

CANADIAN HOSPITAL NEWS

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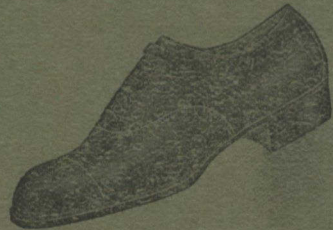
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CANADIAN HOSPITAL NEWS

Vol. III

DECEMBER 2, 1916

No. 7

Au Revoir.

Invalid to Canada,
B179 made out;
That's the label now I bear,
Some day I'll arrive no doubt
At Home, Sweet Home.

O. C. J. W.

SEVERAL hundred of our boys at the Granville and its annexes, Chatham House, Townley Castle, and the Yarrow, are awaiting the summons to pack all their troubles in their old kit bags and begin the long journey towards Home. It is to you we dedicate the front page this week; it is to you we would say Au Revoir—not good-bye—for someday we hope to meet you in Canada, when the war is over and Victory blazoned on our banners. Our boys have been leaving us week by week in a steady stream with faces set homewards, but because so many of you at one time are awaiting the summons we want to say a word or two of farewell. You have come a long way, most of you, and you have passed through fierce conflicts. You have met death face to face many, many times. You bear in your bodies marks which proclaim you heroes all. It is because of you, and men like you, that the British Empire stands to-day. You have upheld the best traditions of the British Army, you boys from across the sea—from Canada.

Daughter is she in her Mother's house
But mistress in her own.

Some of you sprang to action in August, 1914, when the Daughter gladly joined the Mother in her righteous quarrel; some of you followed in the many months that have since elapsed. All of you have done your duty and are now going home. Some day on the broad highways of Canada we shall see each other again. There will be a glorious camaraderie in the Dominion after the war which nobody will be able to withstand. Don't forget. Au Revoir.

Eight Months In a German Prison Camp.

Sergt Walsh and Sergt. Carr of the Chatham House personnel, who went to France with the C.A.M.C. attached to the First Contingent, have experiences to their credit which few Canadians have survived, much less returned to tell. Sergt. Walsh at our request has given us the following account of the capture of Carr and himself, and of their experiences in the hands of the Huns.

About 2 A.M. April 25th, 1915, two motor ambulances left our hospital at Vlamertynghe, three miles west of Ypres, with orders to proceed to 3rd Canadian brigade headquarters and bring back as many wounded as possible. It was to be our last trip before daylight, after which the road would be heavily shelled by the enemy. Straight ahead, against the blackness of the night, huge flames of fire were licking up everything inflammable among the ruins of the buildings near the great cathedral in Ypres. We passed through what had been the north part of the city, dead horses and dead dogs, disabled wagons and other *debris* lying everywhere. We passed on to Wieltje, where a few hours previous we had evacuated our advanced dressing station, after spending thirty hours under shell fire; the village was now a heap of burning ruins. At brigade headquarters we were ordered to proceed to a battalion aid post a mile beyond, where a number of wounded were waiting to be brought out. A tree fallen across the road and blocking the passage had been reported; two infantrymen, whom I did not know, accompanied us from headquarters to help remove the obstruction. About $\frac{1}{4}$ -mile below St. Julien our cars stopped at the fallen tree, which being small was dragged out of the road.

Suddenly over on our left star shells were shot up, and a moment later a fusillade of bullets riddled our ambulances; two drivers were instantly killed, the two infantrymen were mortally wounded; Carr and Nelson, also wounded, took cover in the ditch. Driver Pickles and myself were not hit, and attempted to turn one ambulance around, intending to pick up our wounded and get back, but the rifle fire become so hot it would have simply been suicide to remain standing. We laid in the ditch expecting the fire to slacken, but within five minutes from the time our cars had stopped a patrol party of eight Germans came up, shooting as they advanced. One, who spoke a little English, shouted "Come out everyone; hands up." Pickles, Carr and myself were marched away. Nelson escaped in the darkness after wresting the rifle away from the Hun who tried to bayonet him.

The German had advanced and taken over the dressing station at St. Julien to which we were bound, and our ambulance had stopped within 100 yards of the enemy trenches.

