

# THE CANADIAN RED CROSS SPECIAL.

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## TRUTH AGAIN PROVES STRANGER THAN FICTION.

### Bundle of Letters Found in a Mattress in the Hospital Discloses a Romance.

Some time ago a patient who has been admitted to this hospital, when retiring to bed felt an uncomfortable lump in the mattress. Upon investigation it proved to be a small packet of letters addressed "To the Finder."

Upon opening the packet which, following the approved methods of Romancers, was tied with blue ribbon, there was disclosed several pages of closely written manuscript.

It was a love letter written by a lonely factory girl in Ireland and had been written in 1911. In the letter (which is in the possession of the writer) the young lady engages to become the bride of the man who finds the letters. (There were three letters all tied together.)

The finder of the romantic epistles, who is a good looking young man and unmarried, fell into the spirit of the thing and wrote to the lady at the address given.

After many re-directions the letter finally reached its destination, which was New York City, U.S.A., where the young lady had gone a few months after she had sewn the letters in the mattress.

Her reply reached the hospital this morning, and the strange part of the thing is that she went to New York and married the brother of the man who found the letters in his mattress.

## CANADA'S NEW VICEREINE.

### MISTRESS OF THE ROBES TO QUEEN MARY.

Canada's new Vicereine, the charming and beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, will be a successor to her Royal predecessor, the Duchess of Connaught, for she is able to claim for herself the first place in the ranks of Society hostesses.

The elder daughter of the Marquess of Lansdowne, small and dark-haired, she bears a remarkable resemblance to her distinguished father. Most of her childhood was spent in the princely atmosphere of Lansdowne House, where she naturally came into touch with Court life when quite young. After her marriage in 1892 with the Hon. Victor Cavendish, as was the Duke's name then, she lived very quietly at Holker Hall, in Lancashire, with the exception of entertaining now and again at her husband's town residence. But when her husband succeeded his uncle to the dukedom, she at once took up her position as hostess at the numerous seats of the Devonshire family, and she has always been distinguished by her charm of manner.

She is a very capable organizer, and as the chateleine of many beautiful houses, Chatsworth, Devonshire House, Lismore Castle, Hardwick Hall, and Compton Place, Eastbourne, she has had a wide experience of entertaining. Chatsworth is famous as being one of the most interesting houses in the country, with its pictures and valuable collections of works of art. The expense of the upkeep of this huge estate is enormous, and a heavy drain on the Duke's income.

In 1910 the Duchess of Devonshire succeeded her aunt, the Duchess of Buccleuch, as Mistress of the Robes to the Queen. The duties, however, of a Mistress of the Robes are not especially onerous. She accompanies the Queen to any State ceremony, and is present in any procession in which Her Majesty takes part. She no longer acts as a tiring woman to her Royal mistress as in bygone days.

The Duchess is one of Queen Mary's closest friends, and is frequently in her company. Both the King and Queen have been entertained at Chatsworth, where the King has often enjoyed a good day's shooting. Since the war her Grace has worked unceasingly for the cause of war charities, and has especially interested herself in the nursing of our wounded. Years before the war she was constantly urging the importance of emergency hospitals.

## SNUBBING THE KAISER.

Some years ago Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, when she was in Berlin, was asked to take part in a great military review. First of all a troop of soldiers, each man six feet in height, passed. They had a fine martial bearing. The Kaiser looked at the young Queen with an air of interrogation which seemed to say:

"Well, what do you think of them?"

Queen Wilhelmina smiled and shook her head. "They're not tall enough," said she.

A little later a whole regiment marched past, every man in which was at least six feet five inches in height.

"They are not tall enough," said the young Queen again, still with the same smile.

