



"SUCH A HEADACHE."

THE CANADIAN RED CROSS SPECIAL.

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CIVILIZED WARFARE.

As a humorist Kaiser Bill is refreshing. On Saturday last the following dispatch from Geneva appeared in one of the leading London dailies:

"It is understood that the German government proposes to lodge a complaint with the International Red Cross Society here against the use of the so-called 'tanks' as being contrary to the recognized methods of civilized warfare."

In another column of the same paper appeared the following:

"It is only too well established that the Germans have been in the habit of keeping women in their trenches usually captives from the invaded territories."

"Hitherto it has not been possible to ascertain the experiences of these wretched victims, but three such have now been found living in the North of France, who have escaped from captivity."

Their stories of the horrible treatment while serving their ferocious taskmasters, and of the shooting of vast numbers of Belgians on the slightest pretext, are of poignant human interest.

"One of the three is a young, married woman, with three children; the other two are girls, one of whom comes of highly respectable people, her parents having kept a large jewellery shop in one of the Belgian cities. The girl of superior education tells the best story."

"She and her two brothers, aged 14 and 16, happened to be in Brussels when the Germans broke into Belgium."

"The boys, with the imprudence of youth, went out to see the Germans marching into the town, and on the slightest pretext presumably they were taken and shot."

"The sister returned home, and her father sent her off with a crowd of refugees to seek security in France."

"But this train, containing over a thousand people, was cut off by the Germans near Amiens, and those who were unable to escape, as many did over open country—a large number of them were picked off by riflemen in their efforts to get away—were thoroughly searched and deprived of everything they possessed. Unquestioning, immediate obedience to all and every order was one of the first lessons taught them, and as an example to the rest, numbers were shot for the smallest offence."

And this is the Kaiser's idea of civilized warfare! But those "tanks," in which the Kaiser sees an engine of warfare which will very likely have a great influence in bringing him to his knees (one of which is said to have captured a whole battalion) are "contrary to civilized warfare." The Allies have been only too backward in meeting the Germans with their own weapons, and if the "tanks" are as destructive as they are said to be, we say "more power to 'em."

NE T'EN FAIS JAMAIS. (DON'T WORRY).

When one is a soldier, it is one of two things. Either one is behind or in front. If one is behind, there is no need to worry. If one is in front, there are two alternatives; one is either in a dangerous place or in a "cushy" place. If it be a cushy place, there is no need to worry.

If one be in a dangerous place, it is one of two things; one is either wounded or one is not. If one be not, there is no need to worry. If one be wounded, it is one of two things. One is either seriously wounded or lightly wounded. If one be lightly wounded, there is no need to worry. If one be seriously wounded, it is one of two things. One either recovers or one dies. If one recover, there is no need to worry. If one die, one cannot worry. Under these circumstances the real "Tommy" never worries.

(Translated with apologies, from "Le Courrier de l'Armée.")

RHYME, ROT, AND REASON.

A BAD DREAM.

I dreamt I died last night and met St. Peter at the gate.
 And asked him that I be allowed into that heavenly state;
 Said he: "You were not very bad down in that world of sin,
 And tho' you had a lot of faults, I guess I'll let you in."
 Now, when I lived below I was as lonesome as could be,
 And did not wish to be that way for all eternity;
 Said I to Peter: "Are there any here from where I came?"
 "Oh, no," said he, "from Buxton town I cannot find a name."
 I thought with grief of all my friends who'd died and gone before
 And could not bear to think that I would see them nevermore!
 So, turning to the good old saint, I this to him did say:
 "Just slip to me a transfer—I'll go down the other way."
 Of course you'll realize that this was nothing but a dream,
 But it gave me an awful jolt, so real did it seem;
 And when my time has really come and upward I should go,
 I hope to meet from Buxton town a couple of friends or so.

—G. T. Duncan.

Mary had a little lamb,
 Which had a lovely fleece,
 She clipped its wool and made two coats
 Which brought ten bob apiece.

Don't try to do some silly thing
 To gain a Victoria cross,
 Because if you do, you may find that you
 Of your life may suffer a loss,
 And it's better to live a few years more,
 Tho' perhaps you won't be called brave
 Than to pull off a stunt out there at the front
 And then fill a darn fool's grave.

