



FOR CANADIAN PATIENTS AND THEIR FRIENDS EVERYWHERE

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

Treasurer:  
L/Corpl. S. GRAHAM, M.G.S.

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# Canadian Hospital

GRANVILLE  
CHATHAM HOUSE

## News

YARROW HOME  
TOWNLEY CASTLE

VOL. IV

RAMSGATE, FEBRUARY 10, 1917

No. 6

### WORK AS AN ANTIDOTE

ANY medical officer in a large military hospital who will take the trouble to look beyond the formal medical history sheets, or the cold calculating case sheets, will find human interest, stories of intensest humour or pathos. These ceaseless casualties carry in their breasts pent up passions and possibilities with which it is well in spare moments to make acquaintance. The rigid discipline of army life dare not be relaxed, but for the nonce the role of patient gives a chance for delving into hidden depths of character and proclivities which yields surprising results. One day a Canadian citizen soldier found himself in the battle line confronted by a situation hitherto unknown throughout his sturdy and nerveless existence. Day after day horrible experiences befell his comrades, and many a time he admits a momentary terror and trembling when some particularly heavy concussion occurred close by his side. Merely momentary—then he carried on calm and collected.

Months passed in the difficult round of daily duties. A day came when a heavy shell, bursting close above his head, sent a fragment through his steel helmet, and the concussion threw him along the trench like chaff before the wind. It's such a common story these days. His wound was of no account, but the shock was paramount. Hearing gone, brain befuddled, nerves at the highest tension, his days were ghastly and his nights were hell. In the first Imperial hospital to which he came he tried to draw, to sketch, to colour. It was work he loved, and gradually the congenial task began to push out the hideous fear. Many and many a picture he copied and coloured; as the pictures progressed his powers returned.

When he entered the Granville our little paper made its appeal, and to-day, and every day, he is drawing and working with an added purpose. His progress towards the recovery of his hearing and nerve stability is rapid and reassuring. The Granville Arts and Crafts are admirable as therapeutic measures. When one gets the patient's point of view one can prescribe congenial and purposeful work. It is the only real antidote.

O. C. J. W.

## Lost—B' gum !

### A SHORT STORY WITH A VERY UNCOMMON VILLAIN

By Frank Giolma

#### CHAPTER I.—THE S.M. TELLS WHY.

After "Orderly Corporals," "Orderly Sergeants" and "Company Sergeant Majors." followed imperatively by "On the Double" had been shrilled twice by the bugler, all the N.C.O.'s on the staff and personnel of the Cliff Hospital began gravitating towards the Sergeant Major's Office. In less than three minutes the tiny room was filled, leaving the large majority outside the door.

"Come with me to the Recreation Room" the S.M. said.

When they got there and a Lance-Corporal—acting Sergeant Major of the bed linen—had arranged the chairs in a circle and placed a particularly comfortable one deferentially in the middle the S.M. sat down on it.

"Say, Major, can we smoke?" the Q.M.S. asked.

"Certainly," came the answer.

"Who says gum?" queried an acting lance-corporal of police. Much to his joy the S.M. himself accepted a small but odorous slab of Tutti-Fruti. Having placed the gum where he wanted it he said:—"The Colonel inspects to day! I've been in this dump for more than seven months—that means twenty-eight inspections—and every time I's caught us on something new. One week he won't have eyes for anything but windows, another week he'll never raised his optics from the floor. Another day he flashed his flashlight into every locker; on the next inspection he fairly rummaged about round every stove. He's looked for and found cobwebs in corners and specks of grease on clean plates and wrinkles in the bed spreads. But to day we're going to beat him to it. He's not going to find a speck of dust, no not even on the roof. We've just got to get a clean sheet to day and I'll tell you why. Yesterday I met the Sergeant Major of the Red House Hospital and bet him two pounds that we'd get past the old man to day, and if we don't, now mark my words, there's going to be trouble right here." As he uttered the last words he took the gum from his mouth and waved it between two admonitory fingers at his audience, "Now then boys, hop to it!"

#### CHAPTER 2.—THE VILLAIN'S DEADLY WORK.

The Colonel, as becoming his position, stepped from the automobile exactly as a nearby Church clock chimed the half-hour and the Sergeant Major having stepped up to him, saluted smartly and handed him deferentially the official electric torch.

