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GRANVILLE
CHATHAM HOUSE

News

YARROW HOME
TOWNLEY CASTLE

VOL. IV

JANUARY 27, 1917

No. 4

On Taking A Joke

LAUGHTER is God's medicine for the mind. Humour is a ready antidote for depression of spirits. Joy, that deep-seated spring of heart-felt happiness bubbles forth in jest and joke. The jovial fellow is pure and open of heart, and has besides an overwhelming interest in mankind. He laughs at people; he laughs with people; he laughs at himself. He sees the ludicrous in the daily round, and the joke in the poisoned arrow of back-biting and malignity. He meets the direst calamity with a jest. There is no use being angry with him. He doesn't know what anger means. There is no time for anger. there is no time for spitefulness. All of which does not lessen his capacity for affairs—of business, of state, of war—nor his appreciation of the seriousness of world problems. The most miserable person on earth is the one who cannot appreciate a joke—the joke on himself as well as on the other fellow. We are afraid some people are so introspective, so selfish, so sensitive to criticism, so self-centred that a joke grates upon them like the tiger's tongue upon the human hand, and with the same ferocious result. It's not that way among the boys at the front. They have too much else to think about to exalt their petty prejudices. They pick out the humour from the dreadful round of daily duty and exploit it for all it's worth. The books and pictures born in the trenches are the jolliest of all. Our little paper has pages, each week, filled with good-natured jesting. There has never been, from the first, a single witticism with a sting. There never will be. Any cartoon of character in language or drawing, surely ought to be surveyed in a spirit of laughter. To laugh at ourselves is the hardest task of life, and to appreciate the joke levelled at our own head is the supreme test.

O. C. J. W.

Valedictory

In packing up my old kit bag to leave the Granville and the *Canadian Hospital News*, in which and at which I have spent the past four months, I confess to feeling more regret than relief.

When last September I was put on *Hospital News* fatigue, I did not have the advantage of "taking over" personally from my predecessor, who had already departed. He had left behind, however, the legacy of a file of some twenty numbers, which had to serve as introduction, precedent, and *point de départ*. At first the struggle for copy and circulation seemed about as productive as recruiting in Quebec, but gradually the "constituency" became more familiar, and talent and interest began to disclose themselves here and there, so that now the inflow of copy and the outflow of copies have become very gratifying to the *News* staff, who feel that the paper is really fulfilling its function of developing an *esprit de corps*, an intimacy, and a circulation of good-natured fun throughout the Granville hospitals, as well as supplying a weekly souvenir.

In leaving I wish to thank all those who have contributed to the *News* copy boxes, whether their contribution has been a type-written sonnet or a scribbled "breeze." We're sorry we couldn't use them all, in the same way that a medical officer hates to turn down a volunteer he can't pass. I hope there may not be a single sting left behind over any little sallies that have been made, always in the spirit of pure journalistic fun.

I don't wish to leave unsaid my appreciation of the ungrudging services of the members of the Chatham House Press, who have always preferred to work overtime rather than fail to get the paper out punctually and presentably.

It gives me great satisfaction, in leaving, to know that so experienced a journalist as Pte. Giolma, who has already been *en liaison*, is prepared to "carry on" with the *News*. So there will be no break in our little paper, which has already established in the field of khaki journalism a record for continuity and frequency of appearance. Under his able leadership and the enthusiastic inspiration of Capt. Withrow (of whose whole-hearted, practical interest I cannot speak too highly), and with the continued support of Granville Canadians, I believe that the *Canadian Hospital News* will become more than ever the ideal expression of military hospital life and spirit, and that its files will be a cheerful souvenir of one phase and one corner of the Great War.

And so, readers, contributors, and colleagues, *au revoir*.

HAROLD S. PATTON,
("P.P.," *Psmyth*, *Blue Streak*).

Disillusion

A POTTED DRAMA IN THREE ACTS

Dramatis Personae

First Officer, tall, handsome, debonair.

Second Officer, homely countenance.

Miss Baby Charme, late of the "Moulin Bleu."

Commissionaire, Hotel St. Ciel.

ACT I.

Scene: The Officers' Gallery, Recreation Room, Beauville Hospital. "Fishing Ballet" from "Khaki and Kirls" revue is in progress. Time: mid-summer, judging by the costumes of the beauty chorus.

