



FOR CANADIAN PATIENTS AND THEIR FRIENDS EVERYWHERE

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# Canadian Hospital

GRANVILLE  
CHATHAM HOUSE

## News

YARROW HOME  
TOWNLEY CASTLE

VOL. IV

RAMSGATE, FEBRUARY 17, 1917

No. 7

### EDITORIAL

#### *ESPRIT DE CORPS*

**D**ON'T tell us that there is no *esprit de corps* in the units of the Canadian forces. We know better. During the last two weeks we have had to withstand the most terrific barrage of persistent protests against the shoulder strap of our wounded comrade upon the cover. Here are some of the bombs hurled at the editor: "How much did the R.C.R. pay you?" And again, "How many friends have you in the R.C.R.?" And jealously—"Why not the 226th?" How innocently these things happen! This poor fellow was wounded. He happened to be an R.C.R. Our artist sketched him, and there you are.

However, the whole situation set us thinking about the loyal devotion of our boys to their original units. Just think of it! Many of these units had been in existence a year perhaps, or less, and then broken up into drafts, yet the enthusiasm engendered during months of training in Canada, and carried across the seas along with the eager anticipation of fighting in the trenches side by side, has endured through bitterest disappointment. We recall two instances.

One morning a draft of four hundred men of the Nth battalion were drawn up on the parade ground of a training brigade in England. It meant, no doubt, the demolition of the battalion, at best absorption. Form fours—right—quick march—and a subaltern, left behind, rushed headlong to his room in a nearby hut, and throwing himself prone upon his couch, burst into convulsive sobbing. It was the breaking of a camaraderie cemented during the hundred miles trek from Niagara, and the subsequent months of training. One day the band of the Mth battalion was playing off a large draft. The swinging march tune went fairly well, but "Auld Lang Syne" broke down completely, because of the deep emotion of bandsmen who had taken a real pride in their corps. In the hospital, as the weeks go by, are to be found men from every corps, of every branch of the service, and we love them for their regimental pride, and suffer heroically their healthy barrage. We'll see what can be done.

O. C. J. W.



## The Great Red Cross Sale

SOME THINGS WE'D MORE CHEERFULLY GIVE THAN RECEIVE.

(By Q. Pica-Sma')

It was just as the train was gliding into the Harbour Station that I read in the newspaper that the great Red Cross Superfluity Sale was to begin in London on the morrow; also that the offerings had been so enormous that special trains were being run from many centres to convey the gifts to the Metropolis. As I stepped out onto the platform I noticed an unwonted noise and bustle, and on the up line a long train placarded "Superfluities."

Although it was past ten p.m. the main streets were thronged with a happy chattering crowd; nearly everyone was carrying some donation stationwards. Some had dogs, some babies, while not a few women dragged unwilling husbands towards the train.

"Here they come," the crowd suddenly cried.

"Who?" I asked a nearby R.P.

"The boys bringing the soldiers' gifts to the sale," he answered.

As he spoke, the procession, lit by many flash torches began passing before me. First came seven S.M.'s, surrounded by a hilarious band of privates; followed one very heavily-guarded sour looking individual. He was in khaki but I could not distinguish his rank.

"Who's that?" I asked.

"The man who turns down our passes."

"And that R.P.? What's he done?"

"He's the man who sells the cigarettes the padre gives him."

"What's that bunch of officers?" I whispered, as a dejected yet fiercely defiant handcuffed party passed. "Those are the members of the Medical Board that mark the boys fit for France again."

I could hardly hear this reply as at that moment the whole crowd began shouting and yelling with sheer joy. Staring into the murky night I saw seventy privates, staggering along under the weight of a huge box as big as a large room.

"Gee!" I exclaimed, "they're a happy gang for a working party."

The R.P. beside me was cheering so loudly himself that I had to ask him twice before he told me what the box was. "Man alive," he exclaimed at last, "don't you know? That's the clink from the Granville! Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!" As that seemed to be the end of the procession I went on to Chatham House. Although I was just back from leave I was happy. Life without these superfluities would indeed be jake with the levers up.

As I pushed my way into the marquee in which I slept, I met the Orderly Corporal.

"Good lord!" he ejaculated, "you've no right here. You're marked Superfluity."