Followed by a platoon of officers and a company of N.C.O.'s and led by the Sergeant Major the Colonel walked slowly through the spotless wards and snow white corridors scrutinising everything

and flashing his torch into every dark corner or cupboard where, maybe, some recalcitrant speck of dust might be still hiding. But the fierce white light of the torch only showed thorough cleanliness. The Colonel smiled and nodded his head and the Sergeant Major led on, his hopes rising, although they were now descending the innumerable stone steps that lead to the thousand and one dungeons beneath the Cliff Hospital. The little army passed solemnly through hundreds of swing doors, the Colonel searching every nook and cranny in the carpenter's shop and the Quartermaster's stores to see if by chance he could discover some little shaving or grain of sugar that had dug itself in defying the orderly's broom. But no, the place was spotless and they began to ascend the stone steps leading up to the Recreation Room. But now all fear and dread had passed from the Sergeant Major. He had himself seen the Recreation Room that very morning, and only a few hours ago at that.

His mind still dwelling on the pleasurable sensation of winning his bet he mechanically opened the swing doors leading into the Recreation Room and as mechanically "shunned" the few occupants. The Colonel took a prefatory look; "M—m" he began; then as, seeing he meant to continue, "very good," the Sergeant Major turned to lead on, the Colonel suddenly stopped, then advanced quickly up to the chair that still stood surrounded by the circle of lesser seats as they had been placed by the Lance-Corporal that very morning.

The Colonel at first stopped, then suddenly tilted the centre chair sideways and pointed wrathfully with his torch at a knobbly piece of something sticking on the under side of the seat.

"What is that!" he demanded.

There was a terrific silence as the S.M., aided by three officers, examined the substance minutely.

"Gum—chewing gum," was the verdict of the Orderly Officer.

The Colonel turned disgustedly away.

"The whole hospital is in a filthy disgusting state" he answered. "Chewing gum stuck under the chairs—filthy, ugh, disgusting. Put that into my report." So the inspection ended.

### CHAPTER 3.—THE RECKONING.

It was a wet and stormy night as a lone heavily coated man wended his way towards the red curtained bar parlour of the Pig and Trumpet Public House. He hardly returned the greeting of the lady of the house and pushed his way unceremoniously into the parlour. There was only one other man in the room. He was sitting toasting his legs before a seacoal fire.

"Hello boy," he ejaculated, "it's a devil of a night."

The new comer, throwing off his heavy coat, took out a small purse and extracting two one pound notes flung them onto the little table drawn up before the red fire—"Take your filthy lucre" he said.

## Granville Breezes.

What's the name of the R.P. who bought a couple of cigars for his pal and himself for one shilling and smoked the tenpenny one himself?

It is reported that with a view to finding some of the 1600 men said to be missing from Hastings the C.C.A.C. is about to make a sudden raid on the dungeons below the Granville. Perhaps the presence of these men may help to account for the shortness of our rations.

"Your face seems familiar," said the Captain to the Lieutenant at the Granville on Wednesday.

"Yes sir," the junior said, "I met you at St. Eloi when they touched the mine."

"Why of course," the Captain answered, "I met you coming down as I was going up."

"And now"—said the Colonel to the High Official to whom he was showing the new hospital and other places of interest—"we'll go and see the Widows' Home."

"Not on your life"—ejaculated the High Official, his face turning a lyddite green—"the last time I saw a widow home it cost me £500 to square a threatened breach of promise case."

R.P. (giving evidence): "After I had told the prisoner to leave the cinema I found him with a large bouquet in his arms, sir, on the doorstep of the back entrance to the picture house."

O.C.: "Did you ask him what he was doing there?"

R.P.: "Yes sir, he didn't speak very clearly sir, but as I understood sir, he was waiting to see Mary Pickford home."

When, at the beginning of the war the Tower of London was once again used for the incarceration of German spies and political offenders the famous instruments of torture were removed; many were lost in transit. We now hear that to help make up the deficiency the Imperial authorities have made a very handsome offer for the electrical nerve testing machine now used in the Examining Room at the Granville.

