

THE CANADIAN
RED CROSS SPECIAL.

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People who know quite a lot about the earliest developments of the "tanks" rather want to know why the list of names, given in Parliament by Dr. Macnamara as being responsible for these weapons, contained no mention of a certain Scotch engineer who was intimately concerned with the earliest designs and models. This sportsman, who was one of the earliest aeroplane constructors and pilots in this country, went to America two or three years before the war, and "made good." He threw up a sound job in the States on the outbreak of war and came to England to make himself useful. He introduced the "tank" idea, in combination with the special mechanism used for driving these machines, to a number of friends during the first three months of war, and he spent much time on designs and models thereafter. The present "tank" is said, on good authority, to be very like one of his very earliest designs, and those who have seen his later designs say they are as far ahead of it as a battle-cruiser is ahead of a patrol-boat. Rumour has it that considerably more is likely to be heard about this affair in the near future.

There is a youngish woman living at Plympton, in Devon, in a two-roomed cottage. She is the widow of a Canadian soldier, who has been drowned, and she has no pension. She has not one penny beyond what she earns. She gets 10s. weekly in a paper mill, by working from 8 in the morning till 5 at eve. Out of her wealth she has to pay 2s. 6d. rent, and 2s. to a neighbour for looking after her two little ones. There is a balance of 5s. 6d. to feed and clothe that mother and her two children—widow and orphans of a gallant Canadian soldier. Who can be surprised to hear that she has been charged with "neglecting" her children? They were thin and underfed! We believe the proceedings were taken out of kindness, for the Magistrates have simply bound her over for six months, and the little ones are being well cared for in the workhouse, while inquiries are to be made of the Canadian Government—usually just and generous—as to a pension. To us it seems a mercy that the case has come into notice, for what that poor widow's feelings must have been passes comprehension.

The assertion was made that babies in the show at the Toronto exhibition were of a better class than any ever shown before. Perhaps. Anyhow, here's hoping the little boys will turn out as good men as those now fighting in France, and the little girls as good as the mothers who bore the said soldiers.

German newspapers afford curious reading just now. Boiled down to a phrase their comments on defeats east and west is, "All's well!" Reminds one of the story of the workman who fell from a New York sky-scraper. As he passed each storey he remarked: "All's well—so far!"

The world is now on its third year of the great war. Even now it would be a very wise man who would hazard a guess as to when it will end. But this sticks out plainly: It is going to end in the right way. 'Twas a long lane, but the German apple cart will soon be upset.

The English paper which said: "There are men in the Canadian Army all the way from Vancouver to B.C.," must know more about the geography of Europe than it does of Canada.

In some parts of Austria the citizenry is said to be living on radish tops. Before the war is over they may have boot tops as the piece de resistance on the bill of fare.

A Russian shell destroyed a barrel of beer which had been sent to a German at the front. No hope for an early peace in that portion of the war zone!

TINY TRUTHS.

Those who look for trouble are apt to find fault.

You never hear a dressmaker say that figures cannot lie.

Give a small boy a pin and soon both will be on mischief bent.

The sweetness of some women reminds us of sugar-coated bitter pills.

An old bachelor says a woman's heart is like a honeycomb—full of cells.

Just a little powder on a woman's nose acts as a powerful nerve stimulant.

Little Cupid must be very nervous; he is always pictured with a quiver.

Lack of money causes more poverty than anything else.

Never ask a woman for her reasons. If you only keep still and wait awhile she will give them to you.

Visitor: "Don't you sometimes envy the idle rich?"

Farmer: "No; I know men who haven't a dollar who can be just as idle as anybody."

RHYME, ROT,
AND REASON.

"ONLY A HOBO!"

(The following poem was written by the author some years ago in a town in South Dakota, U.S.A. While attempting to board a moving freight train, a "hobo" or tramp, slipped and fell under the wheels, being instantly killed. A remark by a bystander, which is embodied in the first verse, gave the idea for the verses.)

