THE CANADIAN RED CROSS SPECIAL.

Editor and Business M	lanager	G. T.	Duncan.
Treasurer	Sergt. C.	L. Gra	necome.
Sporting Editor			
Artist		C. 1	Webster.

Registered as a newspaper for transmission abroad.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1916.

They buried a German military prisoner at Inverness the other day, and the hearse was preceeded by pipers playing Highland Laments. Perhaps it was done to strike terror into a party of the dead prisoner's German comrades who followed; otherwise we would like to know what the Highland pipers were lamenting about.

Quite recently a train was timed to leave Cardiff with a number of soldiers for the front. There were, naturally, mothers, wives, and sweethearts anxious to see their dear ones for the last time, but when the regiment had entered the station the gates were closed and no one was allowed to enter. The story is that strict orders were given to admit nobody on the platform, because King Manoel was travelling by the same train. Practically the same thing happened in Buxton not very long ago on the departure of two Companies of R.E.'s for Salonika-and there was no king on the train at that time, either.

Perhaps it is a good thing that honesty comes maturally to most of us and is of hardy growth, for it is a virtue that is not unduly encouraged or rewarded. There is a schoolboy in Sunderland who is learning this lesson. He found a purse and took it into a shop near at hand where it was claimed by a lady. She opened it, examined and counted the contents, evidently suspecting that the boy had stolen something, but she found that everything in the purse-£7-was lovely. So delighted was she to find her cash intact that she promptly on the spot made the boy the handsome present of one and entire halfpenny. It sweetens life to read these pleasant and gracious things.

* * * *

* * * * A country postwoman has a husband fighting on the Somme. She does not hear from him as often as she would like, because letters seem to take a long time in getting through, and what she does hear is not always good hearwhat she does hear is not always good hearing. One thing he did tell her was that he was badly off for shirts and socks; for weeks he had none of the latter articles and had to tie rags around his feet, his the had worn for two months. In view of the heaps of things sent out by the army, and by kind helpers, this is rather startling. But little later on he had another startler, for it—and when he -by paying four shillings for it—and when he opened the parcel he found a sheet of paper sewn inside the shirt, bearing a lady's name and address with, "Best wishes for a lonely soldier.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Owing to the advent of cold weather, which of necessity keeps the people in doors, and the fact that this paper has to depend mainly on its street sales for its financial support, the Commanding Officer, Major Guest, by whose kind permission "The Canadian Red Cross Special" was brought into existence, and has since been conducted, has decided to suspend its publication, temporarily, with the next issue, Saturday, December 2nd. The paper has never been a money making proposition and was never intended as such, it costing nearly a penny per copy to produce it. However, the receipts have always been sufficient to cover expenses, and in that respect has been entirely satisfactory. In making this announcement we wish to thank those who have so renerously contributed towards the support of the paper, and to express the hope that, with the return of more propitious weather, this paper should again be brought into existence, the citizens of Buxton will welcome it as the return of an old friend. "It is not dead, but sleepeth." * * * *

H. AND H. CO. HOLD A MEETING.

At a meeting of the H. and H. Co. the following were elected to office: Corpl. Boothroyd, President; Corpl. Ginn, Vice-President; Corpl. Keen, Business Manager; Corpl. Roulston, Secretary; Pte. Jones, Treasurer; Board of Executors, Messrs. Winch, Harbidge, Purser, Porter and Strothers.

After the meeting Messrs. Harbidge and Purser dined with the heads of the firm.

ANOTHER BULLET!

Two Highland sources had been left behind after an attack. They lay flat for hours in order to escape the hail of lead. At length dusk came.

"Let's get a move on now, Mac," suggested one of them. "Perhaps we can get back to the trenches."
"I can't," replied the other. "I'm shot in ma ler."

"Never mind, climb on my back, and I'll carry ye," replied the other.

There was a pause while the other was contemplating. "Nae fear," he at last replied. "The Victoria Cross for you and anither bullet for me!"

RHYME, ROT, AND REASON.

Love used to give, but now it grabs;
With Shylock-like avidity,
And Cupid dies from deadly stabs,
Inflicted by cupidity.

