

Canadian Hospital News.

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You felt so cocky Bill three year's ago,
You thought that we were very, very slow ;
We've shown you what war is,
Gee! ain't it hell?
Considering that we started late
We have done well.
We're going to visit you Bill at Berlin,
We expect the best of everything, but, still ;
Our debts we will pay, and when we go away,
We'll leave behind a "settled" Bill.

Editor : Captain O. C. J. Withrow, C. A. M. C.

Treasurer : Lance-Corporal S. Graham, Fifth C. M. R.'s

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GRANVILLE
CHATHAM HOUSE

News

YARROW HOME
TOWNLEY CASTLE

VOL. V

RAMSGATE, MAY 19, 1917

No. 7

A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH

ALAN SEEGER was a young American, who had barely passed his twenty-eighth birthday, when, on July 4th, 1916, while charging up to the German trenches on the field of Belloy-en-Santerre, his "escouade" of the Foreign Legion was caught in a deadly flurry of machine-gun fire, and he fell, with most of his comrades, on the blood-stained but reconquered soil. In the posthumous volume of his poems, just published, there is one entitled "I have a Rendezvous with Death," from which we quote the first two and the last four lines:—

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,

At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

This is very brave; it is also very horrible to contemplate. From one of his letters we extract the following:—"Death is nothing terrible after all. It may mean something even more wonderful than life. It cannot mean anything worse to the good soldier." This is much better, though it seems halting and uncertain and mysterious. We want more assurance, surely, when the bullet is very likely to find its billet in the breathing body, when the shrapnel may scatter to the four winds the quivering flesh. We want to be sure of something beyond the veil. Death is a misnomer.

There is no death! What seems so is transition.
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portals we call Death.

Life is one and indivisible. It has its phases, that is all, and on the threshold of the next phase stands the White Comrade with welcoming hands. So we are constrained to print upon another page of this issue, the portrayal of a better rendezvous, a tryst with Him.

O. C. J. W.

GRUNTS FROM GRANVILLE

Captain Bedford says "Gerald is the best Scout in the Treatment Department."

When prominent Granville N.C.O.'s go to coffee-shops they should handle the "china" with care.

No, Corp. Nelson, you should never address your superiors as "old man," it's bad form amongst English-speaking people.

The pithiest dialogue on record was between the policeman at the front entrance and Willie with the wink—"You get." "You bet."

Yes, Lieut. M——, the young ladies from a certain well-known draper's have "a heavy right," especially when you endeavour to make advances on the Prom.

Thursday will be Empire Day, when the children from St. Luke's and Thornton Road Schools will sing patriotic songs, and dance around the Maypole at the Chatham House grounds.

What did the young lady think when the Granville Canadian gave her a farthing to buy some candy, and told her not to waste any of it. He may be an Irish Canadian, but we should judge he had some Scotch in him.

Crossed swords have been interpreted to signify a good many different things, but this is the limit. When the "Pearl of the Orient" company was at the Granville the girls came to the conclusion they were all hospital cooks.

Young Lady—"How do you like the army?"

1917 Recruit—"It's alright except the beastly grub."

Young Lady—"Well, what do you expect, it has been waiting for you these two years and a half."

Naval Officer—"You are looking very well under your new treatment. It seems to agree with you."

Masseuse—"My treatment! What do you mean?"

Naval Officer—"Why Lord Devonport's treatment, of course."

Fifty-two years on terra firma, crossed swords, an S.A. ribbon, a medium sized family in Canada, a detective education, then a war, and, presto, we have a live swanking individual, eligible for marriage, and threatening the same at the slightest provocation.

I Have a Rendezvous With Christ

(Suggested by Alan Seeger's "I have a Rendezvous with Death.")

IN LOVING AND GLAD REMEMBRANCE OF
OUR SON, S. I. P., WHO,
BEING WOUNDED IN FRANCE, ON
THE 4TH MARCH, 1917,
"KEPT HIS RENDEZVOUS WITH CHRIST"
THE NEXT MORNING.

I have a rendezvous with Christ—
With Christ the Light and Life of men !
What barricade can Death erect ?
What power prevent what I expect ?
For Spring, Life's Spring, shall bloom, and then
I shall keep rendezvous with Christ,
Where Christ makes Paradise again.

I know that he will take my hand
And lead me into that bright land
For He it was who made the tryst ;
I shall not fear when dawns the day,—
I seek that rendezvous with Christ :
Life's winter past, then comes Life's May !
When every bud of hope unfolds,
And I know all His promise holds !

