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GRANVILLE CHATHAM HOUSE TOWNLEY News

THE YARROW PRINCESS PATS THE GRAND

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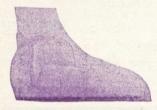
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Editorial Efforts

THE U BOAT MENACE

GERMAN Statesmen and the German Press have been at great pains to impress on the people of that country that the figures recently given by Mr. Lloyd George in the House of Commons, regarding our losses by submarines, were absolutely inaccurate. Mr. Lloyd George gave a clear account of both our losses and the efforts, we might say, successful efforts, that are being put forth to repair them. The fact that the German War Lords are so anxious to belittle those figures in order to bolster up the courage of the people is in itself a proof that the cherished hope of bringing England to her knees in this manner is forever dashed. Mr. Lloyd George spoke thus:

The figures I gave are absolutely correct, and that fact puts an end to all the hopes of the enemy to win.

I am confident with regard to the future that the enemy will not be able to beat down the strength of this Empire, or to beat down the hopes of the Allies, which depend on the strength of this Empire, by means of the efforts they are making with their submarines.

The Premier further stated that recent experiences in combating the U Boat had been an unqualified success, and when the record is known it will be a remarkable one.

If the Hun airmen instead of trying to spy out hospitals and schools upon which to drop bombs, would take a view of this country from his seat of observation, he would see vast fields from which a bumper crop of wheat, and other cereals, have been gathered. He would also see an abundant root crop, which will, with favourable weather conditions, soon be safely gathered in for winter use. Let the German take a panoramic view of the country which he flies over and he will come to the conclusion that the starving-out policy is a very vague one indeed.

The Hun can neither starve us on the sea or under the sea, neither can he frighten us in the air. We will keep on fighting until German military rule is forever crushed.

THE EDITOR.

CONSOLATION

By Miss Dorothy L. Warne

It was night. The fitful gleams of an April moon shone in ragged streaks of silvery light through the uncurtained window. They rested, as if in mute sympathy, on the bowed head of a Mother, who gazed on a tiny, still form, lying with folded hands, on a couch of lilies and roses. Golden curls fell on a halo round the delicate features, from which all traces of human suffering had vanished. That morning the Children's Angel had hovered very close to the earth, and as the East was brightening with the splendour of a new day, had gathered the weary little flower close in his arms, and softly flown to place it with the blossoms in God's Garden.

A shaft of golden light fell across the eyes of the Mother, and gently she fell asleep.

Sleeping, she dreamed. She was leading her boy, now grown older, by the hand. But as they go a curious change passes over him; she sees him in the midst of a boisterous company. The boyish vigour, the elastic step are gone; the brand of the gambler is on his brow; those hands are restless and uneasy. Behind him gleam the roseate hues of a wonderful boyhood; in front looms the darkness of destruction and ruin. But he does not look back. A gentle, pleading face, the face of his boyhood's councellor and guide rises before him, but, pushing it ruthlessly aside he struggles blindly on.

Once more the scene changes. From out of the mists there arises a building, gloomy and forbidding. The mother hastens towards it. As the heavy gates swing apart with a hollow clang she stops, and gazes at the scene before her. Surely that is a face that once was framed with golden curls; surely those eyes once gazed up into hers; and those hands folded themselves in baby prayer at her knees? Now that head is golden no longer, but, whitened by a wasted life, is bowed with the burden of shame, and those hands are folded together by the merciless grip of the handcuffs. Without a sign of recognition he passes, and with a bitter cry the mother sinks down, outside the prison gate.

* * *
he dawn of another day broke in bars of saffr

The dawn of another day broke in bars of saffron and grey, and its rosy fingers raised the eye-lids of the sleeping mother.

She opened them slowly, and their gaze fell on the lilies and roses and the peaceful form of her baby. Then, remembering the vision, she turned towards the brightening sky, and a smile of peace illumined the grief-worn features.

CHATS FROM CHATHAM

An old Scotch song revived—"Oh Where, Tell Me Where?"

No, Darkie, you got the wrong brand. Stairs are hard to navigate unless you get the right stuff.

What caused Corp. Simmons to make such a vigorous attack on his hair on Sunday afternoon when the siren sounded the air-raid alarm? Did you wake out of a dream, Corp.?

