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Capt. O. C. J. Withrow

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Pte. F. Giolma

29th Batt.

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Pte. A. H. Millier

1st Can. Pioneers

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GRANVILLE
CHATHAM HOUSE

News

YARROW HOME
TOWNLEY CASTLE

VOL. V

RAMSGATE, APRIL 28, 1917

No. 4

CANADIAN LETTERS

MAN does not live by bread alone ; unless the soul life is fed he is indeed in sorry plight. And so we hope that the surges of song which rise in Canadian breasts throughout the days of this great conflict may find expression upon the printed page. We are jealous that Canadian Letters shall be enriched. Cuthbert Goodridge M'Donald, Queen's Field Ambulance, has published a little book of verse entitled "Armageddon and Other Poems." The author is the son of Staff-Sergt. M'Donald, of the Granville Canadian Special Hospital, and we reprint two sonnets from the little brochure.

Armageddon

The crimson clouds of war close down about
The world, all trembling with reverberation
Of crashing cannon and the warrior shout
Of mighty nation charging against nation ;

The hungry ocean rises in its might,
The bolts of heaven cleave the broken sky.
'Tis Armageddon ! 'Tis the fateful day
When man and beast and nature join in fight,
While gods and demons laugh to see them die,
Till earth, and heaven, and hell are burned away.

To Duty

Thou who didst bind the bondsman to the free,
The freeman to his king, the king to thee—
Dread spirit who hast led this nation forth,
Grasping our best with an imperious hand,
Pouring the strength and valour of the North
To death and glory in a ravaged land.

Oh Duty, hold us to thy service true
That we may rise triumphant o'er the foe.

The Harp of the Bard is an important factor in every conflict.
A nation that can sing must rise triumphant over its enemies.

O. C. J. W.

A PAWN IN THE GAME

(Being the Pathetic Story of a Soldier's Return)

When I left the Granville, after completing a course at massage and electric treatment, I promised to write and narrate the events of importance appertaining to my returning to the place from whence I came.

As soon as I had reported myself to the institution, it being Saturday, and I financially embarrassed as usual I availed myself of shank's pony and made a bee line to see Rachael, whom I had not seen for such a long long time. You know how I used to rave to you of her charms and how I doted on her.

Arriving at my destination I found the place had not altered much, though the three brass balls which hang over the shop proclaiming the nature of her father's business were badly dented. On inquiring of a policeman I was informed one of the lady customers not being satisfied over a business transaction, which necessitated the changing hands of two flat-irons and a frying-pan, aimed these articles at the emblems of a noble profession, nearly putting Mrs. Ikenstein, (Rachael's Mother) out of business; for the good lady happened at the time to be sitting at the "vindy" window soliloquising on the price of potatoes and the redeeming qualities displayed by the ladies of Whitechapel on a Saturday night.

Rachael gazed on me approvingly where once she turned away with haughty mein.

She looked charming in an economical dress trimmed with valuable lace. How well I knew the lace for had I not presented it to her when I said farewell on my departure for Ramsgate, and "pledged" her to be true and Romeo-like exclaimed.

Parting is such sweet sorrow
My watch is in the hock shop
But I'll get it out tomorrow.

Now I'll tell you on the quiet, I bought the costly lace off a barrow in the Whitechapel Road and told her I had bought it in Oxford Street at Selfridges. My thoughts went back to the Ramsgate dugouts, but I brushed them aside, not the dugouts but my guilty thoughts, and summoning courage stimulated by the fact I had not the price of the first instalment on a free lunch, I concluded it was up to me to get busy, so bade her sit by my side on the sofa. Oh! what bliss. I was in another world and visions of a "pub" well supplied with all kinds of good beer and I sitting in an easy chair with a fat cigar and a quart pot at my elbow. Suddenly the silence was broken by a shrill female voice which floated up the stairs "say guvner, can't yer make it three bob" which recalled me to my senses sufficiently for me to re-

member to make an effort to secure Rachael's hand. She, contrary to my expectations, offered no remonstrance, for Rachael was always a very proud girl, then growing bolder I squeezed her hand, but, oh, so gently, and found myself exclaiming oscalsus, astragalous, scaphoid, cuboid, three cunieform bones, the astragalous articulating with the tibia and fibia, and then with an instinct born of associations with the Granville, I went on musing to myself, patella—any synovitis.

Biff! There was Jupiter, Mars, Haley's comet and others besides.

