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GRANVILLE
CHATHAM HOUSE

News

YARROW HOME
TOWNLEY CASTLE

VOL. IV

RAMSGATE, MARCH 24, 1917

No. 12

When You Go Back

BEFORE the war Canada's standing army, commonly known as "regulars" or "permanent force" numbered less than four thousand. Canada's "Citizen soldiery" or "Militia" numbered less than 50,000. These last were taught the rudiments of the Art and Science of War during the fortnight of summer camp and knew not war as a business but as a possibility. When the German barbarities startled the world with the necessarily resulting declaration of war by the Mother land, this nucleus from Canada enlisted at once in the service of the Empire. Men came from farm and factory, from shop and school, from business, from the forest, from the mine, from the university, from the professions; men threw up their livelihood; men changed the conditions of their lives completely and gladly; men took up the rigours and restrictions of the Soldier's life; Canadian's were in the conflict early enough to help to follow up the marvellous work of that doughty little army of British regulars. And what is more, no single Canadian soldier regrets having enlisted in this great world war. He may feel disappointed, but sorry that he offered to do his bit for the Empire. Never! If every Canadian would draw the curtain from before the shrine of his inmost and deepest emotions, there would be found an unswerving loyalty and devotion. But,—

When you get back to Canada.
Ah, what then will you do;
Will you return to the some old job,
Is it waiting there for you?
When you go back,
Ah, woful when,
What a lot's to be done
Twixt now and then.

Do we think very much about where the future will find us, what daily routine will claim us after the war. Aren't we rather doggedly determined to see this thing through to the very last ditch. There are big things to be done during the next few months. There are bigger things to be done after Victory, in the reconstruction of a devastated world—and that will need MEN.

O. C. J. W.

What We Know

(After the manner of modern Journalism)—By Kriticos

We shall then, I think, be able to give our readers for
 the first time a full and complete account of the
 H. B.
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A Year Ago

Huns' Barbarity—Canadians' Sympathy

On March 19th, 1916, a pleasant Sunday afternoon, when the streets of Ramsgate were filled with children wending their way to Sunday School, two enemy seaplanes floated over the town and dropped their bombs in the midst of a peaceful population. One of the bombs fell on Chatham House, recently taken over as an annex of the Granville, but caused little damage and inflicted no loss of life.

was responsible for the death of a child. The following morning a motor-main thoroughfare the bomb fell the car killed instantly. The child was killed by the bomb. And it is to be remembered that on that day, we dedicated the News, who suffered now an outgrowth of the Granville, comes for daily, attend-



mother, and some of our readers know him very well. But other children, alas, fell victims to the hideous hun, and their bodies now rest in God's acre. To a row of little graves in St. Lawrence Cemetery five little coffins were followed by the grieving population which mourned the loss of 'little lives soon spent and hearts soon stilled.' As the coffins were lowered to their last resting place a British seaplane flew over, a birdlike vision, impressive in significant co-incidence." Canadians are proud to know that over the graves of the two youngest, the patients in Chatham House, at that time, had erected a beautiful tribute.

Another bomb for the man and five car was driven along a roughfare, and directly on the man and children were fragments. The children were injured and injured Sunday a year ago. One of those injured then, is now a patient at the hospital. This little boy is now being treated by his

A Chaplain's Experiences

Our Chaplain, for whom we all entertain a high regard and respect, visited us in our editorial "den" a day or so ago, and having offered us a smoke, proceeded to light up himself and to regale us with a few of his experiences in the days when he was a young and bashful parson. We venture, with apologies to him, to try to recall two or three of them for the benefit of our readers.

When very young and newly ordained, he was directed by his Bishop, the late most Rev. John Medly, Bishop of Frederickton, to read the second lesson in the Cathedral at a crowded evening service. The Chaplain describes his excessive nervousness in graphic terms! The lesson was one of the longest chapters in the "Acts." He had difficulty in holding himself together—so intense was his nervousness: but by great effort he held his way through the lengthy narrative until he came to the account of St Peter's visit to Lydda and his healing of Æneas, a sick man there. At that point he had to turn the page, and in his nervousness turned *two* pages instead of one, and to his horror found Cornelius the devout Roman Centurian seeing a vision, and in consequence sending for St. Peter. The young parson quickly discovered his mistake, but his presence of mind forsook him and he could not turn back—but read straight on to the bitter end, 48 additional verses, no less!

