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GRANVILLE
CHATHAM HOUSE

News

YARROW HOME
TOWNLEY CASTLE

VOL. IV

RAMSGATE, MARCH 3, 1917

No. 9

On Making Up One's Mind

The President holds his hand. Any day now he is expected to go before Congress with the whole situation, but exactly when he will go, what he will say, and what he intends to ask for remain secrets. — NEW YORK PRESS.

THE art of making up one's mind ought not to be very difficult, since one has occasion to practise it a hundred and one times a day. One would suppose that the obligation to execute judgment about petty things would naturally lead to the ability to make up one's mind readily and irrevocably on momentous questions. It is not true, however, and that person is rare who can size up a situation, map out a course, and steer a straight line unafraid and undismayed towards a cherished goal. There have been, and there are to-day, rulers of men whose names are so associated with a steadfastness of purpose and an inflexibility of mind in the pursuit of progress that their records reverberate like the sound of silver bells.

Dr. Woodrow Wilson will go down in history as the note-writing-hard-to-make-up-his-mind President of the great United States Republic. We believe that he has often made up his mind in past years, but the problem he is now trying to solve is the biggest thing that has appeared upon his slate, and we may be pardoned if we quote a sentence or two from a letter received a few days ago from a lady in Canada:—"What do you think now of the nice amiable country to the south of us? I would be quite content to be only a hair on the British Bulldog's chin, as long as I was near the growl, rather than sit in the White House chair." We feel sure that some day soon the President will make up his mind, but the delay and uncertainty have been harrowing to our editorial plans and preparations. Reams of good copy have had to be destroyed; type already set up has had to be broken down, and all because we were sure the President had at last decided to make up his mind and didn't. If he could only have known the inconvenience to which he has put the *Canadian Hospital News* would it have made any difference? Be sure of this, delay in making up one's mind is always calamitous to someone. *Verbum sap.*

O. C. J. W.

Is Your Name Here?

THIS IS NOT A RECRUITING APPEAL--BUT SOMETHING MUCH WORSE

At 4-20 Wednesday afternoon, a turbulent party of some thirty members from the Wards, Staff and Personnel of the Granville Hospital entered the Print-shop. If it had not been for the fighting spirit shown by Pte. Ford who, in the absence of the Editorial Staff, advanced on the deputation armed with a handful of quads, considerable damage would most probably have been done to the premises. As it was when the News Editor dropped in at 4-30, "Scotch Jimmy" had the delegation more or less cowed, not to say nervous. Asked their business the spokesman, on being pushed forward, stated that they wished to know why it was that while their names and several others were continually appearing in the pages of the "News," other patients and residents in the Canadian Special Hospitals at Ramsgate and Broadstairs never saw their names in print. They suggested that they would like to share the greatness thus thrust upon them, in fact some demanded that the fierce limelight of publicity should be switched onto other dug-outs and cubby holes. Finally matters were amicably arranged, and the following list of names given to us. Their owners are to be sacrificed in forthcoming numbers of the "News," some to point a moral others to adorn a tale.

LIST OF THOSE TO BE SACRIFICED :

<i>Chatham House</i>	<i>Granville</i>	<i>Yarrow</i>
Staff-Sergt. Nelson	Sergt. Steel	Staff-Sergt. Spears
Sergt. Moore	Sergt. Goodwin	Sergt. Reid
Pte. E. Pinder	Sergt. Godwin	Sergt. Peers
Pte. Sugden	Cpl. Crow	Cpl. McFarlan
Pte. D. G. McIntosh	Cpl. Wright	Cpl. McKenzie
Pte. Sexsmith	L/c. Blackburn	Pte. Cowland
Pte. A. Waltenburg	Pte. Midwinter	Pte. Young
Pte. Teddy Bibby	Pte. Erith	Pte. Boyce
Pte. H. Clark	Pte. Bruce	Pte. Hardy
Pte. Welsh	Pte. H. Mitchell	Pte. Cummings

The above names are of course but a very small percentage of those given to us ; others will be published in due course. If your name is not on this list it may appear next week or the week after. If you don't wish it to appear send in somebody else's with a little squib attached ; many readers have escaped publicity by sending in the names of their chums. Again, you can put off the evil day by sending in yarns about any of those whose names appear this week. Better that they should be sacrificed than you. No "Merci Kamerad" business about this. Fill up our pages with squibs about the other fellows and so guard against your own private affairs being given glaring publicity in the columns of the "Canadian Hospital News." See to it that none of these men escape. Do it now!