First Officer (on right of gangway, leaning forward excitedly): "Gee," old man, isn't she topping, isn't she absolutely IT. Ever see such hair,—puts the sun to shame right enough; look at the way she floats over the stage; look at her eyes, look—"

Second Officer: Grunts, laughs sardonically.

F.O. (giving S.O.'s knee a slap): "Say, d'you think she'd accept if I asked her to—a quiet little dinner before the show to-night?"

S.O.: "H'm, be tickled to death, I guess."

F.O.: "I'll send her a note right now; looks better than forcing myself upon her. Little flower" (dreamily). Gives one long look towards the stage. (Exit. Downstairs).

ACT II.

Scene: The Lounge at the Hotel St Ciel. Time: 6:30 p.m.

F.O. (to Commissionaire): "Happen to have seen a lady going into the Hotel lately?"

Commissionaire (considering): "Well, Sir, there was someone went in just now, hinquring whether I'd seen an hofficer. Maybe you're him, Sir? The er—lidy said that if one came I was to say as Miss Baby Charme was waitin' hinside. There she is, Sir, on the right. Thank you very much, Sir. No trouble at all, Sir." Exit.

F. O. (advancing right, towards Miss Charme): "Miss Charme,—Baby,—dare I say it? Come!"

Miss Charme (turning to F.O. with outstretched hands): "Dearest!" (Staccato).

F.O. falls to the floor in dead faint as spasm of pain contracts his features.

ACT III.

Scene: Hospital Room. Usual litter of bottles, etc.

F.O. in bed, churning bedclothes.

S.O. sits by his sick friend and listens with a solemn face to his ravings.

F.O.: "Baby—that was a long, long time ago they called you that—how the years roll—little flower—the blight caught you—faded—she'd be tickled to death—dinner—the band would stop when she took soup—Baby—dearest, ba——"

S.O. (as the murmurings die away): "The corner is turned. He sleeps."

Curtain.

D. L. WARNE.

The Economic Revolution

GRANVILLE REVISITED

I had been sent up the line with the Granville Board's heartiest wishes for "the best of luck," in time to cop another perfect Blighty one in the great spring smash-up, when the Canadians broke into Lille, and Fritz fell back to the Meuse.

It was the first of July when I stepped out of the train from Taplow on to the platform of the Ramsgate Town Station. I was about to climb into the familiar Red Cross car, when the driver intercepted me: "It's only cripples we take in the car; arm cases have to walk; we're on petrol rations now."

"This is certainly knocking the "Oy!" out of joy-riding," I said to myself, as I hitched up my sling, and fell in with the party of walking patients for the march up Victoria Road hill.

The next morning I found myself standing—not in blues, but in kiaki overalls—before the S.M. at Chatham House. I was wondering what chances were of getting back to my old job of sorting out gym. tickets.

But what's this I'm listening to? "You've got one good arm, I see. We'll attach you to the chicken ranch at Townley Castle. Here, corporal, take this man over to Sergeant Fowler."

"But," I protested, "I don't know anything about looking after hens. I have been used to office work."

"It's no use objecting. Every new patient here has to work on food production."

I was too dazed to remonstrate further and followed the corporal out of the office. As we emerged into the open I noticed for the first time that the marquee colony had disappeared from the cricket field. A range of huts ran around the edge, but all the rest of the field, was crossed with ranges of potato hills which several patients were hoeing. As we passed the old greenhouse I observed that instead of flowering plants and potted seeds behind the glass, there were cases of tomatoes and cucumbers ripening almost perceptibly.

"I suppose the football field is one big crop of waving wheat now," I remarked to the corporal.

"Well, they wanted to plough it up and put it into corn, but Crp. Ducros raised such a holler that they finally agreed to leave two-thirds of the field for the "Nuts" to continue wimming championships on. But as you see," and he pointed over the fence, "all the rest of the field beyond the side lines and goal posts is used for pasture. We've got about twenty cows grazing there—supply all our own milk now. At the far end there, next to the Church wall, there is a piggery, and they say that sometimes the people in St. George's can't hear their organ for the squealing. Fellows in clink have to feed the pigs and clean out the pens and co.v stables."

"Holy smoke!" I gasped, as we turned to go over the Townley Castle bridge, "Lord Devonport and this Prothero chap sure are some hustlers."

