

**THE CANADIAN  
RED CROSS SPECIAL.**

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**A MOTHER OF FIVE.**

Disconcerting statement of the "Glasgow Post": "In a Partick train the other day a respectably dressed woman confided to a friend that her husband and five sons were engaged on munitions work, and that every Saturday her purse was augmented by no less than £36 odd." Either the "Glasgow Post" has misheard the statement, the woman has mishandled the truth, or the recruiting officer has mistaken his job.

**HUNS WITHOUT HONOUR (GERMAN OFFICIAL).**

Two German non-commissioned officers and two airmen, who were interned in Holland, were allowed out of camp on their signed promise to return, but they got to Germany and are now again serving in the ranks of the Hun. When Holland complained, Germany refused to return the men, "on the ground that men below the rank of officer have no word of honour, and therefore can neither give it nor break it." The result is that Huns interned in Holland will no longer be allowed out on parole, even for a walk. We know, of course, that German soldiers had very little sense of honour, but it is interesting to be officially informed that they have none at all.

**ROBBING THE DEAD.**

A mother who has lost her only son, a corporal in the Rifle Brigade, killed last July, was gladdened a little by a notification that his belongings were being forwarded to her. She thought of little possessions of his that she might treasure till her own call came. When he left home in March his kit-bag was well stocked, and he carried as well a watch, tobacco pouch, wallet, and a number of keepsakes. When the bag with his "belongings" reached her, she unpacked it hopefully, but its only contents were: One sock, a shirt, a cardigan jacket, a scarf (all filthy dirty), a Bible with a strange name written inside, and a torn hymn-book, the last being the only article she recognised as having been her boy's. If this means robbery, she can but marvel at the callous thief who causes such heart agony for such small gains—gains that surely scorch the looting fingers. Better supervision is promised, and not too soon, over the property of the sacred dead.

**ONLY A TOMMY**

The other day, at Leeds station, a coffin arrived covered with the Union Jack. It was brought in a Red Cross van, and on arrival at the side of the train the flag was hurriedly removed and the coffin bundled into the van—to be met, later on, by broken-hearted parents. *Couldn't that old flag have been spared for the rest of the journey—even if it had to be returned?*

**THE BED PATIENT.**

I'd been in bed ten days or more  
And all my bones were getting sore,  
When, lo, unto myself, said I:  
"At getting up I'll have a try!"  
But when the M.O. came around,  
That I some fever had he found;  
He shook his head and turned away,  
Said he: "You can't get up to-day!"  
I waited then a day or two  
My urgent request to renew,  
And felt assured I'd have success,  
But there is where I missed my guess.  
I hoped the M.O. had a heart,  
But when he looked down at my chart,  
He said again, 'tis sad to say:  
"Oh, no, you can't get up to-day!"  
And so right here in bed I stick,  
Altho' I'm not so very sick,  
And count the minutes of each day  
(How slow the time does pass away);  
But still I am not quite forlorn,  
For I have hopes that some bright morn,  
The M.O. then to me will say:  
"I guess you may get up to-day!"  
—G. T. Duncan.

**WISE AND OTHERWISE.**

A platonic friendship is an unhealthy lie.  
Friendship comes to grief when it crosses the frontier of business.  
A platonic friendship usually ends in woman losing her heart and the man his temper or the man his appetite and the woman her complexion.  
He's the best friend I ever had, or shall have—and that's more than many women can say of their husbands.  
"They quarrel and they part," said the woman. "That is friendship," said the man. "They quarrel and they do not part," said the woman. "That is love," said the man.

Any right-minded girl would sooner wear a new hat that didn't suit her than an old one that did.

All girls are alike except the one you happen to be engaged to.

The easiest way to escape being hated, is to mind your own business, and refrain from giving good advice.

My advice to those about to buy a motor-car is—Pumble backwards down a long flight of stairs into a bath full of salad oil, and save the money.

You can't drown trouble in alcohol. The more you try the worse you get, and the worse you get, the more you drink.

