

THE CANADIAN RED CROSS SPECIAL.

Being the only Official publication of the Canadian Red Cross Special Hospital Buxton, Derby.

VOL. 1.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1916.

NO. 4.

MUSICAL FEAST OF RARE EXCELLENCE.

MANY BUXTONIANS ARE TREATED TO A MOST ENJOYABLE EVENING.

On Friday evening of last week in the Recreation Hall an audience which jammed the room to its capacity and overflowed into the outer hallway listened to a programme which would be hard to excel; containing as it did the professional illusionists, Bontoft, M.I.M.C., and Ada Lill, who with feats of Legerdemaine mystified and delighted the audience. In a coterie of performers of such rare ability it would be unfair to single out any particular one for special mention. It may be stated, however, that the quartette has shown a marked improvement in their singing, and the solos by the members were up to their usual standard. Two original verses to one of their songs were composed by Sergt.-Major Carpenter. The programme included eighteen numbers, every one of which received well merited applause. Miss Margaret Lawrence, who has been seen several times before in the same hall, contributed two numbers, and her dancing was greatly appreciated.

Other concerts are on the tapis which will prove as entertaining.

IT'S VERA WEEL.

It's vera weel throughout the day,
When ta'en up wi' work or play,
To think a man can live alway
Wi'oot a wify.

But it's anither thing at night,
To sit alone by candle light,
Or, gang to rest when shairp winds bite,
Wi'oot a wify.

It's vera weel when claes are new
To think they'll always last just soo,
And look as weel as they do noo
Wi'oot a wify.

But when the holes begin to show,
The stitches rip, the buttons go,
What in the warl's a man to do
Wi'oot a wify.

It's vera weel when skies are clear,
When frien's are true and lasses dear,
To think ye'll gang through life—nae fear—
Wi'oot a wify.

But clouds will come, the skies athwart,
Lasses will marry, frien's must part,
Wha' men can cheer your saddened heart
Like a dear wify?

It's vera weel when young and hale;
To think ye'll manage by yersel',
But when ye're ould and crazed and frail,
Ye'll want a wify.

Then haste ye, haste ye silly loon
Rise up and seek about the toon
And get Heaven's greatest earthly boon
A wee guid wify.

But may hap' then the lassies dear
Will treat your offers wi' a sneer
Because ye're crankey, grey and sere,
Ye'll get nae wify!

CLURE FOR THE BLUES.

When the world has gone wrong, and the sun
Doesn't shine,
And your heart is as heavy as lead,
You'll be making things worse, if you murmur
and whine,
Tilt your hat to one side of your head;
Tilt your hat to one side, strike a soldierly
stride,
And go whistling a bit of a song,
You will mighty soon lose every bit of the
blues,
While whistling and stepping along.

Lad, the joy that you have you must get from
within,
When there's none on the outside to see;
So tilt your head sideways, and stiffen your
chin,
And whistle in rollicking key;
Tilt your head to one side, stick your elbows
out wide,
And step out like the world was your own,
Sure and whistle an air, full of devil may care,
For the blues must be cured all alone.

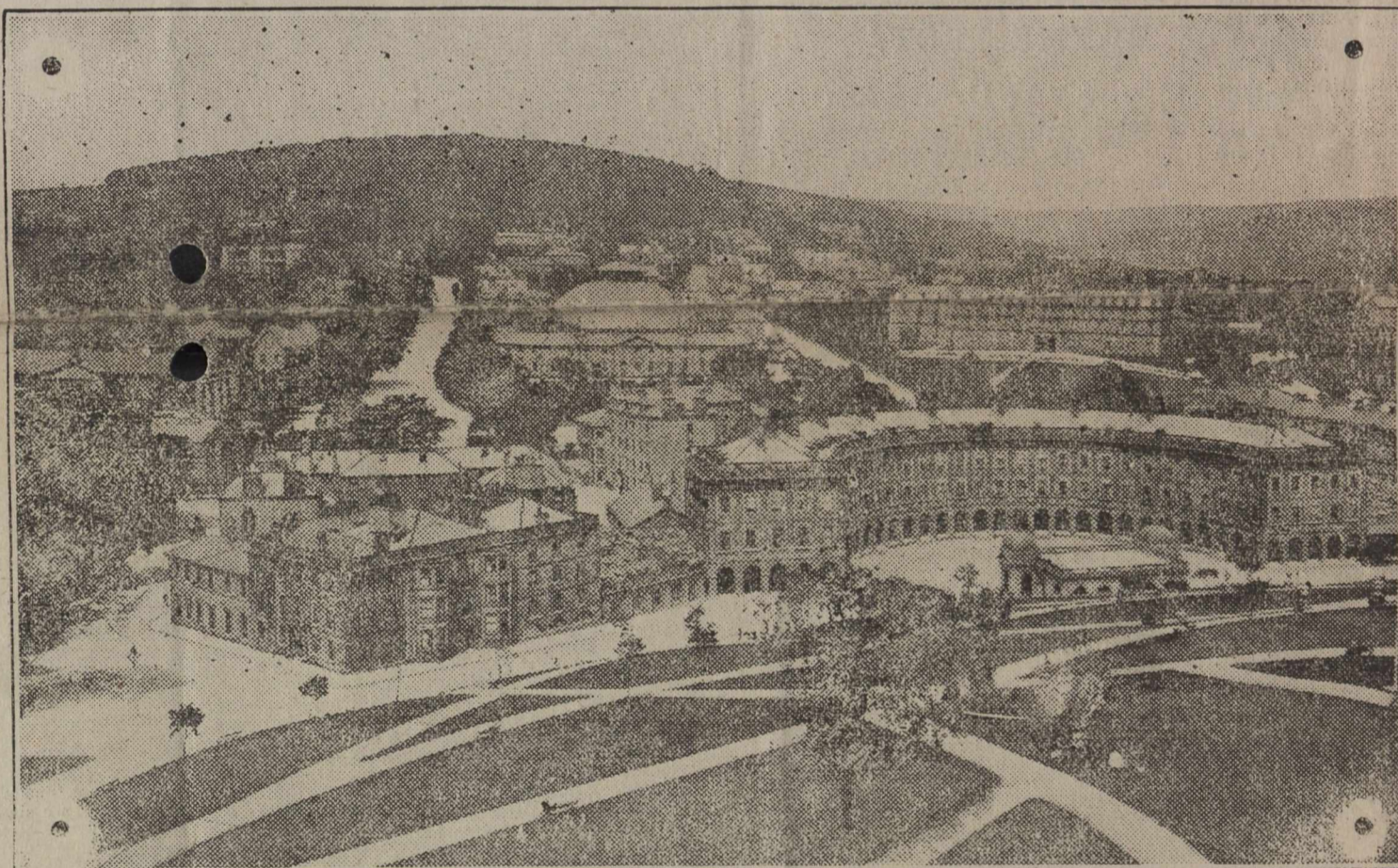
When you've stepped a wee while all the world
starts to smile,
And it echoes the tune that you blow;
And your lively foot pat and the tilt of your
hat,
Starts the sunshine wherever you go;
Tilt your hat on your head for you'll live till
your dead,
And go whistling the best that you can,
Sure you'll mighty soon lose every bit of the
blues,
While whistling and stepping along.
W. D. NESBITT.