In the vestry after the service, the Bishop came up to him looking very stern and said: "Mr. H., how did you make such a horrible mistake, you left Æneas sick and went on to read about Cornelius, What in the world became of Æneas?" Canon Roberts a noted punster of his day, who was standing by saved the situation by exclaiming: "Oh, my Lord, *Any ass* (Æneas) would know."

Another experience of the Chaplain's was when conducting a funeral service. When standing around the grave, with the body ready to be lowered, the young parson was perturbed by hearing a dispute between the undertaker and the chief mourner, in which the latter said: "I tell you sir, that the *Remains* before he died requested that he be laid with his feet towards the west."

Later, when Rector of Harcourt, a large country mission in New Brunswick, he drove up one cool September evening to the house of one of his parishioners, a farmer, named Phinias Beers, whose striking characteristics physically was his gigantic size, and his enormous mop of hair which was never cut. The following dialogue ensued: "Good evening Mr. Beers." "Good evening Parson." "It's a cool evening Mr. Beers." "It do feel kind of cool." "You've had your hair cut Mr. Beers." "Yes sir, I hev." "Aren't you afraid of catching cold?" "Well, it do feel pretty chilly like." "I'll tell you what to do, Mr. Beers, to avoid catching a cold,—wash your head in the coldest water you can find." To which Mr. Beers replied: "Wash my head, parson! I hain't washed my head for *forty year*."

A Message of Spring

By Marie C. Lufkin

There's Spring in the woodlands, where red-brown leaves rustle,
A coverlet warm for the daffodils beds,
Who, eager and pushing, each other now hustle
For place in the sun for their starry-crowned heads.

There's Spring on the hillsides, where mountain-streams chatter :
Oh, listen a moment to what they would say !
" Life wakens ! Then haste to be doing, no matter
What rocks and impediments chequer the way."

There's Spring in the towns, where earth's busy crowds hurry :
Through rifts of clouds parting, blue heavens shine fair ;
And what is it lightens that face of its worry ?
A thrush sings exultant in yonder old square.

And out, over there, with our khaki-clad legions,
Dead winter lies low. In Spring's magical scope
A rainbow is circling those shell-riven regions
And loins are new girl and hearts braced with fresh hope.

While over the graves, where our loved ones lie sleeping,
Released from the conflict whose burden they bore,
By the sign and seal of the new verdure creeping,
Spring whispers her message of Life evermore.

Granville Breezes.

Who is the N.C.O. who takes his iron horse to bed with him?

Why did Private Wetfoot leave his waist belt in a prom dug-out on Wednesday evening, and how did Private Raincoat find it?

What is the young flapper's name who was inquiring whether it was British or German measles that Sergt. Goodwin had.

Who is the private that took the prize for the best laid out set on Wednesday at the Granville Gardens? Ask Smith.

We would like to know how much it costs a certain Corporal in the Granville kitchen to send telegrams to himself?

We see in the daily press that at last the cavalry are on the move. There would be good scope *out there* for some of the men who ride the 'high horse' around the Granville.

Will any kind reader help little R.P. Dan, the door policeman? A fair and beauteous maiden has entreated him with tears in her eyes, to find and bring to her, her own darling little Ernie, whom she had met at the Skating Rink.

Is it true that the M.O.'s who operated, only got ninepence in coppers out of the Scotch patient who had swallowed a shilling.

In a Canadian hospital somewhere in England a second George Washington has been found. He, in company with several others, had been granted six days' leave, and, as usual, wired for extension. In fact it was so original that it has been framed. It ran as follows:—"Nobody dead, nobody ill; still going strong, having a jake time, and got plenty of money. Please grant extension. And he got it!"

The *Canadian Hospital News* is donating five medals to the members of the winning team in the Hockey League, the first game of which was played on Thursday night between the Granville and the R.F.A. Second game to-night (Saturday).

Do you like Cornfritters, Maple Syrup, Home-made Bread, Apple Pies, Coffee and Tea—

If so, they'll cook them—for Canadians only,
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4 York Terrace, Ramsgate, (opposite harbour)

This looks like a good thing.

