

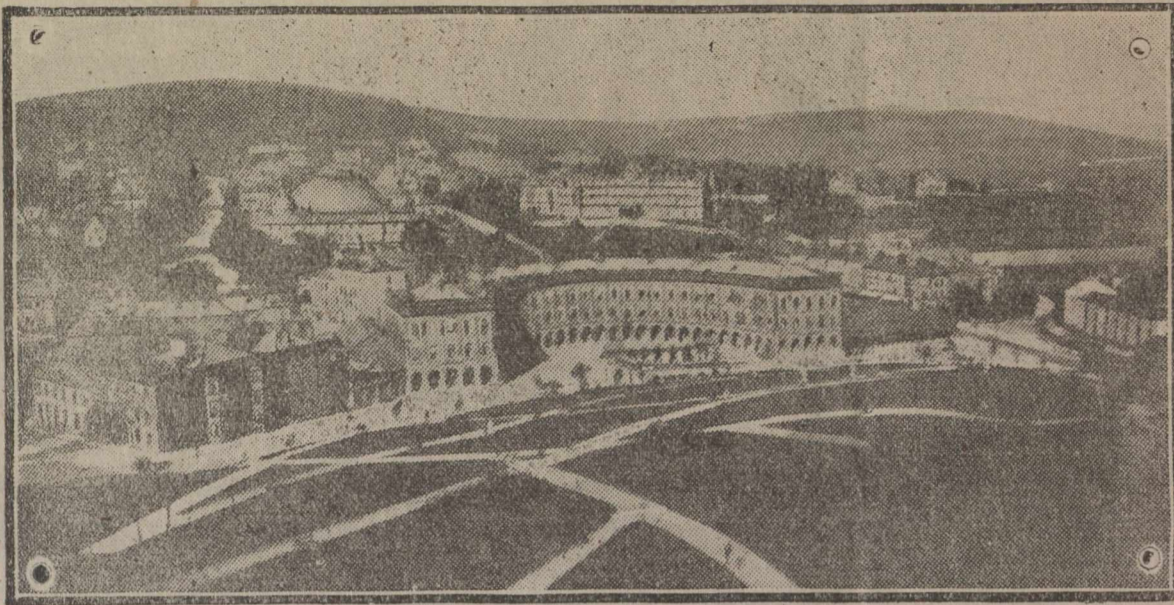
THE CANADIAN RED CROSS SPECIAL.

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NO. 7.



WINTER TIME AT BUXTON.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN.

(By LADY HEARTSEASE.)

Dear Lidy Kind Mum.—Me an' 'Enery a' riting of these few lines to thank you for your drop o' good hadvice. I got the togs hall rite and wen I waz hall clobbered hup I has a little drop o' "Mothers' Ruin" an' I goes down to th' walk stall—an' there waz that 'ere Priscilla Zambuk an- she, showing 'er hignorance, says to my 'Enery, "Blimey mate, 'ere comes your old gal! My heve, wot a packet. My ole Pot and Pan look hup and e' sez Hemma, youse a fair knock aht. 'E puts 'is 'at on my 'ead an' hi puts my 'at on 'is 'ead and we walks away leaving 'ere Priscilla person in the lurch, an' 'Enery wading reel prond to walk alongside such a puffiackly dressed female lady.

We went abah to hall the pubs to sorter celebrate our reunion an' we waz 'aving a good time. You know 'ow hit his wen yer wiv a gent seeing as 'ow you gets abah wiv gents, yersel' an' a big crowd waz a follering of us oos it haint usual to see a lidy like me all dressed hup so swelllike. Well th' crowd got so big it couldn't stay peaceful like hand a big fight started. Me an' 'Enery waz pinched fer being drunk an' disorderly an' wen we waz broght hup before the beak, 'e gives me a look between the glad eye an' awink an' 'e sez to 'Enery if that's yer wife I will let yer hoff wiv a caution cos I don't blame yer fer gettin' yer hops in, wich shows some of 'em beaks 'as got cence an' noes female beauty wen 'e sees hie.