ROYAL ENGINEERS LEAVE FOR FRONT.

TWO COMPANIES ENTRAIN FOR PORTSMOUTH ON WEDNESDAY EVENING.

There are many aching hearts in Buxton today as a result of the departure from our midst of two Companies of the Royal Engineers, 286 from Burbage, and 287, the Devonshire, from Buxton. From 9-30 the men were confined to barracks, and especially in the case of the Devonshires the situation was very distressing. The men were singing, and outside on the Square the women were weeping. A great many of the Devonshires are married men and had their wives here in Buxton, which made the parting more or less affecting. Through some misunderstanding when the men were marched to the station some of the wives were denied admission at the gate and they stood there crying while their husbands were confined on board the train.

At 11 p.m. the train containing the Burbage Company pulled out, but it was 2-30 before the Devonshires got away, and at that late hour there were still a large number of people congregated about the gates at the station, and the scenes enacted there can better be imagined than described. It is understood that their destination is Salonika, and it is the heartfelt wish of all that they may all return to the bosom of their families or to those they love so dear.



BEAUTIFUL BUXTON, THE MOUNTAIN SPA.

DEVONSHIRES ENTERTAIN CANADIANS.

A party of entertainers from the Devonshire Hospital paid a visit to the Canadian Red Cross Hospital and took possession of the stage in the Recreation Hall on Thursday evening. After a mixed programme, which was really excellent, had been rendered, an intermission of ten minutes was taken, after which a highly amusing sketch was put on by the company of players that made a decided hit with the audience, which was composed partly of ladies, principally nursing sisters from the two hospitals. At the conclusion of the programme Sergt.-Major F. N. Carpenter, in a neat speech, thanked the performers on behalf of those present for a very enjoyable evening, followed by three cheers and a tiger, and the singing of the National Anthem.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mrs. T. W. Tucker, wife of the genial Sergt.-Major, is spending a week or ten days with friends and relatives in Edinburgh.
Sergt. Jas. H. Henderson returned this week from an enjoyable trip to Scotland. He visited Dunblane, Glasgow, Bridge of Allan and Stirling. Dunblane is the place which gave birth to the song, "On the Banks of Allan Water," and the Sergeant relates that while he was there a cinema company was taking pictures, so as to get the historic water in the film.
N. Sister A. Tripp is the latest addition.
F. S. Keen spent a pleasant trip to Folkestone and London.

GREAT WAR FILM.

THE SOMME BATTLE IN ITS CRIMNESS AND GLORY.

The real stage has never presented mighty epic and tragedy and glory like this epic and tragedy to be re-enacted on the white curtain of the Buxton Hippodrome (three days) on September 14th, 15th, and 16th. It has been often said that we at home cannot realise, even faintly, the war. The War Office film of the Battle of the Somme is our realisation at last. If there are shrinking people who may say that some of these scenes are too heart-rending the answer is that the sensitiveness of the spectator of these pictures is so little lacerated compared to the identical human sensitiveness of our heroes of the "real thing." These stern pictures are good medicine. The great public whose hearts are beating for their boys at the front will pack the Hippodrome for this enthralling and terrible visualisation of real war.

Many magnificent pictures show our great guns in action pounding the enemy before the advance. Monstrous howitzers nose vast muzzles in air and vomit their huge shells; smaller pieces, rapidly firing from hidden emplacements, look like venomous black snakes striking and recoiling. "Plum puddings" hurtle from trench mortars. Machine-guns join in the inferno. Then the pictures are switched across to the German trenches, and the spectator beholds their destruction. "Cauliflower" clouds of smoke and debris spurt in appalling bouquets. The bursting of one great mine sends up a colossal cone of ebony debris. And over all is the eternal bubble and break of shrapnel. More

than ever the wonder and awe is felt that men can live and endure under modern artillery fire. Then comes the attack, the last nervous moment, the clamber, the leap—two men fall under the very eye of the camera. At last the civilian sees war.

While you watch these next pictures you are at the front of the front. British Tommies rescue a comrade under shell-fire. The wounded come past in streams, German wounded and prisoners mingled with them, friend and foe helping each other hobbling in linked arms. The nerve wreckage of many of the German prisoners after their awful ordeal is pitifully apparent. There is nothing morbid in this wonderful catching film of the Battle of the Somme. Above all its terrors rises its glory and splendour. It is grimly war as war is, it is glory as glory is, sacrifice as sacrifice is supernatural heroism for the safe and sheltered at home to see.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

The answer to the query which appeared in last week's issue: If it takes a clock six seconds to strike six o'clock, how long will it take to strike twelve, is thirteen and one-fifth seconds, there being but eleven intervals between the first and twelfth stroke.

The following was handed in by a Buxton merchant: A bottle and stopper cost three half pennies. The bottle costs a penny more than the stopper. How much does the stopper cost?

BASEBALL GAME.

The people of Buxton and vicinity will be treated to an exhibition game of baseball at the Agricultural Show on Saturday afternoon, when a large crowd of visitors is expected. The players have been practising faithfully, and a good game will likely be witnessed.

ARMY STORES! ARMY STORES!

THURGAR & MOSS OUTFITTERS AND CLOTHIERS. (BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING.)

We now have a full line of gent's full clothing. Latest styles—direct from France—finest material, most fashionable cut and color.
Pay us a call; we are entirely at your disposal, and would deem it a pleasure to show you through our large department store where we keep an efficient staff of guides whose sole duties are to answer such foolish questions as may spring to your mind.

If you need anything from an ice cream soda to a narrow gauge railroad we can supply you. If you live in the country address all communications to

CHAMPAGNE JACK, Manager,
Thurgar and Moss, Ltd., Buxton.

A FEW DONT'S.

Don't think the hospital is being maintained for your especial benefit.
Don't think it is necessary to waken everyone in the place if you have to get up in the night.
Don't leave your seat at a concert during a number. You might be singing yourself some day.
Don't annoy your fellow patients with your troubles. Tell them to a policeman.

**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 9, 1916.

GRATIFYING RESULTS.

With a circulation of about 4,000 copies and reaching out to nearly every corner of the earth, the "Canadian Red Cross Special" comes out this week in a new form, bigger and better than ever. In the three weeks of its existence the circulation has increased in leaps and bounds, until it seems that the prediction that it would soon be found in every home in Buxton is about to be realized.

ONTARIO STRETCHER.

Official duties, private business or pleasure, will at times require of officers and other members of the unit that they travel to different parts of England. For the many this is the first visit to the Old Country, and the first impressions of observant and intelligent visitors and travellers are generally interesting. With so much to be seen in this ancient land that appeals to the historic, to the artistic, to the love of Nature, the observant and intelligent visitor (and that means every one of us, of course), when he goes a-touring, should not have any difficulty in furnishing from 200 to 300 words of "bits of impressions." In years to come, when we sit again on the banks of lake and river in Ontario, these "bits of impressions of Old England" will be an interesting record.

