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GRANVILLE
CHATHAM HOUSE

News

YARROW HOME
TOWNLEY CASTLE

VOL. VI

RAMSGATE, JULY 14, 1917

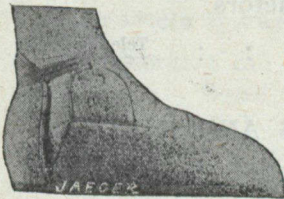
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Editorial Efforts

SISTER

TO those of us who have sisters, bound by family ties, how proud we always were of them. We fought for them at school, we climbed the highest trees so they could have the best fruit; often we have told a big — in order to shield them, and took the whipping ourselves. When we became grown up, we guarded them with the same jealous care until some one came along and claimed that right. We did this because they were our sisters, and we loved them.

"No, George. I can never marry you, but I will always be a sister to you." Some of us may have listened with a throbbing heart to these words, spoken with trembling lips, by a vision of beauty, while the tears shone in her big blue eyes. At the time the words seemed to be the death-knell of our future hope and happiness in life. Then it was, we thought the magic word "Sister" had no charm for us. That girl to-day may be among the thousands of ministering angels, who are bringing relief to the wounded, maimed, and dying.

But away above and beyond all this are the little army of girls who have perpetuated the word "Sister" in the history of the world. From Halifax to Vancouver their hearts responded to the call for volunteers. They left peaceful and pleasant homes, sacrificed many comforts to do a noble work. We find them everywhere in England and France, in the hospitals, at the dressing stations, even in the trenches. Doing what? Facing unspeakable horrors, ministering to the wounded, alleviating suffering, and in hundreds of ways attending to the needs, wants, and fancies of the battered heroes, who are for the time under their care. To thousands of gallant lads the word "Sister" will always have a sacred meaning all its own. They will never forget the untiring devotion and the sweet sympathy which was ever shown to them in the darkest hour of their pain and suffering.

Sisters, we are proud of you, proud of your glorious work. Honoured to be able to say that one of the most noble units in the Canadian Army to-day, is the Nursing Sisters.

THE ARMY DOCTOR

*(Written by a Toronto Lady and dedicated to the Young Doctors
who are so heroically "Doing Their Bit at the front.)*

Stirred love for his fellow-man,
And the passion of duty that through him ran,
Eager of hand and foot he went,
And his heart on service was keenly bent.

Steady and calm, his fearless eye
Shed not a tear as he said good-bye,
For he'd seen a vision of pain and strife
Where men were fighting, life for life.

His aim, not to flaunt acquired skill,
But to cure where the shot had failed, to kill,
And comfort and ease the dying hour
Where death had gripped past human power.

This it was, with his nerve keyed high,
With pulse athrob and dauntless eye,
He met the heroes of pain and death
Who sing for the flag with their last faint breath.

They brought him men from the blood-soaked field,
Where they lay like leaves, till his own brain reeled,
As he saw the suff'ring where shot and shell
Had rent and torn till the pain was hell.

But he gave them all of his strength and skill,
From morn till night, and again until
A new morn dawned with shadows grey
And brought the toll of another day.

Untired and nerveless, on he worked,
And under his knife it seemed there lurked
Miraculous power, strange and queer,
Staying the lives of his fellows dear.

He sang them song of mirth and love,
And many a soul, e're it went above,
Gave thanks for the cheer that was given that day,
And he asked of earth no better pay.

And so, methinks, at the trump's last call
He'll stand in line with the victors all,
And writ in gold on his crown will be :
" My son, you have done it unto Me."

JOON CHATS FROM CHATHAM

Some combination ! Rolled Oats and Sago, how do you care for it, Pte. Watson.

Is it regimental for a Sergeant to wear a 4-inch collar to his tunic. Some neck.

Don't commandeer the English Language for your poultry farm, Sergt. Howard, a roster is not a rooster.

Coming events. Jack Pratt will present "The Phantom Provost" with entirely new cast on next pay-day. Tent 13.

Who were the two "innocent little ladies" with whom Darky had such a good time, whilst on leave last week-end.

