

THE CANADIAN

RED CROSS SPECIAL.

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VOL. 1.

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NO. 14.

COTTAGES MAKE CONQUERORS.

MODEST ORIGINS OF THE MEN WHO MATTER IN THE GREAT WAR.

The biggest war in the world's history is being run—on the side of the Allies—largely by people of obscure origin.

Sir William Robertson, for instance, the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, and the greatest strategic organiser that Britain has ever produced, was the son of a village shop-keeper.

He enlisted as a private in the 16th Lancers—"Alfonso's Own"—thirty years ago, when the Army was generally regarded by people in his walk of life as the last refuge for the destitute.

Lloyd George, again, was born of quite humble parentage, and got no more education than was provided at the village school in the remote Welsh hamlet where he was brought up. Then there is General Alexieff, often and aptly described as "The Sir William Robertson of Russia." Barring the Tsar himself, no man wields greater power, or shoulders more responsibility, than does the Chief of Staff of the Russian Field Armies. He it was who conducted the great retreat last autumn, extricating our gallant ally's forces from an impossible position; and he it was, too, who organised the splendid offensive of the summer just past.

Yet General Alexieff comes of peasant stock, and began his army career as a conscript with his group in 1877. His father was serving at the time as a sergeant in a line regiment; and his mother had been, prior to her marriage, a washerwoman in the big municipal laundries at Odessa.

General Smuts, who is engaged just now in wresting from Germany her last remaining and most valuable colony, spent his early years tending cattle on his father's farm near Stellenbosch, South Africa. With the money obtained by the sale of two cows, presented to him by his dad in lieu of wages, he paid for the first quarter's "schooling," he ever had.

General Joffre's father was the village cooper at Rivesaltes, in the extreme south of France, sent to the little school there, the lad developed a remarkable talent for mathematics, won a couple of scholarships, and eventually worked his way up, until, at the early age of sixteen years, he was able to enter the "Ecole Polytechnique," the famous French preparatory school for both civil and military engineers.

Eventually he was given his commission as lieutenant by MacMahon for his work on the fortifications of Paris after the war of 1870-71, in which he had served as a private soldier.

These instances point to the fact that, no matter how lowly the birth of a man, no matter how handicapped he may be in his younger days, by lack of money and opportunity, brains will tell.

AN ALL STAR PROGRAMME.

USUAL LARGE CROWD PRESENT.

The fact that the performers who took part in the concert in Recreation Hall last Friday night were comparatively small in number did not detract in any way from the excellence of the entertainment. In a great number of high-class programmes it would be a rather difficult matter to single out any one as being the best, but certain it is that the affair of Friday evening was fully up to the standard. There were only eight numbers, each one being a star attraction, and at the conclusion those present found nothing to be desired.

The first number, as usual, was a selection from the orchestra, "To-night's the Night," rendered in excellent style, was followed by Mr. Marples, of the Hippodrome, who delighted the audience with a number of mystifying tricks, many of which were new and greatly appreciated. He proved himself to be a prestidigitator of rare ability, and at the conclusion of his turn received hearty applause. Sergt. Scott maintained his reputation as a songster of rare ability in his rendition of "Tom O' Devon" which he sang with perfect control. Another selection by the orchestra in two parts entitled "Melodies" received proper recognition, when the Marvellous Days, in a demonstration of mind reading and mental telepathy, held the audience enthralled from start to finish. Although the act is an old one, it was none the less good and was well received. They were followed by the orchestra in another double selection, (a) "Rendezvous," and (b) "Out for a Night." Then came what was practically the hit of the evening, a comical sketch entitled, "The Boatswain's Mate," the characters in which were as follows:—

Mrs. Waters (landlady at the "Beehive")... Mrs. Carpenter.
George Benn (an ex-Boatswain) Pte. A. S. Jones.
Ned Travers (a returned soldier) S.M. F. N. Carpenter.

Few persons who know the lady had any idea that she possessed equally as much ability in the line of amateur theatricals as does her husband, but such proved to be the case. With perfect poise and a fine stage presence she carried out the part of the landlady of the "Beehive" as though "to the manner born." Pte. A. S. Jones was decidedly good, although it is understood he is not by any means new to the game. The Sergeant-Major, as usual, was "there with the goods." Mrs. Allan Milton, in an entertaining monologue, was the last number in a delightful programme, which was closed by the singing of the customary "O, Canada," "The Maple Leaf," and "God Save the King." The affair, which was given by kind permission of Major Frederick Guest, O.C., will long be remembered by most of those present when they are many miles away from the confines of the town of Buxton and the Canadian Red Cross Special Hospital.



HOW THE NEWS SPREAD. (WE LEAVE YOU TO GUESS WHAT THE WORLD SAID.)

CANADIAN NEWS.

ONTARIO PROVINCE.

OTTAWA.—About \$12,000,000 is expected to be raised from the business tax adopted by the Dominion Government.

An order for munitions to the value of \$60,000,000 has been received. Since January 1 orders have been placed amounting to \$185,000,000, and the total since the war began has been \$550,000,000.

The Customs revenue of the Dominion for October shows an increase of \$3,750,000 over that for the same month in last year. The gain for the first seven months of the present fiscal year amounts to \$29,500,000.

TORONTO.—Only 214 arrests for drunkenness were made in Toronto during the first six weeks of prohibition. Similar arrests in the same six weeks last year were 1,059.

Fifty thousand motor-car licences granted by the Ontario Government this year will give the Province an income of \$700,000.

The aggregate loss in the Northern Ontario fires is put at \$2,134,349 by the Fire Marshal, Mr. E. P. Heaton, while the insurance recovered or claimed is computed at \$1,045,583. The loss in excess of insurance is \$1,088,764. According to the statement of the claims upon insurance companies, \$654,922 is borne by the regular licensed companies and the difference by unlicensed companies.

Under specified conditions the Provincial Government has granted an "open season" for otter and beaver in Ontario from November 1 to March 31 next. This is the first open season for these animals in this Province for nearly 20 years. The order places a royalty of 50 cents per skin on otter and \$1 on beaver. The only persons allowed to take the animals are resident licensed trappers and farmers who obtain a permit from the department to trap upon their own land.

NIAGRA FALLS.—The whirlpool and rapids may now be viewed from an air cable car which crosses the whirlpool on a span of 1,800 feet, 150 feet above the water. The car carries 36 passengers, and the journey across takes six minutes.

QUEBEC PROVINCE.

QUEBEC.—The wife of M. Lavigne, Mayor of this city has given birth to her twenty-eighth child.

The quinquennial reorganisation of the constituencies in this Province includes the absorption of Assumption and Montcalm into one and Laval and Two Mountains into another.

In addition to the zinc and lead mines at Nottingham, and the valuable deposits of Gatineau zinc recently discovered at Burbidge Station, development is systematically going on in all the zinc and lead ore mines throughout the Province.

NOVA SCOTIA.

HALIFAX.—A proposition is being considered to inaugurate a monthly steamship service between here and St. Nazaire, France, by Mr. W. Garthwaite, of Paris, and the Marine Navigation Co., Ltd.

The Halifax Tramway Company intends to reconstruct its lines and replace a large part of its equipment at a total cost of \$1,500,000.