BRITAIN AYE MUST WIN.

(By G. T. DUNCAN.)

In days of old, when knights were bold,
 They fought with the sword and lance,
 And they sailed away, as they do to-day
 To the shores of Bonnie France;
 There, side by side, they fought till they died,
 And throughout the war's fierce din,
 Their battle cry that reached to the sky,
 Was: "Britain aye must win!"

'Tis the same to-day, tho' it's not the way
 That the men of Britain fight,
 But the soldiers know, before they go,
 Their cause is just and right;
 And with their last breath, as they meet their death,
 E'er they leave this world of sin
 You will hear them cry, with a deep-drawn sigh:
 "Britain must always win!"

On that other shore, 'mid the cannon's roar,
 As onward the years doth roll,
 Full many a son, when Victory is won
 Will be found to have paid the toll;
 But when peace comes at last, and these dark days are past,
 Tho' we've sacrificed kith and kin,
 We'll be able to say, 'till the Judgment day
 That "Britain must always win!"

INFANTRY.

We've met them out in the desert, in the wind
 And dust and sun,
 We've met them tramping home again, when
 The long day's march was done,
 They've passed us "Skirmishing order," they've
 Passed us "Column of route,"
 We ride on horses, limbers, and wagons, but
 They do it all "on the boot."
 With a blasted pack and a haversack, belt and
 Entrenching tool,
 Bayonet, rifle, and overcoat, to help to keep
 Them cool
 A quart of water they mustn't touch, two hun-
 Dred rounds to suit,
 It's only Infantry training, doing it all on
 The boot!

They've taken the whole of the desert and
 handed it back again,
 There isn't a hill they haven't charged, there
 isn't an open plain
 The infantry haven't been over, sweating,
 solemn and mute,
 Suffering "Infantry training," doing it all on
 the boot.

At the first grey sign of dawning you'll hear
 their bugles blow
 And the Band misusing the family march as
 round the camp, they go,
 They pass while we're at "Stables," marching
 in "Column of route,"
 Going out for their training, doing it all on
 the boot.

We're home and watering horses, when they
 come marching through
 From twenty miles in the desert, with guards
 that night to do;
 Sunburnt, dusty, and weary, solemn, sweating
 and mute,
 Infantry in from training, doing it all on the
 boot.

Charging the empty sandhills, skirmishing over
 the plain,
 Tearing out miles of trenches and filling them
 in again,
 Day after day they're at it. You mounted beg-
 gars, salute!
 The men in the infantry, training, doing it all
 on the boot!

"Your Majesty," said the chief cook timidly
 to the cannibal king, "the new missionary is
 enveloped in a complete suit of armour from
 head to foot."
 "Then send him away," returned his
 Majesty, indifferently; "I never could bear
 tinned goods."

First Tommy: "Hexcuse me, but did you
 uesteep keep a fish shop in the Old Kent Road?"
 Second Ditto: "I did, mate."
 First Ditto: "Well, I ran a welk barrer
 there."

Second Ditto: "What! You ain't the bloke
 'as 'ad that welk barrer? Well, I'm blowed,
 fancy you meetin' me 'ere, equals like. Bless
 if this war don't 'arf level some of us down,
 don't it?"

This is what she said
 When I asked her to wed —
 "Go to father!"

For she knew that I knew
 That her father was dead;
 And she knew that I knew
 What a life he had led.

And she knew that I knew
 What she meant when she said
 "Go to father!"

A man charged at West London with being
 drunk and disorderly denied the latter charge,
 saying, "My legs gave way, but I was all right
 in my head." Mr. de Grey: A part of the whole
 is contained in the whole, and therefore if one
 part goes wrong the whole goes wrong. So if
 your legs were disorderly, you were disorderly
 because they were a part of you.

THE 7th S.L.I.

(SENT FROM THE TRENCHES.)

As the sun was setting o'er Ypres town
 A band of warriors were standing aroun',
 Bespattered with mud and covered with grime
 (They'd just returned from the firing line).
 Tired and weary with battle's dread din,
 Their thoughts went back to their own kith and
 kin.

While the deadly missiles screamed overhead
 And round about them their comrades lay dead.
 These men were a part of the 7th Somersets,
 Who'd been fighting like hell to square up old
 debts.

