

CANADIAN HOSPITAL NEWS

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE
GRANVILLE CANADIAN SPECIAL HOSPITAL.
RAMSGATE, KENT.



PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THE PATIENTS

Editor: Major Wilson

News Editor: Pte. Dodwell
16TH BATT.

Price One Cent

Lowest Prices for Service
Requirements at

LEWIS'S STORE



WE HOLD COMPLETE STOCKS
OF PERSONAL AND FIELD SER-
VICE EQUIPMENT, AND CAN
QUOTE COMPETITIVE PRICES
FOR QUANTITIES OR SINGLE
ARTICLES.

- Khaki Cotton Shirts
- Handkerchiefs
- Fox's Puttees
- Pyjama Suits
- Khaki Socks
- Braces
- Swagger Canes
- Underwear
- Etc. Etc.

HIGH-CLASS MILITARY TAILORING

UNIFORMS

Complete in every detail for all ranks and
branches made on the premises at short
notice. Estimates and Patterns free.

LOCAL AGENTS FOR

BURBERRY'S (London)
WATERPROOF KIT & EQUIPAGE

Lewis, Hyland & Linom

RAMSGATE

Telephone
59 RAMSGATE

Telegrams
'HYLANDS'

"PRIDE OF CANADA"

PURE MAPLE SYRUP
IN GLASS JARS

9d. & 1/2

PURE MAPLE SWEETS

JUST THE DELICIOUS SUGAR
CRYSTALISED OUT OF
THE MAPLE SAP

in 6d, 3d. & 1d. packets

Vye & Son

Telephone 3

64 QUEEN STREET

AND
GRANVILLE STORES
EAST CLIFF

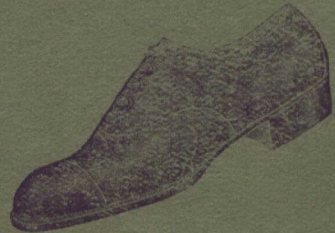
RAMSGATE

SEE THAT THE NAME

Freeman, Hardy & Willis
Ltd.

is over the Store where
you buy your FOOTWEAR
*it guarantees the quality and
ensures satisfaction*

The "Barrington"
Reg.



Local Addresses

10 HARBOUR ST. 10 QUEEN ST.
67A KING STREET, RAMSGATE.
479 Branches in England

CANADIAN HOSPITAL

NEWS

VOL. 2.

SEPTEMBER, 9 1916

No. 9

EDITORIAL

Centuries ago the world of progress lay asleeping. For years and years all Europe was ravaged by wars and conflicts; men were born to battle; women to suffering and desolation. Old men were few and hard to find, because where fighting left off, pestilence stepped in and exacted its sweeping toll. Then, like a Spring flower pushing its way through the hard black frost of Winter, came the Renaissance, the re-birth of mind that brought forth Art, Literature, and Science from the womb of ignorance and feudalism. Man found again his power, his brains, his culture, and they thrived amazing in the blood-soaked soil.

And now, after many years all Europe is again a battle-ground. Once more the foremost thought in man's mind is the annihilation of his fellow. Again is heard the shout of man in combat and the wail of woman in bereavement. Dark days, comrades, dark days!

But out of the welter of savagery will arise another Renaissance—you may be absolutely certain of that. From the blood and bones of countless dead will spring the flowers of Progress, Liberty, Art and Love—and they will be the better and finer for their cutting back and pruning. Let us look forward to The Day—when Peace shall be restored to our lands, and the Soul of Mankind shall blossom forth and flourish as never before.

C. H. D.

Crop reports from all over Canada speak of bumper yields. The harvest is well under way, and things look very bright for the Dominion. The Banks show a two million dollar increase in savings deposits over last year.

The DUG OUT.

Oh! The little, little dug-out that we built at Fleurbaix,
 And tried to make like home with touches deft.
 We dug and walled and roofed it in the course of half a day
 And learned to almost love it e'er we left.

Five by six of floor-space,—and none too dry at that.
 Corrugated iron overhead.
 Walls of slimy sand-bags, broken bricks to form a mat,
 A wisp or two of straw—by way of bed.