The wife of a certain Staff Sergeant brought her little son down with her to the Granville on Monday to see his father. While she was waiting for the Sergeant a private happened to come along and fell into conversation. The proud mother naturally soon began dilating on the virtues of her off-spring. "He grows more like his father every day" she exclaimed.

The private having only that morning been hauled before the O.C. by the Sergeant did not expand with appreciation. "Dear me," he answered, "and have you tried everything?"

## The Privates' Parliament

(A page of Correspondence from Patients).

### FORTY YEARS' SALUTING—NAPOO

Dear *News*,—

Granville

I read your article on discipline with great interest. But here's a poser for you. The Germans have been fed on discipline from the cradle up for more than forty years. Has it helped them? No, except to a certain extent against other disciplined troops. But when they come up against the great armed mob (from a military point of view), of the British Empire they are no good. The truth is we are not soldiers, and don't wish to be. We are simply armed civilians, and it seems to me we have proved the superiority of such over barrack square soldiers.—Yours,

S.C.

### WHAT IS IT WE SALUTE?

Dear *News*.—

Chatham House

"Saluting will not win the war." No, and it seems to me that from the manner in which it is being bruted about, it will not even win respect for, at least, some of our officers. By *our* I mean officers of the army in general. Now—What is it we salute? In my recruit days (quite a number of years ago), we were informed by our instructors that when we saluted a man wearing an officer's uniform, the compliment was not paid to the man, but to the King, through the commission which the officer carries in his pocket. As a soldier I have always made it a point to "render unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's," but I am not sure that all of our officers know exactly what that means, or even what it is a quotation from. They meander along with the idea that because they wear one, two, or three stars on shoulder or sleeve that it is they who are being saluted for themselves. It would be well for such officers to come down from their "I-am-that-I-am" pedestal, and be men, then officers. They would thereby gain the respect of every true soldier, and we will win the war even without saluting.—Yours,

D.R.O.F.

### A TOUCH OF ROMANCE

Dear *News*,—

Yarrow Annex

The most striking incident I witnessed in France was on Oct. 25, 1916, when the 44th Batt. went over the top in the face of a terrific barrage. I was in the front wave when I noticed a corporal on my left beginning to get scared. He stopped suddenly, and I expected to see him turn and bolt. He wavered for a moment, then taking a photo of a young lady from his tunic pocket, there, amid the shrieking shells and death-dealing bullets, kissed the picture. Immediately a wonderful light spread over his face, and putting the photo away quickly, he turned towards the Huns crying: "Come on boys, we're going to show these devils where they get off at."

He is wounded now, but he will never forget how he was made a new man by love.—Yours,

B. de L.L.

## The Desolate Shrine

A wayside shrine, of sacred beauty rare,  
 Nearby a Flemish village fair to see.  
 Altar of many a simply uttered prayer,  
 Offered by passing pilgrim piously.  
 Where at the placid evening's shadowy close,  
 The peasant, homing from the new-turned sod,  
 Would pause awhile, head bowed, and lift his voice  
 Humbly in prayer and gratitude to God.  
 In ruins now it lies. The carven dome,  
 Gilt cross, and painted step, and shapeless dust.  
 The peasant has passed to his supenal home,  
 Abortive victim to barbaric lust.  
 Only the battered Christ of crumbling stone  
 Still stands, with pleading eyes, the wreck to view.  
 Seemingly saying, "Still must I atone!  
 Forgive them, for they know not what they do."  
 CLAUDE H. DODWELL.

