, let us think and write of more humane things than ghouls. To go to the other extreme let us record it that some one with a joy of living and with the joy of enabling others to know the joy of living, suggested this week that the officers and nursing sisters who were off duty hold a picnic at Matlock Bath. The Commanding Officer concurring; and the weather proving propitious, the picnic materialized on Wednesday afternoon. Two "char-a-bancs" covered the 22 miles to Matlock Bath in—well—somewhere within the legal limit. Half a dozen row-boats sufficed to carry us a quarter of a mile up the River—the River—the River—er (its name will be found in all school geographies). High up on the cliffs we fed, al fresco. The beauties of Derbyshire—by which will be understood the trees, woodlands, dales, hills, valleys, streams and brooks, and not feminities, were a revelation to many of the party. Happily conceived and well carried out, the picnic provided a day of pleasant incidents and happy memories for all, including even the indefatigable Q.M.

**T**O the native Canadian the distinctive features of England and English scenery have the charm of novelty. To the Canadian, English-born, these have the charm of old associations revived. While there is no more keen Canadian there is no more intense lover of England and things English than Captain Thurgar. He knows his England. He can speak by the hour on England's charms, on her fruit and her flowers, her fields and her gardens, her dales and her woods and the things that grow therein from the ancient blasted oak to the unsuspected nettle. "Blasted oak" is quite correct and rather poetical, but Captain Thurgar only reaches such heights of adjectival eloquence when he holds forth on "the unsuspected nettle."

**S**YMPATHY is a delightful quality; in children the evidence of it is a happy omen, but the occasion and manner of manifesting it should be taught as part of the ethical curriculum of young people, particularly caddies. The way of the golfer is hard—and wide, very wide—very often, particularly in the case of those who have not out their golfing teeth. There is more than one such in the officers' mess, so you cannot guess who the particular officer was who received such sympathetic encouragement from his caddy a few hours ago. The party, four officers, an "official" scorer and the caddies had arrived on a green where the bogey is five. One officer tottered up his strokes for that hole—12. "That's awful," he said. "I think I had better give up golf and go back to marbles." The 3 feet 2 inches of caddy snuggled up alongside him and in kind encouraging tones whispered, very audibly: "Never mind, Sir, you did it in 18 last week." Dear, nice little chap, that caddy; full of heart and sympathy, but too much memory for his size considering the job on which he is engaged.

**CAPT. THURGAR** was one of the first contingent and has had a large share of the fun in France. He never talks of what he has seen and done, but it does not require a Sherlock Holmes to detect in him an experienced trench digger. Just watch him for five minutes when he is on certain parts of the links. We suppose it is the memory of those days "somewhere in France," or something else that gets possession of him, and with his trenching tool, we mean his golfing iron, he makes the nicest little miniature trenches imaginable.

**WE** do not wish to turn this department into a golf yarnery, but an occasional afternoon on the links does give one food for reflection, especially if you go round in good company. There is Captain Macdonald for instance. He is excellent company—a bit of a philosopher, more of a linguist, and in a few years will be a bit of a golfer. We knew another good fellow not very long ago, now doing duty as M.O. in Solonika with whom once or twice in the early days of last spring we went round the links in a corner of England. That good fellow was the cause of our breaking out into pigrel on one occasion. And as we went round Fairfield links with Captain Macdonald a few days ago that other good fellow and that bit of pigrel came back to memory. Here's the pigrel brought up-to-date by the mere changing of the officer's name:

Lumps of earth flying high!  
Chunks of England in the sky!  
Have the Germans come at last?  
Is the Empire's glory past?  
Shall we read: "A wireless from Berlin":  
'My brave soldiers by subterranean passage  
have got in?'

That the high explosive and the blasting of the green  
Came from mouth of cannon on a submarine?  
Is this Potsdam at its worst,  
Seeking ancient links to burst?  
For that name is surely spoken  
Every time the link is broken.  
NO. In spite of sights and sounds that do appal,  
The Empire's safe—but Captain "Mac" has missed the ball.

ZETO.

