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CANADIAN HOSPITAL NEWS



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CANADIAN HOSPITAL

NEWS

Vol. IV

JANUARY 13, 1917

No. 2

The British Empire

IT has been said many a time, and rightly, that the British Empire is the greatest empire the world has ever seen, and every British heart has thumped more energetically at the thought of it. Can the British Empire be any greater? Can it engender more enthusiasm, more love, more devotion? We believe it can; we believe that this great world war will so purify and revivify the Empire, that what has been possible heretofore, will appear dwarfed beside the happenings of the future. We learn with great satisfaction that within a few weeks, an Imperial Conference, comprising representatives of all the overseas dominions and dependencies will meet daily, for a period, with the War Committee of the British Cabinet, to discuss the problems of the war, and plan for a speedy and decisive victory, followed by an enduring peace. The Mother Country entered the war without asking the advice of her colonies. Such a momentous and withal righteous decision met with the hearty approval of every man and woman of the Empire, and by common consent there was such a springing to arms in Australia and Canada, in Africa and India, and in the isles of the seven seas, as had scarcely been anticipated by the Rulers of Empire, much less by his Imperial Majesty at Potsdam. Oh, it was glorious, glorious! We had the privilege—it was indeed a privilege—during the first August of the war to examine medically the first of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry who gathered in Western Ontario for despatch to Ottawa. There they were joined by men from Canada East and Canada West, to form as splendid a regiment as entered the arena of war, and one perhaps as widely famous as any in the British Expeditionary Force. Do you remember the credentials required of every man seeking admission to the ranks of this famous battalion in those earliest days? Only ex-service men, physically perfect, of a certain stature or higher, with good characters or better, had any chance of acceptance. How eagerly they came, these men who had served their Queen or King in the far corners of the Empire; how bitter their disappointment if they did not measure up to the standard; how quickly they mobilised; how speedily they whipped into shape; how proudly they marched out of the capital on their journey overseas; how splendidly they withstood the foe; how bravely they fought, and bled, and died, is now a matter of the glorious history of Canada and of the Empire.

Thousands of Canadians followed in their steps, and from all parts of the Empire regiments have come, fighting shoulder to shoulder. Now the Mother is pleased to consult her daughters. After the war there will be an Imperial Parliament. Can the British Empire be greater and grander than it has been? It can, and it will. And always it will be the exponent of Liberty and Freedom. For such an Empire it is worth while to sacrifice much.

O. C. J. W.

The Wonder Love

Where is the wonder in Heaven above,
Or earth beneath, like a woman's love?
It will survive the sorrowing years,
Rising sublime o'er sins and and tears;
Silently, gladly, will pay the price
Demanded of full self-sacrifice,
With never a word nor reproachful tone,
Never a look nor complaining moan.

A maid there was, of a comely grace,
Innocent yet of a man's embrace,
Till the handsome stranger fared him by,
With the merry look and the roving eye.
Noting her beauty he dallied a while,
And her young soul leapt at his winning smile.
He willed to woo her, playing his part
So well, she speedily gave her heart.
Gave her lips to his passionate kiss,
Clung to his bosom in rapturous bliss;
Leaned her cheek to his fondling hand;
Suffered each new and greater demand,
Till at last he asked for a priceless flower,—
And she gave e'en that in the glow of the hour.
He sipped her nectar, taking his fill,
Then passed on his way. *She loves him still!*

And where is the wonder in Heaven above
Like a man's offence, or a maiden's love?

CLAUDE F. DODWELL,
Sometime patient at G.C.S.H.,
and News Editor, *Canadian Hospital News*.

Canada's furthest north steamboat service is the annual trip of the well equipped, electric lighted Hudson Bay steamer, down the Mackenzie River to Fort Macpherson, at the head of the Mackenzie Delta, just 70 miles from the Arctic Ocean. After unloading its cargo of supplies and mails for Canada's most northerly permanent settlement, the steamer returns to Lake Athabasca with furs.

