

# THE CANADIAN RED CROSS SPECIAL.

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## PLEASING CONCERT AT PAVILION GARDENS.

Patients and Staff of the  
Hospital Entertain Large  
Crowd of Buxtonites.

On Wednesday at the Pavilion Gardens, by the kind permission of Major Frederick Guest, officer commanding, in the smaller hall of the Pavilion, the patients and staff of the Canadian Red Cross Special Hospital gave a special matinee concert to an audience that filled the hall, and, to judge by the hearty applause tendered to each number on the programme, those present were well pleased with the affair. The credit for the success of the concert is due, in a great measure, to the efforts of Sergt.-Major Carpenter, who not only took a prominent part in the afternoon's entertainment, but also attended to all the details necessary in such affairs.

After an opening selection by the orchestra, "King Carnival," which was well received, Sergt. Scott, who has never been heard before to better advantage, sang with fine control, "Son of Devon," which elicited generous applause. He was followed by Pte. Worthing, who recited "The Parson's Son," in real, dramatic manner, and held the house in a spell from the opening to the close of his recital. The quartette next sang "Over the Fields at Early Morn," which made a good impression, the orchestra following with "Miss Hook of Holland," both receiving hearty encores. Staff-Sgt. Morris and Pte. Moore then delighted those present with their dancing figures in a Southern melody, the singers being screened from the audience, and were compelled to reply to an encore. Pte. Rees, who is now well-known to Buxton people as a singer of great merit, sang feelingly the beautiful ballad, "I Don't Suppose," and responded to an encore with another choice selection. The next number was a pantomime by Grimes and Harbidge, each being "made up" as Charlie Chaplin, and their comical actions before a supposed mirror occasioned great merriment. The orchestra then gave another selection, followed by one of the best numbers on the programme, the French Canadian "Trio." Three selections had to be given before the audience was satisfied, the first being the "Marseillaise," those present rising to their feet as the grand old song was sung in a clear, sweet baritone voice by one of the others joining in the chorus. While the songs were sung in French and understood by possibly but a few in the hall, they were none the less appreciated. Next came the inimitable Sergt.-Major Carpenter, with whom few amateur performers can compare, who took his auditors in a grip the moment he appeared on the platform and held them throughout his rendition of several stories and the singing of the comic song, "In These Hard Times." An encore was demanded and the sergeant-major stated that as a pianoforte selection by Corpl. Thompson had been asked for from the audience he would appear again later. It may be said without fear of contradiction that Corpl. Thompson's playing was a revelation to many, even to those who had heard him before. He is a perfect master of the piano, and his imitation of the chimes was simply marvellous. He simply "brought down the house," and generously complied with an encore. Sergt.-Major Carpenter in Hebrew costume sang a comic song entitled "For He Was a Soldier, too," which was also well received, and then the quartette, in costume, sang "The Catastrophe," which mainly had to do with a boy, a tack, and the schoolmaster, which occasioned great laughter. After another selection by the orchestra the quartette again took the boards, two of them being dressed in feminine attire, and they certainly looked the part. In their song, "Another Little Drink Won't Do Us Any Harm," they fairly convulsed the audience, as much by their acting as their singing. All the performers then assembled on the platform, and the assemblage arising to their feet, sang "O Canada," "The Maple Leaf," and "God Save the King," all joining in, which brought to a close what may properly be classed as the best concert yet given in Buxton by the patients and staff of the Canadian Red Cross Special Hospital.

At the Opera House on Wednesday, October 18, another concert will be given by the three hospitals combined, to which the general public is invited and a good programme assured.

## ANKLE BROKEN.

Sergeant Robert Leith, popularly known as "Bob," has met with a rather serious misfortune during fire drill last week. While running with the hose he slipped and turned his ankle, tearing the ligaments badly. The X-Ray revealed the fact, however, that no bones were broken, and so "Bob" will soon be around again.

