

# CANADIAN HOSPITAL NEWS

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# CANADIAN HOSPITAL

## NEWS

Vol. 2.

SEPTEMBER 30 1916

No. 11

### EDITORIAL

*"Do not forget as you forgot before,  
Pray memory will live for evermore  
To honour those who passed the open door,  
Do not forget the sons your mother bore."*

H.S.S

These lines were among the last penned by our friend and comrade who, having done his uttermost bit, has joined the civilian legion of honoured veterans.

We shall miss most keenly the good company and facile pens of our mutual friends, Privates Sarson (H.S.S.) and Dodwell (Kriticos) who constantly gave our paper freely of heart and talent.

It is hard indeed to part with such rare good fellows whom many of us are never to meet again, since we go it seems such widely scattered ways; yet we shall "pray memory will live" ever to give us vivid and ready recollection of these two, who with heart and hand eased often the "infinite monotony" for many in this hospital.

May all good fareing and fortune 'company you, is the one and warmest wish of every Granville friend.

### The Three Destinies

The Granville Canadian is like a central square or "hub" to which many streets lead, and whence three prominent avenues radiate. We assemble here from hospitals and convalescent homes all over the Kingdom. We linger here for a season of specialisation and suspense, and then we depart through one of the three gateways of destiny. Indeed, the Granville is a very focus of fate for its ephemeral inhabitants—a fate, collectively personified as "the Board."

There are some—"the lucky ones" we call them, whom we more or less professedly envy—who receive from this Boarded Fate, the warrant and the means to return to the Homeland. In ordinary

life we would pity them for their disabilities or lingering limitations, but in a war when only the killed are grieved over, an impaired or dismembered life seems almost a blessing. These men, at least, will see Canada again. They will be greeted by an appreciative public, they will have the pick of the "jobs" in the country. They have done their bit, they can't do any more, and they will live to see the triumph of the cause for which they have fought. We may indeed call them lucky, and trust we, too, may be directed through the "Back to Canada" gateway. And yet, even as he receives his "ticket," the man marked for return experiences, deep down, a certain feeling of regret. He is leaving the field before the fight is over. He is saying "good bye" and "good luck" to the boys who go back to "finish up the job." A victim in the tedious, trying period of holding and defence, he is denied, the satisfaction of "getting his back." Having put up with it at Ypres, he is not going to be able to put it over, on the Somme. And then, perhaps, or rather probably, he is returning to Canada with a disability that, however honorable, is bound to be a handicap for the future.

Then there is the big "compromise class"—the procession that passes out of the gateway leading to Light Duty. They must still stay with the khaki—howbeit a gold-striped khaki. They still have a part to play in the great Empire war machine. Not a strenuous, exposed, life-and-death part, but a useful and necessary service, that releases more fit men for the danger zone. It is just that the Pay, Post and Record Office, the base and depot, these training and communication duties should be performed by men who bear the scars, and retain the limps and limitations of front line service.

They have already done a fighting man's bit, and now they are going to do a little bit more. They are denied Canada for a while yet, but they are also denied the fiery, fatal furnace of France. They will still feel the thrill and tension and excitement of living in the war strung, but happily, in the war-unviolated island of Great Britain, the very focussing centre of the Allies' plans and efforts. They have a reasonable chance of witnessing the conclusion of the war and of participating in the culminating enthusiasm both of England and Canada. Still, these men belong to the "compromise class," of the gold-stripe legion, and there is not generally much enthusiasm in this world over a mediocre situation. And the work almost inevitably tends to become tedious and irksome. All the same this is both a safe and useful category in which to be placed, with very satisfactory prospects, "après la guerre finit."