## LETTER FROM THE TRENCHES.

The following letter, received by a gentleman in Buxton from his son in the trenches, was handed to the editor at his request for publication, and is self-explanatory. The writer is in the 49th Division, R.F.A., and has been in France since February 7th, 1915:

Dear Father,—Just a few lines in answer to your kind letter and papers which I received all right, and I want you to send me the Red Cross Special every week as it is a champion line paper, and after I have read them I give them to some Canadian soldiers who are working by us, and it suits them down to the ground. They are looking forward for it coming in the next mail, so I hope they won't be disappointed as they are a fine lot of fellows to work aside of.

## ENJOYABLE EVENING.

An evening of unalloyed pleasure was afforded a large number of patients and night sisters on Wednesday night by an impromptu concert in Recreation Hall, at which Miss Coles, of Vancouver was the star performer. She has a soprano voice of excellent quality, over which she has perfect control, and her efforts were greeted with outbursts of applause. The quartette sang several of their now well-known numbers, the members also contributing solos, while Sergt.-Major Carpenter entertained in his customary capable manner. Miss Dee also assisted with an Irish dance, which was thoroughly appreciated and well received. All in all the concert was one of the best yet given.

## Fun, Facts & Fancies.

**INTERESTING FACTS.**

In Russia a man may not marry more than four times.

Ironclads were originally wooden vessels protected by iron plates.

Black diamonds, found in Borneo, are the hardest substance known to man.

It is said that Rembrandt knew the Bible, word for word, from beginning to end.

The tendency to suicide is more prevalent among the educated and wealthy than among the poorer and middle classes.

More than twice as wide as Niagara and fully 50ft. higher, the falls of Igazu, in South America, are one of the great wonders of that continent.

The marriage ceremony in France, in very remote times, consisted of the man paring his nails and sending the pieces to the girl of his choice. Then they were man and wife.

A French landowner cannot will his property away from his family or to one individual. He must distribute it in certain proportions among his children irrespective of sex.

German brides once had a custom of removing a shoe after the ceremony and throwing it among the bystanders. The one who secured it was supposed to be certain of an early marriage.

It has been estimated that the progeny from a single pair of rabbits would, if allowed to breed unchecked, number nearly 12 million in three years. It would be difficult to find even standing room for these in all the underground railways of London.

The streets of London are busiest with pedestrians; on an average, between six and seven o'clock in the evening, when thousands of workers are homeward bound. The total earning capacity of London's workers is estimated at nearly £180,000,000.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—The Province of Quebec will shortly commemorate the third centenary of the landing of Louis Herbert, Canada's first farmer, and will erect a monument in the city of Quebec. Louis Herbert was an apothecary from Paris, who landed in Quebec in 1617 with his wife and children, and at once started to clear and cultivate the soil on what is now the site of the Cathedral, the Seminary and part of the upper town. With a spade as his only tool he worked and re-worked the soil until it was ready to receive seed. He threw in seed from France, planted apple and rose trees, and at last had the satisfaction of seeing the grain, flowers and fruits of his motherland waving in the breeze.

Crops in every province promise excellently. It was feared that rust and storm would damage the grain in Manitoba and Saskatchewan, but fortunately this pessimistic view appears to be unfounded. The yield in Manitoba averages 15 bus. to the acre, Saskatchewan 17 bus. Alberta, however, is having a bumper crop of all grains, wheat going no less than 35 bus. an acre. This is the second largest crop in the history of the province. The lower yields in the other prairie provinces are, however, more than compensated for by the high prices paid.

**EASTERN CANADA.**—Following on the continued rise in the price of coal, Toronto has appointed a commission to enquire into the matter, and has also asked permission to establish a Municipal Coal Yard, a very excellent provision for the winter. The disastrous forest fires in the Cochrane district have been practically extinguished by heavy rains. The official list of deaths, however, totals 252. The Government have voted one hundred thousand dollars for the relief of the destitute victims. Toronto exhibition has been a remarkable success, nearly a million people passing through the turnstiles. Toronto also comes out 4th in the International League, Montreal running a close 5th. The Infantile Paralysis scourge appears still to be a serious menace, in spite of the most stringent precautions; no less than 35 cases being reported from Ottawa.