We hear that Tent No. 8 was this week converted into a Maternity ward, under the charge of Corporals Smith and McKian. Puss-puss.

There once was a scout
Who, when he went out,
Broadstairs — .

The very same scout,
When now he goes out,
Canterbury — .

Who is the Sergt. who declares he saw an Ambulance wagon brought in safely with the near hind wheel blown away in Sanctuary Wood last June ?

I wonder if St. John, N.B., is proud of Corp. Shear after the glowing account and picture he sent of himself. Does he want the town band to turn out for him when he goes back ?

Copies of the song "The Immortal Kitchener," can now be purchased at Prichard's Music Store, 17 Queen Street; or at Goulden & Winds, 47 High Street. Price 1/8.

First Urchin—What do you see in there Jimmy ?
Second Urchin—(looking in the door of the Supply Stores, and seeing a Sergeant reading a newspaper)—Nothing; not much.

HUMOURS OF THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL

By *Dorothy L. Warne*

I suppose that really the particular set of children that I used to teach in the Sunday School scarcely differ at all from the classes of those readers who have ever taken up this delightful, and often, (if one may use the expression) entertaining form of religious work.

My class consisted of somewhere between twelve and fifteen infants; the number varying according to the state of the weather, the persuasive powers of their parents and their own particular moods. *Apropos* of the two latter, here are two specimens from a collection of excuses that from time to time have been forthcoming.

Dear Miss,

Please ekskuse Harry from comin to skool as he 'as no shoos.

Yours trueley,

Mrs. Brown.

Teacher:—

Jim is kept from class this mornin as I am washing his shirt. Hoping you are well as it leaves me at present.

Elisa Fagg.

About Christmas time one year the subject of the lesson was the Flight into Egypt. I had gone into the story most carefully omitting no details, and dwelling especially on the means of travel in the East. Concluding with a few questions, I put to one of the boys, "Now, how did Mary and her little boy get to Egypt?" The reply was as unexpected as it was anachronistic: "Please, Miss, she took a tram!"

One Sunday we took the story of Moses. I wanted to bring home to their baby brains, if possible, the sacrifices he made in giving up all the pomp and grandeur of his life at the palace. "Tell me something of the beautiful things Moses would have to give up, now," I said. Up shot the hand of a bright boy: "Please, Miss, custards, jam-tarts an' jellies." A boy's idea of happiness.

At a Missionary lesson we touched on Africa, and I was describing the people to whom their missionary pennies would go. "The little boys and girls out there have black faces," I began, when—"Don't they wash 'em, Miss?" was the startling query.

To show how the youngsters' minds wander from the reverence of their duties, the following will illustrate. A colleague of mine was giving a very solemn lesson, and by appropriate gestures was endeavouring to instil into the distinctly secular atmosphere even a slight semblance of awe. Presently a hand was put up. Thinking she had at last succeeded in making an impression she waited for the child to speak. Breathless with excitement, the mite stammered out, "Pl-please, Miss, d-d-d'you know we-we're goin' to have rabbit-pie for din-dinner!"

PATTER FROM PATS

On the hands! Ah!

Who stole the P.T. Instructors kit.?

Who do you indent on for bellows—The Engineers' or the ordnance?

Why didn't the Hospital Representative Staff give the Banquet to the Cricket Team?

Has Sergt. Thornton done much "Chute" ing lately or does he prefer to demolish sand.

Why does "Baby" Bazanson look so sad? Did the flowers make him look pale?

Is Pte. McKilcup sore because he has to blow the fire out, and who lights these fires anyway?

Heard at the last stand-too. Get into the building you fellows Goaneand (deleted by censors.)

How is it that the Sergt-Cook gets on so well with the ladies? Wish we were all over age and looked like a Finnan Haddie.

DROWNING ACCIDENT

It is with deep regret that we announce the death by drowning of one of the Granville boys, Pte. Charles Henry Knight. He was born in Hull, Yorkshire, England, and has been living in Orillia, Ontario for a number of years, where he leaves a wife and three children to mourn his death.