* * * * * *

There are 773,746 words and 3,566,480 letters in the Bible, and 3,82,861 acres of land in Yorkshire—an easy win for Yorkshire unless a re-count is demanded.

* * * * *

A butterfly becomes a caterpillar.

A butterfly becomes a caterpillar,
A caterpillar becomes a silkworm,
A silkworm become silk,
Silk becomes a silk dress,
A silk dress becomes a woman,
A woman becomes a mother,
A mother becomes a mother-in-law.

"If," said an Inspector, examining a class of small boys in geography, "If I dig right down through the earth, where shall I come to?" With eager assurance the best boy in the Scripture class replied: "The devil and all his works."

* * * *

If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet;
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay;
You can lend a hand to help them,
As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
While the multitudes go by.
You can chant in happy measure,
As they slowy pass along,
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

They will not forget the song.

If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true,

If where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do;

When the battlefield is silent,
You can go with awful dread.

You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

Do not then stand idly waiting For some greater work to do;
O! improve each passing moment,
For those moments may be few;
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare;
If you want a field of labour,
You can find it anywhere.

Baron Dowse's jokes—good, bad, and indifferent—were nearly always vehicles by which he expressed thoughts which were really serious and pertinent to the matter in hand. A fire having broken out on board a steamer, certain pigs were burned, and Dowse, then a practitioned, pleaded the cause of the owner against the steamship company.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "It was a rash act on the part of the company to allow those pigs to be lost, but to allow them to be * * * *

THE FOOLISH BOY.

Under the spreading apple tree
The boy with freckles stands;
A hungry little lad is he
With scratches on his hands.
Above him is the apple that
His appetite demands.

The apple's young, and small and green,
A deadly thing to take.
The agile boy climbs up the tree,
And gives the limb a shake.
The howing that you hear is from
A child with stomach-ache.

Man is but of few days, and full
Of trouble here below;
He starts with colic and he keeps
On adding to his woe.
Green apples and Welsh rabbit and
That sort of thing you know.

TO A BUGLER (after Burns).

Thou wretched wight with awful din Who lov'st to wake me in the morn Again the day thou ushers't in, Again I from my bed am torn.

O for those dreams I cannot dream, For one more hour of blissful rest: Reveille sounds without the hut And I must rise and get me drest.

Oh, Peace! thou dear departed shade, When wilt return with all thy charms? For (curses on that bugler's head!)
Too well I know of War's alarms.
Soon man thy piping day return
And with them those twin charms divine:
A cup of tea at half-past eight
And scrambled eggs at half-past nine.

SCOTLAND FOR EVER.

The scene was a kinema palace where the Somme battle pictures were being flickered. As the Warwickshires were seen going over the top to the attack, an excited Birmingham man exclaimed trumphantly, "What about your Highland regiments now?" As luck would have it, there was a short, bandy-legged Scot in a kilt within hearing. He flared up, and replied: "What aboot our Hielan' regiments? Why, they are keepin' back the Germans while your men are gettin' their photographs taken."

* * * * CALLED UP.

A bombastic billeting officer presented himself at the door of a house, wherein lived a widow and her daughter.

In response to his imperious ring at the bell, the daughter answered the door.

"How many men can you take in this house?" inquired the officer.

"I'm afraid we cannot take any, as we have no man in the house," was the reply.

""as the man of the house been 'called up' then?"

To which question the girl ocietly replied.

To which question the girl quietly replied:
"I'm sorry, but I cannot tell you whether he
was called up or down—he died last year."
The officer apologising, retired in some con-

IN 1921.

If it's true—that pet prediction that the war (American alienists declare that love is a form has just begun, has just begun, And it may not reach its zenith till (say) nine-

teen twenty-one,
If the men who are our rulers now still run
the Ship of State—
Then the lot of free-born England must be
hard to contemplate.

The Home Office will determine all the clothes that you may wear; They will issue regulations as to how to part

your hair:
They will let you bathe bi-weekly: and will order you to shave
Before attending lectures on the art of "How to Save."