As we passed through the doorway of the doll's castle the violent crowing of a virile rooster smote my shell-shocked ears. Brooding ducklings, floating feathers and concentrated poultry odors were in the air. The asphalt court, the former seat of the tent colony, had been gravelled and netted over as a scratching yard, and the range of outhouses converted into populous henhouses, which, under sergeant's direction, I presently found myself scraping out. The picturesque little Chinese pagoda on the lawn, I learned later, was reserved for the nests of the hens showing the best weekly laying average.

From Sergeant Fowler I learned some more revealing information about the economic revolution at the Granville hospitals. All the Yarrow grounds had been put into root crops, and instead of raking up leaves or whitewashing pathway stones, the patients had to hoe turnip and potato hills or corn and bean rows. Over at the Granville, I was told, the roof court had been turned into a hot-house where Burbank experiments were carried out under electrical stimulus, on a system devised by Corp. (now Sgt.) Higgins. All the balconies at Granville and Yarrow were lined with seed boxes cared for by patients confined to wheel-chairs.

Sgt. Simonson and his minions of the Orthopædic Gymnasium, I also learned, now conducted their classes in the hospital fields. Tibial cases were strengthened by spade work in the harder soil. Quadriceps cases were required to squat on their haunches and weed so many square yards of vegetable beds. Shoulder cases were put to wielding the hoe and manure fork; while wrist cases were found to be marvellously improved by being required to squeeze with the weak hand one quart of milk from one cow's teet.

Just here the "cookhouse door" blurted out, and I beat it for the dinner queue. I fought my way in eventually, and presently found myself confronted with a bowl of transparent soup. "Third degree soup, today," I heard the fellow opposite me growl. "What's that?" I asked him.

"Oh, don't you know that they're not allowed to throw out any soup now, and that what's left over must always be warmed up for the next meal. It's all shepherd's pies, fish balls and bread puddings we get now. The pigs only get potato skins these days, and some of their own rind back."

"What's happened?" I spluttered through my tablespoonful of soup.

"Why, don't you know that they've replaced all the cooks here with 'hash-house' mistresses who get a commission on what's saved."

I arrested a spoonful of soup half way down my oesophagus.

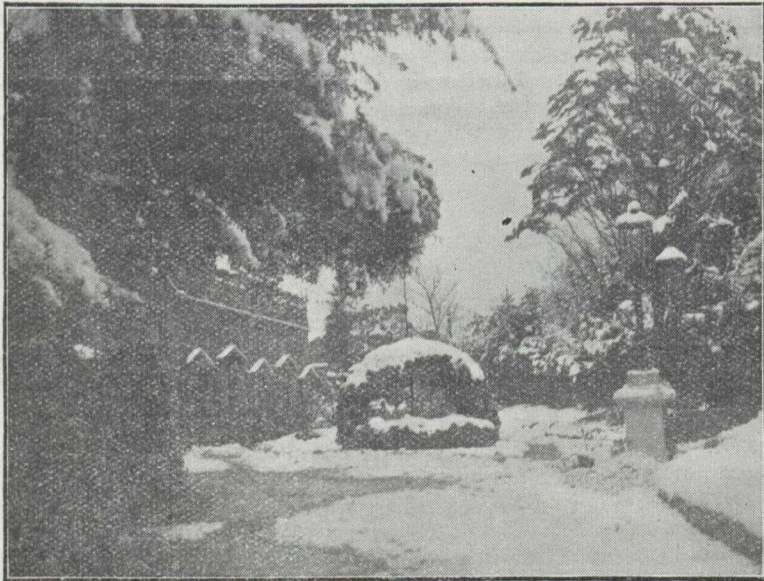
"I see where we are going to win the war now," I gurgled, as I let the "third degree" slip down the rest of its course. PSMYTH.

The Giver of Victory

(£13 a Ton).

When this old war began
We were told that man
Was the deciding factor.
Cabbages and Kings,
And many other things,
Would also play their part.

But all affairs are small,
Of no account at all,
Beside the common spud.
On that depends the fate
Of King and Potentate,
In short the whole blamed war.



Official)

The Canadian Touch at Townley Castle

(Photo

Extracts From Woodrow's Diary

(In Stephen Leacock's newest book, "Further Foolishness," there appears an amusing chapter entitled "The White House from Within Out," purporting to contain "Extracts from the Diary of a President of the United States. From these Extracts we make the following extractions.)