No other prospect could bring half
The joy this brings ! at ease and wealth,
At all the earth might give, I laugh,
A quiet laugh : it's all out-priced !
Earth's joys out-weighed ! Earth's best out-done !
For I've a rendezvous with Christ
Where I shall know the thrill of health
When Death has failed, and Life's begun !
And Christ to His pledged word is true ;
I know He'll keep that rendezvous.

H. J. P.

REGULATIONS FOR ECONOMY

The following is issued for the guidance of All Ranks by Colonel Stingee Beggah, Chief Garbage Officer :—

Eating—Eating is unpatriotic, and it is urged upon all privates and corporals to practise strict self-denial, and only eat as much as you can. In order to assist them the rations will be halved.

Buying—The practice of buying food outside at canteens and fried fish shops is quite unnecessary for officers, and soldiers should only have ham and eggs when their girls can afford it.

Leaving—Leavings from tables must not be given to poultry or pets, as they are a luxury during these hard times, and should not be kept. They should be shot or handed in to the pack stores. Eggs, however, should be retained.

Chewing—Owing to the scarcity of vegetables it is recommended all patients be turned out to grass once a day, preferably after dinner, so that they can spend the afternoon quietly chewing the sod. This would also save the trouble of cutting the lawn.

Thriving—As it is a well authenticated fact that donkeys thrive on thistles, it is thought that this well-known plant would be valuable as vegetable in the Sergeants' Mess.

Dripping—All dripping must be carefully preserved, and this order applies especially to all those who are in the habit of chewing the fat. Police Corporals please note, and restrict their allowance accordingly.

Boarding—As they are considered a luxury, in future "biscuits" will not be allowed for the Personnel, but a ration of straw issued instead.

Hashing—The Arts and Crafts workshops could eliminate waste and practice economy by supplying the Hospital once a week with dry hash. This should consist of leather trimmings baked in sawdust until brown, seasoned with tacks. The Machine Shop should save all used oil to be served up as thick brown gravy.

Cropping—All ranks are warned that wearing the hair long is wasteful, as much food is required to support the growth. The hair must be cropped short, and bald heads will be recommended for commissions.

Shooting—The foregoing Orders must be strictly adhered to, and the first offender will be shot at sunrise (not in the foot) without the option of a fine.

E. H.

CHATS FROM CHATHAM

"Redcapitis" is the latest Disease discovered in Ramsgate. Wait for it!

Owing to the scarcity of potatoes, Lc.-Corp. Sugg is now calling his "Murphys" "Rothschilds."

"Gold Stripe Pain Killer" is now being advertised. That should be good dope for Lc.-Corp. Taylor.

Why did Private Levick order a box of matches when asked what he would have to drink. Couldn't he see?

Captain P. P. Hartt called on Major W. M. Hart, M.C., the other day. Just for a Hartt to Hart talk perhaps.

Rumour has it that at least one member of the Palace chorus was treated to a joy-ride in a government car the other night. Who paid for the "gas"?

We all want to know the name of the Lc.-Jack who is known as "The Splinter from the Medical Board." Then we will be satisfied. Will we?

Is it because Pte. Harrison has fallen deeply in love that he has assassinated his upper lip adornment, or just another form of Police Frightfulness?

Who is the gink in No. 11 tent who declares that he saw one of the new invisible airships this week. We wonder if he heard any noiseless bombs dropped.

"Fire-water" is great dope; but Pte. Purkis is now convinced that there isn't enough kick to the water in our fire buckets. Can anyone suggest a good flavouring?

Private M'Ghee rushed into our office the other morning with the startling information that two German submarines had been sunk on Vimy Ridge. The previous day was payday.

Private Boddy, C.A.S.C., the great food expert, rushed into the Q.-M. Store. "Make that beef mutton," said he. "Do you mean to tell us we can make a cow a sheep?" retorted Sergt. Moore.

AN EXPLANATION BY OUR CHAPLAIN

To the Editor of the *Canadian Hospital News*—

Sir.—Permit me to use your columns for the following :—

My work as Chaplain in the Granville and its annexes is of infinite pride and happiness to me every day. But I fear that with respect to one side of my work I am receiving more credit than is due to me. I refer to the practical and material things I do for the benefit of "my lads," if they will pardon the "Padre" for calling them by that name. I carry round smokes for those who need them—some 5000 packets each month it is my great pleasure to distribute.