If every girl were taught just tact, diplomacy and self respect, and a knowledge of man; woman would govern and teach the world, and the world would be better for it.

A moderate income and a good temper—given these two, if any girl can't get on with any man, any girl must be a born fool.

The great art of happiness—for a woman—is to go through life seeing only the things she is meant to see. For a man—to see all that a woman wants him to see.

The path to the altar is paved with platonic friendships.

You can find upon which side your bread is buttered by dropping it.

There is nothing as uncommon as common sense.

If you must call a spade a spade, do it in a whisper.

There is no fool like an old fool's son.

Some men keep promises, and everything else they can get.

**THEN THE COURT LAUGHED.**

I was talking to an American friend the other day, who told me a story of Mr. Hughes, the American Presidential candidate. Before he attained to the dignity of a Justice of the United States Supreme Court at Washington he occupied a seat on the judicial bench of one of the Federal Courts.

The judiciary in these latter are not termed "Justices," this distinction being reserved exclusively for the members of the Supreme Court. One day a young lawyer, new to his work, so far forgot himself as to refer to Hughes—then sitting in one of the inferior courts—as "Mr. Justice Hughes."

"Don't you know, sir," snapped that individual, "that we have no justice in this court?"

The lawyer was dumbfounded. He gasped once or twice, then said: "I had er—always heard so, your honour, but I had never believed it."

*The laugh was on the judge.*

**GERMANS WHO FIGHT HUNS.**

**SOME FACTS ABOUT THE FOREIGN LEGION.**

In France's famous "Foreign Legion" now doing such splendid work on the Western Front are to be found soldiers of almost every nationality, race and colour. British, Colonials, French, Russians and Germans all are banded together in a little army of their own.

None are so keen as the Germans to get the better of the "Huns." They have joined voluntarily to fight for the ideal of national liberty, which is the ideal of all the members of that famous fighting band.

For very many years the French Foreign Legion, which came into being in the days of France's colonisation of her African possessions, has been a favourite theme with novelists, owing to the general idea that it was a place of refuge for men who wished to bury their past. That may have been so in the old days, but the great band of France's foreign soldiers nowadays is mainly made up of men who wish to fight for the Allies in a just and noble cause.

**GENERAL INFORMATION.**

**PARS FROM ALL THE PAPERS.**

The German Empress has ordered that all dispensable articles of gold in the Court treasury not possessing historic or artistic value shall be given to the collections of gold articles organized for the purpose of increasing Germany's monetary gold supply.

The Scragg family, of Leigh, Lancashire, have had a remarkable experience—a wedding, a funeral, and a death taking place on the same day. Miss Florence Scragg was married at eight o'clock in the morning to a soldier on special leave, her father was buried at three o'clock, and her niece died at eight o'clock the same evening.

What is claimed to be the first time in golf history when a player won a match by making the final hole in one is recorded in a recent contest at Chicago. Playing in the final, the two contestants came to the eighteenth tee all square. The hole was 165 yards, and one player's mashie shot rolled up to the hole and rested against the pin. When the pin was lifted the ball fell in.

Lieutenant Pollner, a young and well-known Danish military aviator, has planned to make a record by crossing the Atlantic, and a Danish flying expert states that he will be able to carry out his plan by means of a machine supplied with a motor of 350-h.p. The distance from the Faroe Islands to Newfoundland could, he states, be made in about thirty hours, and the whole trip to New York in forty-eight hours.

One of the oldest leading Danish newspapers in Schleswig, the "Dybbøl Posten," recently announced that as the last printer has now been called out for military service, the owner of the paper will be unable to publish it again during the war. Long ago all men on the editorial staff had been called up. On the largest Danish Schleswig paper, the "Flensborg Avis," there is now only one left of the staff. The chief editor was called up a short time ago.

