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Editor:

Capt. O. C. J. WITHROW, C.A.M.C.

News Editor:

Pte. F. GIOLMA, 29th Batt.

Art Editor:

Pte. A. H. MILLIER, 1st Can. Pioneers

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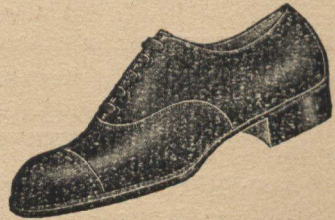
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News

YARROW HOME
TOWNLEY CASTLE

VOL. IV

RAMSGATE, FEBRUARY 3, 1917

No. 5

DISCIPLINE

SALUTING won't win the war. On the other hand the war won't be won without saluting. Why all this fuss about the bringing of the hand smartly to the forehead, palm outwards, when inferior meets superior, to be returned by the superior in the same fashion? Because it is the outward manifestation of an inner discipline which is the most important thing about any army. Men, munitions, money, commissariat are, of course, *sine qua non*; these without discipline would be casting treasure in the midst of a maddened mob. The rudiments of ceremonial are taught in the barrack square, and the finished article is seen bright and shining upon field days, and marching through the city streets. The trenches in the far-flung battle line will have none of it, but the inner discipline ingrained on the barrack square makes a good soldier in billets behind the firing line, or under the crash of armaments,

The good soldier is invariably well disciplined, and shows it in every movement. At a time like this when millions of men, who never dreamed of war as a business, have been glad to join the colours, they have cast off their individuality on doffing civilian attire and donning khaki. Each becomes a tiny part of a great machine. One recognises at once that there must be superior authority, mounting by delicate gradations until lost in the dizzy heights of field-marshal-dom. Granted that the soldier has always and ever definite obligations to his superior, the superior has no less definite obligations to his inferior in rank. The ceremonial of saluting works both ways. *Noblesse oblige*. The other day we saw a wounded private soldier turn his head and eyes smartly to the right on meeting an officer, his hands being engaged with a pair of crutches. That man was demonstrating discipline. The officer, either from carelessness or inattention, paid no heed, gave no return. The soldier probably felt like a fool for obeying an impulse inculcated by thorough training. More recently we saw a young subaltern walking in daylight hours with his arm encircling a lady's waist. But when a soldier passed and saluted, his arm left not its resting place, nor did he in any way acknowledge the courtesy paid his badges of rank. A soldier is a soldier, no matter what his rank, and he hath his obligations.

O. C. J. W.

Our News Editors

This little journal has been so fortunate in the discovery of News Editors that comment at the present moment will prove extremely interesting. A good news editor is as necessary to the continuance of such a weekly as ours, as a healthy heart is an essential in the continuity of a sturdy existence. And always the hour of necessity has found the man.

FIRST Pte. Claude F. Dodwell came to the Granville suffering from shell shock, after valiant service at the front, and on the birth of the *Canadian Hospital News*, he was chosen first news editor. We do not know just where he was born or where he went to school, but we do know by his walk and conversation that he was a cultured English gentleman. When the war-cloud broke he was busy in California, U.S.A., but dropping his work he hastened to British Columbia where he joined the 16th Battalion Canadian Scottish. The time came for Kriticos, as he styled himself, to lay down his pen on his discharge from the hospital and from the Canadian service,

SECOND Corp. H. S. Patton was born in Minnedosa, Man., and trekked to that delicious land beyond the Rocky Mountains, in due time returned East, was graduated B.A. from the University of Toronto, 1912, and for two years thereafter served on the staff of the Central Y.M.C.A., Toronto. From being a casual contributor he was called to the editorial staff of the Presbyterian Publications, and was completing a post-graduate year at the university when the bomb of war scattered his plans to the four winds. At the first possible moment he joined the Second Universities Company reinforcing the P.P.C.L.I. He received his Blighty touch in the arm at the June affair at Zillebeke, and, lo! he enterd the Granville at the opportune moment to take up the pen Kriticos laid down. Last week we read his valedictory, since he leaves to take a commission as Y.M.C.A. officer. He has done noble service for our paper, and suffice it to say that the sales have doubled during his four months' service.