## The Super Sniper

*By A. V. D., 6th Leics. Regt., in The Fourth*

Hermann Schwein was a sniper fine of the famous Prussian Guard.

He soaked his toes in oil of cloves, and rubbed his nose with lard.

Despite the cold, this sniper bold lay out both day and night,  
With a Mauser of the latest make and a telescopic sight.

"Snipe, snipe, snipe," said Hermann, enthusiastic Hun,

"In my crump hole snug I'm as safe as a bug in a blanket  
G.S. one."

Now Major Green was an officer keen, of the Royal Artilleree,  
He'd four big guns to strafe the Huns, and very hot stuff was he.  
He made their parapets hop like fleas, he gave their emplacements  
h—ll,

When their snipers fired it made him tired, so he sniped—with  
lyddite shell.

"Strafe, strafe, strafe," said the Major, "whether it rains or  
blows,

"I don't mind chaff, and by G—d I'll strafe if there's nothing  
to shoot but crows."

With a thirst for blood he stood in the mud of the sand-bagged  
firing line,

To observe the burst, as he worked his worst on the men from  
across the Rhine,

His head he'd pop o'er a sandbag top in a very unhealthy spot.

Our Hermann's eyes saw the Major rise, and he ripped the bag  
with a shot.

"Impudent son of a gun," said the Major, grabbing the tele-  
phone wire.

Then "Action front," he said with a grunt, and likewise—  
"Battery, fire."

There's a dreary space where the trenches face, that is known as  
"No Man's Land,"

And a yawning pit in the midst of it that would hold a German  
band,

And all around grim things are found more human than divine,

And chalk and stones and Frenchmen's bones, but nought of Her-  
mann Schwein!

Weep, weep, weep for Hermann. What could a poor Bosche  
do

'Gainst Major Green, that officer keen, who sniped with a 9.2?



## Yaps From Yarrow

We hear a lot of Whelan, these days, from Ward 1, over an iron boot.

How would the loose-ankled clog dancers in ward 9 like to stump up for the broken gas-mantles in the ward beneath?

Wanted to know the name of the swift Day Orderly who turns in at 10 a.m. on some patient's bed and sleeps until the dinner bell wakes him up.

Patient in Ward 4, wishing to say farewell to a chum who is going back to Canada in the morning: "Be sure to wake me up old man whether I'm asleep or not."

The best reading for young ladies: Daily Mirror.  
 " " " " old maids: Daily Mail.  
 " " " " everybody: The Hospital News.

It is really extraordinary how some patients and members of the staff fill in their spare time. "Trombone" Smith has been busy during the last two months on a treatise dealing in a most scientific manner with the difference between tapioca and rice.

They heard some most melodious sound  
 Afloating on the breeze;  
 Said they, "Whence come those weird strains,  
 What eerie notes are these?"  
 Then Cattermole that S.M. bold  
 Stepped in and this is what he told:—  
 "It's only Captain With(e)row  
 A-playing on his piccolo."

It is rumoured that, reversing their previous practice, the authorities have decided in future to send all fit men back to Canada, the unfit returning to France. Since the news became current at Yarrow, many formerly confirmed cripples have cast their crutches aside and begun taking long hikes and jumping hurdles.

A rather unhappy mistake took place in the X-Ray Department at the Granville on Wednesday. A certain 44th Battalion Corporal from Yarrow was sent to have his left foot X-rayed. By some error his head was put under the searchlight instead and the following report duly sent up to the M.O.: "Find loose bones in the region of his cranium, also a substance in the form of sawdust thickly scattered throughout his brain."



## The Privates' Parliament

(A Page that is Often Censured but Never Censored).

