

# Canadian Hospital News

Official Organ of the Granville Canadian Special Hospitals

VOL. I. No. 13.

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PRICE ONE CENT

## EDITORIAL

We extend a very hearty welcome to-day to the many friends of our Hospital whom we are delighted to have with us, and who have honoured us by coming, many of them from a distance, some snatching a few moments from the arduous and intensive administration work, and some, nearer home, who have contributed in no small measure to the success of our work by entertainments and otherwise, in the different departments and annexes of our Granville Canadian Special Hospital. All animated by one desire to bring back to health and strength the men who, responding to the natural instincts of the Britisher in whatsoever part of the Globe they may happen to have been born have suffered in mind or body in the cause of justice and civilisation—in upholding the honour of their King and country. We doubt whether the Director General, Surgeon General G. Carlton Jones himself foresaw to what goodly proportions and stately growth the little acorn planted in November 1915 would grow! We do not know what was in his mind with regard to the policy of his department. We may only judge results that the evolution of the Special Hospital for the segregation and treatment of special cases followed quickly upon the prevision of what such a world war would mean—and without appearing unduly self-congratulatory—Canadians may well pride themselves in the fact that they were the first to recognise the need of Dentists as a special corps—of the establishment of a special eye and ear Hospital—of the establishment of a Special Hospital for the treatment of Rheumatic affections—and lastly, of the establishment of an institution such as ours where, in a self-contained unit, such diverse conditions as shell shock, paralysis from injuries and wounds, joint affections orthopaedic surgery and nerve injuries, are treated by the most modern methods, under the best of hygienic conditions, in the best environment, mental and physical, and finally, after a course of graduated exercises leading up to physical fitness, are taken into the re-educational departments of our handicrafts section, and given congenial occupations, fitting them for the industrial work their physical disabilities have suited them for, and which these same disabilities have rendered unserviceable for further soldiering.

It were not opportune, even if space allowed, to describe in detail the work of our hospital. The knowledge that such an institution exists is of supreme comfort to the patient and a source of satisfaction to their relatives and friends. Briefly, the departments consist of a consulting board where the patient's condition is diagnosed and the appropriate treatment prescribed. This board consists of an expert physician neurologist, an orthopaedic surgeon, and an electro-therapist. The latest electrical apparatus for nerve and muscle testing is available, and where X-ray pictures are needed there is a powerful and modern X-ray apparatus both for screening and picture taking, and localizing. The various departments for actual treatment consists of large rooms for "Eau Courante" and "contrast" baths, where 24 patients can be treated at once, a large massage room with eight masseuses for joint and muscle work, mechanical vibration, etc., another massage room for 4 masseurs for special and stump massage; a Hydro-therapeutic room for shower, needle and douche baths,

another room for vapour baths, and a Turkish bath with accommodation for 8 patients.

Radiant Heat baths occupy 2 rooms, one for the radiant heat and arc light baths for the whole body, for trench nephritis and myalgia cases, shell-shock, etc., and 1 for local radiant heat able to treat 4 cases at once, and another room for electric water baths. The electrical departments consists of two rooms for galvanic faradism, schnee baths, ionization, etc., and one room for undulated sine-wave currents; one room for High frequency, auto-condensation and thermo-penetration currents; another room is devoted to the photographic department for record purposes; another department is devoted to special physical drill, gymnastics, Swedish movements and graduated exercises.

The Handicraft Section has a complete machine shop with lathes, shapers, drills, grinders, etc., with an attached blacksmith shop—an electric generating plant, a carpenter shop, a harness and saddlery shop, and a fretsaw and carving shop; a cigarette-making shop; a department for poultry raising, rabbit and guinea-pig breeding. The department of kitchen gardening and landscape gardening alone employs about eighty patients.

The entertainment of the patients is provided for by two large recreation rooms—one (Granville) accommodating 800 people, with stage, cinema machine, etc., provided by the Red Cross and Y.M.C.A.; a dry canteen and billiard tables; a splendid orchestra and minstrel troupe is organised and concerts, etc., are a nightly affair. Finally, a ten target rifle range keeps the soldiers' training up, and the route marching of those fit brings to a close a period of treatment and training which is remarkably short for the results obtained. In three months, a little over 25 per cent (421 cases) of these desperate cases have been turned out fit for active duty, and not one of whom, it is safe to say, would ever have been fit for anything but a pension board.

