

THE CANADIAN

RED CROSS SPECIAL.

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VOL. 1.

BUXTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1916.

NO. 15.

WHAT KINGS EAT.

FOOD SERVED AT ROYAL TABLES.

In the early morning the Kaiser drinks chocolate, followed later by ham and eggs. At noon he eats a very light luncheon. At night the Kaiser has cold-meat sandwiches, and after a strenuous day indulges in potato bouillon, which he eats with as much pleasure as any soldier. The Kaiser especially enjoys roast game bird and carp. As the war goes on and the Allies' blockade increases in efficiency, it is not unlikely that the Kaiser may be compelled to content himself with even simpler fare. But, in any case, he will be the last to starve.

Czar Nicholas of Russia is fond of fish of any kind. He is especially partial to Provencal dried codfish seasoned with oil, pepper, and garlic. Even better the Czar likes kabeljau, codlings prepared in oil. He once remarked to the late Felix Faure, of France, "I could eat them (codlings) twice a day."

The Czar, however, does not care for caviare, the prepared sturgeon roe, which is the daily dish of the Russian peasantry. Instead he is unusually fond of certain Russian vegetable soups called borscht and tschi.

The King of Italy and Alfonso of Spain have a weakness for sweet things, such as whipped cream, chocolate, cookies, and tarts. The favourite dishes of the Queen of Holland are English roast beef and mutton.

In many cases the national dish is a favourite of the king or emperor of the particular country.

The King of Italy declares his great liking for polenta, the Indian-meal porridge, which he eats as regularly as the poorest peasant. He also likes roast chicken gibles with calves' brains and artichokes. Vienna schnitzel is a favourite dish of the Emperor of Austria. The Emperor is also fond of calves' tongue in red wine.

The Pope is said to live at the Vatican on a very simple diet, as simple as that of the poorest tradesman.

FOOTBALL.

ROYAL ENGINEERS V. CANADIANS.

A match game of football was played last Saturday afternoon on the Silverdale ground between the 288th Company, A.T.C.M., and the Canadians, few spectators being present on account of the inclemency of the weather.

The ball was kicked off promptly at 2:30 p.m., a perfect gale blowing at the time. The Canadians lost the toss and kicked against the wind. They were the first to attack, the left wing carrying the ball down the field in fine style. Webster put in a nice centre, which dropped within twenty yards of the Engineers' goal. Sergt. Henderson (captain of the Canadians) got the ball and had a nice drive for goal, which struck the upright and bounced back into play. After a breakaway the Engineers were fortunate enough to open the scoring, as the wind carried the ball out of S.M. Carpenter's reach. The Canadians, one goal down, put up a great fight to equalize. Every forward, being too anxious, spoiled many a good chance. At last, after a scrimmage in front of the Engineers' goal, S.M. Jevons, making no mistake, drove home the equalizer. A few minutes later Webster put the Canadians in the lead after a nice piece of individual play.

Half-time:—Canadians, 2; R.E.'s, 1.

The second half opened rather brisk, the Canadians, with the wind in their favour, having the best of matters. Pte. Jones soon added number 3, and a few minutes later Sergt. Graneome scored the 4th. At this point the game seemed to turn, the Engineers forcing Sergt.-Major Carpenter to leave his goal, but after a series of attacks the Canadian goal was once more out of danger. Although Sergt.-Major Carpenter received a nasty kick in the first half he still kept up his reputation as a good goalkeeper. After a fine piece of play Sergt. Henderson got well away on his own and scored the fifth goal. From 25 yards out he drove a swift, low shot out of the goalkeeper's reach. Two more goals were scored by Sergt. Graneome, who has a whale of a shot, bringing the goalkeeper to his knees on several occasions. The final score was: Canadians, 7; Royal Engineers, 1.

The Canadians all played a good game, none of them needing special mention, although Corporal Stevenson at back was a tower of strength, and Webster at outside-left kept the Engineers guessing at times.

PRESENTATION.

Sergt.-Major Pegg, who has been connected with the Canadian Red Cross Special Hospital almost since it was opened, left on Thursday morning for the R.A.M.C. Training School at Dingate, where he has been assigned to duty. Before his departure he was presented with a smoking set, comprising two fine briar pipes in a handsome case, and a tobacco pouch, by a number of his friends on the staff.

Corpl. Keen in a few well-chosen words made the presentation, wishing the genial sergeant-major good luck and pleasant surroundings in his new field of labour, to which the latter responded in an appropriate manner, expressing his regret at having to leave Buxton, where he had made so many friends. He left by the 8 o'clock train.

ARMY RATIONS.

HOW TOMMY IS FED.

The Army cook is playing an important part in the coming victory. Tommy's fighting qualities depend a great deal on the kind of "grub" he gets, and to one who experienced the scanty and unvaried menu of the Army in pre-war days the splendid fare given to our "contemptible Army" of over 5,000,000 strong is a real eye-opener.

Our soldiers are the best fed in the world, and if the rations of a battalion are not always up to the mark, then there is negligence on the part of some responsible quartermaster.

Tommy gets five meals a day, and the Government allowance of food is exactly the same as it was a year ago, in spite of the fact that the prices of food have risen considerably.

Three-quarters of a pound of beef; one pound of bread; two ounces of bacon; half an ounce of tea; two ounces of sugar, and meal and biscuit. In addition to this each soldier is allowed 3s. 2d. a week for jam, milk, margarine, eggs, vegetables, etc.

The Army cook is the most punctual of all cooks, and every man in the British Army, no matter where he be, has his meals at precisely the same hour day after day.

Shortly after reveille he receives his "gun-fire cup" of tea or coffee and biscuits, and, having done an hour's Swedish drill, or "physical jerks," as he prefers to call it, Tommy is ready for his "brekker," which consists of porridge with milk, bacon and eggs, tea, bread and margarine.

This suffices his appetite until midday, when the "cook-house" call heralds him to a hot dinner of roast beef, potatoes, cabbage, and jam-roll, or else stewed meat, potatoes, butter beans, and tapioca pudding.

The most popular meal of the day is tea, not on account of its brilliant fare of tea, bread and margarine, and jam or cheese, but because it is the signal for "knocking off" work for the day.

Should he feel faint from want of "grub" during the next few hours he can always seek consolation at the canteen in cakes and ale.

Just before "turning in" his "innards" are warmed with hot soup or coffee, and our heroes sleep as only soldiers can sleep until reveille gives them a rude awakening next morn.

Nothing is ever wasted in a camp kitchen. Inspectors of Catering each month visit the battalion's "cook house" and make a thorough inspection. All table leavings are dispatched to the "swill-tub" of the battalion. Bread left after meals goes to make bread puddings. Bones make appetizing soup for the next day, and dripping helps to enrich the famous Army jam-roll.

The Government is realizing the importance of rigid economy, and woe betide the careless quartermaster who shuts his eyes to any slackness in enforcing this rule.

The "swill-tub" is of no little importance to the quartermaster. It tells him how the soldiers are taking their "grub."

Sometimes the tub is too full, then the quartermaster at once comes to the conclusion that the battalion is being overfed.

If there is an unusual abundance of bread, meat, or vegetables in the tub it shows that either that particular article of food is bad or there is too much of it. In this way the efficient quartermaster is able to regulate the meals and bring them up to a high standard of excellence.

No ordinary cook would earn fame in the regimental cook-house without previous training, for it is necessary to be well versed in the many unusual kitchen utensils of the Army cook-house, such as the Soyers stove, the camp kettle, or, to give it its popular title, the "dixie," and the Aldershot oven.

GOATS.

WHY THEY ARE USEFUL TO FIGHTING MEN.

"Truthful James" supplies the following to the "Listening Post," a journal published in the trenches by permission of Lieutenant-Colonel S. D. Gardner, 7th Canadian Infantry Battalion. The editor of this interesting paper is Captain W. F. Orr. Perhaps other editors of trench journals will send us copies of the papers they control. We will be glad to give extracts from time to time.

