

THE CANADIAN RED CROSS SPECIAL.

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VOL. 1.

BUXTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1916.

NO. 8.

TRUTH AGAIN PROVES STRANGER THAN FICTION.

Bundle of Letters Found in a Mattress in the Hospital Discloses a Romance.

Some time ago a patient who has been admitted to this hospital, when retiring to bed felt an uncomfortable lump in the mattress. Upon investigation it proved to be a small packet of letters addressed "To the Finder."

Upon opening the packet which, following the approved methods of Romancers, was tied with blue ribbon, there was disclosed several pages of closely written manuscript.

It was a love letter written by a lonely factory girl in Ireland and had been written in 1911. In the letter (which is in the possession of the writer) the young lady engages to become the bride of the man who finds the letters. (There were three letters all tied together.)

The finder of the romantic epistles, who is a good looking young man and unmarried, fell into the spirit of the thing and wrote to the lady at the address given.

After many re-directions the letter finally reached its destination, which was New York City, U.S.A., where the young lady had gone a few months after she had sewn the letters in the mattress.

Her reply reached the hospital this morning, and the strange part of the thing is that she went to New York and married the brother of the man who found the letters in his mattress.

CANADA'S NEW VICEREINE.

MISTRESS OF THE ROBES TO QUEEN MARY.

Canada's new Vicereine, the charming and beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, will be a successor to her Royal predecessor, the Duchess of Connaught, for she is able to claim for herself the first place in the ranks of Society hostesses.

The elder daughter of the Marquess of Lansdowne, small and dark-haired, she bears a remarkable resemblance to her distinguished father. Most of her childhood was spent in the princely atmosphere of Lansdowne House, where she naturally came into touch with Court life when quite young. After her marriage in 1892 with the Hon. Victor Cavendish, as was the Duke's name then, she lived very quietly at Holker Hall, in Lancashire, with the exception of entertaining now and again at her husband's town residence. But when her husband succeeded his uncle to the dukedom, she at once took up her position as hostess at the numerous seats of the Devonshire family, and she has always been distinguished by her charm of manner.

She is a very capable organizer, and as the chateleine of many beautiful houses, Chatsworth, Devonshire House, Lismore Castle, Hardwick Hall, and Compton Place, Eastbourne, she has had a wide experience of entertaining. Chatsworth is famous as being one of the most interesting houses in the country, with its pictures and valuable collections of works of art. The expense of the upkeep of this huge estate is enormous, and a heavy drain on the Duke's income.

In 1910 the Duchess of Devonshire succeeded her aunt, the Duchess of Buccleuch, as Mistress of the Robes to the Queen. The duties, however, of a Mistress of the Robes are not especially onerous. She accompanies the Queen to any State ceremony, and is present in any procession in which Her Majesty takes part. She no longer acts as a tiring woman to her Royal mistress as in bygone days.

The Duchess is one of Queen Mary's closest friends, and is frequently in her company. Both the King and Queen have been entertained at Chatsworth, where the King has often enjoyed a good day's shooting. Since the war her Grace has worked unceasingly for the cause of war charities, and has especially interested herself in the nursing of our wounded. Years before the war she was constantly urging the importance of emergency hospitals.

SNUBBING THE KAISER.

Some years ago Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, when she was in Berlin, was asked to take part in a great military review. First of all a troop of soldiers, each man six feet in height, passed. They had a fine martial bearing. The Kaiser looked at the young Queen with an air of interrogation which seemed to say:—

"Well, what do you think of them?"

Queen Wilhelmina smiled and shook her head. "They're not tall enough," said she.

A little later a whole regiment marched past, every man in which was at least six feet five inches in height.

"They are not tall enough," said the young Queen again, still with the same smile.

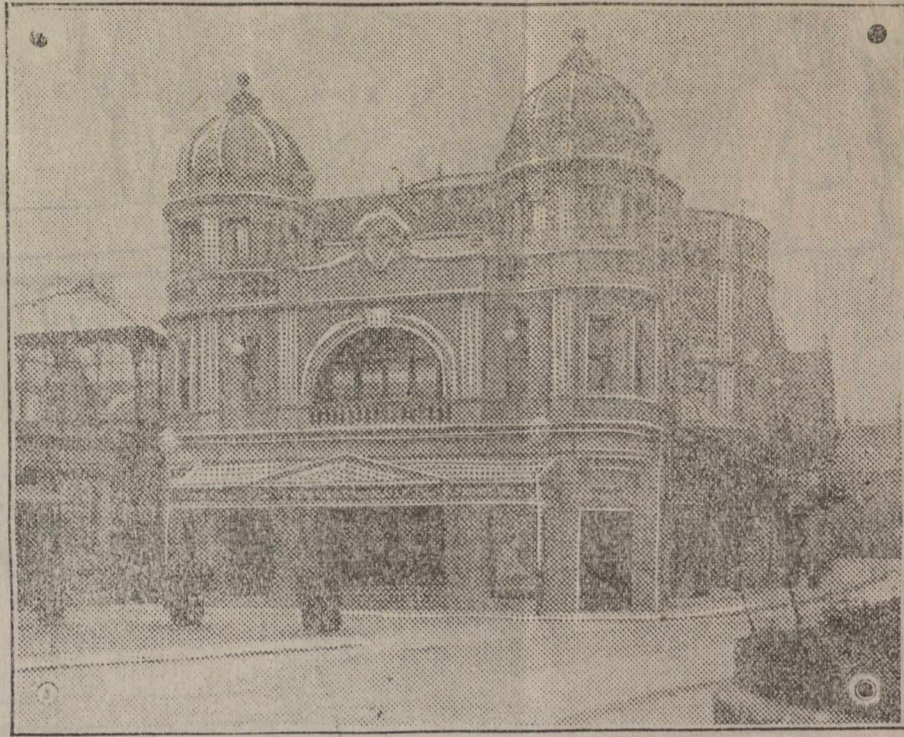
"Not tall enough!" exclaimed the Kaiser. "What do you mean?"

"I mean," explained the Queen, "that when we open our dykes the depth of the water in the inundated parts is over eight feet."

Is it the recollection of this anecdote that has, so far, prevented the Kaiser from allowing Dutch neutrality to be violated by his troops?

SAY THIS QUICKLY.

A tutor who tooted the flute
Tried to teach two young tooters to toot;
Said the two to the tutor: "Is it harder to toot
Than to teach two young tooters to toot?"



THE OPERA HOUSE, BUXTON.

THE RED CROSS BLOKE. SOLDIERS' DEPENDENTS.

Not a blinkin' rap do we care for the chap
With a Red Cross sign on his sleeve,
'Till we get to the front, on the stand to shunt,
An' a farewell bomb when you leave.

'Midst that flying death you hold your breath,
An' life seems suddenly dear,
While the Red Cross chap is out of the scrap,
In the safest part, at the rear.