Forty or fifty of the most crippled and weak (a majority being what I call three-legged men—*i.e.*, amputation cases on crutches), enjoy each week a motor-bus drive with me through this beautiful country, with a tea at Minster before returning. Then I am always ready to procure for patients things that they need, and which they cannot receive, through the beneficent Red Cross Society.

Now, these things I could not, of course, afford out of my own pocket, for I have nothing but my pay. I have told the story at home in Canada of what I would like to do for the "lads" while under my care in hospital. From St. John, my own town, and New Brunswick, my province, I have received within the past twelve months gifts aggregating \$3000. I have lately received \$100 from Vancouver, B.C., and these gifts have enabled me to do things, some of which I have enumerated above. It is to the kindness of these people in Canada that all the credit is due. For myself I can only say that the greatest happiness I have ever experienced has been in adding to my higher ministry as chaplain a practical work of unquestionable benefit and pleasure to my boys. It has added immensely to my "joy in serving," but please give the credit to those who have made such things possible.

My fund is getting rather emaciated from overwork. I therefore appreciate the more sincerely the great kindness of one of the Medical Officers and one of the Sisters, who have shown their approval of what I am trying to do in this direction by providing for three drives and teas. The M.O. has already given one, and promised a second; and the Sister has promised me one, at any time I like. As the cost of each drive and tea is in the neighbourhood of £3, the gift is a generous one indeed, and has been entirely unsolicited. I have never asked for help in England or from anyone connected with the hospital. I did not think it right to do so.

The *Hospital News* is widely read, and if any reader in England or in Canada is disposed to help me in this beneficent work they will find me very ready to acknowledge any contributions sent to me. I may add that I have a bank account for my *Fund*, and keep an accurate account of all receipts and expenditures. This is open to inspection by anyone interested.

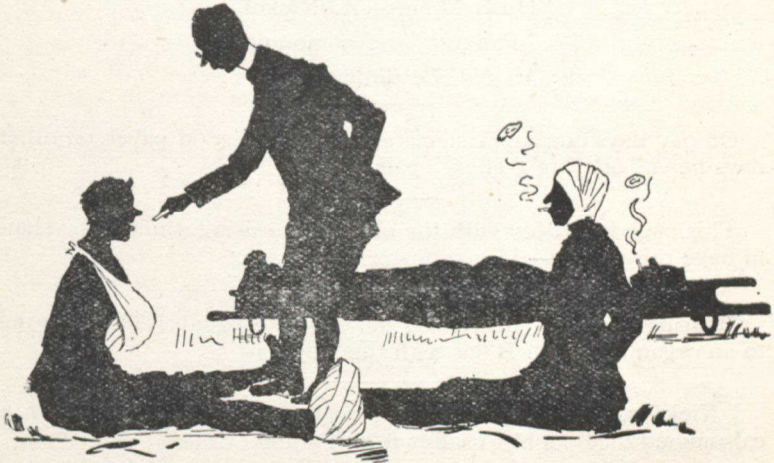
I thank you, Mr. Editor, for your courtesy in granting me this space. So many kind things have been said of me, and so much undeserved credit given me, that I felt that I should make a clear statement of the facts of the matter.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

E. B. HOOPER (Capt.),
Chaplain G.C.S.H.

P.S.—Since writing this I have received 10/- from a Ramsgate business man. This, too, was unsolicited. I am most grateful to him.—E. B. H.

THE PADRE'S ADVICE



Smoke Here but not Hereafter

Drawn by
Capt. N. B. Taylor

Oh ! These Chaplains

HOW ONE OF THEM SAID GOOD-BYE

The minister of a near-by village took permanent leave of his congregation a few Sundays ago in the following pathetic manner :

Brothers and Sisters :—I came here to say good-bye. I don't think God loves this church because none of you ever did. I don't think you love each other because I never marry any of you. I don't think you love me because you have never paid me my salary. Your donations are mouldy fruit and wormy apples, and by their faults ye shall know them.

Brothers and Sisters, I am going to a better place. I have been called to be a Chaplain of a prison. Where I go ye cannot come now, but I will go and prepare a place for you, and may the Lord have mercy upon your souls. Good bye.

PATTER FROM PATS

Religious exercises—" Sit please "

We agree with our Padre, life is not a picnic for us.