Telling old stories again and again.—
 Laughing at somebody's jest.—
 Whimpering softly in deadly pain.—
 Luxuriating in rest.—

Silently mourning a fallen chum.—
 Gulping through letters from home.—
 Shouting on extra issues of rum.—
 Watching the starlit dome.—

Painfully scrawling by candle-light.—
 A message of cheer to Her.—
 Sleeping, exhausted, after the fight —
 Dreaming of things that were.—

Puffing away at an ancient briar.—
 Winning in words the war.—
 Boiling up tea on a charcoal fire...
 Yearning for friends afar.—

Oh! The little little dug-out that we built at Fleurbaix
 And made a second home with touches deft.
 We tasted there the comradeship the war brings into play,
 And learned to almost love it e'er we left.

KRITICOS.

SCENE—Ward. I OCCASION—C. O's inspection.

C. O.—“Sergeant, this man says he has'nt had an egg for a week—
 why is this?”

Sergeant-in-charge—“Well, Sir, it's to cut down eggs-pense.”

Electricity

You want to see the Nerve Lesion room, Sir? Just slip this way. Here you are, Sir. What do we give them? Oh, Galvanism, Faradism, Methodism, Socialism, and anything else that is on the market. Do the men like it? Well, I should just say they do, Sir. They would sooner go without their meals than miss their treatment, and some of them try to get in twice.

Results? Just look here, Sir. Here's a case of facial paralysis. When this man first came in, his mouth was away behind his ear, in fact, Sir, he had to sit with his back to the dining table in order to get his mouth near his food. Well, Sir, after four treatments his face was nearly straight; and in two weeks he could whistle like a canary.

Look at this man, Sir. When he came here his arm was amputated just below the elbow. After a month's treatment he had grown three inches of wrist, and three months later his whole hand had returned.

Would you like to see a leg case, Sir? Here's one. This man was shot through the leg nerve, on the main sciatic-poplical ulnar branch of the brachial plexus, causing a state of partial paralysis, commonly known as "drop foot." We had only been treating him for a month and a half, when we had to hang weights on to his foot to keep it from coming up too far.

Yes, Sir, electrical treatment is just in its infancy. You should come back in six month's time and you will be astonished.

Good day, Sir. The Turkish Baths are the third door on the left.

Sergt. B.

Dickens Titles

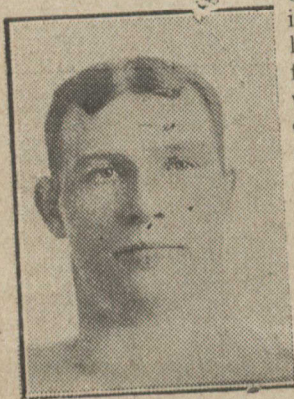
"Oliver Twist" had some "Hard Times" in the "Battle of Life" and had just been rescued from the "Wreck of the Golden Mary" by "Our Mutual Friend," Martin Chuzzlewit," who had been reading "A Tale of Two Cities," by "Nicholas Nickleby," whilst "The Chimes" of "Master Humphrey's Clock" played forth a melodious air. Just then "Barnaby Rudge" entered from the "The Old Curiosity Shop" with some "Pictures from Italy" and "Sketches by Boz," to amuse "Little Dorrit," who had been very busy sorting out "Pickwick Papers" whilst "The Cricket on the Hearth" chirped merrily. At this juncture, "David Copperfield" entered and announced to the company that the "Great Expectations" of "Dombey & Son" had not yet been realized; but that he had seen an "Uncommercial Traveller" carrying "Somebody's Luggage" to "Bleak House" in "No Thoroughfare," where a "Haunted Man" was brooding over the mystery of "Edwin Drood."

W. G. Mullarky, 58th Canadians.

A Famous Patient.

At the Granville suffering from a damaged arm is Pte. Jack Munroe; miner, prospector, all-round athlete, and one time contestant for the heavy-weight boxing championship of the world.

Jack started out in life as a footballer, being a member of the Butte (Montana) team which licked half the big teams west of Chicago. Going to San Francisco he went in for putting the shot, throwing the hammer, etc., winning many contests, and finally came in contact with Jack O'Brien who gave him his entry to the boxing ring, of which he soon became the American amateur champion. After winning several contests Jack went prospecting, staking some useful claims in Idaho, but the spell of the ring was on him, and he came back to meet Jim Jeffries, winning a purse offered to anybody who could last four rounds with the redoubtable champion. Jack succeeded in knocking him down in a record at that time.