More than passing interest is due to Corp. Reece, a patient in this Hospital, from Truro, N.S., in the danger to which he exposed himself in an endeavour to rescue the unfortunate man who had been caught by the undertow from the heavy surf. One man made an attempt to reach Knight but failed. Then Reece with a rope around his waist forged his way to the drowning man. Reece had not eaten solid food for weeks and his strength began to fail him but with the aid of steady hands at the end of the rope he managed to reach the shore with his burden. Artificial respiration was immediately applied to the unconscious Knight and continued even after all hopes had disappeared but with no effect.

Patients who have not attained full use of their limbs, and all other bathers should remember that the currents on this beach are exceedingly treacherous at times, a fact that some of the strongest swimmers have paid the price of their lives to learn.

GRUNTS FROM GRANVILLE

How long have they been calling Staff-Sergeants "Mister."

Query. "Are all hospital orderlies supposed to have Lance Jack Stripes."??

Thanks to Lc.-Corp. Lunny, the Personnel are now able to eat in a clean dining-room.

What has become of the Crow-Travers tug-of-war contest. Another case of Hotairitis.

A certain song we know goes up to "g" but I heard someone say it should go to "h."

No, Sergeant Goodwin, you should never salute a Corporal on parade, It might make him vain.

Who is the man who was disappointed in "stripes," we have lost the stars and stripes from our office.

Fair Lady, "Oh! So that is a Sergeant in the Dental Corps, I didn't think he was a Sergeant in the Army."

Some people like art as a diversion but when a Sergeant spends his Sunday afternoon painting back halls we see no art in that.

The Granville-Chatham morning parade is considered too Lakedasical. "Number" "Attention" "Form fours, please" ("Thank you," understood)

The Dominion Day 100 yards dash between the Ramsgate Tramways and the South Eastern Railway ended to-day, the S.E. leading by a neck. No flowers by request.

Why is Sergt. McDonald so disappointed that his name did not appear in last week's *News*, as taking a prominent part in the Dominion Day celebrations? Never mind Mac.

Who were the sponsors at the new form of baptism introduced into the Sergeants mess. We have heard of this by water, and by fire but never before by beer. Rather hard on the hair, *n'est-ce pas?*

The Song "The Immortal Kitchener," by Sergt. Crowe and Miss Dorothy Warne, can now be purchased in Ramsgate at Prichard's Music Store 17 Queen Street, (near the Capital and Counties Bank.) Or at Goulden & Wind, 47 High Street, (opposite General Post Office.) Price 1/8.

THE "PILL-SLINGERS"

By Capt. Wilbur C. Lowry, C.A.M.C.

The past week has been rather an eventful one for the "Pill-Slingers" League. Captain Bedford, the President of the League, and one of the pitchers of the team, has been detailed for escort duty to Canada, and so his unequalled supply of manipulation of both bat and ball has been lost. Then, too, Langelle, another fine pitcher, has been discharged from hospital and joined his base unit, where no doubt his speed will be used for another team. But their is a joyful rumour around that another pitcher has been unearthed, and as soon as the league is re-organised the past victorious progress will be continued.

Owing to the temporary disorganisation consequent upon the above changes, no regular game was played on Saturday, the 7th July. The field was, however, crowded with ball enthusiasts, and two pick-up teams played a scrub game, much to their own and the spectators' enjoyment.

In-Door Baseball Games

On Friday evening the Sergeants and the Officers met for the third time. Although the game was arranged hurriedly a number of interested spectators watched from the sidelines.

The game was fairly fast and well-contested by both sides. Sergt.-Inst. Simonson hurled the sphere for the Non-Com's, while Capt. White occupied the box for their opponents.

In the third inning the three strikers got away to a five run lead which the Sam-Brownites could not overtake. Their field was too tight, no holes could be found for even base hits. At the bat two or three flies over the heads of the out-fielders brought home the winning scores. The game ended in the seventh inning with a score of 10—5 in favour of the Sergeants.