It doesn't seem fair for him to be there,
While we face the powder and smoke,
An' check the Huns with red-hot guns,
An' cheer and curse and choke.

But many a lad feels thundering glad,
When the night lends a sheltering cloak,
To be overhauled by the chap he's called
The blooming Red Cross Bloke.

My own turn came—it's part of the game—
In a scray we had before Loos,
When the blinkin' Huns tried to pinch he guns
Of the 15th—never mind whose.

They tried and tried, an' you bet they died,
While we lost many a chum,
When the message came through, "Now, lads,
stand to."

And the next was, "Here they come!"
We charged and yelled, an' the line was held,
But I don't remember the rest,
For the earth spun round, an' I hit the ground,
With daylight inside my chest.

When next I woke a Red Cross Bloke
Was crossing that zone of death;
An' I watched him come through that shrapnel
hum—

Just watched and held my breath.
He reached my side, with a crawl and glide,
An' I blessed his crimson crest,
When he'd made me snug, with a comfy plug
On the painful hole in my chest.

Then away he crept, an' I must have slept,
But when I awoke with pain,
I was down at the base as a hospital case
An' booked down for "Blighty" again.

We landed all right, on a wet, stormy night,
But what did we care for the rain,
For a Red Cross Bloke fixed me up with a smoke
An' a crib on a Red Cross train.

So that's why I'm here, feeling shaky an' queer
In this clinkin' Red Cross bed,
With a Red Cross nurse, when I'm feeling worse,
To lay cool things on my head.

An' though it all seems to be part of my dreams,
Yet I know it is not all a hoax,
There are thousands to-day who are ready to say,
Thank God for the Red Cross Blokes.

A WOUNDED TOMMY.

FOOTBALL.

CANADIANS V. LIME FIRMS.

A football match between a team of Canadians and an eleven from the Buxton Lime Firms will be played on the Silverlands Ground this (Saturday) afternoon, the kick-off taking place at 2-30. As this is the first game of the season a good crowd will no doubt be in attendance. The following is the line-up of the Canadians:—

Sergt.-Major Carpenter.
Porter. Sgt. Granecome.
Barnett. Morton. Cairns.
Waddington, Winch, Aitkinhead, Cpl. Thompson
Sgt. Henderson.

Twinkle, twinkle little Zep.,
Ah, I wonder how you're kep'
Up above the world so high
Dropping bombs on passers by.

GRAND CONCERT AT PAVILION GARDENS.

Canadians to Entertain General Public On October 11th With Fine Programme.

At the request of Mr. F. A. Hastings, general manager of the Pavilion Gardens, and by the kind permission of the commanding officer of the Canadian Red Cross Special Hospital, Major Frederick Guest, a concert will be given on Wednesday, October 11th at 8 p.m. in the small hall in the Gardens by the talent of the hospital. Although quite a number of the citizens of Buxton have had the privilege of attending some of the concerts given previously in the Recreation Hall at the hospital, this will be the first opportunity the general public has had to attend a concert given entirely by the Canadians. Without doubt a large crowd will be present, and an enjoyable afternoon is assured to those who patronize the Gardens on that occasion. Every concert held so far has been an unqualified success, and it is not likely that this entertainment will prove any exception to the rule. The orchestra, which has reached a high state of perfection, will render several numbers, while the quartette will put on some new comedy stuff which is said to be the best they have yet attempted. An effort is being made to secure the assistance of Miss Coles, of Vancouver, for the concert, and as she has a beautiful soprano voice, her singing will prove an added attraction. These, with the various solos, recitations, etc., go to make up a programme of rare excellence which is bound to please. The price of admission has been placed at 2s. 2d. for the centre seats and 1s. 2d. for the side seats. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

CANADIAN NEWS.

WAR NEWS.—Canadian casualties to the end of August total as follows:—Killed and died of wounds and sickness, 8,647; Wounded, 27,212; Missing, 2,005; Total, 37,861. Our casualties this month, it is feared, are unusually high, the recent gains round Courcellette having only been made at big sacrifices.

ONTARIO.—The town of Sarnia has been enjoying two mild sensations this week. The Ontario Cannery Plant has been destroyed by fire, and the following day, a surprising hold-up men raided the offices of the Imperial Oil Co. to the tune of four thousand dollars. There may possibly be some connection in these two crimes. The Hospital Commission has taken over the Mowat Sanatorium at Buxton, which will in future be devoted entirely to the care of tuberculosis soldiers.

The first indications of a hard winter; bread goes up two cents in Toronto.

PRAIRIE PROVINCES AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.—October wheat is now fetching a dollar fifty on the Winnipeg Exchange. Doubtless many farmers will be purchasing new Ford cars next spring; a few may possibly prefer to pay their overdue implement notes or their store bills.

In Vancouver, Wm. Bowser has withdrawn his request for a re-count in the recent election. Not that it would have made any difference, as there is no doubt that the people of Vancouver are heartily sick of him and his policy of universal graft.

Eastern Capitalists are about to construct and operate two new pulp mills at Swanson Bay and Quatsino Sound. This is a good move as there is only one other mill in competition at Powell River, which is entirely run on States capital and American employees.

ROUND THE CLOCK.

REFERENCE TO EVERY HOUR CAN BE FOUND IN SHAKESPEARE.

A London writer has discovered that in Shakespeare's plays one may find a quotation for every hour in the day. Thus:—
"The bell then beating one."—*Hamlet*.

"Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock."
—*Comedy of Errors*.

"The clock hath stricken three."—*Julius Caesar*.

"How far into the morning is it, lords?"
"Upon the stroke of four."—*Richard III*.

"At five o'clock
"I shall receive the money for the same."
—*Comedy of Errors*.

"How's the day?"
"On the sixth hour."—*Tempest*.

"Let's see. I think 'tis now some seven o'clock."
—*Taming of the Shrew*.

"The eight hour.
"Be that the uppermost."—*Julius Caesar*.

"It's supper time, my lord.
"It's nine o'clock."—*Richard III*.

"Ten o'clock, within these three hours
"Twill be time enough to go home."
—*All's Well That Ends Well*.

"Eleven o'clock the hour."
—*Merry Wives of Windsor*.