We are indebted to the Manager of the Thermal Baths for the use of a number of half-tone views of Buxton and vicinity, which will appear in this paper from time to time, and it is expected they will give an added value to the publication, making it in the nature of a souvenir which can be sent by the patients to their homes and thus enabling their dear ones to form a better idea of the beauty of the place to which they have come to be restored to health and strength.

In last week's issue of the Buxton "Herald" the editor of this paper was taken to task in a delightful manner by its society editor for his ignorance of titles of the English obituary. In this week's issue, however, "Atticus" (whatever that means) who writes very entertainingly on a variety of subjects, in making use of the military term "esprit de corps," missed the mark quite as far as we did in the other matter. But, of course, "Atticus" is not a military man and is therefore excusable.

An admiring reader asked the editor the other day if the writing of poetry is a gift. "No," he replied sadly, "it is a disease."

INTERESTING FACTS.

There is no tram fare in New York less than five cents (2d.).

There are twice as many blind people in Russia as in the whole of the rest of Europe.

More fish are found off the Grand Banks of Newfoundland than in any other part of the world.

Vagrants in England used to be punished by having the upper part of the gristle of the right ear removed.

An old Japanese prophecy says: "When men fly like birds, 10 great kings will go to war against one another."

On a man of average stature the pressure of the atmosphere is about 15 tons, but, being equalized, it is not felt.

Quito, the capital of Ecuador, on the Equator, has no regular water supply. Water-carriers bring water into the city in jars.

Denmark has this year introduced the 24-hour system of keeping time. This does away with the necessity of using a.m. and p.m. to distinguish the hours of day and night. One o'clock is to be 13 o'clock, and so on up to midnight, which is to be 24 o'clock.

"POOR BILL!"

"There's a bottle of beer for you, and give the other one to Bill," said the farmer to one of his men returning to the harvest-field. "Right, sir," said the man, and set off. Climbing over a stile he dropped one of the bottles, and as the precious liquid sank into the soil he murmured, "Poor Bill!"

JOSH BILLINGS—HIS WISDOM.

A man haz just as much rite tew spell a word az it iz pronounced az he haz tew pronounce it the way it ain't spelt.

The best medisin I know for the rumatiz iz to thank the Lord it ain't the gent.

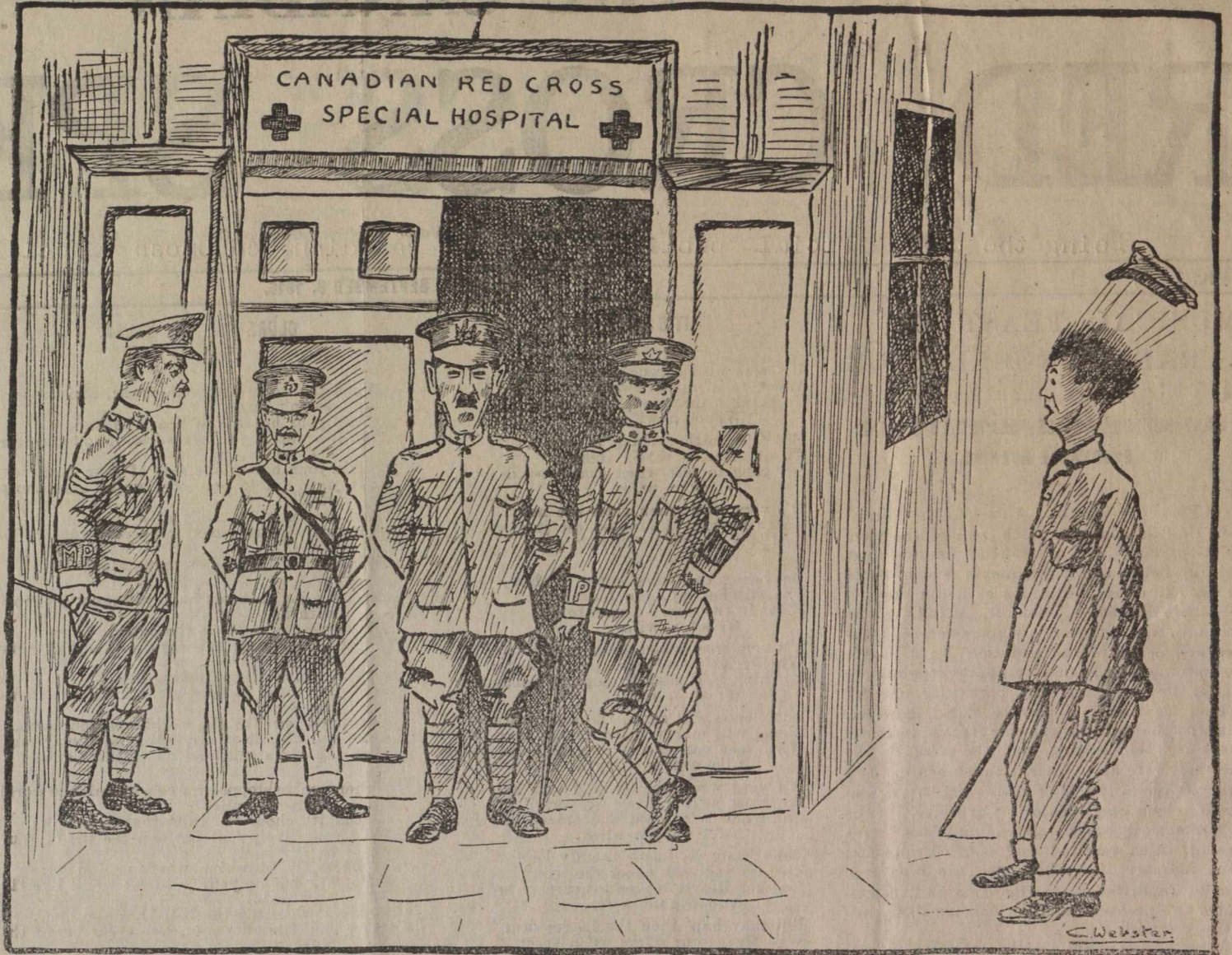
Many people think they are wise when they are only windy.

Laff every time yu feel tickled, and laff once in a while ennyhow.

There iz lots of people in this world who spend so much time watching their healths that they hain't got no time to enjoy it.

It kosts a good deal tew be wise, but it don't kost enny tew be happy.

Never git in a hurry; yu can walk further in a day than yu can run.



FIVE MINUTES LATE !

**RHYME, ROT,
AND REASON.**

THE IRISHMAN'S PRAYER.

(The following story is set to verse by the author without any disrespect to religion.)

An Irishman named Patrick Flynn
Was feeling very blue,
For try as he would
He never could
Get a single thing to do
He trudged the streets from morn till night
In sunshine and in rain,
But his heart was sad
And he felt real bad
For his efforts were in vain.
One day, while passing by the church
(The door was open wide)
Pat paused there for a moment
Then quietly stepped inside
The church was dark
No one went there at that time of day,
So Pat got down upon his knees
And started in to pray.
He needed twenty dollars,
So he asked the Lord on high
To assist him in his troubles.
As no other help was nigh:
He prayed both long and fervently,
For strong in faith was he
The Lord would listen to his prayer
And answered it would be.