"Goats," said a Transport man, "are the homeliest-looking things that were ever created. I think the Almighty must have been kind of absent-minded when He made them. There is something casual and unfinished-looking about a goat. It has neither length, nor breadth, nor thickness. It just happens here and there. Yes, the decorative effect of a goat is decidedly limited. Even a young goat is a horrible-looking accident, but a big goat looks like a badly-worn fur rug to a careful housekeeper, or a section of bald-headed prairie to a mountaineer.

"I suppose goats have their uses, but it always seems to me that a goat masquerading as a mascot is outside its natural scheme of existence.

"On long reflection, the only value that can be truthfully ascribed to a goat is that it keeps the troops billeted near-by so busy that they haven't time to brood over the other horrors of this awful war.

"After a goat has gone through your pack, tried out your bed, inspected your rations, and eaten your correspondence, you are apt to forget your private worries and concentrate on the goat.

"Our goat is a harmless-looking occurrence, with a mild eye and an appealing voice, but don't be taken in by these trappings of innocence. That goat can make more trouble than a small cyclone.

"We've got two goats now," I reminded him. "Oh, it's an awful war!" he moaned, tragically, and moved off.

SOLDIERS' MEDALS.

WHAT THE V.C. IS WORTH.

Although in war time war medals are distinctly "topical" and their value is consequently augmented, it is not often that they are offered for sale by auction.

It is more rarely still that such a highly-prized decoration as the Victoria Cross is sold by public competition.

The authorities do not care for the precious little bronze cross changing hands in such a sacrilegious manner.

Some time ago a Victoria Cross, with a Crimean medal, with four bars, a Turkish medal, and a Distinguished Service Order medal, which had been awarded to the same man, were disposed of for £61 in a London auction-room.

At the same time a Victoria Cross and three medals were knocked down for £42; a silver Indian medal, with clasps for Assaye, Argaum, and Gawlihar, realizing £38 17s.; a gold medal, Seringapatam, £26 5s.; a gold medal for Burma, 1824-1826, £17 17s.; and a gold medal for Trafalgar, £15 15s.

A silver medal for Mysore, 1791, brought a trifle over £12, while several silver Peninsular medals were sold for varying prices. One of these, with eleven clasps, fetched exactly as many guineas; another bringing just a guinea less.

Other prices were £12 for a medal with ten clasps, £19 19s. for one with six clasps, £26 5s. for one with five clasps, £16 5s. 6d. for one with three clasps, and £12 12s. and £8 respectively for two with two clasps each. Three of the same medals with single clasps brought £14, £11, and £9.

On the occasion of the sale of a lieutenant-colonel's decorations, the Peninsular military gold cross for four actions, and a small gold medal for Nivelles were, with the small gold medal for Salamanca and two gold clasps for Orthes and Toulouse, sold for the substantial sum of £360.

A rare medal, awarded for a naval engagement between the Chesapeake and the Shannon, was knocked down for £28, while a Waterloo medal brought only £8 10s., and an Indian Mutiny one £2 less. An East India Company's gold medal for Ceylon commanded twenty-even guineas.

At another auction an East India Company's gold medal for the Egyptian Campaign of 1801 realized £50; the Sultan's gold medal for the same bringing only £16.

A Jelalabad silver medal was sold for £6 5s., a New Zealand medal, 1845-1847, for the same amount; a silver volunteer medal, 1799, bringing £15 10s.; while two smaller ones went for £5 5s. apiece. For a Hyderabad silver medal £5 10s. was paid, and for a boat service medal £3 12s. 6d.

A very interesting old medal, which had been awarded to an Irish volunteer, came under the hammer some time since. It had a paste border and loop, and on the obverse side a harp and shamrock were engraved, as was likewise the inscription, "Nil nisi patria, The Ulster Volunteers, Reward of Merit." On the reverse side appeared, "Presented by the Earl of Charlemont, Commander-in-Chief, to Lieutenant-Colonel W. Ross, Won by the Third Regiment, July 12th, 1780." This rare medal was knocked down at £20 10s.

For a Peninsular medal, with clasps for Fuentes d'Onoro, Vittoria, Pyrenees, Nive, and three other engagements, £7 5s. was paid; a Sind War (1845) medal changing ownership at £6 10s.

At a sale in the Metropolis a silver medal for naval service was run up to the price of £55, while a nine-clasp Peninsular medal realized only £16 10s. Another, awarded for the same campaign, brought £12; a Jelalabad second medal was disposed of for £15, and an Egypt medal, with five bars, for £15 10s.

It is interesting to note that at the same time a grim relic of Isandhlwana was put up for sale. This was the burnt and battered bugle of J. Orlop, 1st Battalion of the ill-fated 24th Foot, who were practically annihilated by the Zulus in the year 1879. The bugle realized £12.

SEVENTY-FIVE RACES AT WAR.

FIFTY FIGHTING FOR THE ENTENTE.

Fully seventy-five separate races and peoples are now fighting in the greatest war of the world's history.

Of these twenty-five are on the side of the Central Powers, and fifty are battling for the Entente.

Fighting under the British Flag are eleven distinct races—English, Scots, Irish, Welsh, Hindus, Australians, Canadians, New Zealanders, Boers, native Africans of various shades of colour, Red Indians, and in addition several indefinable small peoples from the South Sea Islands and elsewhere.

Included in the French armies are no fewer than seventeen races, amongst them being Moors, Kabyles, Anamites, Senegal Negroes, Arabs, Turkos, Hovas, Dahomey Negroes, Congo Negroes, Cambodians, and Annamites.

On the side of Russia are fourteen races, the principal being Finns, Poles, Lithuanians, Kirghese, Kalmuks, Tungusses, Tartars, Turcomen, and Mongols.

In addition are Japanese, Portuguese, Belgians, Serbs, Montenegrins, Rumanians, and Albanians.

FINE CONCERT AT

WESLEYAN CHAPEL.

MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH AND FRIENDS ENTERTAINED BY CANADIANS.

At the Wesleyan Chapel on Monday evening last, a concert was given by the Canadians from the Red Cross Special Hospital, assisted by Pte. Rocca, from the V.A.D. Hospital. A large crowd was present which thoroughly appreciated the fine programme presented, if one should judge by the hearty applause accorded each number, and the insistent demands for encores. The Orchestra of late has suffered the loss of several first-class musicians who have departed from the hospital, but somehow there is always found someone to fill the gap, and the selections of Monday evening were finely up to the standard of excellence.

The opening selection, "To-night's the Night," which was beautifully rendered, was followed by a song by Sergt. Scott, "Tom o' Devon," which was sung with fine effect. Pte. Leach next gave a flute solo, to which an encore was demanded and accorded. Sergt.-Major Jevons then sang some comic songs which left the audience in a roar of laughter, after which Pte. Rocca gave a vocal selection in his inimitable manner. Sergt.-Major Carpenter, who always has the audience in hand the moment he appears on the platform, convulsed those present for about fifteen minutes with side-splitting anecdotes. After a few ragtime selections by the orchestra, which elicited generous applause, Pte. Rocca again took the platform, rendering a beautiful solo in perfect voice, and to which he graciously responded to an encore. Pte. Worthing then gave a recitation in professional style, which was followed by a comic solo by Pte. Court, which was well received. Sergt.-Major Jevons with more comic songs, and Sergt.-Major Carpenter in a laughable monologue, followed by the singing of "The Maple Leaf," "O, Canada," and "God Save the King," led by the orchestra, closed a very successful and greatly appreciated programme, after which those taking part were regaled with a highly delectable supper, to which, it is needless to say, ample justice was done.

CROWN WINDFALLS.

FACTS ABOUT COURTS OF ESCHEAT.