Brought Together By The "News"

HOW PRIVATE LANG MET AGAIN, AT THE GRANVILLE, SERGEANT MOWAT, WHO HAD SAVED HIS LIFE AT YPRES.

Away up on the fifth floor of the Granville Sergt. Mowat acts as Ward Master. On the ground floor, in Ward 1., "Shorty" Lang has been a patient for many weeks. These two might have been

separated as the poles for all they knew of each other's existence under the same roof.

Three weeks ago "Shorty's" photo appeared in the *Canadian Hospital News*. Sergt. Mowat saw it, and saying to himself, "I know that boy," hurried off to Ward 1. "Shorty" looked up at the burly Scotch Sergeant and said, "I ought to know you. You're the fellow who saved my life." And this is the story of the front line we extracted from them. Private

Lang was at work in an advanced machine gun post, thirty-five yards from the German trenches when a rifle grenade landed among the little crew, killing one and wounding three. Lang's legs were badly injured below the knees, and he was bleeding profusely. Sergt. Mowat was in charge of a bombing platoon not far away, and someone ran to him for assistance, since he was known to be expert in First Aid. No time was to be lost. No utensils were at hand. Hastily tearing off his own suspenders, the Sergeant used the two braces as tourniquets for the boy's limbs, sent back for large dressings and bound up the quivering flesh. When the bombing party was relieved his men carried the youngster back for medical attention.

The two men met at the Granville months afterwards; one of those happy coincidences of the Great War. "I remember the incident so well," said Sergt. Mowat, "it was on the 26th April, 1916, in the Ypres Salient, on a clear moonlight night, about nine o'clock." Sergt. Mowat has been wounded, and during his convalescence has done most efficient hospital service, but is keenly anxious to get back to the front, to which he is returning shortly.



Sergt. Mowat

Granville Breezes.

Certainly, no man minds helping a lame dog over a stile when it's pretty and wears silk stockings.

Why is one member of the dungeon staff continually developing? Is it owing to liberal rations of chicken diet? Don't get savage! What?

Surely it couldn't have been a Granville M.O who, in writing a letter of thanks to Canada recommended that scrap-books should be sent to the soldier patients and not candies or cigarettes?

Breathes there the man with brain so dead,
Who never to the nurse has said,
For cigarettes received in bed?

"Thank You."

Who read the paper when she came
And failed to answer to his name,
Will someone analyse his brain?

"Thank You."

You'll find him on the fourth back floor,
There's double eight upon the door,
Won't some one rid us of this bore?

"Thank You."

Having now definitely been marked A 1, many members of the C.A.M.C. have withdrawn their feet from cold storage.

Several of our oldest readers have written to us this week stating that they have been before a medical board and now want to know the meaning of the word "Psychogenetic." We understand that L/C Lake is a recognised authority on medical terms; ask him.

Now Private Smith, is a good old stiff,

He, also, has travelled some.

And his eyes are as keen, as the margarine

They serve at the "Cook House, Come!"

But he doesn't boast, and he doesn't roast,

And he lives in dim seclusion;

And you never hear, when our foes appear,

"It's an optical illusion."

But he'll sometimes say, in the morning grey,

When his "eats" he hasn't had,

That he wishes—well—the range was in Heaven

Or any old place that's bad

Next Time The Glad-eye

THE LADIES ALL LOVE AN OFFICER EXCEPT WHEN A GENTLEMAN RANKER'S AROUND

By Dorothy L. Warner

CHAPTER I.—THE FROZEN GLIT

Once upon a time there was a private. He belonged to a Canadian regiment, and had received his "blighty" away back in those ghastly days at the Somme. Now he was putting in time at a hospital somewhere on the south-east coast.

It happened one day that this private was hobbling along the promenade fronting the hospital, when a pretty little girl went by. He liked the neatness of her blue serge costume and dainty little hat, and he had time to take in all the alluring details of her blue eyes as she passed. He sighed a little bit of femininity like that would make a cheerful companion; but there was no means of an introduction. Still, surely English girls were sporting enough to cheer up a really lonely soldier, and presently, as he saw her coming back, he saluted as she passed, and with a view to opening up a conversation remarked that it was a nice morning. Beforehand, he could have sworn that her eyes had smiled at him, but now they positively froze, and the blue skirt whisked away down the promenade with its owner's head tip-tilted at an angle calculated to put terror into the heart of the most blase Tommy.

CHAPTER II.—NOW SHE SMILES AT ALL

A few days later, Miss Brown, (that name will do as well as any other, seeing it isn't the real one) was waiting outside the Hospital for her own dear and particular three-starred escort. Soon the doors swung apart and he emerged, followed by the self-same "forward one" of past experience.

