

FOR CANADIAN PATIENTS AND THEIR FRIENDS EVERYWHERE

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# Canadian Hospital

GRANVILLE  
CHATHAM HOUSE

## News

YARROW HOME  
TOWNLEY CASTLE

VOL. IV

RAMSGATE, FEBRUARY 24, 1917

No. 8

### EDITORIAL

#### NEVER NO MORE

Back to the army again, Sergeant,  
Back to the army again.

Kipling.

THE British temperament is as mysterious as electricity, and as subtle as the moonbeams. One has to brush past an incomprehensible exterior to find an internal loyalty and an indomitable will in the cause of the Empire. The Briton will fight his battles grumbling all the while; the Briton will never relax his stranglehold though murmuring anathemas upon all and sundry that brought him into the game. The British breed is the same under the Southern Cross or beneath the Northern Lights, mid the fogs of the Mother Isles, or under the scorching sun of tropical deserts. After every war the Briton takes off his uniform and says, emphatically: "Never No More." He did it after the South African affair; he has done it after every little affair the British have had "wiping something off a slate." From all these little affairs ex-service men have floated to the ends of Empire, and have entered enthusiastically the avenues of peaceful pursuits. They are proud of the part they played in these little affairs, but, "Never No More." Yet, let the tocsin of war fall on their ears and they come smartly to attention, and hasten to the nearest recruiting depot. In this last big affair it was noticeable in the first days how eagerly old service men rallied to the colours. They came with all the earmarks of military discipline, and with the enthusiasm born of participation in famous campaigns. They had forgotten their emphatic disavowal of military obligation and were only anxious to play their parts again in the making of British history.

Not long ago, a youthful Canadian soldier was discharged after having done his bit, through strenuous months on the western front. Recovering from his disability he re-enlisted. He could not keep out of the great game into which he had once given his heart. We repeat that the mystery of the British temperament is too deep for solution. "Never No More" from a Britisher means "Ever, Yes, Always."

O. C. J. W.



## 'Orrible Raid At The Granville

EIGHTY LIVES NEARLY LOST; HEAVY CASUALTIES AMONG SPECTATORS

(By Our Special Reporter)

There was a terrible raid last Friday at the Granville, in which more than eighty lives were nearly lost, while the mortality among numerous spectators was very high.

It was started by an order being received at the dispensary for seven gallons of chloroform. The excitement caused when this order became known can easily be imagined. What was it wanted for? Some said Pte. Mickelborough, some said Corp. Ducros, while others averred they had seen Lt.-Corp. Graham and "Bill" Bailey hurriedly leaving the building; there were still more who declared they had seen Pte. Johnston deliberately leave his lift and take a header down the elevator shaft. Followed another rumour that the dope had been taken to Chatham House, and that Sergt.-Inst. Simonson, Sergt. Dives, Corp. Oliver, Ord.-Corp. Davidson and Pte. Harrington had been rounded up by the Scout, and were now under guard.

It was a few minutes after ten when I met the Orderly Corporal. He was hurrying along one of the subterranean corridors, wearing a worried look and carrying a large jar of chloroform in his left hand and a piece of rather rich fish in his right. The blending of the odours of the two reminded one all too vividly of a German gas attack. What was he doing? Back came the answer. Out cat hunting under orders from higher up. I went with him.

As a rule there seem to be hundreds of cats at the Granville; but that morning we found none. The news of the raid had got out and the eats taken to cover. I have sometimes envied orderly corporals; they are so obviously surrounded by the dignified halo of office. But never again. That morning he faced death more than once, and judging from their pungent remarks he has lost for ever any favour he had previously won in the eyes of fair members of the staff. Minutes lengthened into hours, but no cats could be found. I left him at four o'clock seeking inspiration from a cup of cocoa at the Y.M.C.A. As I was returning to the Granville late that night I ran into him coming up the Marine Parade.