Mr. D. Johnson, the Dominion Fruit Commissioner, after visiting the Annapolis Valley and other fruit-growing areas, says that though the apple crop is short the quality is superior. He also praises the improved methods in packing and the care taken in cultivation in this Province.

MANITOBA PROVINCE.

WINNIPEG.—The Attorney-General for this Province states that the members of the late Provincial Government, against whom charges of conspiracy were alleged, will be tried again on the same charge. In the first trial the jury disagreed.

The position this Province established last year as an exporter of butter has been well maintained this season. Between April and the end of August 31 car loads of creamery butter were sent out of the Province, averaging 499 boxes, each box containing 56 lbs. Most of the expert shipments have gone to Montreal. Very gratifying reports regarding the improved quality of the butter shipped from Manitoba have been received by the Dairy Commissioner.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

VICTORIA.—The salmon pack of this Province totals 200,000 cases, a third the average of recent years.

Mr. Samuel Ryder, head of the firm of Ryder and Son, St. Albans, England, who has been here investigating the possibilities of seed growing, closed a deal for 200 acres of land on this island, which, it is understood, will be utilised for seed growing.

The late Mrs. J. D. Pemberton bequeathed a fine oil painting of a former Lieut.-Governor, Sir Henri Joli de Lotbiniere, to the Provincial Government upon condition that it is placed in a prominent position in the Parliament Buildings.

VANCOUVER.—Now that the figures obtained in the recent registration of all male residents of the city have been compiled, it is revealed that there are about 12,000 men here between the ages of 18 and 45, in addition to those registered as medically unfit.

The Connaught Tunnel at Rogers Pass in the Selkirk will be formally opened about December 1, according to the chief engineer of the C.P.R., Mr. J. G. Sullivan. The tunnel will be five miles long, with a double track.

NORTH VANCOUVER.—Mr. A. Wallace, of the Wallace Shipyards here, states that his firm had the opportunity of tendering for the construction of from two to four steel ships for foreign register of a type similar to those being built in Seattle. But as the steel plates and propelling equipment are manufactured in the United States, and have to pay a duty of from 10 to 15 per cent on entering Canada, the local shipyards are completely out of the running.

OMENS OF THE WAR.

REMARKABLE PREDICTION WINS TWO GUINEAS.

From time to time one hears from various sources—especially since the beginning of the war—of people who have had strange dreams and visions predicting danger ahead for relatives or friends.

A few weeks ago a noted weekly paper offered a prize of two guineas to the reader from whom they received the most remarkable experience of this kind, together with smaller prizes for those whose happenings they published.

The two guineas has been awarded to Mrs. R. A. Berkeley, Chota Ghur, The Bourne, Briscoe, Glos., who has sent in the following dream:

My sister was returning to her husband in India—having been to England to see her children who are in a boarding-school—on the ill-fated Persia.

On Friday morning, December 31st, about 7 a.m., my mother woke up screaming. She said she had had a most vivid dream that she was standing at the top of a steep stairway, and that my sister was struggling to climb up to her, but could make no progress. My mother tried to go down the stairs to her assistance, but was quite unable to move, and could only shriek for help, till at last she awoke.

On the following Sunday morning, January 2nd, we heard the terrible news that the Persia was torpedoed, and later reports from survivors whom my brother-in-law met in Karachi, showed that there was a great struggle up the companion-way. The passengers were having luncheon when the ship was struck and all rushed for the deck. I regret to say my sister did not survive, but went down with the ship—a victim to "kultur."

Senders of the following incidents have each received consolation prizes:

On June 23rd, at Gallipoli, a comrade of mine—Private Reynolds, of the New Zealand rifles—woke up suddenly and said: "I shall have to go on listening post at midnight on the 25th of June, and I shall be shot through the head."

In the morning we asked him what he meant by so strange a prediction, and he replied: "I saw my mother reading in the paper that I was killed at midnight on June 25th while on listening post. The next day the order was put up for six men to go on listening post and Private Reynolds was included in the number; four days later only two of the men returned, and told the captain that they were surprised by the Turks, only one was taken prisoner and the rest shot. So his dream came true.—Private Pugh, c.o. N.Z.G.M.P., 84, Rochester Row, London, S.W."

I had a most remarkable dream in May, 1912, while staying with a sister in Wales. It seemed that I was taking part in a skirmish, and my side were being pressed back. Suddenly I was alone and confronted by two dark-visaged enemy officers, who clearly had the upper hand of me.

I managed to defend myself against the worst of the blows rained on me, but at last one of them thrust at me with his knife which made me cry out. I recollect that my assailants took my weapons from me and I was left. Then I started to limp heavily and appeared to be passing through my native village.

This dream left an impression on me for some time afterwards. My dream became realised on November 25th, 1915, at Green Knoll, Sulva, when we were attacked by the Turks, and I was left to the mercy of two Turks, receiving the bayonet wound which I imagined in my dream three years before.—Private William Roberts, 15580, Yorks and Lancs., A4 3rd London General Hospital, Wandsworth, S.W.

My late son enlisted last year and went away to Chatham for training. On February 4th I dreamt that my boy's body was brought home in a coffin, and a man lifted the lid for me to identify it. The next day I received a telegram from the hospital, Chatham, saying that my son was seriously ill. On February 8th he died, and his body was brought home for burial as I had seen it in my dream.—Mrs. E. Parker, 61, Wakeman Road, Kensal Rise., Willesden, N.W.

HOLIDAY SPENT ON THE OCEAN BED.

A SUBMARINE BOAT THAT RUNS ON WHEELS.

A submarine cruiser, fitted with wheels which will enable it to run along the bottom of the ocean, has recently been invented by a prominent American who proposes to spend his holidays in this strange vessel.

The submarine cruiser will be connected with a ship on the surface of the water by a tube which is built in sections, and can be extended to over 150 feet. The boat is just like an ordinary submarine only it is much larger and more comfortable.

It is fitted with a motor, and will tow along the mother boat on the surface. It will be fitted with plate-glass windows through which the wonderful animal and plant life of the ocean bed can be observed, and moving pictures will be taken during the trip. This novel pleasure boat has an air-lock system so that a diver may step out of a door at the bottom of the boat and explore the bed of the ocean.

This type of boat may be employed in the future for salvaging wrecks, recovering treasure, and for many other useful purposes.

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Sporting Editor Sgt. J. Henderson.
Artist C. Webster.

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abroad.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18th, 1916.

The falling-off in the capture of British prisoners is one of the signs of the failure of the Germans on the Somme. The All-Highest evidently doesn't like this symptom, and, according to an order recently found on a German, he offers fourteen days' leave to any officer or soldier who brings in a Tommy.

The conscientious objector who protested, the other day, that if he became a soldier he would have to disobey the Levitical law in the matter of food, should have been reminded that what the Army needs at the present is not Leviticus, but Numbers.—Bystander.

There is a mistaken idea that Canadians and Colonials in general, are lacking in the sense of reverence. The R.N.A.S. tells a story to disprove it. A certain R.N.A.S. officer, who has distinguished himself in this and another war, came into a mess wherein was a young Canadian aviator. The senior officer in question is one of the quietest of men, but on this occasion the Canadian was even quieter. He never said a word, but just sat and gazed at the string of medal ribbons on the senior's manly chest, beginning with the V.C. and ending with the D.S.O. When the distinguished one had left, the Canadian opened his mouth and said, "Gee! But that must be some guy to use the D.S.O. as a trailer!"

