

**THE CANADIAN  
RED CROSS SPECIAL.**

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**SOME FACTS ABOUT CANADA.**

It is somewhat amusing to Canadians who for the first time are visiting England to note the queer ideas some of the people here have regarding their home land. Despite the vast amount of literature that has been scattered broadcast throughout England by the two great trunk lines of railway, and also by the Canadian Government, there seems to be a confused notion of just what the country is like. A great many seem to imagine it is necessary to have a small-sized fortune before they immigrate, which is not necessary, and when told that the British Isles could be set down in one corner of one of the larger provinces or the State of Texas and lost entirely they are inclined to be skeptical. Since the advent of the Canadians the true facts about the country are becoming better known, and after the war is over, and on necessity the labor market will be flooded, there will be a large influx of immigration to Canada and the United States, due principally to information disseminated by the Canadians. To those who think that gold can be picked up in the streets of the new world we can but say that they had better get that idea out of their heads, but to the man who is willing to work and wrest a fortune from the virgin soil, the opportunity is there. There is really greater liberty in Canada than in any country on the face of the earth, and while homestead land is becoming scarce in the United States there are still countless millions of acres of unimproved land open to bona fide settlers in Canada, who would be welcomed and made to feel at home in a land flowing with milk and honey.

**"THANK YOU!"**

Under the above caption there appeared an item intended as a compliment to the business people of England in general, and Buxton in particular; the first sentence of which reads as follows: "A Canadian visiting a store, a shop, as it is generally termed here, is very apt to be struck with the uniform politeness of clerks and business men alike, in contrast to the methods of merchants in Canada and the United States." The intention of the writer would seem from this to be plain enough that those who run may read, but "Atticus" in this week's issue of the Buxton "Herald," seeing it, after reprinting the article in question, made this somewhat slurring comment: "I might mention, for the edification of the writer, that all the business men are not to be found across the 'herring pond.' Evidently Canadians have something to learn from the old country. 'Manners make the man.' It would seem that 'Atticus' has something to learn in the way of politeness himself; whether from a Canadian or other source. 'Evil he who evil thinks.'"

**DONT'S FOR PATIENTS.**

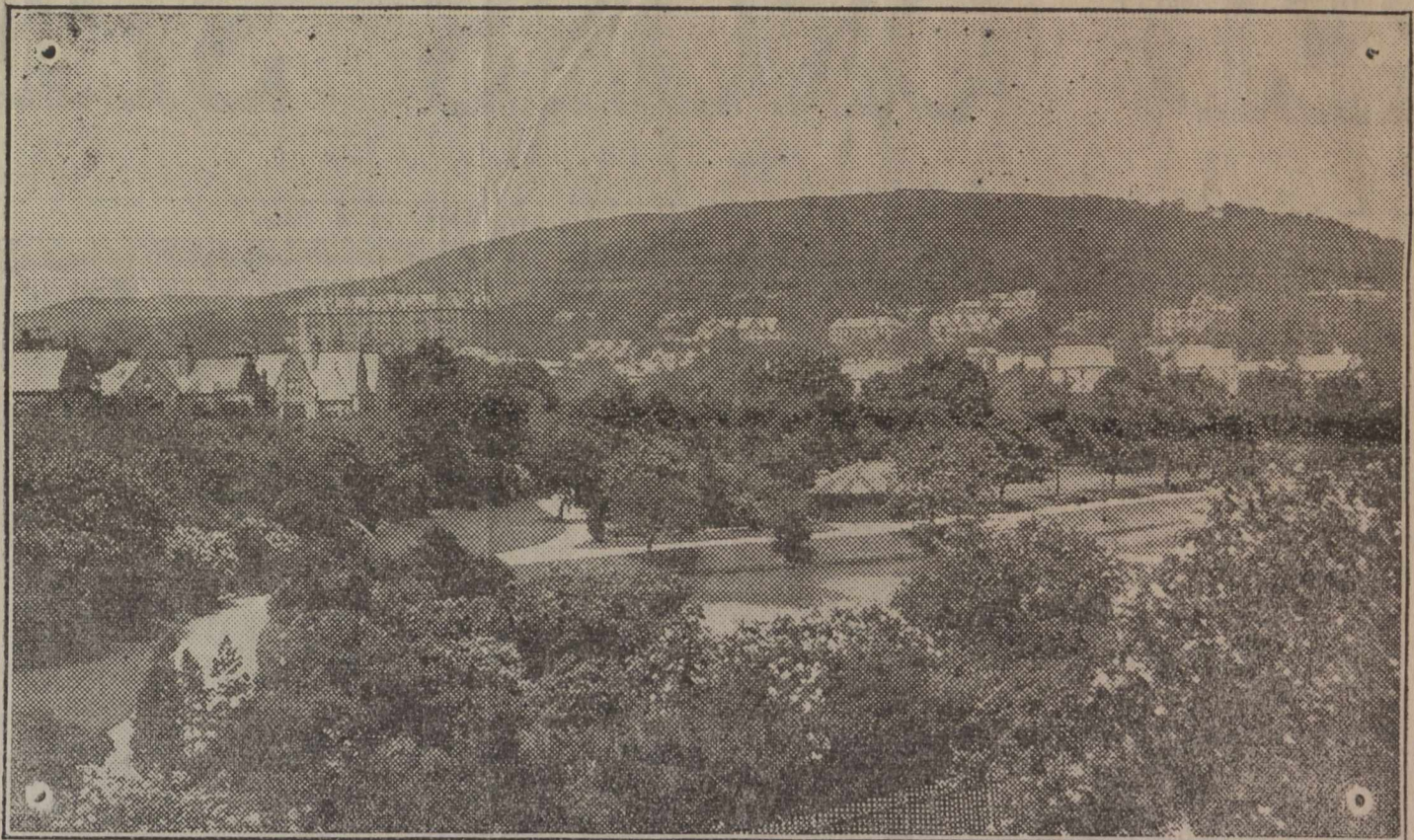
Don't put "To-night's the Night" on the gramophone when nurse is cross. Her evening off has probably been postponed.  
Don't develop new symptoms if the M.O. is snappy. He may have tried to beat four aces the night before.  
Don't ask the sister for cigarettes if she looks worried. She is most likely having an interview with the Matron to-morrow morning.  
If the fellow in the next bed snores don't forget to accuse the night nurse of it. It will make you popular with her.  
If there is a Sergeant in your ward don't forget to laugh at his jokes. Sergeants have been known to get boxes of "Abdullahs" sent them.  
If you are a sergeant don't forget that you are now in hospital and not on the barrack square.  
Don't tell people you are the son of a multi-millionaire. They are getting tired of hearing it.

