

**THE CANADIAN  
RED CROSS SPECIAL.**

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**LIEBKNECHT'S DEFIANCE.**

The letter which Dr. Liebknecht wrote to the German tribunal which passed on him so severe a sentence has just been published in a Swiss Socialist paper. He accuses the Kaiser of making the war, deceiving the people, and working them up into a false hatred of their enemies. The invasion of Belgium, the employment of gas and Zeppelins against incompetency, the sinking of the Lusitania, the taking of hostages, and many other tyrannous acts of the German Government are all marshalled in a scathing indictment, which, of course, no German will be allowed to read.

In one of the French trenches the men have constructed a small chapel under the earth. It is large enough to admit twenty men at a time. Every effort has been made by the clever workmen who have built it to make the underground chapel difficult of bombardment. The interior ornamentation has been carried to high perfection, for a parquet floor, carpets, candlesticks, and kneeling chairs saved from the ruined churches are to be found in it. A wooden communion-table has been erected in the trench chapel, and a magnificent French flag, the gift of an officer, has been hung over it.

"I am in a fighting mood to-day," said President Wilson, speaking to the Association of American Advertisers. But, in case you infer wrongly that his pride has had a fall, we hasten to add that the mood only referred to Mexico. In matters European the writing mood will still have to suffice.

One of the most moving thoughts of the moment is that had Shakespeare been living at the present time he would probably have been writing film scenarios and war articles for the weekly papers instead of wasting his time in turning out mere plays.

The All-Highest has become visibly thinner as the result of his four meatless days a week. His shadow may be expected to grow still less as the war goes on, and the German times become still more "out of joint."

The travels of Baron Munchausen were published exactly a hundred years ago. How wonderfully the art of lying has developed in Germany in one short century!

The Munchberg, Bavaria, authorities say they will seize all the cattle, as the farmers are not supplying enough farm produce to the Army.

Prizes have been offered by the Italian Chamber of Commerce for the encouragement of the study of languages.

Germany has prohibited the serving of sugar with coffee and tea at the restaurants.

Fly-veils are urgently wanted by the British troops in the Egyptian deserts.

**TINY TRUTHS.**

A woman's tongue is mightier than a man's fist.

The spinster always says it is a mistake to marry too young.

Courtship after marriage is more important than it was before.

Women always think they mean what they say—at the time they let it out.

A man may class his wife as a bird of paradise during the honeymoon—and as a parrot later in the game.

Before marriage a man considers his best girl a little dear; after marriage he is apt to consider her extravagant.

Compression of the waist is said to be harmful, but if the right young man makes the attempt the average girl is willing to take chances.

Even a wise man can't tell when a woman laughs whether she really means it or is merely trying to show off a dimple to the best advantage.

After a bachelor passes the age of forty it's up to him to marry a widow if he marries at all. He'll need a wife who knows how cranky men are.

The romantic maid who waits for a man to come along and make love to her after the manner of the hero in a novel will remain single to the end of the chapter.

Jock was fresh from the Highlands, and on arriving in London went to the Zoo. Seeing a lot of strange animals that he had never seen before, he called to an attendant: "Here, now, ye might tell's the names o' thae bit beasties." "Certainly," said the attendant; "that large black one is a bear."

"Ay!"

"And that one with the small horns is a wapiti."

"Ay!"

"And that one with the large horns is a moose."

"A moose! Awa', man! If that's a moose, then what are yer rats like?"

**RHYME, ROT,  
AND REASON.**

**IN BUXTON.**

O, the girls are very sweet  
In Buxton,  
When you meet 'em on the street  
In Buxton,  
You may think them very shy  
But a twinkle in the eye  
Says: "You can 'mash' me if you try,"  
In Buxton.

O, the soldier boys are bold  
In Buxton,  
And they're flirts, both young and old,  
In Buxton,  
For they wile their hours away  
With a new girl every day—  
That is why they'd like to stay  
In Buxton.

O, they have a lot of rain  
In Buxton,  
It comes down with might and main,  
In Buxton,  
And to add to all his woes  
Every soldier laquie knows  
He's growing webs between his toes  
In Buxton.