What made Pte. Geo. Bosnell so bashful that he could not deliver the chocolates himself, but intrusted them to a messenger. We hear the lady has not yet received them. Faint heart never won fair lady, Gordie.

Why did Corp. Robertson, A.S.C., on returning from Margate, at 10.30 on Sunday night, take his lady friend to Minster instead of Ramsgate. What did the taxi, etc., cost you, Corp., aud where did you get the money?

Sometimes the rank and file may be a little jealous of N.C.O's., but a blond Corp. in the Q.M. Stores is more to be pitied than envied, he having the reputation at a certain restaurant of being soft and mushy. Oh! you little tootsie wootsie?

Summer time ends officially at 3 a.m., next Monday, when the clock will be put back to 2 a.m. This will have its advantages and disadvantages. We can sleep an hour longer in the morning, but will have to wait an hour longer for the bars to open in the evening.

CONGRATULATIONS

The marriage of Miss K. White of Ramsgate, to Pte. Gardsby, was solemnised at Trinity Church, on Saturday.

A very pretty war wedding took place at St. Paul's Church, on Saturday morning, when Miss Strowger of Ramsgate, was married to Pte. Kendrick of Chatham House.

On August 29, a military wedding was solemnised when Miss H. Caisley, of Gateshead, and Pte. J. Huntley, Chatham House, were united in the holy bonds, at St. James Church, Gateshead-on-Tyne.

Our heartiest Greetings are extended to these newly married couples.

BULLETS FROM BROADSTAIRS

New title for the C.A.M.C. depot—"Westenhanger College."

The Laundry Man's gone. Hooray! Another night for us Pat, eh?

Who is the N.C.O. who said the other night—Have a hundred, old chap, and what did he mean?

Did Billy Holliday get "wet" the other night? Never mind, Billy, you were not the only one!

Does Pat and Dickie think they can play tennis? Ask Thomson if he suggested marbles as a return game.

Good-bye old Grand, we won't forget
The happy days we spent with thee.
But in a tone of sweet regret
We'll toast you in sincerity.—Con.

Our "Secret," the "Clutching Hand," will be out for "Blood" on Saturday, it being pay day. Perhaps?

Who put the gramaphone under the S.-M.'s bed; and why didn't the person choose a more appropriate record?

Has Pte. Gould got permission to marry yet, and has Annie got any more photos to distribute amongst the boys?

Did Clarence and Percy enjoy their little trip to Canterbury on Sunday, and was the Cathedral the only attraction? Good Boys.

Did that dinner really disagree with Sergt. Goodyer the other night? By the way, those packing cases are a nuisance, "Sarge," aren't they?

Who was the N.C.O. who had such a narrow escape on Sunday last on the front? Why does he find it necessary to hide in dark alleys? Is it because he expects no "Quarter"?

Now that two visitors have disappeared from our midst the Night Corporals on duty won't enjoy the "Air Raids" any more, will they? But little remarks such as "seeing people walk around with their hands in their pockets," aren't quite the thing, are they, Corp.

Chaplain's Wounded Soldiers' Fund, etc.

By Major E. Bertram Hooper, (Chaplain)

Since my last statement two weeks ago I have received the following gifts for my Fund.

Box in King Edward Hotel, Toronto,	£2	5	8	
per Mrs. Edmund Phillips				
Major Robson, of the G.C.S.H.,		10		
Lieut. Lawrence MacLaren (Officer Patient)	1	0	0	

I have drawn up a full statement of receipts and expenditures from May Ist to August 31st, which has been submitted to the Paymaster and audited by him. A copy of this has been sent to the D.C.S. office, London. The reason for this step is to give such assurance as possible to all who have contributed, that the Fund has been carefully administered, and to afford means of ascertaining just how the money has been expended.

At the moment of writing I am in ignorance of our destination; but wherever we go, I expect to resume and carry on the beneficial work by means of my "Wounded Soldiers' Fund." My object is to keep well ahead of the game, by getting together an amount which will guarantee the good work being continued for so long as the war lasts and the need exists.

The "Immortal Kitchener," by Miss Warne and Sergt. Crowe, is doing well. Let all well-wishers do what they can to promote the sales of this song, remembering the material good that will accrue to this Fund.