**A DISAPPOINTMENT.**

Pte. A. Webster, "C" Ward, who has contributed several really clever cartoons for this paper, had prepared a very comical sketch portraying the agony of the nursing sisters in listening to the pandemonium of noise produced by the various phonographs now in the Hospital. Through the neglect of the Manchester firm who reproduce these blocks for us it did not arrive in time for this issue, but will appear next week.

**TONGUE TWISTERS.**

"Are you there?"  
"Yes."  
"Who are you, please?"  
"Watt."  
"What is your name, please?"  
"Watt's my name."  
"Yes, what is your name?"  
"I say my name is Watt."  
"Oh, well, I'm coming to see you this afternoon."  
"All right. Are you Jones?"  
"No, I'm Knott."  
"Who are you, then, please?"  
"I'm Knott."  
"Will you tell me your name, please?"  
"Will Knott."  
"Why won't you?"  
"I say my name is William Knott."  
"Oh, I beg pardon!"  
"Then you'll be in this afternoon if I come round, Watt?"  
"Certainly, Knott."  
They were cut off by the Exchange. And now what Knott want to know is whether Watt will be in or not.



**RHYME, ROT,  
AND REASON.**

(Conducted by G. T. Duncan.)

**A BROKEN WING.**

Through the woods, a woman strolling  
With a wee boy by her side,  
Five short years past at the altar  
She had stood a happy bride;  
Now her happiness all over,  
For a year ago this day,  
She had left the one who loved her  
'Neath the village churchyard clay.  
Birds were singing sweetly round them,  
Suddenly one songster sweet  
With a broken wing came fluttering  
In the pathway at their feet.  
"Cruel hand to strike you birdie,"  
Said the woman with a sigh,  
"You've a broken wing my birdie,  
But a broken heart have I."

**Chorus—**

Birdie I'll watch you with tender care  
Till you can fly once more,  
Sweetly your song to me you'll sing,  
Time will soon heal up a broken wing;  
You'll stretch your wings o'er the trees  
again.

Mine is a harder part—  
For a bird can sing with a broken wing,  
But not with a broken heart.

