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# Canadian Hospital

GRANVILLE  
CHATHAM HOUSE

## News

YARROW HOME  
TOWNLEY CASTLE

VOL. IV

RAMSGATE, MARCH 31, 1917

No. 13

### COMRADES

THE word comrade meant something as an army term before 1914: it means infinitely more to day; it will have a still bigger meaning after this ghastly war is over. "Since the war began," said one of our boys, "it seems as though I have been doing nothing but making friends and losing them." Ah! but has he? One doesn't really lose friends, in this phase of existence, unless perchance they have made the supreme sacrifice and lie hidden behind the tumultuous battle line. The lad who made the above remark had been in since the first. He voluntarily left the comforts of home for the precariousness of the soldier's life initiated at Valcartier; he had braved the weather on Salisbury Plain; he had withstood the fiery tempest at Ypres; he had entered the big push on the Somme; he had lost a limb there and carries a ghastly scar across his face. Thousands had been his companions during these stirring days. Hundreds had been his comrades, guarding the same trench, working under the same covering darkness, advancing under the fire of the same murderous machine gun, sleeping in the same delapidated billets, jolting in the same ambulances, resting in the same hospitals, recuperating in the same lazy uncertainty by the sea. Do you think for one moment that he will ever forget his friends or they him? No, indeed, these boys are comrades, mates, pals—what you will—bound together by ties stronger and more lasting than any others earthly, the strands of which have been woven painfully under the stress of events not all by any means endured in the firing line. It's a glorious camaraderie, and if the boys remain true to the principles for which they have suffered and their chums have died, nothing can withstand their united will-power in the future days of peace when wrongs will still have to be righted and old scores paid back with an accumulation of interest which makes the debt staggering by its immensity. The comradeships cemented during these awful days ought to mean a driving force of no mean intensity for the British Empire throughout its periods of reconstruction. There will emerge, there must emerge, a greater Empire than has been.

O.C.J.W.



## The Chronicles of Joyous Jane

By Dorothy L. Warne

### III.—THE ORDERLY ROOM

In the Orderly Room—I mean the office, and not the cubby hole that leads to the clink—there is always present the atmosphere created by Big Minds. You know the kind of feeling I mean, quite indescribable, but, like poor relations, always forced upon one.

A very firm and very quick footfall, made musical by the clinking of spurs, announces the advent of Captain Burwilk, the Presiding Genius of the other Minds.

Seated at the central table is Sergeant Bpron. His pen leaves his work for just one second as he greets us with a kindly smile then descends on the paper again and rushes along at an astonishingly rapid pace. We were informed that in his spare time he is compiling a seven-volume treatise on "How, Why, and When to Use a Duplicator," to be handed down to future generations of Boy Scouts.

Opposite to him is a fair-haired Tomma Rott. Here is yet another wonderful brain, stored full of records (Army, not Edison Bell). If you want to know the Christian name of the officer with soulful eyes who passed you in the corridor, Tomma will unearth a Nominal Roll and satisfy you: or if any forlorn damsel wishes to find whether her hero, who has sworn to be true for the duration, is as single as he looks, why here is the person who has the power to plunge her into the depths or raise her to the heights.

Shell-Shock-Shorty-Shortsocks sits serenely stenographing. By way of a change from alliteration he occasionally types the big business of the day—Orders. Under his fingers and the effacing aid of "Correctine" the stencil sheet is as wax in his hands.

Another knight of the typewriter and dot-dash caligraphy is Private Porty. The symbol of eternity, as used by the ancients, was, I believe, a serpent biting its tail—no beginning, no ending—Porty's click-clack, bing-a-ling, burr-r-r, would do just as well. They never stop.

Vivian Oakdene is a name to which only the pen of a Mrs. Humphrey Ward or a Hall Caine could do justice. The owner of it sits in a snug corner doing his allotted tasks with a mien as smooth and unruffled as his lovely brown locks.