Memories of the Granville Verandah

(By Gunner G. A. CLARK, 86900).

(This breezy little letter comes spontaneously from one of the boys who was long enough at this great Military Hospital to know it quite well from a patient's standpoint and who has gone home. He can't forget his hospital cot overlooking the front and the sea, and although he must, as a true Canadian soldier, have his little grouch, his words come from a heart overflowing with gratitude — EDITOR).

General Hospital, Montreal, Canada,
December 5, 1916.

Dear *Hospital News*—

Did you know that the patients who lay all summer on the verandah of the Granville had gone? Oh, yes, they have, for I am one of them, and I write these lines from a pleasant hospital in far-off Montreal.

After having our hopes bounding high a dozen times about our going; then down to zero about our not going; after rumours of all kinds; after medical boards; boards of inquiry; papers written, lost, and rewritten; after pleadings, threats, and arguments; after numerous visits to the Quartermaster's store; and after wishing that certain members of the Granville staff were in a hotter clime than that of Ramsgate, at last in the chill grey dawn of a November morning we got off. Some other time I may give you the history of the journey, but not here.

We, that is Lce-Copl. Wood, Dvr. O'Connor and myself, who are still together as in the old days, wish to convey to the people of Ramsgate our warmest wishes and heartfelt thanks for the many kindnesses shown to us during our long stay at the Granville. Some of these we came to know intimately and will henceforth be honoured to call them friends, and to the many others who brought their offerings of fruit, flowers, cigarettes, &c., their kindness will long linger in our memory. Even the cheery word and pleasant smile in passing were much appreciated. We all have happy memories of that old seaside town, and I am afraid some of us have even left our hearts there.

Also to the Sisters and Staff of No. 1 Ward we send our thanks for the care and attention given us. I know that sometimes we were aggravating to the last degree, but I must say they stood it like martyrs. We wish here to mention one in particular, and I think his fellow workers will not begrudge it to him, and so across the miles of intervening ocean we salute you, "Gallant Little Taffy," who did so much for us during our weary months of helplessness on the Granville verandah.

"Shorty" Lang, who has returned to Ward I. from Roehampton with a pair of shapely, varnished legs, makes this cheery announcement:—"I shall be 'At Home' to my friends and people I owe money to, any day before the hour of 9 a.m. and after 9 p.m."

Awards for December Competitions

The three competitions offered last month produced some clever entries, but we are desirous of having a larger number of patients "try their luck." The judges have made the following awards, one crown and half-a-crown being the first and second prizes respectively in each case.

Competition I—*Original War Puzzle*

1. Pte. Geo. Pendleton, Chatham House
2. Pte. G. M. Bosnell, A.S.C.

Competition II—*Expanded Abbreviations*

1. Pte. Geo. Pendleton, Chatham House
2. Corp. J. F. Green, Yarrow Annex

Competition III—*Original Cartoon*

1. Pte. A. Balfour, Granville Personnel
2. Pte. C. M. Heathman, Granville

Some of the best entries will appear in next week's issue.

Get in on this New Competition

On page 7 we reproduce some of the popular chorus-parodies perpetrated by the Princess Pats Comedy Company. Parodying love songs to fit trench, camp and hospital life is a favorite occupation in dug-out and ward. We have decided therefore, to open Competition IV for original parodies on three revue songs which have been worked so hard that they have become fit only for parodying. We invite you to submit the most *amusing and appropriate parody* you can devise on the *chorus* of *any one* of these following songs :

- (1). If You Were The Only Girl In The World.
- (2). Back Home In Tennessee.
- (3). A Broken Doll.

For the best original parody on any one of the above received, a *first prize of one crown* will be awarded ; for the next best a *second prize of half-a-crown*.

Entries should be deposited in one of the "C. H. N." copy boxes in the recreation rooms at the Granville, Chatham House or Yarrow Annex, not later than Saturday, January 20th.