Contests followed with Tom Sharkey, Al. Limerick, Peter Maher and others, all of which Jack Munroe won. Then came a fight with Jack Johnson, the negro, heavy-weight champion (6 rounds) then a return match with Jeffries, which Jack unfortunately lost.

He joined the Princess Pat's when war broke out, and was with them until a bursting shell sent him to Blighty.

The Gentleman on the Cover.

Yes! I too thought that. Of course, said I, a gallant Canadian recuperating from his wounds at Ramsgate; proof enough of the solidarity of Empire: and how lifelike, how true, gazing on the wide expanse of tossing waves, watching the dreadnoughts negotiating the harbour, the flying clouds, contented in the thought of duty nobly done. Then I had another look at the gentleman, and suddenly the incongruity of my deductions struck me: a Canadian at Ramsgate and I broke into prolonged and loud laughter. The gentleman is positively FAT!!! Which is absurd.

I must recast a German General staying at Donnington Hall, and this of course, would account for the individual's perfect condition, but here is another difficulty, for we have ample proof that this nation

of hymn singers prefer gazing on still water to tossing wavelets: Another hypothesis shattered. You can understand that by this time I was getting desperate, I wanted to know who the fellow was, he annoyed me; his calm indifference to his surroundings caused a strong desire within me to kick him and wake him up. What right has he to sit in stolid indifference on a Chippendale sette playing idly with a rattan cane, whilst I, with the sweat of my pen write articles for the benefit of Kriticos, and to the glorification of Dulcinea. This, I said must be settled by careful analysis: to start with, is the scene English? Where, if so, are the poms and things? Where the flaps, flappers, and tapperettes? Where the myriad gleaners of cigarette cards? Besides, the sun is shining!! Reductio ad absurdum, I murmured, and broke into tears. Since then I have lain awake o'nights thinking over the problem; I have discussed it with my friends of both sexes, I have searched the library and asked the Adjutant, the Police know nothing (don't take this the wrong way) and Dulcinea is busy with the summer sales; and yet I want to know more than ever. Will somebody write and tell me who and what the gentleman on the cover is, please?

H. S. S.

The Soldiers Commandments.

1.—Thou shalt not send any likeness of any airship in the heavens above, nor any trenches in the earth beneath, nor any submarine in the waters under the earth. For I, Censor, am a jealous censor, visiting the sins of the offender with 6 days C.B., but show mercy unto thousands of them that fear me, by letting green envelopes pass uncensored.

2.—Remember the Sabbath, and keep it holy. In it, thou shalt attend Church Parade, and do any manner of work, also thy comrade, thy sergeant, and thy C.O.

3.—Honor thy C.O. and keep thy rifle well oiled, that thy days may be long in the land that thine enemy giveth thee.

4.—Thou shalt not steal thy neighbours rations, or thy corporals gun rag. Anything else is lawful loot.

5.—Thou shalt not adulterate thy tea with any substitute for milk.

6.—Thou shalt not covet thy Corporal's job, nor his German helmet, nor his boots, nor his girl, nor anything that is his.

Zepps. and How to Catch 'em.

(According to a Recreation Room Specialist)

"Yes," said the Oracle, as he lit a cigarette and addressed the company at large; "Yes, we're all tickled to death to hear how they fetched down that dogoned Zepp.; but why in Christopher didn't they get 'em all—that's what I want to know! Same old trouble I suppose, no brains! Listen here, fellers, and I'll give you a line on a few schemes for catching 'em; tell the War Office? nothing doing!—they'd never understand nohow!

My first scheme is to get a bunch of eagles and train 'em to fly up and scratch the Dickens out of the skin of the Zepp.—or it would be quite easy to train 'em to carry a bomb or two up and drop 'em gently where they'd do most good.