"Algy," she inquired, "who is that man behind us? He was horribly rude to me the other day on the prom. Actually tried to *speak* to me."

Algy laughed lustily under his Charlie Chaplin. "Rude?" he exclaimed, "impossible, old girl. He's one of the best—and too clever for any of us to hold a candle to. Why, he's got pots of money, and a ripping car, writes books or plays, or paints, —something artistic, anyway. Met him in civie days in Montreal, and Society made a regular lion of him. You should have cultivated him."

The little girl is sadder but wiser now, and has made a mental resolve never again to look upon a private soldier as a "boob."

What is the name of the patient on the third floor of the Granville who picked up a young lady in the dark, and when he stopped under a light, gazed into her face, and has had to take tonics ever since?

Chats From Chatham

No. 9—the pill that made Williams pale.

When the writing in your letter home can only be played on a flute it's time to invest in a new pen.

"There's much uneasiness in the German interior over the food shortage" reports a daily paper. We've experienced very much the same kind of feeling when "Cook House" has sounded a few minutes late.

The authorities that be should have a care. We heard a number of blues congregated before the "orders" the other evening discussing that anent heraldry. They decided that it was a new disease and one famous lead-swinger promptly declared that he already felt a new pain near his appendix.

She really looks quite beautiful,
Like ice-cream tutti-fruited,
The graceful form of Venus she'd eclipse,
But the kitchen laddies wonder,
When they hear her voice of thunder,
If she's ever fought a plate of fish and chips.

When did Ambulance Driver Simonds run over himself? See next week's News.

Who is the clerical orderly who had to redeem his paybook from "Uncle" before he could touch the Paymaster on Tuesday?

They had just become engaged.

"What joy it will be," she exclaimed, "for me to share all your griefs and sorrows!"

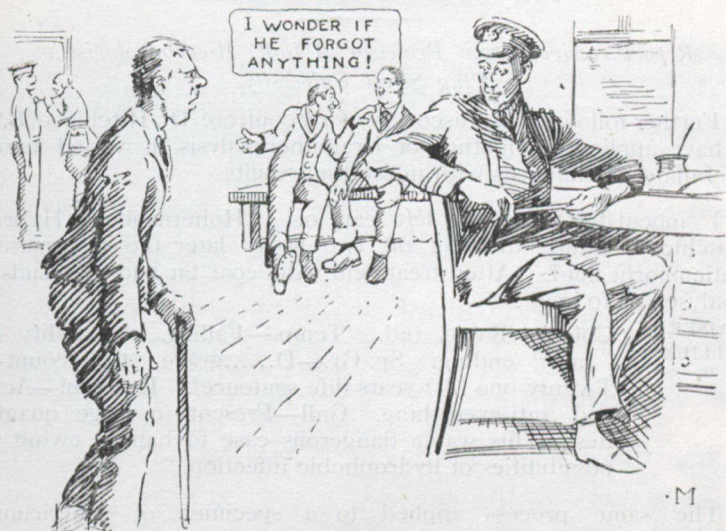
"But, darling," the Sergeant protested, "I have none."

The fair one answered: "Perhaps not now, but, when we are married you will have."

"I'm Johnny on the spot alright" exclaimed the chesty C.A.M.C. Corporal as he stood rigidly to attention during Sunday night's bombardment. "Yes," growled the C.C.A.C. private (still politely addressing his pet corn), "and you were the spot."

Who's the civilian at Chatham House who declares he is coming to Canada when the war is over if only to see the great fields of waving macaroni and the acres upon acres of luscious spaghetti all agrowing and ablowing? Perhaps one of the Sergeants knows more about this. [We would like to add they are both grown from the same seed, using poorer soil for spaghetti.]

Where Did He Get His Pull?



(After Sketch by Sergt. Hanley, 54th Batt.)

M.O.: "What treatment are you getting?"

Patient: "Two hours in the gym., special skipping exercises, Faradism, eau courant bath, ionization, galvanism, radiant heat, vibratory massage, and Scotch douche, sir."

M.O.: "H'm, in addition unload two tons of coal and walk five miles every day. Corporal, call the next man."

The Week at the Rifle Range

WAR LOAN SWEEPSTAKE RESULTS

The numbers chosen by Lt.-Col. Clarke were 50, 60, 70. There were 57 entries shot-off. The following each scored 70: Sergt. Middleditch, L./cpl. Peck, L./cpl. Graham; for number 60, were Lieut. Garton and Mr. Haverley. No score of 50 was made, the nearest being Lieut. Douse 49, Pte. Wood 51. For first prize, Cpl. Strudwick and Pte. Cameron both scored 76. Capt. Bedford secured the booby prize. Ties were shot-off on Monday, Cpl. Peck of Chatham House winning the first prize with a score of 71, Mr. Haverley second with 64, and Pte. Wood third with 51. Lt.-Col. Clarke decided on the tie numbers.