THIRD Because we saw "writer" opposite his name on admission to hospital, we dragged from his bed at the Yarrow Pte. Frank Giolma. Born in Chatham, Kent, he lived at Broadstairs from the tender age of three to the scarcely less tender age of ten, received his education at St. Edmunds, Canterbury, and embarked, at the age of eighteen on the sea of London journalism. *Answers* and the *Daily Mail* claimed his allegiance; but, looking westwards towards the land of promise, he found himself in Brandon, Man., on the staff of the *Times*. Thence to Victoria, B.C. War, that terrible high-explosive, blew him overseas with the 88th Batt. His Blighty touch, in the shoulder, brought him to the Granville at the moment of our need. He takes up Corp. Patton's pen when the *Canadian Hospital News* is going forward by leaps and bounds.

Q.C.J.W.

March On!

Why are the guns a-volleying so?
 Left—by the left—march on.

What are we doing, and where do we go?
 Left—by the left—march on.

Why are the limbers galloping past—
 The drivers looking so grim and ghaſt?
 Don't ask questions—you'll know at the laſt,
 Left—by the left—march on.

What's that droning incessantly—
 Left—by the left—march on.

Is it the rattle of muſketry?
 Never you mind—march on.

Who are theſe fellows a-paſſing us,
 Limping and pallid and watching us?
 They're only wounded—and ſtop your fuſs.
 Left—by the left—march on.

Why do the officers walk ſo ſtraight?
 Left—by the left—march on.

Who's that lying againſt the gate?
 Look to your front—march on.

Look! how ſtrangely he hangs his head—
 What's that ſtaining his tunic red?
 Gawd, but I do believe he's dead!
 It might ha' been you—march on.

What's that far away murmuring roll—
 Left—by the left—march on.

Like when the Wanderers ſcore a goal?
 Don't be a fool—march on.

Must be the cheering of infantry—
 Maybe a charge and a victory—
 You'll know ſoon enough—juſt wait and ſee.
 In ſingle file march on.

Lord, but ſhells are a-thickening quite
 In ſingle file—march on.

Looks to me like a dirty night.
 Dirty enough!—march on.

Companies halt! To the right extend!
 Look to your rifle—your laſt, beſt friend.
 Forward again, to the Unknown End.
 Each for himſelf—march on.—C. H. DODWELL

AN ANONYMOUS GIVER

A gentleman from Maſſachuſetts, who does not wiſh his name mentioned, has provided money for three Invalid Chairs, for uſe at the Granville, and for an Ice-cream Freezer as well. We thank moſt ſincerely this unknown friend of Canadian wounded.

Current Rumours We Can't Believe

Yarrowians assert that twenty-one 10-cent meal tickets are to be issued weekly to each patient, all tickets not used to be bought back by the Q.-M. at noon each Saturday.

That the Ramsgate Fish Company has made a very handsome offer for the Granville Concert Stage, as they wish to use it for Cold Storage purposes.

That soon after Corp. Patton quit the editorial sanctum of the *News* a rather worn Dayfield Body Shield was discovered on the floor near his chair, and that his successor, Pte. Giolma, immediately donned the same.

With a view to bracing up to take part in the big Spring push, the staff of the Granville will begin, at 7 a.m. Monday, a daily bathe from the far end of the Victoria Pier. Those who can dive will dive, and those who cannot will be pushed in.

Many Granvillians now assert that the war will be over by April. They base their belief on the rumour that the newly recruited German troops have been issued with Oliver equipment and Ross rifles, the latter disguised as Mannlichers. They have consequently mutinied.

That in the event of peace being suddenly declared at night all the street and promenade lamps are to immediately flash into brilliant light. We would humbly advise the frequenters of the dug-outs on the Ramsgate and Broadstairs fronts to make a mental note of this news item and govern their actions accordingly.

A new machine for curing stiff wrists and fingers is to be added shortly to the Chatham House Gym. It is an electrically played piano with re-enforced notes. The patient's fingers are clamped down to the notes, and his wrists held in a vise. Then a button is pushed and the piano starts up, at first playing a Beethoven sleepy melody: but quickly changing into mad crashing rag-time. It is claimed that the piano is so loud in tone that it is almost impossible to hear the shrieks of the patient.

More than one little bird has whispered to us that the "Arts and Crafts" are to be transferred from Chatham House to the Yarrow. In which case the Yarrow staff will sleep in the luxurious marquees on the Chatham House cricket field, parading each morning at 4.30, ready to march to the Yarrow for their daily work. This treatment, it is thought, will be most efficacious, as those who do not succumb will be more than eager to go back to any old front in about a week's time.

The Privates' Parliament

(A page of Correspondence from Patients).

A HUMAN ROCKET.