**RHYME, ROT,  
AND REASON.**

**ALWAYS GOING ONE BETTER.**

You think, my lad, the effort ends when you have learned the ropes?  
It's sad to dash your youthful zeal and bight your sanguine hopes,  
But we who've tried the winepress long and bought our wisdom dear  
Have found the struggle just as stiff year after busy year.  
The strength to bear the burden grows (for this is not complaint),  
But never was the task assigned that fit the heart that's faint.  
And never, since old earth's pursued her sun-round path erratic,  
Has any job worth while been found that turned out automatic.  
The more you've brilliantly made good, the more of you's expected,  
The higher you have sailed, the more by friends your slump's detected.  
Day after day your field unfolds as height on height you climb—  
"Not failure," one old poet said, "but coward aim is crime."  
The moment you relax and say: "At last my job is fixed  
So I can do my stunt each day and never once get mixed,"  
That moment you start down the slope, a downright retrogressor,  
And start, in your employer's mind, a search for your successor.  
It's hard to say, but say I must, and say it most emphatic—  
There is no job worth holding that will e'er be automatic.

**BARGAIN IN ANCESTRY.**

A connoisseur of paintings saw in the window of a secondhand dealer's shop the portrait of an admiral in full uniform. He offered the dealer £50 for it, but the latter declined to sell under £75, and, as neither would give way, the picture remained in the shop. A little time afterwards the connoisseur saw the picture hanging in the dining-room of a certain country house he happened to be visiting. With an exclamation of surprise he walked towards it.

"Halloa, what have you got here?" he said. His host replied that the portrait had just been bequeathed to him, and added: "It is the portrait of one of Nelson's admirals, an ancestor of ours."

"Was he, indeed?" commented the connoisseur. "A month ago he was within £25 of becoming one of mine!"

**FOUR CROSSES.**

First—emblem of a soul's desire,  
The craved for, hardly won "V.C."  
Gained by fierce pangs thro' blood and fire  
And brave deeds done on land and sea.  
"Legion d'Honneur,"—the second cross,  
So proudly borne upon the breast  
By martial Frenchmen, scorning loss  
Of life and limb, who gave their best.  
The "Military Cross"—the third  
A grand reward for him who bears  
That sign which shows his King has heard,  
Honors his bravery—and cares.  
Ah, little cross—rough cross of wood,  
That crowns a hero's rest in state—  
Fourth cross which, stiffly upright stood,  
Marks just a simple soldier's fate!

**PLAY THE GAME.**

(Composed by Pte. Haliburton's wife, in the recruiting camp at Calgary.)  
You stalwart men in civilian's garb,  
As you serve the public's whim,  
Why don't you come out and join the ranks?  
Why don't you get into the swim?  
You've an honest job in times of peace,  
At present it's too tame;  
There are hundreds of girls to take your place,  
Back up! and play the game!  
The sands of France are stained with blood  
Of the heroes who've died for right;  
'Tis better to die and die a man  
Than to live, afraid to fight.  
The gaps in the rank need filling up,  
There's a regiment needing your name;  
Don't be a slacker in times like these,  
Back up! and play the game!  
There's a wife who longs for a husband's kiss;  
There is a child who is lonely for dad;  
There's a mother whose heart is strained with fear  
For the fate of her soldier lad.  
But they've steeled their hearts to thoughts of self  
When they think of their country's fame;  
And they bid their men as they leave for the front—  
Back up! and play the game!  
Have you any right to seek "safety first"  
While your country needs your strength?  
Paying in money will not suffice  
If you've breadth and weight and length;  
If you've good red blood and muscle and brawn  
To spend for old England's fame  
You've no excuse to withhold them now,  
Back up! and play the game!

**PRESENTED AT COURT.**

One of the young men attached to the American Embassy at Berlin tells a story to illustrate that modern advertising can cope even with the etiquette of Courts.  
A young American woman wished to be presented at the Court of the King of Saxony. The high officials, having inquired into her social standing at home, objected. They represented to her that the King could scarcely receive the daughter of a retail boot-seller.  
The young woman cabled home and told her father the situation. The next morning she received this answer:—  
"Can't call it selling. Practically giving them away. See advertisement."  
That solved the difficulty. She was presented as the daughter of an eminent philanthropist.