The Board of Trade will give you orders not to overfeed:
They'll abolish beer production, and rorbid the

fragrant weed:
You'll appreciate their humour if you've any sense of fun,
When the limits of your luncheon are a coffee and a bun.

You will thank the Coalition that you're still

You will thank the Coantion that journal allowed to live,
And be grateful for such favours as they so benignly give;
And on each alternate Sunday, 'twixt the hours of ten and two,
If your record has been blameless, you may take your wife to Kew.

* * * *

A ship that—alas!—cannot be torpedoed: the Censorship.

* * * * BORROWED!

Amongst some recruits waiting to be passed by the doctor for a Tyneside battalion was a miner from a local colliery, a fine strapping

After a good many had been examined it came to Geordie's turn, and everyone present thought him a likely recruit. The doctor, after looking at Geordie's teeth, remarked sad-

"I'm sorry, my lad, I cannot pass you, your teeth are too bad."
"Wey, if that isn't a licker," commented Geordie. "Ye passed the same teeth visterday wi' Bill Smith, an' we both borrowed them."

Many of our Bulgar prisoners, after a recent attack, were almost barefooted. And their efforts, too, were bootless.

WALTON'S QUALIFICATION.

Will Walton is a Rachda' lad, and, being up in London at the outbreak of the war, went to the headquarters of the London Scottish to en-

His well-knit frame took the eye of the recruiting officer, but as Will was not a Scotsman there was a difficulty.
Said the wily sergeant: "I suppose you're Scotch?"
"New," cold Will "I'm Langelie"

Scotch?"

"Nawe," said Will; "I'm Lancashire."

"Some relations Scotch, I suppose?"

"Nawe; pure Lanky, all on 'em."

"Look here, my man," said the sergeant,

"you must have a Scotch ancestor of some degree to get in this regiment."

"Well, I haven't," said Will.

"Oh, hang it!" exclaimed the officer. "Have you no Scotch connections?"

"Well," was the reply, "I've a pair of troosers being cleaned at the Perth Dye Works!"

"That'll do," said the sergeant, with a sigh of relief; you're qualified!"

We came out of the trenches one bitterly cold night, and were billeted in a barn, where we were packed like sardines in a tin.

Though numb with cold, we were oon asleep. I was awakened in the night by one of our chaps trying to put his boots on.

After he had been trying for a minute or two, I heard the fellow next him say:

"What the dickens are you doing?"

"Putting my boots on," was the reply.

"Well, that's my foot, you idiot!"

THE GNLY WAY TO BE HAPPY.

Hey! You with the downcast eye
And you with the glistening tear,
And you with the faint, regretful sigh
And you with the icy sneer!
Don't you know that the sky is smiling
Though the flowers are not in bloom
And the world is bent on beguiling
Each heart from the haunts of gloom?

And you with the bitter word—
More bitter, perhaps, if wise—
How many a mind is to envy stirred
By your fortunes, which you despise!
There is always some chap who's grieving,
If his grief were only known,
Would bid you to its relieving
And help you forget your own.

A woman charged with drunkenness pleaded that she had been a teetotalen for nine years, but lately had been reading the newspapers. She should have stuck to the Cocoa Press.

FOREIGNERS NOT COUNTED.

Mr. Roosevelt, in delivering a campaign speech recently, told a story showing that the average American has at all times a pretty good conceit of himself, a trait that is also very apparent among the rising generation of

young Americans.

A schoolboy was asked:

"Who was the first man?"

"George Washington," he repfied.

"Nonsense," said the teacher.

makes you say that?"

"Because," replied the boy, repeating

"Because," replied the boy, repeating a well-knownu quotation, "he was 'First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his country-

men." men." commented the teacher.
"That may be," commented the teacher.
"but nevertheless Adam was the first man."
"Oh," retorted the boy with fine contempt,
"If you're talking about foreigners..."

Sad is the lot and sad is the portion of the restaurant patron, now that his portion is no longer a lot.

A HOPELESS CASE.

Americans, we learn,
Have thought of something new
Which fills us with concern,
If what they say is true.