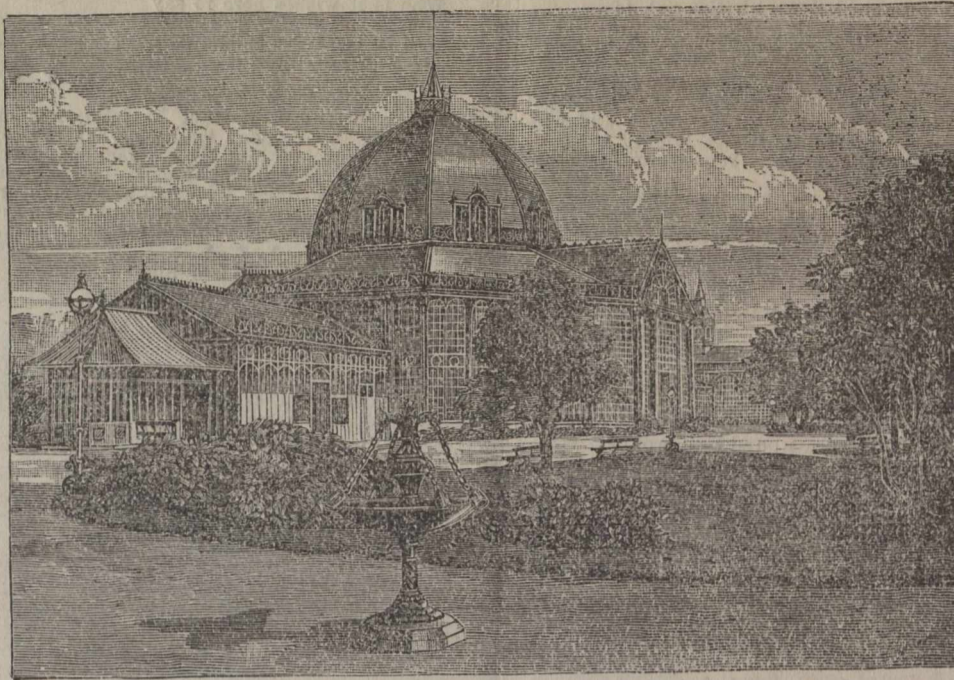
As a companion during his enforced confinement some of his friends sent him a beautiful rag baby, and did not forget to send food in the shape of a nursing bottle full of milk, which has been the source of great merriment, and on account of which "Bob" has been compelled to stand for a lot of good-natured chaff.

## TRY THIS ONE.

Sammy Redfern offers a suitable reward for the solution of the following problem: If it took an elephant a fortnight to walk to Nottingham in three weeks, how many sticks of rhubarb celery would it take to make a gooseberry pie?

## ANSWER.

So many correct answers have been received by Sergt.-Major Carpenter to his problem of last week that the prize had to be withdrawn. The answer is: Nine minutes to three.



View of Pavilion where the the Concert was held.

## FOOTBALL.

The Canadians met the Buxton Lime Firms in a game of football last Saturday at the Silverlands football ground. Owing to the wet weather very few spectators were present. Among the few present were Major Guest and Capt. Thurgar.

After the teams had waited for about an hour for the rain to stop the game commenced. The Lime Firms, winning the toss, took the advantage of the wind. After twenty minutes play the Lime Firms scored a rather lucky goal the ball glancing off the head of a Canadian player past the goalkeeper. At this stage the Canadians were playing a hard game and were unlucky not to equalize.

Just on half-time the Lime Firms scored No. 2. Half-time the score was two goals to nil in favour of the Lime Firms.

The second half had no events of any interest as the rain and wind spoiled any chance of good football. The final result was Lime Firms 2, Canadians 0.

For the Lime Firms no player requires special mention, as they all played a good game.

Sergt.-Major Carpenter for the Canadians played a great game in goal and saved the situation on many occasions.

A match game between a team from the R.E.'s and one from the Canadian Red Cross Hospital will be played this (Saturday) afternoon at 3 p.m. on the Silverlands ground. Any other teams wishing a game may make arrangements with the sporting editor of this paper, Sergt. J. Henderson.

## GERMANS EAT HORSES.

### HUNS' FOOD SUPPLY RUNNING SHORT.

There has been an enormous loss of horses during the great war. In the first period of the conflict there was little effort at utilising the flesh and skin of the carcasses. The compelling idea was to get them buried when the carrion began to pollute the air, and worse still, to become a breeding-ground for myriads of flies. More recently, however, the German mind has been taking thought of the economic value of flesh and hide, bone and hoof.