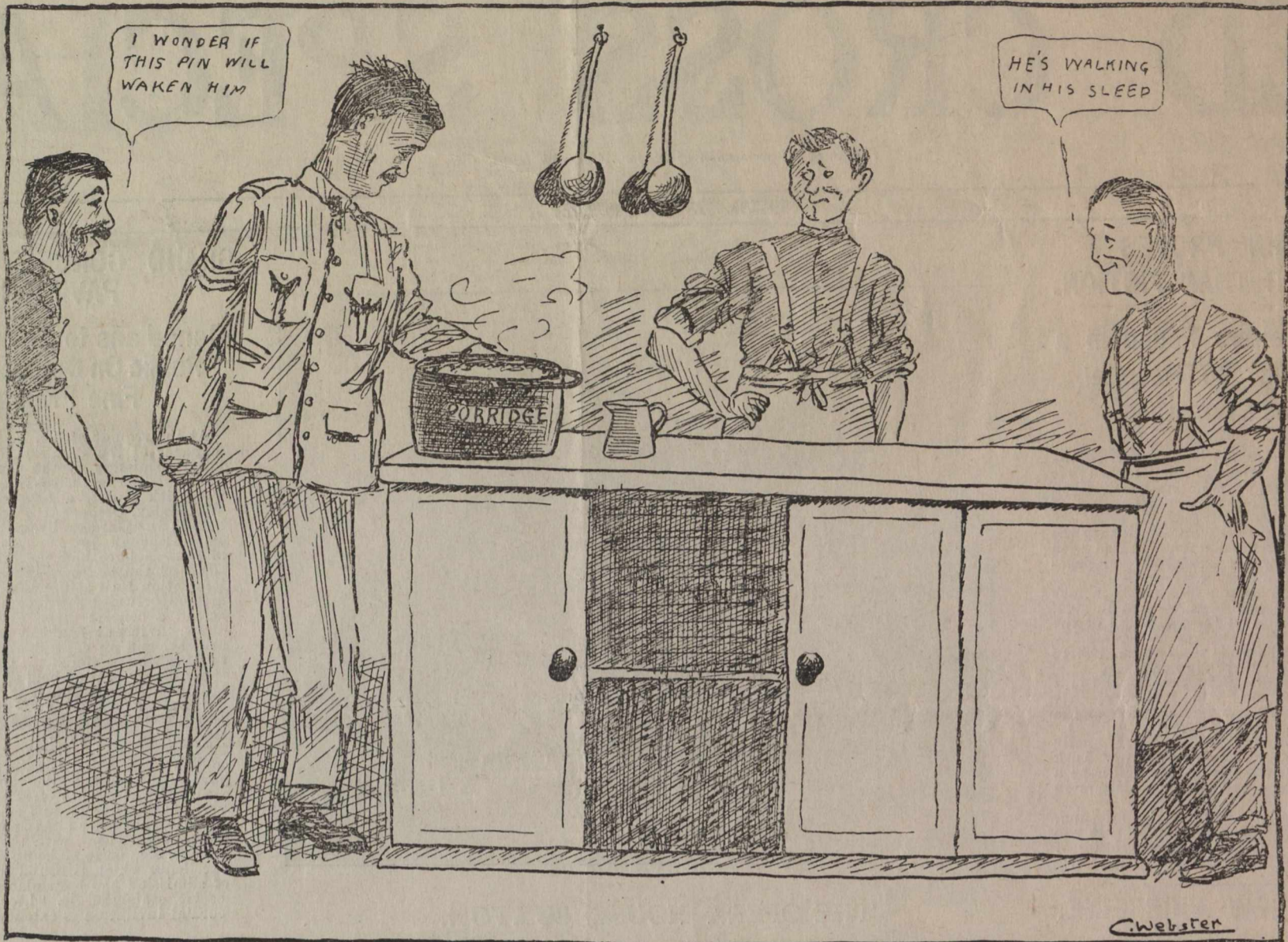
"What hour now?"
"I think it lacks of twelve."—*Hamlet*.

And that takes the reader round the clock.

For the war-working flappers and typewriter tappers
And shell-making girls of to-day,
We've invented no name that embraces (nice word!)
All the lot, so I venture to say:
If we christen these beauties whose strenuous duties
Are done with such zeal and precision,
Why not go to the Courts of the Law for a name
And just call them 'The King's Wench Division?'"

The man who gives you the "glad hand" is the one who never has any silver in it.

WHAT IS IT ?



Sgt. B— (in charge of dining hall, who has been called too early, looking at porridge): "Say fellows, is this tea or coffee?"

THE CANADIAN RED CROSS SPECIAL.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1916.

A FALSE STATEMENT.

A statement, said to have been made by a member of the Royal Engineers, that very few of the Canadians in the Red Cross Special Hospital have been to the front, is not only manifestly unfair, but absolutely untrue. The real facts of the case are that nearly all the patients have been to the front and a great many have returned to the trenches after recovery. A number of them have been wounded, while fully 90 per cent. are suffering from shell shock, rheumatism and kindred afflictions contracted in the north of France and in Belgium. The record of the Canadians at the front, especially in the past month, where, according to advices from Ottawa, the losses have been very severe, would seem to dissipate any idea that they are suffering from "cold feet."

"Our Correspondent at Ottawa may well describe the result of the new Dominion War Loan as an 'extraordinary' success," says "The London Times." "For, though it appeared certain last week that it would be over-subscribed, even if the £10,000,000 which the Canadian banks were prepared to take were not included, it could hardly be believed that the total applications was promptly applied for twice over. would reach as much as 36 millions—as they have done—thus nearly equalling, while on so much larger a scale, the record of the first Dominion Loan last year, when an issue of 10 millions was promptly applied for 'twice over. On that occasion the Canadian Government decided to double the amount of the issue, and use the additional 10 millions for giving a credit to the Imperial Treasury for its purchases of munitions in Canada. And now Sir Thomas White, the Canadian Finance Minister, announces that consideration is at once to be given to the question of applying the surplus financial resources thus disclosed to the arrangement of yet a further Imperial credit, the amount so furnished by Canada to the Mother Country already having reached 30 millions. True, we are spending in Canada on supplies at the rate of nearly 75 millions a year, and thus making possible very largely the savings out of which these loans can be arranged there in return. But the magnificent response from the Dominion to the new opportunity given by the war for an inter-Imperial solution of our own special financial problem—that of making payments abroad for the imports necessary to ourselves and our Allies—speaks for itself. The patriotism of the Canadian people and the proved excellence of the Canadian banking system are once more displayed in no uncertain measure."

Canadian nurses who had been engaged to go to New York and help fight the paralysis plague were refused admission by the United States immigration authorities. About as sensible that as for a man whose house is on fire to demand that none other than union firemen should handle the hose. Uncle Sam, apparently, is too proud to be sensible.

It looks ominous for Germany when the Kaiser begins to "fire" his generals. They wouldn't perform impossibilities, so they have to go. A bad workman always finds fault with his tools.

With wheat at \$1.50 a bushel the farmers of Canada and the United States will be about the only ones who will not feel the hardships engendered by the war.

An absentee who had been in prison since 1913 told a magistrate he had not heard of any war. His assertion was due to a "stretch"—not necessarily of the imagination.

An American flapper has created a war record by kissing 290 soldiers in two hours and a half. Now we know who put the "U," the "S" and the "A" in osculation.

RHYME, ROT, AND REASON.

COMING HOME IN THE DARK.