After being searched for arms we were taken back to a farm house used as a German officer's Headquarters. There we dressed Carr's wound. He had been shot in the hip. At that farmhouse

the guards gave us cigarettes and brown bread and treated us with every consideration, when they found we were non-combatants. Shortly after reaching the farm-house day broke and the rattle of dozens of machine-guns, intermingled with heavy rifle fire, told us another day of battle had begun. In a short time we were in danger of being killed by the shells from our own guns, and our guards kept ducking to the ground every few seconds. Somewhat to the astonishment of our captors we prisoners did not duck; we were feeling too reckless to care very much.

Some of the prisoners were badly wounded and had to be helped along. After about three hours march the party was halted and the guards given bread and soup; the prisoners received jeers and were called a few pet names. Then another two hours march, when we stopped at a large church where nearly 100 British prisoners were waiting. Apparently the souvenir craze extends to Germany; while in the church several officers came through and took our Canadian badges.

After a halt of two or three hours all who could walk were marched away with a guard of Uhlans. Along the way German soldiers struck some of the prisoners and spat in the faces of others. The Uhlans laughed and when wounded men could not keep up with the others, rode their horses on the heels of the prisoners.

We arrived at the Belgian town of Roulers about 6.00 in the evening. A large square in front of the Town Hall was surrounded by German troops with a brass band to furnish music. All prisoners captured during the previous two or three days heavy fighting around Ypres (possibly 1000) were congregated in the square. Belgian women and children tried to give us bread and fruit, but were struck or kicked by the Huns and driven away. The seriously wounded were taken to the hospital, while the remaining prisoners were taken into a large school and given some brown bread and coffee. After twenty-four hours fast and a twenty mile march some of us were hungry.

At eight o'clock that night we were put on board a train. The cars were of the horse box-car type and about 50 men were allotted to each car. There was no room to lie down, merely space to sit on the floor in a cramped position. Some men had bandaged heads and others wounded legs or arms. "Keep away from my leg," "Look out for my arm" was the cry as the train jolted along. The night passed very slowly, the car had no ventilation, and we nearly suffocated.

Late in the afternoon our train reached Cologne, and brown bread was given us for the second time that day. Six or eight hours later the train stopped and we were ordered out by German soldiers. After being counted several times we were marched through the town, which we afterwards learned was Giessen, some two and a half miles to the internment camp.

(To be Continued.)

"Watchful Waiting."

- For the first break at the head of the dinner queue.
 For the withdrawal of the post-office shutter.
 For the invitation to join the gym sergeant's "card party."
 For the appearance of a word of three letters, beginning with P,
 in the margin of G C.S.H. Orders.
 For the "relaxation" of the gate policeman about 1.30 P.M.
 For a personal invitation to enter, from Mr. Pond.
 For the fate of that application for "leave—for the purpose of
 proceeding."
 For the Examiner's opening question.
 For the "Jane" who promised to be there then.
 For the decision whether it's to be "Canadian Expeditionary
 Force," or the "Canada Expeditionary Force."

Psmith.

Police Raid on Chatham House Press.

It was the morning after the last Zeppelin raid.

The staff of the Hospital Printing Department was working at full morning pressure. The Press Sergeant was trying to compile the statistics of last week's output. The typesetters, with puckered eyes and corrugated brows were trying to disengage the tangled words of a contributed manuscript. The compositor was cussingly struggling to compress 1000 words into a 900 word form. The pressman, after an argument with the motor, had the press clanking away like a foundered Ford. The News Editor was scowling over a "funny story" he was trying to "adapt."

Into this chamber of Inky Intelligence there suddenly and unapologetically entered the Chatham House Police Corporal, followed by his three huskiest, most Hun-like R. P.'s. The raiders advanced with stern intent purpose. Clanking press, tinkling monotype, rapping form-mallet, and spluttering fountain pen, all relapsed into uneasy quietude.

The staff leadswinger experienced a horrible premonition that he was to be suddenly sent up the line. The sergeant, in a panic, asked himself if the long arm of the Censorship had at last fallen upon his obscure little press. Or had the C. O., following his inspection of the preceeding hour, issued an edict of condemnation? The News Editor had uneasy premonitory stirrings of an impending libel prosecution instigated by Mr. Pond.

And then Corporal Armstrong in deep official tones declared his errand:

"Have you any fire extinguishers in this department?"

Get In On This.