Col. Watt Cup Moves Again

The Chatham House tenure of the Col. Watt Cup was short-lived. As a result of the January contest it returns to the Granville, in custody of the Personnel team. Corp. Gibbs of the winning team scored the first possible which has yet been made in a Watt Cup match. The team scores were as follows :

Personnel, 382.	Second Floor, 373.
Chatham House, 374.	Fourth Floor, 361.

It is hoped that the Yarrow Annex will be represented in next month's competition, and that the patients will use every opportunity of practising at the Miniature Range.

Odes To Famous Numbers

TO A No. 9

Other little coated pills
Have their fame and glory,
"Cures of all earthly ills,"
Proclaimed from the top storey.

You, the army's great stand-by,
You, the M.O.'s right hand man,
You are swallowed with a sigh,
You are thanked with curse and damn.

When the Kaiser in Berlin,
Tired of war, our peace shall
sign,

We, to purge him from all sin,
Will hand to him a No. 9.

Looked to as the Nation's hope,
Kings shall worship at thy
shrine,

Famous little pill of soap,
The army's stand-by No. 9.

TO B179.

Little mystic number;
What do you mean for me?
Canada or Flanders,
Home or just P.B.

Here I'm lying dreaming
Whether fate or chance,
Will send me back to Canada,
Or once again to France.

You, they tell me, are a scamp,
Leading some an awful dance,
These go back to training camp,
Those return to France.

It's a lie I feel quite sure,
Prove it by good deeds to me.
Send the others back to France,
But send me to old B.C.

Pte. F. GIOLMA.

Separation Allowance Humour

The following are authentic extracts from letters received by an army paymaster:—

Dear Sir,—In accordance with instructions on ring paper, I have given birth to a daughter on November 21st.

Dear Sir,—You have changed my little boy into a girl. Will it make any difference?

Dear Sir,—My husband, Bill, has been put in charge of a spittoon. Shall I get any more pay?

Dear Sir,—My husband has joined the army, and I shall be glad if you will send me his elopement money.

Blighly.

Scotland For Ever

The scene was a kinema palace where the Somme battle pictures were being flickered. As the Warwickshires were seen going over the top to the attack, an excited Birmingham man exclaimed triumphantly, "What about your Highland regiments now?" As luck would have it, there was a short, bandy-legged Scot in a kilt within hearing. He flared up, and replied—"What about our Hielan' regiments? Why, they were keepin' back the Germans while your men were gettin' their photographs ta'en."

The Famous Princess Pats Comedy Company

When the Pats were receiving their second annual cutting up in the Salient, in June, 1916, half-a-dozen picked men were back at the transport lines, rehearsing under the Regimental Paymaster, Capt. Pembroke, for the comedy show which was to greet the boys when they were relieved from the trenches. It was only a remnant that returned to rest billets, but Major Adamson, on whom



THE BEAUTY CHORUS

the command of the battalion had fallen, decided that the show should be put on as if nothing had happened back by Zillebeke.

The first performance, near Steenvorde, was so sensationally successful that the company was asked to repeat it for the benefit of other brigades in the Canadian Corps.

Through the assistance of the regimental officers and the Y.M.-C.A., additional costumes and properties were procured, new programmes were improvised and rehearsed, and last September the company was placed by Lieut.-Col. Pelly, O.C. of the Pats, on a permanent basis, under the business management of Lance-Corp. P. D. Ham (son of Dr. Albert Ham, of

Toronto), and the stage management of Pte. J. W. MacLaren, of the 4th Universities Overseas Company.

The P.P. Comedy Company has now given over sixty performances behind the line, convulsing khaki audiences aggregating over 30,000 officers and men from the four Canadian divisions.

The Pats Show is the big treat to which the Canadian battalions look forward on their return to the rest billets; and the effect of these original, indigenous, hilarious khaki entertainments on the spirits of the men in the line is fully appreciated by the commanding officers.