The " bawling " game is very popular these fine days

What's the trouble ? The N.C.O.'s seem to have got one man's
" Beck " up.

Hush Money—A. Njckol.

" Patients " on a monument.

An N.C.O. dining alone.

On pay days our paymaster is certainly one good payer, on other
days he is " one " of a good " pair. "

This page is written with the object of raising smiles, it seems
to have raised h—— in one quarter.

Hearing " Willie " describing his various ailments is like listening
to an organ recital in B flat with the stop out,

" Nick " says : " Any man who walks out with a girl with a
calsomined face ought to suffer from Painters Colic. "

The literary convener announces a lecture by L.-Cpl. Benwell,
on the " Physiology of a Welk, " illustrated by specimens picked
up at Pegwell Bay.

We fail to see why an officer in mufti should be likened to a
corpse in a hearse. Is it because they are both dressed up and
" somewhere " to go ?

Heard down by the beach :—" Mamma, is that soldier going
paddling with his boots on ? " " No my child, it's a patient from
Pats wearing a suit of their famous grays. "

There was a young man called Adam,
Who stood with a lovely young madame ;

He said : " kiss me good night. "

She said : it's not " right, "

" Then let us pretend, " said Adam.

THE GENTLE ART OF WAR

Why the British Soldier Need Never Give In

By Private Frank Giolma

The following will be recognised by tens of thousands of our Canadians as a practically *verbatim* report of the famous lecture that is delivered daily at a famous training camp in France :—

“Boys, you’ve come a long way to do one thing—kill Germans! There is only one good German—a dead one! You have rifles. What are they for? To kill Germans. But suppose some of the Huns get close, even into your trench! Ah! you have bayonets—use them. But if you drive your bayonet too far home, and can’t draw it out, no not even with both feet on the German’s chest. Touch the button and release your rifle and club ‘em. But your rifle breaks. Go at ‘em with your clasp knife, and don’t forget the marlin spike. You lose your knife! Defenceless? Never! In your puttee you carry your dinner fork. It has prongs. Ah, boys always see that they are sharp. The German has eyes, you have a fork. Need I say more. But stop, your fork breaks. Boys, remember, never, never cut your finger nails—use them. They bend back, snap! What matter? What matter? Why does the army look so carefully after your teeth? But your teeth are wrenched from your gums. Despair? Never! You have nails in your boots. See to it that every nail is kept sharp. Only when the last nail is worn down and useless as a weapon of offence should a British soldier think of beginning a rearguard action, and only then if he is alone and more than one thousand fully armed Germans are advancing on him in close formation.

“But, boys, I see you have heard enough for to-day, so I will end this quiet little talk. To-morrow I will speak with you on ‘How to Fight the Enemy.’”

Another Chaplain Story

While a certain chaplain was conducting religious services in an asylum for the insane one of the inmates cried out wildly: “I say, have we got to listen to this?”

The chaplain, surprised and confused, turned to the keeper and said: “Shall I stop speaking?”

The keeper replied: “No, no; go along, go along; that will not happen again. That man has only one lucid moment every seven years.”

YAPS FROM YARROW

Wanted—Patience and Patients.

Just watch our baseball team—they all walk.

A Private has space *and* a kit-bag but no magnitude.

Corp. M'Farlane, in his wee dispensary, is our bit of buried "Scotch." Don't whisper this to the Excise men.

Everybody works at Yarrow,
 Nobody loafs all day—
 Putting in the seeds with care. Oh!
 What a beautiful place to stay.

Ask Private Smith (not Trombone), how he enjoyed his encounter with the *German* measles.

How do you like our beds? That warm, rich, ruddy covering would have been invaluable in the winter.

Corp. Cross is inquiring for some kind of glass that won't break when an enthusiastic Canadian falls on it.

A Ruthless Rhyme

She left the probe inside the dressing;
 The patient's pain was quite distressing;
 But though his cries grew loud and grating,
 She couldn't keep the M.O. waiting.

Yes, Private Cram, we are able to tell you why the *Canadian Hospital News* is such a *rattling* good paper.—Because the compositor is a *Ford*.

Horace (not the ancient celebrity), but our very own Pte. Tyler, says he dotes on "Yaps." Well done, Horace! So would your Roman namesake if he were here.

There isn't a personnel mess in the world can beat ours, decorated with the freshest flowers and cleaner than the proverbial new pin. You should see Private Larby's smile on the weekly inspection day.