Dear News:—

Yarrow Annex.

It was at Wulverghem in February last that the following extraordinary incident happened:

We were in the front line trenches between seven and eight o'clock in the evening when Private Billington suddenly jumped up on the parapet and striking matches began walking up and down.

His company officer came along and seeing him said: "what the deuce are you doing up there?"

Billington putting his finger to his lips hissed, "Whish—ssh!"

Again the officer spoke: "Are you a darned fool!"

"No," replied the madman on the parapet: "I'm a Star Shell."

Just at that moment Fritz opened up on him with machine gun fire but never hit him. Of course the other fellows pulled him down and he was sent out to the base hospital.

Yours truly,

W. W. Creighton.

PROMOTION ON TAP.

Dear News,—

Granville.

We had, in the same platoon as myself, 47th Battalion, up at the Somme, one of the most capable men I have ever met. He was a private but would have long ago got his three stripes if not even higher rank but for his slavery to liquor. One day I heard our Captain speaking to him. "Why don't you cut it out?" he said. "Why if you had you might have been Sergeant-Major by now." "Huh," came the reply, "sergeant-major! Why sir, when I'm tanked up I'm a blooming General." Yours. Gr. L. S.

CITY LIFE FOR HIM.

Dear News,—

Yarrow.

As a man now marked for Canada, I'm naturally more than interested in all this back to the land talk. So far, I have not met one man who wishes to go farming when he returns to Canada. Personally, after ten months experience of the mud in Flanders and France, I'm fed up with land, soil or earth in any form, and just want to walk through the rest of my life on paved sidewalks and when I die be buried in a nice dry concrete vault.

Yours,

Sp. W. R.

KIND OF MUDDLED.

Dear News.—

Chatham House.

We had just come out of the trenches and were billeted in a barn. But although numbed with cold we were soon asleep. Suddenly I was awakened by one of the boys trying to put his boots on. After struggling a few minutes the boy at the side of him asked, "What are you doing?" "Putting on my boots," came the answer. "Well you blankety idiot, that's my foot!" Yours truly, J. Marshall.

Granville Breezes.

Who is the Lance-Corporal who when repeating a message from the Medical Board always uses the personal pronoun "we?"

Who is it that has been heard to say more than once recently that if he doesn't soon get sent back to Canada he'll be fit to go back to France?

Why does the chief slueth at Chatham Annex have the wistful look in his eyes these days? Does he still mourn for his departed slacks or is his professional instinct touched that they should disappear while he was camped right on the job.

On Monday they had bread and jam,
 On Tuesday they had jam and bread.
 The Quarter-master heard their groans,
 And this is what he said—
 "If jam and bread you curse and damn,
 You'll have the bread without the jam!"

Who was the Granville patient, and a private at that, who ticked on a Sergeant-Major's crown and wandered round the prom. dug-outs on Thursday evening with a flash-light? And what happened when he found a real Sergeant-Major crouching in one?

If, after more than two years of Armageddon, some of those working in the dim dungeons under the Granville don't seem to know that there's a war on, how long will it take for the news of peace to trickle down to them?

The O.C. (to hardened offender): "Didn't I tell you last time you were up in the Orderly-room that I did not want to see you here again?"

The Culprit: "You did, sir, and I told the Sergeant, but he wouldn't believe me, he wouldn't believe me."

Private Johnstone ran a lift,
 It never went slow and never went swift.
 But it stopped one day with a rending groan,
 And when hit with a spanner made this moan—
 "How can I do this job alone
 When the driver himself weighs 16 stone?"

"Does my practising make you nervous old-timer?" asked the Canadian Scotsman at the Granville who is learning to play the bagpipes.

"It did when I first heard the other boys talking about it," replied the shell-shock patient, "but now I'm getting so that I don't care what happens to you."

A Little Peep Into The Future

["No one can say that the end of the war is yet in sight. Perhaps it will rage for another fifty years."—*Vide Daily Press.*]



Yarrow Annex, 1980. "Got any 'Yaps' to-day?"

A certain member of the Jewish faith when informed that his son had won the Victoria Cross exclaimed to his friend who brought the news to him, "Vall, look here, olt jap, you know der King bedder 'un me, Vould you mind arskin him if id vould mak much difference if he gave my boy der Victoria Station, instead of der Cross. Vot a fine voiekshop id vould make."

