

# THE CANADIAN RED CROSS SPECIAL.

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VOL. 1.

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NO. 6.

## 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 ads. (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 man, bandsman, non-drinker, would like to get letter from English girl.
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.

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.

## ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN.

(By LADY HEARTSEASE.)

Dear Lidy 'Eartseas,—I am a respectable married woman legal an' lawful to my mind 'Enery. I may be poor but I try an' I've been a gude wife to 'im—if I pawned 'is shirt wen I got short on 'posley, I alse got it out sater-day nite fer 'im to put on sweet an' clean of a saturday fer 'im to 'opp over at dinner time an' 'ave 'is an' pint o' bitters at the Red 'E.

'E is changed now an' I think it is cos' 's 'as 'is heve on Priscilla Zambuk since she got a pair of 'igh 'ealed boots with blue cloth tops and red silk laces.

'E tykes 'er an' 'bys 'er a plate o' whelks reglar an' never bys 'em one and one no more. 'E was a gude 'usbuid an' 'if we 'ad a spat an' 'e blacked my heye 'e would allus 'old a steak hover hit jest like hany gent. If I was not such a puflick lidy I wood slosh that there Priscilla in the earhole. What must I do to get my old Pot and Pan to cum back to 'is lovin' wife?—Yours lovingly truly forever,

HEMMA AWKINS.

Answer: Dear Hemma Awkins,—Your case truly presents great difficulties, but I should advise you to procure a pair of high heeled shoes with red toe caps and purple cloth tops tied with amber laces; buy a pink hat and trim it with a green feather on the left side and a blue one on the right side, a bunch of purple pansies in front and a big scarlet bow in back; get yourself a nice petunia coloured blouse and a Royal Blue skirt with a brown leather belt; when you have dressed yourself in this neat and becoming manner, walk down to the whelk stall and when your Henery sees you coming he will be so overwhelmed by your beauty, enhanced by your gorgeous attire, he will wonder how his affection could have wavered for a pair of high heeled shoes with blue cloth tops and dred laces, when he had such a lovely creature awaiting him.

P.S.—I would so much like to know the result of my advice to you. Please drop me a card.—Lady Heartsease.

Dear Lady Heartsease,—Every morning as I pass the Canadian Hospital on my way to business I have noticed a Canadian Soldier standing in the doorway. I should so much like to me introduced to him; I am very much attracted to him. I am too shy to speak to 'im first. How can I effect an introduction?

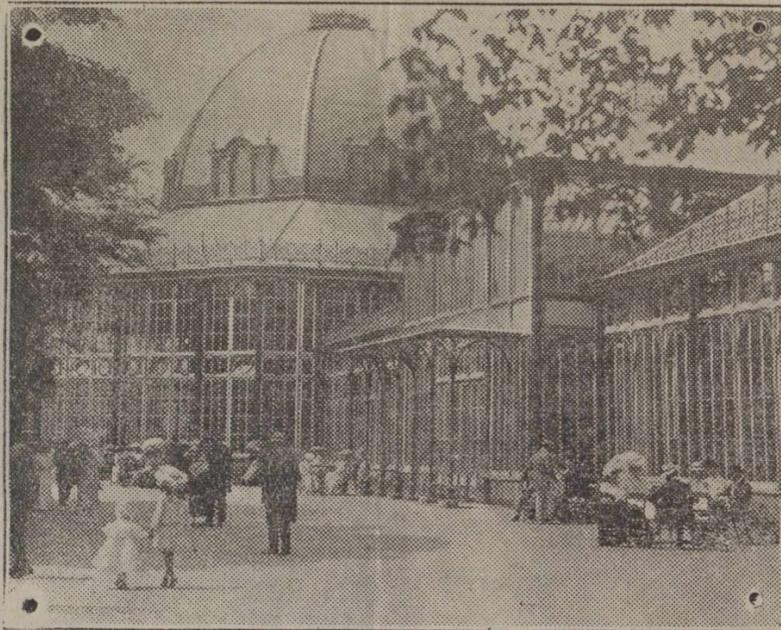
JANE HAIROIL.

Answer: Dear Jane Hairoil,—Surely you are not a Buxtonian. I have never yet met one who was afflicted with the dread disease "shyness." However, if you feel diffident about stepping up to him and slapping him on the shoulder and saying "Good afternoon, my pal," or some such friendly greeting, I would advise you to insert an add. in the new C.A.M.C. column.—Lady Heartsease.

## CANADA'S WAR LOSSES.

OTTAWA, Thursday. An official statement issued here, states that Canadian Casualties up to August 31st were as follows:— Killed and died of wounds and sickness, 8,647; Wounded, 27,212; Missing, 2,005; Total, 37,861.

"Why, Freddie!" exclaimed the mother of a precious five-year-old, "aren't you ashamed to call auntie stupid? Go to her at once and tell her you are very sorry."  
"Auntie," said the little fellow a few moments later, "I'm awfully sorry you are so stupid."



A VIEW OFIOPAVILION GARDENS.

## REMEMBER.

There is another way to do it. A dogged brain will eventually gnaw its way through any obstacle.

Almost everything that men use or do was once considered unfeasible or impossible by others.

Don't start counting your birthdays; they don't really count. We've been confusing age with efficiency far too long. Time doesn't shorten an ass's ears. How far have you developed? How sharp are your faculties?

Opportunity isn't a flower bed, but a thorn patch. None but the hardy, unequaling and persistent can expect to surmount the adverse chances against the majority.

People used to pay far more attention to grey hairs, than to grey matter; they seemed to be possessed of the idea that dullards and wine both improve with ripening. But neither a blockhead or a poor vintage can be transmuted into excellence by the alchemy of age. Men mature by processes of thought, not by physical development.

Yesterday's ideas have all been reduced to print and we can buy them at any bookstore at a cent per copy.

Men whose minds stopped growing when their teachers stopped showing them where to look and what to do are only fitted for the tuppenny responsibilities to which circumstances, and competition have relegated them.

There's a better way of doing your work; find it or you will find another man in your place. Progress is a perpetual motion machine. Nothing stays still and you can't. The whole earth is rapidly growing into a huge brain. "Those now think who never thought before, and those that used to think think all the more."

## ANOTHER CONCERT FRIDAY NIGHT.

Programme of Rare Excellence  
and a Pleasant Evening  
Assured.

Another concert has been arranged for Friday evening in Recreation Hall, and if those of the past are any criterion, a pleasant evening awaits those who attend. The quartette have been practising assiduously and something really fine can be expected from them. The other entertainers are too well-known to need any advance introduction. Following is the programme:

- Orchestra ..... "The Quaker Girl,"  
Song ..... "The Bugler"  
Pte. WILLIAMS.  
Quartette ..... "When Billows are Rocking," and  
..... "Oh Who will o'er the Downs so free"  
Song ..... Selected  
Miss RYAN.  
Song ..... "I Don't Suppose"  
Pte. REES.  
Buck and Wing Dance .....  
MOORE and BURGESS.  
Orchestra ..... "Miss Hook of Holland,"  
Quartette ..... "Newquay Fisher Song"  
Song ..... "My Ships"  
Miss LONGBOTTOM.  
Song ..... "In these Hard times"  
Sergt.-Major CARPENTER.  
Song ..... "Comin' thro' the Rye"  
Sergt. SCOTT.  
Song ..... "Major-General Worthington"  
Sergt. OSGOODE.  
Slings Boys ..... "The Policeman."  
Sketch ..... "A Scene from the Devonshire  
Hospital Drama Burlesqued."  
Orchestra ..... "O Canada" and "The Maple Leaf."  
"GOD SAVE THE KING."  
Chairman: Sergt.-Major F. N. Carpenter (W.O.).  
Musical Director: Corpl. J. T. Incompson.