Finally, there are the men from the Granville, who receive the decree of destiny in the shape of "Up the line with the best of luck." In spite of its accompanying benediction, it has very much the sound of doom about it. Life insurance chances were none too good, even in the static days of trench warfare. And yet even then

the "whiz-bang" generally cleared the dug-out, and the rifle grenade most often landed behind the parades. But in these days of the Somme onslaught—the most concentrated and sustained destruction the world has ever known, a man may not unreasonably feel that only the most extravagant good luck will bring him through. And yet with it all there is the lure of the Big Chance. There is the prospect of paying back many an old Salient score. There is the thrill of participating in the Big Decision, of playing a fighting part in the greatest battle of history, of having a hand in defeating the world's greatest enemy, of being in at "the killing." These men have already done their bit. They return to do their utmost.

Now that the stories are reaching us of the great work of the Canadians at Courcellette, of how the boys of our old battalions have been avenging Langemarck and St. Eloi and Sanctuary Wood, it does make a man keen to be alongside again with the old bunch, even though the risks be unquestionably formidable. And once the uncertainty is dissolved, and a fellow receives the "back to the line" verdict, he steels himself to the issue, and quite ceases to feel sorry for himself.

Some of us who go back will also come back, both veterans, and victors at the finish. For these the return to Canada will be truly triumphant. It will be a great privilege to live to see the vindication of so great a cause, in which he has played a fighting man's part to the conclusion.

For those who may go under, there is another and perhaps a greater glory. Life will always be sweet—especially to a Canadian. But a man who has voluntarily enlisted has at least decided—however dimly he may have thought it out, that the life of the nation is greater than the life of an individual, and that the freedom of all is more than the safety of himself. And neither those lives nor those deaths will be in vain.

Everyman of us here has one of these three destinies before him. There may seem to be a discrimination of luck about them, but there is compensation in each. And, so, let us face the Board of Destiny "with a heart for any fate."  
P. P.

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The British Columbia Elections, in which the provinces overseas soldiers balloted, both in England and France, resulted in a complete reversal of party preponderance. The followers of the absentee Premier, Sir Richard McBride, retained only six seats, while the liberals won 37, with four constituencies still in doubt. Brewster succeeds Bowser as Government Trader. The prohibition plebesite obtained a majority of 8,000.

## Returning to France.

“A Genuine Letter”

FRANCE,

August 30th, 1916.

O Bill, live forever!

May it please Your Majesty thy servant of the regiment of men that are pioneers, the third battalion in France, would make report to you concerning divers goings and comings of thy servant.

It came to pass after many days that those high in authority in the place that is called Shorncliffe spake unto thy servant in this wise saying, “Thou wilt take thyself and thy baggage and all thy goods and chattels and wilt see to it that thou reportest thyself before four of the clock on the day Tuesday, being the second day after the Sabbath, to him that is the Embarkation Officer at the place Southampton. Thy servant, hearing the decree of them that wore brass hats and red tabs took heed thereof and saw to it that their word was as law unto him; and packed such worldly goods as were necessary to him, and at the time when the sun was highest in the sky on Monday, the day preceding Tuesday, thy servant did even shake the dust of the place called Shorncliffe from his feet and depart therefrom saying, as was his wont, “To-hell-mitt!” Thy servant did tarry on his journey for the space of one night at the town London and did stay at the inn which is called the Cecil. There did he meet many warriors which same did ply him with strong drink, exclaiming the while, “Thou only livest once, and when dead art in very truth dead a dam long time.” Thy servant, heeding these words, didst ply them in return; and in very truth, when the morning was come, was his spirit exceeding sore within him and even did he wish he had never been born. Yet did he continue on his journey to the place Southampton and did hie him unto him that was the Embarkation Officer in company with sundry others. He said—but what matters it what he said! Here endeth the gospel according to St. George (who expects to be canon-ized soon!!!!)

'scuse me!

As ever

GEORGE

## SLEEP.

9.30 P.M.—The orderly has just put out the lights, the last of the up patients has tumbled into bed, and I am looking forward to a good sleep. I hope to goodness the fellows quiet down and stop talking soon.

10.30 P.M.—At last! Thank heaven for that! They've nearly driven me crazy with their yarns about Germans and things. Now, perhaps, I can sleep.

11.30 P.M.—What the—! Oh! its you, Sister? Its all right, I wasn't asleep, but very nearly—fix me quick and get it over; confound these fomentations.