HONORING ZEPPELIN "MURDERERS."

Opinions may differ as to whether or not the crew of the first Zeppelin brought down on British soil should have received honors at their funeral. There are two sides to the question, of course, like there are to every question. Looking at the matter from the standpoint of the man whose interests have not been personally touched, it is possible to say: "Poor fellows; they only did what they were ordered to do. After all, war is hell. Give them the honors of war!"

But look at the matter from the standpoint of the man or woman whose little innocent children have been ruthlessly murdered by the bombs of the Zeppelins. Are they liable to view the crimes in such a philippic light? It makes a whole lot of difference whose ox is gored. And, finally, how about this question: Supposing it had been a British war balloon which had been brought down in Germany? Would the Huns have given the dead crew a funeral with the honors of war? Sloppy sentimentality goes a long way with the average Briton, but how about the crucified soldiers in Belgium; or the innocent babies hacked to pieces by German bayonets; or the thousands of Belgian and French maidens put to lasting and open shame by fiends who acted on the orders of their chiefs; or the deliberate murders of Nurse Cavell and Captain Fryatt? Signs seem to multiply that the Huns were right when they said: "The British will always be fools, and the Germans will never be gentlemen!"

Three men of international prominence of the same name have "lost out" within the past week or two. Hughes, of Australia, lost the referendum vote re conscription; Hughes of the U.S.A., lost the election for President, and Sir Sam Hughes, of Canada, lost his temper and then his position as Minister of Militia. There must be some sort of "hoodoo" attached to the name.

TINY TRUTHS.

Fault-finders are never out of a job.
The smile of fortune is better than her laugh.
There's a lot of head work done in a pin factory.
Kisses are the real thing only when backed up by the heart.
Love may not be a disease, but it is frequently of a rash nature.
The woman of the hour is one who says she will be ready in a minute.
If we ever have a woman ruler she will advocate peace at bargain prices.
Girls who want to marry are always looking in shop windows for new brands of bait.
When a woman marries she not only takes the man's name but everything else he has.
The most useful memory is one for past lies.
The truth is the worst you can say about some people.
Many a man has found marriage what he expected—only more so.
It's the little things of life that annoy a man—he'd sooner lose his wife than his collar stud.
Is anything ever and quite so easily lost as the "finding" of a Royal Commission?

**RHYME, ROT,
AND REASON.**

THE LABOUR BATTALION.

(By Captain MAURICE DRAKE.)

We'm working 'pon the Blankcourt Road, wi' shovel an' wi' pick;
An' Corp'l Giles from Hatherleigh directing wi' his stick.
'Tis one long line o' traffic up, another long line down;
'Buses an' carts, for all the world like streets in London town.
Horses an' marchin' infantry an' batteries o' guns,
Goin' up to teach good manners to they nasty-minded 'Uns;
Lorries an' wains an' moty-cars, fer miles an' miles an' miles,
"Tis like a year o' market-days," says I to Corp'l Giles
We makes the roads, an' mends the roads, an' makes 'em all again.
(The traffic tears 'em all abroad, wi' one good shower o' rain.)
We scrapes off mud, an' strows our stone beneath the grinding wheels,
(The sweat runs down behind our ears, we'm muck from cap to heels.)
We'm deaf an' halt, an' some's half blind, an' Corp'l Giles, he's lame,
(The smart young gunners laughs at us, which seems to me a shame.)
"But, Lord! who minds 'em laughin'?" If 'twarn't fer such as we,
How would 'em get their guns to front?" says Corp'l Giles to me.
They goes up sweatin' in the sun, or singin' through the rain,
An' when they change Divisions some comes singin' back again.
An' some stays where the wooden crosses mark the last advance,
(There's line o' little crosses all acrost the North o' France.)
An' past the singin' muddly boys the Red Cross motors go,
Packed full o' quiet bandaged forms, an' rollin' very slow.
It makes 'ee sad. . . . "An' yet, you knows, if warn't fer such as we,
They wounded wouldn't ride so smooth," says Corp'l Giles to me.

Colonel: "Missing the train is no excuse for over-staying leave."
Defaulter: "Couldn't help it, Sir. I was just going to get in the train when a blanky band struck up "God Save the King" and I had to stand to attention."
Tiny Sister (rushing into big sister's room): "Please hurry, Lulu, Mr. White is downstairs."
Lulu (very grandly, while she dabs her face with the powder-puff): "Very well, dear; I'll be down."
Tiny Sister (nervously): "Oh, please don't wait to shave!"

WHERE DO YOU STAND?

(From a Canadian Military Paper.)

The boys at the front are always looking for the friend,
Just over with reinforcements,
And the news the home-folks send.
There is a question they're always asking,
"Where is Ted and Bill?"
And he who is questioned simply says:
"They're over in Canada still."
"Ovver in Canada? I'll be darned!
Say, what the devil's wrong?
They are both big husky fellows,
Healthy, sturdy and strong.
I thought they'd have signed up sooner,
Tho' they never bother to write,
They must have joined the Yankees,
And become too proud to fight.
Over in Canada, had some sand,
I thought they had some sand,
When I get home, I'll tell them off,
In a way they'll understand.
It's funny, he was in the army,
Sporting three little stars,
And went to the Coronation,
Returning with medal and bars.
Oh well, there's no accounting,
For the views that some folks take,
Of duty, in times of peace and war,
And they have a decision to make.
So now, you fellows at home yet,
What are you going to say,
When the boys come marching home again,
After we've had *Our Day*?
With hand outstretched and sickly smile,
"Hello, mate! Glad you're back!"
Will he grasp it in the old time way,
And pat you on the back?
He will simply look you up and down,
And shrug, and turn away,
His actions far more eloquent
Than any words he'll say.
So join up now, you fellows,
Too long at home you've lurked,
Never give him a chance to say:
"I know you not. You 'hirked.'s"
"Shirked in the face of duty,
Shirked at the Empire's call,
I've been and done my bit, thank God,
And now can face them all."
So come and get acquainted,
There are lots of your friends around;
And help the British bull-dog
Make sausage of the hound.

Teacher: "an you tell me the difference between 'like' and 'love'?"
Small Boy: "Yes, ma'am. I like my father and mother, but I love chocolate."

In a certain Sunday-school on a hot Sunday afternoon one of the teachers became somewhat faint, and was placed on a form while the usual restoratives were applied.
Suddenly a little girl stood up and persistently called "Teacher! Teacher!" in order to attract the attention of one of those who were attending to the unfortunate invalid. At last the little one was heard, and the teacher, turning round, asked in a somewhat hasty manner:—
"Well, what is it?"
"Please, teacher," replied the child, "my father makes coffins."

THE CHAMPION FOOL.

There's fools of many kinds—there's fools
That think they know it all;
There's fools that jaw at others when
They stub their toes and fall.
There's fools who think that when they're hurt
All other fools should howl;
There's fools who think the sun's got lost
Each time the weather's foul.
But there's one kind of fool that's worse
Than all the rest. Excuse
Me from that fool who boasts what he
Would do if he could only be
In someone else's shoes.
There's fools who go and drown themselves
When girls say "No." They s'pose
They couldn't learn to love again.
They're small loss, goodness knows!
There's fools who think what they believe
Is all that's true; there's some
Who think when their digestion's bad
The old world's end has come.
We'll have to bear with such as these,
I guess, but please excuse
Me from the fool who tells how he
Would rise if he could only be
In someone else's shoes.