The tunnel was dark, the tunnel was long,
And the lights had all gone out.
The temptation was assuredly strong—
Of that there could be no doubt,
She was sitting by me, a portly miss
Of thirty summers or less,
When a notion struck me that I would kiss
That vision of loveliness!
Though the risk was great I thought it worth
while,
For I was full of romance,
And to steal a kiss in a furtive style
The pleasure could but enhance!
So when we came to the darkest part
I gave her a silent smack,
When I didn't expect it—bless my heart!
If she didn't kiss me back!
We gazed at each other in shy surprise,
When from the tunnel we sped,
The other passengers must have got wise,
For our cheeks were burning red.
At the same depot we left the train,
When I lost my charmer fair:
I thought I should never see her again,
For which I didn't much care.
But, when I got home, there was the maid,
And she gave me such a look,
"Who is that, mother?" I asked. She said,
"Why, Bobby, that's our new cook!"

Mrs. Nora Mulvaney one day met her friend, Mrs. Bridget Carr, who had in her arms her twelfth child.
"Arrah, now, Bridget," said Nora, "an' there ye are wid another little Carr in yer arms."
"Another it is, Mrs. Mulvaney," replied her friend, "an' it's me that's hoping 'tis the caboose."

AFTER TWO YEARS.

You were ready to fight, said what you would do,
And laughed in your night at your enemies few,
Belgium you blasted with rapine and blood,
You dyed her rich pastures in a dark-crimsoned flood.
Her women you outraged, her children you slew,
Your soldiers like demons her land went through,
Heedless of right, of her cries, groans and tears,
You are still at the game after two full years.
You, German monster, prepared for the fight,
Determined at all costs that might shall be right.
Poor Serbia you pillaged with gas, fire and sword,
All law you defied, with her rulers broke word,
Her cities you battered with hellish delight,
Her streams ran with blood, turned her day into night,
You conquered her people, they fought brave and true,
Serbia lives in her sons, she will yet conquer you.
You boasted that France should be wiped off the map,
For treaties and such like you cared not a rap,
With Hunnish delight you have tried time again
To conquer proud France, still her sons strong remain
To fight you, to whip you, from pillar to post,
And brand you a villain with character 'lost,
A firebrand, a monster, of hell's blackest hue,
You have lost, Kaised William, now what will you do?

The allies are pledged, they are brothers in line,
In the east the great bear is hugging you fine,
As in death grip he holds you, your doom is at hand.
You have lost, Kaiser William, in the Czar's fatherland,
From the sea, overland in the west, all in vain
You are fighting and dying on ocean and main,
You blazoned the "Day," the world you defied,
Your doom was decided when to Belgium you lied.

For Britain, proud Britain, has spoken her word,
She is true to her pledge, she has unsheathed her sword,
In defence of the weakest she'll unfalteringly stand,
She has beat you on sea, and will do so on land.
You, blood-thirsty Kaiser, will shrink in affright
At the dawn of the Day, when right will be might.
We will punish you, William, though God you defy,
Your "Day" is at hand, you are sentenced to die.

'Twas "somewhere in France," and the trenches looked like some river not on the map.
Paddy was on guard in the communication trench, and was up to the chest in water. Along came a "Tommy," and inquired of Paddy if he could direct him to "A" Company of the 1st Blankshires.
Paddy's temper was not in the best of trim, for he had had a long weary guard and was not in form for being questioned.
"Here, mate," he replied, viewing his surroundings, "chuck it! I'm not the blooming harbour master."

At a military church service during the South African War some recruits were listening to the chaplain in church saying, "Let them slay the Boers as Joshua smote the Egyptians," when a recruit whispered to a companion:—
"Say, Bill, the old bloke is a bit off; doesn't he know it was Kitehener who swiped the Egyptians?"

TO A SOGER'S LOUSE.

(Written in the trenches by a Private in the Dandy Ninth.)

Wee scampering, irritating scunner,
Hoo dare ye worry me, I wunner,
if I hadna lots ta dae
sokin' the road tae auld Calais
without ye.
Ye hardly let me hae a dose
Fore ye're paradin' richt across
back, ma neck, an' doon my spine,
Ankin' nae doot, ye're dain fine
Sookin' ma bluid.

When at ma country's ca' I came
Tae fecht for beauty, King an' name
I read ma' yellow form o'er twice—
But it said naught about fechtin lice
Or I'd hae gibbered.

When "Little Willies" skif ma' heid,
An' me about tae draw a bead,
I fain would stop tae scaort ma' back
Tae shift ye aff the bitten track
Afore I fire.

When through shirt made by Sister Sue
I search maist carefully for you,
I smile to think the busy wench
Nair dreams her seams mak' sic a trench.
Tae gie ye cover.

What labryrinthe, dugouts, too,
Ye're makin' in oor kilts the noo,
Ye're reinforcements tak' the bun,
Encouraged by the Flander's sun,
Tae keep us lively.

Gott straffe ye, little kittlin' baist,
Ye maybe think ye'll mak' a faist
O' me; but no, ye'll get a "haud"
When next ye try tae promenade
Across ma' kist.

The mixture in the bottle here
Is bound tae mak' ye disappear;
Nae mair I'll need tae mak' ye click,
Ane dose, they say, will dae the trick
As share as death.

A weaver, who had evidently got tired of married life, was one day taking a walk with his wife. Suddenly he espied a dead dog lying in the middle of the road. When they came close to it he said to his wife:—
"Nah, Mary, thee stand on that side and I'll stay on this."

Having taken up their respective positions, the husband said:—
"Nah, lass, when I got wed to thee I promised th' parson nowt but death ud part us, and I'm off."
Then Mary fainted.

THE MEMORY O' THEM THAT'S AWA'.

From "Thistle-down," by James Henderson, of Boston.

The memory o' them that's awa';
How sweet is the thocht tae us a',
The memory sweet o' that freenship complete,
That connects us wi' them that's awa'!

The memory o' them that's awa';
They were do'ers o' the forest them a';
Each one in his way reflecting a ray
That brightened the lives o' us a'!

The memory o' them that's awa';
They had failings nae doot like us a',
Yet furnis'd example baith forceful and ample
Tae affset their bit fau'ts ane an' a'.

The memory o' them that's awa';
Over their failings the curtain we'll draw;
While here we are met, their fau'ts we'll forget
And their virtues applaud ane an' a'!

Then here's tae them that's awa';
We are here their gude deeds tae recan',
And cherish for ever th' oors when thegither
We enjoyed wi' hem that's awa'!

EDISON AT SEVENTY.

HE ONLY SLEEPS FIVE HOURS A DAY.

Thomas Edison, the greatest inventor of modern times, is no friend of the time-waster or slumberer. It is interesting to note that his most famous inventions are those which produce sound, light, and action—all wideawake inventions; but he has never attempted to lighten the burden of the sleeper or slacker.