## CANADA NEWS FOR CANADIANS.

The new War Loan has already been nearly subscribed.

October wheat is realizing one dollar and fifty-cents on the Winnipeg market.

Twenty-five hundred firms in the Dominion have to contribute to the war tax.

The western quinquennial census shows but a slight decrease in the population in the prairie provinces.

The price of bread has been raised two cents a loaf in Toronto and in other Western Ontario cities.

The Ottawas have decided that they will not take part in the National Hockey Association games this winter.

Ontario is to commemorate Trafalgar Day this year by a special campaign for funds for the British Red Cross.

Mr. Bowser, the former Premier of British Columbia, has withdrawn his request for a recount in the Vancouver constituency.

Owing to so many men joining the Army there are only one-half the usual number of "fresh" men at the Ontario Agricultural College this autumn.

The Sir Oliver Mowat Sanatorium at Kingston has been taken over by the Military Hospital Commission for the care of soldiers suffering from tuberculosis.

A number of weekly and small local daily newspapers throughout Canada are increasing their subscription rates owing to the increase in the cost of paper and labour.

Lothair Reinhardt, the Toronto brewer, left nearly a quarter of a million dollars, and requested that he should be buried in Germany. This provision is not likely to be fulfilled at present.

Mr. N. W. Rowell, K.C., M.P., the Ontario Liberal leader, who has just returned from a visit over-seas, quotes Mr. Asquith as saying to him of the Canadians that "none have fought better; none could have fought better."

Canadian soldiers have never taken kindly to the moustache, which they were compelled to wear in accordance with the King's Regulations, and Militia Headquarters has now issued permission to soldiers to shave the upper lip.

The death is announced of Thomas Davies, who was for many years an alderman of Toronto and on several occasions a candidate for the mayoralty. The death is also announced of D. W. Karn, the famous piano manufacturer, formerly of Woodstock. Edward Gurney, head of the Gurney Foundry Company, has also died in Toronto.

—Canadian War Records.

## FOR SALE AND EXCHANGE.

FOR SALE.—A deep baritone voice, would exchange for sweet soprano suitable for crooning lullabies.

FOR SALE.—Fierce bull pup, or would exchange for lady's vanity bag.

FOR SALE.—Tandem bicycle in good repair; will exchange for folding baby carriage.

FOR SALE.—Very pretty engagement ring; will exchange for gun or fishing-rod.

FOR SALE.—A beautifully bound volume entitled: "Man and how to Crush Him," by Miss Spank-curst, or would exchange for "Hints on how to manage husbands."

FOR SALE.—One pair of nicely worked men's bedroom slippers, and several tins of lovely art tints, half dozen khaki handkerchiefs, or would exchange the lot for two gramophone records, "Are we to part like this, Bill?" and "We never speak as we pass by."

There are many Canadians who will go back to their homes sadder but wiser men.

The way of a man is past finding out, but like the way of a woman will always be a mystery.

## AN UNUSUAL CASE.

Pte. Ayers of "B" Ward  
Forced to Prove  
Himself Alive.

A most unusual case, either of mistaken identity or mixed records, occurred in this Hospital last week when Pte. Ayers, who has served at the front with the 10th Battalion Canadians, received a letter from his wife in which was enclosed the official notification of his death.

When interviewed by a "Red Cross Special" reporter Pte. Ayers said: "It is very regrettable that such errors should occur, but it seems that they are unavoidable."

"The shock to my wife was a severe one, and of course it not only frightened her, but it has inconvenienced us both considerably."

"Never having been in just such a predicament before, I am not sure what course it will be best for me to pursue in order to convince the Powers that be that I am still a 'real live one.' And, he added, "I do hope that they are not going to insist on a military funeral, because I've a very strong objection to being 'planted,' and my wife would far rather have me than the pension."

Canadians, as a whole, are not particularly superstitious but there is a feeling rife among the patients that it is rather "spooky" and uncanny for a "spirit" to laugh so pleasantly and to enjoy the same pleasures that we of the flesh enjoy. Therefore it behoves our friend Ayers to "come back to life" as soon as possible.

## DRAMA STAGED IN RECREATION HALL.

Devonshires Invade Canadian  
Hospital and Give a  
Fine Concert.

On Wednesday evening a troupe of players from the Devonshire Hospital invaded the Canadian Red Cross Hospital, and after a concert of several really clever numbers, which were well received, presented a drama entitled "Lord Aubrey's Jew," the characters of which were all well gained. Wherever a large body of men are gathered together there is always a considerable amount of musical and dramatic talent to be found, and the Devonshire Hospital in this respect is no exception to the rule. Their performances are very creditable and highly entertaining. The programme follows:—Pianoforte solo, Selected, Corpl. Hendi; chorus, "We don't want a girl," Troupe; song, Selected, Sergt. Davidson; Lancashire sketch, Sergt. Duxbury; song, "A Soldier's Farewell," Sergt. Thompson; character sketch, Rifleman MacIn; song, "Bandolero," Corpl. Hendi; duet, "Somewhere a voice is calling," Sergt. Wright and Sergt. Davidson; sketch, Lord Aubrey's Jewels, Caste: Lord Aubrey (an old miser), Sergt. Thompson; Lord Aubrey's Butler, Sergt. Houghton; Nat Clifford (a bogus detective), Sergt. Wright; Dick, Tim, Jerry and Bill (burglars), Corpl. Hendi, Sergt. Geo. Casey, Sergt. Davidson, and Sergt. Tyrell; Police and Detectives; God Save the King.

## PERSONAL MENTION.

Mrs. F. W. Tucker, wife of the sergeant-major, returned this week from an extended tour in Scotland, having visited Edinburgh, Glasgow, Stirling, and the highlands. She reports an enjoyable time.

Sergt. J. W. Fairley, formerly one of the editors of this paper, is here on a visit for a few days prior to his return to Canada.

J. B. Ransome, associate editor, is still confined to bed and is not, we are sorry to state, making the improvement that might be expected.

The latest additions to our staff are Nursing Sisters G. Bailey, L. A. Thom, L. Pugh, and S. Sharpe, and we extend to them a hearty welcome to our dug-out.

Pte. H. B. Wilkes is spending a week in Leeds and is on a visit to his parents.

A great event is taking place in the kitchen department of the Hospital this Saturday. Pte. Oatham is tying the matrimonial knot. We all wish him every success in his new departure and hope that he will come through the ordeal with flying colours.

We also wish him a very happy honeymoon, which, by the way, will be spent in London.

Sergt. Harry Scott, and our artful Scout Harold spent a very happy time in Scotland this week, returning on Tuesday.

Pte. Purser is spending a short time in Bristol this week.

Capt. F. Vipond spent a short time in Southport during the week, and declares he spent a very enjoyable outing.

## MY CREED.

I believe in Canada; I love her as my home; I honor her institutions; I rejoice in the abundance of her resources; I have unbounded confidence in the ability and enterprise of her people, and I cherish exalted ideas of her destiny among the nations of the world. Anything that is produced in Canada from Canadian material by the application of Canadian brain and labor will always have first call with me and it is only good business on my part that it should.—Sister Tanner.