Yaps From Yarrow

Anyway, do these two policemen think every house in Broadstairs is a free lunch counter? And, worse still, after having eaten two dinners at separate residences, to complain that the third meal the same evening was not up to the mark! And the owners not at home either! Dear, dear, this is a terrible war.

There once was a tall N.C.O.
Who on pay day must down the town go.
He came back all right,
But in terrible plight,
All covered with mud and with snow.

At 9-45 last Thursday morning, a heavy booming smote the ear and immediately, as one man, all the patients in the Yarrow recreation room dove beneath the tables. One "amp," case is said to have broken his artificial leg trying to curl himself up under a chair. The tension was not relieved until the S.-M. came down with the assurance that they were merely moving some beds in the ward overhead. Even then it was fully an hour before some old veterans would venture out.

Heard as the ambulance left for Ramsgate last Thursday: "Now then, Pte. Board, you get aboard to get a board at Granville."

Who are the two boys from Ward 5 who won leather medals at the home of two charming girls on Wednesday, by their wonderful prowess at consuming fried sprats?

A certain Scotch Corporal was standing outside the Albion tobacco shop the other afternoon, gazing fondly with one eye at the beautiful display of smokes in the window, while the other optic strayed towards a fair girl who loitered nereby. After a slight hesitation she approached him and glancing up, murmured coyly, "What cigarettes do you like best?" Mac's heart leapt within him. "Scot's Grey's" he replied, his voice tremulous with Scotch emotion. "Isn't that funny" said the fair one, "my boy smokes 'Grey's' too. Good afternoon"

He sleeps in Ward 6, and is as Welsh as they make them. With his Canuck friend he stood looking at a portrait of Lloyd George in a Broadstairs window. Religious fervour shone in his Celtic eye. Provoked by his friend's seeming indifference, he broke out, "That's Lloyd George." "Wa-al," drawled his friend, "He aint the Almighty." "Ah no," replied Taffy, "but he's young yet."

Certainly it was an extremely windy afternoon but still we should like to know what it was made the lady turn round to look at our kilted Registrar at the very moment that our Scotty turned to rubber at the lady? Of course the North Foreland parade is very exposed, but still—.

Results in Parody Competition

There were so few competitors in the above competition that the Judges' task was extremely easy. No. 101335 Pte. Geo. Pendleton, Chatham House, is awarded the First Prize of One Crown, for his parody on "Tennessee"; while No. 422555 Corp. D. B. Wright, of the Granville, carries off the Second Prize value Half-a-Crown, for his effort anent "If those lips could only speak."

Tune: "TENNESSEE."

Over in Picardy—
 Oh! can't you picture me,
 Right on my mother's knee?
 I would far safer be;
 All I can see here to-night
 Are shell-holes left and right,
 Bullets pinging, whiz-bangs singing,
 Star shells flaming bright.
 The mud-holes in the floor
 Makes me love Blighty more,
 I see some nasty Huns
 With Maxims, bombs and guns:
 I'm going out to meet 'em,
 With my rusty Ross I'll greet 'em,
 Then I'll come back, yes I'll come back—
 To my home in Picardy.

Tune: "IF THOSE LIPS COULD ONLY SPEAK."

I once had a beautiful sixpence,
 And a beautiful appetite too,
 So I went into a shop and I ordered
 A sixpenny dinner for two.
 A sausage was brought by a waiter,
 Then he skedaddled again.
 So I stuck my fork in that sausage,
 And it murmured this sad refrain—
 Excuse me for my cheek,
 And I hope you will pardon me,
 But I only want to tell you
 What I am in reality:
 To call me sausage meat
 Is indeed a terrible sin,
 For I am only a poor little doggie.
 Dressed-up in a sausage skin.

Why He Became Patriotic

It is unnecessary to say which of the Granville Hospitals he is in. Perhaps you know him, but I doubt if you know his story.

We were friends, Jim and I, and shared each other's confidences. He had knocked about the world considerably, and now, lying in hospital month after month, he began to think it time he took unto himself a wife. This much I knew, but soon after he was able to walk he seemed to avoid me after supper, and it would be lights out before I saw him again. When he did appear he was unusually vivacious. Every evening I asked him if he had had a good time? "Bully! Great!" he would reply. I drew my own conclusions.

One night he came rushing into the ward. "Man alive," he shouted, "I'm going to be married, to-morrow!" I proffered sympathy, pretended to weep, and generally deplored his downfall, but could not dampen his spirits. The blue bands came off that evening. "Man, you ought to see—peacherino—got them all beat! Man-m-man." He jumped into bed radiantly happy.