MONDAY.

Rose early. Swept out the White House. Prayers. Sat in the garden reading my book on Congressional Government. Certainly a lovely morning. Sat for some time thinking how beautiful the world is. I defy anyone to make a better. Afterwards determined to utter this defiance publicly and fearlessly.

9.30 a.m.—Bad news. British ship Torpid torpedoed by a torpedo. Tense atmosphere all over Washington. Retreated in-

stantly to the pigeon-house and shut the door. I must think, at all costs, and no one shall hurry me.

10 a.m.—Have thought. Came out of pigeon-house. It is all right. I wonder I didn't think of it sooner. The point is perfectly simple. If Admiral Tirpitz torpedoed the Torpid with a torpedo, where's the torpedo Admiral Tirpitz torped? In other words, how do they know it's a torpedo? The idea seems absolutely overwhelming. Wrote notes at once to England and to Germany.

TUESDAY.

A lovely day. Rose early. Put flowers in all the vases. Cabinet to prayers and breakfast. Prayed for better guidance.

10 a.m.—British Admiralty communication. To pigeon-house at once. They offer to send piece of torpedo, fragment of ship, and selected portions of dead American citizens.

Have come out of pigeon-house. Have cabled back: How do they know it is a torpedo, how do they know it is a fragment, how do they know he was an American who said he was dead?

My answer has helped. Feeling in Washington easier at once. General buoyancy. Loans and discounts doubled.

As I expected—a note from Germany. Chancellor very explicit. Says not only did they not torpedo the Torpid, but on the day (whenever it was), that the steamer was torpedoed, they had no submarines at sea, no torpedoes in their submarines, and nothing really explosive in their torpedoes. Offers, very kindly, to fill in the date of his sworn statement as soon as we furnish accurate date of incident. Adds that his own theory is that the Torpid was sunk by somebody throwing rocks at it from the shore. Wish, somehow, that he had not added this argument.

WEDNESDAY.

Cabled British Admiralty that the Torpid incident is now closed and that I stand where I stood, and that I am what I am. The situation in Washington relieved at once. General feeling that I shall not make war.

Cables from Germany, Chancellor now positive as to Torpid. Sworn evidence that she was sunk by someone throwing a rock. Sample of rock to follow. Draws attention to fact that all of the crews who were not drowned were saved. An important point.—Assures this government that everything ascertainable will be ascertained, but that pending juridical verification any Imperial exculpation must be held categorically allegorical. How well these Germans write!

SATURDAY

British Admiralty sending shipload of fragments. German Admiralty sending shipload of affidavits. Feeling in Washington depressed to the lowest depths. Sterling sinking. Marks falling. Exports dwindling.

An idea—Is this job worth while? I wonder if Billy Sunday would take it?

The Privates' Parliament

Following A.O.W.'s Courcelette yarn in last week's issue, several patients have come forward with vivid incidents of their trench experiences, of which we "release" the following:—

NO LUCK AT ALL.

Dear News:—

Chatham House.

I'm not giving any proper names for obvious reasons, but this is the incident that sticks most vividly in my memory.

We were up on the Somme, and had been getting a pretty bad gruelling from Fritz. The extraordinary point about the bombardment was that Fritz's shells seemed to miss all the long-time-outers and just touch the newcomers sufficiently to send them back to Blighty. There were three originals with us who got more than fed-up when the last man left of the last draft walked out of the trench with a fine Blighty—g.s.w. left arm.

Late that night one of our scouts, who had been out patrolling in No Man's Land, dropped into the trench convulsed with laughter. When he regained his breath he said: "Say, boys, doesn't this beat anything? There is Bill, Slim Harry and Arty Jones out there in No Man's Land lying on their backs smoking, with their feet up in the air, waiting for Fritz to give them a Blighty."

But Fritz didn't oblige, and the three crept back just before dawn, consumed by an even greater hatred of all things German.

Yours, A.G.L.

MOUQUET FARM AGAIN.

Dear News:—

Yarrow Annex.

