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# CANADIAN HOSPITAL NEWS

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# CANADIAN HOSPITAL

## NEWS

VOL. 2.

SEPTEMBER 2, 1916

No. 8

### EDITORIAL

The advent of Roumania into the World War marks a turning-point in the great struggle between Might and Right—the down of the day when German dreams of dominance in the Near East will be finally and for all time shattered. Undoubtedly the considerable military power Roumania possesses will tend to shorten the conflict and assure final victory, but the moral effect of her stern decision will be more significant yet. The Prussian Potentates may lie to their public about their “Zeppelin Raids,” their “Naval Victories,” their “Verdun Successes,” but not for an instant can they disguise the fact that a Neutral Nation has pronounced a verdict—has found Germany guilty—and has let loose her war-dogs to help punish the malefactors. Great though her help will be in the field, Roumania’s most instant and immeasurable service is the moral effect, on Germany and on neutrals, at her adhesion to the Allied Cause. Every Briton will welcome the new Ally with open arms, and will re-echo the message of King George—. “I rejoice that the valiant Roumanian Army will now fight side by side with the Armies of the Allies, bringing still nearer the approaching triumph of our great cause and hastening thereby the fulfilment of Roumanian national aspiration”.

C. H. D.

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The Canadian Government is endeavouring to systematise enlistment throughout Canada. Special recruiting directors have been appointed for each military district, to ascertain what men are available for military service. Those engaged in the manufacture of munitions will be given special badges, and buttons to men who have offered themselves for service but have been rejected as physically unfit.

The Colours of another Canadian Infantry Battalion were placed in Canterbury Cathedral on Saturday afternoon, to remain in the custody of the Dean and Chapter until the conclusion of the war.



## Granville Breezes

For a recipe for making lemonade with boiling sea-water apply to——, 3rd Floor.

What a fond farewell the girl gave the Sergt, on the station the other evening! We actually blushed!

A wound means a strip of gold braid; but does a strip of gold braid always mean a wound?

Don't take the songs the ladies sing about "what we will do for you when you come back again" too literally—they are only songs.

The other fellow is probably saying something similar about you.

The News Editor extends his compliments to the man who bagged his watch, and hopes it is keeping good time.

Overheard on Sunday Morning.—

CHAPLAIN—"The Service is over."

CAPT.—"Thank Heavens"

Who is the patient who is "a very good soldier, sir," and "know my duties thoroughly, sir" and then salutes bareheaded?

Who founded "The Ancient Order of Comic Gentlemen"? ask H. S. S. Who is the shining light in comicality? ask Criticos.

If the gentlemen who desired admission at midnight on Saturday will moderate their noise and language on the next occasion, the verandah bed-patients will be very grateful.

Which is the orderly on the 3rd floor who went in for crab-fishing?

Does Griff 3rd floor love pigeons as much as he does "chickens" since the episode on the Balcony?

What kind of an operation is it when a man comes out with a gold ring on his fingers? Is it heart-trouble?

Patient to M.O.—"I can't sleep at nights, Sir. The"—"Let me feel your pulse," replied the M.O. "Well, no wonder; you're in a dreadfully nervous state. You'll have to take——" "I don't want to take anything! If you could keep the man in the next bed to me from snoring, I would sleep alright."



## LONELY SOULS

Scene—The promenade in front of the Granville.—

A Forlorn Flapper and a Lonely Hero are discovered at opposite ends of a seat, both gazing over the bay and trying to look as miserably lonesome as possible. LONELY HERO (Whistling plaintively) "Give me a smile, etc." FORLORN FLAPPER (Humming pathetically) "If you were the only boy in the world, etc."

L. H. (Coughing) "Er-r-r-hum!"

F. F. (Sighing) "A-a-a-h!"

L. H. (Humming) "Bluee yes, blue eyes, sweetest I ever knew"

F. F. (Ditto) "I'm longing for someone to love me"

L. H. (Taking courage with a mighty effort) "Er-um-are you very onely?"

F. F. (Sighing Furiously) "Oh! I'm—ever so lonely; I don't know a soul in Ramsgate and—"

L. H. (Taking the singing cue) "A-h! and so am I—like yourself I am a stranger here—er—may I talk to you?"

F. F. "Well er, really,—we haven't been introduced, have we?"

L. H. "No, but circumstances alter cases, don't they—and I'm so lonely".

F. F. "Poor boy! were you wounded?"

L. H. "Yes, I was wounded in the—er, shall I tell you all about it?"

F. F. "Oh please do—that will be lovely! but—er—how uncomfortable these seats are—and how thirsty the sea air makes one—"

L. H. "Well, suppose we go down town to tea?"

F. F. "Oh! that will be perfectly lovely! I'm so glad we met—strangers in a strange land."

L. H. "Yes, it was lucky wasn't it, come along" (They rise and walk along the cliff. She bows and smiles to fourteen male friends on the way. He salutes and odd dozen or so of his lady friends, and winks knowingly at several others.