**OUR NON-COMS.**

A sergeant was training a squad of recruits in musketry, when suddenly someone appeared in the line of fire.  
"Hi, there!" bellowed the sergeant; "get back, carn't yer? Anyone 'ud think the place belonged to yer."  
"Well, it doesn't exactly," meekly replied the interloper, "but my—er—father-in-law, you know, owns it, and nearly half the county besides."  
"Oh, does 'e?" was the irate sergeant's answer. "Well, if you was yer father-in-law itself and walked acrorst the range when my lads was firing, you'd just as easily get shot as any other fool. So 'op it."

**A DEADLY COMPLEXION.**

He only kissed her on the cheek,  
It seemed a simple frolic,  
But he was sick in bed a week—  
They called it painter's colic.

**"UP ABOVE THE WORLD SO HIGH."**

Private Doherty was six-feet-four in his socks; the Sergeant was much shorter. The Sergeant looked along the line.  
"Head up there, Doherty?" he cried. Doherty raised his head.  
"Up higher," said the little Sergeant. "There, that's better. Don't let me see your head down again."  
"Am I always to be like this?" asked Doherty, staring away above the little Sergeant's head.  
"You are."  
"Then I'll say good-bye to ye, Sergeant, for I'll never see ye again."

**A PREDICAMENT.**

The weary cyclist plodded on,  
In spite of pelting rain,  
He tried to find a sign-post, but  
His efforts were in vain.  
He did not pass a single soul,  
And much to his dismay,  
One tyre was getting very flat  
Which caused him some delay.  
He could not see his way at all,  
The night was dark and drear;  
He ran into an obstacle—  
A sign-post that was near.  
He struck his last remaining match,  
But soon his spirits sank;  
There was no sign upon the post,  
He found that it was blank!

**HOW WAS IT?**

"Oh! Bobby," said mother, "you'll turn my hair grey if you are such a naughty boy."  
The little fellow reflected for a moment. Then he observed delicately: "Mummie, gran-mie's hair is quite white."

**ALL ACCOUNTED FOR.**

"I hope, John," said the parson very gravely, "you don't spend all your earnings gravely."  
"No, sir," responded John respectfully; "I always make it a strict rule never to spend more'n two-thirds of me wages, sir."  
"Ah, that's good—that's good!" nodded the parson. "And do you put the other third in the bank?"  
"Oh, no, sir," responded the man; "I puts it to much better use than that. I gives it to the missus to keep 'ouse on!"

**HIS WISH WAS GRANTED.**

Against his strong supporting arm,  
She gently laid her head;  
"I wish your cheek could always be  
Just where it is," he said.  
When turning up the lights at home,  
He found to his dismay,  
A tell-tale patch upon his coat—  
He'd brought her cheek away!

**NOTHING UNUSUAL.**

"Dou you know," said the successful merchant, "that I began life as a 'barefoot boy'?"  
"Well," said his clerk, "I wasn't born with shoes on, either."

**BOILING IT DOWN.**

"I will take your novel," announced the heartless publisher, "if you will cut it down by half."  
The budding author cast up his hands.  
"Cut it?" he cried. "Impossible! Every word is vital."  
"Indeed?" replied the publisher. "Just listen to this passage: 'Outside the wind moaned unceasingly, its voice now that of a child which sobs within itself in the night, now that of a woman who suffers great pain alone, as women have suffered since life began. And, mingled with the wailing of the wind, rain fell—fell heavily, intermittently, like tears wrung from the souls of strong men.'"  
"Well," said the author.  
"Well," retorted the publisher, "why not say simply, 'It was raining?'"

**BELIEVE ANYTHING.**

"Do you believe that awful story they're telling about Mr. Pierce?"  
"Yes, what is it?"

**SWEETNESS.**

To kiss away a maiden's tear  
Is really worth the trying;  
Select a time when no one's near  
To kiss away a maiden's tear.  
The only drawback is, I fear,  
That she will keep on crying!  
To kiss away a maiden's tear  
Is really worth the trying.