

# THE CANADIAN RED CROSS SPECIAL.

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## MUSICAL FEAST OF RARE EXCELLENCE.

### MANY BUXTONIANS ARE TREATED TO A MOST ENJOYABLE EVENING.

On Friday evening of last week in the Recreation Hall an audience which jammed the room to its capacity and overflowed into the outer hallway listened to a programme which would be hard to excel; containing as it did the professional illusionists, Bontoft, M.I.M.C., and Ada Lill, who with feats of Legerdemaine mystified and delighted the audience. In a coterie of performers of such rare ability it would be unfair to single out any particular one for special mention. It may be stated, however, that the quartette has shown a marked improvement in their singing, and the solos by the members were up to their usual standard. Two original verses to one of their songs were composed by Sergt.-Major Carpenter. The programme included eighteen numbers, every one of which received well merited applause. Miss Margaret Lawrence, who has been seen several times before in the same hall, contributed two numbers, and her dancing was greatly appreciated.

Other concerts are on the tapis which will prove as entertaining.

## IT'S VERA WEEL.

It's vera weel throughout the day,  
When ta'en up wi' work or play,  
To think a man can live alway  
Wi'oot a wify.

But it's anither thing at night,  
To sit alone by candle light,  
Or, gang to rest when shairp winds bite,  
Wi'oot a wify.

It's vera weel when claes are new  
To think they'll always last just soo,  
And look as weel as they do noo  
Wi'oot a wify.

But when the holes begin to show,  
The stitches rip, the buttons go,  
What in the warl's a man to do  
Wi'oot a wify.

It's vera weel when skies are clear,  
When frien's are true and lasses dear,  
To think ye'll gang through life—nae fear—  
Wi'oot a wify.

But clouds will come, the skies athwart,  
Lasses will marry, frien's must part,  
Wha' men can cheer your saddened heart  
Like a dear wify?

It's vera weel when young and hale;  
To think ye'll manage by yersel',  
But when ye're ould and crazed and frail,  
Ye'll want a wify.

Then haste ye, haste ye silly loon  
Rise up and seek about the toon  
And get Heaven's greatest earthly boon  
A wee guid wify.

But may hap' then the lassies dear  
Will treat your offers wi' a sneer  
Because ye're crankey, grey and sere,  
Ye'll get nae wify!

## CLURE FOR THE BLUES.

When the world has gone wrong, and the sun  
Doesn't shine,  
And your heart is as heavy as lead,  
You'll be making things worse, if you murmur  
and whine,  
Tilt your hat to one side of your head;  
Tilt your hat to one side, strike a soldierly  
stride,  
And go whistling a bit of a song,  
You will mighty soon lose every bit of the  
blues,  
While whistling and stepping along.

Lad, the joy that you have you must get from  
within,  
When there's none on the outside to see;  
So tilt your head sideways, and stiffen your  
chin,  
And whistle in rollicking key;  
Tilt your head to one side, stick your elbows  
out wide,  
And step out like the world was your own,  
Sure and whistle an air, full of devil may care,  
For the blues must be cured all alone.