12.30 A.M.—No! bless your dear eyes! I dont want any hot milk! What devil do you think I do with milk, bathe in it?—and me nearly off, too! Go away for goodness sake.

1.30 A.M.—Oh Lord! There they are again—standing to. Another air-raid, I suppose. Why in creation can't they walk quietly and stop talking?

2.30 A.M.—More fomentations. Was there a raid, Sister? Only a false alarm? For heaven's sake, hurry up! Yah!! you've scalded me! The next person who bothers me I'll Kill—that's straight!

3.30 A.M.—Funny—I dont want to sleep a bit now. Think I'll have a cigarette—and a drink. No sleep for me tonight, that's sure Orderly!

6.30 A.M.—Good morning, Sister! Not a single wink; never had such a rotten night. What's that? I was sleeping soundly all night? Well I'm d—d!!

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## What is a Blush?

Most of us have enjoyed the masculine thrill that accompanies the evoking of a gentle blush in the cheek of a girl companion. But do we realize what a tremendous phenomenon we have witnessed? The next time you make a Ramsgate maiden blush, think of this sobering definition, which we have on the authority of Gideon Wurdz in his Foolish Dictionary:

"A blush is a temporary erythema, and calorific effulgence of the physiognomy, aetiologicalised by the perceptiveness of the sensorium in a predicament of inequilibrium arising from a sense of shame, anger, excitement or other cause, eventuating in a paresis of the vaso-motorial muscular filaments of the facial capillaries, whereby, being divested of their elasticity, they become suffused with a radiance emanating from an intimidated praecordia."

Ask your M.O. if that isn't right.

## The "Isle" of Thanet

The "Isle" of Thanet seems to be on a par with other vagaries of English nomenclature, which calls one of the most huddled churches in Westminster, "St. Martin's-in-the-Field's, which designates a perfectly straight little street in the City as Crooked Lane, and which still refers to a 15th century college at Oxford as New College.

But at one time—and quite an historic time, too—the district about Ramsgate as far inland as Sarre was a bona-fide island. The south channel at Pegwell Bay was a good four miles across, and between Westgate and Herne, a mile of water separated Thanet from the rest of Kent. When the Romans were in Britain their ships going to or from the Thames, did not have to round the North Foreland, but passed right up or down this channel—the present bed of the River Stour.

It was at the south entrance to the Channel that Hengist's and Horsa's Jutes landed, and "English history began." But even in Saxon times this channel was noticeably "silting up," and they called it the "Wantsume" meaning "greatly decreasing." This filling up with sand and shingle was only one operation of the Great Eastward Drift, which for centuries has been building out Kent neared to the French coast, and contracting the Straits of Dover. Sandwich, one of the Cinque Ports, and in Tudor times a busy harbour, is now a mile and a half from the sea, while the rifle ranges at Hythe, that our feet know so well, were not so very long ago part of the ocean bed.

## Some Cat.

*A true story*

When a boy, I remember our household being troubled by a large cat which had billeted itself in the back kitchen without consulting us in the matter. My mother decided to get rid of it by some means, and detailed my elder brother for the job.

A large bucket was obtained and nearly filled with water, after which pussy was enticed with a saucer of milk and provided with a rope collar and a brick pendant. After a desperate struggle and the receipt of many scratches on the executioner's person, she was at last jammed into the bucket, a large weighted board placed on top and left for the night. Next morning, after a large hole had been dug to receive the corpse, we raised the board—and there was pussy purring away contentedly, having lapped up all the water and made herself comfortable on the brick for the night!!

(American papers, please copy)

Sergt. U.N.O.

## To all Granvillians

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The new news editor, on taking up his job on short notice, and on short acquaintance, asks something much more positive than indulgence on the part of his fellow blue armleteers. He asks—what every news editor invariably appeals for, that the readers should make the paper their own, as the Chaplain always asks every man to make the service his own.