We missed Robin's ready wit, but were cheered on being told that he is living up other departments on a lower level to the Orderly Room (architecturally lower, please understand).

Monitor Nick's face is, as usual, one big beam. For each day on which he dodges a score of jobs he is awarded a star. These are presented so regularly that in a couple of months we expect to see him looking like the glittering Princess of the Pantomime.



## Satan's Appointment

---

Old Satan left his heated flat and came on earth one day  
To look for someone in this world to do his work, they say,  
He searched the earth from coast to coast, he roamed from sea to  
sea,  
Till he ran across old Kaiser Bill in the land of Germany.

Said Satan, when he found old Bill, "At last I've found the man  
Who'll take my place upon the earth, if anybody can :  
He looks like me, he acts like me," he shouted out in glee,  
" I surely was a lucky guy to come to Germany."

' Now Bill," said Satan, " do the work that I've cut out for you,  
And 'pon my crown, I'll promise you this day you'll never rue,  
I'll make the whole world all your own—every land and sea,  
And you shall be the Lord of all this Greater Germany."

" I'll surely try," said Kaiser Bill, " whether I can or not,  
I'll do my level best because I have some row mitt Gott ;  
He did not use me right, and I'm going to make Him see  
That He can't rule the Kaiser Bill, the Lord of Germany."

Then Wilhelm called his legions all, and told them to prepare  
And hew a road through Belgium by foul means or by fair,  
To capture Paris from the French, drive Belgians to the sea  
And take possession of all the lands in the name of Germany.

" And do not spare the churches, but bomb every one in sight,  
And be sure you maim the children, just to show the German might,  
On women have no mercy, nor on clergymen," said he.  
" We'll make them feel the frightfulness of a war with Germany."

Forth went his legions boldly : they did as they were told,  
Spared neither men nor women, the babies nor the old,  
Till the world, aghast with horror, stood to see that there could be  
Such a devil in human form as this Lord of Germany.

Then said old Satan to himself, " Old Bill is doing well,  
Far better than I could myself, so I'll hie me back to hell  
And prepare a place for Wilhelm, for there's surely going to be  
A hot spot there for Kaiser Bill—the Lord of Germany."

### Chats From Chatham

Is it only eighteen pence ?

Hard luck on the members of the Instructional Class to be forced to stay on the water-wagon for another month.

We have been asked if a certain corporal of artillery is qualifying for instructor-general to the Boy Scouts.

Who is the draughtsman who got out of bed to attack a tasty sandwich and collided with a dollop of Keen's mustard ?

Who is the Chatham R.P. who does not give a hoop how long the war lasts since he became a guest at the Granville ?

A mighty uproar rends the air  
As when ten thousand voices blare  
Some famous Derby winner,  
'Tis but the Instructional Corporals  
A-going in to dinner.

Did the Instructional Class get any pay on Tuesday ? Not much ! But what about the 3/6 charged up against each N.C.O. in his paybook. ?

It would be rather instructive to learn how many of the N.C.O.'s now wearing the cross-swords above their chevrons are in possession of the necessary certificate.

Who is the intelligent R.P. who, when asked to hand a letter to the News Editor, put it in the mail box ? The letter eventually went back to the sender, who had 2d. excess postage to pay.

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## Blind But Busy

There are many patients who, while they sojourn at the Granville, are at once an inspiration and a benediction. They have lost very much for the sake of the Empire, yet their cheerfulness abounds, and one is tempted to forget their disabilities in the face of their charming nonchalance, and their heroic efforts in building a new life under such wofully changed conditions. Such an one is Private M. M'Farlane, No. 8567. He is blind. Before the war



he was a locomotive fireman running out of Moose Jaw. On August 9th, 1914, he enlisted and came overseas with the 2nd Battalion Canadian Infantry. On February 11th, 1915, he landed in France, and on the 19th of October that same year a bullet passed through his face from left to right, travelling through the eye sockets destroying both eyes. In bald language this is the story of his service and his sacrifice. As you look at him in these

two illustrations you see that he is busy, and those who meet him day by day around the Hospital know he is happy. At St. Dunstan's they taught him to read Braille, to manipulate the typewriter, and to perform massage. "Mac." is a favourite at the Granville.