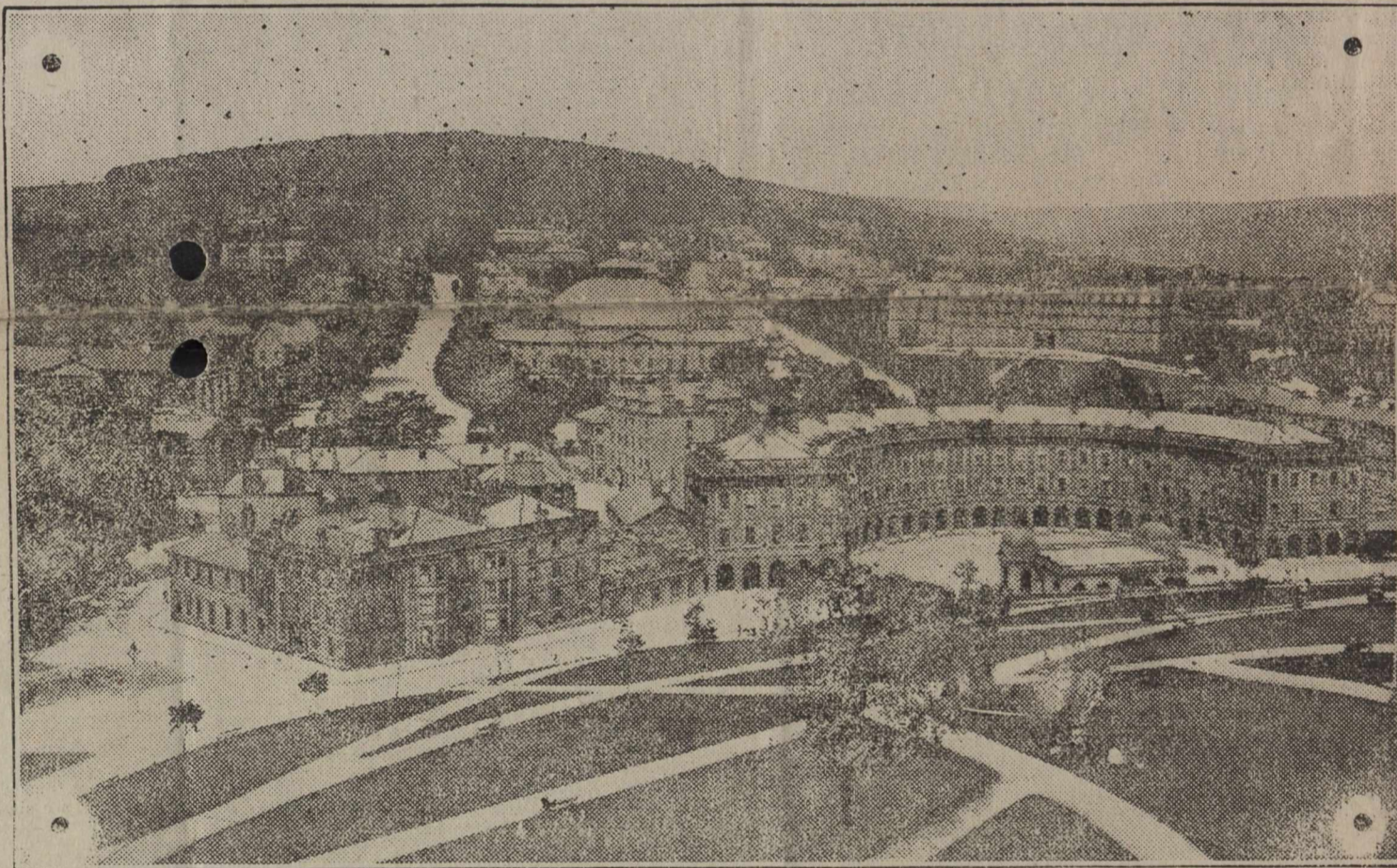
When you've stepped a wee while all the world  
starts to smile,  
And it echoes the tune that you blow;  
And your lively foot pat and the tilt of your  
hat,  
Starts the sunshine wherever you go;  
Tilt your hat on your head for you'll live till  
your dead,  
And go whistling the best that you can,  
Sure you'll mighty soon lose every bit of the  
blues  
While whistling and stepping along.  
W. D. NESBITT.

## ROYAL ENGINEERS LEAVE FOR FRONT.

### TWO COMPANIES ENTRAIN FOR PORTSMOUTH ON WEDNESDAY EVENING.

There are many aching hearts in Buxton to-day as a result of the departure from our midst of two Companies of the Royal Engineers, 286 from Burbage, and 287, the Devonshire, from Buxton. From 9-30 the men were confined to barracks, and especially in the case of the Devonshires the situation was very distressing. The men were singing, and outside on the Square the women were weeping. A great many of the Devonshires are married men and had their wives here in Buxton, which made the parting more or less affecting. Through some misunderstanding when the men were marched to the station some of the wives were denied admission at the gate and they stood there crying while their husbands were confined on board the train.

At 11 p.m. the train containing the Burbage Company pulled out, but it was 2-30 before the Devonshires got away, and at that late hour there were still a large number of people congregated about the gates at the station, and the scenes enacted there can better be imagined than described. It is understood that their destination is Salonika, and it is the heartfelt wish of all that they may all return to the bosom of their families or to those they love so dear.



BEAUTIFUL BUXTON, THE MOUNTAIN SPA.

## DEVONSHIRES ENTERTAIN CANADIANS.

A party of entertainers from the Devonshire Hospital paid a visit to the Canadian Red Cross Hospital and took possession of the stage in the Recreation Hall on Thursday evening. After a mixed programme, which was really excellent, had been rendered, an intermission of ten minutes was taken, after which a highly amusing sketch was put on by the company of players that made a decided hit with the audience, which was composed partly of ladies, principally nursing sisters from the two hospitals. At the conclusion of the programme Sergt.-Major F. N. Carpenter, in a neat speech, thanked the performers on behalf of those present for a very enjoyable evening, followed by three cheers and a tiger, and the singing of the National Anthem.