Broken wings your flights may cripple  
O'er the tree tops for a time,  
Time can never heal the anguish  
Of this broken heart of mine;  
You may sing your song of triumph  
As your mate sits on her nest,  
But a broken heart for ever  
Aches within it's owner's breast.  
You may sing out just as sweetly  
Though you have a broken wing,  
But a broken heart my birdie  
Is a far, far graver thing.  
Broken wings, ah, time will heal them,  
To them a new strength impart,  
But there lives not a physician  
Who can heal a broken heart.

Scene, Scottish seaside resort: Skipper of sailing boat sends his mate ashore for provisions. One hour later, mate returns bearing in his arms one half loaf and a large black bottle. "Ma Conscience!" exclaims the skipper, as he catches sight of him. "What dae ye want with all that bread?"

No rose, no cheeks but one day fade  
No eyes but lose their lustre;  
No one pound note but must be changed,  
Howe'er we hate to bust her.

Well-Fixed: "I see Smith is building a garage. When did he get a car?"  
"He hasn't got one yet, but he's got an option on ten gallons of gasoline."

**THE CANADIANS IN FRANCE AND  
FLANDERS.**

Perhaps you have heard the tale before, sir,  
How just a year ago to-night,  
Canada's sons were called on, to help fight for  
Britain's right.  
Sir S. Hughes sent out his message,  
And before so very long,  
Thousands of Volunteers were helping  
To swell the brave Canadians throng.  
Just the Right, that was our cause, sir,  
And the lads all knew it well;  
Lads who feared no choking gasses  
Or high explosive shell.  
Brave and gallant were the Canadians,  
Who went forth at Country's call,  
Out to fight a bloodstained Flanders,  
Ready quite to give their all.  
Perhaps you saw them off, sadly bidding their  
wives good-bye;  
Then departing for their Column, determined  
to do or die.  
For old England, home and beauty, and the  
Flag of Liberty,  
'Cos they felt it was their duty, did the lads  
from o'er the sea.

Did they prove themselves true Britons?  
Did they fail when under fire?  
Did the foe not think them fit ones  
When the lads would not retire?  
Shot and shell could not defeat them,  
Foulest gases they withstood;  
Not the Canadians would not be beaten,  
They would first give their life's blood.

Day and night they never faltered,  
One by one their comrades fell;  
In the trenches, nothing daunted,  
Facing legacies of Hell,  
Dead and dying filled the trenches,  
Hell was loose like some mad thing;  
Death or Glory was their motto,  
For their Country and their King.

Ypres rings with deeds and glory,  
Deeds of sacrifice and pain;  
It would be too long a story  
To describe the Canadians fame,  
How they stood the test at Ypres,  
How they beat the Huns' attack,  
How they foiled the skulking snipers  
Who would shoot them in the back.  
Not one guessed the true conditions  
Under which the lads must fight,  
When they took up their positions  
In the trenches that May night,  
Those who fell, their comrades bore them,  
To their last rest over there,  
With no "Last Post" sounded o'er them:  
Just a simple 'tittle Prayer.

Composed by Pte. ERNEST ROWELL,  
Toronto, Canada.

Visitor: "And did you get wounded in the head, my poor fellow?"  
Wounded (head and rifle fed-up): "Oh! no, in the foot—but the bandages slipped."

**THE CALL TO THE 102ND.**

There was a sound of carpentry by night  
And Comox' plains re-echoed to the din  
Of those who laboured hard at building huts  
To house the Comox-Atlin soldiers in.  
For war's alarms had spread abroad the land  
And every town and hamlet sent its men  
To swell the grim battalions raised in haste  
To beard and rout the Kaiser in his den.  
And so it was that on Vancouver's Isle,  
Far from the maddening crowds that throng the  
towns,  
A force of men assembled on the coast  
And formed their camp on Comox' sandy downs.  
A stalwart band, not drawn from city clerks,  
But from the ranks of those who breathe the  
air.  
That God gave free to them that have the wit  
To dwell in open spaces, free from open care.

As when the clarion voice of Chanticleer  
Rings out to greet the dawn and summons forth  
A waking world to labour and to toil,  
So went the call, to East, to South, to North.  
A call for men, red-blooded men and true:  
For men of grit, for men whose faith was strong,  
For men e'en willing to lay down their lives  
To battle for the weak, to right the wrong.

And, as the scattered members of a flock  
Return at sunset to the shepherd's call,  
Nor linger not, nor loiter on the way,  
But urgent, seek for shelter ere night fall:  
So came the men. Some heard the summons  
dread  
In lonely solitudes, and, hearing, left  
Their toilsome work of felling giant trees  
Which, fallen, and of boughs and limbs bereft,  
Are fashioned to man's use. These heard and  
came.