The question has been made the subject of an article by Mr. Heyking, the director of the German Fisheries, in the "Deutschen Fischerkorrespondenz." This article bears the title "Horseflesh as Food for Men and Animals." Its author deplores the fact that there should be such a widespread and unreasonable prejudice against the use of horseflesh as human food. To our minds it seems probable that this prejudice is largely due to the sentimental associations which have gathered about the horse for untold generations as the friend and companion of man in time of peace, and his gallant and helpful comrade in time of war. Mr. Heyking, however, ascribes the feeling mainly to an instinct founded originally in religious prejudice. He says, as quoted in the "Kölnischer Zeitung" (Cologne): "The ancient Germans and Scandinavians esteemed horseflesh very highly, and the horse was the sacrificial animal most prized, its skull being nailed to house doors and roofs as a memento of the Feast of Freya. It was probably this connection with the old heathen sacrificial uses which caused the Christian priests to forbid the eating of horseflesh."

While this may have been partly the reason for abandoning horseflesh as food, it seems likely that a more direct cause was literal acceptance of the Mosaic law banning as unclean certain animals. At any rate, Pope Gregory III, formally denounced the horse as an unclean animal for food purposes.

However, a strong feeling of aversion to this food still lingers, though many scientists, including Professor Essex, of Gottingen, recommend it as a cheap and good popular food. To promote its use Professor Essex advises that butchers and dealers should be required to keep it on sale, though separated and plainly labelled, just as "kosher" meat is kept separate and margarine is separated from butter.

## FAMOUS SOLDIERS' HOBBIES.

### KING ALBERT AS AN ENGINE-DRIVER.

Sir John French's pet hobby is the study of Napoleonic literature. He is one of the greatest living authorities on "the Little Corporal." Very few people are aware that he is also a clever musician, and he has such a good singing voice that had he not chosen to be a soldier, he might have earned a first-class income on the concert platform.

Sir Ian Hamilton has a very curious hobby for a soldier. He writes poetry, and not the ordinary slipshod verse of the average amateur, but work of the highest order. Some of his poems have been printed in various papers under various titles, but the General is somewhat shy about his accomplishment and does not put his own signature at the end of his efforts.

Besides writing verses, Sir Ian spends a good deal of his spare time in sketching.

Sir Douglas Haig's greatest amusement is hunting, and he has the reputation of being one of the best polo-players in the Army.

Sir John Bullcock has practically no hobbies except the study of everything connected with the sea and the Navy.

King Albert of the Belgians, who has proved himself to be such a fine soldier in the most trying circumstances imaginable, has many recreations in time of peace; but his favourite is the study of mechanics. He understands all about motors, flying-machines, and engines, and he is probably the only living monarch who has driven a railway engine in his dominions. This memorable drive occurred when His Majesty was Crown Prince. He had always been anxious to become an amateur engine-driver, and one day he determined to put his powers to the test. He chartered an engine and took complete charge, and those who saw him driving averred that he did so with the skill and precision of an old hand.

Another of King Albert's hobbies is mountaineering. He has done a good deal of climbing in Switzerland, and on such occasions he usually travels strictly incognito.

General Joffre confesses that his favourite relaxation is study. Had he not been a soldier, he would undoubtedly have become a professor. The study he likes best is mathematics, and when he was quite a boy he astonished all his friends by the easy manner in which he could solve the most difficult mathematical problems.

In his interesting biography of the French Commander-in-Chief, Mr. Alexander Kahn tells a characteristic story of the famous soldier's boyhood. "One evening," says Mr. Kahn, "as his father was getting ready to go to sleep, the future Generalissimo burst into the room joyously shouting, 'It's all right! I'm well! I'm saved!'"

His joy was not at having won some game or beaten an opponent in a fight, but simply because he had solved some abstruse problem which had taxed his powers to the utmost.

## RUINED!

A certain professor, who was a remarkably fine, well-built man, was staying at a village some time ago.

He happened to pass two men eating flour, and overheard this conversation:

"Say, Bill, who's that?"

"That's the professor what's staying here," was Bill's reply; "they say as how he's very learned."

"What a spoilt man," rejoined the other. "I never in my life see'd such a sack of flour."

## LOST! LOST! LOST!

**WRISTLET WATCH.**—Somewhere between the Burbage Institute and Burlington Road.—Finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving same at the Canadian Red Cross Special Hospital in care of the Editor of this paper.