The rare function known as the Inquisition of Escheat was held at Ashford, Middlesex, recently, when Commissioners appointed by a Special Commission of Escheat under the Wafer Great Seal of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland held an inquest "touching the real estate situate at Ashford aforesaid of Frederick Berry, late of 3, New Park Road, Ashford, which is alleged to have escheated to the Crown."

To put things in a nutshell, and perhaps a little more clearly, Mr. Berry, having died intestate and without heirs, his land reverted to the Crown, but before the Crown could make any use of the land it was necessary to hold an inquest and take evidence as to the facts before a jury and obtain a verdict from them.

These proceedings are only necessary in the case of real estate. In their origin they were intended as a safeguard against the Crown appropriating property to which it was not entitled. In such cases no hardship can follow a verdict for the Crown, as any person would still be able to recover by legal process if his right to the property could be established.

Parallel cases are very rare and difficult to trace, but it may be mentioned that in 1882 a Commission of Escheat, summoned by the High Sheriff, sat at Cheltenham "to inquire whether Mr. George Perton, late of Prestbury Mansion, widower, was of legitimate birth." The deceased was formerly a jeweller at Birmingham, but had lived in Gloucestershire for several years, and died without issue at Prestbury. He was worth £200,000 only a small part of which had been devised by will. The jury decided that the deceased was illegitimate, and as a result of their decision the sum of £170,000 fell to the Crown.

A Court of Escheat was held before the Lord Mayor of London in a similar case in 1771, and it is believed that such a court had not been held for one hundred and fifty years previous to that date.

Up till 1870 escheat took place in England when the tenant was convicted of a capital felony, but after that date this kind of escheat "with attainder" was abolished, as was also the forfeiture of land to the Crown for high treason. According to existing law a criminal's property is forfeited only in so far as may be necessary for the purpose of making compensation. The old doctrine of "corruption of blood" is entirely done away with now, and no person is barred by the crime of his ancestor from succeeding to property.

FRIDAY NIGHT'S CONCERT.

The regular weekly concerts which for some reason were omitted last week, were resumed on Friday night last in the Recreation Room at the Hospital. At the time the Concert was in progress this paper was being made ready for the press, consequently no detailed account can be given in this issue, but it is understood, however, that an excellent programme had been prepared, and no doubt the usual S.R.O. sign was out.

**THE CANADIAN
RED CROSS SPECIAL.**

Editor and Business Manager G. F. Duncan.
Treasurer Sergt. C. L. Granecome.
Associate Editor C. R. Bailey.
Sporting Editor Sgt. J. Henderson.
Artist C. Webster.

Registered as a newspaper for transmission
abroad.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1916.

They buried a German military prisoner at Inverness the other day, and the hearse was preceded by pipers playing Highland Laments. Perhaps it was done to strike terror into a party of the dead prisoner's German comrades who followed; otherwise we would like to know what the Highland pipers were lamenting about.

Quite recently a train was timed to leave Cardiff with a number of soldiers for the front. There were, naturally, mothers, wives, and sweethearts anxious to see their dear ones for the last time, but when the regiment had entered the station the gates were closed and no one was allowed to enter. The story is that strict orders were given to admit nobody on the platform, because King Manoel was travelling by the same train. Practically the same thing happened in Buxton not very long ago on the departure of two Companies of R.E.'s for Salonika—and there was no king on the train at that time, either.

Perhaps it is a good thing that honesty comes naturally to most of us and is of hardy growth, for it is a virtue that is not unduly encouraged or rewarded. There is a schoolboy in Sunderland who is learning this lesson. He found a purse and took it into a shop near at hand where it was claimed by a lady. She opened it, examined and counted the contents, evidently suspecting that the boy had stolen something, but she found that everything in the purse—£7—was lovely. So delighted was she to find her cash intact that she promptly on the spot made the boy the handsome present of one and entire halfpenny. It sweetens life to read these pleasant and gracious things.

A country postwoman has a husband fighting on the Somme. She does not hear from him as often as she would like, because letters seem to take a long time in getting through, and what she does hear is not always good hearing. One thing he did tell her was that he was badly off for shirts and socks; for weeks he had none of the latter articles and had to tie rags around his feet, his shoes he had worn for two months. In view of the heaps of things sent out by the army, and by kind helpers, this is rather startling. But a little later on he had another startler, for he did get a shirt—by paying four shillings for it—and when he opened the parcel he found a sheet of paper sewn inside the shirt, bearing a lady's name and address with, "Best wishes for a lonely soldier."

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Owing to the advent of cold weather, which of necessity keeps the people in doors, and the fact that this paper has to depend mainly on its street sales for its financial support, the Commanding Officer, Major Guest, by whose kind permission "The Canadian Red Cross Special" was brought into existence, and has since been conducted, has decided to suspend its publication, temporarily, with the next issue, Saturday, December 2nd. The paper has never been a money making proposition and was never intended as such, it costing nearly a penny per copy to produce it. However, the receipts have always been sufficient to cover expenses, and in that respect has been entirely satisfactory. In making this announcement we wish to thank those who have so generously contributed towards the support of the paper, and to express the hope that, with the return of more propitious weather, this paper should again be brought into existence, the citizens of Buxton will welcome it as the return of an old friend. "It is not dead, but sleepeth."

H. AND H. CO. HOLD A MEETING.

At a meeting of the H. and H. Co. the following were elected to office: Corpl. Boothroyd, President; Corpl. Ginn, Vice-President; Corpl. Keen, Business Manager; Corpl. Roulston, Secretary; Pte. Jones, Treasurer; Board of Executors, Messrs. Winch, Harbidge, Purser, Porter and Strothers.

After the meeting Messrs. Harbidge and Purser dined with the heads of the firm.

ANOTHER BULLET!

Two Highland soldiers had been left behind after an attack. They lay flat for hours in order to escape the hail of lead. At length dusk came.

"Let's get a move on now, Mac," suggested one of them. "Perhaps we can get back to the trenches."

"I can't," replied the other. "I'm shot in the leg."

"Never mind, climb on my back, and I'll carry ye," replied the other.

There was a pause while the other was contemplating. "Nae fear," he at last replied. "The Victoria Cross for you and another bullet for me!"

**RHYME, ROT,
AND REASON.**

Love used to give, but now it grabs;
With Shylock-like avidity,
And Cupid dies from deadly stabs,
Inflicted by cupidity.

There are 773,746 words and 3,566,480 letters in the Bible, and 3,882,861 acres of land in Yorkshire—an easy win for Yorkshire unless a re-count is demanded.

A butterfly becomes a caterpillar,
A caterpillar becomes a silkworm,
A silkworm become silk,
Silk becomes a silk dress,
A silk dress becomes a woman,
A woman becomes a mother,
A mother becomes a mother-in-law.

"If," said an Inspector, examining a class of small boys in geography, "If I dig right down through the earth, where shall I come to?" With eager assurance the best boy in the Scripture class replied: "The devil and all his works."

If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet;
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay;
You can lend a hand to help them,
As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
While the multitudes go by,
You can chant in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along,
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do;
When the battlefield is silent,
You can go with awful dread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

Do not then stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
O! improve each passing moment,
For those moments may be few;
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare;
If you want a field of labour,
You can find it anywhere.

Baron Dowse's jokes—good, bad, and indifferent—were nearly always vehicles by which he expressed thoughts which were really serious and pertinent to the matter in hand. A fire having broken out on board a steamer, certain pigs were burned, and Dowse, then a practised, pleaded the cause of the owner against the steamship company.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "It was a rash act on the part of the company to allow those pigs to be lost, but to allow them to be

THE FOOLISH BOY.

Under the spreading apple tree
The boy with freckles stands;
A hungry little lad is he
With scratches on his hands.
Above him is the apple that
His appetite demands.

The apple's young, and small and green,
A deadly thing to take.
The agile boy climbs up the tree,
And gives the limb a shake.
The howling that you hear is from
A child with stomach-ache.