Canada may pardonably be proud of the care she is taking of her citizen soldiers.

R. W.

We gratefully acknowledge receipt of "The Listening Post," "N.Y.D.," and the "Splint Record." and thank the respective editors for their courtesy.

We should be glad to find the "Brazier" in our post-bag occasionally.

We heartily thank the contributors who have made this Commemoration number possible, and trust they will continue to help us week by week in our endeavours to make our little paper bright and interesting.

This week-end is to be a big one. Important visitors are expected, and it is up to every man to take care that they go away with a correct impression as to what Canadian Hospitals and Canadian Soldiers are.

The Painters and decorators have been busy at the Granville, and the place is responding to the work with an air of cheering brightness. Few of us realise what a vast difference there is between the carpeted and ornamented Granville and the austere interior of an ordinary hospital. There is a home smack about it which is worth a whole lot!

## His Little Joke

To use his own words, Private Charles Walker "enjoyed his little joke."

Whenever and wherever men are gathered together nature seems to have ordained that there shall be a wag amongst the party. Every battalion, company, even section, boasts its slow droll fellow, its mimic, or its effervescent comedian, who takes it upon his shoulders to provoke the mirth of his fellows. Sometimes those shoulders are fitted for the burden; in other, and, I think, more frequent cases, they are not, which makes it hard on other fellows!

Pte. Charles Walker of "ours" was NOT funny by nature, but a life-long study of the cheaper vaudeville entertainments had raised in his soul a great hero-worship of the vermilion-nosed wielders of the delapidated umbrella. To emulate them—to make crowds of people roar with mirth, was Charlie's ambition in life; and when he joined the army and was attached to my own battalion he evidently thought he had attained the audience of his dreams. His simple kindly disposition, his generosity, his evident desire to please and be a "good fellow," speedily won all our hearts. It was impossible not to like him, and, for a time, his carefully cherished jests and quips, culled from the red-nosed gentlemen in by-gone nights at the theatre, amused us and raised a laugh now and again.

Unfortunately, elated by success, he wore them threadbare by constant repetition; and when Charlie aspired to originality in his wit—poor Charlie!—it was very hard to even force a smile. Often would he fall into a long silence, gazing into space with knitted brows; and we knew that the germ of some alleged witticism was being chased, caught and polished in Charlie's head. Then, with a look of glad satisfaction, out would come the "joke" and he would gaze around with such a look of joyous expectation that we simply had to force some sort of a laugh to complete his happiness.

When our training was complete and we were shipped to France, Charlie, of course, went with us; and when we marched up to the front and began to taste the hardships of war, he came out strong. Never did his spirits leave him, and not once did he lay aside the cap and bells. When we first came under shell fire his crude wit helped to pull several through that queer nauseous bad-time which comes to most of us during our baptism of fire. A man is glad of any cause to break the tension with a laugh during that time, and we loved Charlie for his unconscious help in his self-imposed duty as regimental comedian. It was this "duty" coupled with a heart that didn't seem to know the meaning of fear which brought to Charlie his last great jest.

We were in the first-line trenches, expecting an attack, and being worried by a sniper who was doing deadly work and effectually keeping our heads below the parapet. And herein Charlie saw an opportunity to be amusing. Making a rough flag with a handkerchief tied to a rifle, he suddenly jumped up on the parapet for an instant and down again. Even as he landed back into safety, "ping" came the sniper's bullet in the place where he had been. Up went the impromptu flag, and in the manner of the rifle range he signalled a "miss" at the same time shouting the information to Fritz and roaring with laughter between whiles. "Keep down" roared the Sergeant, but the spirit of office was upon him, and before we could prevent it he had bounded to the parapet again.

There was a soft dull thud, a little cough, and he swayed and toppled limply, pitifully, back into the trench. We rushed to him, but a single glance told us we could do nothing, and we stood mute around the pathetic form.

Quite still he lay for a minute, then the eyelids flickered and the paling lips moved. I knelt down and bent over him to catch the words I felt were coming. A wistful

eager look spread over the drawn features, and I caught in a whisper, faintly and haltingly—"Signal a Bull."