**THE CANADIAN  
RED CROSS SPECIAL**

Editor and Business Manager ..... G. T. Duncan.  
Associate Editor ..... J. B. Ransome.  
Artist ..... A. Webster.  
Sporting Editor ..... S.M. Tucker.

Registered as a newspaper for transmission  
abroad.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1916.

**SOME FACTS ABOUT CANADA.**

It is somewhat amusing to Canadians who for the first time are visiting England to note the queer ideas some of the people here have regarding their home land. Despite the vast amount of literature that has been scattered broadcast throughout England by the two great trunk lines of railway, and also by the Canadian Government, there seems to be a confused notion of just what the country is like. A great many seem to imagine it is necessary to have a small-sized fortune before they immigrate, which is not necessary, and when told that the British Isles could be set down in one corner of one of the larger provinces or the State of Texas and lost entirely they are inclined to be skeptical. Since the advent of the Canadians the true facts about the country are becoming better known, and after the war is over, and on necessity the labor market will be flooded, there will be a large influx of immigration to Canada and the United States, due principally to information disseminated by the Canadians. To those who think that gold can be picked up in the streets of the new world we can but say that they had better get that idea out of their heads, but to the man who is willing to work and wrest a fortune from the virgin soil, the opportunity is there. There is really greater liberty in Canada than in any country on the face of the earth, and while homestead land is becoming scarce in the United States there are still countless millions of acres of unimproved land open to bona fide settlers in Canada, who would be welcomed and made to feel at home in a land flowing with milk and honey.

**"THANK YOU!"**

Under the above caption there appeared an item intended as a compliment to the business people of England in general, and Buxton in particular; the first sentence of which reads as follows: "A Canadian visiting a store, a shop, as it is generally termed here, is very apt to be struck with the uniform politeness of clerks and business men alike, in contrast to the methods of merchants in Canada and the United States." The intention of the writer would seem from this to be plain enough that those who run may read, but "Atticus" in this week's issue of the Buxton "Herald," seeing it, after reprinting the article in question, made this somewhat slurring comment: "I might mention, for the edification of the writer, that all the business men are not to be found across the 'herring pond.' Evidently Canadians have something to learn from the old country. 'Manners make the man.' It would seem that 'Atticus' has something to learn in the way of politeness himself; whether from a Canadian or other source. 'Evil he who evil thinks.'"

**DONT'S FOR PATIENTS.**

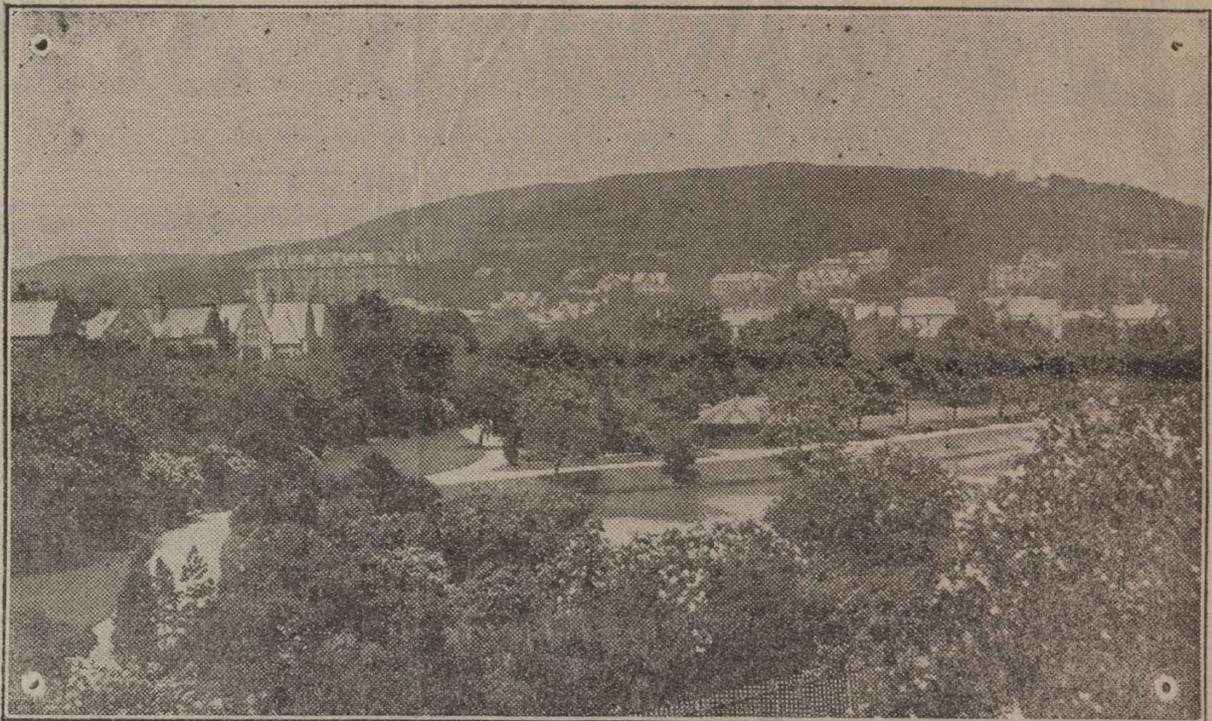
Don't put "To-night's the Night" on the gramophone when nurse is cross. Her evening off has probably been postponed.  
Don't develop new symptoms if the M.O. is snappy. He may have tried to beat four aces the night before.  
Don't ask the sister for cigarettes if she looks worried. She is most likely having an interview with the Matron to-morrow morning.  
If the fellow in the next bed snores don't forget to accuse the night nurse of it. It will make you popular with her.  
If there is a Sergeant in your ward don't forget to laugh at his jokes. Sergeants have been known to get boxes of "Abdullahs" sent them.  
If you are a sergeant don't forget that you are now in hospital and not on the barrack square.  
Don't tell people you are the son of a multi-millionaire. They are getting tired of hearing it.

**A DISAPPOINTMENT.**

Pte. A. Webster, "C" Ward, who has contributed several really clever cartoons for this paper, had prepared a very comical sketch portraying the agony of the nursing sisters in listening to the pandemonium of noise produced by the various phonographs now in the Hospital. Through the neglect of the Manchester firm who reproduce these blocks for us it did not arrive in time for this issue, but will appear next week.

**TONGUE TWISTERS.**

"Are you there?"  
"Yes."  
"Who are you, please?"  
"Watt."  
"What is your name, please?"  
"Watt's my name."  
"Yes, what is your name?"  
"I say my name is Watt."  
"Oh, well, I'm coming to see you this afternoon."  
"All right. Are you Jones?"  
"No, I'm Knott."  
"Who are you, then, please?"  
"I'm Knott."  
"Will you tell me your name, please?"  
"Will Knott."  
"Why won't you?"  
"I say my name is William Knott."  
"Oh, I beg pardon!"  
"Then you'll be in this afternoon if I come round, Watt?"  
"Certainly, Knott."  
They were cut off by the Exchange. And now what Knott want to know is whether Watt will be in or not.



**RHYME, ROT,  
AND REASON.**

(Conducted by G. T. Duncan.)