It was about three o'clock on the morning of September 15th that we went over the top near Mouquet Farm. After a dash of some sixty yards we dropped down into shell holes waiting for our barrage to open up on Fritz. A few minutes later L.-Cpl. Beachy, (114289) who was in the same shell hole as the writer, stuck up his head to see what was doing. Away to his left he saw something huge, uncanny, prehistoric looking, moving slowly along in the dim morning light. Beachey kicked the writer and whispered: "Look Jim, quick, Fritz is taking Mouquet Farm away on wheels!" Those were the last words Beachy said, as a sniper got him through the brain at that very moment. The thing he saw moving was, of course, the famous tank "Creme de Menthe," making its first appearance.

Yours, Lce-Corpl. J. Findlay (424785).

Solution to Last Week's War Acrostic

- | | | | | | | | | | |
|----|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | C | h | a | r | l | e | r | o | I |
| 2. | A | e | g | a | e | a | | | N |
| 3. | N | e | v | | | | | | A |
| 4. | A | r | m | o | u | | | | R |
| 5. | D | u | r | h | a | | | | M |
| 6. | A | t | h | e | n | | | | S |

We Should Like to Know.

If the despatch rider with the skull cap is really bald.

If the Granville sergeant is still driving his own car, and how long it has been his own.

If the Orderly Room Sergeant is really in the best company for quieting his nerves.

Who is the C.A.M.C. man who donned spurs to meet her? Was she much cut up?

Who is the kiltie who recently worked his ticket by wearing his Glengarry reversed and blowing the ribbons up in the air whenever he saw the M.O. approaching?

Who was the publican who demanded passes of three personnel members, and then refused to serve them because the passes did not read "Convalescent"?

Who was the Granville corporal who, when pulled up in London for not saluting by a Coldstream Guards officer, replied, looking at the officer's black rimmed cap and facings, "Why, I thought, sir, you were a Police Inspector"?

R.N.A.S. Entertain Granville Cripples

Lucky indeed were the forty odd Granville crutchmen who last Friday noon clambered down from two char-à-bancs engaged by Capt. Armour of the Y.M.C.A., and hobbled into Westgate Town Hall, where they were received by Lieut. Mansell of the Westgate Seaplane Station. A little later 100 bluejackets off the Ramsgate minesweepers and trawlers arrived, and khaki and navy blue sat down to luncheon tables loaded and served by local R.N.A.S. officers, men and their wives, who had held a sale of work for the purpose in December. The eats and treats that were set out on those tables would surely have made poor blockaded Fritz cry with envy and vexation. As the Canadians, monoped almost to a man, left the luncheon room on their crutches, they were given a great ovation by the sailors. In the adjacent auditorium the visitors were given a ripping entertainment by the "Vanity Fair" revue company from the London Palace Theatre, who had very kindly come down for the occasion. Following this programme, the guests were served to a tea, only less replete than the luncheon. From noon to six there was not an unprovided moment, the orchestra of the East Surrey's and the R.N.A.S. entertainers livening every interval with their selections. The cripples' parting cheers testified how emphatically they realised that "it takes the navy to do a thing up right."

Yaps From Yarrow

We hear that the authorities have decided that instead of making newcomers pass through the gas chamber at Le Havre Training School, in future they are to be marched through the Yarrow Recreation Room, between the hours of 10 a.m. and noon.

Capt. Hooper our military padre
 Never on soldiers is hard.
 He loves singing a hymn,
 And the boys all love him,
 And call him a regular card.

The following articles were lost on Wednesday in Ward 7: half a bar of common yellow soap, a spoilt razor strop and a worn out pair of army boots. And yet Pte. Giolma of the said ward complained on Tuesday that he was hungry.

There was once a corporal named Doak,
 Who said: "O, I just love a joak.
 I'm Irish by birth,
 So laughter and mirth,
 I inherit from both the ould foak."

Who was the 44th Corporal who came in with a frown on his face last Saturday night at 8:15, after spending two hours in the morning getting a midnight pass. Was he very disappointed?

Chats From Chatham

Who are the two billiard fiends who miss breakfast every morning for a game in the recreation room?

Is't the ex-acting lance-corporal getting reckless since he lost his high office?

How did the police lance-corporal make it right with the officer's wife to whom he denied admittance to Chatham House?

Is the friend of a certain lance-corporal's friend still looking for a clue, and is she likely to find it around the garden?

What has led a certain distinguished patient whose sleeve used to be rich with crossed swords, grenade, sniper's badge, etc., to deprive himself of his *insignia*.

