

**THE CANADIAN
RED CROSS SPECIAL.**

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A SERIOUS JOKE.

Everybody knows that Germans are quite devoid of the sense of humour; but few would expect them to take with ponderous gravity a joke absolutely thrown at them, and to accept it as a tribute to a soldier's devotion to his rulers. The *Strassburger Post* tells this story without a smile: The Crown Prince saw a one-armed soldier who had received no medal, and he conferred on the man the Iron Cross of the Second Class. "If I had lost two arms," asked the soldier, "what would your Imperial Highness have given me?" And the Crown Prince replied, "The Iron Cross of the First Class." So the soldier "drew his sword and cut off his remaining arm with one blow—to earn the Iron Cross of the First Class." Of course, a man cannot cut off his only arm with his only arm, and the story is just a joke, thirty years old in this country. Germany tells it as a compliment to a soldier and the Crown Prince!

SLANDERING THE R.A.M.C.

A weekly paper prints a story, supposedly told by "A Wounded Anzac," of "how his things were stolen by some R.A.M.C. men at the Base." The things consisted of three German helmets, money, and some German documents—which no soldier is permitted to possess, it being an order that all enemy papers are to be given up. The theft "at the Base" is said to have occurred "at the clearing hospital," but the two localities are hundreds of miles apart; so there is a discrepancy to that large extent. But the real offence of the article is its headlines—"R.A.M.C.—Rob All My Comrades," together with the statement that the men of the corps "never get within miles of the firing line." This is wholesale slander of a devoted body of men who succour the wounded in front of the firing-line, and the Roll of Honour speaks of their self-sacrifice. If this "wounded Anzac" lost his things, we are sorry; but the meaning attached to the letters "R.A.M.C." is outrageous.

We read in some illustrated pamphlet describing Buxton and vicinity that "the town, being entirely surrounded by high hills, is protected from the wind." The way the "gentle zephyrs" have been whirling around the streets of Buxton the past few days would seem to make the above statement somewhat in the nature of a canard.

The highest praise of the Tanks that has yet reached us comes from a member of a Scots unit, who writes: "They plod slowly on and nothing stops them, not even estaminets."

The Buxton damsel with a trim ankle and shapely calf pays little heed to the manner in which the wind toys with her skirts.

It looks as though Greece would join the martial feast just about in time to wash the dishes.

STRAY MAXIMS.

A girl who is receiving attentions from a young fellow will do well to make sure whether her mother gets any.

A fault which humbles us is more good to us than a good action, which puffs up and makes us think we're perfect.

It is better to right your wrongs when you are young than to nurse and hug them until they are a blight to you and to others.

She who takes good care of the days need have no worry about a regretful retrospect at the end of the year.

No man has ever won a woman yet without wondering afterwards why he didn't let the other fellow win her.

The best thing to do when a girl offers you the cold shoulder is to admire the shoulder.

Youth flies, woman dyes, man still lies; "You look younger than ever."

One of the polite fictions of love is that which turns it into an enjoyable pastime instead of leaving it what it really is—hard labour.

No man is ever a hero to his wife, but that is because she is only a wife.

Hearts in a flirtation are never trumps to play.

It doesn't follow that when a man claims exemption from a love affair he is going to get it.

The primary cause of divorce is marriage. People who are suspicious always find what they are looking for.

There is a certain brand of Christian who feels that paying pew rent entitles him to a reserved seat in heaven.

Eliminate politics, religion, the weather, and the war, and there wouldn't be much to talk about.

A very youthful chicken-fancier had in his possession a couple of bantam hens that laid very small eggs. He finally hit upon a plan to remedy this.

When the lad's father went the next morning to the chicken-house he was surprised to find an ostrich egg tied to one of the beams, and above it a card with this notice:

"Keep your eye on this and do your best."

He was not much of a horseman; in fact, the only horse he could ride was the wooden one of his nursery days, so small wonder that the roughriding sergeant-major got exasperated.

"Why don't you get inside, you bally idiot?" roared the sergeant-major as he came to grief for the sixth time.

"I would," growled the angry recruit, "if his mouth was as big as yours!"

**RHYME, ROT,
AND REASON.
THOMAS EARL.**

KILLED IN ACTION. DUTY WELL DONE.