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Tom—"What's a good thing for cabbage worms?"

Jack—"Cabbages, yer d—m fool; cabbages."



## By Their Speech Shall Ye Know Them

(Do YOU know the men we heard say these things following?)

"Gather round, ladies, and I will (get away, you boy!) proceed to waggle my ears; lift the hair of my scalp; snort God Save the King; and play a one string fiddle with my left eyebrow. After that for another ninepence I will eat coal, swallow the sword, likewise drink parafin oil. I will now pass the hat before proceeding to flap my ears".

"Name?—Age?—Where enlisted? What do you complain of?—Any pain? Sleep well?—Carry on!"

"N-o-o-w,—Roberts!"

"Hey! you—wait a minute, wat's yer name? number?—oughter be at church—Orderly room 9.30 tomorrow".

"Now, boys I've got a treat for you. I've arranged with Solomin, the girl prodigy, to come and play to us—on condition there are no poms. present, so leave your girls at home. Now I want you all to come—want to see the hall packed, and promise you a real, good time"

"Bah jove, she is a charmer, eh what? Such a wfully jolly hair, don'tcherknow, and a pair of eyes that are quite the thing—beastly fine flapper, demmit!"

"Anycomplaintsalrightcarryon."

"Very good, I'll write an editorial—when I get back from London the week after next"

"H'm! so you couldn't help it! H'm, well, its not—h'm—quite clear to me—alright, 14 days C.B."

"Hello, what are you down here for? alright, come in and wait a minute, Capt—will be down soon—now bare your arm—open and close your fingers—sit still—don't move where the H—s that test tube?"

"Good morning.—How a e you?—will you accept my card?—Yes, I bring them round every day because I like to see men smoking; my own pipe is never very far from me. Well, I must get along on my rounds.—Goodbye!"



## THE BULLY SONG.

We've tasted all fashions of elegant rations,  
We've feasted on lashings of viands, but now  
Up here in the trenches alongside the Frenchies  
We wrestles and wrenches petrified cow.

CHORUS—

Sing Hey! for the bully,  
Sing Ho! for the bully,  
Sing Ha! for the bully,  
The bully beef tin.

With loads of Fray Bentos, and biscuits momentous  
The Government sent us to argue with Fritz ;  
They gave us instructions in various destructions  
To propagate ructions and blow them to bits.

Chorus—

Sing Hey! for the bully,  
Sing Ho! for the bully,  
Sing Ho! for the bully,  
The bully beef tin.

We chew at the bully enjoying it fully,  
Till thirsting unduly for porter and fun,  
We fill to the lid tight, with shrapnel and lyddite,  
And hurl them at midnight to tickle the Hun.

Chorus—

Sing Hey! for the bully,  
Sing Ho! for the bully,  
Sing Ha! for the bully,  
The bully beef tin.

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## En Passant

Our admired contemporary, THE LISTENING POST, publishes an account of a banquet given by Canadian Officers at the front to Major General L. J. Lipsett, C.M.G., on the occasion of his promotion to command of the 3rd Canadian Division. After a menu which, even here in England makes one's mouth water, and after The King had been toasted, Col. Rattray proposed the health and success of Major-General Lipsett, who in reply give an excellent review of the work and history of the first Canadian Division, interspersing humour for which he is famous.

We desire to fender our sincere though belated congratulations.



## The Chaplain's Corner

The results of my appeal last week, to men who can sing, to assist me in the Sunday Services in the Granville Recreation Hall and in the Chatham House Chapel, were not such as to give me a "swelled head" or as the Psalmist puts it "a proud look and high stomach" on account of personal popularity. Four good fellows came to my assistance at the Granville and *One* at the Chatham House. I want twenty-five at the former and ten at the latter.

I am certain that it was more shyness or bashfulness—than unwillingness to help the "Padre", which produced such small results last Sunday. Do let me have what I have asked for on Sunday next.

"An honest man's the noblest work of God" well I am realising more and more that to be a "true man" is about the highest aim anyone of us can have. I was awfully pleased to be asked within the past few days no less than three different times. "I beg your pardon Sir—but what church do you represent?" It pleased me because I try to be all things to all men—it is quite by accident that I discover any particular man's religious denomination, for I never ask it. We are all men together, no one of us any better than he should be, and to be a better man is or should be the endeavour of all of us. I always address you as "men" or "brethren" or "my sons". Let a man come to me if he needs my help or counsel and I will treat him as I would my own son.