In the darkest hour of the night came a hoarse whisper—"Good God!" It came from Jim's bed.

"What's up Jim?" I switched on the light. Jim was sitting up in bed, his face white with horror, and his right arm stretched towards me, "Look, man, look at that."

Just below the elbow were tattooed two crossed flags, and underneath them the fatal word "ADA!" Ada was forgotten years ago, but her name was still there.

"Think," he said. "Think, what can I do! Maud's bound to see it!"

We thought silently there in the darkness. Now and then we'd give a suggestion, but never to any purpose. It was almost reveille when Jim jumped up like a leaping salmon. "Got it!" he shouted in triumph. "I'll have it fixed this morning, three little letters—just like this—CAN"—and in due course it was so.

ADA

Chats From Chatham

Who's the staff N.C.O. who has been put on permanent night duty, as his snoring made night hideous in the marquee,

Who won in the great verbal battle? And does a certain sergt.-inst. in the gym. now spring smartly to attention when he sees a private approaching and ask suavely "What would you like to do to-day, sir?"

Yes, R. W., the driest story we have ever heard is yours of the Scotch N.C.O. and the Irish private, now staying at Chatham House, who went into a Ramsgate hotel to get a drink last Friday, and the Irishman had no money.

There is a Scotch gink named M'Gee,
 Who said, "I came here for a spree,
 As for killing the Hun,
 I don't see the fun,
 Kindly send me back over the sea."

Does "Weakleg" in any way suggest the name of the R.P. who came in on Thursday night, and out of the bitterness of his heart said—"There may be lots of empty houses in Ramsgate these days, but there are mighty few unoccupied cuddly corners these nights."

Apart he sits, aloof from every joy.
 His comrades pass without a word or sally.
 What is his crime? Why, he's the buglar boy
 Who blew "fall in" before he blew "reveille."

Once upon a time some wicked patients hankered after the flesh pots of the hospital and the deep calm of the quarantined. So they put their heads together, and after deep thought secured a scrubbing brush. Then taking the brush they did gently tap each other all over on the bare skin until evil little red spots appeared. The M.O., being brought to see them, said—"Measles." And it was so. Of course, this didn't happen in Ramsgate.

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Entertainments and Sports

The personnel and patients of the Yarrow Annex are now giving a concert in the recreation room every Wednesday evening. Some really good talent has already been discovered, and we hear that some exceptionally good numbers will be heard next week.

Mr. Boyland's Party's Thursday evening concerts at Granville Hall are eagerly looked forward to by the Granvillians. Perhaps the knowledge that they have won for themselves warm places in the hearts of their audiences will help somewhat to mitigate the rigors of the Arctic climate up on the stage.

On Saturday night a number of Granvillians attended a most enjoyable dance given by the Steam Laundry at Minster. "Slim," the famous Ramsgate ladykiller, was in particularly good form. Owing to the fact that they had not been able to get midnight passes, while their rivals to the ladies' favours, the Imperials, had, our boys had to leave the scene of their conquests at an early hour.

Even so, "Slim" declares that he is revisiting Minster at an early date. The boys wonder which house he will call at first.

On Tuesday afternoon the Granville Rifle Team met and defeated the Ramsgate Naval Base Team at the Granville rifle range. The Results were Canadians, 548; Naval Base, 512. A return match will be held at the R.N.B. range early next week.

We understand that many Yarrovians hold that their annex can put up as good, if not a better rifle team than the Granville; the same idea is most certainly in the air at Chatham House. Why not settle the matter by a triangular contest between these three Canadian hospitals? Will those in authority please note and act accordingly?

A Chatham House Comedy

| | |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| He told the girl he'd got C.B. | The R.P. winked—then saw his |
| (Her face he did not wish to | wife, |
| see.) | And coldly said: "Not on your |
| The lady asked the gate R.P. | life." |
| If her dear boy had got C.B. | Morning dawned, he lay a-bed. |
| | "Ten days' C.B." the O.C. said. |

The moral is by ways called shady:
He got the crime and lost the lady.

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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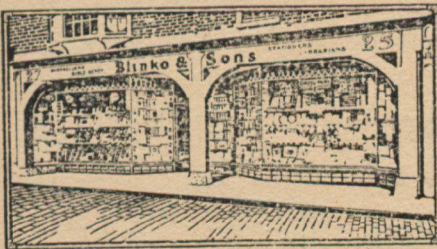
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