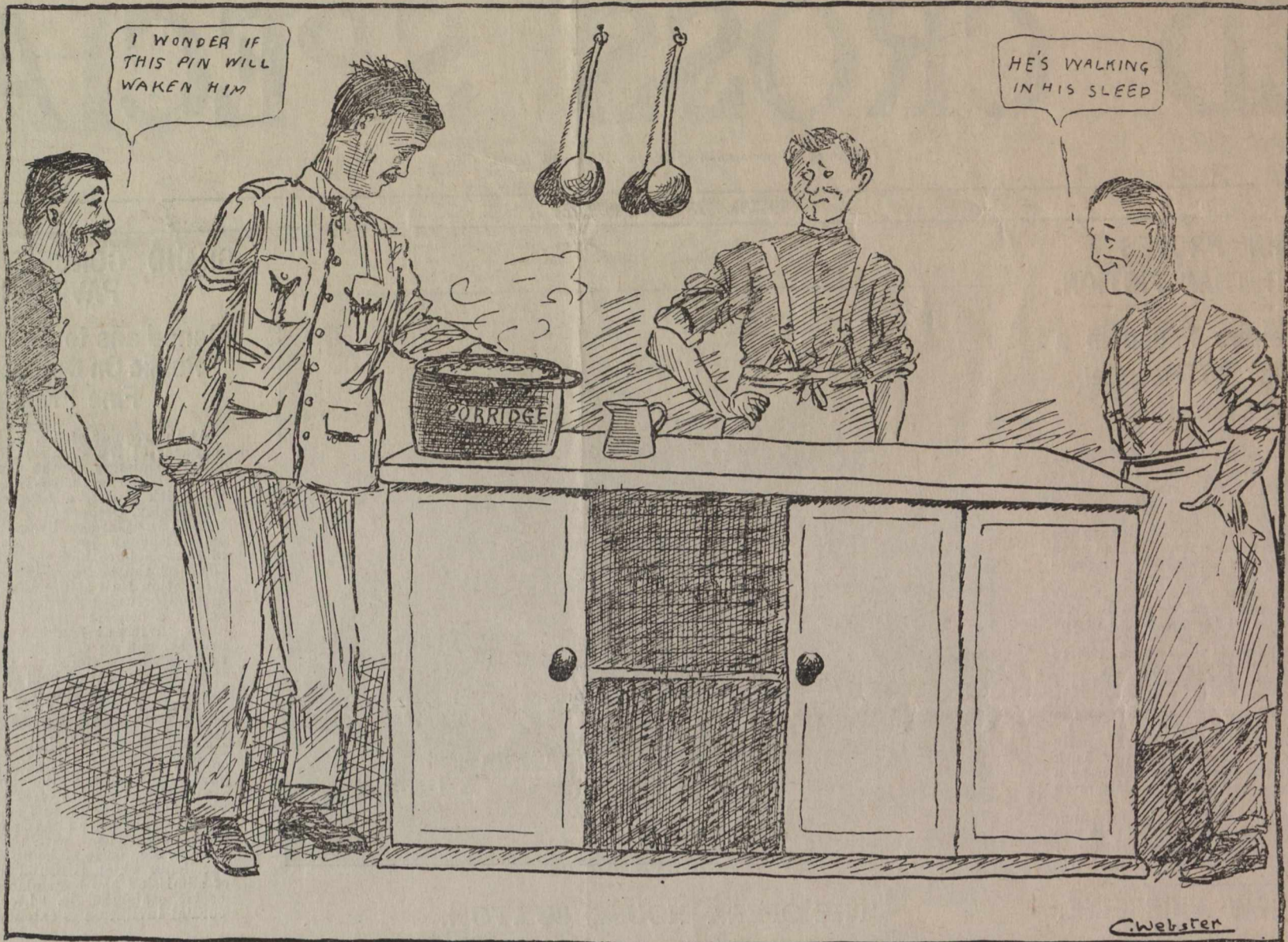


WHAT IS IT ?



Sgt. B (in charge of dining hall, who has been called too early, looking at porridge): "Say fellows, is this tea or coffee?"

THE CANADIAN RED CROSS SPECIAL.

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A FALSE STATEMENT.

A statement, said to have been made by a member of the Royal Engineers, that very few of the Canadians in the Red Cross Special Hospital have been to the front, is not only manifestly unfair, but absolutely untrue. The real facts of the case are that nearly all the patients have been to the front and a great many have returned to the trenches after recovery. A number of them have been wounded, while fully 90 per cent. are suffering from shell shock, rheumatism and kindred afflictions contracted in the north of France and in Belgium. The record of the Canadians at the front, especially in the past month, where, according to advices from Ottawa, the losses have been very severe, would seem to dissipate any idea that they are suffering from "cold feet."