But tho' we do not like the clime  
In Buxton,  
We have had a splendid time  
In Buxton,  
And we wish right here to say  
We'll remember many a day  
Those who'll then be far away  
In Buxton.

—G. T. Duncan.

**A LITTLE STRANGER.**

A citizen of a Canadian town who recently became the proud father of a son wrote to his brother:—

"A handsome boy has come to my house and claims to be your nephew. We are doing our best to give him the welcome due to such a relation."

Prompt came the reply:—  
"Anyone who was not an absolute fool would know enough of his brother's affairs to realise that I have not got a nephew. The young man is an impudent impostor. I strongly advise you either to kick him out of the house or to give him in charge."

**A NEW ALMANAC.**

Thirty days hath September,  
April, June, and dark November,  
All the rest have thirty-one;  
February twenty-eight alone.  
If any of them had two and thirty  
They'd be just as wet and twice as dirty.

**HO SIGL.**

He had opened up a fish market and he ordered a new sign to be painted, of which he was very proud. It read, "Fresh Fish for Sale Here."

"What did you put the word 'fresh' in for?" said his first customer. "You wouldn't sell them if they weren't fresh, would you?"

He painted out the word, leaving just "Fish for Sale Here."

"Why do you say 'here'?" asked his second customer. "You're not selling them anywhere else, are you?"

So he rubbed out the word "here."

"Why use 'for sale'?" asked the next customer. "You wouldn't have fish here unless they were for sale, would you?"

So he rubbed out everything but the word "Fish," remarking:—

"Well, nobody can find fault with that sign now, anyway."

A moment later another customer came in.

"I don't see what's the use in having that sign 'Fish' up there," said he, "when you can smell them half a mile away."

And that's why the fish market has no sign.

**LITTLE WILLIE ON VERDUN.**

(With apologies to a well-known song.)

The hours I've spent with thee, Verdun,  
Are as a sting of pain to me,  
I count them wasted since I first began  
My blows on thee: My blows on thee  
Each Hymn of Hate, each shell, and worse,  
To vent my wrath on tree I flung.  
I tell each man that at the end  
An Iron Cross is hung.  
Oh, shells and things that hurt and burn;  
Oh, gains of Wolff that mean but loss;  
I give my men the order now, "Bout turn!"  
You make me cross, Verdun, you make me  
cross.

On the evening of the day that the new early-closing order came into force a flurried little man arrived at his suburban station at five minutes to seven, and made a dash for the nearest tobacconist's shop.

"Quick, please," he panted, "I want a wox o' bax!"

Lady Assistant (puzzled): "Wox o' bax?"

Customer (excitedly): "I mean bax o' wox—oh, dear, I should say wox o' bax!"

Assistant: "Do you mean a box of—"

Customer (interrupting with a last despairing effort): "Hang it, can't you see? A box of wax vestas!"

Then at length the assistant understood, but by this time the fateful hour had struck, and so no sale could take place after all.

It's becoming more clear that a woman's career should by no stale ideas be restricted;

Some male job every day she takes up in a way which no prophet has ever predicted.

She is driving a van just as well as a man;

She presides o'er an oyster saloon;

She can hustle the "rubes" from the lifts in the Tubes;

But, alas! she can't play a bassoon.

She is joining the ranks of the clerks in the banks;

At the station your ticket she's clipping;

Office-windows she'll clean, or will run a machine;

Yes, the way she's turned to has been slipping.

There are some things they say, that a woman can play—

She'll play billiards a whole afternoon;

She can scare you to death playing Lady Macbeth—

But a woman can't play a bassoon.

**WANTS THE SPECIAL.**

The following is an extract from a letter handed to the editor, from "somewhere at the front," but which is rather lengthy for publication in full:

"We get very little in the way of news here. All the papers get to us from England, but it is strange having to wait for those in order to know what is going on not many miles away from us."

"I saw a copy of the 'Canadian Red Cross Special,' giving a rather humorous description of our departure from Buxton. Would it be too much to ask you to send me a copy of this bright little paper, if one comes your way some time?"

The request was complied with.

**SOMETHINK 'ORRIBLE!**

[A medical gentleman in Wales has stated that meat kills more people than whisky.]

If veal and beef  
Bring housewives grief,  
And in them portents sad lurk,  
Supplies of meat  
We must estreat  
To foil them in their bad work.