Man is but of few days, and full
Of trouble here below;
He starts with colic and he keeps
On adding to his woe.
Green apples and Welsh rabbit and
That sort of thing you know.

TO A BUGLER (after Burns).

Thou wretched wight with awful din
Who lo'st to wake me in the morn
Again the day thou ushest' in,
Again I from my bed am torn.
O for those dreams I cannot dream,
For one more hour of blissful rest:
Reveille sounds without the hut
And I must rise and get me drest.
Oh, Peace! thou dear departed shade,
When wilt return with all thy charms?
For (curses on that bugler's head!)
Too well I know of War's alarms.
Soon may thy piping day return
And with them those twin charms divine:
A cup of tea at half-past eight
And scrambled eggs at half-past nine.

SCOTLAND FOR EVER.

The scene was a cinema palace where the Somme battle pictures were being flickered. As the Warwickshires were seen going over the top to the attack, an excited Birmingham man exclaimed triumphantly, "What about your Highland regiments now?" As luck would have it, there was a short, bandy-legged Scot in a kilt within hearing. He flared up, and replied: "What about our Hielan' regiments? Why, they are keepin' back the Germans while your men are gettin' their photographs taken."

CALLED UP.

A bombastic billeting officer presented himself at the door of a house, wherein lived a widow and her daughter.

In response to his imperious ring at the bell, the daughter answered the door.

"How many men can you take in this house?" inquired the officer.

"I'm afraid we cannot take any, as we have no man in the house," was the reply.

"Was the man of the house been 'called up' then?"

"To which question the girl quietly replied: 'I'm sorry, but I cannot tell you whether he was called up or down—he died last year.'"

The officer, apologising, retired in some confusion.

IN 1921.

If it's true—that pet prediction that the war has just begun,
And it may not reach its zenith till (say) nineteen twenty-one,
If the men who are our rulers now still run the Ship of State—
Then the lot of free-born England must be hard to contemplate.

The Home Office will determine all the clothes that you may wear;
They will issue regulations as to how to part your hair;
They will let you bathe bi-weekly: and will order you to shave
Before attending lectures on the art of "How to Save."

The Board of Trade will give you orders not to overfeed:
They'll abolish beer production, and rorbid the fragrant weed:
You'll appreciate their humour if you've any sense of fun,
When the limits of your luncheon are a coffee and a bun.

You will thank the Coalition that you're still allowed to live,
And be grateful for such favours as they so benignly give;
And on each alternate Sunday, 'twixt the hours of ten and two,
If your record has been blameless, you may take your wife to Kew.

A ship that—alas!—cannot be torpedoed: the Censorship.

BORROWED!

Amongst some recruits waiting to be passed by the doctor for a Tyneside battalion was a miner from a local colliery, a fine strapping youth.

After a good many had been examined it came to Geordie's turn, and everyone present thought him a likely recruit. The doctor, after looking at Geordie's teeth, remarked sadly:

"I'm sorry, my lad, I cannot pass you, your teeth are too bad."
"Wey, if that isn't a licker," commented Geordie. "Ye passed the same teeth visterday w' Bill Smith, an' we both borrowed them."

Many of our Bulgar prisoners, after a recent attack, were almost barefooted. And their efforts, too, were bootless.

WALTON'S QUALIFICATION.

Will Walton is a Rachda' lad, and, being up in London at the outbreak of the war, went to the headquarters of the London Scottish to enlist.

His well-knit frame took the eye of the recruiting officer, but as Will was not a Scotsman there was a difficulty.

Said the wily sergeant: "I suppose you're Scotch?"

"Naw," said Will; "I'm Lancashire."

"Some relations Scotch, I suppose?"

"Naw; pure Lanky, all on 'em."

"Look here, my man," said the sergeant, "you must have a Scotch ancestor of some degree to get in this regiment."

"Well, I haven't," said Will.

"Oh, hang it!" exclaimed the officer. "Have you no Scotch connections?"

"Well," was the reply, "I've a pair of croosers being cleaned at the Perth Dye Works!"

"That'll do," said the sergeant, with a sigh of relief; "you're qualified!"

We came out of the trenches one bitterly cold night, and were billeted in a barn, where we were packed like sardines in a tin.

Though numb with cold, we were soon asleep. I was awakened in the night by one of our chaps trying to put his boots on.

After I had been trying for a minute or two, I heard the fellow next him say:

"What the dickens are you doing?"

"Putting my boots on," was the reply.

"Well, that's my foot, you idiot!"

THE ONLY WAY TO BE HAPPY.

Hey! You with the downcast eye
And you with the glistering tear,
And you with the faint, regretful sigh
And you with the icy sneer!
Don't you know that the sky is smiling
Though the flowers are not in bloom
And the world is bent on beguiling
Each heart from the haunts of gloom?
And you with the bitter word—
More bitter, perhaps, if wise—
How many a mind is to envy stirred
By your fortunes, which you despise!
There is always some chap who's grieving,
If his grief were only known,
Would bid you to its relieving
And help you forget your own.

A woman charged with drunkenness pleaded that she had been a teetotaler for nine years, but lately had been reading the newspapers. She should have stuck to the Cocoa Press.

FOREIGNERS NOT COUNTED.

Mr. Roosevelt, in delivering a campaign speech recently, told a story showing that the average American has at all times a pretty good conceit of himself, a trait that is also very apparent among the rising generation of young Americans.

A schoolboy was asked:

"Who was the first man?"

"George Washington," he replied.

"Nonsense," said the teacher. "What makes you say that?"

"Because," replied the boy, repeating a well-known quotation, "he was 'First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.'"

"That may be," commented the teacher, "but nevertheless Adam was the first man."

"Oh," retorted the boy with fine contempt, "if you're talking about foreigners..."

Sad is the lot and sad is the portion of the restaurant patron, now that his portion is no longer a lot.

A HOPELESS CASE.

(American alienists declare that love is a form of madness.)

Americans, we learn,
Have thought of something new
Which fills us with concern,
If what they say is true.

When we, some sunny day,
By love's bright flames are singed,
We're told, to our dismay,
Our minds have come untinged!

Yet, when I meet my love
The world becomes divine,
The skies grow blue above,
The sun begins to shine.

And, realising this,
I steadfastly maintain,
If madness cause this bliss,
'Tis folly to be sane!

A German meat substitute was found to consist largely of ground glass. Naturally the fraud was seen through.

FLOTSAM.

When Bill was a lad an' I was a lad, an' Molly a lil' maid,
At Three Stone Mary an' Ducks an' Drake's down to the Plat we played;
We paddled together, an' prawned together, together we went to school,
An' Bill was stiddy, an' Molly was clever, an' I was a bit of a fool.

When Bill grew up he went for a sailor, an' Molly an' him was friends;
An' I kept home to reapin' an' sowin', an' doin' of odds an' ends;
I hadn' no chamst 'longside o' Bill, same as it was to school,
For Bill was hansom, an' Molly a woman, an' I was a bit of a fool.

Now Bill has gone. . . His boat heaved in the Port o' No Return;
An' Molly have learnt o' lovin' an' losin', the hardest lessons to learn.

An' when I see Molly so whisht, an' remember my two lil' playmates at school,
I wish I was 'grounded in place o' Bill, for I'm awnly a bit of a fool.

—Bernard Moore in "Royal Magazine."

The moon was observed to be wearing a very large halo lately. Of course she has secured the monopoly of lighting our streets; but some of these war-workers do swank.

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

Said the bridegroom-to-be
To the imp on his knee,
"Well, Jack, you'll be sorry, I fear,
When the wedding-day comes;
You and Meg are such chums,
You'll be lonely when she is not here."

"Don't you fret about that!"
Cried the impudent brat,
"Why, I wish that it took place to-day,
For 'will give me, you goose,
A fine excuse
For chucking pa's slippers away."