**A BROKEN WING.**

Through the woods, a woman strolling  
With a wee boy by her side,  
Five short years past at the altar  
She had stood a happy bride;  
Now her happiness all over,  
For a year ago this day,  
She had left the one who loved her  
'Neath the village churchyard clay.  
Birds were singing sweetly round them,  
Suddenly one songster sweet  
With a broken wing came fluttering  
In the pathway at their feet.  
"Cruel hand to strike you birdie,"  
Said the woman with a sigh,  
"You've a broken wing my birdie,  
But a broken heart have I."

**Chorus—**

Birdie I'll watch you with tender care  
Till you can fly once more,  
Sweetly your song to me you'll sing,  
Time will soon heal up a broken wing;  
You'll stretch your wings o'er the trees  
again.

**Mine is a harder part—**

For a bird can sing with a broken wing,  
But not with a broken heart.

Broken wings your flights may cripple  
O'er the tree tops for a time,  
Time can never heal the anguish  
Of this broken heart of mine;

You may sing your song of triumph  
As your mate sits on her nest,  
But a broken heart for ever  
Aches within it's owner's breast.

You may sing out just as sweetly  
Though you have a broken wing,  
But a broken heart my birdie  
Is a far, far graver thing.

Broken wings, ah, time will heal them,  
To them a new strength impart,  
But there lives not a physician  
Who can heal a broken heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

Scene, Scottish seaside resort: Skipper of sailing  
boat sends his mate ashore for provisions.  
One hour later, mate returns bearing in his  
arms one half loaf and a large black bottle.  
"Ma Conscience!" exclaims the skipper, as he  
catches sight of him. "What dae ye want with  
all that bread?"

No rose, no cheeks but one day fade  
No eyes but lose their lustre;  
No one pound note but must be changed,  
How'er we hate to bust her.

\* \* \* \* \*

Well-Fixed: "I see Smith is building a gar-  
age. When did he get a car?"  
"He hasn't got one yet, but he's got an  
option on ten gallons of gasoline."

\* \* \* \* \*

**THE CANADIANS IN FRANCE AND  
FLANDERS.**

Perhaps you have heard the tale before, sir,  
How just a year ago to-night,  
Canada's sons were called on, to help fight for  
Britain's right.

Sir S. Hughes sent out his message,  
And before so very long,  
Thousands of Volunteers were helping  
To swell the brave Canadians throng.

Just the Right, that was our cause, sir,  
And the lads all knew it well;  
Lads who feared no choking gasses  
Or high explosive shell.

Brave and gallant were the Canadians,  
Who went forth at Country's call,  
Out to fight a bloodstained Flanders,  
Ready quite to give their all.

Perhaps you saw them off, sadly bidding their  
wives good-bye;  
Then departing for their Column, determined  
to do or die.

For old England, home and beauty, and the  
Flag of Liberty,  
'Cos they felt it was their duty, did the lads  
from o'er the sea.

Did they prove themselves true Britons?  
Did they fail when under fire?  
Did the foe not think them fit ones  
When the lads would not retire?

Shot and shell could not defeat them,  
Foulest gases they withstood;  
Not the Canadians would not be beaten,  
They would first give their life's blood.

Day and night they never faltered,  
One by one their comrades fell;  
In the trenches, nothing daunted,  
Facing legacies of Hell,  
Dead and dying filled the trenches,  
Hell was loose like some mad thing;  
Death or Glory was their motto,  
For their Country and their King.

Ypres rings with deeds and glory,  
Deeds of sacrifice and pain;  
It would be too long a story  
To describe the Canadians' fame.

How they stood the test at Ypres,  
How they beat the Hun's attack,  
How they foiled the skulking snipers  
Who would shoot them in the back.

Not one guessed the true conditions  
Under which the lads must fight,  
When they took up their positions  
In the trenches that May night.

Those who fell, their comrades bore them,  
To their last rest over there,  
With no "Last Post" sounded o'er them:  
Just a simple 'tittle Prayer.

Composed by Pte. ERNEST ROWELL,  
Toronto, Canada.

\* \* \* \* \*

Visitor: "And did you get wounded in the  
head, my poor fellow?"  
Wounded head (and rifle fed-up): "Oh! no, in  
the foot—but the bandages slipped."

\* \* \* \* \*

**THE CALL TO THE 102ND.**

There was a sound of carpentry by night  
And Comox' plains re-echoed to the din  
Of those who laboured hard at building huts  
To house the Comox-Atlin soldiers in.  
For war's alarms had spread abroad the land  
And every town and hamlet sent its men  
To swell the grim battalions raised in haste  
To beard and rout the Kaiser in his den.

And so it was that on Vancouver's Isle,  
Far from the madd'ning crowds that throng the  
towns,  
A force of men assembled on the coast  
And formed their camp on Comox' sandy downs.  
A stalwart band, not drawn from city clerks,  
But from the ranks of those who breathe the  
air.

That God gave free to them that have the wit  
To dwell in open spaces, free from open care.

As when the clarion voice of Chanticleer  
Rings out to greet the dawn and summons forth  
A waking world to labour and to toil,  
So went the call, to East, to South, to North.  
A call for men, red-blooded men and true:  
For men of grit, for men whose faith was strong,  
For men e'en willing to lay down their lives  
To battle for the weak, to right the wrong.

And, as the scattered members of a flock  
Return at sunset to the shepherd's call,  
Nor linger not, nor loiter on the way,  
But urgent, seek for shelter ere night fall:  
So came the men. Some heard the summons  
dread

In lonely solitudes, and, hearing, left  
Their toilsome work of felling giant trees  
Which, fallen, and of boughs and limbs bereft,  
Are fashioned to man's use. These heard and  
came.

Another band, from those who drive the mills  
And prove man's mastery over Nature's stores  
Of coal and iron hidden in the hills,  
Obeyed the call, and casting down their tools,  
Came hastening from all sides and signed their  
names

Upon the register of fame, as unafraid:  
Men trained in arms by aptitude in games. (\*)  
Nor was the race of Cincinnati dead,  
Who left his plough and donned the general's  
cloak

When Rome stood doomed. Through harvest  
field and farm  
The challenge rang to men with hearts of oak,  
Nor did they fail: their pruning-hooks they  
changed

For Mars' dread arms and, faithful, pledged  
their lives.

See, from the womb of Earth springs forth a  
troop!  
What men are these? As round the summer  
hives

We see the honey bees, each bearing home  
The sweetness it has gathered through the day,  
So are these men, who labour underground  
To wrest from Nature all the wealth they may.

And thus they came—from forest, mine and  
mill,  
To serve the King, whom God shall keep from  
ill.

L. McLEOD GOULD.

(\*) Millmen spend their spare time playing  
games. If they do not, they are supposed to  
be poetic license.

Some men seem to think they are the axis on  
which the world revolves.

(Suggested by some remarks of the orderly  
in B.)

Who is it thinks I'm strung on wire,  
With arms and feet that never tire,  
Expect me, with a smiling face,  
From dewy morn till eve to race  
And never use their heads to save  
My legs from running to the grave?  
My officers.

Who is it that, when old or grand,  
My limitations understand,  
As majors or as colonels scan  
Their orderly as fellow man,  
But, as subalterns often seem  
To think, he's just a dud machine?  
My officers.

But there must come an end to strife,  
And we go back to private life:  
When I once more can take my ease,  
And do as little as I please,  
Who in their turn—their war work done—  
Ah, blessed hope, may have to run?  
My officers.

—H.Y.N.

**CYNICAL SONG OF A SISTER.**

Tell me not in accents tender  
That an army nurse's life is fine;  
It has joys beyond recall—  
Listening to the Tommies' whine.