I am sure that almost every one connected with our Hospital will agree with me that we miss the lads in blue. The happy man is the busy man, and I myself feel more tired in these days of comparative ease, than when every minute of each day was filled. However I hope before long to be "on the job" once more. Meanwhile, whenever one feels a bit down-hearted, it is well to think of Jonah, he *came out* alright, and, as someone has said, "He had a Whale of a time."

I have been well pleased with the services the last two Sundays. The voluntary attendances has been excellent, and the services themselves very hearty. I want everyone to regard me still as the Padre, and make use of me in any way. I am in the happy position of being able to sympathize with those who receive warnings of air-raids with consequent stand-to's. I and my little household receive no warnings, and consequently have been able to sleep the sleep of the weary without disturbance.

But there's a good time coming for you.

GRUNTS FROM GRANVILLE

WHERE?

The song of the Siren "Get out and get under."

Success to "Pay" on his impending matrimonial bliss.

Promotions are the order now-a-days, our late A.P.M., J. De Groat is now, "General" Fatigues.

Yes! we must be moving alright the sweat of honest endeavour was sure on Corp. Richardson's brow last week.

Who said Sergt. Buckingham was an ex-middleweight Champion from Bethnell Green. If so, does Red know it?

Is it a fact that there is only one transport driver, still unmarried? Is it not his duty to his Country to "come through."

Was the escort Sergt. seen walking to the cobblers the other day with a ladys' shoe? Is this a case of Platonic friendship?

Overheard on the Front, Sunday afternoon. The Granville Staff must be moving to-night. No, its just Lc.-Corp. Graham going away.

What is the amount of alcoholic beverage necessary to banish shell shock during air raids. Could the Orderly Room furnish the information?

During the recent packing operations, who helped Jonesey out of the pickle bottle. Did they put a Primrose down the neck so that he could climb out?

What is Provost Sergt. Travers doing these days? Lots of time for his Ramsgate attractions. Has he got his "clink" packed yet, or will he need a fatigue gang?

Found at Dumpton Gap—Soldiers belt marked with initials W.L.H., also ladies handkerchief with initial "F" embroidered in corner. Apply *Hospital News*.

FOOTBALL

By Pte. Jas. Alex. Ford

Last Saturday afternoon a team from H.M.S. "Marshall Ney" visited the Chatham House and played The Nuts. The weather was ideal, perhaps a little too warm for the players. Winning the toss the Sailors defended the Townley Castle goal, and Sammy Horne set the ball in motion, when it soon became apparent that The Nuts had a soft thing on. At the same time there is some good football among the Bluejackets, and with a little practice and weeding out they should make a bunch not to be sneezed at.

Fifteen minutes of give-and-take play produced nothing, then Strutton got the ball, passed it to Blondy Berrett, he in turn gave it to Sammy who opened the scoring. A few minutes later one of the Sailors mistook the goal and registered No. 2 for the Soldiers. Next Dicky Longworth, after some tricky play, passed neatly to Sammy who netted No. 3. Within a couple of minutes Berrett scored a beautiful goal from the touch-line, an oblique shot that would have baffled any goalkeeper. Half-time found The Nuts

leading by 4 gaols to nil.

On the change of ends the Soldiers ran away with the leather, and three minutes from the re-start Brade notched the fifth point. Of course. Dicky must be in on the scoring stunt, so he put on the sixth goal. After a series of passes in which Bert Bowskill, Brade and Tootell showed up conspicuously, Sammy Horne netted No. 7. at which figure the score stood when time was called. "Red" Forbes had better refresh his memory as to what is expected of him while he holds the rank of Acting Referee. By far the best trio on the field was Tootell, Brade and Bowskill, Bert feeding his forwards in the most unselfish manner. Towler, as usual, was a hard worker, despite his gammy knee. Strutton played a good game, but one would like to see him attend to his front-line men a little more. "Then there's the others," Willis, the sure foot, and Budge, the big boot, were always safe, while Kingston was sure between the sticks. For the visitors Gibb, Hanson, Lillywhite, Brewer and Leversedge played well, and when they get a ship's crew" together should give a good account of themselves. | Kingston |

		Limigaton			
	Budge	e W	Villis		
	Strutton	Towler	Bowsk	ill	
Berrett	Longworth	Horne	Brade	Tootell	
		0			
White	Wilkinson	Brewer	Hoskins	Lillywhite	
	Pierce	Cotton	Leversedge		
	Gibb		Hanson	0	
		Wright			

Navy,

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW

Why the "Patter from Pats" has been censored.

