

memory. But this I do know right well—Peace can only come when Despotism has been utterly destroyed. Tell your Soldier Boys to welcome the New Year with hope and stern determination.

We bowed in assent. When we looked up the Old Year had vanished.

O. C. J. W.

### Christmas Day At The Granville.

Outside of being actually back at the home fireside, it would have been hard to spend a Christmas that more completely upheld the old traditions of the Day, or more happily contributed new attractions than the third War Christmas as celebrated at the Granville.

The evergreens, holly and laurel boughs, stripped by lorry-loads from Kentish parks, made not only the old Granville, but all its annexes as well, one maze of verdant bowers and sylvan arcades. There was keen artistic rivalry in the decoration contest; and the committee had almost as invidious a task as the judges at a baby show. Either by majority vote or toss-up, they finally decided to give the first prize to Ward 1, with second and third money to Wards 40 and 92 respectively.

"While it was yet dark," the patients were roused by the ward-sergeants, not in harsh reveillé mood to-day, but in a fatherly St. Nicholas spirit. Their arms were loaded with parcels and stockings, and presently with a gleeful relapse to Santa Claus days, the "blessés" were sitting up in bed, plunging their hands into the well-stuffed stockings, knitted and filled by the girls of the Maritimes, and hilariously unwrapping the thoughtfully compiled parcels from the Canadian Red Cross, and from the nurses and officers, staff and patient, of the hospital.

The patients were relieved for the day by a willing personnel from all duties, except that of engulfing the fatted turkeys, enemy sausages, 10 mm.-crust mince pies, brandy-soaked plum pudding, excessive oranges, and gullet-clearing Bass. That such a spread should be possible on the third War Christmas, is at once a tribute to British sea power and British generosity. It made us feel almost sorry for Fritz's starved and rationed "Weihnachten."

Although the Christmas morning services were purely voluntary, they were largely and whole-heartedly attended, both at the Granville and Chatham House. In the few but invariably home-reaching words which Capt. Hooper always employs, he fitted the world's first Christmas message to the hour. The old favourite Christmas hymns, with John Oxenham's noble litany, "For the Men at the Front," were sung with a lift and a thrill that stirred the evergreens in the chapel, and of the memory, too.

Ramsgate Canadians are still talking and writing home about the contribution of the R.E.'s from Sandwich to the Granville