Fix it's socks, and then it's hankies,  
Put shirts and vests, the morning long;  
The afternoon—sheets and pajama trousers;  
In the evening the same old song.

It is good to smooth their pillows,  
Cheer them all upon their way,  
Regulars, Terriers, Canadians, and Anzacs,  
Grumbling or growling the livelong day.

Oh, the Tommies oft remind us,  
As we work from morn till night,  
That the saying is a true one,  
"The more you work, the more you might."

Would-be Slacker (to recruiting sergeant):  
"But I have bad eyesight, and can't see any  
distance."

Don't you worry about that, my man. We  
will put you in the very front trench, where  
you will have a good near view."

The hungry hordes now wend their way  
Toward the dining hall  
A look of expectation on  
The faces of them all,  
But when at last they get inside  
(Except a very few)  
They look disgusted when they see  
The bill of fare is stew.

**COME, MY LAD.**

(The following song was written by G. Hendry  
of Buxton, the music of which can be had from  
Mr. Goddard's music store, Spring Gardens,  
Buxton.)

Come my lad, and don't be fetched,  
For it is not right of you  
To lag behind, at the call of time,  
When there's fighting to do

So come with me, and a Soldier be  
A Soldier brave and bold  
And wear the uniform of our King,  
Its advantages are untold.

Chorus—  
As we march thro' the High Street,  
Headed by our band,  
Playing martial music, Makes you feel a  
man.

You long to be a Hero, and in the firing  
line,  
And if you've pluck, and fair good luck,  
You'll earn Medals, just like mine.

There are many famous Regiments,  
Who have stood the test of War;  
And each one strives to do their best,  
To add Laurels to their score.

Of all the Regiments of the King,  
And this is really true,  
\*The Notts and Derby are the first  
The next is—well—Number Two.

Chorus—  
A Soldier's life is a gallant one  
I'm as happy as can be,  
So come my Lad, enough's been said  
Just come along with me.

And as we're marching thro' the Town  
And my eyes perchance alight,  
Upon a Lady's face that smiles  
Then its Left, Left-Eyes Right.

Final Chorus—  
Left Left Left Right,  
Heads erect and Buttons Bright,  
Kit well set, and Buckles tight,  
Left Left Left Left Left Right.

\*Singer can name any Regiment as Number  
One.

PLEASE TELL US.

When we are going to have our elevator running? How Uncle George likes tying Hospital neckties again? Why the Sporting Editor got "sore" over the football practice? Who was the patient Sergeant who lost the bet, and if he shouldn't have known so much as not to bet against something it is the duty of every Sergeant to know? If he will cultivate a little broader mind in future? Can Sergt. Lyons tell us what size boots Sergt. James wears? Why did the sausage-roll? Was it because the apple-turn-over? Why Pte. Worthing does not tell as what they are going to name the boy? Why did the Owl-howl? Did the wood pecker Peck'er? Is it a fact that Signor Caruso is employed in our kitchen disguised as a soldier? Is it true that a lady visitor who came here in a cab, heard his voice and was taken away in a faint? Why did the whale wail? Was it because the smelt smelt? What was the impetus that drove Corpl. Gilchrist at such a rapid pace in the direction of Miller's Dale last Sunday evening? Why did the letter-box? Was it because the piano-forte? Does Sid think Daisy Wood marry a Canadian? Where Winnie got those lovely sweet peas she gave to Robinson? Why did the fly fly? Was it because the spider spy'd'er? What is there in the Buxton air which seems to develop the matrimonial microbe? Do Pte. Billy Oatham, Sam Redfern, and William Robinson know? Where Pte. Purser spends those happy hours off duty? How Pte. Brame liked his farm furlough? Can Pte. Chaney give us advice on "How to be happy tho' married?" How long it will be before Corpl. Cummings rides to glory on his motor cycle? Who eats all Sister Popham's thermometers? If Corpl. Boothroyd is Day Commander of the Bath is Pte. Wench a "K"-night Commander of the Bath? Which one of our Orderly Corporals was it who was—what do you call it?—O! telling the tale to that nice dark maiden who talks geography and arithmetic? Who is the forlorn and lonely Sergeant who is now a firm believer in the Cockney's advice—"Never introduce your donar to a pal?" What Archie thought when he arrived in Hythe and found Dreadnought strolling around with Sybil? Why it is that: Whether it rains or whether it snows Whether it hails or whether it blows Whether it's cold or whether it's hot We all have to weather it weather or not? Who is the great big husky pugnacious looking visitor visiting the associate editor? Why Sister Manchester felt so blue on Sunday? Who is the Sergeant who got kicked out of a certain place, and why? Why is the Editor looking so downcast these days, and where has the fair one gone? Which Sister said that two things for a man to leave alone are the business end of a bee and a woman's private opinion? If Murphy enjoyed himself while away on pass at Manchester? Eh, what? Who is Peter? Is he a new addition to the membership of the Staff? When the Staff has their picture taken next week will Peter be in it? Why "Uncle George" is so quiet these days? Who is the Canadian who attracted the attention of a policeman by making a young lady shout? Why the "Red Cross Special" is so eagerly read by the young ladies? Why Archie is so careful what he says and does these days? Who was the Sergeant who went to Scotland on pass, and on his return to Buxton presented his lady friend with Xmas crackers? Who was it the Sergeant-Major was wailing waving his hand to the other day? What Sergeant returned two days before his pass expired, and why? Why Sergt. Martin got so excited on Wednesday morning on receipt of a letter from Lincoln? Why did he exclaim: "She's a peach, she's a dream; oh, you Welsh Kid?" What happened to a certain young married man when returning from the Hippodrome the other night? Is the Summer gone from Buxton? Has it ever got here? Why the night Sisters got two large raw onions in their fish baskets, instead of grapes? Was it the odour of the onions or the disappointment over the grapes which made 'em sick? What attraction is there for the policeman at Bishop's Dale at 2-30 in the morning? When is Capt. McDonald going to give another birthday celebration, and will it be a stag or a "semi"? Splash! What happened when George fell off the wagon? Why did Scotty nearly have a fit when he threw the officer's false teeth in the sink? Who is the crazy, good-natured Corporal who bought out an old lady's confectionery store in order to feed his "guests" in Manchester? Why the chef left a certain emporium in a huff the other night? Would his words bear print? If Scotty and smiler enjoyed their tea on Sunday night and if they saw the two rattle titties off on the train? How the new arrivals of Royal Engineers like Buxton? Little six-year-old Harry was asked by his Sunday-school teacher, "And, Harry, what are you going to give your darling little brother for his birthday this year?" "I dunno," said Harry. "I gave him the measles last year!"

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE CHARGE.

On sword, and gun the shadows reel, and riot, A lone breeze whispers at the dug-out door. The trench is silent and the night is quiet And the boys in Khaki slumber on the floor. A sentinel on guard my watch I keep And guard the dug-out where my comrades sleep.

THE NIGHT AFTER.

The moon looks down upon a ghostlike figure Delving a furrow in the cold damp sod The grave is ready, and the lonely figure Leaves the departed to their rest and God. I shape a little cross and plant it deep To mark the dug-out where my comrades sleep.

EXPERIENCES IN A NURSE'S LIFE.

It is impossible for any woman to go through three years in a General Hospital without having a variety of experiences which would hardly fall to her lot in any other position. Thus repetition might sound rather curious or amusing to the outside world, but no trained nurse would regard them as anything unusual.