Then again, why not arrange a scheme for manufacturing thunder-storms on the wireless principle that would bust up their motors and smash 'em up generally. Or have a gun that would throw a rope and lasso the sons-er-guns, then we could haul 'em down with a windlass and use 'em ourselves. Yet again, hev a set of magnets strong enough to pull 'em down without any trouble. Another idea of mine is to hev a big explosion, down in Australia somewhere, so that the-recoil would make the earth jump up and hit the darned old wind-tanks; that would fix 'em alright!

Simpler still, revive the old idea of sky-hooks and get a line on 'em that way. Another pet idea of mine is to have aerial mines—balloons floating in the air channels filled with poison gas—waiting for 'em.

But there, what's the use of talking and using one's brains! this narrow-minded, old-fashioned country won't adopt a fellow's schemes anyway! They're always behind the times!!

Kriticos.

ADVERTISING—As it used to be.

We stumbled across the following advertisement on a recent trip to Canterbury. It is typical of England a hundred years ago, and forms an interesting comparison with modern advertising methods:

CANTERBURY AND FOLKESTONE STAGE COACH.

"All that are desirous to pass from Canterbury to Folkestone, or from Folkestone to Canterbury, or any other place on that road: let them repair to the Rose Hotel in Canterbury and to the Swan Hotel in Folkestone, at both which places they may be received in a Stage-coach every day, which performs the whole journey there and back in a day (if God permits) and sets forth at eight in the morning. Allowing each person fourteen pounds weight, and all above three pence a pound."

The Chaplain's Corner

This week I want to express my satisfaction with the Choirs of the Granville and Chatham House, in their response to my request for assistance. On Sunday last the Services were particularly heartily, owing in large measure to those who led the singing. I have only this to say to the men who helped me last Sunday, "carry on"—keep up the good work. Let me see twenty-five men on the platform of the Granville next Sunday, and at least twelve in the choir seats of the Chatham House Chapel.

Remember the Communion Services next Sunday on the stage of the Granville Recreation Hall at 9.15 a.m. and immediately after the Service in the Chatham House Chapel. The Communion Service lasts only 20 minutes. We have nothing to do with Denominational Differences. Every man is invited to come, and I earnestly hope to have large numbers to meet with me on Sunday at that Service especially intended to help us to be stronger and better men.

Your affectionate Padre,

E. B. Hooper, C.F.

Granville Breezes

What's "The Last of the Granville Minstrels" looking so blue about?

G.B.S. writes:—We are but little soldiers week,
We only get five bob a week,
The more we work the more we may,
It makes no difference to our pay.

What is the staff of life? Bread
What is the life of the staff? . . . Bread also—along loaf?

Who is the Sergeant, that got out of breath running after the cripples at Chatham House.

Sergeant (to one of the delinquents up for Orderly Room recently)
"What are you—major or minor?"

Repentant One: "Neither, yer—fool, I'm an invalid."

Hundreds of settlers and train loads of effects are pouring into Clairmont and Grande Prairie, in the Peace River Country. One Clairmont farmer recently marketed over 60,000 bushels of grain.

Sports and Entertainments

Last Thursday the Machine Gun Section of the 86th Batt. came over from Shorncliffe and engaged the Granvillians in a baseball game, beating us by 10 runs to 2. Afterwards the guests adjourned to the Recreation Room and provided a slap-up concert under the direction of Capt. Smith. The programme included an exhibition boxing bout between two well-known heavy-weights, and "Charlie Chaplin's Ghost," full of the drolleries of the original "Charlie" and with the art of contortionism thrown in. Some excellent song and duet numbers were rendered, and our best thanks are due to our friends at Shorncliffe.

We are all very glad to see our genial friend Capt. Peguenat back again, but are sorry to hear that he is liable to go away on a two months tour shortly. Can't he manage to catch cold or something?

A goodly programme of amusements has been arranged for next week. Tomorrow (Saturday) our Football team meets the Shorncliffe Military Hospital at Chatham House. Monday evening, the Dover Concert Party entertains in the Recreation Room. Tuesday evening, Jury's Imperial Pictures. Friday next the Choir of the Stoner Camp Royal Engineers are coming, when we may expect some really fine music.

Capt Wilson, who presided over the recreation room in Capt. Peguenat's absence, has left us for Cæsar's Camp. He proved himself a fine fellow in his stay at the Granville, and we all wish him the best of good wishes.