When we, some sunny day,
By love's bright flames are singed,
We're told, to our dismay,
Our minds have come unhinged!

Yet, when I meet my love
The world becomes divine,
The skies grow blue above,
The sun begins to shine. And, realising this, I steadfastly maintain, If madness cause this bliss, "Tis folly to be same!

A German meat substitute was found to consist largely of ground glass. Naturally the fraud was seen through.

FLOTSAM.

When Bill was a lad an' I was a lad, an' Molly a lil' maid,
At Three Stone Mary an' Ducks an' Drakes down to the Plat we played;
We paddled together, an' prawned together, together we went to school,
An' Bill was stiddy, an' Molly was clever, an' I was a bit of a fool.

When Bill growed up he went for a sailor, an' Molly an' him was friends;
An' I keeped home to reapin' an' sowin', an' doin' of odds an' ends;
I hadn' no chanst 'longside o' Bill, same as it was to school,
For Bill was hansum, an' Molly a woman, an' I was a bit of a fool.

Now Bill has gone. . . His boat heaved to in the Port o' No Return;

An' Molly have learnt o' lovin' an' losin', the hardest lessons to learn.

An' when I see Molly so whisht, an' remember my two lil' playmates at school,

I wish I was frownded in place o' Bill, for I'm awnly a bit of a fool.

-Bernard Moore in "Royal Magazine."

The moon was observed to be wearing a very large halo lately. Of course she has secured the monopoly of lighting our streets; but some of these war-workers do swank.

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

Said the bridegroom-to-be
To the imp on his knee,
"Well, Jack, you'll be sorry, I fear,
When the wedding-day comes;
You and Meg are such chums,
You'll be lonely when she is not here."

"Don't you fret about that!"
Cried the impudent brat,
"Why, I wish that it took place to-day,
For 'twill give me, you goose,
A fin the excuse
For chucking pa's slippers away." * * * *

A slump in the pawnbroking business is reported. Apprently, nowadays, only statesmen have pleds to redeem. * * * *

PRETTY SAILLEY.

[The British are leaving the conduct of affairs round Sailley Saillisel entirely to the French.—Daily Paper.]

of all the towns along the Somme
There's none like pretty Sailley,
And round about her skirts les hommés
De France do love to rally.
But Britishers, with seemly tact,
With Sailley do not dally,
And knowing France on Sailley's cracked,
Leave Sailley to our Ally.

It looks more and more as if the Kaiser, who expected to bag the whole of Europe, would have to be content, ultimately, with the last four letters.

The be-feathered Tommies from Nova Scotia are reputed to be the most modest of men. Yet they cannot deny that they plume themselves on coming to our aid.

Lady: Do you know where little boys go who bathe on Sunday?"

First Arab: "Yus. It's farder up the canal side. But you can't go. Girls ain't allowed!"

* * * * *

Maudie's father is night editor on a newspaper, a fact which Maudie apparently hasn't learnt: for when someone asked her a few days ago what her father did for a living, she replied:

"I div it up. I tink he's a burglar, rause he's out all night."

* * * * He (earnestly): "And now that we are engaged, Ethel, will you pray for me?"
She: "Oh, no, George. I've been praying for you for the past eight years; but now that I've got you, I thank Heaven for you."

"The worst winter I remember was when we were besieged," said the old soldier. "We only had one bite a day for two eeks, and that was horseflesh."

"I remember," said his tramp companion, "living for a month on one bite, and that was out of my own leg."

"You old cannibal! Do you expect me to believe that?" roared the soldier.

"It's true, believe it or not," said the tramp calmly. "A dog took a bite out of my leg and the compensation kept me like a lord for four weeks."

* * * * *

In Germany they have a Wolff in very sheepish clothing. The man of 45 begins to feel that he may not be safe—if ound.

* * * *

The Colonel (to hardened offender): "Didn't I tell you last time you were up in the Orderly Room that I never wanted to see you again?"

The Culprit: "That's right, sir: but the The Calprit: That's right, sir; by bloomin' sergeant wouldn't believe it!"