**WESTERN CANADA.**—The most notable occurrence of the week is the extraordinary flow of immigration into the Peace River Country, due to the opening of the McArthur road north of Edmonton. There is little doubt that the Peace River Country, with its marvellous resources and magnificent climate, only needs a little development in the way of roads, trails, and telegraph to attract an enormous number of settlers. Daylight saving has not met with a cordial reception in Canada; Calgary has abandoned it after a three months' trial, and the Union of Municipalities has turned it down altogether. In sporting circles Vancouver comes out only 6th place in the North-west Baseball League, Spokane being at the top. It is reported that some very enterprising gentlemen invaded the Treasury of the Municipality of North Vancouver, and made a clear get-away with ten thousand dollars in cold cash.

**THE GLOVES CAME BACK.**

An amusing and somewhat peculiar incident occurred last week in connection with a pair of gloves. One of the sisters of the Red Cross Special Hospital had missed a pair of gloves from her room at the sisters' home, and was very much grieved and not a little angered thereat. A few days later, in company with several other sisters, the aggrieved party came to an inn, six miles away, at which they stopped to procure refreshments and a well needed rest. A pair of gloves lay on the table at which they seated themselves, and one of the sisters called the attention of the waitress to the fact that the articles in question had been left behind by two parties who had just left. On picking up the gloves a name was disclosed, and the surprise of the sister can better be imagined than described when she discovered them to be her own property. She is now trying to figure how those inanimate objects traversed the six miles between where she left them and where they were found.

**A CHALLENGE.**

Pte. J. Meredith, better known as "Taffy," one of the King's Liverpool, issues a challenge to box any man in Buxton at the weight of 9 stone 12 pounds, a boxer of the Engineers of the same weight preferred. Anyone desiring to accept this challenge can address the Sporting Editor of the "Red Cross Special," and arrangements will be made for the match.

**WANTS TO WORK. BUT—**

In a Hospital there is all sorts of ear-splitting complaints from patients.

Take for instance the bed patient that wants a permanent pass till 11.00 every night.

Another will complain that he got stewed onions for dinner instead of a nice fat chicken that was ordered by the M.O.

Another is willing to work in order to get his Khaki; the following is a conversation that passed in one of our Hospitals:

Patient: "Sergeant, Can you find me a job around here?"

Sergeant: "Yes. Get a broom, and brush out the ward."

Patient: "Oh, the M.O. says I am not to bend my back."

Sergeant: "Take a duster, and steps, and clean the windows."

Patient: "No, I couldn't do that as I get giddy when I get off my feet."

Sergeant: "Alright; go to the kitchen and help them peel the potatoes for dinner."

Patient: "What! The rheumatism would come back in my hands and I should have to take treatment again."

Sergeant: "Getting kind of fed up? Well, what sort of a job do you want?"

Patient: "Well, I thought I might get a job keeping the flies off the bed patients."

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**THE GREAT TEMPTATION.**

By RAYMOND WRIGHT.

## CHAPTER VI.

Rene and Mr. James Wilde had arrived at that stage of intimacy between man and woman when they are known by their Christian names, further than that Wilde had made love to her and they had exchanged kisses.

They had reached that point of familiarity when free discussion on any subject is tolerated and it was practically arranged that they should marry.

The company in which Rene and Wilde played were now appearing nightly in Manchester's foremost theatre and it was likely to remain there yet for some considerable time. The play was drawing-crowded houses nightly and everywhere it was discussed and talked over. The novel of the play was on sale at all the bookstalls and the press was continually applauding the merits and demerits of the piece. Its author was lionized in every quarter and his photograph appeared in nearly every publication.

Mr. James Wilde had never yet showed his true nature to Rene; he honestly felt that he had some feeling for her; but he had felt the same feeling for other women. Hitherto he had always been able to conquer all the women who crossed his path, but with Rene Oakleigh his mode of attack seemed useless. Her pristine purity seemed to holy a thing for him to violate and in a way it excited his respect. He resolved, therefore, to marry her. He had always been a scapegrace and he thought that probably marriage would put him right. In his mind he was dubious as to the efficacy of this scheme but the possibility of reform asserted itself upon him with some force besides which he felt there was no better person whom he could marry than Rene.

Mr. Wilde's record was not a clean one. Two years at a public school then expulsion; after that a year at the Varsity which he was compelled to leave in disgrace. The next step was the Army in which he bade fair to rise, and would have done so had it not been for his ungovernable temper. He quarrelled with an officer, knocked him to the ground, was court-martialled and afterwards "drummed out" of his regiment.

