

**THE CANADIAN
RED CROSS SPECIAL.**

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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 nobility. 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 (24d.).

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.

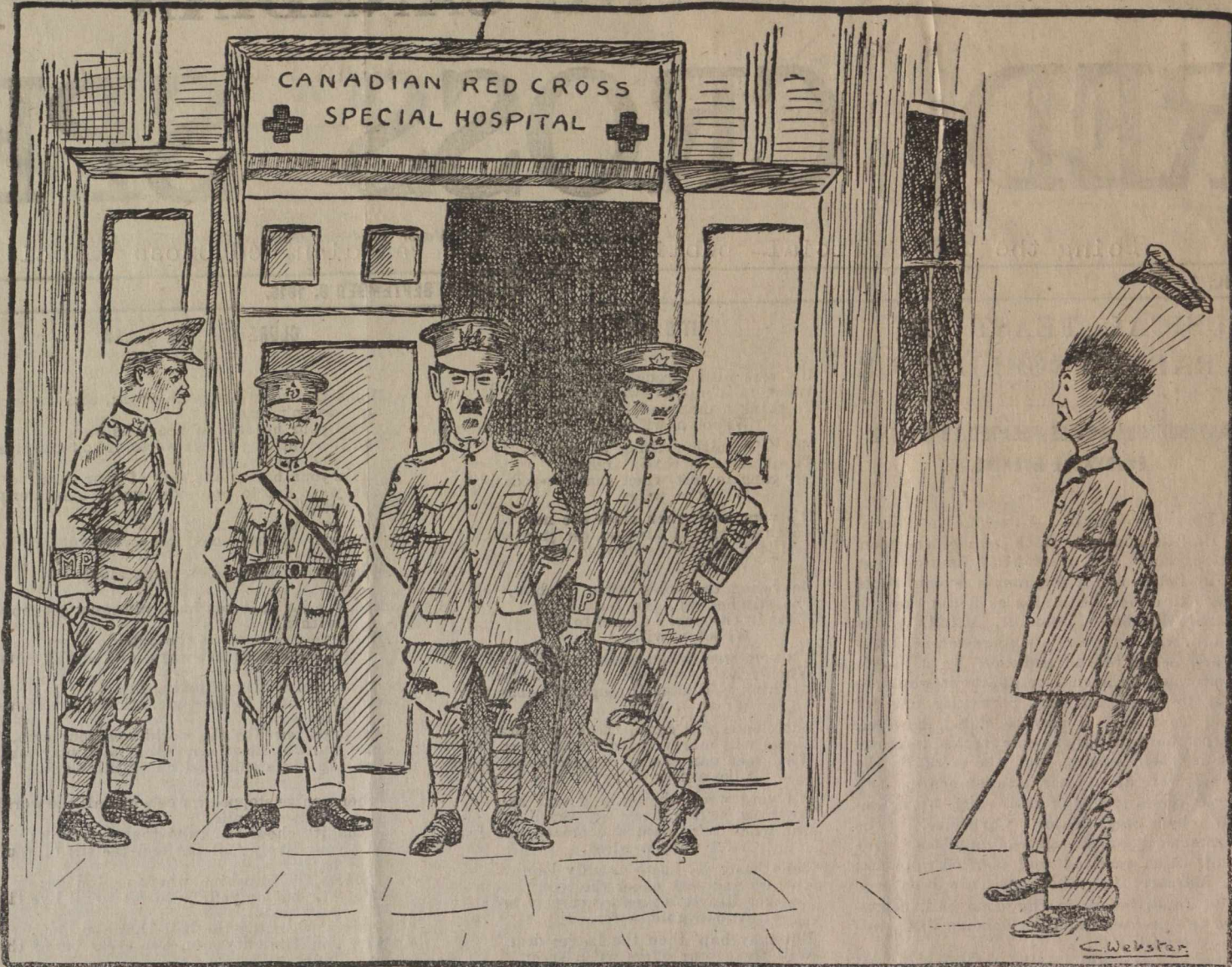
Meny people think they are wize when they are only windy.

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 wize, 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'beau,"
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-
mused 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
Muddleton, 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.