"Only a hobo,—well, there let him lie—
What should he be to you or I?
Dirty, uncouth, the scum of the race
There's a plenty of others to take his place."
He's only a hobo, lying there
With blood-stained clothes and matted hair,
Torn and mangled, a terrible sight,
Ground to death in the darkness of night.
Only a hobo, yet who can tell
Perhaps one day he was doing well,
And looked at the world with a fearless eye,
Honest and straight as you or I.
Only a hobo, yet somebody's boy,
Who once was his mother's pride and joy;
'Tis better far she should never know
The dreadful way that he had to go.
Only a hobo, yet human at least
Altho', perhaps, he lived like a beast;
He might have been brought to reform some
day
Had he not thus been taken away.
Only a hobo—well, lay him away
Beneath the sod till the judgment day;
At the bar of God he'll be treated square
For the high and low are equal there!

—G. T. Duncan.

"What is it that they mane by virgin soil,
Pat?" queried McCarthy.
"Virgin soil, is it? Shure, it's just the soil
where the hand of man has never set foot."

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND.

There's an isolated, desolated spot I'd like to mention.
Where all you hear is "Stand at ease!" "Slope arms!" "Quick march!" "Attention!"
It's miles from anywhere—by heaven it is a rum 'un.
You might live here for fifty years and never see a woman.
There's only two lamps in the place; you'll never find another:
The postman has to carry one, the policeman has the other.
And if you want a jolly night and do not care a jot,
Just take a ride upon the car, the car they haven't got.
Lots of tiny little huts, are dotted here and there,
For the khaki lads who live inside, they've offered many a prayer.
It's slush or sand to the eyebrows; it's either dust or puddle,
Sandow himself he wouldn't stand a dog's chance in the struggle.
Soldiers often from out the tents, say to me with sorrow:
"I suppose it's still the same for me, somewhere down to-morrow."
Inside the huts there's rats as big as any nanny goat.
Last night a soldier saw one trying on his overcoat.
For breakfast every morning it's just like Mother Hubbard;
You double round the huts three times, then jump up to the cupboard.
Sometimes they give you bacon, but mostly it is cheese,
That forms a company on your plate, slopes arms and stands at ease.
Every night you sleep on boards just like a lot of cattle,
And when you turn from left to right your bones begin to rattle.
Then when the bugle blasts at morn you're wakened up from your snoodle;
You knock the icebergs off your feet and d— and b—the bugle.
Week in, week out, from morn till night, with full pack and a rifle,
Like Jack and Jill you climb the hill—"Of course that's just a trifle!"
Slope arms! Fix bayonets! then present—they fairly put you through it.
And as home you stagger to your hut the sergeant says, "Jump to it."
There's another kind of drill you get, I think it's for the lazy.
They call it Swedish drill, and yet it nearly drives you crazy.
From eighteen up to forty-five they all have to go through it.
And you need to be an antelope, or an elephant to do it.
With tunic, boots and puttees off, you quickly get the habit.
You gallop up and down the hill just like a blooming rabbit.
Later on they make you put your knee cap where your face is,
Heads backward, arms upwards stretch, knees up and then change places.
This Swedish drill it drives you nuts and makes your bones so tender.
You can coil yourself up like a snake and crawl beneath the fender.
It's nothing else but Swedish drill from nine o'clock till seven,
And ten to one that when we die, on the hands down in Heaven.
When the war is over and we've captured Kaiser Billy,
To shoot him is too merciful and absolutely silly.
Just send him down to Somewhere amongst the mud and huts,
And let the clown Prince watch him slowly going nuts.
He wouldn't last a lifetime; he wouldn't last a day.
For it wouldn't take much to send him beneath that slush and clay.

—H. G. M.

An old gentleman walked up to the pretty girl attendant at the counting-room of a daily newspaper office a few days ago and said—
"Miss, I would like to get copies of your paper for a week back."
"You had better get a porous plaster," she abstractedly replied. "You get them just across the street."

MY CREED.

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.
I would be friend of all—the foe—the friendless;
I would be giving and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up—and laugh—and love—and lift.

BY KIND PERMISSION.

Prior to the last solar eclipse the colonel of a German regiment of infantry sent for his sergeants and observed: "There will be an eclipse of the sun to-morrow. The regiment will meet on the parade grounds in undress uniform. I will come and explain the eclipse before drill. If the day is cloudy the men will meet in the drill shed as usual."
Whereupon the sergeant drew up the following order of the day: "To-morrow morning, by order of the colonel, there will be an eclipse of the sun. The regiment will assemble on parade ground, when the colonel will come and superintend the eclipse in person. If the sky is cloudy the eclipse will take place in the drill shed."