Me an' 'Enery is now settled down an' 'appy, an' hany time you cum arahnd are way just drop hin an' see us ham' yer can 'ave happyfink yer wants, a drop o' gin or a pint o' stah't—an' if yer wants a real ole Beano list yer cum dahnd 'ere next Bankoldy an' me an' 'Enery will take yer to good ole 'Ampstead 'Eaph. I got a fine concertina an' 'Enery as got a lovely little mouf organ an' we boof plays a fine treat.—Yours truly lovingly,

HEMMA, an' 'ENERY AWKINS.

Dear Lady Heartsease,—I am very much in love with a nice young lady. I am a Canadian and have not had much experience with ladies. I would very much like to marry her, but when I meet her I feel so shy and embarrassed that I cannot screw up enough nerve to tell her of my love. I go to see her every evening and she is taking care of my pet white rats for me. How can I tell if she loves me?

Corpl. FAINTHEART.

Answer: Dear Corpl. Faintheart,—I know that all Canadians are very shy and bashful, but don't you worry. If she allows you to meet her every evening and takes care of your nasty old rats I am quite sure that she has already chosen her wedding dress and has, in all probability fixed the date of the wedding. When you know women a little better you won't ask such foolish questions. My advice to you is to grab her.

LADY HEARTSEASE.

Dear Lady Heartsease,—I need your advice. You see I am such a very pretty, charming and desirable person that a number of young men are full of love for me.

There is Clarence in the R.F.C., who is just up in the air about me; Archie of the Motor Transport, who is driven crazy about me; Freddy of the Artillery, whose heart is just blown to pieces with emotion for me; Bertie the Bomb Thrower who is heaving with love; Percy of the Infantry, footsore and weary from marching back and forth from his camp to see me, and Harold of the Hussars whose heart gallops so rapidly when he meets me. It is very inconvenient to be so beautiful and to have so many and such ripping boys madly in love with me. Which one shall I accept when they bombard me with proposals of marriage?

FLOSSIE FAIRLEY TRUTHFUL.

Answer: Dear Flossie,—Don't you think you had better wait until the young men propose to you—if indeed any of them ever do lose their mental balance to such an extent—before you allow

yourself to become worried as to your choice? It appears to me that you are suffering from a very modern complaint called "philappentitis" and the sufferers are obsessed with the idea that every young man who looks at them is in love with them. I would advise, as a cure, strict seclusion and no novel reading for ten years; at the end of which time, having ceased to be a flapper, your good sense will guide you.

LADY HEARTSEASE.

MUSICAL FEAST ON FRIDAY NIGHT.

The Orchestra Astonishes the Audience by the Excellence of its Playing.

A program of rare excellence was rendered on Friday night last in Recreation Hall that would be hard to surpass. At its conclusion a screaming burlesque was put on which convulsed the audience and kept them in a continual roar of laughter from start to finish. The "skit" was a take-off on the drama, "Lord Aubrey's Jewels," staged during the week in the same hall by a troupe from the Devonshire Hospital, and Sergeant-Major Carpenter, out of whose fertile brain the piece evolved, deserves great credit for the laughable manner in which it was produced. The playing of the orchestra, which opened the program, was superb, and was a revelation to those who heard it. The quartette, composed of Sergeants Scott, Osgoode, Noble, and Pte. Rees, rendered several pleasing numbers in good form, which were greatly appreciated. Misses Ryan and Longbottom each contributed vocal selections in their well-known excellent style, while each of the members of the quartette rendered solos that received merited applause. Sergt.-Major Carpenter, in his comic song entitled, "In These Hard Times," brought down the house, as he always does. The Sergt.-Major has a fine stage presence and is perfectly at home before the footlights. Mrs. Phipps and Corporal Cunningham alternated at the piano as accompanists.

TOOK NO RISKS.