That appeal may appear somewhat type worn. Nevertheless the new copy collector is optimistic enough to venture to ask the men of Granville, Chatham House and Townley Castle, to manifest their interest, their originality and their sense of humour, by concocting, collecting, compiling or concatenating items, spasms, meditations, lyrics, lucubrations, and other literary ebullitions, that may arrest, amuse, edify, or electrify all those who suffer from "the blues."

And, so, gentlemen, when that idea, reflection or inspiration strikes you, kindly commit it to paper, as legibly as you are able, and, before the impulse has departed, deposit your "committal" with either of the hospital post-offices, marked conspicuously for.

The News Editor, "Canadian Hospital News."

Thank you, gentlemen, I know you would respond.

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## Promenade Ponderings

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The Chatham House crowd who went back to blues after last week's C.O.'s inspection, are wondering whether the C.B.'s are Careless Beds, "Conspicuous" Behaviour, or Concealed Bottles.

Last week end's German communique naively declared that "the Battle of the Somme is taking its course." For once we heartily agree with Fritz. Of course it is.

It's all very well to have to have "Wholesale Order Office—Wines, Beers, Spirits," on the window of the Pay Office, but really *qs.* rather confines the "pay-tients" to retail consumption.

Which Zepp. was it, we wonder, which dropped the Mills bomb "dud" near the M.P.'s in front of the Granville the other raid night? We haven't heard anyone Crow-ing about the affair.

The visit of royalty to the Granville on Wednesday, in the person of the ex-King of Portugal, was an agreeably informal affair. One got the impression that Manuel finds civilian life in England quite as pleasant as Court life at Lisbon.

## Sports and Entertainments

The finest kind of September weather favored last Saturday's football match between the Granville "Nuts" and the 41st Provisional Battalion (Imperials) from Westgate. The visitors scored two minutes after play opened, but Granville drew even shortly after, when Corp. Berritt, out on right wing, terminated a nice piece of line combination in the right place. The "Nuts" went into the lead when Thompson of the P.P.'s by heady application of his nut, bunted the rebound from a high kick into the net. Whereupon the Imperials quickly tied the tally by a similar piece of headwork. The second half rather dragged, but towards the end the visitors twice found the net, while their own goal remained unviolated. Final Score—41st Prov. Bn., 4; Granville 2. The 41st Prov. Bn. is composed mostly of "convalesced" men from the King's Own (Lancs.), East Lancs., and Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

The International League has terminated yet another season. Buffalo had a safe lead for pennant honors, but second place was in doubt right up to the finish of the schedule. The Toronto team had an unlucky slump during the last fortnight, which brought them down from "runners up" to the second division—even behind Montreal. The final percentages were as follows: Buffalo, 586; Providence, 547; Montreal, 533; Baltimore, 529; Toronto, 525; Rochester, 471; Richmond, 433; Newark, 377.

The entertainment on Saturday the 16th by the party—almost platoon strength—of the R.E.'s from Sandwich was decidedly one of the most original and diverting that has yet appeared on the much stepped Granville boards. The introductory and closing choruses were finely balanced and controlled. But it was the company of Nelsonian tars, with their choruses, part song, hops and antics, that especially delighted the large audience. The genial environment of the old-time Inn, presided over by the full-bellied, "back-stayed" landlord, helped not a little to make the jokes go off with a bang.

On Tuesday, the 19th, the crowd followed the movies. While on Wednesday afternoon "All the Nice Girls" from the Palace gave a lively matinee.

Wednesday evening the stage was brightly occupied by "The Humoresques" in their piquant Pierrot and Pierrot costumes. The melodious concerted item "On the Trail to Santa Fé" was quite the tid-bit of their programme.

### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Two Chess Boards. Mr. J. Tett, Broadstone, Dorset.

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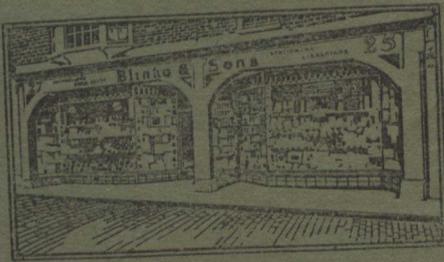
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