Oliver Simmons, in a remarkable article in "Munsey's Magazine," says that sleep and food, light and dusk, the things that punctuate other men's lives, are negligible in the great inventor's life. When he is at work—and that is most of the time—Edison has never allowed his mental capacity to be dulled by a meal or a bed.

The sun tells other people, twice a day, that it is time to rise or time to go to bed. It tells Edison nothing. It would not concern him—except as a scientific puzzle—if the sun ceased its apparent rising and setting.

Although he is nearly seventy years of age he looks ten years younger, and has put in more practical work during his lifetime than any other man would do, even if he lived to be 150 years old.

Edison generally sleeps five hours a day—that is if he is not particularly busy—going to bed at two in the morning and rising at seven. He is somewhat sceptical about the motto, "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

"Humanity adjusts itself to almost any circumstance," says Mr. Edison. "But," he adds, "if he wishes to half his sleeping hours he must observe certain rules."

Here are the health rules Mr. Edison follows: Alcoholic stimulants must be avoided; or as Mr. Edison himself would say, "No booze!"

If you use coffee to keep your lids open, dilute it freely, as Edison does, with hot milk.

Don't take any more food than you need to keep you going. Your system has plenty of work without being asked to dispose of superfluous fuel.

See that you have plenty of fresh air, and that your lighting system is adapted to the requirements of your eyes.

When you go to bed, don't take your troubles with you. Edison doesn't, and he is asleep in half a minute.

But the thing that you must have to start with is a job which interests you more than anything else in the world; a job which is full of variety and action; a job which is your life and your play, your present and your future.

The latter, in the inventor's mind, is most important, and unless you have the work you are exceptionally interested in you will have to go back to the eight hours' snooze. But Edison, who is nothing if not energetic, naturally likes to have around him men of his own tastes and stamp, so he has formed a squad called the *Insomnia Squad*. It is comprised of a group of his most trusted assistants, who spend sleepless nights and days when they are searching for some missing link to complete a new discovery.

Edison makes the plans. He lays out perhaps four or five hundred things to be done. The *Insomnia Squad* proceeds to do them.

If there is a quarter of an hour when the chief can do nothing personally, he stretches and in thirty seconds he is asleep. For years his pillow was his own coat thrown over a chuck from a lafie. One of the family gave him a regular pillow, and he uses this now, because it saves the time that it would take to fold his coat.

The following story shows that the Wizard is never discouraged by failure. After forty-eight hours of sleepless, fruitless toil a friend remarked that it was too bad that all his plans had produced no results.

"No results," said Edison. "Why, man, I get a lot of results. I know several thousand things that won't work."

WONDERFUL AIR FEATS.

11,000 FEET DROP.

To the amazing parachute feat of Lieutenant-Colonel E. M. Maitland, who recently jumped from a balloon flying over London at a height of 10,000ft., descending by parachute, must be added the even more astonishing story of a French lieutenant who actually dropped 11,000ft. from a balloon and landed uninjured except for a few bruises. This young lieutenant was in charge of a captive balloon at the Battle of Verdun. The balloon suddenly broke loose, the steel hawser being severed with a shell.

Describing his experiences the lieutenant says: "The first intimation I received that something had gone wrong was when I felt a slight shock. I thought the telephone cable had parted. All at once I became aware that the outer balloons were growing smaller, and I grasped the fact that I was adrift. A glance at my barometer told me I was already 5,000 ft. up. I tried to pull the cord working the hydrogen automatic control, but it had become entangled and refused to work. I tried to climb up to it, but failed. Then I feared I was lost."

"My first thought was to destroy my papers, then I thought of blowing out my brains to avoid falling into the hands of the Boches. Then, however, came inspiration. Why not try the parachute? I had to be quick, for I was now 11,000ft. up. The cord which was tied round my body was 65ft. long, so I had to jump that distance into the void before the box containing the parachute could open and set it free. For a few seconds I held on to the car by my hands. Then I let go.

"I must have dropped over 100ft. before the parachute unfurled, and it was not an agreeable sensation. But after that I did not mind, and was able to look about me. After a time I felt the sensation of complete security. When I was only 2,500ft. from the earth I became aware that the wind was carrying me towards the German lines. Then I seemed to lose consciousness. I rebounded three times before I finally landed and discovered I was 300 yards from the enemy. I had been twenty minutes falling."

"My boy, you want to practice thrift."
"I know, dad, but I haven't the tools."
"What do you mean by that?"
"If you'll let me have the five dollars I need I'll see how long I can make it last."

At a church adjacent to a big military camp a service was recently held for soldiers only. "Let all you brave fellows who have troubles stand up," shouted the preacher. Instantly every man rose except one.

"Ah!" exclaimed the preacher, peering at this lone individual. "You are one in a thousand."
"It ain't that," piped back the only man who had remained seated, as the rest of his comrades gazed suspiciously at him. "Somebody's put some cobbler's wax on the seat, and I'm stuck."

FICTION.

When I had been writing for about half an hour, I threw my pen down in disgust, and rang the bell.

"Jane," I said, when that young woman appeared in the doorway, "fetch me a soldier."

"Yes, sir," said Jane. "Where from, sir?"
"Anywhere," I replied. "Doubtless you will find plenty outside."
"Yes, sir," said Jane, and he retired gracefully. Wonderful girl, Jane. In a few moments I heard her returning, accompanied by what I imagined to be a herd of elephants. She came in, followed by two large gentlemen dressed in that neat, quiet garb—obviously designed by some artistic genius—the butcher blue and red tie of the wounded soldier.

"I couldn't get one to come by 'isself, sir," she said, "so I've brought two."

"Thank you, Jane," I said. "These gentlemen will do nicely."

I turned to them. "Sit down, will you?" I said. "I want your advice on one or two points, but before we get to business, perhaps a cigar and—"

"Thank you, sir," said the British Army in chorus.

"I am an author," I said, and paused to watch the effect. None.

"I am writing a war novel," I went on, "because the public will have nothing else but war novels. I know nothing of my subject—a not unusual thing with novelists—owing to the fact that all my efforts to get to the Front have been frustrated by a misguided body of men known as Army Doctors. Consequently I want some technical advice which I think you can supply."

"Always ready to oblige a gentleman, ain't we Bill?" said one of my guests.

"Thank you," I said. "Thank you," and I picked up my manuscript. "Now, in the first place, how long do you think it would take a man to walk from Pozieres to Ypres with a piece of shrapnel in his leg?"

They answered in chorus.

"Bout an hour," said Bill.

"Bout a week," said George.

A hot discussion followed while I sat waiting their decision. At last they came to terms.

"Couple o' days," said Bill.

"Thank you," I said, and jotted it down.

"Now, do you think it would be possible for three men to make their way into the German lines and steal a howitzer?"