A slump in the pawnbroking business is reported. Apparently, nowadays, only statesmen have pledged to redeem.

PRETTY SAILLEY.

[The British are leaving the conduct of affairs round Sailley Saillisel entirely to the French.—Daily Paper.]

Of all the towns along the Somme
There's none like pretty Sailley,
And round about her skirts les hommés
De France do love to rally.
But Britishers, with seemly tact,
With Sailley do not dally,
And knowing France on Sailley's cracked,
Leave Sailley to our Ally.

It looks more and more as if the Kaiser, who expected to bag the whole of Europe, would have to be content, ultimately, with the last four letters.

The be-feathered Tommies from Nova Scotia are reputed to be the most modest of men. Yet they cannot deny that they plume themselves on coming to our aid.

Lady: Do you know where little boys go who bathe on Sunday?
First Arab: "Yus. It's farder up the canal side. But you can't go. Girls ain't allowed!"

Maudie's father is night editor on a newspaper, a fact which Maudie apparently hasn't learnt: for when someone asked her a few days ago what her father did for a living, she replied:

"I div it up. I tink he's a burglar, 'cause he's out all night."

He (earnestly): "And now that we are engaged, Ethel, will you pray for me?"

She: "Oh, no, George. I've been praying for you for the past eight years; but now that I've got you, I thank Heaven for you."

"The worst winter I remember was when we were besieged," said the old soldier. "We only had one bite a day for two eeks, and that was horseflesh."

"I remember," said his tramp companion, "living for a month on one bite, and that was out of my own leg."

"You old cannibal! Do you expect me to believe that?" roared the soldier.

"It's true, believe it or not," said the tramp calmly. "A dog took a bite out of my leg and the compensation kept me like a lord for four weeks."

In Germany they have a Wolf in very sheepish clothing.

The man of 45 begins to feel that he may not be safe—if ound.

The Colonel (to hardened offender): "Didn't I tell you last time you were up in the Orderly Room that I never wanted to see you again?"

The Culprit: "That's right, sir; but the bloomin' sergeant wouldn't believe it!"—Win-

OVER THE WIRE.

BY
W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

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When Reich had gone Helen discovered that, after all, she had been rather stupid. She stood quietly by the window of the flat and thought over the matter, and presently she had to admit it to herself.

"Well, I was stupid, I am afraid," she said, and began to wonder why that had been so. She was annoyed with herself.

When she asked Reich to call that afternoon it had been with full understanding that it was for one reason, and one only. He was to propose to her. She had even set out the plans of the little episode with some thought. Her aunt and Sidonie were to be out, and Delphine, the maid, had instructions to be discreet. She herself wore the biscuit-coloured gown that suited her so perfectly, and the time she had passed at the dressing-table had been of unreasonable duration; and a woman does not do these things for nothing.

And yet, after all, she had refused the man. She frowned across Kensington Gardens as she thought this, and her own strange waywardness astonished her. Why had she done it? Why had she given Allan his congé in this curiously abrupt fashion? Indeed the whole thing was so vainly illogical.

It was not that she did not know her own mind. She knew that well enough. Her dignified, and usually equable nature, was not one to be carried away by a headlong girlish caprice. She had considered this marriage from every practical and sensible standpoint; given it a vast amount of thought. And only after that had she decided to accept Allan. Argument found him so eminently eligible—and then she loved him tremendously also.

She went over this frequently rehearsed debate yet again. Amiable, courageous, well-born—all virtues that a woman finds so necessary—well-read, sympathetic, charming; a suave and cultivated creature of the world—a gentleman. Strikingly handsome, too, and debonaire; oh, eminently eligible in every material sense.

She confessed all this to herself, admitting the indisputable attraction of the man, and that she was powerfully in love with him—that she was willing and ready to marry him. And yet, after all, she had sent him away. Without reason, without argument she had sent him away. She bit her lip at the mere thought of her waywardness.

"No wonder they call us 'the capricious sex,'" she told herself, and she thought, "And I considered myself above all that sort of thing."

For, strangely, she knew quite well why she had refused Allan Reich in this fantastical manner. She knew that at the moment he had told her of his love, at the moment when she had prepared to yield herself to the sure sure of surrender, a wave, a flood of revulsive feeling had swept over her, and for that moment her whole nature had risen up powerful against him, cried out against him, loathed him—and it was in that instant that the stupid mischief had been accomplished.

"How maladroit and imbecile," she cried out, and in bitterness she struck her fist into her palm. "How could I, how could I be so childish!" She groped about in her mind trying to find reason for that instant's emotion.

Allan had been as charming as ever, as likable and as lovable. He had come to her exhibiting every symptom of eagerness and affection. The afternoon with him had been delicious. The gradual approach, the slow leading up to that supreme and culminating moment of the visit, the moment of formal proposal had been delicately and suavely handled by them both. Not a jarring note anywhere, not a gaucherie. And yet this horrible faux pas at the end. It was all so unaccountably stupid.

Of course there was no tangible reason for that sudden gust of sensation. She could account for it in no way. She was able to remember that she had experienced a somewhat similar emotion once before with regard to him. When she had met him for the first time the revulsive feeling had touched her then, but it had never recurred until now.

Indeed, on any count, there was no reason that it should. The nature of Allan Reich was one that possessed so much that was likable, so much that was the essence of kindness, manhood and honour. He led so cleanly and upright a life.

Helen had taken pains to be certain of this, for she was curiously and stubbornly Puritan in this regard; she had tactfully inquired in knowledgeable circles, when she had discovered the state of her heart. But no soul had any ill word to bring against him; his character, as far as human report could state, was blameless.

She stood at the window considering these things, groping in her mind to find a fit explanation for so stupid and inexplicable a matter.

"Pah!" she said, "There is no explanation. It was a stupid and foolish caprice. The sex's revolt against an imminent mastery. A last flash of independence before surrender. I—I was a great ninny—for some surrenders are sweet after all—and I have not surrendered as I wanted; I have sent him away. How irrational a woman is, and how I hate myself."

But in strict reality she did not hate herself. She felt, only, that she had postponed an event. That Allan would ask her to marry him again. Men always did that. They recognized this caprice in woman. He knew that a woman's "No" was not a final thing.

Then it was she remembered with a gasp of pain that on this occasion at least, it might prove to be a final word. She recollected suddenly that as he left her Allan had said he would leave the country; that it would be distasteful after this if he would go abroad and at once.

At once, the words had a terrible significance, and the abrupt sense of utter loss became almost too painful to be borne without crying out. She shuddered at the pang of it.

"Oh, no," she cried, "Oh, no. He must not do that. He mustn't go away. I could not stand that." Frantically she searched in her thoughts

for a means to prevent his going. "He must not go away," she argued. "But how can I—?" And she thought of the telephone. She ran to it, and rang up Allan's flat.

She would not let the valet call Allan. He was in his rooms packing, so the man told her over the wire, but she felt she could not speak to him now.

"No," she cried. "No, no, no. Do not call him. Say—are you listening? Say that Miss Herbertson wishes him to call at once. Yes, Miss Herbertson; Helen Herbertson, and—at once. Did you hear that? Yes—I want him to come at once—immediately. Yes, he will know where that is all. Tell him that. I shall be waiting for him. No—no, I will not hold the line."

She dropped the receiver; flung it down, and let it dangle thus. She did not wish to be interrupted. She desired to be cut off from the world. In forty minutes Allan would be here. In forty minutes he would have come from his rooms to her. She certainly did not wish to be interrupted then, nor now because she wished to think.

She sat down by the window, and thought a great many shy and blushing thoughts. She thought of her own strange caprice, of this stupid abrupt and reasonless emotion of distaste that had shaken her. She had a stupid way of saying that 'first opinions are best opinions,' and no doubt she had remembered this at that great and emotional moment of proposal, and acted so stupidly.