The kirk in a Scottish village was in need of repair, so Sandy McNab was invited to collect subscriptions for the purpose. One day the minister met Sandy walking irresolutely along the road, and at once guessed the cause. "Man, Sandy," he said, earnestly, "I'm sorry to see ye in this state." "Ah, weel, it's for the good o' the cause," replied the delinquent quite happily. "Ye see, meenister, it's a' through these subscriptions, I've been down the glen collectin' fun's, an' at every hoose they made me have a wee drappie." "Every hoose! But—but—surely, Sandy, here are some of the kirk members who are teetotalers?" "Aye, there are; but I wrote tae those!"—*The Tattler*

A "TALE" OF A SHIRT.

OR
THE MYSTERY OF A BACHELOR BUTTON.

One of the sergeant patients had the misfortune the other day to lose a button from the back of his trousers, and to relieve the responsibility resting on the remaining button he procured what is known as a bachelor button. Now, a bachelor button is a handy contrivance in two parts, one of which is pointed and snaps into the other. His next move was to get someone to put it on for him, so he secured the services of the "staff" for the delicate operation, but the latter surreptitiously put the sharp end of the button through both trousers and shirt, then snapped on the other end, firmly securing both together. The question now is, how did the sergeant disrobe, as the one garment could not be pulled up nor the other down. Or did he "go to bed with his trousers on," as the nursery rhyme goes? Thereby hangs the tale.

INTRODUCTION BUREAU.

By "THE HEART SPECIALIST."

This department will be a permanent feature of this paper.

In order to obtain any benefit from this column you must observe the few following rules:

1. In replying to these adds. (which are genuine) you must quote the number of the person you wish to correspond with.
2. When you wish to learn the address of a person who has advertised, you must write your application to "The Heart Specialist," Canadian Red Cross Special Hospital, Buxton.
3. Every communication must be accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope. If these rules are not complied with no attention will be paid to your letter. No fee is charged.

1. I am young lady, aged 25, medium height, brown hair and eyes; can work; good housekeeper; would like to correspond with a nice Canadian Soldier.

2. Young lady, age 22, ladylike, refined, and considered pretty, would welcome correspondence of Canadian soldier.

3. Young Lady (resident of Buxton), age 26, blond, pleasant disposition, jolly, would like to correspond with Canadian Soldier.

4. English girl, vaudeville artiste; fair, tall, cheerful and jolly, invites correspondence; age 21 years. D.W.

5. English girl, age 18; tall, musical, cheerful disposition, will write jolly letters to Canadian Soldier. J.W.

6. A Widow, age 38; entertaining, pleasant disposition, would like to correspond with Canadian about same age.

7. A Bugler Corporal, age 22, would like to correspond with nice young lady

8. Young Man on troopship would like to correspond with young lady.

9. Middle-aged Widow, in business for self, would like to correspond with Canadian about 35 years of age, or older.

Editor's Note.—Anyone wishing to have an address sent to them will please send applications to "Heart Specialist" and all communications will be treated with absolute privacy and in strict confidence.

WEDDING BELLS.

MEMBER OF THE STAFF TAKES
UNTO HIMSELF A BRIDE.

One of the pleasantest of the hospital's activities last week was the presentation on Saturday of a handsome silver service to Pte. William Oatham on the occasion of his marriage to Miss Susan Grimes, of 59, London Road, Buxton, the ceremony taking place later in the afternoon in St. John's Church. The presentation was made by Major Frederick Guest, Commanding Officer, in a few appropriate words, to which the recipient replied to the best of his ability, being taken by surprise and visibly affected. On the evening previous at the home of the bride a supper and sing-song had been tendered to the members of the staff and a jolly time was had by all present. By way of a joke the bridegroom was made to miss two trains by the members of the staff, and then, at the third attempt, the taxi stalled between the starting point and the station. However, if there is any truth in the old saying that poor beginnings make good endings, it augurs well for the future happiness of the newly weds.

As on the battle daily goes
Death doth a harvest reap;
The price of meat is soaring high,
But human flesh is cheap.

CANADIANS INVAD CHAPEL-EN-LE-FRITH.

Almost the Entire Population
Present at a Successful
Entertainment.