He was very young, and a very new officer,
and he did so want to be noticed.
He went up to a sergeant drilling a lot of recruits.
They were standing at ease when he who was new and inexperienced arrived.
"Aw, sergeant," he lisped. "These er—men are er—standing—er—at ease?"
"Yes, sir," wuffed the sergeant, who resented the intrusion.
"Then—er—my man," the smooth-lipped sub. was just losing nerve, "why ar'nt the men's right feet twelve paces away from the left?"
The sergeant is expected to recover but he will be a mental wreck for life.

THE HERO.

He had captured six Zeppelins
And as many aeroplanes,
And a regiment of Uhlans
(Or the regiment's remains),
And half a dozen trenches,
And a general and a scout,
And a chateau full of foemen,
And a hill and a redoubt.
Also bridges, and a village,
And a farmhouse fortified,
And a wood that fairly bristled
With the bayonets inside
And a commissary depot,
And a battery so grim—
But a foolish, little, fluffly,
Timid woman captured him.

SMILE, DARN YE, SMILE.

Bill Smith, a country shopkeeper, went to the city to buy goods. They were sent immediately and reached home before he did.
When the boxes were delivered, Mrs. Smith uttered a scream, seized a hatchet, and began frantically to open the largest one.
"What's the matter?" asked a customer, who had watched her in amazement.
Pale and faint, Mrs. Smith pointed to an inscription on the box.
It read: "Bill inside."

Mistress: "Do you call this sponge-cake? Why, it's as hard as it can be."
New Cook: "Yes, mum; that's the way a sponge is before it's wet. Soak it in your tea, mum."

A tiny child was waiting with her mother at a railway station, and a little distance off was standing a soldier in Highland uniform.
The child asked her mother if she might speak to the soldier; and being questioned as to why she wanted to speak to him, she replied:
"I want to tell him his stockings are coming down!"

"Waiter," grumbled a customer, "I should like to know the meaning of this. Yesterday I was served with a portion of pudding twice the size of this."
"Indeed, sir," responded the waiter. "Where did you sit?"
"By the window," answered the customer.
"Oh, that explains it," said the waiter. "We always give the people at the window decent portions. It's an advertisement."

Sergeant (drilling awkward squad): "Company! Attention. Company, lift up your left leg, and hold it straight out in front of you!"
One of the squad held up his right leg by mistake; this brought his right-hand companion's left leg and his own right leg close together; the officer, seeing this, exclaimed, angrily:—
"And who is that blooming galoot over there holding up both legs?"

While waiting for the speaker at a public meeting a pale little man in the audience seemed very nervous. He glanced over his shoulder from time to time and squirmed and shifted about in his seat. At last, unable to stand it any longer, he arose and demanded, in a high, penetrating voice: "Is there a Christian Scientist in this room?"
A woman at the other side of the hall got up and said: "I am a Christian Scientist."
"Well, then, madam," requested the little man, "would you mind changing seats with me? I'm sitting in a draught."

A wizened little Irishman applied for a job at a wharf when a ship was taking in cargo. At first they said he was too small, but he finally persuaded them to give him a trial. He seemed to be making good headway, and they gradually increased the size of his load until on the last trip he was carrying a 100 lb. anvil under each arm. When he was half-way across the plank it broke and the Irishman fell in. With a great splashing and spluttering he came to the surface.
"Trow me a rope!" he shouted, and again sank. A second time he rose to the surface.
"Trow me a rope, I say!" he shouted again. Once more he sank. A third time he rose struggling.
"Say!" he spluttered angrily, "if one uv you shpalpeens don't hurry up an' trow me a rope I'm going to drop one uv these tarnation tings!"

The unsettled state of Irish affairs reminds one of a slip made by the Duke of Wellington during a House of Lords' debate on Ireland. In the course of his speech he mentioned that two clergymen had been murdered in Ireland. A noble lord on the other side of the House rose at once to correct him.
"No, no; only one."
"Only one?" rejoined the Duke. "Well, if I am mistaken I am sorry."

A Scottish doctor who was attending a laird had instructed the butler of the house in the art of taking and recording his master's temperature with a thermometer. On paying his usual morning call, he was met by the butler, to whom he said:—
"Well, John, I hope the laird's temperature is not any higher to-day?"
The man looked puzzled for a minute and then replied:—
"Weel, I was just wonderin' that mysel'. Ye see, he deed at twal o'clock."

A tall, gaunt-looking person recently entered an hotel in London and applied for a room. The price he was willing to pay entitled him to lodgings on the top floor of the house. Among his belongings the proprietor noticed a coil of rope.
Upon being asked what the rope was for, the person replied:—
"That's a fire-escape; always carry one with me now in case of a Zeppelin raid, or fire, which I understand, often occur here, and then I am able to let myself down from the window without troubling anyone."
"Yes," replied the landlord, stroking his chin reflectively; "seems like a pretty good idea, but guests with fire-escapes pay in advance at this hotel during the war."

A little girl entered a pawnbroker's shop and holding up a frying-pan to the proprietor, said: "Here, mister, muvver wants tuppence on this."

The pawnbroker took it, and then dropped it with a shout. "Good gracious, the blessed thing's hot!"
"Yes," said the maiden, "muvver's just cooked the sossiges in it, an' she's wantin' the tuppence for the beer."

Atkins had developed feverish symptoms and had been sent to the nearest hospital, where, among other things, a nurse put a thermometer in his mouth to take his temperature.
Presently the doctor called to see him.
"Well, Tommy," he asked, "how are you?"
"Fairish, sir," the invalid replied.
"Have you had any nourishment?"
"Yes, sir."
"What did you have?"
"A lady gimme a piece of glass to suck, sir."

The bride, athirst for information on house-keeping matters, sought advice from her elder and more experienced sister.
"And what do you use to clean carpets?" she asked, among other questions.
"Oh, lots of things are good," was the careless answer, "but my husband's the best."

"Help up!" cried the man who had fallen into the river, "I can't swim!"
"B'gorry," exclaimed an Irishman on the bank, "yez now have an excellint opportunity t' learn, O'im thinkin'!"

DISILLUSIONED.

Sir Wilfred Laurier, ex-premier of Canada, to whom the Duke of Connaught personally presented a silver loving cup on leaving the Dominion for England, once started to learn to play the flute.

One day, however, a canvasser called on him with a new type of gramophone which he wanted him to buy.
"I have a blank cylinder here, Sir Wilfred; if you'd like to hear yourself speak, r sing, he remarked.

The Premier was tempted.
"A—ah I don't sing," he observed, "but"—producing his flute—"if you don't mind?"
The canvasser appeared to be only too happy, and the next minute the Prime Minister was waxing red in the face in an attempt to pour "Alice, where art thou," into the receiving hopper.

"There, sir," observed the canvasser five minutes later, as the machine whirred out a reproduction of the flute solo, "that's exceptionally good."

"Is it really like the original?" inquired Sir Wilfred.
"With your eyes shut, sir, you couldn't tell one from the other. Will you buy the gramophone?"
"No," said Sir Wilfred sadly, "I'll sell the flute."