And while he thus was occupied
A Priest came quietly in,
Who listened unto Pat's appeal
And thought it was a sin
That anyone so much in need
As Pat appeared to be
Should go out empty handed,
Doomed to more despondency.

The Priest went through his purse
And found he had but one gold piece,
Which was a ten, but thought it might
Afford him some surcease,
So, leaning o'er the altar rail
He dropped it on the floor,
Then softly tiptoed out again
And quietly shut the door.

The Irishman picked up the coin
And saw it was a ten
He thought he hadn't prayed enough,
So started in again;
But when another hour had passed,
(His knees were getting sore)
He finally concluded
He would not get any more.

So with a somewhat lighter heart
He started down the street,
When scarce half a block away
A friend he chanced to meet,
An old-time pal he hadn't seen
For many a weary day,
As luck would have it, too, this friend
Had just received his pay.

Then straightway he invited Pat
To have a little drink,
So Patrick went along with him,
For never did he think
Of taking more than one or two,
For well he loved his wife,
And never had the man been drunk
Through all his married life.

The friend had bought two drinks for Pat
And ordered up once more,
And then he broke his gold piece
So his friend would not get sore;
And when another hour had passed
It was very plain to see
That these two ancient Irish lads
Were drunk as they could be.

When Patrick started out for home
He took up all the street,
And as he passed along his way
The Priest he chanced to meet,
Who quickly recognized him
And it grieved him sore to think
The money he had given Pat
Had all been spent in drink.

He placed himself in Patrick's way,
Who scarcely now could see
And wondered who this personage
In front of him could be,
But get around him he could not
No matter what he'd do,
So finally he blurted out:
"Now, who in hell are you?"
"I," said the Priest, "am Jesus Christ!"
"Oh, are you now?" said Pat,
"Well, then, I beg your pardon, sor,"
And quick removed his hat;
"If yez are Jesus Christ, sor,
Thin I hope ye'll not forget
My name is Patrick Flynn
And you owe me 'tin dollars yet."

ARITHMETIC.

He was teaching Eliza arithmetic,
He said that that was his mission
He kissed her once then kissed her twice
Then told her: "Now, that is addition."
And as he added smack to smack
In silent satisfaction
She timidly gave him one back
And said: "Now, that's subtraction."
Then Pa appeared upon the scene
And snorted with decision
He kicked him quickly down the stairs
And said: "That's long division!"

PARODY.

Sing me to sleep where the bullets fall,
Let me forget the war and all;
Damp is my dug-out, cold my feet,
Nothing but bully and biscuits to eat,
Sing me to sleep where bombs explode,
And shrapnel shells are a la mode,
Over the sandbags helmets you'll find,
Corpses in front of you, corpses behind.

CHORUS.

Far, far from Ypres I long to be,
Where German snipers can't pot me,
Think of me crouching where worms creep,
Waiting for someone to sing me to sleep.
Sing me to sleep in some old shed,
The rats are running about my head;
Stretched out upon my rainproof,
Dodging the raindrops through the roof;
Sing me to sleep where camp fires glow,
Full of French bread and "cafe a l'peau,"
Dreaming of home, and night in the West;
Somebody's over-sea boots on my chest.

CHORUS.

Far, far from starlight I'd love to be,
Lights of old Toronto I'd love to see;
Think of me crouching where the worms creep,
Waiting for someone to put me to sleep.
—Contributed.

THE KAISER'S FATE.

Come all ye jolly lumbermen; to you I will re-
late,
Unto you all I'll tell the way the Kaiser met
his fate:
Just how we took away his crown, and put him
on the bum,
'Twas when we marched from Ca-na-da, and
went to Belgium.

We'd plenty socks and blankets, and plenty
things to eat
Our cosy little outfit was pretty hard to beat
We answered to the bugle call, we answered to
the drum,
And marched away from Ca-na-da, and went to
Belgium.

We fired some rounds of marmalade, some
doughnuts hard as rocks,
We wadded them down with blankets, with
wristbands, and with socks;
We fired a handsome mustard pie, a dread soft-
mashed dum-dum.
We brought it three from Ca-na-da, to use in
Belgium.

The enemy was starving, and they were filled
with woe,
We put canned salmon in our gun, and fired it
at the foe;
They all came into breakfast, by millions they
did come
To meet the boys from Ca-na-da that went to
Belgium.

The Germans they surrendered, their eyes were
full of tears,
They hadn't had so much to eat for many many
years;
They asked us in amazement, "Where do youse
folks come from?"
We said, "We come from Ca-na-da, to visit
Belgium."
Oh! with our store of doughnuts, our pumpkin,
pie and jam,
Our stocks of food, canned salmon, our bread
and cheese, and jam.
We'll have come from Ca-na-da, and we will
take it hum,
We'll capture all of Europe as well as Bel-gi-um.
—Contributed.

FOUND IN THE STREET.

daily routine of a soldier's life. Described
by new well-known hymns.
6 30 a.m.—Reveille—"Christians Awake."
6 45 ..—Rouse parade—"Art thou weary,
art thou languid."
7 0 ..—Breakfast—"Meekly wait and mur-
mur not."
8 15 ..—C.O.'s Parade—"When He Cometh."
8 30 ..—Defaulters' Parade—"O the bitter
shame and sorrow."
8 45 ..—Manoeuvres—"Fight the good fight."
10 0 ..—Swedish Drill—"Here we suffer
grief and pain."
11 0 ..—Sunday (Church Parade)—"I am
but a stranger here."
1 0 p.m.—Dinner—"Come ye thankful people
come."
2 15 ..—Rifle Drill—"Go labour on."
3 15 ..—Lecture by Officer—"Tell me the
old, old story."
4 30 ..—Dismiss—"Praise God from whom
all blessings flow."
5 0 ..—Tea—"What means this eager,
anxious throng?"
6 0 ..—Free for night—"O Lord, how happy
we shall be."
6 30 ..—Out of bonds—"We may not know,
we cannot tell."
10 0 ..—Last Post—"All are safely gathered
in."
10 15 ..—Lights out—"Peace, perfect Peace."
10 30 ..—Inspection by Guards—"Sleep on
beloved."

A STORY OF MR. ROOSEVELT.

As a boy at school Colonel Roosevelt was not
great at reciting. Once he had to recite a piece
beginning:

At midnight in his guarded tent
The Turk lay, dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knees in supplication bent,
Should tremble at his power.
"Teddy" only got as far as "When Greece her
knees," when he came to a halt. Twice he re-
peated "Greece, her knees," and then he broke
down.

The old professor beamed on the future Pres-
ident over his glasses, and remarked with fine
humour, "Grease her knees once more, Theo-
dore; perhaps she'll go then."

ADAPTED FROM THE "ARABIAN NIGHTS."

