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CANADIAN HOSPITAL

NEWS

VOL. III

OCTOBER 28 1916

No. 2

My Duty.

"England Expects," That's the stirring word
Which flew across the ocean wave
A hundred years and more ago,
"Each man to do his Duty."
Not a British Tar
But sprang to action with the love
Of British Freedom shining in his eyes.
Nelson at Trafalgar has become
A household word these many long decades.
Has British valour grown less
Through all the years? Let the mighty host
Of British dead on field and wave
Answer. "England Expects" rings out today.
This day each British heart replies,
"I'll do My Duty."

O. C. J. W.

EDITORIAL

History makes strange and fascinating reading. When we look at it through the telescope of time events loom large and we feel strangely akin to the actors in that section of the world's drama which happens to come within our survey. We can see the great and glorious significance of apparently trifling events. We can measure cause and effect with a delicate nicety. But dwelling in the midst of a world cataclysm we cannot see far. Events with which we have to do are so circumscribed. We do our little part but cannot see its value in the sum total.—Trafalgar Day looms large in our telescopic vision—Today will loom much larger in the telescopic vision of our children's children. We are making history these days. Woe on us if we falter in our appointed task. Some day we shall know the value of today's work, for work well done has always its reward. We shall not hear with mortal ears but future millions will arise to call us blessed. And if the world be swept and garnished because we have lived—or died—that surely will be reward enough.

Concerning Townley Castle.

Very quaint, very retired, very aristocratic looking, is the third member of our Hospital Federation. Its miniature proportions only make it the more distinctive. Its very unassuming height only gives it an air of self-complacency, that does not deign to look over the wall into the common street. In fact its back is altogether turned upon the vulgar thoroughfare, and it presents its aristocratic facade to a screen of secluding trees and shrubs. The sun-dial and the zodiacal clock over the low entrance; the oriental pagoda with its transplanted air; the basket-like rookery that makes one want to whirl it around like a cruet; all these combine to give the place a suggestion of old-worldliness and detachment. In fact, it leaves the impression of being a haughty, reserved stranger, asking only of the world not to intrude or be curious.

And very presumably that was just the attitude of its builders. For local tradition declares that this castle with the English name was of French origin. Certainly its Bourbon architecture does not discredit the story that it was built by certain refugee French nobility, who found the Paris of the Revolution too unfriendly a place to continue residence there. Apparently these *Enigres* did not feel altogether safe, even in free England, for they constructed two subterranean passages and a deep chamber under the castle, as a last line of retreat and obscurity.

Local legend is also quite insistent that Queen Victoria as a very poor princess of some twelve years of age, lived for a season at Townley Castle, with her mother, the Duchess of Kent, while attending school at Ramsgate. Evidently, though, the future Queen-Empress did not take away very pleasant memories of this place, for while she often visited the towns of her father's ducal county, she always avoided Ramsgate afterwards. In this respect Her late Majesty differed from some of the Granville ex-patients who simply can't refrain from re-visiting the East Cliff when they get their furlough.

Most Townley Castle patients have pleasant reasons to know Mr. Levene, the headmaster of the school which has occupied the old Bourbon castle since 1890. Most of Mr. Levene's pupils were English Jews or foreign lads who, for military or commercial purposes, wanted to learn English thoroughly. His German students were recalled to Germany before the middle of July, 1914 — just one other evidence of Prussia's deliberate intention to realize "The Day." Several of Mr. Levene's French pupils have won decoration in Joffre's army, and something like 700 Townley Old Boys are fighting for the Allies. One of them Corporal Kreysor, who lived at Port Arthur, Ontario, for several years, received the V. C. for a prodigious bombing exploit at the Lone Pine Trench, Gallipoli.

To Those Who Are No More

Here's to the noble memories
 Of those who are no more ;
 Whose nameless graves far-scattered lie
 On many an alien shore.
 Who fought to guard the sacred fire
 That burns on Freedom's altar ;
 Strong hearts that death could not affright,
 Or terror cause to falter.
 Guardians of all our rights, ye need
 No monuments to tell
 To generations that shall come,
 The part ye played so well.
 For yours shall be the heart-felt thanks
 A grateful nation renders ;
 And all that free-born spirits pay
 To Freedom's brave defenders.

