

**THE CANADIAN
RED CROSS SPECIAL.**

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The falling-off in the capture of British prisoners is one of the signs of the failure of the Germans on the Somme. The All-Highest evidently doesn't like this symptom, and, according to an order recently found on a German, he offers fourteen days' leave to any officer or soldier who brings in a Tommy.

The conscientious objector who protested, the other day, that if he became a soldier he would have to disobey the Levitical law in the matter of food, should have been reminded that what the Army needs at the present is not Leviticus, but Numbers.—Bystander.

There is a mistaken idea that Canadians and Colonials in general, are lacking in the sense of reverence. The R.N.A.S. tells a story to disprove it. A certain R.N.A.S. officer, who has distinguished himself in this and another war, came into a mess wherein was a young Canadian aviator. The senior officer in question is one of the quietest of men, but on this occasion the Canadian was even quieter. He never said a word, but just sat and gazed at the string of medal ribbons on the senior's manly chest, beginning with the V.C. and ending with the D.S.O. When the distinguished one had left, the Canadian opened his mouth and said, "Gee! But that must be some guy to use the D.S.O. as a trailer!"

HONORING ZEPPELIN "MURDERERS."

Opinions may differ as to whether or not the crew of the first Zeppelin brought down on British soil should have received honors at their funeral. There are two sides to the question, of course, like there are to every question. Looking at the matter from the standpoint of the man whose interests have not been personally touched, it is possible to say: "Poor fellows; they only did what they were ordered to do. After all, war is hell. Give them the honors of war!"

But look at the matter from the standpoint of the man or woman whose little innocent children have been ruthlessly murdered by the bombs of the Zeppelins. Are they liable to view the crimes in such a philippic light? It makes a whole lot of difference whose ox is gored. And, finally, how about this question: Supposing it had been a British war balloon which had been brought down in Germany? Would the Huns have given the dead crew a funeral with the honors of war? Sloppy sentimentality goes a long way with the average Briton, but how about the crucified soldiers in Belgium; or the innocent babies hacked to pieces by German bayonets; or the thousands of Belgian and French maidens put to lasting and open shame by fiends who acted on the orders of their chiefs; or the deliberate murders of Nurse Cavell and Captain Fryatt? Signs seem to multiply that the Huns were right when they said: "The British will always be fools, and the Germans will never be gentlemen!"

Three men of international prominence of the same name have "lost out" within the past week or two. Hughes, of Australia, lost the referendum vote re conscription; Hughes of the U.S.A., lost the election for President, and Sir Sam Hughes, of Canada, lost his temper and then his position as Minister of Militia. There must be some sort of "hoodoo" attached to the name.

TINY TRUTHS.

- Fault-finders are never out of a job.
- The smile of fortune is better than her laugh.
- There's a lot of head work done in a pin factory.
- Kisses are the real thing only when backed up by the heart.
- Love may not be a disease, but it is frequently of a rash nature.
- The woman of the hour is one who says she will be ready in a minute.
- If we ever have a woman ruler she will advocate peace at bargain prices.
- Girls who want to marry are always looking in shop windows for new brands of bait.
- When a woman marries she not only takes the man's name but everything else he has.
- The most useful memory is one for past lies.
- The truth is the worst you can say about some people.
- Many a man has found marriage what he expected—only more so.
- It's the little things of life that annoy a man—he'd sooner lose his wife than his collar stud.
- Is anything ever and quite so easily lost as the "finding" of a Royal Commission?

**RHYME, ROT,
AND REASON.**

THE LABOUR BATTALION.

(By Captain MAURICE DRAKE.)