### THE TOUCH IRONIC

Dear *News*.—

Chatham House

During a recent winter lull on the Somme front, a sorry-looking, fed-up Fritz managed to be taken prisoner. He was led back, rejoicing, to the advanced cage. It was rather an off-day in prisoners, and the latest captive found himself the sole occupant of the compound. But he was on the safe side of No Man's Land, and happy was his chatter and expansive his smile as he congratulated himself on being through with "this bloody war." The words were hardly out of his mouth before there came a sound as of a rushing wind; the "bang" duly followed the "whizz;" and there lay one more dead Hun, chargeable to his own guns. To complete the irony, not one of his khaki guards was touched by this discriminating shell. Poor Fritz! he is indeed "through with this bloody war."—Yours,

J. A. F.

### WU-WU-WU FROM YARROW

Dear *News*.—

Yarrow Annex

While we were at the front our bombing sergeant was suddenly accused of cowardice, but was acquitted without a slur when he had told his story; here it is:—

"I am the bombing instructor, sir, and have always taught my men to count one, two, three, before throwing their bombs. During this particular engagement I pressed a young fellow into service, handed him a bomb and told him to count three after pulling the pin. He drew it and started to count, 'wu-wu-wu-wu-wu-wu—' and I ran, sir.,—Yours,

V. E.

### WHEN THE DEAD SPEAK

Dear *News*.—

Granville

As I, together with some other boys, was coming along Candy Trench, on the evening of September 26th, with a nice blighty in my right arm, we happened on one place where one of Fritz's shells had played the deuce with twenty or thirty men of some battalion or other. For ten or twelve yards it was impossible to move without stepping on legs or arms. Owing to the darkness when I first came upon them, I began apologising, but getting no reply discovered my mistake.

We went on for fifty yards or so without seeing a man, then suddenly stumbled on another bunch. I was leading, and as soon as I kicked against a human body I called back—"Here's some more stiff's, boys." Judge my horror when one of the said stiff's jumped up, and in unprintable language asked me to explain. Instead, I fled.

Of course, these belonged to some working party, who, were only resting on their way up to the front.—Yours,

Pte. B. L.



## Granville Breezes.

Shall U. S. ? Let U. S ! Do you get us Steve ?

Who is the Lance-Corporal who got hoarse apologising to some two hundred young ladies at the rink last Saturday ? Had he ever had a skate on before ?

Did the Granville Corporal manage to hide the handcuffs he took with him to fetch back the patient who had overstayed his pass, when he found his man was an amputation case ?

"Daddy darling, tell me true, what in the Great War did you do?"

Her daddy answered rather riled: "One hundred and sixty-eight hours my child."

"In a case of this kind," asked the M.O., who was examining a would-be Red Cross nurse, "how much morphine would you administer?" "Eight grains," promptly replied the girl. Soon afterwards she approached the M.O. and remarked: "I wish to correct the answer I recently gave concerning the morphine; it should have been one-eighth of a grain." "Too late," asseverated the M.O., "the man's dead."

## Doings at the Range

The Colonel Watt Cup was won for January by the Personnel; the first prize given by Mr. Gardiner was awarded to Sergt. Middleditch, making a possible, (80); second prize to Sergt. Ward, (79); third prize to Corp. Gibbs. (79); both latter prizes being kindly given by the C.O., Colonel Clarke.

We would like to see a team from the Third Floor and Yarrow Home.

FIGURE TARGET COMPETITION:—1st prize, given by Lt. Bruce, won by Sgt. Ward, possible (40), 2nd prize, given by Capt. Thomas, won by Sgt. Middleditch, possible (40); 3rd prize, given by Capt. Thomas, won by Cpl. Millar. (38).

The match against the Royal Naval Base finished in a win for the Navy by 48 points.

Lieut. Ingraham in shooting for his Skilled Shot Certificate made a record for Ramsgate district, scoring 296 points out of a possible 300.

A match was won by the Canadians, (682), at Broadstairs, against the Broadstairs County of Kent Volunteers, (593).

The Silver Skilled Shot Competition has been won by Pte. Smith, making 232 points out of a possible of 240.



## What The Granville Did For Him



How He Came

PRIVATE F. LANG, 58th Batt. M.G.S., pictures of whom appear on this page, is only nineteen years old. He was three months in France before being struck by a rifle grenade that so injured both legs that they had to be amputated, leaving but 6 inches of limb. He was also injured in the right wrist and suffered from gas poisoning. He is going back to his home in Hamilton, Ontario, in a few days. Although he only got his artificial legs in November he can already sit

down and rise up and get about without other help. If he continues at his present rate of progress towards proficiency, it will not be long before it will be practically impossible to detect his disability. He leaves with every good wish from the whole hospital, to which he had peculiarly endeared himself, and we hope he will have a happy crossing. *Bon voyage* Shorty Lang. Photos by Pte. Sauvage.