I glanced up, and with a meaning look at the Sergeant, repeated the words aloud, and the Sergeant understood! He took up the impromptu flag, made a pretence of waving it, and roared out in a voice even more throaty than usual "A bull, Fritz, a bull!" Following my lead the little group burst into a laugh, a very choky sort of a laugh it is true, but it served its purpose. Charlie's eyes slowly opened: a gratified look spread over his face; and bending low over him, I caught the whispered words, "That—one—went—well."

Then, with a queer contented little sigh, the comedian made his final bow, the curtain fell, and he passed off the stage and out of the Service. Poor old Charlie, he enjoyed his little joke!

KRITICOS.

## Contributions and Acknowledgments

### NORTH SEA PATROLS.

Night on the waters: ghostly the moonbeams  
Silv'ring the wave-tops and marking our wake.  
Steely the sea is, and far off are soft dreams  
Out here patrolling, with Empire at stake.

Far-off the fire-side, and far-off the ingle,  
Gone from our ken as a dream that is past.  
Far,—Oh God—so far, the dear ones who mingle  
Tears with their prayers that we come home at last.

Night on the waters. Death darkly lurking  
Under each billow and over each cloud.  
Death for the watching, and death for the working—  
Sky for a pall!—and sea for a shroud!

\* \* \* \* \*  
Draw close the curtains, pile on the bright logs,  
Peel the glad music' and bandy the jest.  
Sleep calm and dreamless; dread not the war-dogs;  
Hostages, we, for your safety and rest.

KRITICOS.

The following definitions have been drawn up for the benefit of new patients:—

HOSPITAL.—a place for the accomodation of wounded soldiers and other gentlemen of leisure.

M.O.—short for "move on" —as quickly as possible.

WARD RULES.—a gospel whereby soldiers are converted into conscientious objectors.

TREATMENT.—something you don't want, but have to have. It may consist of boiling, baking, freezing, drowning, electrocution, or merely WORK.

EXAMINING ROOM.—a modern reproduction of the Spanish Inquisition. The instruments of torture are very interesting and well worth a visit. The "Suspense" room is where victims spend a two or three day vigil for the chastening of their souls—and bodies.

ORDINARY.—the name of a diet. From the greek roots Ordus, meaning tough, and Nary, luck. Hence the grousing!

SCOTCH DOUCHE.—sometimes pronounced "Scotch Deuce" You stand in a corner and somebody throws a ton of cold water at your back. Avoid if possible.

### Y.M.C.A. NOTICE

"These tables are not for sitting on, they are for eating"  
When the tables are eaten they will probably start on the forms.

MY OPERATION.

My first impression of hospital was good! I was welcomed with open arms in spite of, or perhaps on account of, my dilapidated ankle, and speedily found myself tucked comfortably in bed in a cosy ward. My peace was soon disturbed, however, by a sorrowful private with a bald head, who came with a full fountain-pen and a ream or so of paper, to take down my "history." I couldn't quite see what that had to do with my ankle, but I felt amiable, and told him all my doings since birthday number one. Then he kindly enquired after my family, and I was so pleased that I told him all about my relations and ancestors, their hobbies, peculiarities and pets; and when the stock ran out I invented a few more, which took me back to Willie the Conqueror. Here the ink ran out, so he had to throw up the job!

Then came the M.O. He asked me how I felt, and I told him I was fine, except for my ankle slightly out of repair. He asked me to put out my tongue—again I couldn't see the connection! He tapped my chest and listened. Tapped again and listened! He looked up in a very disappointed manner and said there was nothing wrong there! I said I was sorry but it wasn't my fault. He said never mind, he'd try somewhere else. When

dropping them like skittles! But on they came, wave after wave! My rifle jammed!—they were at our wire! I struggled with my bolt—then something hit me and I fell, doubled up. I felt myself going—everything grew strangely quiet. I opened my eyes and looked up, and saw:

A blurred Sister, and a sorrowful private with a blurred bald head, standing by the bed. A voice from a long way off said, "How do you feel? It's all over." "Oh, go to blazes!" said I, "I want to sleep." And I did!!

KRITICOS.

OUR 'ERB.

(Being the conversation of 'Erb's mother and Mrs. Grubbs, the "lidy" next door.)