Whilst I was in my probationer days I was at work in a very busy ward where the Sister was rather an ogress. On the occasion in question there had been a rush of new patients, a new house physician, and stocktaking all on the same day, and the junior members of the nursing staff had survived a most agitating morning. A day labourer, who in time of convalescence had nothing else to do but lie in bed and see the working of the ward pass before his eyes, being one of the philanthropists of this world, called me to his side at the first propitious moment, and, raising himself on his elbow to give emphasis to his utterance, said: "You didn't ought to stop at this, my girl; I'll find you a much better job behind a bar when I get out of 'ere." I did not avail myself of his kindly services, though I certainly thanked him for them.

The following story is told of the Matron of a Nursing Home in the East of England, whose responsibilities extended over a very large area, and who had, as one branch of her work, to superintend the district nursing in the outskirts of and the town of Ipswich. She went with two of her nurses on one occasion to see a destitute old woman who was living alone in a very neglected condition, and completely dependent on other services the neighbours would do for her. It was a busy morning's work to put the invalid on a water bed, give her an elaborate toilet, and clean up the cottage. But when it had been accomplished to everyone's satisfaction, the old granny turned to the Matron with a little sigh of regret, and said: "Ah! my dear, you'd ardy credit 'ow I'm come down in the world. I used to be cooke in a grand house in Grosvenor Square, with six of the likes of you under me."

No one has enjoyed the story quite so much as the Matron herself, who, since the occurring of this incident, it may be interesting to know, has received the Royal Red Cross of the First Class for valuable work rendered on foreign service.—Margt. Newton in "London Gazette."

PRESENTATION TO MISS A. BARTON.



SISTER BARTON.

At the Devonshire Hospital on Monday, the presentation of a lady's dressing case was made to Miss Barton by Mr. Stevenson, on behalf of the staff and lady patients for her useful services at the Baths during the past ten years.

This came as a pleasant surprise. The presentation was made following a short speech, to which Miss Barton replied in suitable terms, thanking the Staff and ladies for their splendid present.

Miss Barton is leaving the Hospital to go on active service abroad. We join with numerous friends in wishing her God speed in her future work.

THE VERY MAN.

Pat pleaded exemption from Church parade on the ground that he was agnostic.

The Sergeant-Major assumed an expression of innocent interest.

"Don't you believe in the Ten Commandments?" he mildly asked the bold freethinker.

"Not one, Sir," was the reply.

"What! Not the rule about keeping the Sabbath?"

"No Sir!"

"Ah well, you are the very man that I have been looking for to scrub out the patients' mess."

FOOTBALL.

The Canadian Red Cross Hospital Football Club lined up for practice in the athletic field on Saturday, the 16th, and made a good show. The men are in good training and bid fair to make a name for themselves this fall.

The following showed good form: Sergt. Henderson, centre-half; Pte. Jones, right-half; Pte. A. Barnett, left-half; Pte. Cairns, inside-right; Pte. Worthing, inside-left; Pte. Parks, right wing; Pte. Sergeant, outside-left; Corpl. Boothroyd, back; Pte. Waddington, half-back.

Sergt. Major Carpenter was laid up with a severe cold and couldn't turn out; several other good members were also unavoidably absent.

The team wishes to fix dates with any amateur club in the district with the object of friendly games with them, which can be easily arranged with the Sports Editor of this paper.

A shirker from Diss, who wrote his own epitaph in his diary, deserves to meet the fate he has himself predicted:

"Here lies the body of a young man of Diss,

Who vowed he would never accept martial bliss;

He would neither work, nor take, nor give, And died because he was too lazy to live."

When this Diss-graceful young man was up before the magistrate he sat down upon the floor of the court and had to be carried to the cells. He should be left there to work out his epitaph.—John Bull.

NEWS FROM THE FRONT.

The Army has suffered an awful rout in the terrible battle of (place left out). But the enemies' hordes have been defeated on the banks of the River (name deleted). The Austrians under General Dank, Attacked the Russians at (name left blank). On the road near ("Cut") they fled in fear. But they turned and fought at (Blue-pencilled here).

Our men have had but little rest since the fighting began at (name suppressed). But a funny thing happened—we had to laugh—When (word gone) we (missing paragraph). If the Censor destroys this letter, well—I wish the Censor would go to —. (Deletion by Censor).

\*\*\*

A man, a woman, a child and a monkey were born without knees. Where did they go to obtain them?

The man, of course, to Africa where the "ne-groes."

The woman to Whitechapel, where the "shenies" are.

The child to the butchers where "kid-neys" can be obtained.

And the monkey to the Mint where the "ape-nies" are made.

\*\*\*

I don't mean to be mean, but—

There is no one so tall that he couldn't be taller.

There is no one so small that he couldn't be smaller.

There is no one so thin that he couldn't be thinner.

There is no one so fat that he needn't have dinner.

There is no one so mild that he couldn't be milder.

There is no one so wild that he couldn't be wilder.

And so on, and so forth, this, that and the other.

But just for the fun of it, here goes another.

But there are folks so mean that they couldn't be meaner!

INSECT INGENUITY.

There is no better place than a garden to study insects. The dark-coloured beetle—the oil-beetle—may be observed, and as soon as the bees come the larva of this beetle contrives to get upon a bee's body, so as to be carried away to the bee's home, where it feeds upon the food there, and eventually leaves as a perfect beetle.

Other kinds of beetles act as grave-diggers; certain ants keep a diary; and there are masons, carpenters, and upholsterers among the bees. The mason-bee constructs its cell of mortar. By dropping saliva on bits of earth and mixing both together, it pounds the mixture into a sort of cement. It then works this into the shape of a mould, inside which the female deposits her egg. Several such mortar cells may often be found lying close together.

The carpenter-bee makes its house on decayed wood, and lines it with pieces of leaves, which it cuts off in the form of a circle, and adjusts so skilfully that its nest is made watertight without any coating. A very ingeniously-constructed home is also that of the upholsterer-bee, which dexterously cuts out the petals of the half-expanded flowers of a poppy. It then strengthens the folds, and fits them so that a splendid tapestry overhangs the walls of its home in which the honey is deposited.

MATCHES.

The first known method of producing a "light" was by the laborious process of friction, the rubbing of one dry piece of wood against another. It is said that savages noticed that forest fires occurred during wind, and observation showed them that it was the "sawing" of branch against branch that caused the flames. Hence the "friction" light.

The flint and steel and tinder box superseded wood friction, and that improvement was also due to observation. It was seen that the chipping of flints for arrow heads produced sparks, and hence the evolution of the flint, steel and tinder "lighter."

After a series of attempts, crude forerunners of the automatic lighter of to-day, came the "sulphur" match. This, however, was not complete in itself. The tip, made of a paste of chlorate of potash, sulphur, colophony, vermilion and gum, had to be dipped into a bottle containing sulphuric acid and rapidly withdrawn. An explosive flame was thereby generated which set fire to the match. These matches were sold at a shilling a box, and were called eupyrrions.

The next match was the Promethian. The tip of this was made of chlorate of potash, sugar and gum, and the sulphuric acid—necessary to make it fire—was, with some of the paste, in a glass bead. This cumbersome method was superseded in 1832 by the friction match proper.

It was ignited by being drawn through folded sandpaper. This was a phosphorus match, and was but a variation of the "friction" principle.