The first clash between teams representing the Officers and the Corporals respectively took place on Monday evening. It was a mighty tussel. Both sides had suffered defeat at the hands of the Sergeants, and were keen on the fight for second place. A number of good plays were made on both sides. Over half the innings were represented at the end by a duck egg. The lean scores of the remainder of the innings show the fast nature of the game.

Corporal Smith, who was in excellent form, did duty on the mound for the Corps., and first-baseman "Mack" also played well they both deserved a "saucer of milk." Captain Boyer did the twirling for the winners.

The score at the end of the ninth session was 12—9 in favour of the officers.

CRICKET

By Pte. J. A. Ford

Keen disappointment was felt last Saturday when it was learned that the boys at Sandwich were unable to play that day, but a date has been fixed with them. This being so the day was a blank. Several matches are being arranged with neighbouring units.

On Wednesday afternoon the lads of the R.N.A.S. from Walmer came to Chatham House and put up the best game this season with the Granville. Old Sol was having a revel day, and the wicket was in the pink of condition. Granville were without Sergt. Harrison, who is on leave at present, his place being taken by Corp. Bowskill. The game from start to finish was full of interest, and it was not till the fall of the eighth wicket that the issue of the match hove in sight. The Granvillians won by the narrow margin of 10 runs. This makes the seventh successive victory for the "Fragments," and on their present form it will have to be a first-class team who will beat them. Cricket has now to be recognised as the foremost sport in connection with the G.A.A.

The Airmen took first lease of the wicket, and Higgs and Dean at once showed they were no novices with the willow, Dean putting up 21 before Ayres got his bails, while Higgs notched 17 runs when Kingston with one of his hesitation stunts clean bowled him. The "Flyers" were eventually got rid of for 74 runs. Kingston took six wickets for 17 runs; Ayres two for 12; and Houldcroft one for 1 run.

Going to the wicket Corp. Strutton was clean bowled for his first "duck." Whistler Sutton played steadily for his 17, but he took Morrish a little too cheaply, and got bit. Captain Preston was nicely set, and had got the height and weight of the bowlers when he was very cleverly caught in the slips by Johnson, adding 14 as his quota. Houldcroft was rather too eager to run up a score, at the same time he was playing very cautiously when Higgs got his stumps. Bert Bowskill, though only called on at the last minute to fill a gap, showed some good cricketing points, and played very nicely for his 10 not out. Higgs had seven wickets for 27 runs; while Morrish, Smith and Bannister took one each. Details:—

AIRMEN	GRANVILLE
Higgs, b Kingston 17	Strutton, b Higgs 0
Vaughan, run out 3	Sutton, b Morrish 17
Johnson, b Kingston 0	Preston, c Johnson, b Higgs 14
Smith, b Kingston 5	Houldcroft, b Higgs 10
Dean, b Ayres 21	Ayres, b Smith 2
Morris, b Kingston 0	Dive, c Barrister, b Higgs 4
Harte, c and b Kingston 1	Shepherd, lbw, b Higgs 9
Morrish, b Kingston 3	Hall, b Bannister 0
Bannister, b Houldcroft 0	Bowskill not out 10
Taylor, not out 1	Kingston, c Bannister, b Higgs 5
Gillmann, b Ayres 7	Brade, b Higgs 0
Extras 16	Extras 13
Total 74	Total 84

Chaplain's Wounded Soldiers' Fund

By Major E. Bertram Hooper, (Chaplain)

Since May 1st I have been giving each week a statement of receipts, with intent that it should be known how I get money for carrying on the practical work for the benefit of our wounded lads and where the money comes from. The following is the statement for this issue of the *Hospital News*.