"O' course, I says to 'im afore he went away, 'Erb, I says, don't you go a-playing any larks wi' they there French 'ussies, I says, cos I remember right well the ass 'ee was a walking out of Lizzie 'Oskins. I knows what 'ee gets up to when 'ee gets took like that; why, Lor' bless yer, Mrs. Grubbs, the brass 'ee spent on 'er would a' kept me an' you in two-pennorths fer a month! Why I tells yer, tea an' winkles every blooming night it were, and 'is poor old mother waiting 'ome a-dieing for a



THE GRANVILLE OFFICERS.

he got down to my ankle he brightened up a lot, and appeared really pleased when he announced that I was an operation case.

Next day my diet consisted of: Beef tea, pints, one; and castor oil, ditto, ditto.

The morning after that I was dressed in a pyjama suit with no front entrance, laid on a limber, and whirled into a place tasting of ether and porridge. They placed me carefully to command a fine view of a splendid collection of tools designed for carving the human carcase and chipping off odd bits of one's anatomy. Then two genial ghosts appeared—one grabbed an armful of carving tools, the other grabbed me. He placed a smelly rigging over my nose and said "Breathe," which was quite unnecessary, as breathing has been a regular habit of mine for years! I breathed. A little buzzer started in my head—I started floating, up and down, round and round—then I was sinking, sinking!

The sergeant poked his head in the dug-out and yelled, "Quick, boys, they're coming!" I grabbed my rifle and jumped for the firing platform. Shells were bursting everywhere—machine-guns rattling. Suddenly the artillery ceased, and I saw a grey line rise over the enemy parapet and pour towards us. We blazed away,

drop, and my old 'un just got two months wi'out the option; but what did 'Erb care, s'long as 'ee 'ad 'er ter fool arrawnd with; 'ere y'are, ma! 'ee'd say, 'ere's a tanner; gahn and buy yourself sommat. Now I arks yer, Mrs. Grubb, 'ow far will a tanner go with gin at four-pence. Rediclus, I calls it, told him so once I did, and what 'o yer think 'ee says. "Why the 'ell don't yer tike in washing?" Haya! says I, want yer poor old ma to wash, and arter me a-bringing 'im up likes as what I 'ad; disgraceful I calls it. An' now 'ee writes a letter as Mr. Muggings at the Blue Owl reads fer me, saying as 'ow 'ee be getting spliced with some minx as aint got no respectable nime like me an' you, Mrs. Grubbs, but calls 'er-self Madelaine Lafondee. I'll Madelaine 'er when I gets 'old on 'er; you just wait, I'll teach 'er to rob a poor old mother of her drop o' tiddly, for I tells yer, Mrs. Grubbs, 'ow does 'ee think I'm going to live, with me old man still got five weeks ter run, if 'ee gives 'is seperation money ter some French 'ussie as drinks shampain an' don't know a drop o' Plymouth if she tastes it!

"Ah! I tells yer, Mrs. Grubbs, it's a'ard, 'ard world fer us mothers. Well, it's six o'clock, an' I've got fivepence, let's go rawnd ter th' Owl. Madelaine Lafondee, I'll dee her," etc., etc.

H.S.S.

IF THE CAP FITS ———!

Are registered letters always welcome? Ask Sergt. ———

\* \* \* \*

Who is the violin virtuoso who floods Chatham House with melody every morning?

\* \* \* \*

Does the M.P. who exercises his vocal powers on the front draw many pennies from the verandah?

\* \* \* \*

Who found a piece of pork under a bean?

\* \* \* \*

Which of our officers put a penny in a broken slot machine on Sunday and couldn't get "a-weigh?" And who was the wag who arranged that the facings of the Intelligence Department should be green?

\* \* \* \*

What a lot of Ramsgate girls cherish fond dreams of visiting Canada after the war!

Why is it necessary to be a sergeant for "Home defence only" before your diet includes stout?

\* \* \* \*

Is it correct that the Granville police earn special mention in dispatches for their ability to run in cripples? Because it's nothing to crow about, anyway.

\* \* \* \*

Why did a certain N.C.O. object to sleeping in the same ward as privates? Was it because one was a D.C.M.?