In that great chain of liberty and might,
Each welded link of freedom and of right;
It's aim and end a fuller manhood's sway,
And nobler life when dawns that glorious day.
The task was thine full sacrifice to give,
That all completed would in fullness live,
The humble toiler with the rich to be,
Partakers since they fought and died like thee.
That coming years, expanding rich to bear
The heritage in fruitage free as air.
No humble suppliant, but a God's decree
That this is right, and only right shall be;
A higher plane, endless the depth and wide,
Manhood prevailing like a mighty tide.
The tyrant's blight, repugnant, loathsome
sway
Powerless for ever, cease and pass away;
Victorious, lo, the brimming cup they give,
That we from worse than death may henceforth
live.

—A. B. D.

A young officer of the "knot" variety was explaining to his men what happened to a shell after leaving the gun. The comedian of the company couldn't refrain from making remarks *sotto voce*, much to the amusement of his pals. This was part of the lesson—
Officer: "The shell, on leaving the gun, owing to the bore, goes wound and wound."
Voice: "The mulberry bush."
Officer: "After its momentum is expended gravity draws it to earth, otherwise it would keep on for evah and evah."
Voice: "Amen."

YOU.

Was someone you trusted, faithless?
Do ghosts walk in memory's scenes?
Be glad, for the life that is wraithless
Knows nothing of what faith means.
Did one you loved well betray you?
What matter—love taught you to live;
Hear the voice of the God, you pray to,
"Love covereth all—forgive."
Through habit or passion's infection,
Have you sinned unto death? Laugh at sin;
For you there is still resurrection,
Get back in the fight—and win!

POOR MAN!

Who is it slaves and grinds all day,
Get never either thanks or pay,
But just sits there and pegs away?
Ye editor.
Who, when he should be sound asleep
As 'round the clock the hands do creep,
Lies there in thought profound and deep?
Ye editor.
Who, when he would provoke a smile
And thinks he's done it all the while,
Finds out he's missed about a mile?
Ye editor.
Who has to stand all the abuse
From many men who are obtruse,
Who tell him he's no earthly use?
Ye editor.
Who is it wishes here to say
That if he simply pegs away
Will be rewarded judgment day?
Ye editor.

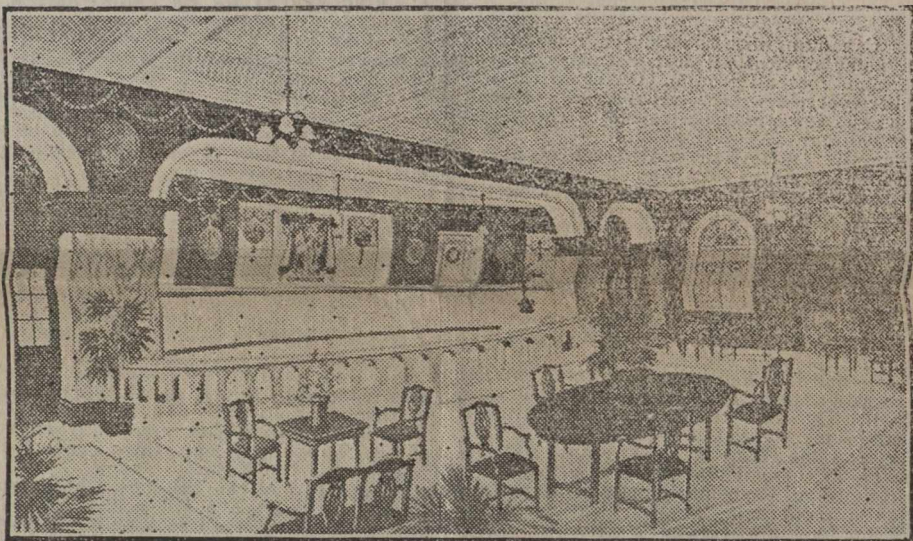
—G. T. D.

A French judge, visiting England, was one day riding in a London tramcar when the conductor approached him for his fare—two pence. Tendering sixpence in payment, on receiving the change the judge, who had a warm heart, presented two pence to the conductor, saying:—"Here, my man, get yourself a glass of beer."

THE NEXT OF KIN.