Previously acknowledged	- - - -	£156 18 6
A Sorrowing Mother	- - - -	0 10 0
"Main River," Kent, N.B.	- - - -	11 11 6
St. George's Congregation, Moncton, N.B.	- - - -	29 12 7
Private Gaulton, 26th Battalion	- - - -	0 10 0
Miss Parsons, Broadstairs	- - - -	0 10 0
Pte. Morton, Vancouver, a former patient here	- - - -	0 4 0
Bazaar held by Four Little Girls, St. John, N.B.	- - - -	4 2 10
A Sewing Club for Girls, St. John, N.B.	- - - -	4 18 0
Mrs. William Neales, St. John, N.B.	- - - -	1 0 0

It will be noticed how frequently St. John, N.B., figures in my lists of acknowledgments. This is but natural, for I have been rector of St. Paul's Church in that city for ten years, and consequently I and my work are well known there. Before going to St. John I was for sixteen years rector of St. George's Church in Moncton, N.B. This accounts in part, for my receiving last week £46, and this week £29, from people in that city. I am exceedingly gratified with the financial support I am receiving both from Canada and locally. May the good work go on.

I was truly sorry that the Yarrow was evacuated on Thursday last. I miss those lads. But "it's an ill wind that blows nobody good," for now I shall be able to have two char-a-banc drives and teas each week for the patients at the Granville, who perhaps need them most, and one from Townley Castle. I am delighted to state that Major and Mrs. Morgan have provided the outing for the Townley Castle patients on Saturday. We are to have the usual drive, with tea at Monkton, instead of at Minster.

Now that the song by Miss Dorothy Warne and Sergt. Crowe—"The Immortal Kitchener"—is on sale, I hope that the first 2,500 copies will be quickly disposed of. The entire profits on these copies will be given to my "Wounded Soldiers' Fund."

It will be seen, with I am sure general satisfaction, that although my expenditures total at least \$250 a month, the receipts are so generous that they even more than keep pace with the expenditures. "So mote it be."

Before concluding I want to say what sincere pleasure has been given me by the very kind and hearty expressions of congratulation on my recent promotion to the rank of Major from Officers, Sisters and Patients. I can only express my great appreciation. I hope that to all I may continue to be, neither Captain nor Major, but the Same Old Friend and

PADRE.

Suspiria De Profundis

By F. C. Owlett

At midnight Smithers crawled panting into the dug-out which he shared with me, lugging an oil-drum under his arm. Setting the drum in a corner, he removed his helmet and mopped his brow.

"In the name of all that's wonderful —" I began.

"I've purloined it from the Hindenburg Line," said he, "and it's full!

"Smithers, you're stark mad," said I, "madder than I like a fellow lodger of mine to be. I begin to think of moving to another trench. Tell me, what's your game with that drum?"

"Taint the drum my boy, it's what's *inside* the drum—oil sonny the best lubricating, all the way from the Hindenburg Line, and what am I going to do with it? I'm going to oil my boots with it, and anything else that wants oiling. There's quite a lot of things that wants oiling hereabouts when you reckon 'em up, and never a drop of oil can a fellow get this side of the Line without repeating the Catechism, the Apostles Creed, the Arabian Nights, and anything else you may be called on to recite. So I went to Hindenburg."

"I give you up Smithers and tomorrow morning I quit."

After a while we slept.

I was awakened by a dull buzzing in my ear. I opened my eyes and sat up. The atmosphere was oppressive—strangely, uncannily oppressive. The bussing hung about my ear until it seemed to resolve itself into words whispered or hummed. Good heavens; I thought, I must be going out of my mind! In a sweat I arose and gave Smithers a kick. Smithers sat up.

"Who's talking in ear?" he exclaimed, "And what are you doing the rounds for Jones?"

"Ho, ho! talking in *your* ear is it? Well Smithers, it's ghosts or demons, or we're a pair of raving lunatics, or —"

"Look at yon oil-drum!"

I looked at the oil-drum, and saw a thin spiral of vapour rising from the screw cap.

"A bomb!" I cried.

"Nonsense," said Smithers, "It's oil I tell you—I know that by the way it swished about when I was lugging it home. Anyway we'll soon settle the question."

Smithers went to the drum and unscrewed the cap.

Instantly a filmy column of vapour curled upward from the opening, and at the same time the buzzing in our ears swelled to a flow of words distinctly whispered,

"Kadaver, Kamerado! Kadaver!.....Vare iss mein Gretcher?
Stairr me gently Gretchen.....Wilheim nefair waste anytings.....
Gott strafe Wilhelm!.....For Wilhelm der pottomless pit iss!....."