We'm working 'pon the Blankcourt Road, wi' shovel an' wi' pick;
An' Corp'l Giles from Hatherleigh directing wi' his stick.
'Tis one long line o' traffic up, another long line down;
'Buses an' carts, for all the world like streets in London town.
Horses an' marchin' infantry an' batteries o' guns,
Goin' up to teach good manners to they nasty-minded 'Uns;
Lorries an' wains an' moty-cars, fer miles an' miles an' miles,
"Tis like a year o' market-days," says I to Corp'l Giles
We makes the roads, an' mends the roads, an' makes 'em all again.
(The traffic tears 'em all abroad, wi' one good shower o' rain.)
We scrapes off mud, an' strows our stone beneath the grinding wheels,
(The sweat runs down behind our ears, we'm muck from cap to heels.)
We'm deaf an' halt, an' some's half blind, an' Corp'l Giles, he's lame,
(The smart young gunners laughs at us, which seems to me a shame.)
"But, Lord! who minds 'em laughin'?" If 'twarn't fer such as we,
How would 'em get their guns to front?" says Corp'l Giles to me.
They goes up sweatin' in the sun, or singin' through the rain,
An' when they change Divisions some comes singin' back again.
An' some stays where the wooden crosses mark the last advance,
(There's line o' little crosses all acrost the North o' France.)
An' past the singin' muddly boys the Red Cross motors go,
Packed full o' quiet bandaged forms, an' rollin' very slow.
It makes 'ee sad. . . . "An' yet, you knows, if warn't fer such as we,
They wounded wouldn't ride so smooth," says Corp'l Giles to me.

Colonel: "Missing the train is no excuse for over-staying leave."
Defaulter: "Couldn't help it, Sir. I was just going to get in the train when a blanky hand struck up "God Save the King" and I had to stand to attention."
Tiny Sister (rushing into big sister's room): "Please hurry, Lulu, Mr. White is downstairs."
Lulu (very grandly, while she dabs her face with the powder-puff): "Very well, dear; I'll be down."
Tiny Sister (nervously): "Oh, please don't wait to shave!"

WHERE DO YOU STAND?

(From a Canadian Military Paper.)

The boys at the front are always looking for the friend,
Just over with reinforcements,
And the news the home-folks send.
There is a question they're always asking,
"Where is Ted and Bill?"
And he who is questioned simply says:
"They're over in Canada still."
"Ovver in Canada? I'll be darned!
Say, what the devil's wrong?
They are both big husky fellows,
Healthy, sturdy and strong.
I thought they'd have signed up sooner,
Tho' they never bother to write,
They must have joined the Yankees,
And become too proud to fight.
Over in Canada, had some sand,
I thought they had some sand,
When I get home, I'll tell them off,
In a way they'll understand.
It's funny, he was in the army,
Sporting three little stars,
And went to the Coronation,
Returning with medal and bars.
Oh well, there's no accounting,
For the views that some folks take,
Of duty, in times of peace and war,
And they have a decision to make.
So now, you fellows at home yet,
What are you going to say,
When the boys come marching home again,
After we've had *Our Day*?
With hand outstretched and sickly smile,
"Hello, mate! Glad you're back!"
Will he grasp it in the old time way,
And pat you on the back?
He will simply look you up and down,
And shrug, and turn away,
His actions far more eloquent
Than any words he'll say.
So join up now, you fellows,
Too long at home you've lurked,
Never give him a chance to say:
"I know you not. You 'hirked.'s"
"Shirked in the face of duty,
Shirked at the Empire's call,
I've been and done my bit, thank God,
And now can face them all."
So come and get acquainted,
There are lots of your friends around;
And help the British bull-dog
Make sausage of the hound.

Teacher: "an you tell me the difference between 'like' and 'love'?"
Small Boy: "Yes, ma'am. I like my father and mother, but I love chocolate."

In a certain Sunday-school on a hot Sunday afternoon one of the teachers became somewhat faint, and was placed on a form while the usual restoratives were applied.
Suddenly a little girl stood up and persistently called "Teacher! Teacher!" in order to attract the attention of one of those who were attending to the unfortunate invalid. At last the little one was heard, and the teacher, turning round, asked in a somewhat hasty manner—
"Well, what is it?"
"Please, teacher," replied the child, "my father makes coffins."

THE CHAMPION FOOL.

There's fools of many kinds—there's fools
That think they know it all;
There's fools that jaw at others when
They stub their toes and fall.
There's fools who think that when they're hurt
All other fools should howl;
There's fools who think the sun's got lost
Each time the weather's foul.
But there's one kind of fool that's worse
Than all the rest. Excuse
Me from that fool who boasts what he
Would do if he could only be
In someone else's shoes.
There's fools who go and drown themselves
When girls say "No." They s'pose
They couldn't learn to love again.
They're small loss, goodness knows!
There's fools who think what they believe
Is all that's true; there's some
Who think when their digestion's bad
The old world's end has come.
We'll have to bear with such as these,
I guess, but please excuse
Me from the fool who tells how he
Would rise if he could only be
In someone else's shoes.