"Easy," said George. "Easy. Why, I knew a bloke wot brought back two by 'isself. Chap name of 'Arris. 'Is mother kep a shop in—"

"Thank you," I put in. "Your information is most valuable."

For some time I went on questioning them and incidentally picking up some useful hints. I learned, for instance, that in wet weather all men in the trenches are supplied with water-wings; that parties of Russians frequently arrive in our lines, having fought their way through from the Eastern Front; that poisonous gas is good for lumbago; and that both British and Germans knock off at one o'clock on Saturdays.

In fact, I found my informants most helpful.

At last, with many expressions of good will and a pocketful of my cigars, they departed, and I started work again, happy in the knowledge that my story would be at any rate ring true. There is nothing like getting first-hand knowledge.

By and by Jane came in to clear away.

"Two very interesting gentlemen, Jane," I said. "They seem to have had some wonderful experiences at the Front."

"Them?" she said, and sniffed. "Lot they knows about it. They only bin in the Army a month, an' they ain't never bin near no Front."

"But—by they appear to have been wounded, Jane."

"Wounded? Oh! 'ave they? Praps they calls it wounded. I don't. They are in 'ospital, certainly, and 'ence their butcher blue; but one's 'ad measles, an' the other one scalded 'isself washin' up dishes; 'Adn't I better bring in another siphon, sir?"

NO STAMPS, NO REPLY.

Many letters were received by the Heart Specialist during the past week, some from a distance, asking for the addresses of various numbers in the introduction bureau. Some, however, failed to comply with the rule calling for a self-addressed, stamped, envelope, and while these were answered this week, no notice will be taken of such in future.

PITHY POINTS.

Many a marked man has a tattoo artist to thank for it.

The longer the engagement the shorter the married life.

The under dog gets a lot of sympathy—and that's about all.

Trouble is the most practical teacher in the school of experience.

It is absurdly easy to convince a man that he is smarter than you are.

Some women seem to be ashamed to eat real food in a public dining room.

Poets are born, and occasionally one is paid.

Some men think they are so unlucky that if it were raining soup they would have nothing but a fork.

His first love and his first shave are two episodes in every young man's career that he never forgets.

A man may lead a woman to the altar, but after that he becomes a follower.

Every man who is a dreamer attracts attention—when he snores.

The more a woman has in her head the less she thinks about what is on it.

Misery loves company and she usually has plenty of it.

NOT A GERMAN.

N. Sister Sharpe had a somewhat amusing experience recently in Lester, whether she had gone to visit her sick brother. As she was about to take the train on the return journey her uniform attracted the attention of a crowd of youngsters who had apparently never seen a sister's uniform before, and noticing that this was attracting others the sister sold them to go away.

"Now!" exclaimed one of the urchins, "didn't I tell ya she wasna a German?"

Of course the sister could not help but appreciate the joke, but still she realized that many serious consequences have arisen from just such

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.

PROBLEM.

It is one and a half times as many minutes to three as it was past two, three quarters of an hour ago. What time is it?
S.M. Carpenter offers suitable reward for the solution of the above problem.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE.

The value of "The Canadian Red Cross Special" as an advertising medium was exemplified last week.

Ten minutes after the paper was on the streets a brooch which was advertised as lost was returned to the owner by a young lady resident in South Avenue.

The advertising medium which brings quick results is the one to patronize.

CARRIED OUT.

"Madam," said the ticket-examiner, as he stood at the railway-carriage door, "I am very sorry, but you can't have your dog in here. It is against the rules."

"I shall hold him in my lap all the way," she replied, "and he won't disturb anyone."
"That makes no difference," said the other. "Dogs must ride in the luggage van. I'll take and fasten him for you."

"Don't you touch my dog, sir!" exclaimed the young lady, excitedly. "I will trust him to no one." With indignant tread she marched to the luggage van, tied up her dog, and said:—

"Remember, please, I don't want a soul here to touch my dog or untie him."
As the train approached her station the young lady, hailing the guard, asked:—

"Is my dog alright?"

"I don't know, miss, replied the guard.
"Don't know?" she replied. "Why don't you know? It's your business to know. You haven't touched him or untied him?"

"No, we didn't touch him or untie him, and that's just it. You tied him to a trunk labelled to the last station. The trunk had to be put off, so the dog went with it."

HIT THE RIGHT SPOT.

A Wesleyan chapel in a Cheshire village was in a very dilapidated condition, and a meeting was called to discuss the subject of repairs. The squire was present, and great things were expected from his speech. He stood up, declared the place was not so bad, after all, and only needed little doing to it, promised to make a donation of £5, and sat down again.

Scarcely had he resumed his seat when a lump of plaster fell from the ceiling on his bald head.

Jumping up wildly, he exclaimed:—

"The place is worse than I thought. I will give £10."

An old man in the rear stood up and, extending his arms, murmured, quite audibly:

"Hit 'im again! Hit 'im again!"

He (anxiously, after popping the question):

"Why do you cry, my love? Did I offend you by my proposal?"

She (quietly sobbing): "Oh, no, dear. Mamma always said to me, 'Lill, you are such an idiot that you would not get even a donkey for a lover, and now I've got one, after all.'"

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CHEMISTS,
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HIGH-CLASS SWEETS STORE BUXTON.

THE GREAT TEMPTATION.

By RAYMOND WRIGHT.

CHAPTER IX.

Dr. Cyril walked to and fro in his consulting room. His steps were short and impatient and gave evidence of a troubled mind. In his hand he held a letter and although he had read it several times before, he stopped, opened it and perused it once again.

Dear Sir,

We have constituted every inquiry, and of ten months has passed since our late client, Mr. Oakleigh, died, and according to the terms of his will he leaves the whole of his estate to yourself in the event of his daughter not being found within twelve months of the date of the said will.

We have constituted every inquiry, and have strained every effort to find the departed daughter, but regret to say that our activity in this direction leads us to form the conclusion that she is dead. We therefore write to you in order that you may prepare yourself to take over the administration of this estate which now falls to you, and under the circumstances we should be pleased if you would call upon us at an early date.

Trusting that we may have the pleasure of your early visit,

We are, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

BERNARD GERALD & SON,

Solicitors.

Ten months ago since his old patient Mr. Oakleigh had died! And Rene Oakleigh was believed to be dead! Unless Rene proved to be alive, and within two months, he would be the owner of Mr. Oakleigh's estates.

The receipt of the letter had given him no great joy. On the contrary he did not believe that Rene was dead, and although he would be fully entitled to the estate when the time came, he felt that he would not care to inherit and keep the old man's wealth whilst feeling that another person who had more right to it, was still alive. To enjoy his possessions he would have to know that Rene Oakleigh was dead.

And at one time he had great affection for Rene Oakleigh and somehow he could not think of her death with any feeling of pleasure.