Granville Breezes

What did the man, who told the thrilling story of his ring having been cut off his finger, think when he found it in his locker?

Have you heard the daily concert in the basement?

Alberta harvesting operations are in full progress under ideal weather conditions. The crop in the second largest in the history of the Province, and the yield averages out about 35 bushels to the acre.

Who was the Corporal who was looking up for Zepps on Sunday and saw a bomb coming down. If he has stopped running and got back we would like to inform him that it was only a friendly soap box from an upper story!

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.

S. B. WOOD

ARMY CONTRACTOR

TITLES BADGES
SOUVENIR BROOCHES
ARM DECORATIONS
CLOTHING, KIT, Etc.,
OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS

Canadians Specially Catered For

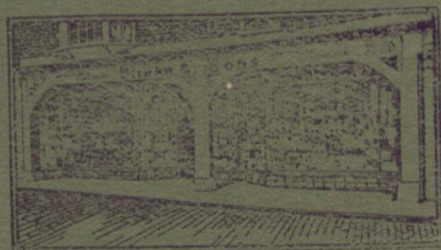
89 HIGH ST., RAMSGATE

FOUNTAIN PENS

ONOTO WATERMAN SWAN
AND OTHER MAKES

Every care taken to sell you "just the nib" which suits your handwriting at

Biinko's Book Shop



25-27 Queen St., Ramsgate

Books by
PORTER SERVICE WALLACE
CULLUM, LEACOCK, WHITE, &c

K. D. GREEN

BOOKSELLER & STATIONER

Photo Post Cards of Canadian Patents at
The Granville and Chatham Annex.

Local Post Cards Fountain and Stylo Pens
Treasury Note Cases Writing Pads
Pocket Photo Cases

CANADA IN FLANDERS.

By Sir Max Aitken, M.P. One Shilling Net

5 Harbour St., Ramsgate
Close to Market and Town Hall

ROYAL

PALACE

THEATRE

Special Big Attractions

ALL NEXT WEEK

SEE LARGE BILLS

TWICE NIGHTLY

ESTABLISHED TWENTY YEARS

Curle's

Adjoining Chatham House

CONFECTIONERY

and

TOBACCO STORE

GOOD FOR

Quality and Price

J. T. WINTON

For GROCERIES
PROVISIONS
WINES & SPIRITS
CHEAPEST & BEST

13 King St., Ramsgate

Telephone No. 17

Military & Naval Tailor

COMPLETE OUTFITS
AT SHORTEST NOTICE

BREECHES A SPECIALTY

40 HIGH ST.

JAMES WOOD RAMSGATE

Uniforms Caps Shirts Collars
Ties Socks Gloves
Puttees, Etc.

British Warm's Ready to Wear
or to Measure

REGULATION RAINCOATS
BY BURBERRY AND AQUASCUTUM

Next G.P.O.

Telephone Y 29

ESTIMATES GIVEN FOR

SERVICE JACKETS, BREECHES
SLACKS, BRITISH WARM'S,
GREAT COATS,

REPAIRS AND ALTERATIONS
NEATLY DONE SAME DAY

GITTINGS & GITTINGS

MILITARY TAILORS

15 QUEEN STREET, RAMSGATE

20 yrs. Old Scotch Whisky

:::

PAGE & SONS

WINE
MERCHANTS

Queen Street, Ramsgate

ESTABLISHED 1804

Vintage Ports,

Old Sherries,

Liqueurs,

Etc., Etc.

INSPECTION OF CELLARS INVITED

K. ALLAN

ARMY AND NAVY STORES

37 King Street, Ramsgate

AND

46 High Street, Folkestone

OUTFITTER, JEWELLER,
PAWNBROKER

Specialist in all Canadian Requirements

BADGES, BROOCHES, BRASS AND CLOTH
ORNAMENTS, CAPS, TUNICS, FOX PUT-
TEES, COLORED EPAULETS, BOOTS,
LEGGINGS, SPURS, WHIPS, SWAGGER
STICKS, OVERCOATS. BRITISH WARM'S,
LUMINOUS WRIST WATCHES.

ASK FOR ALLEN'S ARMY & NAVY
STORES KING STREET