Ordinary concerts had grown rather stale in
Middletown, where everybody sings, or thinks he
can. So a novelty was arranged, in which each
performer was to appear in a fancy dress, and
sing a suitable song. The first items went off
very well, although when Miss Antic came on
in a simple, girlish gown, and sang "For Ever
and For Ever," the audience got nervous, and
thought she meant to do so. Then the village
crier appeared, in sailor rig, and declaimed
"Asleep in the Deep," in a voice high pitched
and cracked. "Who is he?" "What character
does he represent?" were the questions the
listeners asked each other wildly. Then came
the usual voice from the rear of the hall, say-
ing, "Why, 'e's Sing-bad the Sailor."

They say the Kaiser has got near his limit,
but nobody knows what his limit is.

HERE & THERE.

Mental Meanderings of a Temporale, Temporary Transient Officer.

A MONTH ago we were there; to-day we are here; but the "there" of to-day was the "here" of a month ago. And what a change between the here and the there. And yet there is "much of a muchness," in spirit at least, whether one's lot for duty be cast in a large general military hospital in the Hop County wont to receive its convoys of badly battered fresh from the battlefield once or twice a week, or in a Red Cross "Special," of one third the capacity, improvised out of a hydro in the bracing altitude of Buxton to which are sent only those who have been hit by rheumatism, shell shock and kindred ailments. The dominating desire is the same in both places alike on the part of staff and patients.

Although one feels out of it so far as active service is concerned, when one's "dug-out" is a comfortable room in a one-time hydro and the heaviest charge to be faced is that of a conscientious taxi driver, and the only gassing is that of the natural mineral waters in which one is permitted to dive and swim daily; nevertheless the work of the "Red Cross Special" must count for not a little in the sum of Canada's effort in the Great War; it already counts for very much in the lives of the poor fellows who, arriving in divers pains of body and of mind have gone forth or are about to go forth, as strong men, with crutches cast aside, joints and bones no longer as one perpetual toothache, and with minds and nerves as clear of depression as a subaltern's bank account is of a credit balance a week before pay day.

There is a taxi cab driver on the stand fifty yards away from the Hospital, who ought to be at the front. He would earn promotion rapidly as a strategist, particularly when it came to making a charge. Walking down the hill from the station we enquired of a Tommy at the corner, where the Canadian Red Cross Hospital was situated. "Just up the hill, Sir, near the top. You can't miss it." Of course, as all Buxton sojourners know, the hill is one continuous curve. To one who has not been a Buxton sojourner, "Up the hill, Sir, near the top," sounded ominous on a warm day. Less than fifty yards up the hill we met a cab stand. That settled it. We answered, "Taxi, Sir," and with "Canadian Red Cross Hospital!" immediately proceeded down the hill over the ground we had already covered on foot. "Canadian Red Cross," I said. "Where are you going?" brought from the Chauffeur "Just going to turn round, Sir." He "turned round"; dashed over the same hundred yards again, and another 70 yards which brought us round the bend, and we were there, that is, here. In all, including the "turning round," we had travelled in the taxi less than 200 yards, and had walked over 400. Bending Buxton is the undoing of impatient arrivals, and the enriching of knowing cab drivers.

It is excellent amusement to hear the questions and comments from good Buxton people who "never saw a baseball match before." It is hardly surpassed by the questions and comments of those good Canadian people who "never saw a cricket match before."

There is a batman in the Officers' quarters who is nothing if he is not thorough. Recently his officer asked him to go to Boots and get a bottle of Maltine Cascara and if they had not any in stock to order a bottle for immediate delivery. "That's a pretty hard word to remember, Sir. Will you please write it down?" So "Maltine Cascara for Capt. ———, Canadian Red Cross Hospital" was written down. In ten minutes the batman again solicited, "They have not got that book in stock Sir, but they are sending up to the publishers and will have a copy down for you to-morrow." "What are you talking about? What book?" "Why, Sir, that book you wrote down, 'Maltine Cascara' that you told me to go to the bookshop for." Which is the more worthy of record: the readiness of the book seller to obtain a copy of "Maltine Cascara" from the publishers, or the desire of the orderly to be killed when he realized his mistake we have not yet decided.

How we always wished to strafe (only we did not know the word in those days) that unfortunate type of Englishman who used to come to Canada with such a restricted mental outlook, cramped vision, and limited experience of men, places, and things that he could see nothing commendable in Canada and in things Canadian. Everything and everybody were disadvantageously compared to "the way it is at home," not infrequently "at home." In his unripened intellect and verdant mind, love for England was synonymous with disparagement of things Canadian. He was a thorn in the flesh; a weariness; a trial to be borne patiently for the sake of pity and courtesy when he drivelled his tasteless drivel "in company" but a thing to be struffed unmercifully for his own sake and for the sake of the country he hailed from, when private opportunity presented itself. And now in England we must not infrequently see the Canadian counterpart, the same tasteless being of unripened intellect, verdant mind, cramped vision, and limited experience, whose love for Canada is forsooth voiced in whining disparagement of England and things English. Strafe the grousers, English and Canadian, who fail to see that the best advertisement for their own birthland is that it breeds a type of mind that is courteously apprehensive of the good things of the other land, and is courteously content to make the best of things which are not so good.

That night the Zeppelins dropped bombs near London town. And one great Zep, in fiery flame enveloped, came crashing down. A roaring wind round Buxton disturbed the slumbers of the Quartermaster. The more the gentle things he said of banging doors and flapping blinds, the more they banged and flapped—and faster.

His patience soon was quite exhausted; in wrathful mood—and in pyjamas too, He sprang from bed and dashed from room (he was a pretty picture entre nous). An open window here and unlatched doors both here and there—the nimble fingered captain made one and all secure. And so nocturnal troubles ended, smiled happily; but alas! his joy was premature. We've often noticed when all seems well and bright some unexpected, painful thing occurs; And so good Captain Thurger found—when, returning in the dark, he trod upon his spurs. He forgot the old adage to look before —. With saddened heart and tingling toe he leaped at once for bed. So agile was our Quartermaster—being spurred on—he overleaped; the wall received his head. Our good Q.M. is a man of many parts, but never before had he essayed the role of battering ram. And, pious soul he is, he finished his nocturnal gambols with a fervent, loud and resonant "amen."

The date has not yet been fixed for the supper to all the married members of the mess with which Capt. Macdonald desires—at least we hope so—to commemorate the arrival of a little daughter across the sea. It—that is, the news—came by wireless a few days ago, and the additional smile and happy look the while Captain Macdonald extracts a molar or treats a nerve, is accounted for thereby.

It is necessary to suggest that participation in feasts in commemoration of the joys of paternity be limited to the married members of the mess, as one means of penalising the selfishly unmarried section. It is a grievance with the preponderating majority of the mess that there is an unmarried section. However, we have been keeping an observant eye on that section, and while he is still young we should not be surprised if there were a young wife before the war ends. And in the years to come, although he would not be younger, he would have Younger(yettes, and, back in Canada, he would constantly be calling together his old-time brother officers at Buxton to celebrate the birth of the youngest Younger(yette).