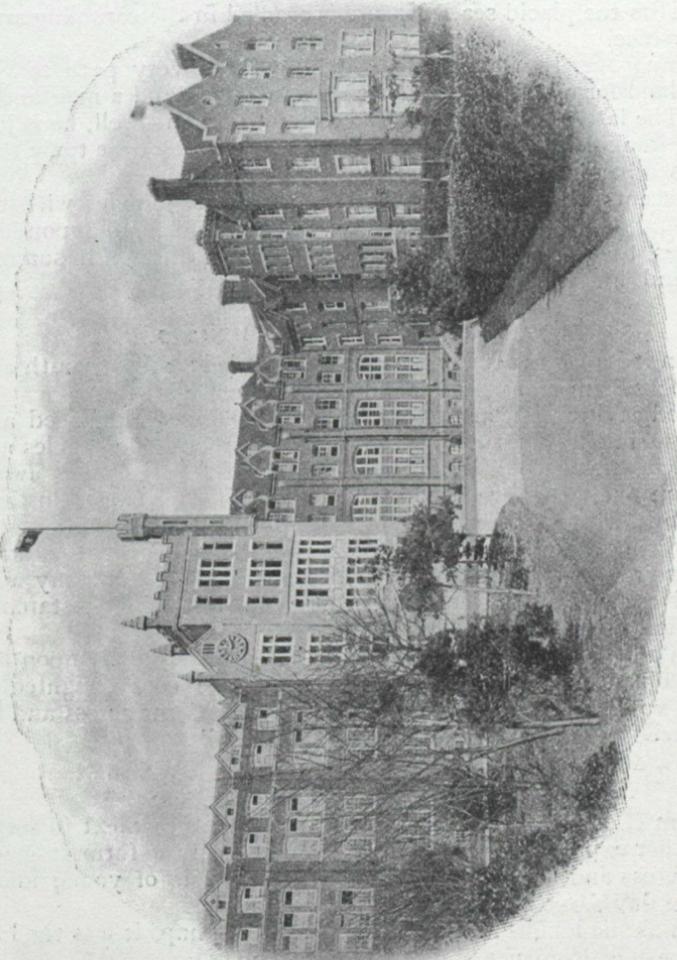
## Our Art Editor

We are coming on. We have a real Art Editor. We discovered him the other day in the Yarrow, and immediately commandeered his brain and brush and pencil. Best of all, he was only too glad to give his services for the benefit of his comrades and their friends everywhere. Private A. H. Millier opened his eyes in Somersetshire and was using them to good effect, as far back as he can remember, looking up subjects for drawing. As a very small boy he loved to sketch everything and everybody that came within his ken.

His family took him, while in his teens, to the United States, where he continued to draw, mostly in commercial art work. Art schools gave him some instruction, but he gained more by contact with men in the highways and byways, letting his natural bent assert itself. The declaration of war found him in California but like every true Britisher he felt he must get into the big game, and travelling to British Columbia joined the 1st Canadian Pioneers. He received his blighty in the right hand during those awful days in September at the Somme, and although unfit as yet for first line work he is not debarred from other line work, as our new cover design and our cartoon last week bear witness. Both of these efforts are from his pen, and as long as he is at the Granville he will pass judgment on all drawings submitted and from time to time embellish our pages with his creations.

We hear that at least one of our padres has definitely stated that his ambition in life is to keep the boys smoking in this world and prevent them from the same in the next.

This handsome and imposing building, which stands in its own grounds 160 acres in extent, is situated just outside the town of Ramsgate. Replete as it is with every modern convenience, and with many rooms measuring over 60 feet in length, it is peculiarly



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adapted to its present purpose. The swimming bath measures 75 feet long by 32 feet wide, and in addition there are up-to-date gymnasiums and cricket and football grounds. Of course in a modern hospital for the wounded these latter are recognised as almost as essential as the doctors and nurses themselves.

## Youth and After

(A Potted Novel in Two Chapters and An Epilogue)

By Miss Dorothy L. Warne

### CHAPTER I.—SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND

It is evening. A pale moon sails in a cloudless sky. Scarcely a ripple stirs the placid sea. Nature is cradled in the consoling arms of Romance.

Leaning over the balustrade, watching the silvery path to Norman's land formed by the moon on the waters, stand a man and a girl. The latter is young, fair and slim; the man—well, he is just a man. khaki-clad, and a gold stripe on the sleeve of the tunic that encases a bandaged arm.

In accents where the poetry of tenderness mingles with the ardour of love, the man talks to the girl. The moon ponders, hesitates, then feeling her presence *de trop*, veils herself in summer haze, and, like a tactful chaperone, speeds away.

### CHAPTER II.—BACK IN WINNIPEG

Again it is evening. Fort Garry is crowded; lights, youth and gay frocks form an endless kaleidoscope of colour.