CASH PRIZE COMPETITION.

The Canadian Hospital News has decided to conduct each week a competition, for which two cash prizes of 5s. and 2s. 6d., will be regularly offered.

These competitions will be so conducted as to give a chance to every kind of talent,—prizes for verse, parodies, cartoons, short stories, anecdotes, puzzles, etc.

We believe that Granville Canadians will welcome this opportunity to supplement their pay-ration, and to turn their ideas to account through the medium of the hospital newspaper.

This Week's Competition.

A first prize of a crown, and a second prize of half-a-crown is offered for the *two best original War Puzzles* submitted.

Conditions :

1. The competition is open wholly and only to the patients and personnel of the G.C.S.H. and its annexes.
2. Each competitor may submit as many attempts as he pleases.
3. Entries to be deposited in the C.H.N. contribution box in Granville Hall, or left at the hospital post-office, for the News Editor not later than Friday, December 8th; and to bear the name, regimental number, and ward address of the sender.
4. Entries will be judged by the Associate Editors, and results announced in an early issue.

Our War Puzzle.

By "intercepting" and "closing up" certain runs of letters in the following sentences the names may be extracted of important places in the geography of the war. Number one is indicated by way of example.

- 1 He was witness once in A MURder case.—A fortified Belgian town
2. You say ten thousand? O! very well, sir.—A British port.
3. Are there any Presbyterians present?—A town on the Western front.
4. There are exactly seven, I certify.—An Italian city.
5. Do you think he's seen the real meaning?—A German state.
6. Don't tell a lie, George, this is serious.—A Belgian city.
7. I don't believe any man created is capable of that.—A river on the Western front.
8. How many servants has this colonel, anyway?—Another such river.
9. This private certainly tries terribly hard.—An Adriatic port.
10. Yes, sir, that dollar is safely deposited.—A Greek town.
11. I suppose he has made new resolves by now.—A British naval station.
12. This is a souvenir I gave a good deal for.—A Russian port.

Solution to last week's puzzle:—Mesopotamia.

War Stocks and Shares.

The Markets Editor of the *Brazier* makes the following reports of conditions at the front in the latest issue of that journal :

MARKETS.

On the Somme Exchange there has been great activity since the 1st of July. High levels have been reached in many cases and numerous advances have been made. Messrs. Atkins, Canuck & Anzac traded off large quantities of steel in exchange for "Fritzies" Though the latter were not in first class condition by any means, what they lacked in quality they more than counterbalanced by reasons of being traded off in large quantities. Trade continues brisk, further advances being expected daily.

LIVE STOCK.

The Live Stock market continues active in spite of the cold weather. Owners report large increases and a continual movement all round. Slaughterers are working overtime. They report "Small Reds" are hard to find, but "Large Greys" may be picked up anywhere.

THE MONEY MARKET.

Money was scarce towards the end of the month. Short loans were eagerly requested but were not granted in most cases. Bankers have been making advances generally since the first of the month but a general tightness is expected towards the 15th. The Crown and Anchor Banks report numerous deposits and few withdrawals.

Canadians vs. The Navy.

Neither did the rain dampen nor the raw wind chill the enthusiasm of the large crowd of Granville Canadians, Imperials, bluejackets and civilians who turned out to the charity football match at Southwood Park last Saturday.

In the first half the Canadians with the wind and the slope in their favor pressed the Naval Base persistently. Corpl. Berritt all but scored, but the Navy goalie was always in the way. On one of the rare occasions when the ball travelled to the Granville end, a foul kick to centre was unexpectedly deflected between Pte. Malcolm's goal posts.

The second half was a close, clever contest. The Nuts pressed uphill vigorously but a well-placed corner kick was smartly converted into a second goal for Admiral Bacon's men. The Canadians still refused to abandon hopes of the silver medals, and following a rush, a center kick was beautifully rushed home by young Forbes, who played a stellar game throughout at outside left. Final Score : Navy 2, Canadians 1.

Big Gregory and little Willis played a faultless game at full-back. The bluejackets put up a strong, clean contest and earned the medals. Not the least attractive feature of the game was the good humored rooting of the *Cets* men.

Granville Breezes.