He was very young, and a very new officer,
and he did so want to be noticed.
He went up to a sergeant drilling a lot of recruits.
They were standing at ease when he who was new and inexperienced arrived.
"Aw, sergeant," he lisped. "These er—men are er—standing—er—at ease?"
"Yes, sir," wuffed the sergeant, who resented the intrusion.
"Then—er—my man," the smooth-lipped sub. was just losing nerve, "why ar'nt the men's right feet twelve paces away from the left?"
The sergeant is expected to recover but he will be a mental wreck for life.

THE HERO.

He had captured six Zeppelins
And as many aeroplanes,
And a regiment of Uhlans
(Or the regiment's remains),
And half a dozen trenches,
And a general and a scout,
And a chateau full of foemen,
And a hill and a redoubt.
Also bridges, and a village,
And a farmhouse fortified,
And a wood that fairly bristled
With the bayonets inside
And a commissary depot,
And a battery so grim—
But a foolish, little, fluffly,
Timid woman captured him.

SMILE, DARN YE, SMILE.

Bill Smith, a country shopkeeper, went to the city to buy goods. They were sent immediately and reached home before he did.
When the boxes were delivered, Mrs. Smith uttered a scream, seized a hatchet, and began frantically to open the largest one.
"What's the matter?" asked a customer, who had watched her in amazement.
Pale and faint, Mrs. Smith pointed to an inscription on the box.
It read: "Bill inside."

Mistress: "Do you call this sponge-cake? Why, it's as hard as it can be."
New Cook: "Yes, mum; that's the way a sponge is before it's wet. Soak it in your tea, mum."

A tiny child was waiting with her mother at a railway station, and a little distance off was standing a soldier in Highland uniform.
The child asked her mother if she might speak to the soldier; and being questioned as to why she wanted to speak to him, she replied:
"I want to tell him his stockings are coming down!"

"Waiter," grumbled a customer, "I should like to know the meaning of this. Yesterday I was served with a portion of pudding twice the size of this."
"Indeed, sir," responded the waiter. "Where did you sit?"
"By the window," answered the customer.
"Oh, that explains it," said the waiter. "We always give the people at the window decent portions. It's an advertisement."

Sergeant (drilling awkward squad): "Company! Attention. Company, lift up your left leg, and hold it straight out in front of you!"
One of the squad held up his right leg by mistake; this brought his right-hand companion's left leg and his own right leg close together; the officer, seeing this, exclaimed, angrily—
"And who is that blooming galoot over there holding up both legs?"

While waiting for the speaker at a public meeting a pale little man in the audience seemed very nervous. He glanced over his shoulder from time to time and squirmed and shifted about in his seat. At last, unable to stand it any longer, he arose and demanded, in a high, penetrating voice: "Is there a Christian Scientist in this room?"
A woman at the other side of the hall got up and said: "I am a Christian Scientist."
"Well, then, madam," requested the little man, "would you mind changing seats with me? I'm sitting in a draught."

A wizened little Irishman applied for a job at a wharf when a ship was taking in cargo. At first they said he was too small, but he finally persuaded them to give him a trial. He seemed to be making good headway, and they gradually increased the size of his load until on the last trip he was carrying a 100 lb. anvil under each arm. When he was half-way across the plank it broke and the Irishman fell in. With a great splashing and spluttering he came to the surface.
"Trow me a rope!" he shouted, and again sank. A second time he rose to the surface.
"Trow me a rope, I say!" he shouted again. Once more he sank. A third time he rose struggling.
"Say!" he spluttered angrily, "if one uv you shpalpeens don't hurry up an' trow me a rope I'm going to drop one uv these tarnation tings!"

The unsettled state of Irish affairs reminds one of a slip made by the Duke of Wellington during a House of Lords' debate on Ireland. In the course of his speech he mentioned that two clergymen had been murdered in Ireland. A noble lord on the other side of the House rose at once to correct him.
"No, no; only one."
"Only one?" rejoined the Duke. "Well, if I am mistaken I am sorry."