And yet why, when he was within an ace of grasping money, power and position, should he pause to think of another? Here was his chance. Here was the realisation of his dreams—he had longed for it. Of late the world had treated him badly and the treatment had banished some of his finer feelings. He might work on at this sordid Hospital for years and even then be no better off.

And what of Rene Oakleigh? If she did not turn up it was not his fault. She had had twelve months in which to make up her mind. If she had wanted to come back she would have done so surely; she must have heard of her father's death; if she had not heard of it then she did not care about her father and had no desire to return to her home.

Every effort had been strained to find her. She had been advertised for; men had been sought out to trace her and they had failed—she must either be dead or entirely indifferent, and why should she refuse to take a legacy because someone else whom it would have fallen had not turned up in time to claim it.

If, when he got it, the missing one was found, he could afford to be generous, but he would be a fool to forego his chance; besides it was legally his if Rene did not make her claim within the time, and if she did not make her claim within the time then she deserved to lose it.

Old Mr. Oakleigh had been a great friend of his and had often said that he wished he had a son like the doctor's self; and he had often said that he would like his daughter to marry such a man as Dr. Cyril. The old man had even encouraged him to pay his respects to Rene and had expressed his desire that they should marry.

The will had been made, conditionally, in Dr. Cyril's favour, and the old man had told him the provisions of the will and had said that unless Rene came back within twelve months the whole of his estate should belong to the Doctor.

And he was not going to demur about taking it now, surely.

But yet his mind was not at rest although he had decided to visit the solicitor and put everything in order.

He paused in his meditations and looked through the window.

Outside he could see a knot of men bringing a woman to the hospital on a stretcher. It was evident that there had been an accident in the locality for the stretcher-bearers were those who worked at the hospital, and Dr. Cyril was intimately acquainted with them.

From where he was standing the Doctor could not judge the nature of the accident which the woman had suffered. Whether she had been run over by a vehicle or knocked down by a horse he could not tell; he would know soon enough he told himself, and smiling grimly at the thought he endeavoured to dismiss the matter of the unfortunate woman from his thoughts so that he might think more clearly on the subject of his legacy.

Yes, he would visit Bernard Gerald without delay and he would get everything in order so that he could place himself at the head of the Oakleigh estates as soon as possible.

CHAPTER X.

Dr. Cyril rubbed his hands together; this was a habit of his when he was particularly pleased with himself.

He had just returned from a visit to the solicitor, Bernard Gerald, and he had prepared himself for the taking over the late Mr. Oakleigh's possessions. He had learned the precise value of the estate and had received the lawyer's estimate of the size of the income which the estate would yield.

He now found himself practically the owner of property and land which would bring him in a comfortable income of something like £2,000 a year.

Further than that the lawyer had ventured to express that in his opinion, Miss Rene Oakleigh was dead; although he could not furnish absolute proof of her decease he had not a shadow of a doubt in his own mind that she had died a month ago.

The solicitor's confidence was well-founded and was the result of diligent inquiries made by himself whereby he learned that a certain girl answering exactly to the description of Rene Oakleigh had died in childbirth in some workhouse in the Midlands. The story the solicitor told showed that the unfortunate woman had married and had been deserted by her husband shortly after their wedding.

Poverty quickly encompassed her and drove her on the road where by begging she kept herself alive until the prospect of the on-coming event drove her to the workhouse where she gave her life in giving birth to another. The child died a few hours after its mother.

She had given the name of Miss Simpson to the authorities, but some of her belongings were marked "Oakleigh" and the solicitor had no doubt whatever that the unfortunate woman was none other than Rene Oakleigh herself.

And now that everything was cleared up, and his pathway so ready, Dr. Cyril rubbed his hands in eager anticipation of the delights of his future life.

He had naturally been very sorry to hear of what he surmised to be the awful end of Rene, and the solicitor's story had made him give evidence of his grief—but great wealth and the enormous possibilities which showed themselves to him when he found himself wealthy all in a moment, soon caused him to think more lightly of Rene's alleged pitiful death.

It was a great sorrow of course, and even now when he thought of it, he felt dimly conscious of his heart beating and a lump rising in his throat, but as the holder of the Oakleigh estates he felt elated and important.

An aching head or an empty stomach will drive away all recollections of a departed friend and the strongest and most perfect love seems to exist when "pain and anguish wrings the brow."

And so the Doctor had decided to take over his new possessions. His mind was now relieved of the possibility of Rene's advent and he felt a certain amount of comfort in his decision. Having made up his mind what to do there was no need for further contemplation on the matter.

He therefore drew up his chair to the roll-top desk which stood in the middle of the room and sat down as if preparing for a lengthy task. The desk was littered with papers, prescriptions and formulas and these he pushed on one side to give himself more room; this done he commenced to write, but he had hardly commenced before the door was hastily opened and a nurse presented herself.

"Can you come at once sir, to see a new case which has just arrived? A young woman, half famished, just been knocked down by a vehicle. Seems to be suffering more from exhaustion than from the accident." The nurse spoke very jerkily.

"Alright," replied Dr. Cyril. "I will be with you in a moment."

The nurse withdrew and with an impatient shrug of his shoulders the Doctor shut the desk with a slam and proceeded to the accident ward in answer to the nurse's summons.

Dr. Cyril looked at his patient with a perplexed and an averted countenance. Her face was strangely familiar to him. The features seemed to remind him of the days of long ago. The pallid countenance still strained with worry and pain yet retained a sweetness which awoke tender memories in the mind of the Doctor.

The woman's ragged garments had been removed and her neck was laid bare. Around the white throat was a chain of plain gold from which hung a locket.

Vague doubts filled the mind of Dr. Cyril. The woman on the bed was still unconscious. She was weak, famished and exhausted.

He turned to the nurse who was standing near the bed awaiting instructions.

"Go to my room, nurse and bring my stethoscope for me, will you?"

The nurse proceeded to carry out the request and immediately she had departed the Doctor pounced upon the locket, opened it and gazed inside.

"Mr. Oakleigh! Good God!"

The startling truth came home to him. He had half suspected something of the kind when the features of the unfortunate woman struck him as being familiar, and now thoughts of the past surged through his brain. Here was Rene Oakleigh by his side, almost dead; the girl he loved, and yet the girl who now stood between him and a fortune.

He took note of her condition. He could see without the aid of any of his instruments that his patient was as near to death's door as it was possible to be.

The nurse returned with the stethoscope which she handed to the doctor. After a moment's scrutiny of his patient, Dr. Cyril stood erect.

"It will be a miracle if she lives," he said to himself, "a little neglect and she would die."

Dr. Cyril was seated in his room with his elbows on his knees and his head supported with his two hands. His thoughts were of Rene Oakleigh and of the fortune which would have been his had not the poor girl put in such an unwelcome and untimely appearance.