What did the R.P. Sergeant, who had been watching the cemetery for an hour, see that made him rush to the hole in the wall and order two pennyworth of butter scotch? And did the butter slip out?

Granville Breezes.

Wilson wants Peace without Victory ; we want Peace without Woodrow.

We wonder if the hospital officers who have been ordered to draw revolvers and binoculars wouldn't have been better pleased if the order had read flash lamps and night glasses.

OVERHEARD AT THE STATION NEWSTALL:—Boy (looking for book to attendant): You don't happen to have "The Sporting Chance" I suppose?

Attendant: No! we ain't got no sporting papers at all.

Sympathetic Young Visitor (to patient who has lost left eye): My poor fellow, what happened to your eye?

Cheerful Patient: My eye! Oh, I left it in France, so I could keep it on my girl over there.

M.O.: Well, my man, and what's the matter with you?

Pte.: Got pains in the stomach, sir.

M.O.: Give him a number nine, orderly.

Orderly: All finished, sir.

M.O.: Well, give him two number fours and owe him one.

A certain S.M. had six days leave lately. He took two days to reach his home, and when he had not appeared at the breakfast table by 10 a.m. the following morning, his little son was sent up wake him. "Well," the boy's mother asked when the lad came downstairs again, "is your father up yet?" "Yes," was the reply, "dad got up, drank his bath and's gone back to bed again."

However black these nights may be, there's one thing that's becoming lighter—personnel rations; and in spite of Germany's challenge of the air, it has been found possible to increase the ozone issue for the Granville sergeants. So where's the case for the pessimist?

The O.C., we understand, quite appreciated the joke when he learned that the Russian patient—whose hapless story in "broken-est" English of how he had got lost at "Vica-toyee" Station, while on leave, had led the Colonel to dismiss him—had been an ice-cream vendor for seven years at Victoria Station, where he had acquired a very fluent command of English.

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, Lc.-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.

Some Close Rifle Scores

The Granville Rifle Team, which went to Margate on Thursday last, included only three members who had shot with the team before. The result was in doubt until the last shot, but the final count gave Margate V.T.C. 789 points, and the Canadians 785. The Granville boys were rather disappointed at losing their first match of the new season, but they soon forgot their disappointment in the hospitality of their entertainment by the Margate Volunteers, who provided a lavish supper at the Buffs' Armouries.

On the 23rd the Granville marksmen journeyed to Westgate, which they have always found their closest rival in Thanet. Tuesday's match failed to settle the question of the relative superiority of the two teams, as each scored 796 points out of a possible 800 which is *some* shooting. For the Canadians, Lieut. Ellwood, Sergt. Wood, Lc.-Cpl. Graham, Ptes. Smith and Walters scored possibles.

Entertainments

Last Friday evening fifty Yorrovians were the appreciative guests of the "Queen's" men in Broadstairs, at a very excellent entertainment given in the Cinema Hall.

On Saturday afternoon the deferred concert by Professor de Niemira's Party, from Folkestone, was greatly enjoyed by a large crowd at Granville Hall. It was music of an unusually high order that came from the Professor at the piano, from Mr. Forbes on his Cremona violin (*fecit 1649*), and from Mrs. Forbes in her perfect soprano solos, notably "The Pipes of Pan." Little Rosina Forte was altogether delightful in her fairy dancing and "cute elocution."

A large crowd on Wednesday afternoon greeted the reappearance of a Palace company at the Granville. The amusing plot and lively dialogue of "The New Boy" were greatly enjoyed.

Nuts and Whizz-Bangs Tie

The Middlesex team was unable to get away from Canterbury to meet the Nuts last Saturday, but on Wednesday the Canadians and the 336th Brigade, R.F.A., had another set-to. The chief feature of the game was the strong, cold east wind, which kept the ball ballooning over towards the tent colony. The Nuts drew first blood when Towler, with a fast, straight rush, carried the ball right into the Artillery net. R.F.A. evened up a couple of minutes later, when the ball hit the bar and dropped inside. A nice corner shot from Berritt put the Canadians in the lead at half-time. Towler managed to score another before he was injured and had to retire. About the same time Brade's collar bone was fractured in a charge, and the Nuts played the last twenty minutes with nine men. This gave R.F.A. their chance to overtake the score, which ended 3—3.

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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