"Had some luck Corp.?" I asked.

"Well, I don't know," he replied. "I've put thirty-one out of their misery, but I don't see how it'll affect the Granville."

"Explain," I replied.

"Well, I couldn't find a cat in the whole hospital, so I went out and picked up thirty-one in the streets. Now I can fill in my report all right, and yet keep a few friends."

I though he joked, but when in the dark hours that night I was awoken by the old familiar love song of some amorous Thomas Cat, followed by the old familiar hiss and splutter, I knew he had but spoken the truth.

## Mouquet Farm

The Ward may be snug and quiet,  
The inmates all sleeping and calm,  
But four little words cause a riot—  
" Say, who took Mouquet Farm ? "

Old friendships are shattered asunder,  
While patients, regardless of harm,  
Shriek in voices far louder than thunder—  
" The umpteens took Mouquet Farm ! "

When this old Armageddon is ended,  
And homeward our way we have wended,  
(And in civies we loll back to yarn  
Of Mons, the Aïnse and the Marne),  
Some amp. will rush in  
Wildly waving his arm,  
And start up a din—  
" Who took Mouquet Farm ? "

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## The Submarine

Something stirred 'neath the seas—  
Fair course did the good ship make.  
Something saw 'neath the seas—  
Then turned and followed her wake.  
Something crept 'neath the seas—  
Up, ever up, on its foe.  
Something struck 'neath the seas—  
Full and fair sped the blow.  
Something rose from the seas—  
Sailors and ship sank below !

---

## The Harder Task

You saw your dearest one depart,  
Cheerfully, with soldier smile,  
To you 'twas left with aching heart  
To wait and watch a little while.  
You prayed and prayed with hope held high,  
You watched each mail for just a line  
To tell you he was safe and well.  
Your heart like lead, your courage fine.  
And now he's gone, " Somewhere in France "  
He lies. Oh, think no vain regrets.  
Your sacrifice is known, and God  
Remembers when the World forgets.

*Marion E. Wyatt*



## Yaps From Yarrow

Is Jack Savage still feeling as brave as he did on the morning of the heavy gun fire?

Private Scott says that having now mastered the rudiments of chess he can beat Pte. Walsh without Jane's assistance.

Some men blush when they don the Kilt  
And are nervous of drafts and cracks  
But Private Finch turns the color of a beet  
When he has to appear in slacks.

Who was the man who, on hearing a door slam heavily, rushed down the corridor shouting: "It's an air raid"?

We wonder if he has been to France.

Who was the patient "in Blues" who took another patient's Khaki while the unfortunate owner was having a bath?

As they passed-bye they gave the glad-eye  
(The night it was dark it was true)  
Then they utter'd a cry and died with a sigh  
For the girl was only a "Blue".

The Boys from Wards 1, 2 and 3 are anxious that their little tea party should be duly acclaimed. Sisters Birkett and Frier were the hostesses at this delightful little affair which convened in Ward 1. It followed that held in Ward 6 only in point of time, but as to excellence the boys from the two wings of the hospital are still in argument.

There once was a Private named Cram  
Who for meat didn't give a small damn  
But his chums all fell dead  
When they saw him eat bread  
His own, and *their* butter and jam.

### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We acknowledge with many thanks the gift of Mrs. B. Parry, The Bungalow, Stone Gap, Broadstairs who has kindly augmented her recent gift of an invalid chair to the Yarrow by one of a verandah lounge with mattresses and footrest complete. Also that of Sir Alfred Yarrow, who has most thoughtfully presented a bath chair and a special chair for patients' use at the same Annex

We take much pleasure in thanking the well-known author, Mr. J. B. Harris-Burland, for the gift of several of his works. Rattling good stories such as these are always at a premium in the wards.

## Clothes and the Man

ANOTHER PIQUANT WAR-TINGED NOVELETTE

By Dorothy L. Warne

### CHAPTER ONE

Mrs. Smith is of the lamp-post variety, therefore, as an almost invariable consequence, Papa Smith did not reach above her shoulder.