It is a great advantage for a mess to have a chef for a cook and a cook for a chef. We have both and all in one. We are thankful. But we know when envy will do its deadly work on digestion already badly tormented and tempers sorely marred by uncooking cooks.

At the last business meeting of the mess it was decided that Thursday be Visitors' night. Seems unnecessary to specialise when we have a distinguished Guest at the head of the table every night!

The billiard tournament has been won by Captain Macdonald. This has rendered unnecessary a motion by Col. Oullin to amend the original decision that the prize be a billiard cue. Our gallant visitors' motion sought relief not only for the padre, who was defeated by seven in the semi-final, but more especially for the rest of the mess and particularly for the patient Colonel, and provided that "in the event of the padre winning the tournament the prize be changed to a crate of matches."

We once were of a mess where there was an officer greatly skilled in surgery and in other things. We liked him well on many counts. One point of affinity was that we both a-hungered nightly about an hour before—or after—midnight. Among the things, other than surgery in which that good man was skilled was midnight marauding. He had a keen scent for victuals. Darkness of night hindered him not. As a burglar he would have got his majority very rapidly. Hidden receptacles were but an incentive. Empty handed he would start down darkened corridors, returning with a muchness of biscuits and cheese and maybe an orange or two. Many a time and oft did that good man save us—and himself—from the pain of nocturnal hunger. Often have we blessed his burglarious instincts. In course of time we left that mess and left behind that friend, philosopher and guide, but to the new mess took the old nocturnal hunger. Again we found another three starred fellow-man who, while he murmured "worms," gave ready help and led the way to where he thought the biscuits were. Of steps and turns there was no end and a few things fell before we reached the switch. With that turned on all seemed easy, but the light that shone on the cheffonier, together with the noise of fallen things spread far beyond a hungry man's intent. Cook's mate, M.P., and last, but not least, O.C., were quickly on the scene. Satisfaction that a Zeppelin bomb had not arrived was voiced. Shade of Sherstone, Your Marauding Myerby, King of Victual Burglars, we see thy smile if supercilious yet kindly pity at our of-time nightly hunger, unappeased.

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Fun, Facts & Fancies.

INTERESTING FACTS.

There is only one venomous snake in Great Britain—the adder. You may recognize this by the black zigzag line down its back, and the black mark on its head.

One of the mountains in Ceylon has a remarkable shadow. Instead of lying on the ground, it appears to rise up like a veil in front of the observer. This is due to mist.

The Bishop of London is called upon to pay £4276 13s. 8d. out of his official income of £10,000. This still leaves the Bishop an income in excess of that of a Cabinet Minister.

So-called white elephants are light grey in colour. The lightest ever seen in Siam was one brought over to Bangkok by a European circus; but the rains fell and the paint came off.

"Penny weddings," formerly so popular in certain parts of Scotland, were those where the guests were each charged the sum of one penny—equivalent to the present shilling—for the privilege of being present.

In the East ground rice is used to detect criminals, the idea being that fear makes the roof of the mouth dry, and that a criminal overcome by fear consequently finds it almost impossible to swallow any hard substance with ease.

TAKING THE BLAME.

"What is the difference between firmness and obstinacy?" asked a young lady of her fiancé. "Firmness," was his gallant reply, "is a noble characteristic of women; obstinacy is a lamentable defect in men."

MADE A MISTAKE.

Johnnie was fishing one day when he lost his footing and fell in to the river. A gentleman on the bank was helping him out, and said: "How did you come to fall in?" "I didn't come to fall in," was the reply. "I came to fish."

A BAD LOT.

When charged with being drunk and disorderly, and asked what he had to say for himself, the prisoner gazed pensively at the magistrate, smoothed down a remnant of grey hair, and said: "Your honour, man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn. I'm not as debased as Swift, as profligate as Byron, as dissipated as Poe, as debauched as ——" "That will do," thundered the magistrate. "Ten days. And officers take a list of those names and run 'em in. They're as bad a lot as he is."

MARK TWAIN'S HUMOUR.

When Mark Twain, in his early days, was editor of a Missouri paper, a superstitious subscriber wrote to him saying that he had found a spider in his paper, and asking him whether that was a sign of good or bad. The humorist wrote him this answer, and printed it:—"Old Subscriber.—Finding a spider in your paper was neither good luck nor bad luck for you. The spider was merely looking over our paper to see which merchant is not advertising, so that he can go to that store, spin his web across the door, and lead a life of undisturbed peace ever afterwards."

PERFECTLY SOBER.

A captain in the army was called to answer a charge of being intoxicated. Among those questioned was an Irish orderly, who protested vigorously that the allegation was a slander—that he was sure the captain was perfectly sober. "Why are you so sure that Captain Blank was sober that evening?" he was asked. "Did he speak to you upon his return to his quarters?" "He did, sir." "What did he say?" "He told me to be shure an' call him early in the mornin', sir." "And did the captain say why he wished to be called early?" "Yis, sir; he did, sir. He said he was goin' to be Queen o' the May, sir," responded the orderly, with convincing gravity.

IT BELONGED TO HIM.

A great sensation was created the other day at a certain station just previous to the starting of the morning express. The guard was about to start the train when a fussy and fat old gentleman trotted up to him and said: "Wait a minute, will you, please, while I—"

"Impossible, sir," said the guard, putting the whistle to his lips.

"But you must wait!" cried the old gentleman excitedly. "There's a man's leg under the wheel."

"Good gracious! Where is he?" inquired the horror-stricken guard. "Hold on there!"

He hurried after the old gentleman while a couple of porters jumped down on to the line amid great excitement. After a short search one of the porters handed up a rush basket containing a large leg of mutton.

"Thank you!" said the old gentleman.

"What do you mean, sir?" roared the guard.

"You said—"

"I said a man's leg was under the wheel, and so it was. I paid for this leg, and if it isn't mine I should like to know to whom it belongs."

Then the train moved on.

We might easily manage, if we would only take the burden appointed for us each day: but we choose to increase our trouble by carrying yesterday's stock over again to-day, and adding to-morrow's burden to our load before we are required to bear it.—Newton.

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PLEASE TELL US.