Tread softly, ye who enter,
For sorrow reigns therein,
Sad news has crossed the waters
To "the next of kin."
Fell on the field of honour,
Brilliant, and gay, and young,
Here lie war's keenest suffering,
For he was an only son.
The mother's hair seems whiter,
Her eyes look old and dim;
To the gallant fallen soldier
She was his "next of kin."
With shoulders bent and stooping,
Her face all wrinkled thin,
Oh, God! look down in mercy
Upon the "next of kin."
Her hero rests in Flanders,
Far away from the battle's din.
But oh! may the world in pity
Remember his "next of kin."

A clergyman, sitting opposite, interposed.
"Excuse me, sir, but is it wise to encourage drinking? I have not touched a glass of beer for years."
"Poor man!" exclaimed the judge; "take the other tuppence."



Interior of St Ann's Well.

DON'T SHOW YOUR HAND.

If ever you should sit behind two deuces in a pot
And try to make the other fellow lay down what he's got,
If he should call your bet, then with a smile polite and bland
Just say, "That's good—take in the pot," but do not show your hand.
If in the game of love, perhaps, you find that you must lose
And cannot get all for your own the girl that you would choose,
Don't eat your heart out—show the world you're of a different brand,
For tho' you may feel bad enough, you needn't show your hand.
If you should meet reverses in a regular business way,
Don't let them see how much you're hurt, no matter what they say;
Then pretty soon the other folks will get to understand
That you know how to take defeat, but never show your hand.
This game of life is just a bluff and we are players all,
And every one must play their hands, the great as well as small;
And when one comes to "cash his checks" the feeling must be grand
To know you played for all you're worth, but never showed your hand!

—G. T. DUNCAN.

A TEARFUL LASS.

She was a happy maiden,
No cloud had crossed her sky
With drenching sorrow laden
Yet a tear stood in her eye.
Her past was unregretted,
And, as the day went by
She never fumed or fretted,
Yet a tear stood in her eye.
Filled with the joy of living
Life seemed an ecstasy,
She had no dark misgiving—
But a tear stood in her eye.
It was no mournful feeling
That made that lassie cry
But the onion she'd been peeling
Caused the tear drop in her eye.

WHEN PA IS SICK.

When Pa' is sick, he's scared to death
An' Ma an' us just holds our breath.
He crawls in bed, an' puffs and grunts,
And does all kinds of crazy stunts.
He wants "Doc" Brown, an' mighty quick,
For when Pa's ill, he's awful sick.
He gasps and groans, an' sort o' sighs,
He talks so queer, an' rolls his eyes.
Ma jumps an' runs, an' all of us,
An' all the house is in a fuss.
An' peace an' joy is mighty Skeerce—
When Pa is sick, it's something fierce.

WHEN MA IS SICK.

When Ma is sick, she pegs away;
She's quiet, though, not much to say.
She goes right on a-doin' things,
An' sometimes laughs, or even sings.
She says she don't feel extra well,
But then it's just a kind o' spell.
She'll be all right to-morrow, sure,
A good old sleep will be the cure.
An' Pa he sniffs an' makes no kick,
For women folks is always sick.
An' Ma, she smiles, lets on she's glad—
When Ma is sick it ain't so bad.
It was his first night on guard, and, of course Mike Flaherty was on the watch against officers and such-like questioning him on his duties. As it happened, he was at a station guarding a magazine of powder that had arrived during the day. Suddenly the orderly officer came round and, after the usual formalities, commenced to question Mike.
Officer: "What would you do if the magazine blew up?"
Mike: "Go up with the report, sir."

SHOWS ITS POPULARITY.

An incident occurred on the street on Wednesday which shows the popularity of this paper. While one of the patients was selling papers near Spring Gardens there came towards him from the opposite side of the street a soldier, "on the double."
"Is that the Red Cross Special?" he asked.
"Yes," replied the newsy.
"Well, gimme one." The first one I saw of these papers was in the trenches—I am only here on a visit, you know—and, say, it was great. It had gone through hundreds of hands, and they all thought it was just all right. I am going to make arrangements to have it sent to me when I leave here.
Everybody likes it.

"THOU SHALT NOT KILL."