Gott mit uns? Nein! der Teufel mit uns! der Teufel und der bloody Wilhelm!.....Englander, strafe der bloody Wilhelm!.....Und vare iss mein pore leetle Gretchen?.....Vill she come not und stairr me, eber so gently?.....Kadaver, Kamerdo! Kadaver!"

We stood there beside the drum, stupefied, our parched tongues glued to the roofs of our mouths. At last I shook myself and shouting hoarsely to Smithers to get out of the way, snatched up the screw cap and rammed rather than screwed it on, and swinging the drum from the ground, strode into the trench and hurled the unholy contraption over the parapet. It went with a horrible clatter and bang, setting every Hun on the Hindenburg Line firing for a quarter of an hour.

What's become of Smithers I don't know. He wasn't in the dug-out when I got back, and I haven't set eyes on him since. As for me, I rolled up my blankets and went forward to the cave of Robinson.

"Why Jones, what's the matter?" said Robinson.

"Look here Robinson," said I, "I'm going to sleep here, by your leave, and—also by your leave—I'll postpone explanations until daylight. Goodnight to you."

But I didn't sleep a wink.

DECORATED COMRADES

Corp. Sidney Robson was born in Haldemand, Ont. He had been living in Edmonton for five years previous to enlistment, and was on the staff of the Quebec Bank in that city. He enlisted with the 63rd Battalion and spent twelve months in France. He won the Military Medal on September 26th 1916, for consolidating and holding, till reinforcements arrived, a trench after his officers and N.C.O.'s had become casualties. He was at the same time recommended for a commission. His papers are being held in France on probation, but he is hoping to get his commission in England.

Sergt. Bell was born in London, England. He has lived ten years in Canada, and is a print shop machinist by trade. Having enlisted with the 13th Batt. in 1914, he spent twenty-seven months in France, and was awarded the Military Medal for working in the open at Sanctuary Wood collecting wounded. While at Ypres Sergt. Bell worked for some time with Major Hart, M.C., officer in charge of Chatham House.

A Canadian mother wished to send some stimulant to her son in the trenches, so she baked it inside a cake. When the parcel arrived the cake had disappeared and the flask had been refilled and marked "Diluted by the Censor."

DOINGS AT THE RANGE

By *Pte. H. W. H. Smith*

A match with Thetford on Saturday, June 30th, resulted in a win for our Rifle Team by 18 points, no less than two possibles and four ninety-nines were included in the scores. This is the record score for this year, only nine points were dropped out of a possible 800.

Teams and scores as follows:—

CANADIANS		THETFORD	
Pte. H. Smith	100	Corp. Franklin	99
Lc.-Cpl. Graham	100	Pte. Brown	98
Pte. Fry	99	Sgt. Lockwood	97
Sgt. Morrison	99	Pte. Rule	97
Pte. Tomson	99	Capt. Croushay	96
Pte. Field	99	Pte. Holden	96
S.-Sgt. Shinn	98	Lt. Saunders	95
Pte. Mathieson	97	Sgt. Pape	95
	—		—
	791		773

This week we have a match with Linsfield R.C., Cambridge.

Pte. Fry won the Daily Mail Certificate easily, with a score of 98 out of highest possible 100 on a 5-bull target. Pte. H. Smith won Lord Roberts Medal by one point from Pte. Fry, after a tie in which both men scored 154 out of a possible 160.

On Saturday, July 14th, we shoot a Postal Match with Colchester V.T.C. The particular team we are up against won the B.S.A. competition for 1917, and we shall no doubt have a pretty tall average to contemplate. However our team could not be called on to prove themselves at a better time and on form the boys should win.

Coming Competitions

The entries for the Donagal Badge and the Bell Medal are to be shot during the week ending Saturday, July 21st. Conditions for the first named being 320 yards twin bull decimal targets, and for the latter three 500 yards first-class figure targets.