How He Left





## Chats From Chatham

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A 43rd Battalion Corporal lately from Epsom wants to know the exact meaning of the letters "M.O." So far as we can gather they denote a specialist in every disease except housemaid's knee and twins.

---

On Monday afternoon the whole Q.M.'s Store was most thoroughly spring cleaned by the staff. It was near pay day and Private Robinson thought he had mislaid a butt of a Wild Woodbine.

---

When Corporal Patton first appeared in the Print Shop, the whole of his worldly belongings were contained in a small brown paper parcel. He and a huge steamer trunk left us on Wednesday.

---

Lost from the print shop on Thursday: fifteen manuscript parodies of "Christmas Day in the Workhouse," nine large volumes on foreign languages, including three on Scotch, three good ideas and sixteen pounds of quads. Finder can keep rest if he returns the quads (lead is valuable) to J. A. Ford, Print Shop.

---

Private Sauvage is a happy boy,  
 His days and nights are full of joy ;  
 Ask him straight the reason why  
 And he'll tell you this as he winks his eye :  
 " Put an " S " in my name instead of a " V "  
 And the reason why is easy to see."

---

My friend (writes C.L.) says that the sentence "Pte. Mickleborough borrowed a shilling *from* Private Brooks" is correct, but I say that it should be "Private Mickleborough borrowed a shilling *of* Private Brooks." Which is correct? Neither C.L. It should read: "Mick. swiped a shilling from Brooks." We know Mick.

---

Who was the Staff Sergeant who last Wednesday had to pay excess postage on a much delayed Christmas parcel from Ontario? Can't you forgive his vitriolic language when he discovered its chief contents to be a crumbled cake and a 5lb tin of corned beef for sandwiches?

---

Certainly we sympathise with you Sergeant. It is more than annoying when the hairs on your head begin falling out; and more than usually aggravating when a lady notices and comments on the same. But the only way we know to prevent them falling out is to brush them lightly apart and so keep them from quarreling.



## The Armed Trawler

By Claude H. Dodwell

No pampered Sea-Slut, I;  
Bluff are my ways.  
Where grim mines lurking lie  
Do I spread forth my snares to catch my prey,  
Making for your food-freighters safe fair-way.  
No soft Sea-Maiden, I,  
What of the days  
Spent battling comber and sky  
To draw a quivering harvest from the deep—  
Food for your landsmen, comfortably asleep!  
No laurel'd Goddess, I,  
Sing loud your praise  
To statelier ships, that fly  
Pennant and flag to your admiring view.  
*I know (that's all that matters) what I do.*

### But: What Happened to "J.B."?

Private J. B. was doing his first guard outside a regimental depot. He had only joined up a week or so previously, and the task was not inspiring. To make matters worse, all that afternoon the sergeant had come out from the guard room at frequent intervals to inquire if the Colonel had come in yet; to which J. B. replied in a mechanical negative, since he didn't know the Colonel from Adam. Towards evening an insignificant little man approached and stopping, looked at the sentry sternly.

"Why don't you salute me?" he said wrathfully. "Don't you know who I am? I'm the Colonel."

A smile spread over the features of the sentry.

"Oh, you're 'im, are you," he replied, "I've been looking for you all the afternoon. You won't 'arf catch it; the Sergeant's been asking all over the shop for you."

---

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## Two of a Kind

ABSENCE MAKES THE HEART GROW FONDER---P'RHAPS

*By Dorothy L. Warne*

---

IN BILLETS, 7:30 p.m., FEBRUARY 14, 1917

The little sub. was lonely, and "fed-up," and rather inclined to be desperate.

He wandered down to the village in which they were billeted, and asked at the little estaminet for a cup of coffee. The coffee there was always good, and Marietta who served it with her own fair hands was always delightfully sociable. Marietta's eyes were large and starry, Marietta's hair had the sheen of polished ebony, and Marietta's lips were scarlet and very kissable, and England and Molly were so far away. After all, Molly would never know, couldn't possibly find out, so, well—as I remarked before the coffee was excellent, and kisses are very comforting.

So Marietta listened to his bad French and believed in him.