\* \* \* \*

Does the Sister love her little kitten as much as she used to?

BOMBPROOF PROVERBS.

Stolen rum is strongest.  
One half the world doesn't know how the other half dies.  
Fair words fill no sandbags.  
The pitcher that goes too often to the well gets shot.



ONE OF THE ELECTRIC TREATMENT ROOMS.

Which of our popular N.C.O.'s receives loving epistles from an unknown Gladys?

\* \* \* \*

Who said the Lord High Examiner's chief business in life was *not to be convinced*?

\* \* \* \*

New Emergency Ration:—Cheese: Ounces, one; Nuts: Pea, two.—For fuller information apply to Pte. ———

\* \* \* \*

Will the cups at Chatham House always keep their blue armlets?

\* \* \* \*

Who is the patient with a dimple in his chin who, when he wants a clean shave, has to use an auger?

\* \* \* \*

When a chair patient with a squeaky wheel asked for some oil, who was the sister that wanted to know if a number 9 would do instead?

\* \* \* \*

Is it true that the doctors who operated only got ninepence in coppers out of the patient that swallowed the "Bob?"

A bomb in the trench is worth two in the hand.  
It's more blessed to give than to receive.  
People who live in grass dug-outs should not throw bombs.

Pull the pin out of a Mills Grenade and it's "Jake with the lever up."

TO A PORK PIE.

Oh! Relics of a Porcine Martyr! Pig,  
Entombed in thy sepulchre of flour,  
Whose questing snout the roses used to dig,  
And change the landscape (garden) hour by hour.

That thou should'st come to this! Oh! porker sweet,  
No gentle death was thine—the poor words fail  
To conjure up the scene! Where are thy feet  
That fled so swift? Thy little curly tail?

As thy remains I view, beyond control  
My anguish breaks. Salt tears my cheeks begrime;  
And, if thy spirits hear, let this console  
And comfort thee—thy flavour is sublime.

KRITICOS.



LT.-COL. W. L. WATT, O.C., THE GRANVILLE.

THE NOTCHED RIFLE.

(Enter Sniper-in-Chief, sings, accompanied by muffled drums, oboe, bassoon and bagpipes).

S.-in-C.—Come gather around while I tell you a story  
 A tale of my valour and strength,  
 Of fighting most gruesome and deaths that  
 were gory  
 Of corpses laid out at full length.  
 'Tis the true history of my rifle; you see  
 Those little black marks, there are seven.  
 Denote every one where an enemy's gone  
 To the regions below or to Heaven.

(Chorus of stretcher bearers in E flat minor).  
 O! list for a trifle  
 Your shuddering stifle,  
 The tale of a rifle  
 He'll tell you and I.

S.-in-C.—I first saw red on a Saxon's head  
 As bald and as polished as vellum,  
 But I landed straight on his poor bald pate  
 And ruptured his cerebellum.

The next to flee was the Prussian, he  
 Made a most outrageous fuss  
 Till, with one last shout, his life oozed out  
 Through a split asocephagus.

Two Bavarians died through a damaged inside,  
 Their wealth was the subject at issue,

But what could they do, when I pierced them  
 through,  
 And bisected their cardiac tissue.

No. 5 fought strong yet before very long  
 I found I had nothing to fear,  
 Soon his life had fled and he lay there dead  
 With a dislocated trachea.

The last two counted were Uhlans, mounted  
 And to this day I can see 'em,  
 They fought quite well yet passed to H——  
 With a punctured peritoneum.

Now I daily my total of victims advance,  
 Though bloodshed and death I abhor,  
 So when telling my friends my adventures in  
 France,

I shall make it a hundred, or more !!  
 H.S.S.

THE PASSING HOUR.

Overheard in the dining room:—

ORDERLY OFFICER: "And what have you got, my man?"

WOULD-BE DINER: "Patience, Sir."

\* \* \* \* \*

FIRST PATIENT: "Well, how do you like your artificial leg?"

LEGLESS ONE: "Oh! It's all right—only when I take a bath the confounded thing floats."

\* \* \* \* \*

HE: "Yes, this makes the fifth time I have been wounded"

SHE (Dreamily): "All the best men seem to get killed, don't they?"

\* \* \* \* \*

SCOTTIE: "They tell me that Mac. has been proposed for a Field Marshal."