So, here's to Mac.,  
A Scotsman true!  
His only trouble  
The suit of Blue;  
The necktie red  
Rivals his smile  
Which lights up the wards  
In proper style.

It is hard for mere words to do full justice to the cheerfulness and resourcefulness of the man who, in early manhood, from one fell, Hunnish stroke loses the light of his world. No further attempt shall be made. Look at him at his work, and give serious thoughts to our blind heroes. That will suffice.

## Granville Breezes.

What will the 20/- R.P. do after the 1st April?

Is it true that a certain crow is trying to build its nest in the R.S.M.'s office.

An old adage brought up-to-date—"Once bitten try Teddy Bibby's treatment."

Name the two Winnipeg boys who, on being asked to volunteer for active service, went out the next day and bought Red Cross badges.

Smile

A while,

And while you smile

Others smile.

And soon

There's miles and miles

Of smiles.

And life's worth while

Because you smile.

"What, daddy," asked the staff sergeant's young hopeful, as he sat on his father's knee, "is the meaning of 'Our Mother Tongue'?" "Hush," answered the father hurriedly, "don't start her."

What did a certain red-haired football left-winger do with the two little flappers and their grips after the match at Canterbury last Saturday? Oh, you "Red!"

After April 1st, at the Rifle Range, the price of One Penny only will be charged for 8 rounds. This is very cheap sport, and has the further advantage of giving valuable training.

Captain Armour sends the following item in connection with the entertainments at Granville Hall:—"Many unusually attractive features are booked for the coming *winter*." Immediately the thermometer near our pedal extremities registered 40 below.

Why did Brownton Clay, of the St. Lawrence bunch, feel sore when his application for a pass was turned down? It read as follows:—"Pte. Brownton Clay, No. 536421. Please excuse me as I have important business at Margate from Sunday morning to Tuesday morning."



## Our Rifle Team



Back Row—R.S.M. Hodder, Pte. LeSavage, Pte. Robinson, Pte. Smith, Sgt. Morrison, Lance.-Cpl. Graham.  
 Middle Row—Sgt. Carr, Lieut. Allinson, Lieut.-Col. Clarke, Capt. Thomas, Sgt. Vigne.  
 Front Row—Sgt. Henderson, Scout Nichols, Pte. Ingles.

These days, everyone ought to be interested in Rifle Shooting, and even, in Hospital, by persistent practice a high degree of marksmanship can be attained. At the Granville Range there is every encouragement given for preparation to win skilled-shot certificates, medals and prizes. This week the Lieut.-Col. Watt Challenge Cup is shot for which carries with it a 1st prize donated by Mr. Gardner, High Street, Ramsgate, and a 2nd and 3rd by Lieut.-Col. J. T. Clarke. The Rifle Range is situated in the Basement of the Granville. With good rifles and the best range in the district our rifle team hopes to maintain a tip-top record. Last week Pte. LeSavage carried off 1st prize in the sharp-shooting contest with Pte. Heathman 2nd and Sgt. Ward 3rd. The *Canadian Hospital News* is privileged to present monthly a 1st prize of ten shillings and 2nd prize of five shillings to the winners in a contest to be shot in the second week of each month—5-bull target, two shots on each bull, possible 100, open sights, club rifles only. First contest second week in April.



## The Three Waves of Victory

OR, HOW TO END THE WAR IN A DAY

As soon as I heard he had a scheme which he guaranteed would end the war in a day I hurried to the ward where he lay in bed.