The stage then appealed to him, and after one or two efforts he secured a minor part in one of the less popular productions. His dissolute tendencies retarded his progress until he joined the company of "Violet Desford," when by a lucky chance he was favoured with a passable part at a fairly good remuneration. In his stage career he had been the subject of much scandal and his "liaisons" with women were well known, besides which, his friendships with the members of the weaker sex were not of the purely platonic order. The name he was known by—James Wilde—was an assumed one, although his identity had never been questioned.

Rene had never questioned him very closely with regard to his former days, but these enquiries she did make were always replied to with an air of absolute frankness.

At times she fancied she experienced a feeling of repulsion in his company, but she told herself that this was only imagination. Her general feeling when with him was of elation. She warmed to his touch and his ardent manner claimed her for his own.

They were now out together and the day was of that calm and agreeable order which is characteristic of late September. It was approaching the hour of four in the afternoon and they had just left the theatre after rehearsal.

Rene had suggested a car ride to Trafford Park and her companion had acquiesced with his usual grace.

After alighting from the car he led her to the most secluded spot he could find where they both seated themselves.

"And now Rene, perhaps you will give me your long delayed acceptance of my proposal—when are you going to make me the happiest man on earth?"

Rene hung her head and gripped his arm more tightly; she did not reply.

"You know, my darling," he continued, "that I have loved you ever since I set eyes upon you; you know that I have sought your company on every conceivable occasion and you must recognise the depth of feeling I have for you."

He paused. Rene still maintained silence, and her lover again resumed—

"I have made love to you from time to time, and you have not discouraged me; I have always longed to be with you and you are aware that I hold you in great tenderness. I realise the blackness of life without you and I ask you to marry me; I do not ask this in selfishness but because I love you, and I dare to hope that you have some love for me—am I right in supposing that you care for me?"

"Yes," came in a short breath from Rene.

"And will you marry me?" he added.

She repeated the same monosyllable, "Yes."

He took her in his arms and covered her face with kisses.

"And when, my darling?"

She murmured the name of an approaching month and again he held her amorously to his breast.

## CHAPTER VII.

Marriage is usually the end of the novelist's story. The commencement of a romance generally begins at the meeting of two parties who grow to love each other, a rival is sometimes introduced who is villainous and designing, and after many exciting experiences, in which the villain almost succeeds, with diabolical cleverness, in capturing the heroine of the narrative, the hero is able to marry his beloved. Many entanglements take place and misconceptions separate the two parties, until in the end, a happy understanding enables them to give themselves to each other and a fitting finale is reached by the marriage of the hero and the heroine.

In real life, however, marriage is not the end of life's romance. It is more often the beginning. How few who enter into the state of matrimony, pause to consider what marriage means?

Often a mad infatuation will lead a couple of inefficient humans to the altar, who, after having "bound themselves together" live on only to discover how foolish they have both been. Sometimes it may be only the husband who repents—sometimes the wife, but very often both parties.

As most of us are brought up on a system of "hush" and are led to live a life of make-believe, it is only natural that many marriages should prove failures. Innocence and ignorance are things as widely apart as virtue and fear, but the bulk of people mistake the one for

the other. True morality cannot be seen by the average person, hence the number of wrecked lives which are sanctified and blessed at the commencement at the altar.

Rene's was a peculiar marriage. She and her lover, Mr. James Wilde, were made one "for better or for worse," one bright and sunny morning. To her at that time everything in the world was sweet and good to look upon. Alas that this bright and happy state, this fair and beautiful dream, should be only of short duration.

It was not long before her husband showed his real nature. He drank, swore, gambled and exposed to his wife some of the worst vices known to man. It came as a cruel blow to her.

The small house in which they lived soon began to assume that look of cheerlessness which manifests itself when either the wife or the husband has ceased to care—the barrenness of a home in consequence of the indifference of either one or both of its owners—the state which is described as "the skeleton in the cupboard"—and Rene awoke from her dream of imagination to a horrible sense of the reality—her husband did not love her! The dreadful truth had hinted its existence before, but she had banished it away. After a month's nuptial happiness in which life to her had seemed a paragon of bliss she noticed that her husband began to stay out late at nights, and as the time went by he got later and more negligent still, and now, at this time, her husband had plainly hinted that married life had begun to pall upon him. He had told her in a brutal manner that he "wished he had not been such a fool as to get married."