Seated at a table near the orchestra is a man, middle-aged and bald. Oblivious of the hustling crowd around, he tackles the menu with the art of a connoisseur. Suddenly he becomes aware that someone's eyes are fixed on him, and with telepathic instinct turns to the left; from the distance of a few feet he encounters the disconcerting stare of a blonde vision, clad in some futurist creation—an avoirdupoised fifty burlesqued as eighteen—in company with a florid escort, "financier" writ large on his shining, starched front, and gleaming in his solitaire ring.

With a little scream the blonde vision bears down upon the lonely diner. "Surely it must be Mac," she coos delightedly; "Who would have anticipated this meeting? Come across and be introduced to my husband—Hiram B. Maxim."

### EPILOGUE

Hiram B. Maxim, Esq., has left the table for a moment to speak to another expansive shirt-front. The vision in the futurist gown leans across and laughs softly. "We were a pair of young idiots in those days, weren't we . . ."

Even as she laughs a tiny sigh escapes. Perhaps it was the last dying gasp of Romance. After all, who knows?

The following important notice was only stopped at the very last moment from appearing in orders on Wednesday last in a certain Canadian Special Hospital:—"In the event of bombs from Zeppelins striking the building no bugles will be sounded, but patients will be awakened by two blasts on a whistle."

## Chats From Chatham

Why did so many of the hens go sick after Mac left?

Does Private Sherbert always take a step-ladder with him when he has a bath? If so, why so?

Assistant in Marsh's shop to smart C.A.M.C.: "Are these gloves for your wife sir or do you wish for something in a better quality?"

"Figures cannot lie" is an old adage, yet more than one of our lady masseuses know the fallacy of it. Hush not a word above a whisper.

The moon has been wearing a very large halo lately. We recognise the fact that she has secured the monopoly of lighting our streets. Still it seems to us that some of these war workers swank a little too much.

There once was a marquee 14,  
Where arguments always were keen;  
There they settled the war,  
Weighty matters galore,  
Such knowledge seldom is seen.

We understand that the owners of the 101 Ranch have already made a three years contract with the occupants of marquee 15, Chatham House Colony. They propose turning the whole bunch into a travelling circus. Private Mickleborough is to give a display four times daily of a bombardment under cover of German gas, while Rodgers will give a turn entitled: "Rip Van Winkle" or "Why they couldn't wake me." In this case the management will offer a standing reward of one hundred dollars to any person who succeeds in waking the sleeping Rodgers, and Private Johnston will add both fun and facts to the show by a continuous speech on "Peace without Victory"; a running comment on this speech will be contributed by Bailie. The rest of the occupants are to be kept at handsome remuneration to deal with any of the audience who become annoyed and ask for their money back.

### CANADIAN RED CROSS SOCIETY

*We have received the following from the above Society:—*

"We acknowledge receipt of your letter of 2nd inst. enclosing cheque for £6, being the net proceeds from the sale of the Christmas Number of the *Canadian Hospital News* to date, which is intended as a donation towards the funds of the Canadian Red Cross Society. We are very grateful to you, and to all concerned, for this generous gift.—Yours truly,

(Signed) Capt. MACMAHON.

## Yaps From Yarrow

Who was the Sergeant who wanted to take a blind patient to the picture show on Monday?

Who was the individual wearing the King's uniform who left the concert last Wednesday during the singing of the National Anthem?

Was it Corporal Crosbie who, when surrounded on Monday by a bunch of snowballing girls exclaimed eagerly, "I shall slap you all if you don't throw another?"

Sergeant Baker rides on the car  
All day long yet doesn't go far,  
Of course the attraction's a lady friend—  
Is she on the car, or at t'other end?

There was once a Corporal called Lacey  
Who remarked "I just love to look racy,"  
But he lost all his vim  
When they put him on gym.,  
And got tired and sloppy and lazy.

The conditions in the trenches were dreary in the extreme after the drenching and continued rainfall, but the irrepressible spirits of the "Pats" were not yet entirely quenched when the order came to leave.

"Hurry up out of this, my gallant soldiers," was the cheery call of the Captain to his waist-deep and rain-sodden men.

"Soldier!" came the derisive answer from one of them. "I'm not a soldier; I'm a blooming bulrush!"