JOCK: "Naw, mon—it wis a coort-martial."

\* \* \* \* \*

SENTRY (in Communication Trench): "Halt! Who goes there?"

RATION PARTY (up to the waist in water): "Submarine U 13."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CANUCK says that since they stopped card games he often has a rubber in the massage-room, gets some good hands, and finds his game (leg) improving. He's evidently a "knave."

C.M.R. asks "What is the first duty of a hospital?"—To ward-off the patients, of course!

ENQUIRER.—No! The G.C.S.H. is *not* kept going by the revenue from the *Hospital News*.

BUGLER.—Your Lines to Locks of a Brick-haired Beauty" are too fine for us. Try the "Scaly Wretch."

PATIENT.—If your friend really cannot master the art of "forming fours," we can only advise him to apply for a commission.

ARMLESS writes an illegible scrawl about some missing cats, a '22 rifle, and Townley Castle. It's none of our business, anyway!

BLUES AGAIN.—Thirty shillings does seem exorbitant for a night's lodging. However, you are very reticent in your information.

PREVED.—Your case is interesting—but forgive him; remember, he is doing corporal's work on private's pay!

## SPORTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS.

The "Going Strong" Revue Company entertained the Granvillians on Friday last. The weekly visits of the Palace companies are quite a feature, and are eagerly looked forward to by the boys.

This week has been a quiet one as far as our sportsmen are concerned—the boys have been resting-up and getting into shape for the Dominion Day Sports, the programme of which appears in our next column.

GRANVILLE RIFLE CLUB.—Our team met the R.N. Coastguards in a contest on Saturday last, and defeated them by a margin of 73 points. Our respected O.C. captained the team, and himself made the substantial score of 74. Capt. Robson and Pte. Smith each made 79 out of a possible 80.

The usual weekly open competition will take place; prizes have been kindly donated by our officers.

A fine concert was given at the Granville on Tuesday afternoon by the members of the "Dutch Hussars" Revue Company. A fine programme, including acrobatic, tight-wire, musical and speciality numbers, was heartily cheered by an exceptionally large crowd.

It is some time since we heard from the Granville Concert Party, and we shall welcome their re-appearance on Friday night. We hear that a fine minstrel and orchestral programme has been arranged, and we trust a large crowd will be present to reward the efforts of these, "our own," boys.

## GENERAL SIR CHARLES WARREN'S SHIELD.

The final and decisive match in the contest for this magnificent trophy was shot off on Tuesday, and resulted in a victory for the Granville team over their opponents, the R.M.R.C., by 29 points.

We heartily congratulate the team on their splendid achievement, knowing the great difficulties they have had to contend with, not the least of which has been the constant change in the personnel of the team, which is inevitable in a hospital such as the Granville.

Such a result has not been attained without a lot of hard work and practice, and the whole hospital will thank the men who have done so much to maintain the Canadian prestige.

## THE CUP GAME.

A very exciting game of Ball was played on the Chatham Annexe Grounds on Saturday last, between the rival houses, this being the third game played for the Cup. Granville were once more fortunate in "bringing home the bacon," but by the narrowest possible margin. Chatham House had got together a very workable nine and surprised the Granvillians by scoring seven runs in their first innings. The fourth was disastrous for Chatham House, 11 runs being scored against them, Pitcher Lessard having to work against 19 men to the bat. This, however, evened up things, and in the last two innings real good ball was played. On Chatham House going to bat for the last innings the score was Granville

16, Chatham House 15. A most exciting moment occurred in the last innings, in which Capt. Bedford clearly demonstrated his mastery of the intricate points of the game. He undoubtedly won the game for the Granville. The climax was two men gone, two men on bases, and two and two on the batter. The Captain slipped over a "beaut" that McArthur never saw, and finished; things then there was joy in the camp!

## DOMINION DAY PROGRAMME.

Given fine weather, Saturday should be a red-letter day in our calendar. A grand patriotic and musical demonstration is to be given by the local children, assisted by the band of the 61st Batt., in the morning, at Chatham House.

The following programme of sports has been arranged for the afternoon, commencing at 1 o'clock:

BASEBALL, G.C.S.H. v. 61st Batt. C.E.F.