THE EUROPEAN GAME AT "NAP."

"Ill go 'one,'" said Austria;
"Then I'll go 'two,'" said France
"Then I'll go 'three,'" said Russia,
"That's if I have the chance."
"Well I'll go 'four,'" said Germany,
"And wipe you off te map";
But the Huns dropped dead when Britain said:
"Gawd Blymey, I'll go 'nap!'"

Little Edward's twin sisters were being christened. All went well until Edward saw the water in the font.

Then he anxiously turned to his mother and exclaimed, "Ma, which one are you going to keep?"

D— NATURAL.

Seated one day by the roadside
I was angry and ill at ease,
For my motor car was stranded
And would only snort and wheeze.
I scarce knew what I was saying,
But it somehow seemed to me
That the only sound I uttered
Began with a great big D.
It flooded the crimson twilight
With a sulphury atmosphere,
And soothed my fevered spirit
Like a draught of ginger beer.
It quieted pain and sorrow
Like a full sized opium pill;
It seemed the harmonised echo
Of an unpaid tailor's bill.
It has no perplexing meaning;
'Twas as plain as A B C;
And it broke up the restful evening
Like a serenading flea.
It need not be sought vainly;
I can easily say it again:
If the motor car should fail me
You will hear it still more plain.
But it may be that some good angels
Will say that word for me;
If they don't, I know I am able
To repeat that great big D.

CHEAP REFRESHMENT.

General Birdwood, of Gallipoli fame, is responsible for an amusing story concerning some soldiers in training near Aldershot.
The men had been practising route marching, and were resting by the wayside, when he overheard the following:
"Our major, 'e's an officer and a gentleman—an officer and a gentleman. The other day he comes into the canteen, and, says he, 'Any complaints?'
"And I says, 'Yes, sir. Beg your pardon, sir, this tea ain't fit to drink.'
"So he says to the bloke who'd served us, 'Give us a cup.' And when he'd tasted it, 'Ogwash,' says he; 'Ogwash.'
"And he says to the bloke, 'Line these men up,' and when he'd done that, he says, 'And now give them back their tuppence!'
"And I'd never paid my tuppence!"

TO HIS DEVILSHIP THE KAISER.

It was rumoured one morning in Hades
That his devilship Kaiser Bill
Was doing his best with his army
To bring the place under his will.
When the devil got wind of the riot,
And learned what it's all about,
He said, if there's justice in Limbo,
The rest of us all should get out.
Our sins besides his a trifles,
So light we should surely escape;
He is guilty of unnumbered thousands
Of robberies, murders and rape.
In short, there is no use denying
That right from the day of his birth,
He's been scheming and plotting and lying
To bring about hell upon earth.
Said Judas and Herod and Nero,
"We offer no serious complaints,
"By jingo, the moment he gets here
"We all can pass muster as saints."
Ananias, Munchausen and others
All shouted in unison, "Well
At least he is justly entitled
To the hottest darn corner in hell."

PRACTICE V. PREACHING.

It is easy to sit in the sunshine,
And talk to the man in the shade;
It is easy to float in a well-equipped boat,
And point out the places to wade.
But once we pass into the shadows,
We murmur and fret and frown;
And our length from the bank we shout for a
Or throw up our hands and go down. [plank,
It is easy to sit in your carriage,
And counsel the man on foot;
But get down and walk, and you'll change your
As you feel the nail in your boot. [talk,
It is easy to tell the toiler,
How best he can carry his pack;
But no one can rate a burden's weight,
Until it has been on his back.
The up-cured mouth of pleasure,
Can preach of sorrow's worth;
But give it a sip, and a wryer lip,
Was never made on earth.

NEW STYLE EPITAPHS.

"Why should the married woman be listed on her tombstone as 'Jane, wife of John Smith?' Why shouldn't the data on the stone below which she rests be personal data? This sinking of the woman's identity in that of her husband, even in the record that is graven for future generations to read, is extremely unfair.—Miss Adeline W. Sterling to the Daughters of the Revolution.
"Puck," the brightest of the American funny papers, shows what we may expect in the future.