Why Sergt. Quigley does not move up there and save all the railway fares?
 Why Sergt. Scott brought two young ladies to the concert and went home with another lady, leaving the duet of damsels to shift for themselves?
 Why Sister Manchester was seen eating her breakfast in the Ambulance one day last week?
 Is the breakfast-in-the-ambulance habit contagious, or does the food taste better there?
 When Corpl. Gilchrist held the umbrella for the young lady, did he protect her from the wet underfoot as well as overhead?
 Does our Social and Moral Reform Committee know of a similar incident?
 Did Corpl. Gilchrist and "Hellie" imagine that ye Editor would not hear of the occurrence?
 Who is the patient who, one day last week, went to sun himself in the smiles of a phair phemale on the Slopes and informed her that he was twenty-six years of age, was born in every province of Canada, had served in the South African War and won a D.C.M., discovered a diamond mine, was wounded at the Conquest of Canan and at the outbreak of the present war, resigned his Commission as Lieut.-Colonel in an American Regiment in order to go to the front where he was wounded by having a fifteen inch shell pass clean through his body?
 Is he the reincarnation of Ananias or only an ordinary liar?
 Is he in the habit of spinning such extraordinary yarns, and if so, does he want a job on the paper?
 Who was the giddy young thing who, passing through the office the other day, remarked that she thought the "Canadian Ferns" (indicating the two palms) were vastly superior to the English fern?
 Why did the member of the staff who was with her look so embarrassed?
 What is the attraction which draws Pte. Robinson out to Chapel-en-le-Frith so frequently?
 Does she work in the cotton mill, Robbie? Don't "Taffy," our quartette tenor, make a lovely "girl"?
 Do you know that if you have any queries which you wish to have printed in this column, you should write them on one side of a sheet of paper and leave them on the desk in "B" Ward's "Duty Room," addressed to "Please Tell Us Editor," and if they can be used we will be pleased to accept them. All communications must be signed, else no attention will be paid to them?
 How many little girlies Dad and Uncle have adopted in the past 10 days?
 Why "Dad" Howard chose his left arm for the cheverons?
 Who wrote the verses which are so much in dispute, but which were very much enjoyed when sung by the Shing Boys' Quartette?
 When was Nashville Tenn?
 Is it the dirt there which makes Seattle Wash?
 Why Corpl. Thompson does not go to see "her" anymore?
 Did Tommy Redfern's girlie believe what we said about him in last week's issue?
 Why the kitchen should do not buy some cigarettes once in a while?
 Who was the patient who met a young lady on the Slopes last Monday afternoon at 3 p.m. and became engaged to marry her at 3-30 p.m., and got a special license next day only to find that he did not know where the fair damsel resided and that he had forgotten where she said she would meet him?
 Why can't the staff of the hospital have a photo taken as a Unit?
 What our Moral and Social Reformer was doing at 8-4 p.m. on Wednesday evening?
 Who stole the powder puff from Bardsis on "B" Ward?
 What Bardsis was doing with a powder puff and if he got it in the same manner in which he lost it?
 What did Sister Wilson mutter to herself when she broke the top off the tumbler while mixing an egg-nog?
 Why did she leave the room so hurriedly?
 Why we can't ever get any real good queries about our office?
 Is it because their conduct is so exemplary or because our reporters are not on the job?
 If our genial friend of the Battleship build is still sailing merrily on?
 Is he in deep water?
 And does he dreadnaught?
 If the following are numbered among the attractions of Buxton and vicinity: "Poole's Cavern," "Solomon's Temple," "The Dove Holes," and "Uncle George"?
 If Pte. Guest guessed when he went away what was going to happen, would Archie be welcome a guest as he is now?
 Who is the patient from room 51 who came back from London with his clothing full of confetti?
 Which sister was it who rented a horse for two hours' enjoyment, but came back saying it was three and six worth of misery?
 Who was the Buxton woman who asked to borrow her neighbour's meat to make some broth for her husband's dinner?
 And who is the woman who wanted to borrow a dozen eggs to set under a hen, and when asked if she had a sitting hen replied, "No, I'm going to borrow one from another neighbour?"
 Who is the lame Corporal who delights in showing about a matrimonial fruit basket?
 Who owns the dainty wrist watch seen on the left hand of one of the patients?
 Who was the officer who was asked by a workman about the building if it wasn't much of a job to cut the hair for all the patients?
 Who was the orderly who was given two stripes to put up while on escort duty, and served them on the wrong sleeve? Ask Howard.
 How is Bill feeling now he has so short a time of single days?
 Who is the person that has a special liking for Guinness Stout?
 Why did the Chef lose his goat at Lyon's restaurant, Manchester?
 What did two lie Bill do while in Sheffield?

"A BULL" FROM THE BENCH.

Before a Dublin magistrate came one O'Brien charged with imbibing so freely that he had become a nuisance. He was also the cause of the beak committing a fine Irish bull. "Drunk again, eh, O'Brien?" said the magistrate. "It's ten shillings, or you'll go to prison," "Sure, but I've only a shillin' to me name," replied O'Brien. "Then there's nothing for you but the prison. If you had not got drunk with your money, you would have had enough to pay the fine."

SKILFUL MULE TRAINER.

INTERESTING EXTRACT REGARDING ONE OF THE PATIENTS NOW HERE.

The following extract from a Canadian paper is about the circulating agent of the "Red Cross Special" and makes interesting reading:

Salisbury Plains, England, May 22, 1916.

A very interesting and exciting experience was witnessed on Saturday last, May 20th, at Larkhill Camp, when Sergt. Prof. Lawder of the 224th Forestry Battalion, C.E.F., undertook to saddle and ride the well-known mule "Boxer."

The audience, over a thousand strong, comprised the officers of the Royal Field Artillery, the officers of the 224th Battalion and the men of both battalions.

"Boxer" has a very wide reputation on the Salisbury Plains, and is known as the worst mule here. Up to Saturday no man had even been able to harness him or even put a hand near him.

Sergeant Lawder had the mule brought to the parade ground at 2.30 p.m. and I might say "Boxer" had a large escort. In a very few moments the Professor had Mr. Mule on his back and then commenced what to the Imperial army men was a novel but very convincing way of training and subduing a mule. The Sergeant commenced by patting and rubbing practically every portion of the mule's body and his limbs. Then poor "Boxer" at the word of command lifted his head or lowered it, and did several other stunts whilst on the ground, which to him must have been an amazing piece of impudence to be imposed upon the "Lord of the Lines." Finally he was allowed to stand upon his feet when the Sergeant coolly put his bridle and saddle on. He then called for volunteers to ride him, but there was no response. Here where the Sergeant had the laugh on the horse-men. He not only rode the mule, but also stood in the saddle and performed other feats of horsemanship.

The whole performance was watched with great interest and increasing amazement. One of the R.F.A. officers took snapshots of the whole performance. Finally poor "Boxer" was led back to the lines (amid great cheers and laughter) a "sadder but wiser" mule.

The officers of the Royal Field Artillery then entertained the Sergeant Professor to a very enjoyable afternoon at their quarters. Before leaving he informed the officers that if he could have "Boxer" for an hour each morning for a few days he would drive him around the parade ground with only a whip.

SPECTATOR.

POSED AS A MUTE.

EXTRAORDINARY CHAPEL CASE

A curious case under the Military Service Act came up at Chapel-en-le-Frith on Wednesday, when William Pritchard, of Derby, was remanded as an absentee.

Pritchard, who is 24 years old, was in the casual ward of the Chapel-en-le-Frith Workhouse, when he appeared to be both deaf and dumb, and wrote down his requests on a slate. Seeing another inmate with tobacco, he suddenly recovered his speech and asked for some. "I thought you had been deaf and dumb," exclaimed the man, whereupon Pritchard again lapsed into silence. Mr. Atkins, the master, being informed of the incident, telephoned the military authorities at Buxton, who fetched the man, but afterwards liberated him on the ground of deafness.