Granville Hockey Team



Reading from left to right—Top Row—Pte. C. Bone, 2nd Spare; Pte. H. Sugden, Rooter and Energetic Noise Manufacturer; Le.Corp. H. Lill, Defence; Corporal Duross, Secretary-Treasurer.
 Middle Row—Capt. C. G. Armour, Club Vice-President; Pte Stepler, 1st Spare; Capt. O. C. J. Withrow, Club President.
 Sitting—Pte. T. Smale, Left Wing; Pte. A. J. Balfour, Team Captain and Centre Forward; Pte. Fred. Carr, Vice-Captain and Right Wing.

Here they are in all their regalia, and with eager anticipation of victory on their faces, our hockey team. The team is a year old and has fought some hard battles and their record is one to be envied. Last season they won 250 goals and lost 54, the number of games lost being three. This season, thus far, they have lost no games, and the goals stand 19 won and 3 lost. All this bespeaks a good season to come and a league has been arranged among the following teams: Ramsgate Government Workers, Royal Field Artillery, Royal Engineers' (Margate), and the Granville and we shall expect some interesting games. In such a limited space it is impossible to delate upon the merits of the players but this much is certain, "Curly" Balfour, the team Captain, is determined to lead a very fast bunch of "stick-handlers." "Red" Forbes, our goalie, was unable to attend the sitting for the photo. He is a brilliant player and regular stone wall. Here's success to our Hockey Team.

The Chronicles of Joyous Jane

By Dorothy L. Warne

Been down to the Treatment Department today. S'wonderful. Brigadier-General Couchford and his Satellities explained everything to me; I could electrocute or electrify anybody now.

Brigadier Couchford's profile reminds one of the chief male character that film producers somehow always manage to get when they are casting a three reel drama with thrills. His Satellities are likewise all specimens of manly beauty; Mitchades with a rosy cheek and an adorable Yorkshire-cum-Canadian accent; McHenna with hair like a ripening cornfield, and Grayman whose eyes vie with the Junetide skies. These same eyes looked particularly radiant on this March morning, and on inquiring into the reason I was informed that a thankful Government had decided to raise him five cents a day in recognition of his valued and esteemed services. With tears in my eyes I implored him not to waste this precious addition in riotous living.

Captain Highly showed me how, by switching on a few levers and turning a handle, flames can be drawn out of any and everything. Every corner of his tunic responded to the blandishments of the little glass tube. I suggested that he throw up Army life and go on the halls with the same stunt. Five hundred dollars a week in that, sure Les Savvy, the dark-eyed denizon of the dungeons is recommended to obtain sole picture rights at once.

Dim and charged with mystery is the X-ray room. With all light excluded and electric sparks flashing out, the effect is grotesque. Rumour, that ever active jade, has it that one of the boys brought a maiden aunt to see the sights of Ramsgate and incidentally showed her the X-rays. The thunderstorm effects were so vivid that the dear old soul put up her umbrella.

Next we were transported to Bagdad, or at any rate, the average impressario's idea of that city of golden minarets. Every door sports stars with a few half moons thrown in and a job-lot of comets. On couches, languid beings, in varied stages of undress uniform recline gracefully. From thence they hie them to a land of eternal summer, culminating in a temperature akin to the abode recommended by Sergt.-Majors for the recruit genus. In every corner dainty damsels in spotless veils were carressing the limbs of war-scarred warriors.

The Puck of the Office proper, who is willing to put a girdle round any old earth in far less than forty minutes at a word from any of the Satellities or their Sun aforementioned, is Gerald. Gerald is allowed to wear a good conduct badge as a reward for having regularly washed his knees since he has been attached to the Staff of the Treatment Department, Granville Canadian Special Hospital.

Yaps From Yarrow

Private Millier says that he knows every inch of the road from Oxford Circus to Bow Street.

Who is the Guy that is quite worried that the moths will destroy his dress suit before he returns to the wild and woolly west.

Overheard in the Q.-M. office :—If a ton of bone is worth £5 10/-, what is a Trom-bone worth ?

How did the sergeants take it when they found out that they had a bill of 6/- to pay for a present of eggs made to the mess.

There's an orderly here who's called Johnny,
His antics at times are quite funny.
He makes it a boast
That he gets all the toast,
And that's why the girls call him Johnny.