It was Saturday afternoon, and Mrs. Smith was pinning on her headgear in front of the cracked mirror that hung askew over the drawing-room mantelpiece.

"Christopher," she said, addressing something that appeared to have a slight resemblance to the male species grovelling under a table for lost papers—"Christopher, you must take Teddy and baby to the pictures this afternoon. The films are quite educational, and the little dears have been so good. I have to go to the stores to pick up a real bargain in crepe-de-chine robes at 18/11 $\frac{3}{4}$ , reduced from 19/-, before Mrs. Fitz-french gets hold of it. *Christopher!* did you not hear me? Come and help me on with my wrap. Oh, and if the baker calls before you start take two loaves, crusty ones, and pay the bill. Now be sure and see that Teddy and baby don't stain their coats and gloves with chocolate, and keep to the side-walk—you are always so devoid of brains where your children are concerned. And" (sniff) "you might at least put on a respectable suit to take the family out."

### CHAPTER TWO

Sergt. Smith (Bantam Battalion) is helping Mrs. Smith on with her coat in the drawing-room. The mirror is no longer cracked, a gorgeously gilded one has taken its place. Wonderful what can be done on a separation allowance.

"Chris, dear," she coos, "do you feel too tired to come into the park this afternoon? I have sent Teddy and baby out with Mrs. Jones' nurse; I knew you wouldn't want to be worried with them. Perhaps we shall meet Mrs. Fitz-french and I can show her what a splendidly patriotic husband I've got, not a slacker like hers. What's the shilling for? Oh, you dear old silly. As if I'd *dream* of worrying you with domestic arrangements. You think I ought to have a new coat? No, Chris, we must put away superfluous cash in the new War Loan. I don't care if Mrs. Jones has got a new fur one; it is only because her husband has got a commission—Home defense at that."

"Are you really feeling up to a little walk, dear? I'm just long-  
ing to show you off in Mudleigh."



## Granville Breezes.

Mee-ow, mee-ow, puss, puss, has anybody seen our cat?

Where were the Granville police the night of the raid?

Is the C.A.M.C. a fighting unit? Ask any Chatham House sergeant.

LOST.—One blue armlet (elastic attachment).

One pair of lance-stripes.

Six days' pay.

Four successive massage treatments.

Losers please do not return to R.S.M.'s office.

Have the Granville sergeants really started going to church on Sunday evenings?

Is it a fact that last Sunday when the plate came around, and a certain R.S.M. put in sixpence, a certain Registrar's Sergeant turned and whispered "I'll raise you one," and promptly placed one shilling in the plate?

Sergeant Ward has travelled abroad,

From the Yukon to Timbuctoo;

He's a good old sport of the right old sort,

And his shooting's quick and true;

He can ride a horse or give a course

On Ross or Lee-Enfield lore,

But he fails at this, if he tries it's a miss—

He can never be a bore.

Despite the fact that there is a large printed notice up over the *Hopital News* contribution box, we found this week on clearing the contents fifty-three stamped letters intended for Canadian mail. In future all patients dropping their mail letters into this box will be prosecuted under the Lunacy Act.

Private Sullivan smiles and beams

In the Y.M.C.A.

All among the chocolate creams,

Sipping his *café au lait*.

And the ladies fair, who help him there,

Cry "Well, he's all right."

But still they stare and oft' declare.

"Gee, he's got some appetite."

Prisoner—Is this the officer who's going to defend me. sir?

President of Court-Martial—Yes.

Prisoner—If he should die can I have another?

President of C.-M.—Certainly.