The Germans claim to have fired several shells during their latest Channel raid on the "fortified" town of Ramsgate. We haven't seen much of the "fortifications", but some of us will admit that Ramsgate has a "stronghold,"—on our affection.

Extract from Routine Orders No 335 :

"Leave of absence granted to Honorary Captain and Chaplain C. S. Oke is extended to November 31st."

Guess that's slipping one over on the calendar.

G. C. S. H. Orders No 335 has a section relating to FINANCES—OFFICERS, while Chatham Annex Orders of the same date has a paragraph devoted to FINANCES—OFFICERS.

It is quite true, the two things are pretty much identical.

There's a story about some hard-boiled eggs that were placed on the breakfast table at the Officers Mess one morning. A waiter cut the top off an egg for one of the officers, and a few minutes later asked if he would open another. "No," said the fastidious officer, "but you might open the window".

We read that the Canadian Government spends ten millions dollars a year on jam supplies for the C. E. F. And yet the Canadian soldier is so little satisfied that the first thing he does on leave is to go for the "tarts".

We wonder what "business" is taking Capt. Armour away this week-end.

We are pleased to learn that the popular sergeant on the third floor, after a lengthy period in bed, is again able to resume his nightly prowlings as of old.

Flappers and others please note (and beware).

If it takes a fly with a broken leg 15 seconds to skate around a bald head with no bumps, how long will it take a blind man to pick a fly out of a pot of jam with a pair of boxing gloves on?

The professional L.-S. had detailed his many terrible symptoms to the M.C. The recital had lasted half an hour. At last the L.-S. paused. "Do you follow me, sir?" he asked.

The M.O. dipped his pen afresh and shifted wearily. "I have so far," he answered, "but I'll say frankly that if I thought I could find my way back. I'd quit right here."

Why is the night corporal at Yarrow Annex so anxious to get a girl for the Boy Scout there? Is it for silence sake?

Ask Lc.-Corp. S——t if he finds street-corner duty on pay-night something of an "eyesore."

Clairvoyant: Young man, you are going to witness some thrilling scenes very soon.

Chatham House Patient: Quite right, lady. I'm going over to the Granville to-night and see the movies.

Entertainments

An unusually large Sunday evening gathering gave a most appreciative hearing to the gripping address of Mr. Budge, who for over thirty years directed the Y.M.C.A. work in Montreal, and is now assisting the English National Council.

To the disappointment of Capt. Armour and everybody else, the show to be given on Monday by the R.E.'s from Sandwich had to be postponed owing to the sudden departure of a draft. Arrangements are being made for a date next week.

Palace Revue returned to the Granville boards on Wednesday afternoon, but a chorus in street costume somehow seems to lose its piquancy.

The "Little Britishers" from Margate, who entertained the house on Wednesday evening, are a party of most talented and engaging juniors—none of them being over sixteen—and their visits are always assured of a most appreciative reception from Granville Canadians.

While Mr. Boyland's Party provided their usual popular Thursday programme at Granville Hall, the Humoresques opened the winter season at Chatham House, which has hitherto been without entertainments of its own. The Chathamites made their appreciation of the innovation very emphatic.

The Y.M.C.A. is making similar arrangements for livening the winter evenings at Yarrow Home.

Chaplain's Announcement.

My Dear Men,—

I should like those of you at Chatham House to remember the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper on Sunday, December 3rd, at the close of the Morning Service.

This is a service that none of us can afford to neglect, if we would live in a right relationship with God.

As the invitation is extended to all men regardless of religious denomination, I hope to see a good attendance on that date.

Yours faithfully,

CHAS. S. OKE, Capt. C.F.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The publishers of this paper are indebted to The Canadian Red Cross Society for the type, press, etc., used in printing, and to the services of the patients in composing, setting, and issuing the paper.

Gift of 150 boxes of apples received for patients and personnel from the Ontario Government.

Donation of fifty dollars from Ladies Orange Benevolent Association of Carman for benefit of Yarrow Annex.

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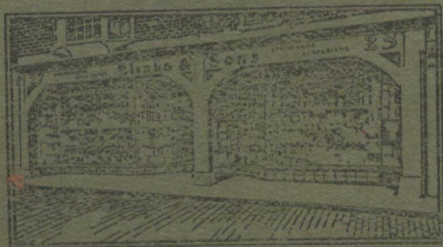
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