Mistress (calling downstairs): "Mary, what did you do with that turkey I told you to dress?"
Mary: "Please, mum, I put it in the pantry while I made the clothes."
She is now looking for another situation.

Father: "Well, Carolyn, how do you like school?"
Carolyn (aged six): "Oh, so much, papa."
"That's right, daughter. And now what have you learned to-day?"
"I've learned the names of all the little boys."

In a private sitting-room at the hotel sat a party of merry-makers. Suddenly there came a knock at the door, and an attendant, entering in a great hurry, announced:
"The compliments of Mr. Blank, the author, who is in the next room, and he says you are making so much noise that he cannot write."
"He can't write, eh?" said one of the brightest of the party. "Why, tell him that everybody who has read his book knows that."

Sandy McTavish was a highly-skilled workman in a new aircraft factory.
Therefore it happened one day that Sandy was asked if he would care to accompany the works aviator on one of his trial flights on a new machine.
Sandy, after some hesitation, agreed to do so.

During the flight the aviator asked Sandy how he was enjoying it.
"To tell the truth," answered the Scot, "I wad rather be on the grun."
"Tut, tut," replied the flying man. "I'm just thinking of looping the loop."
"For Heaven's sake don't dae that!" yelled the now very nervous McTavish. "I've some siller in my vest-pocket, an' Ah might lose it!"

AFTER HIM TOO.

Tommy had been naughty, so Tommy had to be chastised, and with this end in view his mother was pursuing him round the garden plot.

Suddenly eluding her outstretched arms, he ran into the house and bolted upstairs and got under the bed.

"All right, my boy," panted his mother, "wait till your father comes in I'll tell him."

Soon after the father came home, and his wife proceeded to tell him of his son's wrong doings.

Reaching for a cane, he went upstairs, got down on his knees, and looked under the bed. But before he could say a word his young hopeful burst out with:

"dad, is she after you, too?"

O'CONNOR'S STORY.

The Solicitor-General for Ireland, Mr. John O'Connor, is gifted with his full share of the Irishman's proverbial wit. Recently at a dinner-party Mr. O'Connor was asked to give the exact definition of the term "presence of mind."

"Well," he answered, "I don't know about defining it, but I can give you an instance."

"A man and his wife were in a railway accident, and were both hurled out of the train on to the embankment. The man picked himself up and, rubbing the dirt out of his eyes, inquired of his better-half, 'Sal are you hurt, dear?'"

"No," she answered, "I'm all right."

"Oh, you are, are you?" he replied, and with that he up with his fist and gave her a black eye. Five minutes later he had registered a claim on behalf of his wife for £100 damages.

Well, if that isn't presence of mind for you, I would like to know what is," added Mr. O'Connor, laughingly.

WHEN ARTFULNESS SCORED.

I heard a good story recently concerning a smart "sub," and a certain peppery general officer commanding a brigade on the Somme front.

It had been published in Brigade Orders that, so far as that particular unit was concerned, all leave was suspended for the time being.

Now this particular "sub," badly wanted a week-end in Blighty, so he got in the General's way as often as he possibly could, and looking the picture of abject misery all the while until, as he had shrewdly foreseen, his Chief snappily inquired what was wrong with him.

"Well, sir," said the artful one, "I did badly want to run over to London for the week-end, but my colonel says that an order is an order, and that not even yourself can break it once it has been issued."

"What!" said the General. "They tell you I cannot give leave? I give you leave, sir, and report this order to your colonel."

WHERE JONAH WAS.

In her recent book stories Miss Helen Mar recalls that of a very young and nervous curage who had to discourse one morning upon the vicissitudes of Jonah and the whale.

"And for three days and three nights," he began, "Jonah was in the—"

He blushed, stammered, stopped, and then started again.

"For three days and three nights Jonah was in the—"

Once more he was covered with confusion, and once more he stopped and mopped his face, from which the perspiration was literally pouring, with his handkerchief.

Then he gathered his courage in both hands and with a mighty effort he finished triumphantly: "And for three days and three nights Jonah was in the—the society of the whale."

WHY HE LAUGHED.

All the way from German East Africa, where General Smuts is rounding up the last of the Huns, comes the following:

Two members of our expeditionary force got separated from their command and were lost in the bush. They were captured by a hostile tribe of savages and brought before the chief.

He ordered them to go out and gather some fruit. Upon their return the chief ordered one of them, Jim, into his presence.

"What bringest thou?" he demanded.

"Grapes."

"Then swallow them whole; that is thy punishment, and of like nature will be the punishment of thy friend."

Jim burst out laughing.

The chief gazed at him sternly; then: "Why dost thou laugh?" he asked.

"Well, my pal, Bill—ha, ha!—he's got coconuts!"

HER ONE MISTAKE.

She took a course of first aid to the injured, and after long and anxious waiting, the street accident she had earnestly wished for took place.

It was a bicycle accident, the man had broken his leg; she confiscated the walking stick of a passer-by, and broke it in three pieces for splints; she blushing took off her underskirt for bandages, and she was enthusiastically cheered by the crowd. When all was completed she summoned a cab, and took her patient to the hospital.

"Who bandaged this limb so creditably?" inquired the surgeon.

"I did," she blushing replied.

"Well, it is most beautifully done," said the surgeon, "but you have, I see, made one little mistake."

She felt terribly self-conscious.

"You have bandaged the wrong leg," he said quietly.

ANY WOMAN TO ANY WOOLER.

Before I yield this fluttering heart To be your own till death us part;

Before I speak, and you have heard, The last irrevocable word;

Before, in short, I trust my life Into your keeping as your wife;

Give me a moment's pause to think, And bring me paper, pen and ink

To calculate, in figures clear, Exactly what you're worth a year.

PEOPLE WHO HAVE EATEN BOOKS.

To literally digest a book is an accomplishment which few can boast of having performed. Nevertheless, a good deal of literature has been destroyed in this way at one time or another.

Barnabo Visconti compelled two papal delegates to eat the bull of excommunication which they had brought him, together with its silken cords and leaden seal. As the bull was written on parchment, it was all the more difficult to digest. A similar anecdote is related of an Austrian general, who had signed a note for 2,000 florins, and, when it fell due, compelled his creditor to eat it.

A Scandinavian writer, the author of a political book, was compelled to choose between being beheaded or eating his manuscript boiled in broth. Isaac Volmar, who wrote some satires against Bernard, Duke of Saxony, was not allowed the courtesy of the kitchen, but was forced to swallow them uncooked. Still worse was the fate of Philip Oldenburger, a jurist of great renown, who was condemned not only to eat a pamphlet of his writing, but also to be flogged during his repast.

NOTHING WASTED IN FRANCE.

What becomes of old sardine-tins, tomato-tins, meat-tins, fruit-tins, and tins of all kinds? In France, where nothing is allowed to go to waste, they rather than up and use them—to cut into tin soldiers.

In France, too, old boots and shoes are collected, and every part is used over again. The work is mostly done by convicts in prisons. They take the boots and shoes to pieces and soak them; then the uppers are out up into children's shoes, or, if they are too far gone for that, a peculiar kind of pressed leather is made by some chemical action. The nails are saved and sold, and the scraps go to the farmers to fertilize the soil.

Who would have thought it possible to make anything out of old saws? Yet it is said that many of the finest surgical instruments, and some of those used by engineers, are manufactured from the steel that first did duty in saws. The steel of saws is of the very best quality and finest temper; and since it is good in the first place, it is always good.