A Post match (1st class figure target) with Epsom, resulted in a win for the Granville Rifle Team by eight points. The scores were as follows: Granville 381, Epsom 373, out of a possible 400 points.

The Lieut.-Col. Watt Cup Contest is being shot for this week, and we hear the Sergeants are entering a team, which is going all out to win.

Inflated Craniumsis

Report received from Professor Abitoff, Microbarologist, of
Plug Street University.

Further following the discovery of my confrere, Dr. Hitchicoo, B.S. I have applied his method of Uranotheranalysis in varied cases of Inflated Craniumsis with interesting results.

I inoculated into the left ear of a Hohernzollern Hybrid Hitchicoo culture, drawing off two hours later the supernasant anticumorfit fluid. After treatment with coal tar and soap suds I analysed as follows:—

**KAISER
BILLIUM** Colour—Rabid red. Temp.—Falling, probability of “rain” ending. Sp. Gr.—D.....grave. Cell count—Twenty-one (21) years (life sentence). Reaction—Acid and anti-everything. Gall—Present in large quantities. This was a dangerous case to handle owing to possibilities of hydrophobic infection.

The same process applied to a specimen of Americanus Wilsonitis, gave different, but just as startling results:—

**PRESIDENT
WILROW** Colour—Liverish white. Temp.—Low-lying. Sp. Gr.—One Dollar. Cell count—Four (4) years (extension granted). Reaction—Variant neutral. Further treatment with subcutaneous injections of gold (10 per cent. interest solution) in the region of the trouser pocket showed strong armatory reaction. Lumbar puncture unsuccessful, as repeated probings failed to find any backbone.

Examination and analysis of a glaring case of Jingo Journalism resulted as follows:—

**POLYGLOT
JOURNALISM** Colour—Fiery black and white. Temp.—Abnormal, circulation rising. Cell count—Nil (but should have been considerable). Sp. Gr.—Frothy, as with most “War Orators.” Reaction—Alkalinepennyline.

Test for messages, negative—notwithstanding the posters. Through the courtesy of the G.S.C.H. I was privileged to analyse an acute case of Palacitis in the person of Miss Tootsie Torso, the famous Revue Star.

**TOOTSIE
TORSO** Colour—Peroxide blonde. Temp.—493 in the shade. Sp. Gr.—Broke! Sell Count—Supper for two, 30/-; waiter 2/6. Reaction—Headache and seidlitz. The usual symptoms, translucent skirt, coagulating waist, and exposure of limbs, *In Tigtus Quo*, were well marked.

KRITICOS.

Entertainments

On Thursday evening, Mr. Boyland's "Carry On" Party again appeared on the Granville stage to a large and appreciative audience. The event of the evening was the humorous duet, in costume, by Mrs. Sutton and Mr. Boyland, descriptive of a "Cockney" wedding day. Miss Dorothy Warne as usual presided at the piano, and played all accompaniments in her inimitable manner.

On Saturday night, The Hawaiian Minstrel Troupe from East Sandling appeared, and gave one of the best shows of the season. The party is composed of Canadian "Tom nies," and is under the leadership of Capt. Stokes, of Toronto. Composed of rich voices they gave a splendid performance. Not for a long time has anything been heard on the Granville stage quite as fine as Private Vaughan's recital of "The Yukon Trail." The jokes of the end men were good, the Hawaiian music weird and melodious, and the harmony magnificent. We hope for a return visit.

Coming events worth noting are: Saturday, March 3rd, 7 p.m., "Bontaff, the Wizard of the South," and Ada Lill, the "Girl Illusionist." Monday, March 5th, Miss Pappmacher, Russian Soprano, and Gorton Young, champion hand-bell ringer. Friday, March 9th, Illustrated Lecture by Mr. Felix Mills, F.R.G.S., on "Our National Heroes—Britains Afloat and Ashore."

Decorations For Our Nursing Sisters

On February 24th last, the following Nursing Sisters from the Granville were mentioned in the list of honours as having received the Royal Red Cross decoration. Misses M. McAfee, R. Hervey, C. E. Cameron, J. H. Robertson, M. Motherwell and M. C. English. Our sincere congratulations to these sisters and we are glad to know that there are now on the Granville Staff nine sisters entitled to wear the coveted ribbon, the Matron Miss E. B. Ridley and Sisters K. Lambkin and C. M. Hare having received the decoration some time ago.