Some Of The Popular P.P.C.C. Parodies

Tune—*Mother Machree.*

Sure I don't mind the gas-shells that burst in the air,
As they float all around me I don't give a care,
All the gas they send over sure I'll soon forget.
Oh, God bless you and keep you, my new gas helmet.

Tune—*Chinatown.*

China wall, my China
wall,
Where the flames are
low,
And the rats and Bel-
gian cats
Softly come and go.
Dear old Belgian
China Wall,
Where the whizz bangs
flow,
If you peep, you'll
surely sleep
By Ypres China wall.

Tune—*Roamin' in the
gloamin'*

Roamin' in the gloam-
in',
Ross rifle by my side.
Roamin' in the trench-
es,
Couldn't fire it if I tried
For its worse than all
the rest ;
Lee Enfields I like
best.
I sure must lose it
Roamin' in the gloam-
in'.



THE INTERNATIONAL AFFAIR

Tune—*We'll never let the old flag fall.*

We'll never let the rum jar fall,
For we love it the best of all,
To get a little tot we wait each night,
And when it's drunk we'll fight—fight—fight.
When nights are cold you'll hear us sing,
Please, sergeant, here that rum jar bring.
To the ends of the world that cry is hurl'd:
We'll never let the rum jar fall.

With Our Contemporaries

We are glad to welcome No. 4 of N.Y.D. (incorporating "The Iodine Chronicle," "The Splint Record," and "Now and Then," the respective journals of Nos. 1, 2 and 3 Canadian Field Ambulances) after a lapse so long that this Christmas issue contains a report of No. 1 Field Ambulance's Olympic Meet on July 31st. The breezy number before us, however, shows that N.Y.D. is certainly Not Yet Dead. We like the latest cure for "homesickness" it suggests—

Walk along the railway track and kid yourself you're counting the ties on the good old C P.R. once more. It's great!

There is considerable literary merit in the second number of *The Kia-Ora*, the attractive magazine of H.M.S. New Zealand, which participated in the battles of Heligoland Bight, Dogger Bank and Jutland. The editors apologise for missing the previous month—

Writers are few, readers are many; and so while you have been hanging around the door of our sanctum hungering for a crust of literature, we have been hunting literature from which to hack crusts.

In the handsomely printed Christmas number of *The Fourth*, the magazine of the Fourth London General Hospital, Major R. Lloyd George, of the Welsh Regiment, rather apologetically contributes under editorial pressure, some "Experiences on Active Service." In the course of these he tells how one of his platoon commanders once asked him if he would finish censoring some of his platoon's letters, on the plea of having a ration party to look after. The Premier's son had not read very far before he came across a private's letter which revealed the guile behind the subaltern's innocent request. For this private had written:—"Our Company Commander is a son of Lloyd George, but the other officers are perfect gentlemen."

"I soothed myself," writes the reminiscient Major, "with the thought that Pte. — was a diplomat with an eye to the future, and that he had meant to write "and" instead of "but"—but there was no mistaking what he had written. Anyway, he had made his mark, and is now a corporal."

After a lively run of four months the *Canadian Red Cross Special*, of Buxton, has announced a temporary suspension of publication, "owing to the advent of cold weather, which of necessity keeps people in doors, and the fact that the paper has to depend mainly on its street sales for its financial support." We miss the weekly exchange from our energetic contemporary, and shall welcome its recrudescence in the spring. So far as we know, the *Canadian Hospital News* is now the only khaki journal published regularly every week.

Some Tall Football Scores

The Stockdale Cup team of "A" Battery, 336th Brigade, R.F.A., were made to look like rather unlikely cup contenders, in their exhibition game with the "Nuts" on Saturday, when the Canadians ran in no less than eight goals, while allowing only one.