After a time came the safety match, as we know it. A change in the phosphorus brought about the "safety" to the workers and the users.

"Now, boys!" said the school teacher, "I want you to bear in mind that the word 'stan' at the end of a word means 'the place of.' Thus we have Afghanistan—the place of the Afghans; also Hindustan—the place of the Hindus. Can anyone give another example? Nobody appeared very anxious to do so until little Johnny Snaggs said proudly: 'Yes, sir, I can. Umbrellastan—the place for umbrellas.'"

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# THE GREAT TEMPTATION.

By RAYMOND WRIGHT.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"Doctor," he said in a pained voice. "I want you—to bring my Solicitor—and here he paused for breath—I want to make my will—I want to leave my money to you—if my daughter should not be found within twelve months from my death—Doctor you know it has always been my wish that you should marry Rene—it has been the dream of my later years and—another attack of coughing shook the old man's frame and he made a pause before continuing—"and, and I hoped to see you wedded together. By making my will as I shall make it, I hope to bring it about even now."—"Go and fetch Mr. Gerald for me."

Dr. Cyril motioned for the nurse who was on the other side of the room. "Just take my place while I carry out Mr. Oakleigh's wish." The young Nurse shot an enigmatical look at the Doctor, and with an assenting gesture, she advanced to carry out his request. Dr. Cyril withdrew.

Nurse Wilson seated herself mechanically beside the old man and adjusted his bed covering. From time to time she would pass a spoon containing some red liquid to his mouth and the alternate groanings of the old man seemed to have no effect upon the tranquillity of her thoughts. Her mind was not on her work, and it was easy to see that she was not troubling greatly about her patient. Her thoughts were of the Doctor; she had worked under his ruling on and off for some time now, and his personality had attracted her. She had heard the old man's words when he had stated a few moments before that his desire was that Dr. Cyril should marry Rene, and somehow or other those words had caused her pain.

She thought of how very much Dr. Cyril's existence occupied her mind, and then after pondering over the subject for some little time she came to the conclusion that she was dangerously near falling in love with him.

Dr. Cyril on the other hand was only dimly conscious of Nurse Wilson's feelings, and this dim consciousness appeared to him to be a state of doubt wherein he sometimes thought of Nurse Wilson as a willing and tender nurse, and at other times affectionately disposed towards himself.

Of the two feelings he could not tell the one which fittingly described her attitude towards him. He realised that she was a handsome and desirable woman. Her hair was fair and her eyes were of a tender grey. She had an appealing face which seemed to seek the protection of a loving heart. She possessed a good figure and spoke with a refined and cultured voice.

This was the first time Dr. Cyril had thought about her to any great extent but her appealing attitude and submissive appearance when he had asked her to take his place by the old man's side had haunted his mind since he had left the house. With an effort he dismissed her from his mind.

"Here is the house at last," he said to himself as he stopped before a big white gate which opened upon a carriage drive leading towards a pretty red-brick house.

A brass plate fastened in the centre of the gate bore the inscription—"Bernard Gerald, Solicitor," and Dr. Cyril looked at it for a moment half in doubt as to how he should approach Mr. Gerald.

He opened the gate and walked boldly up the drive.

CHAPTER IV.

Rene had had a strange experience since leaving her father's house. It had also been an unpleasant one. She could now see that the glories of the footlights which seemed to fascinate her so much beforehand, were quite trivial and empty upon acquaintance. Her fellow workers were mostly of a Bohemian type who cared nothing for custom or convention, and some of them were really bad characters.

She had made but one friend, and this friend was a girl whose name, Elsie Merry, rather belied her character. Rene and Elsie shared the same rooms and spent most of their time together.

This friendship was the only brightness in the gloom of Rene's existence, and the looseness of the stage girls with whom she was forced to mix had come upon her with a sense of horror and loathing.

After leaving her home Rene went to one of the places in London which she had found advertised, and after an interview which she, at the time, thought rather humiliating, she was engaged.

Rene had always been fond of Drama, and the Company in which she had found employment was known as "Gordon Brewster's Company" and the production in which she played was entitled "Violet Desford."

It was a very dramatic piece and told of three men who all loved the same girl, whose name forms the title of the piece. One of these men was an adventurer and loved only for the sake of the money which Violet Desford possessed. This man, being heavily in debt and angered against one of his rivals who was an influential Bank Manager, murdered him in his own Bank and made off with a considerable sum of money. The third admirer of Violet, whose name was Wrayford, afterwards learns that the adventurer was the murderer, but as he realises that Violet is strongly in love with the culprit, he does nothing to effect his capture. Violet and the murderer marry and journey to Paris and the love which Violet bears for her husband had so manifested itself upon Wrayford that he decides to give himself up as the murderer; so great is his despair at having lost her for himself. With nothing now left to live for and having decided upon this course he returns to his rooms for the last time one evening only to discover a bearded detective already there who arrests him for the murder of the Bank Manager. Wrayford decides to plead guilty, and the Court scene is very dramatic. He is sentenced to death, but the public call for a reprieve and he is afterwards given penal servitude for life. A fire at the prison in which he is domiciled gives him an opportunity to escape and he makes his way to Australia where he wins a fortune. By this time Violet and her husband have returned to England where her husband dies after making a confession of the murder. Wrayford also comes to England under an assumed name some little time after the murderer's death, where he meets Violet who informs him that his innocence has been proved. Violet and Wrayford marry bringing the play to a fitting conclusion. A strong sense of the dramatic pervades the whole piece and the play had been a huge suc-

cess for many years and was still being performed to crowded houses.

Rene had a very minor part and had a keen desire to play the leading role of "Violet." Elsie Merry, her companion, played the part of a Maid in Violet Desford's home, whilst Rene's piece was that of Violet Desford's Aunt.

It was a small part and she only made her appearance in one act and then only for a short time.

One thing, however, had forced itself upon Rene's life with tragic suddenness to herself and caused her many vague misgivings. She had been attracted by a man of Spanish descent who acted in the same Company, and whose name was Wilde.

He was a singularly handsome man with refined features, eyes of the darkest brown and a black moustache curled half Kaiser fashion, revealing to advantage a full mouth, and a chin which told of determination.

Rene's first meeting with him had taken place just before an afternoon rehearsal, and she being new, he had given her some information relating to the production, had helped her on many points and had proffered to give her his assistance at any time she cared to command it.

He had since pressed his attentions on her and Rene found that she was fascinated with him. She kept away from him as much as possible, because in her fascination there was also a little fear.

She had not entrusted her whole mind with Elsie as yet and although the two girls were in each other's full confidence, Rene had neglected telling Elsie about the Spaniard. She, however, decided to do so on the earliest opportunity.

When Rene and Elsie were preparing for bed on the same evening of Rene's decision, the latter broached the subject to her companion—"Elsie!"

"Yes!"

"Tell me what you think of Mr. Wilde, will you? You have seen more of him than I have, and he interests me greatly."

"Well," answered Elsie, "if I were you I should keep as far away from him as possible."

"Why Elsie Dear?"

"His record is not a clean one," was the rejoinder, "and although I am only going by hearsay, my own opinion does not conflict with what I have heard. His name has been coupled with many other girls, and I should be sorry for your's to be treated in the same—"

Here she paused. "I suppose," she altered, "he has never made love to you has he?"

Rene hesitated.

"Ye-es," she said.

"Anything else?"

"He has—he has asked me to marry him."