Come stocks a-freeze,  
O'er distant seas—  
Big icebound tanks they ride in;  
But Death's cold star  
Shines, where they are  
Pantechmionified in.

So "out" the pork,  
First hand from York,  
And "in" the grapes and nut let;  
Disaster hops  
In mutton chops,  
While murder dogs the cutlet.

Tho' honest bread  
Still rears its head,  
And honour crowns the baker,  
Lamb-sellers thrive  
When they connive  
To help the undertaker.

Ben Nevis' dew!  
We've libelled you—  
So ere more trouble crops up,  
May lawful powers  
Extend your hours,  
And shut the outchers' shops up.

**A SHORT ENGAGEMENT.**

Ah me, she was fair.  
As a houri that night;  
From the crush and the glare  
Of the dance we took flight.

In the Garden we strayed,  
Filled with rapture divine,  
And I asked that sweet maid  
To for ever be mine.  
"For ever!" quoth she,  
"What nonsense you speak!  
You just fix it up  
For the end of the week."

**A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE.**

Life in the Army has its humorous side even in war time.

There is a story going the rounds of a newly-appointed officer making his first visit to the mess, with the usual inquiry of "any complaints?"

He arrived at the first mess rather earlier than he was expected, and the orderly of the day, being taken by surprise, and in his shirt sleeves, dived under the table to save a reprimand.

"Any complaints?" asked the officer. The corporal, grasping the situation at once, answered for the absent orderly.

"None, sir."

"Oh!" Then suddenly catching sight of the orderly under the table he asked: "Who is this?"

The corporal again rose to the situation. "Orderly of the day, sir," he answered.

"Oh!" said the officer, and passed on. The next mess were quite prepared, with the orderly spic and span, standing at attention at the head of the table.

"Any complaints?"

"None, sir," answered the orderly.

The officer looked him well over.

"And who are you?" he asked.

"Orderly of the day, sir."

"Then why the dickens aren't you under the table?" was the unexpected retort.

**THE MAIDEN PROTESTS.**

My sleeves have been flimsy and flowing;  
I've worn my skirts hobble and flare;  
I've fastened waists 'coming' and 'going';  
I've worn some extraneous hair;  
Worn petticoates full—and not any;  
I've followed the fashion in hats;  
My crimes have been frequent and many—  
But I never have sported white spats.

**PAT'S ANSWER.**

An Irishman was newly employed at a lumber office. The proprietors of the company were young men, and decided to have some fun with the new Irish hand. Patrick was duly left in charge of the office, with instructions to take all orders which might come in during their absence. Going to a near-by drug store they proceeded to call up the lumber company's office, and the following conversation ensued.

"Hello! Is that the East Side Lumber Company?"

"Yes, sir. And what would ye be havin'?"

"Take an order, will you?"

"Sure! That's what I'm here for."

"Please send me up a thousand knot-holes."

"What's that?"

"One thousand knot-holes."

"Well, now, ain't that a bloomin' shame! I'm sorry, but we are just out."

"How's that?"

"Just sold them to the new brewery."

"To the new brewery? What do they want with them?"

"They use them for bungholes in barrels."

**THE LOVERS' PUZZLE.**

Got love not find me you see down  
For my me I love love will and  
Be all love if you I you up  
Will then you but as that and read

"When first I left Blighty they gave me a bay'net.

And told me it 'ad to be smothered wiv gore;  
But, blimey! I 'aven't been able to stain it,  
So far as I've gone, wiv the vintage of war.

For, ain't it a fraud! when a Boche and yours truly  
Gets into a mix in the grit and the grime,  
E jerks up 'is and wiv a yell, and e's duty  
Part of me outfit every time.

**HIS HANDICAP.**

He wooed her when they both were poor, 'twas then he won her, too;  
She cheered him when the days were drear, and toiled to help him through;  
She taught him things from books that he had failed to learn in youth.  
She got him to avoid the use of words that were uncouth;  
She took her jewel in the rough, she polished day by day,  
And with a woman's patience ground the worthless parts away.

