

THE CANADIAN RED CROSS SPECIAL

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THE GROUCH.

It is an inherent trait of mankind to find fault when opportunity is offered, and frequently when really no fault exists. Especially is this the case amongst men who are suffering from ill-health, and are consequently more or less irritable. It should be borne in mind, however, that it is absolutely impossible to please everyone, and that in an institution like the Canadian Red Cross Hospital, with a large number of men constantly coming and going, there are bound to be more or less infractions of rules and sometimes destruction of property, and to prevent this the laws laid down must necessarily be more or less strict and rigidly enforced. The patients should see that these rules are necessary and endeavour to live up to them, otherwise others must suffer for their misdeeds. Two or three men with no regard for law or order can make conditions very uncomfortable for a large number of others simply because they are selfish and seek the gratification of their own desires regardless of the cost to the majority.

WELCOME VISITORS.

Since it has become generally known throughout Buxton and vicinity that the Canadian Red Cross Hospital is open to visitors between the hours of 1 and 4 p.m. every afternoon sees a large number of the fair sex in charge of efficient guides passing through the halls of the institution, and they prove a welcome sight to all inmates, but more particularly to those who are confined to their beds. One and all of the visitors express surprise at the completeness of every detail in the hospital and the excellence of its management.

STEADY GROWTH.

Starting with 500 copies, the "Canadian Red Cross Special" has in three weeks reached a circulation of 2,000, many of which have been taken to their homes by visitors in Buxton, while a considerable number have found their way to various parts of the world, being sent to their homes by the patients. Many congratulatory letters have been received from men high in authority in the Army, and the universal opinion of the people of Buxton is that the lively little newspaper is "quite all right."

"Elsa," in the Buxton "Herald" of this week, writing in a conversational manner that is distinctive and refreshing, in answer to our query: "How do you like us?" replies "Very much." The writer, however, took occasion to remind us of our woeful lack of knowledge of English titles, to which we plead guilty, and will endeavour to offend no more.

Roumania, who has been "on the fence" for some time, has at last toppled over—on the side of the Allies, and with 400,000 trained men ready for the field, and an equal number in training, should prove a welcome addition to the forces of the Allies. Every little bit helps.

It has been said that there is a time and place for everything, but there is no time or place for the Knocker. Sad to relate we have a number of these pests with us, but they can be made harmless by a refusal on the part of the fair-minded to listen to their odious utterances.

LOST AND FOUND.

LOST.—6 mops and 4 brooms from "B," "C," and "D" Ward. Finder will be suitably rewarded.

LOST.—A healthy full-grown goat. Will finder please return same to Pte. Porter "B" Ward Orderly and receive reward.

FOUND.—Several mops and brooms. Owners can have same by applying to Sergt. Quigley, Ward Master "A" Ward.

RHYME, ROT, AND REASON.

G. T. DUNCAN.

AN OLD STORY IN VERSE.

Two Irishmen who had been friends since they were little boys and shared one with the other all their troubles and their joys, still held the same affection when to manhood they had grown, and what one had the other felt was just as much his own.

When England called for soldiers in the great Crimean War, both Mike and Tim enlisted, tho' they scarcely knew what for, and throughout all the trials that a soldier must endure their friendship never wavered but was always fast and sure.

On Balaklava's famous field, the Russians in retreat were followed by the English, and, while smarting with defeat, whenever chance did offer they would turn and with their guns would sweep the field and send to death a score of England's sons.

Though very much excited with the battle and the chase, Mike suddenly was much aggrieved to miss his dear friend's face, and as he searched among the slain his heart was sick and sore for fear that his dear comrade might be lost for evermore.

At last he found him, wounded, with a bullet in his thigh, and wildly gazed about for help, but not a soul was nigh; so, like the wind he tore across the battlefield hell bent to see if he could get assistance at the surgeon's tent.

"Oh, dochter, dear, I greatly fear me frino is goin' to die, an' I know that you can save him, sor, if you will only try. He's the dearest frind I've got, sor," added Mike with trembling lip, "an' he's lyin' out there wounded wid a bullet in his hip."

"I have no time," the surgeon said, "but if your friend's so dear and you desire to save his life why don't you bring him here?" "I nat will I do, sor," Mike replied, "for strength I do not lack, and quickly I will bring Tim here to you upon me back!"

He raised his friend upon his back, Tim's head above his own, and as he staggered on his way Tim's head clean off was blown, and on arriving at the tent he did not turn around, but carefully he slid the body down upon the ground.

"What do you mean," the surgeon cried, "by bringing that in here?" Mike looked around then started back, his eyes bulged out with fear. "Oh, dochter, dear, your pardon, sor, a thousand times I beg, the lyin' divil towld me he was hurted in the leg."