"Expound and explain your proposition" I said, sitting down on his bed and pulling out writing pad and pencil. "I was out for two years," my informant began, "and saw Fritz under all kinds of conditions. Also had the handling of more than a few prisoners. In short, I fancy I know Fritz pretty well. Most of us noticed that it was the new battalions that took the most prisoners, that they seemed to scare Fritz most. Just as soon as a new bunch came into any section of the trenches, Fritz facing them got jumpy and obviously scared. It seemed as if he argued, that the others had been bad enough but maybe the newcomers would be worse.

"Noticing this made us think and we soon came to the conclusion that Fritz, like everyone else, is chiefly scared by the unknown.

"He is waiting behind his yards of barb wire more or less snug in his trenches, when his sentries give the alarm. Up jumps Fritz ready to shoot then surrender as per usual, but suddenly starts, looks again, and then with one terrified shriek jumps up from his trench and beats it back. Why? Right there before him and advancing on him, at no slow gait, he sees some thousands of African Zulus, Basutos and Mashonas, all out to kill Fritz."

"Well of course after running about a quarter of a mile Fritz'd be pulled up by his supports and gain enough courage to turn round and help kill off those of the niggers who weren't already napoo. But the Huns' nerve would be considerably shaken. You'll agree to that, eh?" "Certainly," I answered, "carry on." "Now," he continued, raising himself onto his left elbow, "I wouldn't give them time to recover but send over another wave of men, but this time they'd be Red Indians, all decked out in their war paint and and with their tomahawks flashing in the sunlight. I'd make 'em all dress just like the pictures in the boys' books. Fritz reads his 'Dead Wood Dick's' as a boy just the same as we do. And do you think with his nerve already shaken by the black wave he would face the second and red wave? No siree, he'd hit the high spots for little old Berlin."

"But this war is a serious matter so I'd take no chances, but clinch his defeat good and sure. How? Why right after the yelling, blood thirsty redskin's waving their tomahawks and throwing their poisoned arrows, up from behind the British trenches would come a great army of real Western Cowboys, just like one sees in any picture house."

"Sir, the war would be over right then! It might last for a couple of days, as it would take that long to overtake Fritz. But he would never fight again. Would you in his place?"

"I would not," I answered.



## Yaps From Yarrow

Why was Pte. Teague unable to find his way back to bed the other night? Was he sleep-walking or— or———? Not a word.

Would like to know who the N.C.O. was that put the Fish in the clink? Was it Lance.-Cpl. Grant or Sgt. Moore? When is it likely to be tried?

Would be pleased to learn why Pte. Cram was found asleep in the brush and asked Pte. Smith to take blame? We understand that its the Jam working on his brain.

Who was the ward orderly, who, when called over the coals by the Orderly Officer for having his floors littered with paper, replied that "Granville News" looked well anywhere?—*Mem. dis.*

Private Smith has lain awake for hours at night trying to transfer Horace's famous chest 'notes' to paper. He now announces the distressing news that "the bars won't contain the —— things!"

We would like to know why the Cook Corporal hangs around the Palace Theatre at Ramsgate? Are the night lights his attraction or is he scared to make the pies that whistle instead of sing.

Quaero, our scientific private, has recently been devoting his attention to the problem: "What is a Private?" He has made a thorough study of such works as Drumond's "Ascent of Man," and the Nietzschean philosophy of the Superman, but without result. Finally, he has come to the conclusion that the only satisfactory answer is to be found in an up-to-date text book on Zoology, most probably, he thinks, in the section on *Insectology*.

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## Entertainments

Since the new 6 o'clock "all in" regulations have been in force a fine programme of entertainments has been put on the stage at the Granville Hall.

Mrs. E. A. Shaw's party from Ashford gave a very pleasing concert the other evening, when Mr. W. H. Bearey (comedian) renewed his acquaintance with the boys and kept them convulsed with laughter. Corp. Shaw's violin solos were beautifully rendered, and the four-piece orchestra played excellently. Mr. George Jones (late of the Buffs), delighted the audience with his cornet solos. Miss Bessie Bacon (contralto), Miss Ray Shorter (soprano), and Mrs. Shaw (accompanist and 'celloist) all called forth persistent encores. An early return visit of the party is anticipated.