Dark, dark the day, and darker still the morn,
All hope of peace, alas, is now forlorn;
The darkening cloud of war hath hid the sun,
And blood in streams across the earth doth run.
The golden fields of grain have turned to red,
And mourn a requiem o'er the countless dead.
Must Thy commandment, Lord, be set at naught—
"Thou shalt not kill!"—as we at mother's knee were taught?
The wives and mothers cringe and mourn with fear,
While death, that awful spectre hovers near,
Alas, too many mourn for someone lost,—
('Tis wives and mothers who must pay the cost!)
With beautiful cities now razed to the ground,
Where not a habitation can be found,
While babes and children cry aloud for bread—
Their loving fathers numbered with the dead!
The war-worn troops press on with bated breath,
Stagger and retreat, then on to certain death!
And all for what—oh, God, for what
Was such a sick'ning devastation wrought?
The joyous Christmas-tide now draweth near,
While countless thousands mourn for someone dear;
O, God of Love, Who gave Thine only Son,
That nations here below might live as one,
Wilt Thou not put an end to all this strife,
This wilful, wanton waste of human life,
So that His message may ring out again—
"Peace, peace, on earth: Good will unto all men!"

—G. T. DUNCAN.

Fun, Facts & Fancies.

INTERESTING FACTS.

An elephant can shift six tons at a time with ease.
In Japan girl babies have their heads shaved until they are three years old.
In many parts of Scotland 100 herrings can be purchased for 6d. in normal times.
In proportion to its size, Monaco produces a richer royal revenue than any other country.
Italy, Spain, and Turkey are the only countries in Europe which do not pay their M.P.'s.
The eggs of the great auk are the most valuable in the world. They have fetched as much as £300 each.
Property-owners in New York are asked to pledge themselves not to rent or sell their houses to negroes.
The most expensive and roomiest railway station in the world is said to be that of the Peninsular Railway Company at Bombay.
Most of the cats in the town of Brockton, in Massachusetts, are always in an intoxicated condition through feeding on brewery waste.
In London a motor-bus proprietor has to comply with between 50 and 60 conditions before he can obtain a licence to use it for public purposes.
General Sir Ian Hamilton's most treasured possessions is the tooth of a favourite charger set in gold. The charger was killed in the South African war.
When we talk about a person being "knocked into a cocked hat," we mean that he will be limp enough to be doubled up and carried flat under the arm, like the cocked hat of an officer.

JAP'S TOOTH-BRUSH.

The cleanly Japanese can teach us how to have beautiful and healthful teeth. In the land of cherry blossoms, early in the morning you can visit any Japanese home, look into the backyard, and see the family at their morning tooth toilet with brushes, charcoal, and bowl of alum rinsing water in hand. And the good hotels in Japan provide for their guests a new toothbrush each day—a queer, stubby little brush made of wood.

A LEGAL PLEASANTRY.

The following is an amusing anecdote of the well-known Cooke, the actor and musician:—
At a trial in the Court of King's Bench, in 1835, betwixt certain music publishers as to an alleged piracy of an arrangement of the song of "The Old English Gentleman," Cooke was subpoenaed as a witness by one of the parties. On his cross-examination by Sir James Scarlett for the opposite side, that learned counsel questioned him thus:

"Now, sir, you say that the melodies are the same, but different; now what do you mean by that, sir?"

To this Tom promptly answered:
"I said that the notes in the two copies were alike, but with a different accent, the one being in common time, the other in six-eight time; and consequently the position of the accented notes was different."

"Now, pray, sir, don't beat about the bush, but explain to the jury, who are supposed to know nothing about music, the meaning of what you call accent."

"Accent in music is a certain stress laid upon a particular note, in the same manner as you would lay a stress upon any given word for the purpose of being better understood. Thus, if I were to say, 'You are an ASS,' it rests on ass, but if I were to say, 'YOU are an ass,' it rests on you, Sir James."

Shouts of laughter by the whole court followed this repartee. Silence at length having been obtained, the judge, with much seeming gravity, accosted the counsel thus:

"Are you satisfied, Sir James?"
Sir James (who had become scarlet in more than name), in a great huff, said:
"The witness may go down."

HUMOROUS?

"One day," says a London journalist, "the late Walter Emanuel called on me and chatted delightfully. After about half an hour the humorist said he must go, and apologized for having wasted so much valuable time. 'Don't mention it,' I rushed to reply. 'It has been a pleasure.' 'Oh, it's not your valuable time I'm thinking of,' said Mr. Emanuel, as he picked up his hat; 'it's mine!'"