Prisoner was next found in the night time in the fire hole of a coker near Whaley Bridge, and as he refused to leave or speak, and acted in a strange manner, Mr. Harvey, the manager, sent for Sergeant Deaton, to whom he acted as deaf and dumb, but when the officer, who was in plain clothes, told him that he was a policeman, Pritchard said he did not care who he was. He was taken to Chapel-en-le-Frith, where he again assumed the attitude of a mute. He was remanded.

Prisoner was again before the magistrates on Thursday, when he presented the same stolid appearance as on the previous occasion.

Police-Sergt. Deaton, stationed at Whaley Bridge, said he was fetched to the Shalleross Colliery, and found the accused in the boiler-house. He did not speak and held out a pencil as though he wished the officer to write. "Tell me your name," said the officer, "but still there was no acknowledgment. When the sergeant told him who he was he exclaimed, "I don't care who you are, I shall tell you nothing."

The Magistrates' Clerk: He seemed to hear that. (Laughter.)

When told he would have to go to the police station, Pritchard took off his coat, became quite vicious, and said: "Take your hands off me."

The Clerk: He would show fight to the Germans, would he?

Witness: He would show fight to anyone.

The Clerk: That's the kind of chap we want. (Laughter.)

At the police station the man again appeared deaf and dumb. As he seemed now not to hear, and stood mute, although the Chairman (Mr. S. Evans) shouted to him, the Bench asked a question in writing, and the man said he was in Derby Deaf and Dumb Institution until 16 years old.

The Chairman said no doubt it was there he was taught to articulate. Buxton military authorities were not present to receive him, and in order that the man might go before the Medical Board at Derby, he would be fined 40s. and handed over. If it were a genuine case he would then receive a certificate which would prevent him getting locked up again.

SURE THING.

Some people say the parents send their sons to Canada to make good. Precisely so. Canadians, can make good at other places. Take "Wipers" (Ypres) for instance.

TWO CRICKET GAMES.

A very pleasant game of cricket was played on the Buxton Cricket Ground between a team from the Hospital and the Royal Engineers, on Saturday, September 2nd, which resulted in a victory for the latter by a score of 44 to 37.

The Hospital team won the toss and went first to bat, and with the bowling of Swain and Brooks were dismissed for 37. They then took the field against the R.E.'s, and for the latter it looked an easy victory, but the bowling of Blunt, who was ably supported in the field, was deadly, and the best they could do was to run up a score of 44.

The features of the game were the bowling of Blunt, who took 7 wickets for 16 runs, and the batting of Carpenter, who knocked up 22 without giving a chance. The Cannucks were well satisfied with their associations of the game and hope it will not be the last time they will meet their opponents in a similar way. Following is the score:

Royal Engineers.	
Corpl. Brookes, c Morten, b Blunt	5
Pte. Brooker, b Blunt	5
Sapper A. Sammon, b Blunt	8
Sergt. Fincke, b Blunt	0
Pte. Herman, run out	2
Sergt. Swaine, c Morten, b Blunt	0
Corpl. Townsend, b Blunt	4
Sapper Murray, not out	4
Corpl. Terris, c Press, b Jones	6
Sapper A. J. Salmon, c Belford, b Blunt	0
Sapper Brooks, run out	0
Extras	7
Total	44

Canadian Hospital.	
S. M. Carpenter, b Swaine	22
Pte. Belford, b Swaine	1
Capt. Thurger, c Sammon, b Swaine	8
Corpl. Morten, b Swaine	1
Pte. Jones, b Brooks	0
Sergt. Granecome, st. Terris, b Brooks	2
S.-Sergt. Moss, c Fincke, b Brooks	0
Pte. Blunt, c Sammon, b Brooks	0
Corpl. Bailey, st. Terris, b Brooks	0
Pte. Press, run out	1
Pte. Guest, not out	0
Extras	7
Total	37

The Canadians once more entered into the cricket field on Wednesday of this week against a picked team captained by Mr. Lees, and they had a most enjoyable afternoon, tea being served by Mrs. Lees, who proved a charming hostess.

Our opponents went to bat first and put up 55 runs, of which Barker scored 28 by very good playing. Things did not look any too bright for the Canadians, but the genial Carpenter came to the rescue, and by hard hitting knocked up a score of 53 runs, boosting the total to 79, and thus winning the game. The score follows:

Mr. Lee's Team.	
Barker, b Thurger	28
Deanley st. Carpenter, b Thurger	1
Whittaker, b Thurger	0
Spafford, c and b Blunt	9
Parker, b Blunt	3
Harrop, c Carpenter, b Blunt	4
Butterfield, c Carpenter, b Blunt	0
Coventry, c Fellows, b Thurger	0
P. P. Lees, c Jones, b Thurger	4
H. Guest, not out	3
R. G. Lees, b Thurger	1
Extras	5
Total	55

Canadian Hospital.	
Carpenter, b Spafford	50
Noble, c Spafford, b Barker	0
Fallows, c Deanley, b Barker	0
Capt. Thurger, b Barker	0
Morten, b Lees	3
Jones, b Lees	6
Granecome, c Barker, b Lees	2
Blunt, b P. P. Lees	1
Belford, c Deanley, b Lees	1
Mass, run out	5
Boothroyd, not out	2
Extras	6
Total	79

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

AN ANCIENT WEATHER GLASS PROVES A HOODOO FOR SOME PEOPLE.

In the little village of Peak Forest, about nine miles from Buxton there exists a curiosity, of which even the people of Buxton are unfamiliar. It is in the nature of a weather glass, which has been in the possession of the family of the present owner for at least three generations, and how much longer no one knows. To this weather glass there is a little door, which has always been kept open, except when closed by accident, and, according to the owner, whoever has had the temerity to close this door has come to grief. In only rare instances has the door been shut, and then generally by accident, but never has the one who closed the door escaped from some dire calamity. It was only recently that the owner became involved in an argument regarding this relic of ancient times with a visitor, who declared he had no faith in its power to work harm upon those who tampered with it, and thereupon, to prove his belief, deliberately shut the door. It is stated upon reliable authority that before he had gone two miles from the place his horse fell and broke two of its legs. The owner, and the majority of those who are acquainted with these facts, believe the weather glass to be in the nature of a hoodoo, and nothing in the world would induce them to shut the door, being convinced that some calamity would befall them.

WHY?

Private Jones was hauled up before the Captain with whom was an angry civilian. "Jones, this gentleman accuses you of killing his dog," said the Officer sharply. "A cruel thing to do," retorted the owner. "You have done to death a defenceless animal who never harmed anyone in his life." "Dunno' about harmless," said Private Jones heatedly. "E bit pretty deeply into my leg when I was on sentry go, so I ran my bayonet in him." "Rubbish," retorted the dog's owner. "He was such a gentle little animal. Why didn't you drive him off with the butt end of your rifle?" "Why didn't 'e bite me wiv 'is tail?" countered Jones with suspicious meekness.

A. E. JONES

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