A propos of my reference last week to Charlie Chaplin. I love the old yarn from the Front, of the Sentry who in the dusk as some one approached, challenged "Who goes there" and was answered (Meekly of course) "The Chaplain" quick as a flash the Sentry called "Pass Charlie, and all's well." Forgive the "Chestnut" and apply the moral.

E. B. Hooper, Chaplain.

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## Poms. and Things

We have quarrelled! Things is a beautiful word, so vast so vague, so variable, and withal giving, like the Delphic Oracle so wide a range for evasion.

It was over a stale-mustard coloured thing that we quarrelled, Dulcinea called it a Pom, Sweet Petlet, and various other endearments, taking unheard of trouble in that matter of blue bow decorations; I contented myself with labling the brute a D..... Nuisance: for every evening when the purple shadows of approaching night whispered Romance, I would keep my tryst, and she would come: smiling alone? No! No! Fond Readers: but grinning and hauling Tutzi Wuz on three or four yards of lead.

This son of a female canine with a converging strabysmus, would forthwith yap, snap, hop, skip, jump, bark and play "Here we go round the mulberry bush" with Cinea's leg and mine, reducing me to a condition of nervous expectancy and my beloved to a volumn of sacarine epethets.

And then the Crisis! We twain decided on the right side of a lamp post, Tutzi Wuz in his lordly way without consulting us vered, to the left, skidded, jumped the tightened lead, then having wricked his neck, howled his distress to an agonized world.

This promptly brought the other three thousand noble and sagarious canines rushing to the scene, where, mistaking Tutzi's tale of woe for a hymn of joy they sported and gambolled in right royal fashion.

Dulcinea demanded that I "rescue the dear thing"!!!

Here quoth I, is opportunity; so grasping my stout one and three penny ash, I plunged into the vortex, to disaster, for instead of landing with horrific force on the back of an Airedale terrier, I inadvertantly but succesfully, (I said inadvertantly) obliterated Tutzi's left eye. With a cry of anguish Dulcinea dragged me back by my collar, then stooping, plucked her moaning treasure to her bosom. "Cruel Wretch" she hissed, and vanished Westwards! As I said before, We Have Quarrelled.

H. S. S.

An Army cook had been very busily engaged preparing a substantial meal for the troops at the Front, and at an awkward moment he missed a pudding from his stock of edibles. He made a diligent search without success. Then he enquired of a healthy looking Tommy if he had seen the missing pudding.

"Ah," said Tommy, candidly, "Aw've eaten it!"

"Tha's eaten it, has tha? Well, what's tha dun w't' cloth?"

"Wha," said Tommy, laconically, "wor there one on?"



## Sports and Entertainments

A well fought game was played by the Granville Footballers against the Shorncliffe Mil. Hosp. on Saturday. Fast, even play was seen all through the game; a goal scored in the last half minute, the only one registered during the match, gave a well-earned win to the Shorncliffe boys.

Bad weather caused the postponement of several athletic fixtures this week—lets' hope for a bright day tomorrow, when the Granvillians are going to shew the Shorncliffe A.S.C. how to play football.

The Checker players are going strong; the first stages of the Tournament have been played, and followers of the "Dambrod" are bracing themselves for the next round.

The Rifle Team met the Kings Lancaster Regt. of Westgate on Monday last, winning the match by 15 points.

By-the-way, we hear that the King's Lancaster's are anxious to meet our cricketers as well as our riflemen—Cricketers, please note!

The triangular match at Westgate with the Lancaster Regiment and Westgate V. T. C ended in a victory for the Granville Canadian Rifle Team by 6 points. Below are appended the total scores for each team. After the match a splendid supper was partaken provided by the home teams, suitable speeches from Officers present with a round of cheers ended a very pleasant evening.

### SCORE—

Canadians.	King's Lancaster Regt.	Westgate V. T. C.
793	782	787

On Thursday last, a very interesting game of Baseball took place at Chatham House grounds, between the 86th Machine Gun Section (from Folkestone) and the Granville team. The game was very even up to the 4th innings, after this innings they began to run away with the game, and winning with a score of 10 to 2 in favor of the gunners.

A Canadian naval overseas force is being organised. The men will be enlisted in a Volunteer Reserve and loaned to Britain for the period of the war. The details are being worked out in conjunction with officials of the Admiralty.



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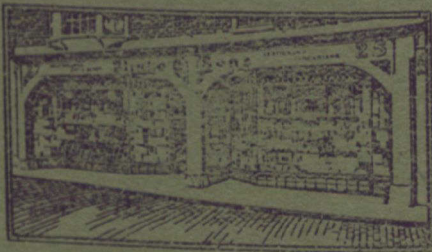
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