She turned him from a stupid clown to one whose mien was proud,  
She planted in his heart the wish to rise above the crowd;  
She planned the things he undertook, she urged him on to try,  
She gave him confidence to look for splendid things and high;  
She bore the children that he loved, and toiled for them and him,  
And often knelt beside her bed with aching eyes and dim.

She cheered him when the days were dark, and when the skies were bright,  
She saw him rise above the world and reach a noble height;  
Her brow is marred by many a line, she's bent and wan and old;  
He has a bearing that is fine, a form of noble mould;  
And people say: "Poor man, alas! He's grown beyond his wife;  
How sad that such a load should be attached to him for life!"

**THE MYSTIC INITIALS.**

Susan Jane, the housemaid, was very proud of her soldier lover, because of the many heroic deeds he had performed during the war. One evening she said to him, "I told the missus all about you this morning."

"What did you say?" inquired the young man in khaki.

"Told her how you took that trench single-handed, and came through a hail of bullets with a machine-gun and a couple of wounded officers on your back."

"Ah!" he said.

"Yes," Susan Jane went on, "and then I told her how you spiked that big howitzer at Kiel, captured the convoy at Riga, and nearly collared the Crown Prince at Salonica. But, there, she doesn't understand anything about soldiering!"

"How do you mean?" he asked.

"Wanted to know what regiment you belonged to; and when I told her you were an A.S.C. man, what do you think she said?"

"Give it up."

"Said, 'That'll mean Ananias's Second Cousin, I suppose!'"

**THE WEATHER.**

We have chilblains in June and a sunstroke in May,  
We look for a snowstorm on Midsummer Day,  
And the sweet girlish laughter of April to-day  
Isn't up to the sample expected.

From autumn to summer, from winter to June,  
November with May seeks to inter-commune:  
Can you wonder the birds fail to find the right tune,  
And barometers get quite dejected?

**DOOLAN'S PENANCE.**

'Twas Friday. The village priest went on his rounds, when he found Tim Doolan licking his lips over a smoking dish of beef sausages.

"Timothy! Doolan!" quoth the priest, accusingly, "eat that you'd sin for a dish of meat?"

"Tain't mate, yer reverence," whined Tim.

"Sure, it's only a troifle of sausages."

"It's meat," retorted the priest, "and ye'll do a penance."

"A light one, then, plaze, father."

"Ye'll bring a load of wood to my house to-morrow," said the priest.

Tim concurred.

Next morning, as the priest stepped from his house, he discovered Tim in the act of tipping a load of sawdust into the woodshed.

"Tut, tut, Timothy!" he exclaimed. "What's all this?"

"It's the penance, sure," said Tim.

"But I said wood. That's not wood."

"Well," replied the imperturbable 'im, "if sausages is mate, that's wood."

**SLOW OF COMPREHENSION.**

One of Mr. Harry Lauder's most amusing stories concerns an Englishman and a Scotsman who were on a walking tour in the Highlands when they came to a sign-post which said, "Five miles to Stronachlachar." Underneath this was written, "If you cannot read, inquire at the baker's."

The Englishman laughed heartily when he read it, but refused to tell the Scotsman the joke.

That night the Englishman was surprised at being awakened by his companion, who seemed much amused at something.

Asking the reason, the Scotsman replied, "Och, mon, I hae just seen the joke—the baker might not be in!"

**THE THINKER.**

Back of the beating hammer  
By which the steel is wrought,  
Back of the workshop's clamour  
The seeker may find the Thought.

The thought that is ever Master  
Of iron and steam and steel,  
That rises above disaster  
And tramples it under heel.

The drudge may fret and tinker,  
Or labour with lusty blows,  
But back of him stands the Thinker,  
The clear-eyed man who knows;

For into each plough or sabre,  
Each piece and part and whole,  
Must go the brains of labour,  
Which gives the work a soul.

Back of the motor's humming,  
Back of the bells that ring,  
Back of the hammer's drumming,  
Back of the cranes that swing,

There is the Eye which scans them,  
Watching through stress and strain,  
There is the Mind which plans them—  
Back of the brawn, the Brain.

Might of the roaring boiler,  
Force of the engine's thrust,  
Strength of the sweating toiler,  
Greatly in these we trust.

But back of them stands the schemer,  
The Thinker who drives them through,  
Back of the job, the Dreamer  
Who's making the dream come true.