## PERSONAL MENTION.

Mrs. T. W. Tucker, wife of the genial Sergt.-Major, is spending a week or ten days with friends and relatives in Edinburgh.  
Sergt. Jas. H. Henderson returned this week from an enjoyable trip to Scotland. He visited Dunblane, Glasgow, Bridge of Allan and Stirling. Dunblane is the place which gave birth to the song, "On the Banks of Allan Water," and the Sergeant relates that while he was there a cinema company was taking pictures, so as to get the historic water in the film.  
N. Sister A. Tripp is the latest addition.  
F. S. Keen spent a pleasant trip to Folkestone and London.

## GREAT WAR FILM.

### THE SOMME BATTLE IN ITS CRIMNESS AND GLORY.

The real stage has never presented mighty epic and tragedy and glory like this epic and tragedy to be re-enacted on the white curtain of the Buxton Hippodrome (three days) on September 14th, 15th, and 16th. It has been often said that we at home cannot realise, even faintly, the war. The War Office film of the Battle of the Somme is our realisation at last. If there are shrinking people who may say that some of these scenes are too heart-rending the answer is that the sensitiveness of the spectator of these pictures is so little lacerated compared to the identical human sensitiveness of our heroes of the "real thing." These stern pictures are good medicine. The great public whose hearts are beating for their boys at the front will pack the Hippodrome for this enthralling and terrible visualisation of real war.

Many magnificent pictures show our great guns in action pounding the enemy before the advance. Monstrous howitzers nose vast muzzles in air and vomit their huge shells; smaller pieces, rapidly firing from hidden emplacements, look like venomous black snakes striking and recoiling. "Plum puddings" hurtle from trench mortars. Machine-guns join in the inferno. Then the pictures are switched across to the German trenches, and the spectator beholds their destruction. "Cauliflower" clouds of smoke and debris spurt in appalling bouquets. The bursting of one great mine sends up a colossal cone of ebony debris. And over all is the eternal bubble and break of shrapnel. More

than ever the wonder and awe is felt that men can live and endure under modern artillery fire. Then comes the attack, the last nervous moment, the clamber, the leap—two men fall under the very eye of the camera. At last the civilian sees war.

While you watch these next pictures you are at the front of the front. British Tommies rescue a comrade under shell-fire. The wounded come past in streams, German wounded and prisoners mingled with them, friend and foe helping each other hobbling in linked arms. The nerve wreckage of many of the German prisoners after their awful ordeal is pitifully apparent. There is nothing morbid in this wonderful catching film of the Battle of the Somme. Above all its terrors rises its glory and splendour. It is grimly war as war is, it is glory as glory is, sacrifice as sacrifice is supernatural heroism for the safe and sheltered at home to see.

## QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

The answer to the query which appeared in last week's issue: If it takes a clock six seconds to strike six o'clock, how long will it take to strike twelve, is thirteen and one-fifth seconds, there being but eleven intervals between the first and twelfth stroke.

The following was handed in by a Buxton merchant: A bottle and stopper cost three half pennies. The bottle costs a penny more than the stopper. How much does the stopper cost?

## BASEBALL GAME.

The people of Buxton and vicinity will be treated to an exhibition game of baseball at the Agricultural Show on Saturday afternoon, when a large crowd of visitors is expected. The players have been practising faithfully, and a good game will likely be witnessed.

## ARMY STORES! ARMY STORES!

### THURGAR & MOSS

#### OUTFITTERS AND CLOTHIERS. (BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING.)

We now have a full line of gent's full clothing. Latest styles—direct from France—finest material, most fashionable cut and color.

Pay us a call; we are entirely at your disposal, and would deem it a pleasure to show you through our large department store where we keep an efficient staff of guides whose sole duties are to answer such foolish questions as may spring to your mind.

If you need anything from an ice cream soda to a narrow gauge railroad we can supply you. If you live in the country address all communications to

CHAMPAGNE JACK, Manager,  
Thurgar and Moss, Ltd., Buxton.

## A FEW DONT'S.

Don't think the hospital is being maintained for your especial benefit.

Don't think it is necessary to waken everyone in the place if you have to get up in the night.

Don't leave your seat at a concert during a number. You might be singing yourself some day.

Don't annoy your fellow patients with your troubles. Tell them to a policeman.