What was he to do? Should he tell her of the fortune which awaited her; should he nurse her back to health, and give unto her the inheritance which was her's, or should he—

It was very awkward this sudden appearance of Rene. He had thought she was dead and he wished now that she was dead—and yet he was not altogether sure that he did. He had been assured of her death previously, but somehow he had not really satisfied himself that this was the case. He would have liked to have benefited by the old man's will and he would have liked it to so have happened that Rene should have turned up some years after he had been installed in his new estates, but this had upset his calculations. At the eleventh hour he had been thwarted. His ambitions had been within an ace of being realised and now his desires were to be shattered and laid low. He would be cut out of the inheritance—what should he do?

And then evil came to his mind—let her die—what mattered it? He was in attendance upon her. He knew her case. He knew that to cause her death would not be the slightest trouble. In fact to neglect her would bring about the end. He could send her to the grave without the slightest suspicion; she would die unknown and uncared for, no one would be the wiser and he would get the estates. Which was it to be? Must he stand aside and relinquish all his desires and chances for a better and fuller life? After going so far and getting within an ace of stepping into the dead man's shoes, must he stand aside? Must he go on in the same dull way in the hospital for years and years until the end? A dull life of monotony, ceaseless toil, treating all manner of complaints and diseases, hearing the groans and imprecations of dying and delirious persons—or must he act now at once and make a bold bid for what he had already almost claimed as his own?

Must he instal himself in the place which he felt sure he could fill with ease and grace, where he could live a life of comfort and enjoyment, untroubled with financial matters, and with the remainder of his days to use as he wished?

He would decide. He would make up his mind at once. He pushed the button of a small electric bell which was on the side of the fireplace. Almost immediately a nurse appeared. She was the same nurse who had brought him the stethoscope.

"I will attend the new patient in 'A' Ward myself, nurse—on no account must any of the

other doctors see her. It is a very serious case and requires delicate treatment."

The nurse withdrew.

(To be concluded next week.)

PLEASE TELL US.

Who is the Irish Canadian widower from our Hospital who asked a lady to allow him to carry her parcels on the street in Spring Gardens, and when leaving her forgot to hand her the goods and has not done so for two weeks? If they are left at the office (registry) will be returned to rightful party.

Who is the C.A.M.C. private who left his supper on a table in a cafe to go home with a lady and then returned and finished his meal?

Why Sergt. Forster was glad to get back to the hospital, although most of the patients are glad to get away?

How the boys like their permanent passes? Let's hope they won't abuse them.

What became of all the cake from Billy Oatham's wedding? Does Blunt know?

How Sergt. Martin got the introduction to the school pupils with their golden hair hanging down their backs?

How Billy Oatham likes being called "Daddy?"

Why the Canadian private who tries to appear as an officer cannot be civil when he enters Buxton shops? And does he think he secures better attention by bullying?

Who is the batman who set his watch back one hour Saturday night instead of forward, and what did his captain say when he was called too soon?

Who was the batman who got up half an hour before reveille went and did not know the time was altered?

How many others got fooled in the same way?

Why Sergt. Henderson takes a four mile jaunt (via Lover's Leap) every night? Is it for recreation or is there "a little bit of fluff" at the end of the journey?

How Alexander felt when he discovered after getting dressed and going to the kitchen for his breakfast that it was only 10 o'clock at night?

Did we actually see Sammy Redfern escorting another batch of charmers through "B" Ward last week?

What Lilly would say if she knew Freddie H. had been showing two lovely lassies, the beauties of the hospital?

Was it a tempest in a teapot or a tempest over a teapot which engaged the attention of the sister on "A" Ward?

Why Scotty Wells did not order the soda-water for himself?

Is it a fact that Two-Bit-Bill has been offered an engagement with the Metropolitan Opera Company, to sing his sensational success, "We're goin' to th' 'Amburg Zoo?"

What the "D" Ward patient felt like when he was apprehended in the act of hypnotizing a man from "B" Ward.

Who tickled Corpl. Cummings in the rib?

How Billy Oatham enjoyed his honeymoon?

Who was the patient who threw an envelope at Lulu's feet on Sunday night?

Does Private Dow know anything about it?

What about the postcard Lulu sent him?

Who was the young lady who said she would like a chance to shake hands with "Little Willie?"

Why is it that we get so few contributions to this department?

Will Phillis G. please accept our thanks for her contribution?

How the Sergt.-Major enjoyed his auto ride on Sunday afternoon, and who were his lady friends?

Was it the one he took to the picture show on Tuesday afternoon, and what does Sergt.-Major Williams think of it?

Who is the young lady who asks the telephone operator to get her through to "Bobby" as quick as possible?

Who was the young lady who asked the telephone operator to put her in the Quartermaster's Store when she was almost half a mile from the hospital?

How many rabbits did our Physical Instructor shoot on Monday? Why did he say 35 when he only brought two home?

What Sergt. Quigley said when he had to work an hour extra on Saturday night?

What attraction a member of the "staff" finds in railway carriages on Sunday mornings, and what the girl says when she comes to sweep the carriage?

Who was the sergeant who drew a crowd on Spring Gardens the other day, and what was it all about?

Who is the N.C.O. who, recently arrived, wants to know where the hour has gone to that we were supposed to get back October 1st?

Who is the lady who sent in the following: "What noise annoys an oyster? A noisy noise annoys an oyster. What's the Prize?"

And what kind of prize does she expect?

Who is the lady who phoned to Sergt. "Anderson," and told him that while the Canadians imagine the girls of Buxton are in love with them they are really disgusted with them?

Who is the sergeant-major of the R.E.'s who allowed one of the Canadians to cut him out of his girls?

And did the girls go on the principle that one sergeant-major is as good as another—and "a darn site better?"

Who is the Canadian who was so slow as to let a young lady ask him for a kiss, and then only gave her a little peck?

And would the young lady rather have some other Canadian who knows how to kiss? If so, consult the heart specialist.

He came home late from the mill at Oldham and entered a home smelling as only a home can smell after a heavy day's washing. The good woman had retired so Tom sat down, ate his supper from the basin on the table, and retired also.

"Did tha find the supper to tha liking, lad?" she asked sleepily.

"Aye, I did an' well, I supped a lot. I liked the liquor verra well, but had a fine job wripping."

"Tripe," cried his wife—"tripe!"

"Aye, tripe—in basin on table."

"Well, well! If tha's ate what was in basin tha'll have to buy thafself new collars 'n' all, 'cos tha's eaten collars and starch! The supper was on plate in oven."

A high church official in Rome protests most vigorously against the costume of the Roman women this summer. "They go about," he says, "dressed like tight-rope dancers, short skirts, high-heeled boots, transparent stockings, bare necks and arms." Needless to remark, while on this subject, it is not necessary for a woman to be in Rome to do as the Romans do.

The way to success lies thro' swinging doors, And the lobby is always full, Some get in by the door marked "Push," And some by the door marked "Pull."

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