What happened to the fish condemned by the Board the other day? We hear that it was put in the clink, but the place was not strong enough to hold it. Is it to be shot at sunrise ?

Who is the Scotch R.P. who desires the acquaintance of an unknown damsel in a draper's store at Ramsgate? Is it true that he has bribed his female friends to deliver a note to her ?

There has been some difficulty in deciding exactly what connection there may be between the recent removal of the Yarrow Home stage and the famous "Smith sketches." We did not think these sketches were quite so forceful as that.

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BROADSTAIRS

Chats From Chatham

Is it any good printing notices for the billiard players ?

Why is the whole instructional staff on the water-wagon ? Ask the Paymaster.

What made the police hut look like a lost parcel office during kit inspection last week.

Who is the man who went away on six days' leave as a private and returned as a sergeant-major.

Who is the instructional N.C.O. that was so bravely pushing a perambulator along the prom. last Sunday.

We would like to know the names of those instructors who sprain their ankles and knees so that they can go and have massage.

Private S——, scrubbing the ward floor : "Some people say 'Once a soldier, always a soldier;' but I say, 'Once a soldier, *never no more.*'"

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SHOP

How a journalist does hate to talk shop! But we have something of great importance to say to you, and since you like our little paper—and we know from the sales that you do—we feel certain that you will heed our wishes and act promptly. An enthusiastic reader handed us these lines which will do for introduction :

Why this excitement? Why
 The glint of joy in the patient's eye?
 Tell me, is there a murmur of peace,
 A German official of the Kaiser's decease,
 Or talk of having in pay an increase?
 Ah! No! Nothing so trivial.
 Of a joyous convivial,
 Do not dare accuse.
 We've just bought a copy
 Of the *Hospital News*.

This is delightfully spontaneous, and makes us feel that you will just as spontaneously hand your shilling for a three months subscription if you wish the paper mailed to a friend or give your order ahead if you wish a copy or copies kept for you each week. We would like to print enough copies to supply the demand, which we have not been able to do of late, because we are trying to be careful of paper—but we should like to know how many may be required. On page 12 you will find information on where to hand your shilling's or your orders. If any reader possesses a copy of

VOL. I, No. 11

will you do a favour and mail it to us, as the War Record Office in London is in need of it to complete their file and we do not know where to find one.

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The Nuts v. Westcliffe

On Saturday afternoon the above teams met in a friendly game on Chatham House ground. The game was not of a very fast order. But considering the lack of rest the previous night the teams played fairly well. Longworth was the first to find the net, followed by "Red" Forbes, who scored a dandy from the corner flag. In the second half Sergt. Horne, after several good shots, succeeded in adding another to the Granville score of 3—0.

Doings At The Range

Two more wins are placed to our credit this week:—On Saturday against the Kent College, Canterbury, the scores being—Kent College, 706; Canadians, 737. After the match the Granvillians were entertained to a splendid tea kindly provided by Capt. and Mrs. Brownscombe, which was greatly appreciated by the boys. The second match was against the County Cadets at the Granville Range. Scores—Cadets, 650; Canadians, 768.

During this week there is an open competition, for prizes given by the C.R.C. to the three highest scorers—10 rounds in 90 secs.

Next week the Col. Watt Cup will be fired for, when it is hoped that Chatham House and the Yarrow will be fully represented.

Answers to Correspondents

C.O.—Thanks very much for your contribution to the *News*.

T.B.S., Yarrow.—So you are on fish dinner at last. Lucky boy! many are called but few are chosen.

R.O.W.—How can you expect to escape trouble with initials like these.

L.I.M.P.—The correct term is "swinging the *lead*" (not the leg), so throw your crutches away.

P.A.S.S.—No, we can't suggest "a new wheeze to get a few days at home. They were completely exhausted long before you came to the Granville.

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.

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.

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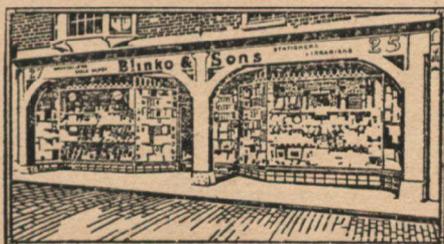
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