Five minutes from the kick-off "Red" Forbes scored a beauty from the left flank where "the trouble usually starts." Longworth scored No. 2 a couple of minutes later, and then the Battery centre forward registered the 18-pounders' solitary goal. Just before half-time Mitchell (playing in Corp. Berritt's place) made the score 3-1.

The second half was a revel for the "Nuts" forwards, especially for Longworth who booted or bunted in three more, while Brade, (*vice* Staff Towler) and Walters each took one, to show that every man on the forward line could do it. Ten minutes before time Mitchell was injured, and the "Nuts" finished the game with ten men.

GRANVILLE-7; H. M. TORPEDO BOAT 24-NIL

On Monday afternoon the "Nuts" took on the Whitehead experts of the Ramsgate Naval Base, who apparently missed their range-finders as they were totally unable to register a hit on Brooks' target, while the Canadians scored only one less than on Saturday. The "Nuts" have now so steady and so reliable back and half-back lines that the forwards are able to keep the ball almost continually in enemy territory.

On the forward line Corp. Berritt was back at outside right, Sgt. Flansburg of the R. C. R. filled Staff Towler's position, while the old war horse, Corp. Ducros, romped around inside right. New or old, every forward got his goal on Monday, while Ducros made an extra contribution with a penalty goal-kick that gave the naval "goalie" no more chance than a whizz-bang. As usual Forbes' line work and back kicking to centre was one of the prettiest features of the game.

Boxing

It is proposed to hold a Boxing Competition in February, open to competitors from H.M. Naval and Military Forces quartered at Ramsgate. Each bout will consist of two 2-minute and one 3-minute rounds, and there will be five classes—heavyweight, middleweight (up to 11st. 6lb.), welter (10st. 7lb.), light (9st. 8lb.), and bantam (8st. 6lb.).

All men wishing to compete must submit their names and weights not later than January 25th to

Capt. C. G. ARMOUR,

Y.M.C.A. Recreation Room,

Granville Hospital.

We Should Like to Know.

What has become of the Epsom S.-M.'s gold stripe?

Which of the new Ramsgate "Janes" you prefer—the King's or the Palace's?

Who is the C.A.M.C. man who wears a bullet-proof vest? Does his girl tickle him?

Whether all the staff are consumptive that they must needs sleep in airy "sanitaria."

If Corp. M—kle has been asked yet to serve on the Ramsgate Tribunal.

Who was the masseuse who was so engrossed with her patient that she massaged the wrong arm?

Whether the "artificial-footed" Chatham House sergeant's medical knowledge is hereditary.

What chance has that one electric light in the Chatham House "communication trench" got, away up inside the big megaphone?

Who was the soldier who, when found in the cemetery, told the policeman to "Move on some of those other fellows who had been there longer"?

Yaps from Yarrow

We understand that Driver McGee will give another public reading in ward seven early next week.

The Travelling Board showed awful speed at Yarrow on Tuesday. In fact the C.C.'s, C.T.'s, P.T.'s, P.B.'s and even the plain D.'s fell so thickly that several of the patients are now suffering from shell shock.

There came a young Canuck to Yarrow,
Who said he had pains in his marrow;
But they yanked him from bed,
Said: "He's swinging the lead,"
And now he is pushing a barrow.

We hear that after most careful consideration, the authorities at Yarrow have come to the conclusion that any private who can vault a seven foot wall is perfectly capable of going "over the top."

Every patient at Yarrow is looking forward with the keenest interest to Pte. Cox's forthcoming book on the war, entitled, "Let me go back to France," or "Why I love the army."

Granville Breezes.

The regimental "doc." wasn't a bad sport, but he hated any one "slipping one over on him. One day Pte. L. Swinger walked in with a bad cough and told the old yarn.

"So your cough troubles you at night time, eh?"

L. S.—"Yes sir, havn't slept for a month."

Doc.—"Too bad! Take these tonight, and those in the morning, and tomorrow night you'll be afraid to cough.—Next."