Another band, from those who drive the mills  
And prove man's mastery over Nature's stores  
Of coal and iron hidden in the hills,  
Obeyed the call, and casting down their tools,  
Came hastening from all sides and signed their  
names

Upon the register of fame, as unafraid:  
Men trained in arms by aptitude in games. (\*)  
Nor was the race of Cincinnati dead,  
Who left his plough and donned the general's  
cloak  
When Rome stood doomed. Through harvest  
field and farm  
The challenge rang to men with hearts of oak,  
Nor did they fail: their pruning-hooks they  
changed  
For Mars' dread arms and, faithful, pledged  
their lives.

See, from the womb of Earth springs forth a  
troop!  
What men are these? As round the summer  
hives  
We see the honey bees, each bearing home  
The sweetness it has gathered through the day,  
So are these men, who labour underground  
To wrest from Nature all the wealth they may.  
And thus they came—from forest, mine and  
and mill,  
To serve the King, whom God shall keep from  
ill.

L. McLEOD GOULD.

(\*) Millmen spend their spare time playing  
games. If they do not, they are supposed to  
be poetic license.

Some men seem to think they are the axis on  
which the world revolves.

(Suggested by some remarks of the orderly  
in B.)

Who is it thinks I'm strung on wire,  
With arms and feet that never tire,  
Expect me, with a smiling face,  
From dewy morn till eve to race  
And never use their heads to save  
My legs from running to the grave?  
My officers.

Who is it that, when old or grand,  
My limitations understand,  
As majors or as colonels scan  
Their orderly as fellow man,  
But, as subalterns often seem  
To think, he's just a dud machine?  
My officers.

But there must come an end to strife,  
And we go back to private life:  
When I once more can take my ease,  
And do as little as I please,  
Who in their turn—their war work done—  
Ah, blessed hope, may have to run?  
My officers.

—H.Y.N.

**CYRICAL SONG OF A SISTER.**

Tell me not in accents tender  
That an army nurse's life is fine;  
It has joys beyond recall—  
Listening to the Tommies' whine.

Fix it's socks, and then it's hankies,  
Put shirts and vests, the morning long;  
The afternoon—sheets and pajama trousers;  
In the evening the same old song.

It is good to smooth their pillows,  
Cheer them all upon their way,  
Regulars, Terriers, Canadians, and Anzacs,  
Grumbling or growling the livelong day.  
Oh, the Tommies oft remind us,  
As we work from morn till night,  
That the saying is a true one,  
"The more you work, the more you might."

Would-be Slacker (to recruiting sergeant):  
"But I have bad eyesight, and can't see any  
distance."  
Don't you worry about that, my man. We  
will put you in the very front trench, where  
you will have a good near view."

The hungry hordes now wend their way  
Toward the dining hall  
A look of expectation on  
The faces of them all,  
But when at last they get inside  
(Except a very few)  
They look disgusted when they see  
The bill of fare is stew.

**COME, MY LAD.**

(The following song was written by G. Hendry  
of Buxton, the music of which can be had from  
Mr. Goddard's music store, Spring Gardens,  
Buxton.)

Come my lad, and don't be fetched,  
For it is not right of you  
To lag behind, at the call of time,  
When there's fighting to do  
So come with me, and a Soldier be  
A Soldier brave and bold  
And wear the uniform of our King,  
Its advantages are untold.

Chorus—  
As we march thro' the High Street,  
Headed by our band,  
Playing martial music, Makes you feel a  
man.  
You long to be a Hero, and in the firing  
line,  
And if you've pluck, and fair good luck,  
You'll earn Medals, just like mine.  
There are many famous Regiments,  
Who have stood the test of War;  
And each one strives to do their best,  
To add Laurels to their score.  
Of all the Regiments of the King,  
And this is really true,  
\*The Notts and Derby are the first  
The next is—well—Number Two.

Chorus—  
A Soldier's life is a gallant one  
I'm as happy as can be,  
So come my Lad, enough's been said  
Just come along with me,  
And as we're marching thro' the Town  
And my eyes perchance alight,  
Upon a Lady's face that smiles  
Then its Left, Left-Eyes Right.

Final Chorus—  
Left Left Left Right,  
Heads erect and Buttons Bright,  
Kit well set, and Buckles tight,  
Left Left Left Left Right.

\*Singer can name any Regiment as Number  
One.