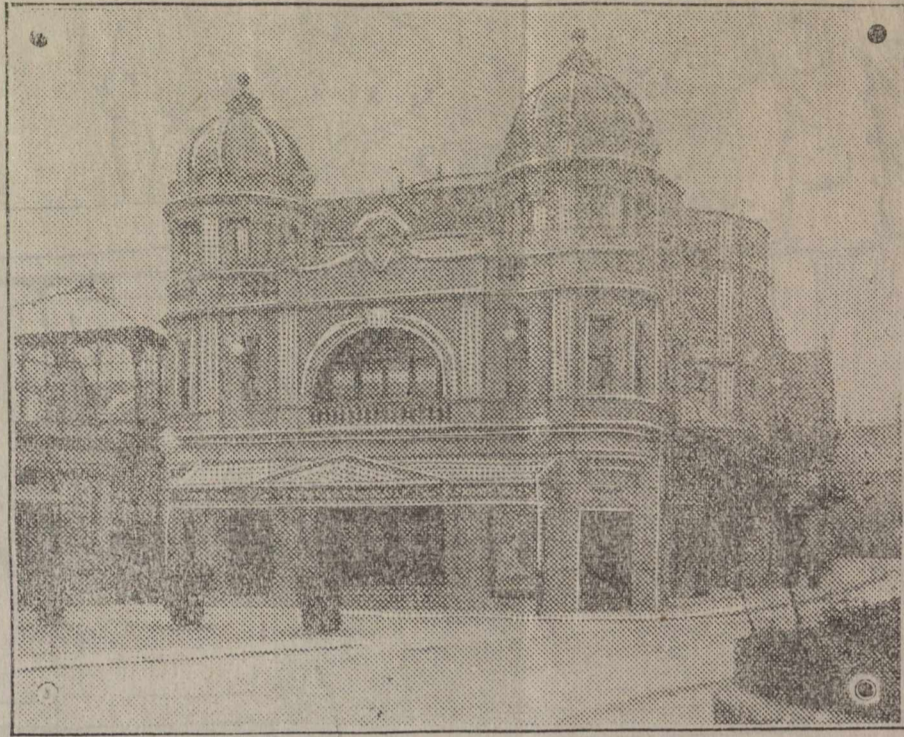
"Not tall enough!" exclaimed the Kaiser. "What do you mean?"

"I mean," explained the Queen, "that when we open our dykes the depth of the water in the inundated parts is over eight feet."

Is it the recollection of this anecdote that has, so far, prevented the Kaiser from allowing Dutch neutrality to be violated by his troops?

## SAY THIS QUICKLY.

A tutor who tooted the flute  
Tried to teach two young tooters to toot;  
Said the two to the tutor: "Is it harder to toot  
Than to teach two young tooters to toot?"



## THE OPERA HOUSE, BUXTON.

### THE RED CROSS BLOKE. SOLDIERS' DEPENDENTS.

Not a blinkin' rap do we care for the chap  
With a Red Cross sign on his sleeve,  
'Till we get to the front, on the stand to shunt,  
An' a farewell bomb when you leave.

'Midst that flying death you hold your breath,  
An' life seems suddenly dear,  
While the Red Cross chap is out of the scrap,  
In the safest part, at the rear.

It doesn't seem fair for him to be there,  
While we face the powder and smoke,  
An' check the Huns with red-hot guns,  
An' cheer and curse and choke.

But many a lad feels thundering glad,  
When the night lends a sheltering cloak,  
To be overhauled by the chap he's called  
The blooming Red Cross Bloke.

My own turn came—it's part of the game—  
In a scray we had before Loos,  
When the blinkin' Huns tried to pinch he guns  
Of the 15th—never mind whose.

They tried and tried, an' you bet they died,  
While we lost many a chum,  
When the message came through, "Now, lads,  
stand to."

And the next was, "Here they come!"  
We charged and yelled, an' the line was held,  
But I don't remember the rest,  
For the earth spun round, an' I hit the ground,  
With daylight inside my chest.

When next I woke a Red Cross Bloke  
Was crossing that zone of death;  
An' I watched him come through that shrapnel  
hum—

Just watched and held my breath.  
He reached my side, with a crawl and glide,  
An' I blessed his crimson crest,  
When he'd made me snug, with a comfy plug  
On the painful hole in my chest.

Then away he crept, an' I must have slept,  
But when I awoke with pain,  
I was down at the base as a hospital case  
An' booked down for "Blighty" again.

We landed all right, on a wet, stormy night,  
But what did we care for the rain,  
For a Red Cross Bloke fixed me up with a smoke  
An' a crib on a Red Cross train.

So that's why I'm here, feeling shaky an' queer  
In this clinkin' Red Cross bed,  
With a Red Cross nurse, when I'm feeling worse,  
To lay cool things on my head.

An' though it all seems to be part of my dreams,  
Yet I know it is not all a hoax,  
There are thousands to-day who are ready to say,  
Thank God for the Red Cross Blokes.

A WOUNDED TOMMY.

## FOOTBALL.

### CANADIANS V. LIME FIRMS.

A football match between a team of Canadians and an eleven from the Buxton Lime Firms will be played on the Silverlands Ground this (Saturday) afternoon, the kick-off taking place at 2-30. As this is the first game of the season a good crowd will no doubt be in attendance. The following is the line-up of the Canadians:—

Sergt.-Major Carpenter.  
Porter. Sgt. Granecome.  
Barnett. Morton. Cairns.  
Waddington, Winch, Aitkinhead, Cpl. Thompson  
Sgt. Henderson.