And, she thought, with this strange, quiet, shyness, that when he came she would tell him all about it. It would be a delectable reparation. He would rally her gently and happily upon her caprice. He would tease her—well, how pleasant it would be to be teased by him. To be in his strong arms and hear that rich voice of his mocking her in light and lovely gentleness.

She thought again of Allan's manliness and cleanly-mindedness. It was indeed this fine and intrinsic signment of his nature that had attracted her at the outset. He was so upright and blameless. So different, so free from the degenerate and unlovely appetites of the modern male.

She had turned to this side of his nature almost at once with a great sense of relief. She had always cried out in her heart for a man like that. Well, Allan Reich was just such a man, and she had refused him. She scorned herself for that, she who could live for such a rare ideal, and then freakishly cast it aside when it came to her hand.

Well, she would tell him that, too. Absolution would be sweet in the confessional of his arms. She would rest contentedly in them and tell him of all her weak womanliness.

"Ah, a fine, clean, honourable, upright fellow," she sighed. "That's what you are, Allan—Allan you—your dear. The finest fellow in the world. And the noblest. And the best. If all the world were bad there would be you left, and that would be enough—and you'll be here in five minutes—"

She glanced at the clock, noting the time, and as she did so she heard a call rattle hollowly in the dangled telephone receiver. She regarded it with a tiny moue.

"Oh, no!" she laughed. "Oh, no, you don't. A modern and up-to-date improvement like yourself is not going to spoil sport, surely?"

She got from her chair, partly to ignore the insistent thing, partly because in her nervousness, she felt it necessary to move about the room.

The call of the telephone, however, was not to be ignored. It buzzed, and was silent, buzzed again and again, and then paused, and buzzed again, in the upstart manner of such modernities. Buzz, buzz! it went in its staccato imperative demand.

"Oh, bother you," cried Helen, and tried hard to concentrate her attention on Kensington Gardens in the dark. The receiver buzzed. Brr! Brr! Brr!—Brr! Brr!—Brr! Brr! Brr!—Brr!

Helen stamped her foot, and looked at the clock.

"Oh, bother you," she cried again, and then it flashed abruptly to her mind that perhaps this was Allan. She sprang to the receiver, and called.

"Hullo. Who are—?"

"Oh, there you are—at last," interrupted a man's voice, and an impatient man's voice. "At last. Awful time you have been, Daisy," the telephone hummed and sawed hazily. "What's the matter with the telephone, anyhow?"

"What—?" stammered Helen. "Who are you?"

"Oh, Horace. You know, Horace Howard." "Why," thought Helen, "Allan Reich's man is called Horace Howard;" the fellow she had been speaking to just now, the valet. "Horace Howard," went on the voice, "and very much at your service, my dear, very. You're Daisy, of course." Helen made a half-strangled sound in her throat. She wished to say something, to warn the fellow, but he rattled on—"Know your voice anywhere, Daisy; it's one in a thousand—Well, you listening—I'm in an awful hurry, had a job to get on to you. These telephone people are the limit, this 'phone is awful bad, isn't it?—Well—well, we aren't—are you listening?—we aren't going away after all."

"I think you've made a mistake," cried Helen.

"Ring—"

"Can't hear you very well; something wrong your end. Well, we aren't going away now, because after all she's going to have him."

Helen Herbertson gasped, and tried to get a sentence in edgeways.

"You've made—"

"Oh, keep quiet, young woman," galloped on the voice. "How can I tell you if you interrupt? I'm in an awful hurry. Well, she's going to have him. Dear Helen is going to have him. She telephoned up just now in no end of a flutter. Wanted Master Allan to go round to her at once. At once; couldn't wait at all. Must have him. Dying for him. So round he goes, you bet, who'd sniff at half a million; not Mister Reich, you bet. So he's booked and cooked, and I'm not due to leave the old country and you, my dear. No mere little jaunts à Paris. No more interested friendships with ladies of the chorus. The little Vandaleurer girl must shut up her cosy flat and go—or find another Johnny, 'cos Miste. Allan Reich is going to be a good boy now—"

"Good God," stammered Helen. "Do you mean that Allan Reich is that sort—?"

"Oh, come off it. Don't try and be the mother's innocent. Of course he is. What do you think? All young fellows about town have their little affairs. Mister Allan, too; he's only in the fashion. Only, I must say that of 'im, he's a clever dog. Knows how to keep his goings on in the dark on the strict Q.T. Nobody would guess just what he is to look at him, but, my word—well, what do you think of this? Between ourselves, y'know—he and the little Vandaleurer girl arranged over the 'phone, to go on a small jaunt abroad because this Miss Herbertson had chucked him, and now—"

Helen Herbertson flung the receiver from her. She had listened, so far against her will, horror-held, but now she flung the instrument from her as she would fling some foul thing, some unclean and loathsome object.

"Oh, God," she moaned, "and I deemed him magnificent because of his unique spotlessness. Oh, dear God—"

And at that moment Delphine came in at the door.

"Mr. Reich," she announced. "To Mr. Allan Reich I am not at home—ever," said Helen.

[The End.]

NEWSPAPER BULLS.

Lost.—Pocket wallet, containing papers, "answering the name Wardley."—Portsmouth Evening News.

Young girls, just leaving school "wanted for stuffing."—Reading Standard.

"It is officially announced that . . . in hot climate "only" the naval helmet will be worn, and this may be covered with khaki drill when under fire."—Daily Mail.

Aeroplane Record.—After ascending 19,750ft. Lieut. Guida's "barometer" registered a "temperature" of 89 degrees below zero.—Liverpool Echo.

Wanted, by young couple, "one child."—Glasgow Citizen.

Man requires lodgings with board; single bedroom; central; no trouble; "always out."—Liverpool Times.

Our Methuselahs: There are men there (law courts) approaching ages ranging between "seven score" and "nine score years" who refuse to retire.—Evening Standard.

"Oh," she thought, as her nails bit into the palms of her hand, "How I will make him pay! He had 'no' mercy, and I will have 'less.'"—Forget-me-not.

Report of Sanitary Committee of Exmouth Urban District Council: The amount of sunshine for the past 28 days has been 86.3 hours, a "daily" average of 24 hours.

A CASE OF DESPATCH.

The traveler had spent the night at the station hotel, and in the morning, after a hurried breakfast, found himself with only five minutes left in which to catch his train. With the kindly assistance of a young hall-porter, he made a helter-skelter progress to the platform, and then suddenly remembered that he had left his despatch-case, containing his cash and most of his valuables, on the dressing-table in his bedroom. After a moment's hesitation, he seized his baggage from the porter.

"Quick," he cried, "run up as fast as ever you can to Number 69, and see if I have left a green morocco despatch case on the right-hand corner of the dressing-table."

The willing youth departed like greased lightning, and the traveller, hanging out of the carriage window, watch in hand, timed the passing moments with augmenting anxiety. The train was on the move as the tow-haired and not very intelligent porter sprinted along the platform, empty-handed.

"Yes, sir," he panted breathlessly, "that's right, sir, you left it on the corner of the dressing-table, sir!"

It's not the best man that wins, but the man who makes the best of himself.

All things come after the man who goes after them.

In the midst of life we are in debt.

Do not take life too seriously—you will never get out of it alive.

The original noise is what counts—most people are merely echoes.

Fallin' in love is a matter of intermittent propinquity. The cure is propinquity.

MEAN.

"Champagne for one," he loudly cries, And when 'tis served, to her surprise, He drinks it all, and softly sighs, "Drink to me—only with thine eyes."

WHAT NEXT?

"The Germans," said a noted surgeon, "are vaunting their war surgery. Two years ago, 80 per cent. of their wounded returned to the front. Last year 90 per cent. returned. Now 98 per cent. returned. Rats!"