For the information of patients and personnel who have lately joined the Granville and Annexes the Rifle Range is situated in the basement of Granville, under the Recreation Room. Here all are free to practice, either open or aperature sight, with rifles to suit all. The price of ammunition surely within the reach of everyone at 1d. for eight rounds, and there are numerous prizes every week to compete for.

All are welcome.

PARISH FETE AT ST. LUKE'S VICARAGE

By E. E. Perry. Hon. Treas. St. Luke's Day Schools.

St. Luke's and Chatham House are near neighbours, the parishioners have been glad to welcome the Canadians, and the past eighteen months have witnessed several deep associations. On Sunday, March 19, 1916, Chatham House was a target for an enemy bomb, and on the same day several of the children of St. Luke's fell victims of the same murderous attack by the Huns. Over the grave of the kiddies that were killed the Canadian patients had a suitable monument erected. St. Luke's will not forget that tribute.

On July 1, 1916, at Chatham House Grounds, the Day Schools children of St. Luke's delighted the Canadians with their song and dances and the Maypole exercises. Canadians will not soon forget that, I am sure. On Saturday, July 14 (to-day), at St. Luke's Vicarage Grounds, we are holding a parish fete from 3 to 7.30 p.m., when there will be demonstrations of the childrens' famous song cycles, and the Maypole dances in costume, and after tea a concert will be given on the lawn in which Canadian friends will participate. The admission fee will be 7d., some seats will be reserved at 1/- each, and I shall be quite frank and say that we desire a great number of our Canadian friends to come and help fill our coffers, for our schools are in sore need of funds, suffering as we are from war conditions, no parish having been so affected by the air raids and bombardments. We promise a good time and warm welcome.

D. T. EVANS,

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ENTERTAINMENTS

Arranged by Capt. Armour, Y.M.C.A.

The Sunday evening song services and sacred picture lectures continue to attract good numbers to the Recreation Hall. Last Sunday brought the largest audience yet. The series of pictures and lectures on "Our Favourite Hymns," is drawing to a close, but another course, just as interesting, is in preparation. Solos form an added attraction to these services, which the boys all seem to enjoy. Those who have not yet been in on these should try it next Sunday night. Remember the time, 8 p.m. For one hour only.

Movies were shown twice last week, and some screamingly funny farces were shown. The pictures being shown now are quite the best series we have had at the Granville, and movie night always means a big house.

For the remainder of the summer months the number of concerts given will be reduced to two or three a week. Patients are encouraged to join in the outdoor games at the Chatham House Grounds on these fine nights.

Illustrated educational lectures are also put off until the Autumn begins, when an attractive programme will be presented.

COMING EVENTS AT THE GRANVILLE

Saturday (to-night), at 7.45. Lena Ashwell Concert Party from London.
 Sunday, 8 p.m., Illustrated Sacred Lecture and Sing Song.
 Tuesday and Friday, 7.40 p.m., Cinema Shows.

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CONGRATULATIONS FROM YARROW

Our heartiest congratulations and sincerest good wishes for their future happiness and prosperity are extended to Q.M.S. and Mrs. Cattermole who, on Tuesday last, were united in the solemn bonds of matrimony.

The Yarrow Home staff marked the occasion by presenting the Q.M.S. with a Silver Tea and Coffee Service on a Figured Oaken Tray, to which is affixed a silver inscription plate. The presentation was made by Pte. Cram, who voiced the good wishes of the entire staff for a long and happy life for the bride and bridegroom. Q.M.S. Cattermole responded with a few appropriate remarks. He thanked the boys for the kind thoughts conveyed in the gifts, and assured them of his high appreciation of their good wishes for Mrs. Cattermole and himself. The company then sang in a truly Canadian manner "He's a Jolly Good Fellow." And "so say all of us."

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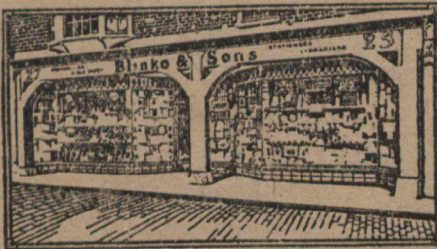
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