Twinkle, twinkle little Zep.,  
Ah, I wonder how you're kep'  
Up above the world so high  
Dropping bombs on passers by.

## GRAND CONCERT AT PAVILION GARDENS.

### Canadians to Entertain General Public On October 11th With Fine Programme.

At the request of Mr. F. A. Hastings, general manager of the Pavilion Gardens, and by the kind permission of the commanding officer of the Canadian Red Cross Special Hospital, Major Frederick Guest, a concert will be given on Wednesday, October 11th at 8 p.m. in the small hall in the Gardens by the talent of the hospital. Although quite a number of the citizens of Buxton have had the privilege of attending some of the concerts given previously in the Recreation Hall at the hospital, this will be the first opportunity the general public has had to attend a concert given entirely by the Canadians. Without doubt a large crowd will be present, and an enjoyable afternoon is assured to those who patronize the Gardens on that occasion. Every concert held so far has been an unqualified success, and it is not likely that this entertainment will prove any exception to the rule. The orchestra, which has reached a high state of perfection, will render several numbers, while the quartette will put on some new comedy stuff which is said to be the best they have yet attempted. An effort is being made to secure the assistance of Miss Coles, of Vancouver, for the concert, and as she has a beautiful soprano voice, her singing will prove an added attraction. These, with the various solos, recitations, etc., go to make up a programme of rare excellence which is bound to please. The price of admission has been placed at 2s. 2d. for the centre seats and 1s. 2d. for the side seats. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

## CANADIAN NEWS.

**WAR NEWS.**—Canadian casualties to the end of August total as follows:—Killed and died of wounds and sickness, 8,647; Wounded, 27,212; Missing, 2,005; Total, 37,861. Our casualties this month, it is feared, are unusually high, the recent gains round Courcellette having only been made at big sacrifices.

**ONTARIO.**—The town of Sarnia has been enjoying two mild sensations this week. The Ontario Cannery Plant has been destroyed by fire, and the following day, a surprising hold-up men raided the offices of the Imperial Oil Co. to the tune of four thousand dollars. There may possibly be some connection in these two crimes. The Hospital Commission has taken over the Mowat Sanatorium at Buxton, which will in future be devoted entirely to the care of tuberculosis soldiers.

The first indications of a hard winter; bread goes up two cents in Toronto.

**PRAIRIE PROVINCES AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.**—October wheat is now fetching a dollar fifty on the Winnipeg Exchange. Doubtless many farmers will be purchasing new Ford cars next spring; a few may possibly prefer to pay their overdue implement notes or their store bills.

In Vancouver, Wm. Bowser has withdrawn his request for a re-count in the recent election. Not that it would have made any difference, as there is no doubt that the people of Vancouver are heartily sick of him and his policy of universal graft.

Eastern Capitalists are about to construct and operate two new pulp mills at Swanson Bay and Quatsino Sound. This is a good move as there is only one other mill in competition at Powell River, which is entirely run on States capital and American employees.

## ROUND THE CLOCK.

REFERENCE TO EVERY HOUR CAN BE FOUND IN SHAKESPEARE.

A London writer has discovered that in Shakespeare's plays one may find a quotation for every hour in the day. Thus:—  
"The bell then beating one."—*Hamlet*.

"Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock."

—*Comedy of Errors*.

"The clock hath stricken three."—*Julius Caesar*.

"How far into the morning is it, lords?"

"Upon the stroke of four."—*Richard III*.

"At five o'clock

"I shall receive the money for the same."

—*Comedy of Errors*.

"How's the day?"

"On the sixth hour."—*Tempest*.

"Let's see. I think 'tis now some seven o'clock."

—*Taming of the Shrew*.

"The eight hour.

"Be that the uppermost."—*Julius Caesar*.

"It's supper time, my lord.

"It's nine o'clock."—*Richard III*.

"Ten o'clock, within these three hours

"Twill be time enough to go home."

—*All's Well That Ends Well*.

"Eleven o'clock the hour."

—*Merry Wives of Windsor*.

"What hour now?"

"I think it lacks of twelve."—*Hamlet*.

And that takes the reader round the clock.

For the war-working flappers and typewriter tappers  
And shell-making girls of to-day,  
We've invented no name that embraces (nice word!)

All the lot, so I venture to say:  
If we christen these beauties whose strenuous duties  
Are done with such zeal and precision,  
Why not go to the Courts of the Law for a name  
And just call them 'The King's Wench Division?'"

The man who gives you the "glad hand" is the one who never has any silver in it.