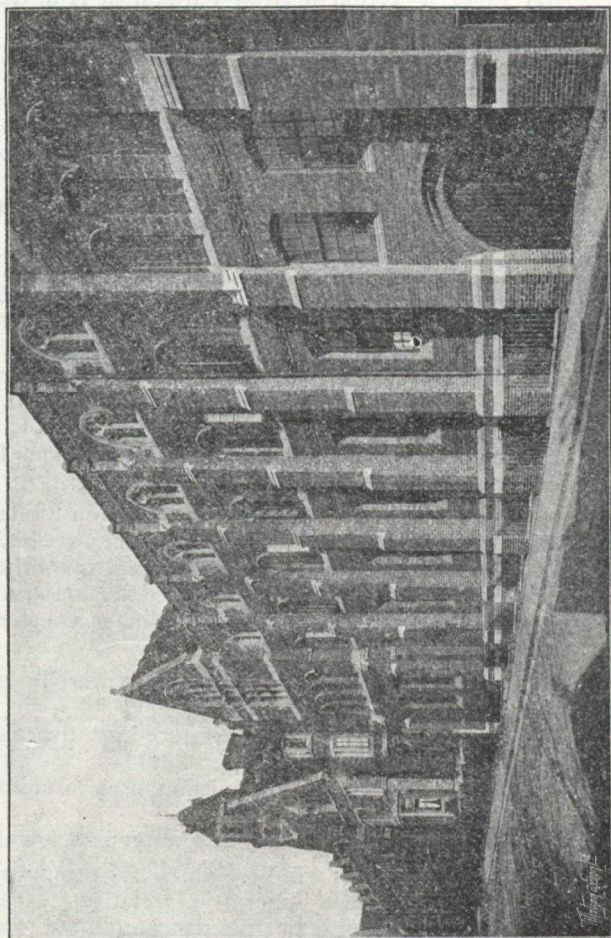
Prisoner—Can I see him alone for a few minutes, sir?



## Chatham House Canadian Spedial Hospital

### THE SECOND CHILD OF OUR RAMSGATE FAMILY

Chatham House, a picture of which we show herewith, was built for a boys' school in 1880-82. The school, housed in a smaller building, has been in existence since 1797, during which



CHATHAM HOUSE  
As Viewed from the Public Street

time it has turned out many eminent scholars. Many hundred of our good sons from the Land of the Maple Leaf, who have been wounded have found good harbourage here on their way back to Canada or to France to strike another blow for the right.



## Routine Orders No. "168."

*Issued by*

Lieut.-Col. I. N. POWER, Officer Commanding Cliffville Canadian Hospital

Ewegate, February 29, 1918.

- Duty* Orderly Officer for the day—Capt. E. B. Hooper, C.F.  
Next for duty - - - - —Hon. Lt. F. S. Havesley.
- Postings* Hon. Lieut. I. Workem, from Parliament Hill, Ottawa,  
to be in charge of Cliffville Arts and Crafts.  
S/Sgt. P. Burns, from Calgary Remount Depot, to be in  
charge of Cliffville Live Stock Dept.  
Lieut. Levi Levy to be Acting Paymaster without pay.  
Capt. T. S. Flannagan, from 180th Sportsmen's Batt.,  
to be Director of Hospital Sports, and Kernel-in-Chief  
of the Nuts.  
Hon. Major Atkinson from Toronto *Daily Star* to be  
temporary Editor of *Canadian Hospital News*.
- Economy  
in Food* The attention of all ranks is again called to the neces-  
sity for the strictest economy in the handling and con-  
sumption of food. The new army biscuit will be issued  
in place of bread on all days except Sundays, Paydays.  
and Football Matchdays. Any man leaving any food  
uneaten on his plate will be severely dealt with. No  
bones or potato skins are henceforth permitted to enter  
the incinerator but must report at once without fail to  
the soup boiler.
- Pay* All those who have not been paid within the last six  
weeks will parade for pay on Saturday at 4.30 p.m.  
N.C.O.s and men will not be paid except upon the pro-  
duction of war loan certificates to the amount of at  
least 50 per cent. of their last pay, and of vouchers for  
the expenditure of the balance.
- Bounds* The following places in Ewegate are hereby placed  
Out of Bounds:—  
All places of business not registered as advertisers in  
the *Canadian Hospital News*.  
All cinema theatres not admitting men in uniform at  
half-price.  
All bathing beaches where the water is below 32° F.
- Leave* In future no leave will be granted for the purpose of  
proceeding to attend funerals of relatives, except on  
application endorsed by the deceased, and counter-  
signed by the coroner.
- Permission  
to Live Out* All remaining officers are hereby given permission to  
get out of the mess.