Private Gibbons to Chatham goes,  
And when he comes back he tells his woes—  
How he had to do this and had to do that,  
And turn cart-wheels upon the mat;  
But he swears in his rage as he doffs his clothes  
"I'll never stoop down and bite my toes!"

There once was a private named Millier,  
Whose language grew sillier and sillier,  
So they put him to bed  
With block ice to his head—  
Till his temperature grew chillier and chillier.

### A MUCH APPRECIATED GIFT

We acknowledge, with thanks, the gift of an invalid wheel-chair from Mrs. B. Parry, The Bungalow, Stone Gap, Broadstairs. Apart from the solid value of such gifts, the knowledge that our neighbours are taking such a kindly interest in their welfare helps not a little to cheer our patients' convalescence.

## A Gallant Canadian

On Broadstairs front there stands a convalescent home for poor children. One day the matron, looking out upon some of the unused grounds of the institution, decided to have it spaded in preparation for growing food products. But where to obtain the voluntary labour, that was the question. One of the Granville patients, with kiddies of his own in Canada, had become interested in the children, and suggested that he take on the job in his spare time. He had lost his right arm during his service in the Ypres Salient, but day by day he laboured as best he could turning over the brown earth, doing his bit for the children.

Oh! but he was anxious to go home to Canada, to his wife and family, and the changed conditions which the loss of his arm would bring, yet, last week, when his turn actually came, he admitted that his one regret in leaving was that he had been able to accomplish only half his self-imposed task. This man was Private Boushear, of the 52nd Canadian Infantry, truly one of the earth's noblemen.

Amp. Case to Yarrow M.O.—How about my leave, sir.

M.O.—Why, Jones, your leg is not in fit condition for use.

Amp. Case—Oh yes, sir, I borrowed another chap's artificial leg last night and walked to Ramsgate on it.

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## Entertainments and Sports

The Yarrovians, under the able leadership of Pte. E. Halsall, gave another entertainment in the recreation room at the Yarrow on Wednesday night. Pte. Halsall's musical sketch of a morning in camp was voted *très bon* by the whole audience. We note with pleasure that this sketch is to be given at the Broadstairs Cinema on February 14th.

Granvillians have been particularly fortunate in the feast of entertainment provided for them during the past week. Here is the menu:—Monday, Khakians, of Margate; Tuesday, Pictures; Wednesday, Royal Naval Air Service, of Westgate; Thursday, Mr. Boyland's Concert Party; Friday, The Briefs. To one and all we pass a hearty vote of thanks.

### THE NUTS v. SHORNCLIFFE MILITARY HOSPITAL

Quite a large number of supporters accompanied the Shorncliffe Military Hospital team on Saturday, when the latter tried conclusions with the Granville boys on the home ground. The weather was all that could be desired for football, but cold from a spectator's point of view. From the kick-off the ball travelled up and down the field till "Red" Forbes got on it, and after a nice run down the line gave a beautiful centre to Corp. Gibbs who placed it in the net. This put the Shorncliffe lads on their mettle, and a few minutes later Corp. Wells evened up. Soon after the ball was in motion again young Holt put Shorncliffe in the lead. Then the bells went to some tune, but Staff Towler made no mistake when he got near the sticks, and once more the score was squared. Just on half-time the Shorncliffe goalie got hurt and had to retire.

Play during the second period was not of a brilliant nature, but a nicely placed corner by "Red," Corp. Gibbs headed into the net. Afterwards Staff Towler and Forbes each added another. When the game was called the Nuts were leading 5—2. Corp. Ducros operated the whistle.

The Granville Rifle Club greatly appreciate the gift of 1,000 practice targets from Messrs A. J. Wilson & Co., Ltd., with Messrs Dunlop's (Ltd.) compliments.

Why not send the "Canadian Hospital News" regularly to your folks and pals? Why not have it sent to you after you leave the Granville?

Remember, the "News" will be mailed weekly to any address for three months on receipt of One Shilling. Subscriptions should be handed or mailed to the Treasurer, Lt.-Corp. S. Graham, Treatment Dept., Granville Canadian Special Hospital; or locally, to the Printing Dept., Chatham House; or to Pte. Millier, Orderly Room, Yarrow Annex.

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