**FOUNTAIN PEN.**—On Wednesday or Thursday of last week one of the sisters lost a fountain pen, with calendar attached, in "C" or "D" Wards, and would be greatly obliged if the person who found it would turn it in to the office of this paper, room 17.

## A NEW PRAYER BOOK.

### SOLDIER USES A PACK OF CARDS IN PLACE OF A BIBLE.

Richard Lane, a private soldier, belonging to the 42nd Regiment, was taken before the Mayor of Glasgow for playing cards during divine service.

The Sergeant commanded the soldiers to church, and when the parson read his prayers and took his text, those who had a Bible took it out; but this soldier had neither a Bible nor a common Prayer Book; but pulling out a pack of cards he spread them out before him. He first looked at one card and then at another. The Sergeant of the company saw him, and said:—

"Richard, put up the cards, this is no place for them."

"Never mind that," said Richard.

When the service was over the constable took Richard prisoner, and brought him before the Mayor.

"Well," said the Mayor, "what have you brought this soldier here for?"

"For playing cards in church."

"Well, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Much, Sir, I hope."

"Very good; if not, I will punish you more than ever man was punished."

"I have been," said the soldier, "about six weeks on the march; I have neither Bible nor common Prayer Book; I have nothing but a common pack of cards, and I hope to satisfy your worship as to the purity of my intentions. Then, spreading the cards before the Mayor, he began with the ace.

"When I see the Ace, it reminds me there is but one God.

"The deuce, it reminds me of Father and Son.

"The trey, it reminds me of Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

"The four reminds me of the four Evangelists that preached, viz., Matthew, Mark, Luke and John.

"When I see the five, it reminds me of the five wise virgins that trimmed their lamps. There were ten, but five were fools, and were sent out.

"The six reminds me that in six days the Lord made heaven and earth.

"The seven reminds me that on the seventh day God rested from the works he had made, and hallowed it.

"The eight reminds me of the eight righteous persons who were saved when God drowned the world, viz., Noah and his wife, his three sons and their wives.

"When I see the King, it reminds me of the nine lepers that were cleansed by our Saviour. There were ten, but nine never returned thanks.

"The ten reminds me of the ten commandments, which God handed down to Moses on a table of stone.

"When I see the King, it reminds me of the Great King of Heaven, which is God Almighty.

"When I see the Queen, it reminds me of the Queen of Sheba, who went to hear the wisdom of Solomon, for she was as wise a woman as he was a man. She brought with her fifty boys and fifty girls all dressed in boys' apparel saying tell me which are boys and which are girls. King Solomon sent for water for them to wash themselves; the girls washed to the elbow and the boys only to the wrists, so King Solomon told by this.

"Well," said the Mayor, "you have given a description of every card in the pack except one."

"What is that?" asked the soldier.

"The Knave," said the Mayor.

"I will give you your honour a description of that too, if you will not be angry."

"I will not," said the Mayor, "if you will not term me a knave."

"Well," said the soldier, "the greatest knave I know of is the constable who brought me here."

"I do not know," said the Mayor, "whether he is the greatest knave, but I know he's the greatest fool."

"When I count how many spots in a pack," continued the soldier, "I find three hundred and sixty-five—as many as there are days in a year. When I count the number of cards in a pack, I find there are fifty-two—as many weeks as there are in a year, and I find four suits—the number of weeks in a month, I find there are twelve picture cards in the pack, representing the number of months in a year, and counting the tricks, I find thirteen—the number of weeks in a quarter. So you see, Sir, the pack of cards serves for a Bible, Almanac, and common Prayer Book to me."—Hy. C. Thistleton, Summer Field, Buxton.

## "SHOO OFF MEN IN MUFTI."

### Advice to Winnipeg Girls.

"Mothers keep your eyes on the young man who is still in mufti, who calls round paying attention to your daughter. If he were a real man he would first prepare to avenge the wrongs of the poor mothers of Belgium. To become worthy of your daughter's hand he should possess either a 'Returned Soldiers' button, 'Exempt from military service button,' or be dressed in khaki."

The above little notice is contained in a dodger headed in bold black type "To Sister, Mother or Sweetheart," which is now being distributed by the recruiting organization of the 197th battalion, Winnipeg. It is regarded as the most militant of the military literature which has been produced in Winnipeg, since to the slacker it has both a message and a punch.