TO A SARDINE.

"Sardines are being stored all over the German Empire for the coming siege. . . . The stoppage of the sardine would have a material effect upon the length of the war."—Mr. D. T. Curtis in the "Times."

Oh, most deceitful fish! you little beast! Off have I made you welcome at the feast. Little I thought you came perhaps to spy; I trusted—and had other fish to fry. I treated you with kindness and care, And left you lying snug, in oil to spare, Or on a piece of buttered toast, well done—Which you repay by trading with the Hun. Judges have doubted you (you'll call to mind The legal quest), yet I was ever blind To all your double-dealing; and your schemes Entered not once into my wildest dreams. Oh, miserable fish! oh, fish most foul! The smile I had for you has turned to scowl, And vengeance will be mine, my oily friend, When next we meet—and yours a bitter end. I'll skin you, and I'll scalp, and eke betail; From small sardine I will produce a wail. And when you lie all broken, as you've earned, I'll ope my mouth, and you will be interned.

THE HEARTLESS KAISER.

To-day every sidelight than can be obtained on the complex character of that Mad Dog of Europe—the Kaiser—is of vital interest to the British Empire. Kaiser Wilhelm, since he shattered the peace of Europe and plunged whole nations into war, has proved by his human and cowardly acts that the Huns ought really to be considered outside the pale of civilized humanity. It is now being revealed that even before the war there were many chapters of horror in the career of the "All-Highest." There is one grim episode, so terrible that it can only be spoken of with bated breath. Can it be believed that for nearly twenty years the Kaiser has been guilty of a crime which in common justice ought to have brought him to the gallows? It is a shameful story, a ghastly revelation, vividly told on the highest authority by Mr. Hayden Church in the November "Strand Magazine."

For a harmless and boyish prank that raised the Big Bull's wrath, a young Teuton lieutenant was doomed by the Kaiser to ride over the edge of a precipice of a cliff rising hundreds of feet above a Norwegian fjord like a blind man plunging to certain destruction.

Mr. Hayden Church gives the name of the exact spot where this awful crime was committed, and has ample proof of the authenticity of the story. Read the account of this foul murder in the "Strand." It is one of the most dastardly outrages ever ordered by an inhuman ruler. The man who countenanced such an atrocity is utterly unfit to sit on any throne.

"Take two letters from 'money' and 'one' will be left."

"Is that a joke?"

"Yes."

"Well, I know of a fellow who took money from two letters, and it was no joke. He got twelve months."

FOOTBALL.

A game of football will take place this afternoon on the Silverlands ground between the 288th Company of the Royal Engineers and a team from the Canadian Red Cross Special Hospital. The match was originally made for the 239th Company, but owing to the fact that the latter company leave Buxton this evening the former was substituted. The kick-off will take place at 2-30 p.m. and a good game is expected. A nominal admission fee of fourpence will be charged and it is hoped that a good crowd will be in attendance. The following is the line-up for the Canadians:

S. M. Carpenter.

L. C. Mason. Stevenson.

Porter. Morton. Nicholls.

Henderson. Sergt. Granecome.

S.M. Jevons. Webster. Jones.

The game scheduled for last Saturday between the Manchester team and the Canadians had to be called off on account of the non-arrival of the former.

ROYAL MUNITION WORKER.

The darling of Canada, beautiful Princess Patricia of Connaught, who has recently returned to England with her parents, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, is very anxious to do war-work. She makes no secret that she would like to be a munition worker, but this her mother does not think she is strong enough for. Princess "Pat," as she is called by all good Canadians, was immensely popular in the land of the Maple Leaf, for she took a prominent part in sports of every kind. It is not widely known that her Royal Highness has a rare talent for caricature, and delights in amusing the Royal Family with "take-offs" of themselves. One represents her father in a violent rage, wearing the uniform of a Field-Marshal, and calling out, "Where's my horse?"

WAR HOSPITAL BONT'S.

Considerable annoyance is caused by well-meaning friends visiting our wounded heroes, and asking foolish and obvious questions. In the East Leeds War Hospital there is the following list of questions which visitors are requested not to ask:—

Are you wounded?
How did you know you were wounded?
Did it hurt?
Which hurts most—going in or coming out?
Did the shell hit you?
Did you see any Germans?
How many did you kill?
What are the tanks like?
Do you want to go back?

WHAT TOMMY DID.

The private had had pneumonia, and had been treated for some time in the hospital, where they treated him so well that he was much averse to the prospect of being discharged as "cured."

One day the doctor was taking his temperature, and while Tommy had the thermometer in his mouth the doctor moved on and happened to turn his back. Tommy saw his chance. He pulled the thermometer out of his mouth and popped it into a cup of hot tea, replacing it at the first sign of the medico's turning.

When that worthy examined the thermometer he looked first at Tommy and then back to the thermometer and gasped:

"Well, my man, you're not dead, but you ought to be."

"Bobby," inquired the mother, "did you wash your face before the music-teacher came?"

"Yes, ma."

"And your hands?"

"Yes, ma."

"And your ears?"

"Well, ma," said Bobby judiciously, "I washed the one that would be next to her!"

A sergeant was drilling some very raw recruits and felt the great importance of his position until "Right turn!" he thundered, "As you were," "Left turn," "As you were," "About turn."

He was about to give another command when he noticed one of the recruits walking away.

"Here you, where are you going to?" he shouted.

"Oh, I'm off, I've had enough of this; you don't know your own mind two minutes together," answered the recruit.

The hotel bar was full, including the local wag, when in came the out-of-work stranger. Spinning the bad trade yarn to perfection, and being rather decently dressed, he enlisted their sympathy, the local wag making a whip round on his behalf, besides getting him a drink or two to be going on with.

The roadster was leaving, when the wag just remembered to put the question:—

"Oh, by the by, mister, what is your trade?"

"Oh," replied he, "I'm a wooden whistle painter, and since these blooming tin whistles came in I can't get a job nowhere."

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"Oh, by the by, mister, what is your trade?"

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A merchant in Turkey lost a purse containing two hundred pieces of gold. He had his loss proclaimed by the public crier, and offered half its contents to whosoever had found and would restore it. A sailor who had picked it up, informed the crier that he had found it, and that he was ready to restore it on the proposed conditions. The owner having thus learned where his purse was, thought he would try to get it back for nothing. He therefore told the sailor that if he wished to get the reward, he must restore also a valuable emerald which was in it. The sailor declared that he had found nothing in the purse except the money, and refused to give it up without the reward.

The merchant went and complained to the cadi, who summoned the sailor to appear, and asked him why he kept the purse he had found.

"Because," replied he, "the merchant has promised a reward of one hundred pieces, which he now refuses to give under pretence that there was a valuable emerald in it; and I solemnly declare that I found nothing in the purse but the money."

The merchant was then desired to describe the emerald, and how it had come into his possession; which he did,—but in so confused a manner that the cadi was convinced of his dishonesty. He accordingly gave the following judgment:—"You have lost a purse with two hundred pieces of gold and an emerald in it; the sailor has found one with only two hundred pieces in it; it cannot therefore be yours. You must then have yours cried again, with a description of the precious stone. You," said the cadi to the sailor, "will keep the purse during forty days without touching its contents, and if, at the end of that time, no person shall have proved his claim to it, you may justly consider it your own."