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BROADSTAIRS

Yaps From Yarrow

Private Wolston is now recognised as the silver-tongued orator of Ward 7.

Wanted a carpenter to shingle the cow that supplies the milk to the Yarrow.

Is it really necessary for Sergt. Reid to be always inspecting the paint work at the far end of the lower floor of the west wing?

At an overflow meeting of Yarrow patients it was unanimously agreed that Trombone Smith is nearly as funny on the stage as off.

There is a curious superstition prevalent at the Yarrow that the war will end just as soon as the dining-room clock begins to go.

Who is the dingbat who told the R.P. that he would never be really good looking until a tank had passed over his face?

Pte. Remyard loafs all day,
And has an awful lot to say.
The R.S.M. he went to see,
He knows why, and so do we.
Broadstairs is too hot for him.
Good-bye Renny—Poor old Slim.

Some people are peculiarly persistent in geographical errors. We know one man who still declares that Tottenham Court Road is in Ireland.

Who is the Corp., who, on hearing the bombardment on Sunday night, snuggled down into his blankets muttering—"Go to it, Jack, we depend on you"?

Who is the French Canadian who threatened to "clink" a fellow-private because the latter was anxious about his mail? Shouldn't he read K. R. & O.? Marchant mon camerade!

Ah, Captain Withrow, it makes us reminiscently tearful to think how many times in the dull gray dawn we have vowed "Never no more," only to change our vows in the cool of the evening to "Ever, yes, always."

The Yarrowian Vaudeville Party are certainly putting on good shows these Wednesday nights. We are particularly pleased to chronicle the fact that more and more Blues (and many Ramsgate ones at that) are dropping in to join in the merriment.

Wedding Bells – Perhaps



Dear Mr. News:— Ramsgate, 27th.

I read your charming little paper every week and have noticed how often the name of Private Mickelborough appears in its pages. It seems to me that he must be a very popular man. Now I love a popular man. I think they make the best husbands, and I ought to know, seeing that I've married and buried five of the most popular men in Ramsgate. As I'm still in the prime of life, blessed with a little property and hate single harness, I thought that perhaps I might be able to make the acquaintance of Private Mickelborough with a view to matrimony.

Yours sincerely,

We publish a picture of Private Mickelborough herewith. *If*, after gazing at it, our fair correspondent still wishes to meet the gentlemen she does so at her own risk.

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Football

3-4 QUEEN'S v. 336th BRIGADE, R.F.A.

On Saturday afternoon a crowd of nearly 700 persons, including a large number of the fair sex, assembled at the grounds of Chatham House to witness the tie between the Queen's and the R.F.A. in the V.A.D. Cup competition. The spectators were not disappointed, as the match was one of the best football games that has been played in Ramsgate this season. The enthusiasm of the followers of the respective teams was kept up to almost breaking point all through by the fastness of the game, the ball travelling from goal to goal with great rapidity, and both goalkeepers having quite the time of their lives to save their nets from being rent. Time was called without a score being registered, and the extra ten minutes each way provided football of the fastest nature, both teams straining every muscle to obtain the winning point. But all in vain, the goal keepers of both teams remained unbeaten.

NOTE:—Found on Chatham House football ground early on Sunday morning 617 house bells. Losers can have these returned on proving their identity to the orderly in charge of the Hen House. C.H.S.G.

THE NUTS v. MANSTON AVIATORS

If the match played at Chatham House last Saturday afternoon was one of the best, the game on Wednesday was about the tamest exhibition of Football (put a capital F Mr. Composer, please), that could well be imagined; all through the play was listless and lifeless. The Nuts, because of the similarity of colours, had recourse to turn out in white jerseys, which, however, were hardly soiled at the finish. After the ball had been kicked about the field for a while Staff Towler managed, from a pass by "Red" Forbes, to find the net, and about ten minutes later he scored a second point. Crossing over with a lead of two goals to love, the Granville boys, although they had all of the play, could not add to their score, while the Naval men potted, or had presented to them, three. So ended the game.

To-day (Saturday) the re-play of the tie in the V.A.D. Cup competition—Queen's v. R.F.A.—will take place at Chatham House.

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, Lt.-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.

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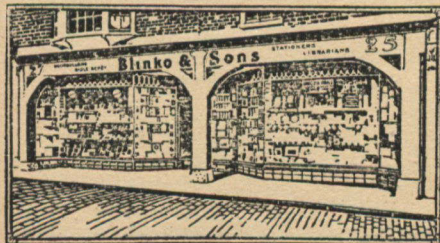
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