M.O. (on inspection, noticing that a patient had not shaved): "Why haven't you shaved to-day?"

Patient: "I have shaved, sir."

M.O.: "Don't tell me you have shaved when I can see you haven't."

Patient (feeling his chin): "Well, sir, there is only one glass in the ward, and there were so many faces around it I must have shaved the wrong face."

My sweetheart's face is wondrous fair,
Set in a frame of coal black hair,
With rosy cheeks and deep brown eyes
As pure and clear as heaven's skies,
Alas, alack, she does not know
How this poor heart doth love her so

WHO IS HE?

There is a man whom I could name,
Well known to all for "asperin" fame,
Who limps about from morn till night,
Wants every treatment that's in sight;
Is always in the sister's way
And follows her about all day;
His wants are great—you'd think that he
Was constantly in misery;
But when he's out upon the slope
He readily forgets his dope,
And with a racket in his hand
He jumps about to beat the band.

Orderly Officer (making inspection at the noon meal): "Any complaints?"

Patient (who has found a splinter in his sausage): "Yes, sir. I don't mind eating the dog, but I do object to eating half his kennel as well."

M.O. (examining recruit): "And do you always stutter like that?"

Recruit: "N-n-n-o, s-s-sir. Only w-w-w-when I t-t-t-talk."

Grow old along with me, the best is yet to be;
The last of life for which the first was made.
Our times are in His hands who said: "A
whole I planned
Youth shows but half, trust God, see all, nor
be afraid."

—BROWNING.

Visitor to Canadian: "Have you got a Canadian Red Cross Special?"
Canadian: "No, they are all gone."
Visitor: "That's too bad, for a Canadian Special is cheaper than a Scotch Special."

O.C. (on inspection at meal time): "Any complaints?"

Patient: "Yes sir; taste this."

O.C. (after tasting): "Why, that's the best soup I have ever tasted."

Patient: "That's just it. The cook, sir, he wants to call it coffee."

DO FIGURES LIE?

A Jew approached by an employe for a raise in wages spoke thusly:

"Let me see. This is leap year, which gives us 366 days?"

"Yes, sir."

"You work eight hours a day, leaving 122 working days?"

"Yes, sir."

"There are 52 Sundays, which leaves 70?"

"Yes, sir," becoming bewildered.

"Fifty-two Saturdays, which leave 18?"

"Yes, sir."

"And I have given you 14 holidays?"

"Yes, sir."

"That leaves four, and as there are four bank holidays you have apparently done nothing for what I have paid you."

On the Phone: "Is that the Canadian Hospital?"

"Yes, lady."

"Well, this is Mrs. Dooin. How is Mister Dooin doin'?"

STILL ANOTHER.

The following personal letter, received by the Commanding Officer, is published as an evidence of the paper's appreciation wherever it has found its way:

The King's Canadian Red Cross Convalescent Hospital, Bushy Park, Hampton Hill, Middlesex, England.

26th August, 1916.

Major Frederick Guest,
Officer Commanding,
Canadian Red Cross Special Hospital,
Buxton.

My Dear Major,

I am delighted to have received a copy of "The Canadian Red Cross Special" from you. This publication reflects great credit upon your institution, and upon its editorial and business management, which, if I judge correctly, must be composed of newspaper-men of more than ordinary ability. I am more than charmed with the wise, interesting and highly entertaining literary efforts displayed. There is no doubt in my mind but that, under your able guidance, "The Canadian Red Cross Special" will speedily occupy a very high and influential place, ranking with, if indeed not excelling, the better class of the present-day publications.

Wishing you all success, and with kindest regards,

I am,
Very sincerely,
H. R. CASGRAM, M.D.

THE CONCERT PARTY.

At a meeting of the members of the Canadian Red Cross Special Hospital Concert Party, which was held in the Recreation Room on Wednesday last, it was decided to place the Party on a firmer footing. As a result of the meeting the following officers and committee were elected:

President: Major Goodwill.
Secretary: Lance-Corpl. J. B. Ransome.
Executive Committee: S.M. Carpenter (W.O.), Sergt. Scott, Staff-Sergt. Moss.

It is anticipated that good results will be derived from the proper organization of the Concert Party, which has already, under the able management of S.M. Carpenter, achieved considerable success. In a Concert Party, as in every other organisation, "The root of all evil" is a necessary consideration, and, there being no fund at present from which to draw the money necessary for the purchase of such items as the Executive Committee may deem necessary, we hope that our visitors will not take it amiss that we charge a small sum for programmes. All money derived from this source will be turned into a fund to be known as the Concert Fund, from which it will be voted by the Committee for such purchases as they may deem necessary from time to time.

J. B. R.