"And have you consented?"

"No, not yet."

"And is that all that has passed between you?"

Rene did not answer.

"I am afraid you are not doing well," said the doctor, "and I should advise you to do so."

Rene heard the words as she toyed with the locket she wore around her neck. It was the last thing she took off before getting into bed. She opened it and gazed at the photographs it contained—her mother on the one side and her father on the other.

As she looked upon it her eyes filled with tears.

She closed it with a snap and without answering her companion she blew out the light.

Silence and darkness reigned.

CHAPTER V.

Dr. Cyril's patient died; and he died calling for his daughter. Dr. Cyril returned with the Solicitor just in sufficient time to enable the old man to direct how he wished to leave his possessions. The Will had been drawn up and signed in the presence of the Solicitor, the Nurse and a witness, and it provided that the whole of his fortune should go to his daughter, should she be found within twelve months.

Should she not be discovered within that time the estate was to go absolutely and unconditionally to Dr. Cyril with the request that he should search for the daughter and if possible win her love and make her his wife. This request, the old man knew, was quite superfluous for he was aware that Dr. Cyril had a strong affection for his daughter, nevertheless the request was embodied in the Will to satisfy the old man's desire.

And after this was done, the old man closed his eyes, called out his daughter's name and then died.

The grandeur and rigidity of Mr. Oakleigh's death impressed the Doctor more than any other such experience had ever done. The fiery old man once so big and strong with a commanding air and aspect of power—now struggling under the cold clammy hand of death and now overpowered—complete submission and the grim ferryman Styx claimed his own.

All this happened in the month of May and the Doctor had since left the scene of the old man's death.

It was now December and the ruthless hand of Fate had cast the die against the Doctor. A chronic illness resulting in the neglect of his practice and ultimately compelling him to dispose of it, had brought him down to the extent that he had been forced to accept a situation in one of the larger hospitals in Manchester which received most of its patients from the poorest of the slums.

In playing the Game of Life with Fate as a partner there is often a strange card played against one—and sometimes it is a card which one never suspects is in the pack. Dr. Cyril, like all the rest of us—mere human specks on the boundless Sea of Circumstance—had experienced a reverse in his fortune and the turn of Fortune's wheel against him had left its mark.

He became silent and morose. Sometimes in his more manly moments he felt a saddening tenderness and these moments were on those occasions when he thought of Rene Oakleigh.

After all what is more beautiful than a lovely girl who is virtuous, refined, intelligent and loving; who cares nothing for flattery and deception, and whose chief aim is to be womanly? Think of the blessing of her. Such a love as she can give would inspire the most dejected of men to the greatest efforts for a higher and nobler existence.

These were the thoughts that sometimes came to Dr. Cyril, and when they came he felt an intense desire to discover what had become of Rene. His duties in the sordid Hospital were boring and unwelcome to him; his life lacked something and although the "something" was indefinable to himself, the knowledge of the incompleteness of his existence was always evident. He lived for each day awaiting developments—awaiting circumstances to confront him which would make his life more joyful.

He treated his patients with the same care and attention that had always characterised him, but his actions seemed more mechanical,

and his eyes told the fact that he had lost someone; a vacant enigmatical expression announced that someone had gone out of his life. A look of passive submission also gave evidence that Fate had conspired to hinder his progress on the road of life.

Seven months had passed since Mr. Oakleigh, his wealthy patient, had died, and according to the Will made by the old man the whole of the estate would fall to him (Dr. Cyril) unless Rene was found before twelve months from the time of her father's death had elapsed. Five months only remained in which Rene could come and claim her fortune.

Five months was not a long time; yet it was possible that he might never return. She might even be dead.

Thus thought the Doctor and with thoughts of this kind continually presenting themselves to him, he sometimes became angered against Rene's existence. Why did she not show herself? Why was he to be kept in suspense with Anger, Love, Envy and Hatred gnawing into his heart?

It was possible that Rene was unaware of her father's death. It was possible that she was married; in fact almost anything was possible. And had the Doctor but chanced to look upon the boardings which were numerous in the locality of the Hospital, he would have seen the name of Rene Oakleigh on the play-bills advertising the production of "Violet Desford" to be played in the Manchester Empire that evening.

(Another long instalment next week.)

## POPPING THE QUESTION.

A bashful young Scot had no courage to speak for himself. At last one Sabbath night he said, "Jane! Dye ye ken I was here on Monday night?"

"Aye!"

"And I were here on Wednesday and Thursday?"

"Aye!"

"And once more on Friday, and again last night?"

"So you were!"

"And here I am to-night?"

"Yes."

Finally, in desperation: "Woman, do you smell a rat?"



## WOOD PIPING.

Wood stave pipe, like wood stave tanks and silos, is superior for many purposes to those of metal and concrete, for wood pipe is not affected by water containing salt, sulphur, etc., which quickly rusts iron pipe.

## NEW SUBMARINE DEVICE.

A new device, which will enable a submarine to find her own position under water, and will do away with the dangerous necessity of coming to the surface for that purpose, is announced by Mr. Hudson Maxim, the inventor. Mr. Maxim says that the implement permits the command of a submarine to find his position on a map at any time within 100ft. or so. A position indicator, of a cruiser design, Mr. Maxim claims, is now in use in practically all the navies of the world. Its installation on a submarine costs about 17,000 dol., whereas Mr. Maxim's device could be installed for only 1,000 dol.

## SEEING AT A DISTANCE.

According to "Engineering," the visibility of an object in a searchlight beam depends, of course, on the object as well as on the searchlight. One employs khaki or grey uniforms in order that they may approximate to the colour of their surroundings, and so be less easily visible, but the effect works both ways, and it is said that it has not always proved convenient for our men to be too difficult for our own gunners to see. A further point is that at night grey or khaki will be more easily seen than the French red. The method of rendering an object difficult to see at a distance by spotting or checkering its surface is well-known. The old Southsea forts are an example. The effect of the process is, in effect, to break a large object up into a number of small ones. The method is a very common one in nature. In such cases, however, one usually has the imitative effect. A tiger moving among reeds and long grasses is striped vertically; while a panther moving among foliage is spotted. Mr. Dow says that if one has a donkey and a zebra in a field, and they both run away at the same speed, the zebra will disappear first.

## EARLY POISON GAS.

The earliest use of deleterious gases in siege warfare is recorded in the history of the Peloponnesian wars from 431 to 404 B.C. During this struggle between the Athenians and Spartans and their respective allies the cities of Plataea and Delium were besieged. Wood saturated with pitch and sulphur was set on fire and burnt under the walls of these cities, in order to generate choking and poisonous fumes, which would stupefy the defenders and render the task of the attacking forces less difficult. Another form of the same method of attack used about this date was to fill a cauldron with molten pitch, sulphur, and burning charcoal, and to blow the fumes with the aid of a primitive form of bellows and airblast over the defenders' lines. Greek fire, about which much was heard in the wars of the middle ages, was a liquid, the composition of which is now unknown, that was squirted through the air, and was used for setting fire to the buildings or places attacked. It was employed chiefly in sea fights in order to set fire to the ships of the enemy, and it was used by the Byzantine Greeks at the sieges of Constantinople in the years 1261 and 1412.

## SOME WIND.

Visitor: "What became of that other windmill that was here last year?"  
Yokel: "There was only enough wind for one so we took it down."

The Canadians did noble work at the front yesterday, and WHAT THEY TOOK THEY HELD.

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