If the sports recently held at Margate were a success?

If the Granville Canadian Special Hospitals are really all packed up and nowhere to go?

If the Chatham House dug-out fiends have found a harbour of refuge?

And if it is in the sewer?

What the gym instructors are doing for a living these days?

And if they can sleep at night as well as by day?

Have you heard of the Simonson Gadget?

If you have seen the latest air-raid souvenir.

And if it was picked out of the incinerator?

What has happened to the once famous 101 Ranch?

If Sergt. McFarlane is now studying "How to be Happy though Married"?

Is it really true that the Yappers know where they are going?

Will some of the Ramsgate maidens miss some of the boys?

And will there be a revival of the old song "I Wonder If You Miss Me Sometimes"?

How many packing cases were on the truck for a load?

If Sergt. Godwin has a system of packing all his own?

And is his idea patented?

What the Garden Valuation Committee thought of our crop?

How many souvenirs did the fatigue gang find in the Chatham House butcher's shop?

If the chicken houses have come back yet?

Where, oh where are WE going?

Is it Buxton, Blackpool, Bournemouth, Basingstoke, Edinburgh, or Westenhanger.

Has there been a record sale of the N.C.O.'s photos recently taken in front of the Granville.

If some of the Chatham House personnel still roam around the site of the marquees at 10.30 p.m.

Are they looking for Home?

If it is true that the Paymaster is going to give each of us £10 when we leave?

The date of our next Farewell Dance?

AN APPRECIATION

It is with deep regret that we announce the departure of Lc.-Corp. Graham from the personnel of the Granville Canadian Special Hospital. Lc.-Corp. Graham has decided to try his fortune combating the Huns in the air and to this end proposes to qualify as an officer in the R.N.A.S.

In the departure of Lc.-Corp. Graham the *Hospital News* loses a valuable member of its staff. He was not only Treasurer, but looked after Advertisers, Sales, Collections, News Items, etc. In addition to this he occasionally found time to write some excellent articles on his own account.

That he will make good in his new vocation there is not the slightest doubt. Full of energy, a fine physique and a fearless disposition are qualifications that will rank him with the bravest and best.

His many friends will heartily join in wishing him every success in his dangerous but glorious calling.

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DOINGS AT THE RANGE

By Pte. H. W. H. Smith

Last week we inadvertently omitted the name of the second addition the our National Roll of Marksmen, viz., Sergt. Travers, his score being 379 out of possible 400; his score for the N.R.A.S.S. Certificate and Medal was 288—possible 300.

The return match with Horsham we won by 30 points, the totals being—Canadians, 587; Horsham, 557. Our first match with the Wymondham also helped to swell our winning average, and the Norfolk sports are eager to meet us again. The totals were—

Canadians, 793; Wymondham, 746.

The total number of matches shot since April 1916, has now reached 100. Out of this the G.C.R.C. has won 76, drawn 5, and lost 19. Of these 60 were fired shoulder to shoulder, the other 40 being post matches. In our various competitions 98 prizes, kindly given by our C.O., Lieut.-Col. J, T. Clarke, numerous officers, by tradesmen in town, and the *Canadian Hospital News*, have been fired for. At present there are six of our members on the National Roll of Marksmen, holding certificates and medals. In addition to this 3 N.R.A.S.S. silver medals, 47 N.R.A.S.S. bronze medals with certificates, and 27 Rifleman's certificates have been won. Twenty-six various other medals and certificates have also been won by members of the club.

Just on going to press we received the result of the match with Mounts Bay Rifle Club, Cornwall. The conditions were two different targets, and proved one of the closest matches we have fired this year. Grand totals:—Canadians, 780 and 755—1535;

Mounts Bay, 791 and 741-1532.

The contest for the Skilled Shot Silver Medal presented by the N.R.A., Bisley, proved very close. Scores:—Winner, Staff-Sergt. Slinn, 79—possible 80; Pte. Fry, 76; Sergt. Travers, 75; Sergt. Henderson, 74; Sergt. Wade, 73; Corp. Tribble, 73; R.-S.-M. Hodder, 73.

We have matches booked up till the month of December.

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