Mr. Paine's concert party made their *debut* on the Granville platform last week and were well received. The party is a highly talented one, and consists of Miss Mabel Sayer (soprano), Mrs. Eldsworthy (elocutionist), Mr. Ridsdale (tenor), Mr. Frank (baritone), Mr. Frost (banjo), and Mrs. Frost (accompanist).

Mr. Boyland's "Carry On" party again delighted the patients on Thursday evening, when they gave their usual high standard fortnightly concert. "Caid mille failtha."

The Royal Engineers, from Stonar Camp, appeared again last week and put on one of their best entertainments. Insull's conjuring tricks were as mystifying as ever, and every member of the party was in his best form.

On Thursday evening a party of R.N.A.S. men, from Westgate-on-Sea, gave an excellent and highly appreciated concert at the Chatham House Annex before a large and enthusiastic audience.

## A Plain Statement of Fact

From the following letter just received at the Gramville it would appear that the tanks are again to the fore. The writer says:—

"The tanks are simply wonderful. They can do up prisoners in bundles like strawbinders, and, in addition, have an adaptation of a Goss printing machine which enables them to catch up the Huns fold, count, and deliver them in quires, every thirteenth man being thrown out a little further than the others.

"The cars in question can chew up barbed wire and turn it into munitions. As they run they slash their tails and clear away trees, houses, howitzers, and everything else in the vicinity. They turn on their backs, catch live shells with their caterpillar feet, and can easily be adapted as submarines; indeed, most of them cross the Channel in this guise. They loop the loop, travel forwards, backwards, sideways, not only with equal speed, but at the same time. The tanks can do anything and everything; in fact, if there is anything that can't be done the tanks can do it."



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## The Maple Leaf Club

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You have all done so much for us that we feel we can never do enough for you. My friends and I have opened the Maple Leaf Club, for Canadians *only*, at 4 York Terrace, Ramsgate, and we hope to give you a real welcome and make you feel it is a little bit of "Home." We have a real personal family feeling as our "own" are with the fighting Canadians. Just take an armchair and make yourselves at home. It's a long long trail for a great many of us, but let us feel that the way *will* lead to Home and Peace.

Yours in Comradeship,

FLORA AMES.

President Red & White Rose League,  
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## The Nuts v. 3/7 Middlesex

The Granville football boys journeyed to Canterbury and met the Middlesex lads in a friendly game on Saturday last. A strong wind was blowing from end to end of the field, which interfered greatly with play, but an enjoyable game ended in favour of the "Cripples" by six goals to nil. From the start, with the wind behind them, the hospital boys were around the Middlesex goal like "skeeters," and in five minutes Sergt. Horne scored No. 1. Getting agoing again, down they came when "Red" and the wind put on No. 2. On the move once more, Corp. Strutton very cleverly netted 3. In the second half, against the wind, the Granvillians just repeated the dose, Sergt. Horne putting on the fourth point, followed shortly afterwards by "Blondy" Berrett landing No. 5, then Corp. Tootell came along with the sixth.

To-day (Saturday) will see the semi-final game in the V.A.D. Tobacco Fund Cup competition played between the Granville and the Armed Escorts. The Nuts' team and positions will (D.V.) be as follows:—

	Kingston	
Creighton		Willis
Strutton	Towler	Pyves
Berrett	Horne	Tootell Forbes
Longworth	●	

## Granville v. R.F.A.

On Saturday last the above teams met in the first Hockey League match. After a very fast game the Canucks won by 3 goals to nil. Bugler Carr scored once, and Curly Balfour scored twice. A feature of the game was the splendid play of Corp. Dick Paine, of the Whiz-bangs. The Oil-rags will have to be watched carefully, as they are improving rapidly in their play.

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.

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