The professor made a gesture of repudiation. "Why, at this rate," he said, "the Germans will be telling us that, every time an enemy bullet hits a German soldier in the head, its

A colonel's wife, who is doing real nursing at a certain "London General," was recently offered a tip of sixpence by an honest old couple in gratitude for her care of their soldier-son. Tact personified, she slipped the sixpence back into the father's hand, saying, smilingly, that nurses weren't allowed to accept gratuities.

"Oh, that'll be all right, sister. I'll not say nothink about it. Just take it, and get yerself a drop o' gin in your off-time!"

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PLEASE TELL US.

Is it true that Freddie Harbidge has resumed
his bombardment of "Lill"?
Why Sergt. Major Carpenter persists in hold-
ing a football till someone else kicks it?

How, he feels when they miss the ball and
he substitutes for one?
How many holidays Sammie really did want?
If Staff-Sergt. Collins is dying or just be-
coming a shareholder in a dyeing concern?
Does he like the business or is there some
other attraction?

Was Mac heard to say that he had a good
winter house in view?
When one of the Canadian Ambulance dri-
vers will next be seen delivering blouses in the
vicinity of Dove Holes?

How Sergt. Sills felt when, passing rude re-
marks about other people, he was asked to look
at himself?

How the night orderlies felt when they were
told that their duties would continue till the
end of the month?
How much abuse the night orderlies had to
take while passing out the linen on Saturday
night?

Was Capt. Thurgar angry last Saturday
night, or was he just trying to keep from
smiling?

What kind of a mixture Pte. Porter thought
he was trying to compound when he was found
mixing carbolic acid and milk?

How Hallibuton enjoyed his vacation?
If it is true that Corpl. Anderson has taken
to using a powder puff since shaving off his
moustache?

If Sergt. Martin has to borrow relatives, and
does he make a speciality of Aunts and Uncles?
If "Dad" really could kick the eye out of
a mosquito with those new shoes of his?

If the night orderlies dared go into a
patient's room last Saturday night, unless
"Tiny" was close behind them? Was it
"Tiny's" personality or size that gave them
such confidence?

Has Reggie "Dark Eyes" given up patrol
duty for a permanent post these cold nights?

Who is the private on the staff that shows
such a great liking for school teachers? Is he
going back to schooldays? Does Pte. Orr know?

Did the night Chef buy the curling tongues
to curl his moustache?

If Scottie Well thought he was giving orders
on a battleship?
Or was he just trying to wake the dead, by
yelling at the top of his voice on Monday
night? Did he do the submarine act when the
Staff-Sergt. started after him?

Why Sergt. Bennett carried a fur around in
his pocket? Where did he get it?

How Staff-Sergt. Turner liked his bouquet
which he received on Wednesday? Did a
V.A.D. nurse send it?

Why Sergt. Isherwood was not skating on
Thursday? Had he not quite recovered from
the bumps received the day before?

Why Lance-Corpl. Hooker preferred to walk
in the Gardens on Tuesday, and where was the
dear little dog?

How Sergt. Isherwood enjoyed his first skat-
ing lesson and the bumps that went with it?

Where are the blind pigs, and who are the
suckling ones?

How Sergt. Quigley likes putties; does he
consider that he looks smart about the legs?

Who blacked the girl's face at the cafe?
Does the Staff-Sergt. know?

Whether the Sergt.-Major and the Staff-Sergt.
are learning dentistry, now that they have the
dental parlor?

What is the attraction for the masseurs at
Burbage? Can Ptes. Turner and Cairns tell
us?

If Staff-Sergt. Turner will let them know
beforehand, the next time he is going to the
V.A.D. they will make it a point of seeing
that "the certain young lady" is in evidence?

When does Sergt. Turner's lease expire in
the A1 duty room?

How Staff-Sergt. Morris likes playing tag
with the youngsters at the skating rink?

Why does "Dad" go up to the Fairfield
Road so much. Can the little lady in the
fruit store tell us?

What Pte. Waddington said when the Italian
showed him his best girl's picture?

Who was the civilian who lost his girl in the
dark under the bridges? Does Syd know?

What Pte. Purser would think if he knew
the young lady knew he was married, and her
also?

Who was the Sergeant who soaked his watch,
and what did he want with the money?

Who were the two girls who were criticising
Sergt. Scott, on the way from the concert on
Monday night, not knowing that he was one of
the party?

Who are the drivelling idiots who try to
entertain bed patients while passing through
the hallways by singing, whistling and loud
talking?

Who are the heavy-footed, likewise heavily-
booted individuals who come in at all hours
of the night and make as much noise as pos-
sible while the patients are trying to sleep?

How long does it naturally take Corpl.
Gooch to see through a joke?

Who is the "Very Special" lady friend of
a private who telephoned for a pass to go to
the opera, and did he enjoy the company of
the four young ladies?

EXPECTATION!

The mails from home had just been received
by a certain regiment. Not only were there
letters, but many parcels from relatives and
friends at home for lucky soldiers. One of
the Tommies received a large box addressed to
himself, and with a triumphant yell he rushed
off to his company's lines and gathered them
round him to share in the eagerly anticipated
contents of his box.

"Smokes, lads," he cried, as he undid the
wrapping. "From the old man; I know it.
An' there's sure to be a bottle or two of
Scotch."

He opened the box, gave one look at the con-
tents, and collapsed in a heap.

"What is it?" cried his comrades, pressing
round.

"It's from old Auntie Mary," groaned the
disappointed warrior. "Bandages an' ointment
an' embrocation an' splints, an' a book on
"Ow to Be Your Own Surgin'!"

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

Many people scoff at "calf love," and its
duration is held up to derision; yet some
whose names will linger for all time fell in love
at first sight with the objects of their adora-
tion. Gainsborough, the painter of beautiful
women, passed on his way heart-whole until
chance awoke him for once and all. He was
painting a landscape near Sudbury, engrossed
in his art, when a shadow was cast across his
canvas. He looked up, and met the innocent
gaze of the lady who afterwards became his
wife.

John Opie, well known for his portrait paint-
ings, was of very humble origin, and never
cared to acquire the finishings of a higher
class of society. Yet the lady of his choice was
a very wealthy and gifted woman. When Opie
first saw her, her hair, which was very beau-
tiful, hung in long tresses over her shoulders,
and his artistic eyes revelled in the picture she
made. That very night the artist became her
avowed lover.

Lovable Robert Burns gained his early poeti-
cal inspiration from one of Scotland's bonnie
lassies. He fell in love at sight, and with her,
he says, "began the love and poetry of my
life."

HOW ALSACE WAS LOST TO FRANCE.

It is just over forty-six years ago that the
city of Strasburg, the key of Alsace, capitulated
to the Germans in the Franco-Prussian War.
It was on August 9th, 1870, that siege opera-
tions were commenced against this city of vital
importance, and it must be admitted that the
Germans had no very difficult task before them,
for the fortifications were extremely old, the
citadel having been constructed nearly two
hundred years before. Nevertheless, the garri-
son, numbering 17,000 men, under General
Uhrich, held out with remarkable heroism,
despite the continual bombardment and a
scarcity of provisions, for the long period of
seven weeks before surrendering.

After the general bombardment of the city,
during which the assailants did not trouble to
avoid shelling the beautiful cathedral, a deter-
mined attack was launched on Lunette 53,
which was carried.

The ditch protecting Lunette 52, however,
was a more formidable proposition, being sixty
yards in width, and from 6ft. to 9ft. deep.
From a neighbouring brewery the Germans ob-
tained a number of casks. A soldier swam
across in the darkness and fixed a cable; then
the casks, filled with saddles to form piers,
were boomed out along the line of the cable.
In two hours, and before the besieged French
were aware of what was happening, the bridge
was finished. It was only when the troops were
crossing it that the alarm was given, and the
French poured a fire on the Germans that cost
them about fifty men.

SAFETY IN THE AIR.

Is an aeroplane the safest place for a sol-
dier in war? The question would appear to
be answered in the affirmative in view of the
following facts.