"Our Correspondent at Ottawa may well describe the result of the new Dominion War Loan as an 'extraordinary' success," says "The London Times." "For, though it appeared certain last week that it would be over-subscribed, even if the £10,000,000 which the Canadian banks were prepared to take were not included, it could hardly be believed that the total applications were promptly applied for twice over. would reach as much as 36 millions—as they have done—thus nearly equalling, while on so much larger a scale, the record of the first Dominion Loan last year, when an issue of 10 millions was promptly applied for 'twice over. On that occasion the Canadian Government decided to double the amount of the issue, and use the additional 10 millions for giving a credit to the Imperial Treasury for its purchases of munitions in Canada. And now Sir Thomas White, the Canadian Finance Minister, announces that consideration is at once to be given to the question of applying the surplus financial resources thus disclosed to the arrangement of yet a further Imperial credit, the amount so furnished by Canada to the Mother Country already having reached 30 millions. True, we are spending in Canada on supplies at the rate of nearly 75 millions a year, and thus making possible very largely the savings out of which these loans can be arranged there in return. But the magnificent response from the Dominion to the new opportunity given by the war for an inter-Imperial solution of our own special financial problem—that of making payments abroad for the imports necessary to ourselves and our Allies—speaks for itself. The patriotism of the Canadian people and the proved excellence of the Canadian banking system are once more displayed in no uncertain measure."

Canadian nurses who had been engaged to go to New York and help fight the paralysis plague were refused admission by the United States immigration authorities. About as sensible that as for a man whose house is on fire to demand that none other than union firemen should handle the hose. Uncle Sam, apparently, is too proud to be sensible.

It looks ominous for Germany when the Kaiser begins to "fire" his generals. They wouldn't perform impossibilities, so they have to go. A bad workman always finds fault with his tools.

With wheat at \$1.50 a bushel the farmers of Canada and the United States will be about the only ones who will not feel the hardships engendered by the war.

An absentee who had been in prison since 1913 told a magistrate he had not heard of any war. His assertion was due to a "stretch"—not necessarily of the imagination.

An American flapper has created a war record by kissing 290 soldiers in two hours and a half. Now we know who put the "U," the "S" and the "A" in osculation.

RHYME, ROT, AND REASON.

COMING HOME IN THE DARK.

The tunnel was dark, the tunnel was long,
And the lights had all gone out.
The temptation was assuredly strong—
Of that there could be no doubt,
She was sitting by me, a portly miss
Of thirty summers or less,
When a notion struck me that I would kiss
That vision of loveliness!
Though the risk was great I thought it worth
while,
For I was full of romance,
And to steal a kiss in a furtive style
The pleasure could but enhance!
So when we came to the darkest part
I gave her a silent smack,
When I didn't expect it—bless my heart!
If she didn't kiss me back!
We gazed at each other in shy surprise,
When from the tunnel we sped,
The other passengers must have got wise,
For our cheeks were burning red.
At the same depot we left the train,
When I lost my charmer fair:
I thought I should never see her again,
For which I didn't much care.
But, when I got home, there was the maid,
And she gave me such a look,
"Who is that, mother?" I asked. She said,
"Why, Bobby, that's our new cook!"

Mrs. Nora Mulvaney one day met her friend, Mrs. Bridget Carr, who had in her arms her twelfth child.
"Arrah, now, Bridget," said Nora, "an' there ye are wid another little Carr in yer arms."
"Another it is, Mrs. Mulvaney," replied her friend, "an' it's me that's hoping 'tis the caboose."

AFTER TWO YEARS.

You were ready to fight, said what you would do,
And laughed in your night at your enemies few,
Belgium you blasted with rapine and blood,
You dyed her rich pastures in a dark-crimsoned flood.
Her women you outraged, her children you slew,
Your soldiers like demons her land went through,
Heedless of right, of her cries, groans and tears,
You are still at the game after two full years.
You, German monster, prepared for the fight,
Determined at all costs that might shall be right.
Poor Serbia you pillaged with gas, fire and sword,
All law you defied, with her rulers broke word,
Her cities you battered with hellish delight,
Her streams ran with blood, turned her day into night,
You conquered her people, they fought brave and true,
Serbia lives in her sons, she will yet conquer you.
You boasted that France should be wiped off the map,
For treaties and such like you cared not a rap,
With Hunnish delight you have tried time again
To conquer proud France, still her sons strong remain
To fight you, to whip you, from pillar to post,
And brand you a villain with character 'lost,
A firebrand, a monster, of hell's blackest hue,
You have lost, Kaised William, now what will you do?