Giving Fritz "socks" 'mid the gases' dread
 stench,
 While the gallant Canadians regained a lost
 trench;

For five days they stuck it without a thought
 of pain,
 While bullets and shrapnel fell 'round them
 like rain,
 So now, tired and weary, these men 'om the
 west

Were going to "Pop" for a well earned rest,
 Where with good food and a cooler of ale
 They'd forget their passage thro' death's dark
 vale;
 And when (those now fighting at peace once
 again)

The "Canucks" have returned to their homes
 o'er the main
 There's a regiment they'll praise all through
 life till they die—
 The old Western Bulldogs, the 7th S.L.I.

TWO PARODIES.

(By Pte. Nicholas Riley of the Twenty-third King's Liverpools.)

Tune—"Somewhere the Sun is Shining."
 Somewhere o'er in France the shells are flying,
 Gallant heroes lie on every side,
 Somewhere in the Homeland hearts a-sighing,
 Sighing for their sons who nobly died;
 They have kept the dear old flag flying,
 Tho' thousands lay upon the blood-soaked plain,
 Their dead lips cry out aloud for vengeance,
 Do not let them cry to you in vain.

Chorus—

Somewhere your mates are calling,
 Somewhere on land and sea,
 Somewhere your mates are falling,
 To keep your Empire free;
 List to the call of duty,
 Take rifle, sword, or lance,
 And help your gallant comrades,
 Some-where, Some-where in France.

Somewhere on the sea our mighty Navy
 Watches for the foe who if he dared,
 Would come and hurl destruction on our home-
 steads

Not a little babies would be spared,
 'Mid the storms and rages of the ocean
 The sailor must his lonely vigil keep,
 And there's many a gallant blue clad hero,
 His duty done now sleeps beneath the deep.

Tune—"When I lost you."

Throughout the land, came the command,
 Britons your King needs you,
 Your freedom at stake, Britons awake,
 Britons your King needs you.

Chorus—

"I must not lose," said Britannia,
 Now that the day is due,
 I could depend on your fathers
 Can I depend on you?
 I've kept my honours quite spotless
 Sons are they nothing to you,
 I ask every Briton that knows he's a fit one
 Won't you join too?

Your brothers have died,
 They sank 'neath the tide,
 Britons they died for you,
 Their ghosts of the free calls from the sea,
 Britons we died for you.

THE SOLDIERS TEN COMMANDMENTS.

- 1st.—Thou shalt challenge all persons approach-
ing thee.
- 2nd.—Thou shalt not send any graven image of
any airship in the heavens above, or of
any fortifications on the earth beneath,
nor any drawing of any submarine in the
waters under the earth; for I the Censor
am a jealous censor, visiting the iniqui-
ties of the offender with seven days C.B.,
but having mercy unto thousands by let-
ting their letters go free who keep my
commandments.
- 3rd.—Thou shalt not take the name of the O.C.
in vain; thou wilt get soaked sure if the
Sergeant-Major is around.
- 4th.—Remember a Soldier's week consists of
seven days. Six days shalt thou labour,
and do all thy work, and the seventh thou
shalt do all thy odd jobs.
- 5th.—Honour thy King and Country. Keep thy
rifle well oiled that thy days may be long
upon the land which the enemy giveth
thee.
- 6th.—Thou shalt not kill—time.
- 7th.—Thou shalt not use thy mess tin as a
shaving mug.
- 8th.—Thou shalt not steal thy comrade's kit,
nor pinch his best girl when he is on
leave.
- 9th.—Thou shalt not bear false witness against
thy tent mate, but thou shalt observe dis-
creet silence as to his goings out and
his coming in.
- 10th.—Thou shalt not covet thy Sergeant's
post, nor thy Corporal's, nor thy Field
Marshalls, but by dint of perseverance
rise to the high position that is awaiting
thee.

KALEX.

LOST! LOST!! LOST!!!

Between Canadian Hospital and South Ave-
 nue, a Lady's brooch, amethyst and pearl set-
 ting; suitable reward if returned to J. B. Ran-
 some, Canadian Red Cross Special Hospital.

The Canadian Red Cross Special covers more
 territory than any other paper of its kind in
 existence.