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PLEASE TELL US.

Why the young ladies who had the two Canadians escort them to Brown Edge will not supply them with torchlights to enable them to keep out of the creek on their way home?

If Scottie really thinks his feet are serious?

If Pte. Brame is running opposition to Mc-Niell in the mail order business, or is he writing to himself for pastime.

Why the night Chef was so anxious to obtain two pigs' tails?

Did he anticipate making mock turtle soup?

If Pte. Purser thinks it is a very polite thing to do, to walk up to a young lady and gent, never speak a word, but deliberately walk away with the young lady?

How Winch felt when he found himself standing alone talking to himself?

Was it Corpl. Keene's personality, or was it Corpl. Roulson's good natured way that attracted so many of the Irish colleens during their stay in Ireland?

If Capt. Thurgar has given up the idea of becoming a fancy roller skater?

Why did Master Harold leave the Gardens on Tuesday afternoon with such a forlorn expression on his face? Was he downhearted or just angry?

How Staff-Sergeant Turner felt when a certain young lady was not in evidence at the V.A.D. on Tuesday evening?

What is the matter with the editor of this column this week? Is he fed up with the job?

Who is the Sergeant who so far forgot himself recently as to call out on going the rounds: "Shun, orderly sergeant!" and how did he feel when he realized his mistake? Does Sergt. Martin know?

How Staff-Sergt. Morris enjoyed his trip to Shoreham-by-Sea?

What did a certain S.M. do with the little dolly presented to him by two young ladies?

What was it Sergt. Quigley wanted to borrow last Saturday night? Had he lost his overcoat and was he trying to get another, or was it an umbrella he was looking for?

If an artist sat down on a drawing pin, how long would it take him to draw the pin?

If it takes a fly with a broken leg 15 seconds to skate around a bald head with no bumps, how long will it take a blind man to pick a fly out of a pot of jam with a pair of boxing gloves on?

Why does Pte. Kirk not visit Spring Gardens often this week?

Why one of the Sergeants dislikes having his name mentioned in this column, when he is responsible for many "items" himself? Does he hate people to know his true behaviour?

Who is the "Scotty" that is attracted to a certain house in West Street, and would he be as welcome if "someone" were to suddenly get leave from the "trenches"?

How many visits "Champagne Jack" paid to the show last week?

Was "Two-Bit" Sergeant heard humming the "Hymn of Hate" when he saw the announcement in Orders?

Who struck Sergt. Martin on the nose? Was it Dorothy?

Why is Sergt. Bennett so jealous of Corpl. Roulson these days? Does Nellie know?

Why a certain old lady in Spring Gardens is so anxious to see her Sergt.-Major again?

Why Sergt. Scott was so anxious to introduce a certain young actress to Sergt. Bennett on Wednesday night?

If (Corpl.) Rolls-stone gathers any (Q.M. Sergt.) Moss?

What end of the string was the dog, or did it Hook-her?

Whether a certain Lance-Corporal uses the same language to his friends as he uses in dining room?

Was it really Sergt. Scott's brother that attracted him to Dundee?

Who were the two civilians that attacked Pte. Wilkes on Spring Gardens, and did they like Wilkes' No. 10's across their shins? Does he not feel like challenging Jack Johnson now?

Who the young lady is that was kind enough to present Scotty Wells with a pair of white kid gloves? Does she think Scotty is a kid glove soldier?

Who were the ladies who came to the Hospital and demanded Pte. Jones to accompany them to the dance?

How Corpl. Keene likes night duty?

If Sergt. "Bob" is going to feed this latest addition to his family on Horlick's Malted Milk?

Is he going to start a kindergarten, or is he going to have a doll show?

RAISULI THE RUTHLESS.

FAMOUS BANDIT IN GERMAN PAY.

Once more Raisuli, the famous bandit of Morocco, has come to the foreground after having been practically constrained to lie low for the last few years.

His career as a brigand started from his early youth. He began by stealing donkeys and sheep. So successful were his depredations that gradually he attracted to himself a band of followers consisting of youths almost as lawless and daring as himself. As the years passed on this small company grew in numbers until at last they became the most formidable band of brigands in Morocco, haunting principally the outskirts of Tangier.

They made a speciality of capturing wealthy Europeans and Americans, and holding them in captivity until exorbitant ransoms were paid for their release, nor would they scruple to shoot their captives if the ransoms were not forthcoming by the appointed date.

A few years ago the whole world was ringing with the report of the capture by Raisuli of Kaid Maclean, the Sultan's Scottish General. Various attempts were made to rescue him, but they were unavailing. It was not until the huge ransom of £20,000 had been arranged for that the captive was set free. Of this, £5,000 had to be paid down and the rest guaranteed within five years.

The Kaiser has recently paid Raisuli large sums of money to stir up trouble in Morocco, principally, it is presumed, against the French. But for once the Hun calculations have gone astray, for the astute chieftain has utilised these huge monetary subsidies chiefly to his own advantage. He is stirring up trouble, it is true, in plenty, but against the Spaniards, not the French. He has built himself a fortified castle in the Benno Arros, has declared himself an independent chieftain, and has so influenced the mountain tribes with his deeds of daring that many of them acclaim him as the Khalifa of Islam, and his name as such has been introduced in their public prayers.

KEEPING UP WITH SUCCESS.

IT OFTEN MAKES A MAN MISERABLE.

Success may not be always easy to attain, but often, when it is acquired, the strain of keeping up with it makes the successful man or woman more miserable than happy.

Before the war many of our working-class people had poverty as a constant companion. Yet in their poverty some of them were less miserable than they are to-day with the larger sums of money they earn on munition and other work. They are not deriving the amount of real happiness from their improved conditions which the circumstances warrant.

Several families who are earning sufficient to bring them in every comfort, and not a few luxuries, are beginning to fret because their money will not take them into a higher social sphere. What is the good of wealth if they cannot scar they argue. So Success—what they think is real Success—is still far in the distance.

Hundreds of middle-aged and even old men are more prosperous to-day than they have ever been in their younger lives. Some of them have for wives women who cannot travel ahead in the social world so fast as the men folks; so these lords of creation are writhing under the imagination that they might climb much higher up the ladder of prosperity if they were not handicapped by these humble partners. Yet in all probability it was the women who gave their husbands the first lift upwards. No man can be regarded as successful until he is contented with his lot.

Any partnership will fail when one of the two who signed the bond acquires the idea of being superior to the other. The very assumption of superiority proves that he—or she—has not held on to Success. Often, all this "superior" being has done for the firm was to live in luxury and ease which has really been provided by the despised partner.

Success is a wonderful thing to achieve, but one needs to keep a balanced mind in order to stride forward side by side with it.

FRANCE'S GREATEST AVIATOR.

THE "FOKKER-KILLER" IS ONLY TWENTY-ONE.

In the Allies' Flying Corps it is agreed that the greatest flying aviator in the world is a French lad, of but one-and-twenty summers. This gallant son of the tricolour is Georges Guynemer, whose name is a boast throughout France and a dread to German airmen, who have christened him the "Fokker Killer."

During his twelve months' service in the French Flying Corps he has risen from private to lieutenant, won the Médaille Militaire, been made a Knight-Commander of the Légion d'Honneur, received the Croix de la Guerre with seven bars, and has had the unique distinction of being mentioned in an order to the nation!