But there was yet worse to follow. One evening her husband stayed out until the small hours of the morning, and Rene, wishing to receive him, had stayed up to await his arrival. When he came home he was intoxicated. His breath smelt foully of spirits, and his gait was uncertain.

"What the devil are you doing up at this hour?" he said to her.

"I stayed up for you, James," she answered.

"Well, go to bed, damn you," he returned—and Rene went and cried upon the bed until the pillow was damp with her tears.

And after this Rene learned that her husband spent most of his time with loose women. She knew that the stage offered many temptations, but as she herself had left it and had lived only for her husband's sake, her anguish was all the greater at this awful news. But worse was still to come. One night her husband brought a woman home with him; a woman whom Rene knew to be of the worst moral calibre, and James put Rene to shame in her own house.

She firmly made up her mind to leave him, but what could she do? The stage was no longer open to her and there were very few ways in which she could earn.

When the resolve came to her to leave her husband, he was absent on a drinking fit; she had not seen him for over two days, and she had heard it voiced that he had been dismissed from his company and that his part was now being played by a younger man. Her husband might return any time—he might stay away for days.

She searched the house for money. There was none to be found. She remembered she had spent her last coins on food.

She would pawn her jewellery—anything to get away from such evil surroundings. Oh! the horror of it all! She would not stay a day longer.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Hard luck followed Rene. She could get no work. The stage had no use for her, and as she was not experienced in domestic work, she could find no place of service. Offices were closed to her for she had no clerical training. She had pawned some of her jewelry and was now living on the proceeds.

She had parted with a shilling or two here and there in Registry Offices in the hope that she would gain a situation thereby; daily she went to these offices where she had paid entrance fees, and time after time she was told that nothing had come in that would suit her. Once or twice her feeble hopes were fanned into a flame of expectancy by the news from the individuals in these offices that "a lady had been in who was looking for a person like herself"—and Rene was given a slip of pasteboard bearing the name and address of the said lady, whom Rene would trudge out to visit.

This experience happened to Rene on two occasions, and on the first of these she set out in high hopes to find the person whose name had been given to her. At the interview with her prospective employer she experienced a greater ignominy than had yet been her fate to undergo. The lady in question had told her that she "certainly did desire a servant for the house," but she was of the opinion that Rene was much too superior for the place. Her manner of speech and general deportment were hardly servile enough, and after a short interview she was dismissed with the explanation that she was too refined to undertake the duties.

The other prospective Mistress to whom Rene trudded "was afraid that Rene would be of no use to her as she wanted someone experienced."

And she walked through the streets of Manchester daily in search of employment. The dreary length of Piccadilly she went visiting here and there the larger shops and seeking the manager, only to be met with the usual reply—"they were not in want of anyone like herself." To the reading room she would go and there she would scan the advertisement columns of the papers. She would copy down the addresses of those firms who were advertising places which she thought might be suitable ones to apply for, and then she would seek out the advertisers.

In less than a week from the time she had left her husband she had been all over the busier parts of Manchester and had interviewed dozens of firms. She had gone out as far as Fallowfield, Old Trafford and Newton Heath. She had even visited the dingy and sordid localities of Ancoats, Strangeways and Salford, but a means of earning her living she could not find.

Sometimes she thought of returning to her home—the house in which she was born and the place where she had spent youth's sunny days—the house of her father with its countless charms, each one of which retained a place in her memory. But no, she could not return! Her father would anger against her and scorn her. He might even forbid her entry. She could not do such a thing as go to her father; her pride would not let her do it. Poor girl! she did not know of her father's death; the possibility of his decease had never struck her.

And then she thought of returning to her husband, of going back to the cruelty and shame that she had before endured. God No! She would not do that. She was not going back now; she preferred all the hardships and terrible possibilities of what might come rather than renew her acquaintance with the horrible life that was past.

She would go round to the shops again. She would try every possible place. She would accept any position—do any work, however ignominious, than go back to her husband or to her childhood's home.

(Another long instalment next week.)

**PLEASE TELL US.**

Who was the Sergeant that went into a restaurant in town the other night, and sat on a gentleman's bowler hat?

Who is the sister that hired a horse for a ride as far as the Cat and Fiddle, and who was seen returning leading it. Does Sister Popham know anything about it?