It was reported some time ago that an offi-
cer of the Royal Flying Corps had applied to
be allowed to rejoin his regiment in his former
capacity. When inquiry was made as to his
reasons he replied that he could not bear to
see his brother officers running all the risks
of the trenches while he himself was in safety
flying in the air above them.

When the Royal Flying Corps was organ-
ized in 1912, it was estimated that in case of
war the entire personnel would have to be re-
newed every six months—that that period would
represent the average life of an airman in
active service. In the first five months of the
present war, however, during which the corps
was almost continuously engaged in scouting
and raiding expeditions, the total loss was six
airmen killed by the enemy, five killed acci-
dentally, five wounded, and five missing or
prisoners—a total disablement of less than
three per cent. of the airmen on active ser-
vice.

While no exact figures, either of losses or of
the number of troops engaged in the field, have
been made public by any of the Powers en-
gaged in the war, it is certain that the per-
centage of losses in land fighting, both of offi-
cers and men, has been very much larger than
this in each of the armies.

While admitting that recent casualties in the
R.F.C. have been much heavier than during
the first few months of the war, it must be
remembered that this fact also applies to the
men in the trenches.

GARDEN OF SERPENTS.

There is a garden in Brazil which is very
repulsive to the lay visitor. Maintained pure-
ly for scientific purposes, it is located at
Butanta, and occupies about seven hundred
acres. There are laboratories which produce
serums for the cure and prevention of snake-
bites. The snakes used in preparing the se-
rums are kept in a small park, containing
numerous dome-shaped shelters, which is sur-
rounded by a wall and a ditch filled with
water. Other specimens are kept in a similar
park near the main building, in order that
their habits, favourite food, the divers venom-
ous properties of various species, and the best
methods of escaping their attacks may be
studied.

The hot and moist forests of Brazil contain
many venomous serpents, but the slightest
noise alarms the peaceful and timid reptiles,
which attack only those persons and animals
that tread on them or destroy their lairs. Tubes
of serum, with hypodermic syringes, are sent
gratuitously from the laboratories to hospitals,
municipalities, and poor patients. Others are
sold at low prices or exchanged for live snakes.

THEN SILENCE REIGNED.

One of the best stories in F. Lauriston Bul-
lard's "Famous War Correspondents" is one
concerning the late Bennet Burleigh.

It was the night before the battle of the At-
bara River, and Burleigh spent the time visit-
ing the various troops lying out in the open.
"It was whilst walking softly," he wrote,
"so as not to disturb light sleepers, that I
overheard a sentimental Seaforth Highlander
say to his comrade:

"Ah, Tam, how many thousands there are
at home across the sea thinking o' us the
night!"

"Right, Sandy," replied the chum, "and
how many millions there are that don't care
a damn. Go to sleep, ye fool!"

"And silence again fell upon that corner of
the square."

IRRESISTIBLE.

A party of workmen were engaged in repair-
ing the roofs of a block of houses. One of
them during the morning was found to be
missing. At last he was discovered near one
of the chimney-stacks, and appeared to be em-
bracing a chimney-pot.

"Here, Bill, wot are you up to?" called out
one of the men.

"Come here and I'll tell you," answered
Bill, not moving an inch.

Curiosity seized the inquirer, and he made
his way over the various roofs until at last
he was beside Bill.

"Well, wot is it?" he asked.

"Ain't the smell o' fried steak and onions
just luv'ly?" answered Bill. "Come an' ave
a smell," he added, as he again glued his
blackened nose to the fascinating chimney-pot.

AGED KING'S GALLANTRY.

A delightful story is told of King Nicholas
of Montenegro during his visit to the Western
Front. There was one village upon the King
of Montenegro's route to the French front
where there are yet children; they range up as
one passes and ask for pennies. "Gimme
penny, please—one penny, please." One little
girl held out her hand as the King and his
suite went by, and piped her request to one
of the English officers. The King stopped.
"What was she saying?" The officer laughed
and explained, and would have walked on, but
not the King. "No, bring her here," he com-
manded. She was brought. It is part of the
business in life of good kings to live up to the
story-books, and Nicholas of Montenegro was
equal to the demand upon him. He produced
a louis—not a billet de banque such as one
pays mere bills with, but the real thing, the
authentic gold—and handed it to the little girl.

LADY MARJORIE'S HINT.

The beautiful Marchioness of Anglesey, who
recently gave birth to a daughter at Castle-
knock, where she and her husband have been
staying since the latter's important Irish ap-
pointment, was before her marriage Lady Mar-
jorie Manners, the eldest of the Duke of Rut-
land's beautiful daughters.

She is one of the most brilliant hostesses in
society, and is interested in all kinds of sport.

Once, when a schoolgirl, Lady Marjorie went
to a small local lecture. For a time she lis-
tened attentively, but the lecturer was rather
long-winded, and soon her attention strayed to
the reporter of the local newspaper, who, she
discovered, was furtively watching her sister
and herself. Taking a piece of paper from her
bag, she scribbled a note and made as though
to pass it to her sister; then, apparently chang-
ing her mind, she let it drop on the floor. At
the close of the lecture, as the hall was empty-
ing, the reporter, scenting "copy," made a grab
at the paper. "If that man doesn't wind up
soon," he read, "I shall have to take off these
tight shoes."

WORLD'S BIGGEST WARSHIPS.

The dimensions of the proposed new battle-
cruisers for the United States Navy, bids for
the construction of which have been called for,
stir the imagination. These mammoth war-
ships will be 850ft. long, whereas the length
of the largest American super-Dreadnought to-
day is only 600ft. They are to have a speed
of from thirty-two to thirty-five knots. The
fastest European battle-cruisers, so far as is
known, have never exceeded twenty-eight knots.
The displacement will be 35,000 tons. The dis-
placement of the huge super-Dreadnought
Pennsylvania is 31,400 tons, that of the Brit-
ish warships of the Queen Elizabeth type and
the largest battle-cruisers being 27,500 tons.

Each of these fast-going battle-cruisers will
carry ten 14in. guns, and the cost of each,
armoured and equipped, will be about £4,000,000.
In short, they will be the largest naval ves-
sels yet projected, representing the superlative
in dimensions and speed.

NOT ENOUGH TO DO.

As illustrating the Irishman's ready wit Mr.
Runciman recently told this story concerning
a certain colonel, a neighbour of his who, re-
quiring a manservant, inserted an advertise-
ment in the local weekly.

It was specified that applicants must be
above military age, and as a matter of fact the
only individual to come after the job was an
Irishman of nearly seventy.

"What I want," explained the colonel, "is
a useful man—one who can cook, drive a motor,
look after a pair of horses, clean boots and
windows, feed poultry, milk the cow, and do a
little painting and paperhanging."

"Excuse me, sir," said the applicant, "but
what kind of soil have ye here?"

"Soil?" snapped the colonel. "What's that
to do with it?"

"Well, I thought if it was clay I might make
bricks in me spare time."

TRIFLE DANGEROUS.

The scene was a wrecked village a few miles
behind the British lines in Northern France.
It had been fought through and probably under
the impression that troops were billeted among
the ruins, the Germans dropped shells on the
miserable place at frequent intervals.

The village, however, only contained a score
of natives and a Red Cross motor detachment,
who found shelter in the cellars and slept in-
different to the work of the Kaiser.

The invariable morning question, relates the
"Motor," addressed to the old lady who pre-
sided over this underground hotel was: "Sas
there been much doing during the night?"

"Ah, monsieur," she replied, "the Prussians
dropped 200 shells on our town last night. I
really think we shall have to move from here.
This war is beginning to be dangerous."

PERSONAL MENTION.

N.S. Smith left on Monday for transport
duty to Canada.

Pte. Halliburton returned on Tuesday from
six days' leave of absence in Scotland, and re-
ports having a very enjoyable time.

Pte. Jones left on Tuesday on escort duty to
Shorncliffe.