To be mentioned in despatches is a distinction cherished by every soldier, but to attain mention in an order to the nation means that the Government considers the heroic individual mentioned as serviceable in the very highest degree.

Strange enough the "Fokker Killer," unlike his predecessors, Pégoud, Garras, and Guilbert, hitherto considered to be the three greatest aviators, had the utmost difficulty in being admitted to the service.

When he first presented himself to the military authorities he was rejected on medical grounds. But this did not diminish Guynemer's keenness. Five times the boy tried in different parts of the country to get passed into the Army, and each time he was rejected. Guynemer was at his wits' end to know what to do.

Suddenly a bright idea struck him. He pitched a tent in an aviation field near Paris and watched for his chance.

It came on the third day. A monoplane was temporarily deserted. He slipped into it and soared away up into the clouds. The commander of the aerodrome witnessed the daring feat and interested himself in this audacious youth. Finally Guynemer was admitted to the French Flying Corps under a special ruling.

During the first month he performed the remarkable feat of bringing down six German machines single handed. He pilots one of the smallest aeroplanes ever constructed, which is popularly known as "Le Vieux Charles" (Old Charley).

Georges is a Parisian. His father is a manufacturer at Compiègne. When the war broke out he was a student at Paris, living with his grandmother, to whom he is devotedly attached.

WORLD'S BIGGEST BOTTLES.

IT TAKES THREE MEN TO BLOW ONE OF THEM.

The biggest bottles in the world are made in Rumania, where the art of glass-blowing has flourished from time immemorial.

Just before the war a giant bottle was blown in a Bucharest factory, which measured over six feet in height. It was made to the order of a Parisian perfumery firm, for advertising purposes, and it will hold the contents of two thousand five hundred ordinary medium-sized scent-bottles.

Bottles measuring five feet in height, and holding two hundred and fifty pints, have previously been blown at the same factory; but the six-footer mentioned above is believed to be unique as regards size.

No less an amount than fifty pounds of liquid glass were used in its manufacture, and this had to be blown into the immense bubble which, on cooling, and being properly coaxed and manipulated, became a bottle.

The blowing was done by three men, one relieving the other as soon as he had exhausted his strength. The blow-pipe used was about five-and-a-half feet long.

DID HE GO?

"Johnny," said father firmly, "you must go to bed now."

"Don't want to!" replied Johnny mutinously, sinking deeper into his chair.

"Oh, but you must, sonny!" persisted father.

"Don't you know that 'Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,' my boy?"

Johnny eyed his father in silence for a moment. Then he said, with a wise shake of the head:

"You didn't go to bed early when you were a boy, did you, father?"

NEEDLESS TO SAY.

All stories are not true, and we fear there are doubts about this one.

Two Tommies found a huge shell in a German trench, and promptly used it for a seat.

"'Spose it's a live 'un!" said Bill.

"Bet ye a bob it's a dud," quoth Dick.

"Right!" said the former. "We'll look to-morrow."

Dick, however, received sudden leave, and promptly made tracks for "Blighty," leaving Bill sitting on the shell, despondent.

Dick crossed the Channel safely, and was making tracks for his father's house across a field when something fell with a thud in front of him.

To Dick's amazement the "something" slowly got up, "What! you, Bill? Did you get leave too?"

"No," said Bill—"I'm a deserter!" And handing Dick a shilling the while he felt his bones, remarked, sadly, "You won't!"

NOT WHAT HE LOOKED.

A well-known author has a great dislike for interviewers, and avoids their attentions as much as possible. One day he was walking in a Sussex lane when he espied a keen, alert-looking man coming quickly towards him. As the stranger had all the appearance of a journalist, the author was firmly convinced that he was about to be interviewed, so he dodged down a convenient bridle-path. But the stranger would not be shaken off, and doggedly followed him down the path, across a meadow, and through a broken hedge, and at length, behind a haystack, ran him to earth. The author, facing about, resigned himself to his fate.

"Glad you've come to anchor, old man!" said the stranger, cheerfully. "Will you please tell me where I can find a 'pub.'? I'm dying for a glass of beer!"

OLDER ONES IN LONDON.

Some workmen on an ostrich farm in South Africa one day found a live shell left by some artillery men who had been at target practice on the plains a few days before. Not knowing it was loaded, they whitewashed it and placed it in an ostrich's nest, thinking to play a joke upon the boss.

The next morning one of the hands came around to look for eggs, and finding, as he thought, a large one, he seized on it at once.

In his astonishment at finding it so heavy he dropped it, with the result that it exploded with direful effect. The man was hurled several yards away, but, strangely enough, beyond lying stunned for a few minutes, he was unharmed.

"Whew, boys!" he murmured, when he recovered his speech, "that egg was the staled I ever ran across!"

EDUCATIVE.

Now Roger once, in a mood of cholera, thrust his head under a traction roller. The neighbours were surprised to find how it had broadened Roger's mind.

INTERESTED HIM.

Little Johnny, the apple of his father's eye, has been misbehaving, and the pater was compelled to administer a scolding.

For several minutes he reprimanded the lad, emphasised the necessity for an improvement in his future behaviour, and warned him that if it happened again more severe measures would have to be adopted.

The boy's mother sat by looking duly impressed.

Finally, the father paused for breath, and also to hear the culprit acknowledge his error.

But instead of doing so Johnny turned a face beaming with admiration to his mother, and said:

"Isn't father interesting?"

SOME SIZE.

At Chatham a soldier was brought before the commanding officer for selling part of his kit, when the following dialogue took place:

Colonel: "Now, Private Murphy, why did you sell your boots?"

Private Murphy: "I'd worn 'em for two years, sorr, and thought they were my own property."

Colonel: "Nothing of the sort, sir. Those boots belong to the King."

Private Murphy: "I'm sure I'm sorry, sorr, but I didn't know his Majesty took twelves."

A POEM.

Someone chase that frown away,
With a sunshine smile;
Don't forget that a frown's an inch
While a laugh is many a mile.

Someone chase that pout away,
With a loving song;
For don't you know that a pout's one day
While kindness is centuries long.

Someone chase that grouch away
With a loving deed,
For isn't a grouch a lowly knave,
And a deed's a blossoming seed.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Staff-Sergt. Morris arrived back from Shoreham-by-Sea, where he had been on escort duty.

Major Guest (O.C.) had a flying visit to London the earlier part of the week.

Capt. Washburn has been attached to this unit and has been taken on the staff of this Hospital.

N.S. Tanner has transferred from this unit to the Canadian Hospital at Ramsgate.

Corporals Roulston and Keene returned on Monday from a very enjoyable week in Ireland.

Ye Editor has been confined to his bed for the last few days, but hopes to be able to resume his duties soon.

Nursing Sisters Patterson and Blott have also left for Yarrow House, Ramsgate.

Sergt. Scott spent a few days with his brother in Dundee, who has just arrived in this country from France.

Sergt.-Major Caldwell, of Epsom, paid a short visit to the Hospital on Thursday.

Dowser: "There goes Judge Wurdleigh. In addition to his being a fine jurist, he has the reputation of being aa master of the English language."

Bowser: "That may be, but I don't like his sentences; they are too long. It took me six months to get to the end of one of them."