Here lies interred one Sarah Jane,
A woman with a massive brain;
Her husband was a simplekight—
See stoneless grave upon the right.
Stranger, pause, and look who's here;
The wife by Henry Jones held dear.
Lord knows how Henry gets along,
For everything he does goes wrong.
Here lieth one whose maiden name
Was Pearl Clarissa Gladys Mayme,
Her married name, she said was Smith,
And no name to be buried with.
Rest in peace; you need it bad;
The only rest you ever had.
Your husband led you such a life,
We're sorry for his second wife.
Kind friends, I know not what is said
On this here stone above my head;
I s'pose it is—I have to laugh—
The same old man-made epitaph.
Beneath this stone some day will lie
A lady who has yet to die.
Her husband's huge success in life
Is solely due to her, his wife.
She had this tombstone carved and set
For fear her husband might forget.

BLEVIN'S AIM.

John Blevins was the most bashful lad in a Wessex village. For three years he had been keeping company with Sallie James, but he could not bring his courage up to the popping point. One Sunday night as he was leaving the garden gate of his inamorata he encountered the old man, who had begun to chafe under the diffidence of his daughter's sweetheart.
"Look-ee here, John!" exclaimed paterfamilias, "you have been coming to see my daughter for several years now, and I want to know what your intentions are."
"W-w-well, s-s-sir," stammered John, "I am aiming t-to m-marry her."
"Aiming!" snorted the old man; "well, don't you think it about time that you fired?"

GO AHEAD!

When you feel like going down,
Go ahead!
When you've got to swim, or drown,
Go ahead!
When things are looking blue,
When the world seems all askew,
When there seems no getting through,
Go ahead!
When you're on a thorny track,
Go ahead!
Square your shoulders; brace your back;
Go ahead!
When the clouds put out the sun,
When of hope there's simply none,
Get busy; get things done—
Go ahead!
When you've failed, don't sit and squeal;
Go ahead!
Put your shoulder to the wheel,
Go ahead!
When your hardest task you con,
Courage, like an armour, don:
Just keep on keeping on—
Go ahead!

MAD KING DEAD.

The death is announced from Munich of King Otto of Bavaria, after a long illness, at Fürstentried, near the Bavarian capital.
King Otto had been insane for over forty years, and though he retained his title of King of Bavaria, he never ruled. He was born in 1848. The reigning monarch is King Otto's cousin.
King Otto, the younger brother of the mad King Ludwig, had been a lunatic since 1870. He succeeded to the throne nominally in 1886, when Ludwig II. drowned himself.
The King was confined in the beautiful castle of Fürstentried, in the Bavarian highlands. His Court consisted of two nobles (who were frequently relieved), two physicians, and a staff of servants. The castle park is surrounded by a high fence, and guards were maintained at every exit.

FACE MASKS FOR WOUNDED.

There is, perhaps, no kind of wound so much dreaded by soldiers as one which disfigures the face. Aided by experienced surgeons, Lieutenant Derwent Wood, A.R.A., who in peace times is a well-known sculptor, has now come to the aid of many sadly disfigured soldiers by making masks to cover the parts of the face destroyed by wounds. Working in a disused kitchen as studio at the 3rd London General Hospital, Wandsworth, Lieutenant Wood has succeeded in devising flesh-coloured and exquisitely-fitting masks, which entirely hide any disfigurement.
A plaster mould of the face is first procured; then a clay squeeze is obtained, giving a positive model of the patient's dressed wound and the surrounding healthy tissues. The model is then taken to the electrotyper, where an exact reproduction by galvano-plastic deposit is made in thin virgin copper. The mask is finally well coated with silver, bands being soldered on to the back to hold it in position on the face. Strong spectacles are sometimes adjusted to keep it in place, but the mask is so light that mostly it can be secured with spirit gum.
Some idea of the delicacy of Lieutenant Wood's work may be gathered from the fact that he has actually endeavoured to complete the masks with false hair for eyebrows and eyelashes. As he found, however, that these would not stand the weather, he has adopted thin tin, which he splits with scissors and solders on to the modelled lids of the eyes.
One of the most remarkable cases which Lieutenant Wood has dealt with was that of a young sergeant in the Canadian Artillery who has lost his left eye and the whole of the upper part of the nose as the result of shelling at Ypres. This man has now a new eye, new eyebrows, and a new bridge to his nose, which fit him like a glove.