P. P. PSMYTH, *Adjt.*



## At the Rifle Range

The contest between the Canadians and East Kent Cyclists on Monday the 19th, resulted in a win for the former, the scores being Canadians 614, Cyclists 590. A feature of the shooting was the very high average, 77 out of a possible 80.

The War Loan Certificate Sweepstake which has been so popular during the past week closes to-day. The O.C., Colonel J. T. Clarke, has most kindly consented to choose and seal the winning numbers.

## Our Official Photographer

Down one of the subterranean passages under the Granville, you will find a small secluded room. You might pass it many times without seeking admission, for the door has neither knob nor handle, and there is no notice of invitation to enter. A knock, however, is followed by a grating sound, the door flies open, and you pass the portal of the mysterious chamber.

The artificial light shows you a complete working outfit of a high-class photographer, and Private C. W. Le Sauvage busy among his plates and chemicals. Here he brings the varied contents of his camera and manufactures magnificent lantern slides of interesting and instructive cases from the hospital and finished photographs of the activities of the large institution.

Incidentally, he is the official photographer of the "Canadian Hospital News," and in his spare moments has made many contributions to our paper. His modesty shall not prevent us from paying tribute to his resourcefulness and readiness to serve the "News" and help it forward in its successful career.

"This," said the lecturer at the Y.M.C.A. lantern show of "Scenes in the Holy Land," is a very fine picture entitled, "Take the Child and flee into Egypt." "In the foreground of the picture," he continued, pointing with his wand to the screen, "you see the Child, and in the far distance you see Egypt." "That's all right, sir," muttered an old amp. case sitting near the door, "and the flea's over here in the small of my back."

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BROADSTAIRS



## Chats From Chatham

You are quite right, A.H. ; most of us love the sight of civilian clothes but we understand Acting-Corporal Jay doesn't.

Sergeant Davis has permission to be married. Congratulations from the mess and may all his troubles be *little ones*.

We wonder if anyone would have been disappointed if Corporal Ashworth's pass had been turned down? Sure, we know all about it, Corp.

Private Ritchie and his chum,  
Fought the Huns with shot and shell,  
But when the girls cried " Here we come !"  
They turned and ran like—any old thing.

O pity the staff and personnel,  
Their's is a sorry plight,  
They have to fat-ee-gue all day  
And stand-too all the night.

I dreamt that I died and to Heaven did go,  
" Where did you come from ?" they wanted to know.  
I said " I'm from Chatham House ;" didn't they stare !  
Then cried " Step inside, you're the first one from there."

M.O. (at dressing station) : " Has the orderly taken your temperature yet ?"

Patient (wearily) : " I don't know, sir ; I've only missed my wrist watch so far.

There once was a Lance-Jack named Lille  
Who tried for more stripes with a will,  
So he shut up the gate  
And made them all late  
For their treatment down at the Granville.

His many friends will be glad to hear that at last Private Spence is about to attain the height of his ambition. He is to be put in sole charge of the ice-burning incinerator which is to be installed sometime this summer.

*Question*—Why does a certain 3rd Batt. lance-jack blush every time he sees a dog ?

*Answer*—Because while out for a walk along the Pegwell Bay Road last Sunday he tried to coax a dear little King Charles spaniel to come to him ; but at the sound of his voice it fled precipitately, and before he could turn round to see where it had gone, he heard a sweet feminine voice saying : " You're more particular, aren't you, Fido, about whom you make friends with."