---

IN LONDON, 7:30 p.m., FEBRUARY 14, 1917

Molly was in her most sparkling mood, and dressed in some clinging white thing that Reggie couldn't have described in detail at all, but if asked would have voted "just topping." She gazed at her escort under the pink-shaded glimmer and smiled.

"It's awfully good of you, Reggie, to bring me here and to book seats for the revue tonight. I've been longing to go, and—" her fingers toying with a slender chain suspended from her throat came in contact with something circular and solid attached. She gave a start. It was a locket, and her thoughts flew to the original of the pictured face inside. For just one moment a wistful look crept into her gay expression, then with a shrug she dismissed it and continued the conversation. After all, France was miles away from London, and she could easily make up to Bob for this when he got his next leave.

So Reggie basked in her smiles and thought what a perfect little peach she was.

---

A well known Scot now in ward 36 at the Granville is betting 80 to 1 that the war will be over by February 29th. Read this again before you make your bet; remember, he is an Aberdonian.

---

We know that many wonderful and almost miraculous cures are worked by hypnotism; but we absolutely decline to credit the story now current, that there is a certain M.O. at one of the Canadian Special Hospitals who trusts in hypnotism to such an extent that he wears neither braces nor belt; just keeps up his trousers by sheer will power.



## Hands Across The Sea

Far away in Vancouver, B.C., there is an organised class of boys in Wesley Church called the "Tillicums." These little fellows are hero-worshippers; their thoughts are ever with the soldier boys who have, during many months, marched through their city's streets and then said good-bye as they entrained for their long, long journey to the Empire's battle line. One can imagine their absorbing interest in news about the heroes; one can sympathise with their desire to do something tangible to show their interest. They decided to send \$5.00 to Nursing Sister King Brown to provide some entertainment for the wounded soldiers wherever she may be on duty. It chanced that Sister Brown was at the Yarrow when the postal order arrived and she and Sister Tanner planned, and served to the boys of wards 4, 5 and 6, so elaborate an afternoon tea as would have made the Food Controller envious in the extreme. Forty wounded soldiers enjoyed a delightful hour thanks to those youthful hands across the sea.

Patient:—"I feel quite fit now sir and I want to go to C.C.A.C. at Hastings."

M.O. (excitedly):—"Take this man's temperature, there must be something radically wrong with him."

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## Entertainments and Sports

### THE NUTS v. KENT CYCLISTS

Last Saturday saw one of the finest and at the same time one of the fastest football matches that has been played on the Chatham House ground, when the Nuts had as their opponents the Kent Cyclists in the first round of the V.A.D. Cup. The Cyclists won the spin and chose to defend the Townley goal. Staff Towler set the sphere in motion and the Nuts were soon down on the Cyclists' goal, but the strong defence of the Kent backs then transferred play to the other end, and a sharp drive at the Nuts goal found Kingston on the spot with both hands and feet. Staff Towler and Corp. Gibbs got together and after taking the ball between them down the field the former passed out to Berritt who sent in a peach of a shot that completely baffled the Kent custodian. Soon after resuming, "Red" Forbes, who, up till then had not had much of the play got his chance, and, as is his usual way, he did not miss it, so the teams crossed over the Canadians leading 2—0.

The second-half was a repetition of the first in regard to fast play, both goals being visited frequently, Creighton and Willis being conspicuous by their strong defence and surfootedness, but on one occas on they were beaten and Cyclist Field found the net. The large crowd of spectators which included quite a number of bluejackets, and not a few ladies, were quite enthusiastic over the game, which ended: Nuts, 2; Cyclists' 1.

On Wednesday, 2 st, the game in this series is between R. N. Base, Ramsgate, and R. N. Armed Escorts; and on Saturday, 24th, R F A v. 3/4 Queen's; both matches on Chatham House ground, kick-off 2:30 p m.

The programme of shows during the past week at the Granville was particularly good. On Monday Mrs Duckett's Concert Party was greatly appreciated, while the pictures on Tuesday, the "Rouge et Noir" Concert Party from Ashford on Wednesday, and the Dickens' recitation with cinema films on Thursday, by Mr. Woodall, rounded off a week of *tres bon* enjoyment.

Fine recreation rooms and canteen have now been opened by the Congregational Church on George Street. All members of H.M. Forces will be made heartily welcome.

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, Le.-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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