A Scottish doctor who was attending a laird had instructed the butler of the house in the art of taking and recording his master's temperature with a thermometer. On paying his usual morning call, he was met by the butler, to whom he said:
"Well, John, I hope the laird's temperature is not any higher to-day?"
The man looked puzzled for a minute and then replied:
"Weel, I was just wonderin' that mysel'. Ye see, he deed at twal o'clock."

A tall, gaunt-looking person recently entered an hotel in London and applied for a room. The price he was willing to pay entitled him to lodgings on the top floor of the house. Among his belongings the proprietor noticed a coil of rope.
Upon being asked what the rope was for, the person replied:
"That's a fire-escape; always carry one with me now in case of a Zeppelin raid, or fire, which I understand, often occur here, and then I am able to let myself down from the window without troubling anyone."
"Yes," replied the landlord, stroking his chin reflectively; "seems like a pretty good idea, but guests with fire-escapes pay in advance at this hotel during the war."

A little girl entered a pawnbroker's shop and holding up a frying-pan to the proprietor, said:
"Here, mister, muvver wants tuppence on this."

The pawnbroker took it, and then dropped it with a shout. "Good gracious, the blessed thing's hot!"
"Yes," said the maiden, "muvver's just cooked the sossiges in it, an' she's wantin' the tuppence for the beer."

Atkins had developed feverish symptoms and had been sent to the nearest hospital, where, among other things, a nurse put a thermometer in his mouth to take his temperature.
Presently the doctor called to see him.
"Well, Tommy," he asked, "how are you?"
"Fairish, sir," the invalid replied.
"Have you had any nourishment?"
"Yes, sir."
"What did you have?"
"A lady gimme a piece of glass to suck, sir."

The bride, athirst for information on house-keeping matters, sought advice from her elder and more experienced sister.
"And what do you use to clean carpets?" she asked, among other questions.
"Oh, lots of things are good," was the careless answer, "but my husband's the best."

"Help up!" cried the man who had fallen into the river, "I can't swim!"
"B'gorry," exclaimed an Irishman on the bank, "yez now have an' excellint opportunity t' learn, O'im thinkin'!"

DISILLUSIONED.

Sir Wilfred Laurier, ex-premier of Canada, to whom the Duke of Connaught personally presented a silver loving cup on leaving the Dominion for England, once started to learn to play the flute.
One day, however, a canvasser called on him with a new type of gramophone which he wanted him to buy.
"I have a blank cylinder here, Sir Wilfred; if you'd like to hear yourself speak, r sing," he remarked.
The Premier was tempted.
"A—ah I don't sing," he observed, "but"—producing his flute—"if you don't mind?"
The canvasser appeared to be only too happy, and the next minute the Prime Minister was waxing red in the face in an attempt to pour "Alice, where art thou," into the receiving hopper.
"There, sir," observed the canvasser five minutes later, as the machine whirred out a reproduction of the flute solo, "that's exceptionally good."
"Is it really like the original?" inquired Sir Wilfred.
"With your eyes shut, sir, you couldn't tell one from the other. Will you buy the gramophone?"
"No," said Sir Wilfred sadly, "I'll sell the flute."

Mistress (calling downstairs): "Mary, what did you do with that turkey I told you to dress?"
Mary: "Please, mum, I put it in the pantry while I made the clothes."
She is now looking for another situation.

Father: "Well, Carolyn, how do you like school?"
Carolyn (aged six): "Oh, so much, papa."
"That's right, daughter. And now what have you learned to-day?"
"I've learned the names of all the little boys."

In a private sitting-room at the hotel sat a party of merry-makers. Suddenly there came a knock at the door, and an attendant, entering in a great hurry, announced:
"The compliments of Mr. Blank, the author, who is in the next room, and he says you are making so much noise that he cannot write."
"He can't write, eh?" said one of the brightest of the party. "Why, tell him that everybody who has read his book knows that."

Sandy McTavish was a highly-skilled workman in a new aircraft factory.
Therefore it happened one day that Sandy was asked if he would care to accompany the works aviator on one of his trial flights on a new machine.
Sandy, after some hesitation, agreed to do so.
During the flight the aviator asked Sandy how he was enjoying it.
"To tell the truth," answered the Scot, "I wad rather be on the grun."
"Tut, tut," replied the flying man. "I'm just thinking of looping the loop."
"For Heaven's sake don't dae that!" yelled the now very nervous McTavish. "I've some siller in my vest-pocket, an' Ah might lose it!"