Who was the Private of the King's Liverpools who had five of the same Regiment digging to catch a dead rabbit?

And who was the Private who thought he had a bargain by buying same for 4d.?

Who is the Private who sings and expects a pint for every song?

Who is the Private who had all the swank until he faced the Medical Board and then he had a thousand excuses?

Who was it of the King's that killed a good woman's cat on guard?

Who was the Private of the King's that went courting down the Dale and fell off the foot-path?

Was that ten and a half pound baby a joke or a reality, Percy?

If true, how does it feel to be a daddy?

When will our readers realize that *hurtful personalities will not be indulged in in this column.*

Why was the ambulance following Crpl. Cummings when he started on his trip around Buxton?

Why the Associate Editor spends more enjoyable afternoons than mornings?

What noise annoys an oyster?

Is it a clam shell (clams yell)?

If Mrs. J. B. Ransome (our Heart Specialist and Advice to Lovelorn Editress) will be as successful knitting hearts as she is knitting garments?

How long would it take a patient with a toothpick to roll a monkey nut from Spring Gardens to the hospital?

What was contained in the brown paper parcel which ye editor was conveying with such care when he started out to see "her"?

Who is the patient who patrols South Avenue so assiduously; and why?

How Major Goodwill likes his collapsible table and why he draws pictures on the blotting paper?

Why Sergt. Martin reads his letters in private now?

How the nurses enjoyed their walk to Millers Dale?

Who had the first cup of tea from Bill Oatman's teapot?

If Jimmy Aitkenhead was really the best man?

Why Bobby (Sergt.) Leith would not tell the giddy philappers what he had in his hand?

How Crpl. Cummings enjoys the new Miss?

Why Ernie (Corpl.) Cook is so fond of chicken (the kind you eat) these days.

Who were the two soldiers who, while in Opera House, made funnels of their programmes to enable them to catch the chocolates which were thrown to them by the ladies?

Why do the quartette choose such sloppy songs?

Do they not know that the audience who enjoy their singing (which is very good) heartily disapprove of their choice of songs. Popular songs make a popular quartette.

What was Scottie Wells discussing so earnestly with our Heart Specialist on Saturday last?

Why so few of our soldiers go to Chapel-en-le-Frith. There are many beauteous flappers in 'yon fair village. Grab your opportunity!

Why Fitzpatrick takes up his stand so near to Newbold's when selling the "Red Cross Special"?

Is one of the pretty assistants who serve in that store, the attraction?

Is it a fact that one of the members of the audience became very seasick after hearing the quartette sing "When Billows are Rocking"?

Who is the infernal idiot who starts the gramophone at 6-30 every a.m.

Who was the soldier who tried to get a snapshot of the bridal pair at the Canadian wedding, but failed because of his good looks?

Does Blunt know who he is?

Who was the young lady who said she was too shy to walk out with a soldier in kilt?

Why?

Who was the young lady who, unknown to her mistress, went out to get a "Red Cross Special," but, in some mysterious manner found herself at Lovers' Leap with a Sergeant?

What happened to her when she returned?

What Scotty thinks when he has to sweep the stairs?

What he says when he has finished them?

Who was the Canadian who asked an English girl the difference between a green field and a country lane?

Can Worthing tell us?

How many Scotties there are in this Hospital?

**CANADIAN WAR LOAN TRIUMPH.**

New Imperial Credits.

The Canadian War Loan of £20,000,000, which closed yesterday, was an extraordinary success. The total subscription already received amount to £33,800,000, and it is expected that when all applications are to hand the loan will be over-subscribed by £16,000,000. Ninety-five per cent. of the subscriptions are Canadian, the remainder being taken by Americans.

The Minister of Finance is so impressed with the result of the loan, showing the strength of the Canadian financial situation, that he will immediately take into consideration the question of establishing a further large dollar credit in Canada for the Imperial Government to purchase munitions and supplies. He states that it is of the utmost importance, from the standpoint of the successful prosecution of the war and of Canadian business, that Canada should lend the Imperial Government as much as possible towards meeting the huge expenditures which it is making here, amounting to over £200,000 a day on shells and other munitions.

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Little hugs and kisses  
Make a little maiden  
Change her name to Mrs.

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