On Monday evening about thirty entertainers from the hospital in two large motor-cars and a motor truck went to Chapel-en-le-Frith to give an entertainment in the commodious picture house there, and the result was that probably the best program ever given by the Canadian Red Cross Special Hospital was presented to a delighted audience that filled the hall almost to its capacity.

The party left the hospital at about 7 p.m., having been previously photographed, and after a quick run arrived at the enterprising little village, when the program was immediately started with an overture by the orchestra, which was well rendered and whetted the appetites of the audience for the good things to come. That the hospital has an orchestra which can produce music in professional style was not known to those present, hence a pleasant surprise. Corpl. Batley then sang a beautiful ballad entitled, "Marie, My Girl," which so pleased the audience that he had to respond to a vociferous encore. Next came the quartette, which captivated the house with their beautiful selection, "O'er the Hills at Early Dawn," which was followed by Sergt. Scott, who was at his best and sang "In an Old Fashioned Town," in fine voice, and for which he received a salvo of applause. Again the quartette appeared, dressed as "bobbies," in their comical song, "The Policemen," and again the audience showed their appreciation by vociferous applause. They were followed by Moore and Burgess with their dancing Martinettes, and kept the house in an uproar. "The Rag-pickers" and "The Quaker Girl" by the orchestra, were well received, after which Pte. Rees won the hearts of those present. He was followed by Master Kronn, a juvenile pianist of rare ability, whose fingering of the keyboard was a revelation. He was compelled to respond to an encore. The quartette then gave a selection entitled "Catastrophe," which delighted all present, followed by Pte. Williams, who sang with fine expression the popular song, "Long Live the King," receiving well-merited applause. "The Slipshodys," in a comical song in costume, two of them having very good make-ups as dashing romances, then completely captured the audience by both the song and the way they acted their parts. Miss Dee, who is certainly a graceful little dancer, next gave an Irish dance, which took so well it had to be repeated. Sergeant-Major Carpenter, who was master of ceremonies, next brought the house to their feet with several witty stories and the catchy song, "In These Hard Times," which he rendered with perfect Cockney dialect. Sergt. Osgoode, in appropriate costume, next gave "Major-General Worthington," and to say that the audience was pleased is putting it rather mildly. After a recitation, "The Parson's Son," which is a tale of the Yukon, had been rendered in dramatic manner, by Private Worthing, the audience rose to their feet while the company of entertainers sang "O, Canada," and "The Maple Leaf," then all joined in singing "God Save the King."

Tea was then served in one of the rooms in the basement, and after a hurried packing up of costumes, instruments, etc., the party boarded their cars in the presence of almost the entire population, for whom three cheers were given. The ride back to the hospital, enhanced by the singing of popular songs and the tooting of horns, was all too short, although for a time it looked as though the party were in for a ducking. However, Jupiter Pluvius kindly stayed his hand, and so the happy crowd reached the hospital and retired to their couches with the consciousness of having passed a very enjoyable evening and also of having afforded a great deal of pleasure to a large number of other people.

TINY TRUTHS.

Love nowadays is often spelt Love.

Always on the watch.—The hands.

Dreams, unfortunately, have no cash value.

Men talk to amuse others, but women talk just to amuse themselves.

Adapted Proverb.—A box in the hand is worth two on the ear.

Almost anybody would rather be an unpopular talker than a popular listener.

Whatever sense a man may have he puts in cold storage when he falls in love.

How many of us when we say we are doing our very best are telling the strict truth?

There are some people who have no enthusiasm except when they sit down to dinner.

A man wouldn't think it home if he couldn't throw his overcoat over the back of a chair.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Sergt. J. Henderson left on Tuesday on escort duty and spent a few days in Folkestone.

Sergt. Bob Leith returned recently from a trip to Scotland.

Sergt.-Major Pegg returned this week from Bramshott, where he had been on escort duty. Pte. Chanev, who was taken ill on Saturday evening and has been in hospital, is in process of recovery.

Pte. Wilkes spent six days in the vicinity of Leeds and reports an enjoyable outing.