DOINGS AT THE RANGE

The *Canadian Hospital News* competition was shot off last week. That this is proving a popular contest is indicated by the number of entries which this time amounted to no fewer than 27. As we were requested to make the conditions as original as possible each competition, a centering contest was selected, and cutting the line was found to be no mean feat. The first prize was tied for by Sergts. Travers and Vigne, who each made 5 hits out of a possible 8. For second place R.S.M. Hodder and Lc.-Corp. Hollingworth tied with 4 hits each. Third place was also a tie, the following scoring 3 hits each—Sergt Morrison, Pte. Inglis, Lc.-Corp. Jarman, Pte. Turnbull, and Scout Nichols. In the shoot off Sergt. Travers won the 1st prize, R.S.M. Hodder securing the 2nd, and Private Turnbull the third.

In the match with Bristol City the Granville Canadians won by 27 points. Following are the details :—

<i>Canadians</i>				<i>Bristol City</i>			
Pte. Fry	99	2nd Lieut. Mullings	96
" Turnbull	99	Pte. Gale	96
" H. Smith	98	Sergt. Knight	95
Sergt. Morrison	97	2nd Lieut. Short	93
Lc.-Corp. S. Graham	97	Pte. Slade	93
Pte. Le Sauvage	97	" Pearce	93
" Heathman	95	" Bear	92
Scout Nichols	94	" Bushey	91
Total	776	Total	749

This week the Rifle Team have a match with Maidenhead, and another with Thetford.

For the information of both patients and personnel who have recently come to the G.C.S.H. it may be stated that the range is open at all times for practice, and the charge for ammunition only a penny for 8 rounds. All are heartily invited to make use of this sport.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

The fourth of the series of Sunday evening Illustrated Lectures on "Lessons of the War," was given on Sunday, May 6th, at 8 p.m. The lecture was again delivered by Capt. O. C. J. Withrow, whose topic was "Loyalty." About thirty lantern slides were shown, descriptive of the events of the Great War, as well as some splendid reproductions of the works of the Great Masters. Increased interest is being shown in these Sunday services, and the attendances have steadily grown. Not the least enjoyable part of the evening programme is the hearty singing of favourite hymns with accompanying illustrative pictures. Many of the patients now look forward weekly to the "songs in the dark" sing-songs.

Cinema shows were given on Tuesday and Friday evenings to full houses. The Charlie Chaplin films were as popular as ever, and produced peals of spontaneous laughter. The scenic films which are now a regular feature of our movie shows were particularly interesting. The Canadian Y.M.C.A. has been fortunate in securing the great Drama, "The Culprit," in three parts. This picture will be shown on Saturday evening next at 7:45 p.m. Everyone should see this strong film.

Mr. H. J. Beaney, Hon. Lecturer on International Principles, and Hon. Adviser to War Refugees, lectured at the Granville on Thursday night before an attentive and appreciative audience. Taking for his subject: "What's behind the War?"

The series of lectures now being given at the Granville is being followed regularly by many of the patients. The next on the list will be given on Friday evening, May 18th, when Mr. Fred. W. Gill, F.R.G.S., will lecture on: "The Egypt of today, or 700 miles up the Nile." On the following Friday, May 25th, Rev. W. Weston will lecture on "Japan." All of these lectures will be illustrated by beautifully painted lantern slides. Another lecture of considerable interest booked for June 4th, will be by Mr. Allan Walker on: "English Cathedral Cities."

TENNIS

On Monday, May 14th, a tennis club was organised with the following office-bearers:—

President—Lieut.-Col. J. T. Clarke.

Vice. Pres.—Captain Manchester.

Sec.-Treas.—Staff-Sergt. Towler.

Committee—Granville, Pte. Kingston; Yarrow, Staff-Sergt. Cattermole; Chatham, to be named; and Nursing Sisters, Lambkin and Robley.

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.

Printed and Published Weekly by the Patients of the Granville Canadian Special Hospitals, Ramsgate

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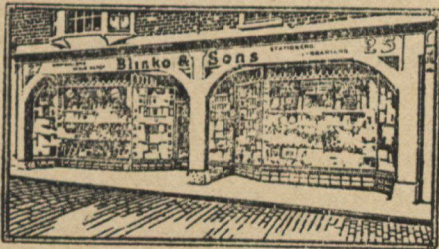
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plete in Bag, 35/6
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