The allies are pledged, they are brothers in line,
In the east the great bear is hugging you fine,
As in death grip he holds you, your doom is at hand.
You have lost, Kaiser William, in the Czar's fatherland,
From the sea, overland in the west, all in vain
You are fighting and dying on ocean and main,
You blazoned the "Day," the world you defied,
Your doom was decided when to Belgium you lied.

For Britain, proud Britain, has spoken her word,
She is true to her pledge, she has unsheathed her sword,
In defence of the weakest she'll unflinching stand,
She has beat you on sea, and will do so on land.
You, blood-thirsty Kaiser, will shrink in affright
At the dawn of the Day, when right will be might.
We will punish you, William, though God you defy,
Your "Day" is at hand, you are sentenced to die.

'Twas "somewhere in France," and the trenches looked like some river not on the map.
Paddy was on guard in the communication trench, and was up to the chest in water. Along came a "Tommy," and inquired of Paddy if he could direct him to "A" Company of the 1st Blankshires.
Paddy's temper was not in the best of trim, for he had had a long weary guard and was not in form for being questioned.
"Here, mate," he replied, viewing his surroundings, "chuck it! I'm not the blooming harbour master."

At a military church service during the South African War some recruits were listening to the chaplain in church saying, "Let them slay the Boers as Joshua smote the Egyptians," when a recruit whispered to a companion:—
"Say, Bill, the old bloke is a bit off; doesn't he know it was Kitehener who swiped the Egyptians?"

TO A SOGER'S LOUSE.

(Written in the trenches by a Private in the Dandy Ninth.)

Wee scampering, irritating scunner,
Hoo dare ye worry me, I wunner,
If I hadna lots ta dae
Sookin' the road tae auld Calais
without ye.
Ye hardly let me hae a dose
Fore ye're paradin' richt across
back, ma neck, an' doon my spine,
Ankin' nae doot, ye're dain fine
Sookin' ma bluid.

When at ma country's ca' I came
Tae fecht for beauty, King an' name
I read ma' yellow form o'er twice—
But it said naught about fechtin lice
Or I'd hae gibbered.

When "Little Willies" skif ma' heid,
An' me about tae draw a bead,
I fain would stop tae scaort ma' back
Tae shift ye aff the bitten track
Afore I fire.

When through shirt made by Sister Sue
I search maist carefully for you,
I smile to think the busy wench
Nair dreams her seams mak' sic a trench.
Tae gie ye cover.

What labryrinthe, dugouts, too,
Ye're makin' in oor kilts the noo,
Ye're reinforcements tak' the bun,
Encouraged by the Flander's sun,
Tae keep us lively.

Gott straffe ye, little kittlin' baist,
Ye maybe think ye'll mak' a faist
O' me; but no, ye'll get a "haud"
When next ye try tae promenade
Across ma' kist.

The mixture in the bottle here
Is bound tae mak' ye disappear;
Nae mair I'll need tae mak' ye click,
Ane dose, they say, will dae the trick
As share as death.

A weaver, who had evidently got tired of married life, was one day taking a walk with his wife. Suddenly he espied a dead dog lying in the middle of the road. When they came close to it he said to his wife:—
"Nah, Mary, thee stand on that side and I'll stay on this."

Having taken up their respective positions, the husband said:—
"Nah, lass, when I got wed to thee I promised th' parson nowt but death ud part us, and I'm off."
Then Mary fainted.

THE MEMORY O' THEM THAT'S AWA'.

From "Thistledown," by James Henderson, of Boston.

The memory o' them that's awa';
How sweet is the thocht tae us a',
The memory sweet o' that freenship complete,
That connects us wi' them that's awa'!

The memory o' them that's awa';
They were do'ers o' the forest them a';
Each one in his way reflecting a ray
That brightened the lives o' us a'!

The memory o' them that's awa';
They had failings nae doot like us a',
Yet furnis'd example baith forceful and ample
Tae affset their bit fau'ts ane an' a'.

The memory o' them that's awa';
Over their failings the curtain we'll draw;
While here we are met, their fau'ts we'll forget
And their virtues applaud ane an' a'!

Then here's tae them that's awa';
We are here their gude deeds tae recan',
And cherish for ever th' oors when thegither
We enjoyed wi' hem that's awa'!