## Entertainments

Mr. Boyland's "Carry On" Party gave of their best at the concert at Chatham House. All of the numbers were features in themselves. Mrs. Sutton brought down the house with a song written and composed by Miss D. L. Warne, who was at the piano, on which instrument she also told us in a variety of ways how "We Won't Go Home Till Morning." We invite you back.

Last Wednesday night the "Rouge et Noir" Concert Party from Ashford appeared on the Granville stage to a full house. Mr. Ward's party visited the Granville some months ago, and again proved themselves to be a most original and resourceful quintet. The main feature of the evening was the mirth-provoking sketch entitled, "A Sister to assist her," admirably acted by Mr. Fred Best and Miss May Harrison. Miss Louise Read delighted the audience with several numbers. Mr. Fred Best is one of the most witty and ready comedians we have had at the Granville, and his humorous song, "Bertie from Bow," brought down the house. "Impressions of life," given by Miss Harrison and Mr. J. E. Ward was another popular number. A return visit from the "Rouge et Noir's" is hoped for at an early date.

A treat is in store for all who hear the East Sandling Minstrel Troupe on Saturday, February 24th, 3 p.m. Don't miss this!

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## Sports

### THE "NUTS" v. R.F.A.

The Nuts on Saturday last had as visitors the R.F.A. who brought a good following with them to view the friendly game. From the outset it was evident that the contest was to be a fast one, and it proved so 'ere the finish. Of minor accidents there were quite a few. But only one man, the Artillery goal-keeper got his ankle hurt so badly that he had to quit. When the game was about fifteen minutes old Gunner Sharp got on the ball, took it down the field passed to his right wing who passed it back at the opportune moment when the Gunner found the net. Then the Nuts wakened up a bit, and although they bombarded the Battery goal could not get it through, "Red" Forbes on more than one occasion missed only by inches. But the Battery Boys broke away again, and Driver Cameron added a second goal shortly before half-time.

The second half was even faster than the first, the ball going up and down the field at some rate. "Red" got on the leather and dodging the backs, passed to Staff Towler who netted one for the "Villians". Taking heart with this success they came at the Battery goal with a thirst for gore, and from a scramble within the penalty line Staff Towler put the sides on even terms. Then came the tug-of-war, the Nuts kept the ball in Battery territory, most of the time, but could not beat the splendid goal-keeping of the artilleryman. A few minutes to go and the Battery Boys went away again and Driver Hills put on No. 3, the game being called R.F.A. 3 goals; The Nuts, 2.

To-day (Saturday) the R.F.A. will meet the 3/4 Queen's in the first round for the V.A.D. Competition, at Chatham House.

### HOCKEY ON WHEELS

A very fast and exciting hockey match between the Ramsgate Government Workers and the Granville Team was fought out at the Rink last Saturday evening. Although there was a heavy barrage on the Workers' goal the score up to half time was a tie 1-1. After the cross over the Granvillians notched another point; making the final result, Granvillians 2; Workers' 1. Balfour and Carr tallied for the Canadians.

Why not send the "Canadian Hospital News" regularly to your folks and pals? Why not have it sent to you after you leave the Granville?

Remember, the "News" will be mailed weekly to any address for three months on receipt of One Shilling. Subscriptions should be handed or mailed to the Treasurer, Le.-Corp. S. Graham, Treatment Dept., Granville Canadian Special Hospital; or locally, to the Printing Dept., Chatham House; or to Pte. Millier, Orderly Room, Yarrow Annex.

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

Printed and Published Weekly by the Patients of the Granville Canadian Special Hospitals, Ramsgate, Kent.



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"RHYMES OF A RED CROSS MAN," 9/6  
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**FUR-LINED GLOVES**

**WOOL JACKETS**

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