* * * * *

Her father concludes I was intoxicated. How could I have been drunk when beer is a shilling a pint and I'm on twenty cents a day? Do you want to buy a chain and locket cheap or I would trade it for a Gillette safety razor and could you 'sell some tickets for a raffle, the prize being a lady's ring.

P.S.—I think it was the copper coal scuttle she hit me with.

THE GREYHOUNDS

By Claude H. Dodwell

In the sheltered sound, like a sleeping hound,
I lie and wait as the hours go round
For news of a foe and the word to go.
(Destroyers the deuce of a craft, you know).

My fires are banked ; provisioned and tanked :
Ready, aye, ready, the gods be thanked,
My cable to slip and my nose to dip.
To harry an impudent enemy ship.

Hark ! Hark ! " Heave ho ! Lash up and stow,"
The wireless cracks and away we go.
Afoot is the game ; and we dash past Rame,
Our black breath dotting and dancing main.

Catching her, catching her. Bow-chaser smashing her,
Drunken she reels with the salt billows lashing her.
With screws a-churn I double and turn,
And the Whitehead slips from my tube astern.

Our work is done and for home we run ;
We slip to our anchorage one by one
Through the harbour gate that we left of late
To lick our lips—and to doze—and wait !

YAPS FROM YARROW

Canadian version of a great song : Gee I'm longing for my ain folk.

Pte. J. says when he looks at Sgt. Travers he can see 'it' coming.

Did Cpl. Doak succeed in peddling all the rubbish he dug out of Smith's cupboard ?

Pte. Larbey, the great war economist, "How many peas did you say for each man, Sir ?"

Pte. Selkirk says there was not a bit of jam on his nose. (No, of course not, it was only a "rumour.")

New game at the Yarrow. From the Clink to the Police ; then from the Police to the Clink, to be continued for the duration.

Three Broadstairs ladies write asking why the West Promenade Romeo, Trombone Smith has transferred his affections to Rams-gate ?

Oh, it's nice to lie in the trenches
 Waiting to "charge" at dawn
 To make a dash o'er "no man's land"
 Wishing you'd ne'er been born
 And when the shells are flying
 And the bullets whiz by your head
 Oh, it's grand to be in the army
 But it's safer to be in bed

Who is the black faced patient police corporal who was going to clean up the guy with no feet, for stealing his girl in the clock tower ?

Pte. Carter says it does him good to see Lowry work ; and Pte. Lowry says he is tickled to death to know that Carter has some bed-patients,

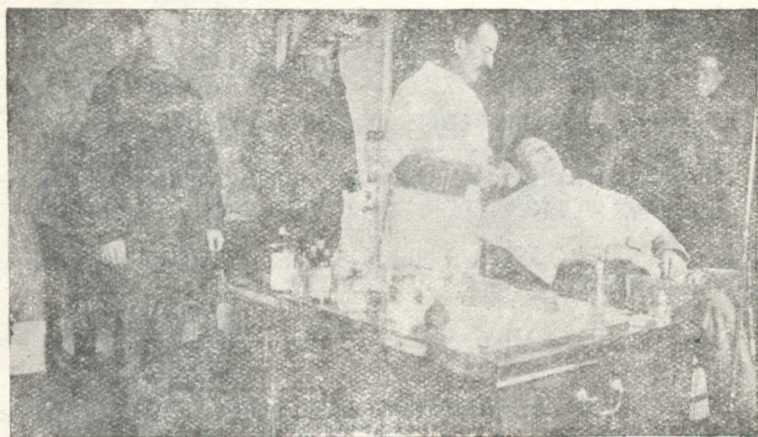
Who are the two French patients who spend their mornings in the Yarrow grounds catching worms and beetles to feed Scottie and White-eye ?

Pte Peat, (1st sitting, patients' mess,) "Well, Covey, what did you have for dinner today ?"

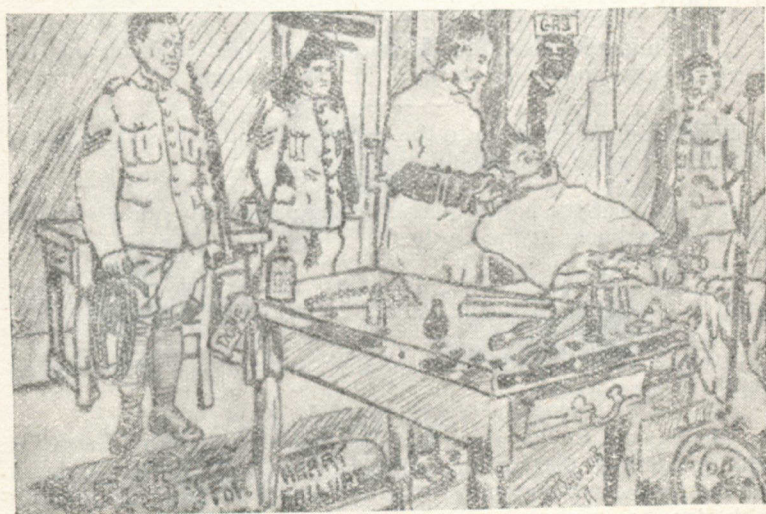
Pte. C., (2nd sitting, do.) "Oh we had nothing."