Relay Race, 1 mile.

100 Yards Flat.

220 Yards Flat.

120 Yards Hurdles.

Sack Race.

Bandaging Race.

Blindfold Race.

100 Yards Flat (Officers).

Band Race.

LACROSSE, Exhibition Game, Granville v.

Chatham House.

## MY LIST.

## I.

A nice little list I have got  
Of people who ought to be shot;  
And I'm sure you'd agree,  
If their names you could see,  
We'd be very well rid of the lot.

## II.

There's the mad "peace-at-any-price" wight,  
Who says we ought never to fight—  
If a pellet of lead  
Was to send him to bed,  
Don't you think we could spare him alright?

## III.

There's the world-bossing newspaper bore,  
Who predicts dire disasters in store;  
What a thing it would be  
To make certain that he  
Could perform "Dismal Jimmy" no more.

## IV.

There's the shirker, who, perfectly fit,  
Won't be shamed into doing his bit;  
Do you think to the State  
That the loss would be great  
If he thus got his notice to quit?

## V.

On the list there are more I could name,  
Who deserve to be treated the same;  
But should any declare  
My selection unfair,  
Let them prove it by playing the game.

• CORR: R.

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**10 HOURS FOR ARMY SERVICE (CORPS)**

- 6.15—Reveille .. .. . Christians Awake
- 6.45—Rouse Parade .. .. . "Art Thou Weary."
- 7.00—Breakfast .. .. . "Meekly Wait and Murmur Not."
- 8.15—Manœuvres .. .. . "Fight the Good Fight."
- 11.15—Swedish Drill .. "Here we Suffer Grief and Pain."
- 1.00—Dinner .. .. . "Come, ye Thankful People Come"
- 2.15—Rifle Drill .. .. . "Go Labour On."
- 3.15—Lecture .. .. . "Tell me the Old, Old Story."
- 4.30—Dismiss .. .. . "Praise Him from whom all Blessings Flow."
- 5.00—Tea .. .. . "What means this eager anxious Throng."
- 6.00—Finished .. .. . "O! Happy Band of Pilgrims."
- 10.00—Last Post .. .. . "All are Safely Gathered In."
- 10.15—Lights Out .. .. . "Peace, Perfect Peace."
- 10.30—Guard Inspection .. .. . "Sleep on, Beloved."

**A SLACKER**

On every budding British Beauty  
Lies the Patriotic duty  
When the Male who isn't Khaki clad she sees;  
If he's young and strong, and healthy,  
Be he poor or be he wealthy,  
Of arousing him from Lethargy and ease.

Let her snub him if she meet him;  
Though she know him, fail to greet him;  
Be contemptuous, as pretty women can;  
Till at length in shame and anger,  
He casts of his slothful langour  
And acquits him like a soldier and a man.

It's not courage he is lacking  
Though he's stay-at-home and slacking,  
But the sense of understanding, I'll be bound!  
If she's managed by derision  
To awake his clouded vision,  
At the bottom she will find his heart is sound.

Once he joins the clash of battle,  
And he hears the bullets rattle,  
To the winds his cloak of indolence he'll fling;  
And amid the hellish stench  
Of the gassed and poisonous trenches,  
Do his duty to his country and his King. C. M. R.

**ACKNOWLEDGMENT.**

The following letter has been received in acknowledgement of the Stone erected on the grave of the children of Mr. and Mrs. Saxby, who were killed in the last Air Raid. This stone was subscribed for by the Canadians in Chatham Annex.

1a Woodford Ave.  
Ramsgate.

To the Officer Commanding:

Dear Sir,

I am writing on behalf of myself, my wife and family. Please accept our most sincere thanks for the beautiful stone erected on the grave of our dear little children. Will you convey our thanks to all those who so kindly subscribed,

Yours truly,

(Signed) Mr. and Mrs. Saxby.

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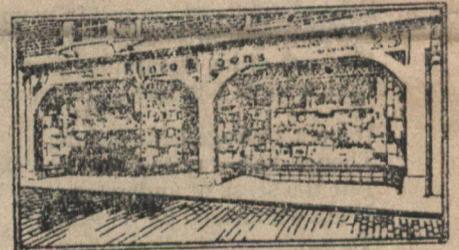
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