The discrimination displayed by the management of the County Roller Rink in the selection of its carnival prizes is almost as grotesque as some of the costumes they incite. At last Thursday's carnival L.-Corp. Graham, appearing as a buxom Britannia, was awarded half-a-dozen fruit knives—presumably to supplement the trident. The winning couple, "Fat" Higgins as a magnificent Zulu Chief, and "Slim" Rahmer as a graceful Zuluette, received respectively a rose bowl and a crumb tray. The former will doubtless find its way to the massage room, while the latter, we presume, will be converted into a (treatment) card receiver.

Everybody hopes for leave,
Many apply for leave,
A few get off on leave,
But most get "left on leave."

Jock McPhee, now of Granville, was erroneously reported dead by his home paper. He wrote protesting and yesterday received a copy containing the following:

"We much regret that the report given last week as to the death of Pte. J. McPhee is incorrect."

1st Private—Say, have you heard that Ted Smith has got the D.C.M.?

2nd Private—What for?

1st Private—I dunno.

2nd Private—Blimy, why ain't I got one too? I hid in the same dug-out.

Our condolences go out to the machine gun sergeant on the Second Floor who was sent back to the Granville to get his great-coat by the girl he had met on the prom., and who, on rushing back to the rendezvous, found she had gone off to the show with a more pecunious friend.

There came an old soldier to Chatham,
Who cried, "I just long to get at 'em."
But he fell in a trance,
When the M.O. said "France";
Then beat it where no one could catch 'im.

Entertainments

After a long interval "The Khakians" of Margate returned to the Granville on Monday night, this making their fourteenth appearance at the hospital. The personnel was considerably changed (most of the male members are returned service men), but the programme was as good as ever, especially the concerted numbers and progressive medleys.

On Wednesday afternoon, Mr. E. G. P. Cotelingam, of Madras, appearing in Anglo-Indian costume, gave an illustrated lecture on the Indian Empire that was remarkable, not only for the illuminating revelation it gave of the amazing architecture, dazzling wealth, inspiring scenery, and pathetic customs of Hindustan, but even more so for the unqualified tribute from this native born Hindu to the justice and wisdom of British rule in the Indian Empire. Very thrilling was it to see picture after picture shown on the screen, of fabulously wealthy native princes who have given treasure, contingents, and their personal services to the cause. One slide showed an assembly of 200,000 natives on their knees praying for victory to the British Army. The stereoscope views were followed by interesting bioscopes of Indian life and industry. Mr. Cotelingam, who served for several years in the Department of Justice at Madras, speaks with the luxuriant vocabulary and unctious accent of the educated Indian, and his lecture was most enthusiastically received.

On Wednesday evening the Young Britishers, of Margate, made themselves more popular than ever with the Granville boys. Their humorous songs are always well chosen and delightfully executed; but it was the violin solos of Miss Marjorie Beerling which won the most pronounced applause. Miss Beerling, it may be mentioned, had received only that morning the degree of L. R. A. M.

Captain John MacNeill

On the 14th, 15th and 16th instant, the patients and personnel at the Granville and its annexes are to be favored with a visit from one of the foremost preachers and lecturers in Canada. As a matter of fact John MacNeill is almost as well known in the British Isles and the United States as in his own country. For several summers before the war he preached from the famous pulpit of the City Temple, London, and he once gave an address before a congress in Albert Hall, whose echoes have not yet died away. One day he was called to the pulpit of a large wealthy New York church promising a princely salary, but he declined because he loved Canada more. He is coming to the Granville under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., bearing a message for Canadian soldiers. Every man will feel the better for having come under the influence of his delightful personality. On Sunday, 14th, and Monday, 15th, he will speak at the Granville; and on Tuesday, 16th, at the Yarrow.

The publishers of this paper are indebted to The Canadian Red Cross Society for part of the type, press, etc., used in printing the paper.

S. B. WOOD

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