Pte. P. "Well, I'll be —— ! that's what we had too."

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AS THE PATIENT SEES IT

M.O. on first sanitary inspection sniffing the air :—" Sergeant, eh, eh, there seems to be rather an unpleasant odour round here. Nothing the matter with the drains, eh? "

" Sergeant—Oh, no sir, can't be sir; we ain't got any drains sir."

GRUNTS FROM GRANVILLE

What has changed the morals of a certain Scout?

What did Pte. Elkington think when he met hubby?

What does the gallant Captain do with all the chocolates?

Pity the poor editor, who, as orderly officer cannot sleep in his own quarters on account of the nasal music of the night orderly.

The Nuts *v.* Queen's, Saturday afternoon, Chatham House grounds, kick-off 3 o'clock.

Name the officer, who, on a recent trip to Shorncliffe traded his coat for a lady's bicycle.

Write a full report of the events which led to this remark being uttered: "The beer is no good, neither is the old woman."

Did the Captain of Napoleonic stature have a good time at the hen party?

It is rumoured that Pte. Lavendar has been transferred, for Tuesday afternoon only, to the Y.M.C.A. Canteen.

Did Jack Ellis go down to the bank on Monday to square up for the cigarettes the lady bought him?

We hear that the newly married elevator orderly quite enjoyed his Sunday dinner at the Canteen.

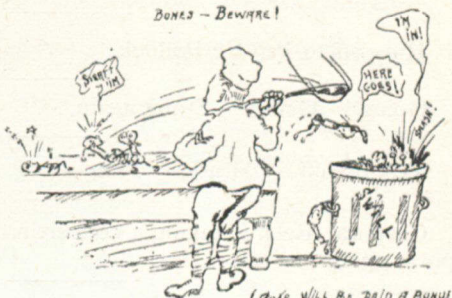
Yes, L/c Rahmer and Pte. McCafferty did have a steady job at Snuffy's until Billie with the Bandolier butted in and spoiled it.

PUZZLE—A pair of spurs, a bandolier, a set of dear little flapping flags. Find the man.

It has come to our ears that the hero of a certain "Grunt" is willing to pay \$1,000 for the name of the writer. If he will hand the money over to any officer, the writer will divulge his identity with alacrity.

Extract from Staff-Sergt. Nelson's report on Arts and Crafts Dept. for March War Diary: "The Painting Department men were on duty while the new floor in the patients' Dining Room was laid as each Joint had to be white leaded." Personally we never thought the meat was as far gone as that.

EVERY PICTURE TELLS A STORY



A LENGTHY TALK (H).

(Gals Will Be Paid A Bonus To See That No Bones Reach The Swill Tub) ORDER NO. 970.



THAT GRANVILLE GHOST

Probably very few of the patients, personnel or staff of the Granville had ever heard of the Psychical Research Society until a few days ago. Yet next week the report of the society will be the most sought for book in the whole hospital. In the forthcoming number will be published a full account of the notorious Granville Ghost, its nocturnal wanderings, etc. This special article, written by a leading Granville Corporal, is so peculiar, and so obviously a plain record of facts that it is likely to cause quite a sensation in the scientific world generally.

PATTER FROM PATS

Hats off to Private Pollock.

Going! Going! Stung again.

Yes, breakfast parade is compulsory.

Corporal Beck is taking a concertina course in Ireland until the ports open.

Engagement is announced between Lc.-Corp. Cunningham and Miss Jane Francis, the Ramsgate "Belle."

A nice little soldier called "Eddy,"
Whose girl is just like a "Teddy,"
Missed the last Margate bus
Last Sunday, and thus
It's all over between "Teddy and Eddy."

We would like to know the name of the Canadian soldier who attempted to kiss the waitress in a Belfast "Soldiers' Home," thinking it was the Blarney Stone.

The daily route march to the new dining-room is very much appreciated by the other ranks. An empty kit going, and a full one coming back. We haven't noticed anyone dropping out yet.

Some of the boys state that they were rather badly "stung" at the Palace last Friday night. The consequence is that the M.O. has been busy extracting "stings," and otherwise alleviating the sufferings of the "stung."

DOINGS AT THE RANGE

In the post rifle match with the Bridport, Dorset, V.T.C., the Canadian team won by the narrow margin of three points. The totals were:—Canadians, 774; Bridport, 771. The average scoring was very high in both teams. C.S.M. W. J. Guppy, of Bridport, scored 99, while Capt. Suttill, of the same team, totalled 98. For the Canadians Pte. H. Smith, Sergt. Morrison, and Lc.-Corp. Graham each scored 98. The lowest scores were 94, Sergt. H. Old (Bridport), and 95, Pte. Le Sauvage (Canadians).

CANADIANS AND GOVT. WORKERS TIE AGAIN

Game for Hockey Medals to be Played to a Finish To-night

The Government Workers and Canadian hockey teams went to the Ramsgate County Rink last Saturday determined to prove once and for all which is the best team. Result—Canadians, 3; Government Workers, 3. And this despite the strenuous efforts of all the players, and the heroic shouting of many hundreds of rooters for both teams.

At half-time Carr had scored twice for the Canadians, while the Workers had failed to tally. But as soon as play was resumed the Munitioners got busy and slugged the puck into the Canadians' net once, twice and a third time in such rapid succession that the spectators could hardly believe their own eyes. Then the Canadians, awaking from their twilight sleep, rushed their opponents' defence and evened up the score. Time was called and extra played, but no one tallied again. Fox, the Government Workers' centre, was the star of the evening. These teams will meet again to-night (Saturday, April 28), and will play to a finish, even if they have to continue for the duration. The Canadians are out to win the News Medals, and so are the Government Workers. The sides are very evenly balanced, and there is no doubt but that the winning point will go to the side that produces that final spurt or little bit of extra pep that is called forth by the rooting of the rooters. So boys it's up to you! A Muster Parade at the Rink to-night to "will" the Canadians to victory. Line-ups will be:—

Canadians—Goal, Reddy Forbes; defence, Lilly Lill; centre, Curley Balfour; right, Tommy Smaile; left, Freddy Carr.

Workers—Goal, Stalker; defence, Ledwidge; centre, Fox; right, Miller; left, Fall.

A BIRTHDAY PARTY AT THE GRANVILLE

On Wednesday afternoon of last week a very pleasing incident took place in Ward 54, when Private Dew, of the 15th Battalion, who is in bed seriously wounded was entertained to tea by Sisters Blott and Quigley, on the occasion of the anniversary of his birthday. He is only 17 year old, and probably the youngest patient in this hospital. A very pleasant afternoon was enjoyed by all the privileged guests, among whom were Capt. MacCallum, Capt. Taylor, and several of the patients and staff.

Private Dew, in spite of his severe wounds, has endeared himself to all who have come in contact with him, owing to his cheerful disposition and pluck. Among the tokens of esteem were some lovely flowers and a glorious birthday cake surrounded with fairy lights from the Sisters, and a box of cigarettes from Capt. MacCallum.

CHATS FROM CHATHAM

Is one of those in authority now studying for a part in "Three Cheers"?

Did the cat at Chatham House mistake No. 41 for the Maternity Ward?

Is Private Fuller one of a draft or an original 239th man? Some of the boys would like to know.

Curious slang popular among Chatham House Sergeants—"As crooked as Plunges." What can it mean?

Cuthbert's Chant

When the shells are made of putty,
 And the bullets cease to flow,
 Then I know I'll join the Army,
 For I think I ought to go.

When the cannons' cease their roaring,
 And the Allies cross the Rhine,
 Then I'll don a suit of khaki,
 And march proudly in the line.

Which was the most tangled on Sunday morning, R.P. Harrison's boot-laces or his language when he discovered them?

The aggregation known as the 101 Ranch is no more. But to split it up the authorities had to shift every bed in the Chatham House marquees.

If Lance.-Corp. Peck persists in wearing his famous Russian cap we shall have a revival of the rumour about Cossacks in England.

One of the prettiest sights, regimentally, was to see the Granville police force and their heelers brought smartly to attention by Sergeant Harper as Private J. A. Ford passed by arrayed in his famous Saskatoon raincoat.

Who is the Sergt.-Instructor who is so well informed in the culinary art that he took on hand to teach the cook in the Sergts' Mess how to make Welsh-rarebit and burnt the bottom out of a new 7/6 pan?

BASEBALL MEETING

Lt.-Col. Clarke presided at the organisation meeting of the G.S.C.H. Baseball Club held last Tuesday in the Recreation Room. The principal business of the meeting was the formation of the club, and the election of office-bearers.

The following officers were elected :—

<i>Patrons</i>	. . .	Surg.-Gen. Foster and Lt.-Col. Clarke.
<i>President</i>	. . .	Capt. G. V. Bedford.
<i>Hon. Pres.</i>	. . .	Capt. B. Baker.
<i>Sec.-Treas.</i>	. . .	Staff-Sergt. A. Towler.
<i>Committee</i>	. . .	Capt. Gould, R.S.M. Hodder, Corp. Crosby.

There was a large attendance of officers and men, patients as well as personnel, and a good deal of interest and enthusiasm was evinced. Capt. Bedford spoke at some length on the objects and aims and plans of the club. Capt. Armour expressed his eagerness to assist the club in every way possible, and stated that a fair amount of equipment would be given to the club by the Canadian Y.M.C.A.

ENTERTAINMENTS

On Thursday afternoon the company from the Palace Theatre kindly gave a matinee performance of the popular musical comedy "Sweethearts." A crowded house greeted the actors, who put on a first-class show; the dancing of the children being exceptionally good. In the evening Mr. Boyland's "Carry On" again favoured the boys, and as usual put up a splendid concert. The feature of the evening was the appearance of Sergt.-Major Maughan, late of the 6th Inniskillen Dragoons, who is 86 years old, and the only survivor of the Charge of the Heavy Brigade at Balaclava. He recited Tennyson's poem on that theme, and also the "Charge of the Light Brigade." The boys gave him a rousing reception.

On Friday a great musical treat was given by Mr. Henniker's orchestra, assisted by some talented soloists.

Mr. W. J. Moor and party from Dover made their first appearance on Saturday and were enthusiastically received.

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GRANVILLE V. QUEENS

The above teams met in a friendly game at Chatham House grounds on Saturday afternoon. The weather was ideal, and a fairly good crowd of spectators witnessed the match. At the start several of The Nuts evidently were having an off-day, as they did not seem to exert themselves much. After the ball had travelled the length of the field a time or two, Simpson, the Queen's right-winger, got his foot on the sphere, took it down the field, and centred Walls who finished it by landing a goal beyond Kingston's reach. After the kick off some good touches of football were witnessed; and Strutton and Longworth, in a combined run, took the leather into Queen's territory, passed it to Sammy Horne, who smartly put it out of pain. All even, the Queen's kicked off, and the ball went down on Kingston and Beall put up No. 2. Staff Towler set the ball in motion again, and close on the interval Simpson gave Walls a neat pass from the wing which he headed through. Half-time score: 3—1 for the Queen's.

The second session was much faster than the first, and the Fragments woke up to the fact that they were two goals to the bad. Sergt. Horne, who played a determined game, had the very worst of luck; he nearly broke the cross-bar, and did anything and everything around the goal except find the net. Tootell did some excellent work in the forward line. Creighton and Pyves, in the half section, played a hard game; "then there's the other," Staff Towler, he also played a good game, but to no avail. The backs—Mutt and Jeff—seemed to be on holiday, and the left-winger was merely a passenger. A rather scraggy game came to an end by the crowd calling "time," the final score being: Queen's 3; Canadians 1.

"There's no show without Punch," and the Jester in this case was the referee. One of his decisions is enough to give:—The Nuts scored a goal, but as he was not close enough to see it, he gave the Queen's a goal kick, which in itself goes to prove that the ball must have been over the line. 'Nuff said. The teams were:—

Imperials—Crowe; Heathfield and Brown; Ferrier, Travers, and Almeroth; Simpson, Sawyer, Walls, Beall, and Daniels.

Colonials—Kingston; Budge and Willis; Creighton, Towler, and Pyves; Strutton, Longworth, Horne, Tootell, and Forbes.

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.

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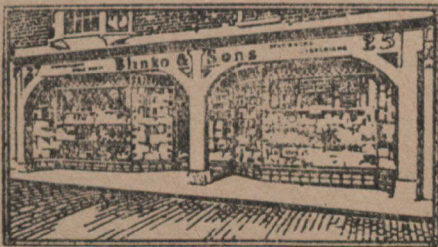
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