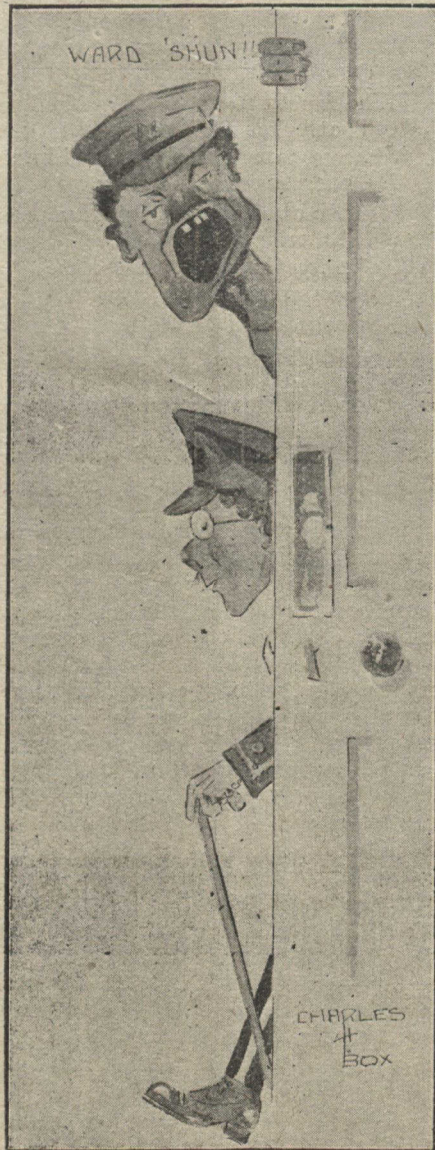
Pte. JAMES ABBOTT, C.A.M.C.

Lament of a Moustacheteer.

The doom of the Charlie Chaplin moustachette has gone forth. That fine efflorescence of an otherwise hideous war, that proud attribute of the young subaltern, that delight of the flapper, that professional triumph of the barber, that favorite subject of the cartoonist has been abolished by the sarcastic decree of an unimaginative, unæsthetic War Office, which after calling attention to "the fashion which is becoming prevalent, of reducing the moustache to a few hairs on the upper lip", orders that the now optional moustache must either go the whole way, or not start at all. We must be either *poilus* or barefaces. We must either bristle fiercely or be altogether smooth. The continental moustachio will be tolerated, but the British moustachette is exiled by our own authorities.

When the compulsory moustache was recently abolished, we encouraged the illusion that reason had at last penetrated Whitehall. But when this act of enlightenment was followed by the reactionary restriction of razor freedom, we realised that the War Office was still its dear, old, unreasonably self-inflicting of personal liberty has surely reached the last degree when it infringes on the very fringing of a man's face. We hardly expected this, either. We thought that Charlie Chaplin's prestige stood too high for his followers to be thus insulted.

Anyway, we're glad we got our picture taken before the new dispensation arrived. Our lady friends and our barber have generously expressed their sympathy and indignation over the atrocity. But with our military moustache gone we might as well go back to the front.



WARD 'SHUN!

The Owl Wonders.

If it is essential that a N.C.O. or man who is a patient in a Military Hospital must be distinguished by Special Hospital Dress, which is supposed to be an honour, why Officer Patients should be deprived of this honour.

If it is not a fact that this chaste design of blue apparel came into vogue at the time of the Crimean War and has not been modified since. 1854—1914—Some time for thought.

If the enlightened Staff Officer who designed the dress, or the Authorities who still consider it suitable, ever wore it.

If the N.C.O's. red tape stripes thereon are a reminder that the supply of this commodity is not exhausted.

If a postcard just arrived bearing the letters B. B. means Back to Blighty—Back to Blues—Becoming Bored.

Extract from G. C. S. H. Fire Regulations ;—

“The Sergeant-Major will notify :—

(1) Officer in Charge, (2) Orderly Officer, (3) Quarter-Master.”

Why not give the Fire Chief a “ring-in” in the fun, too ?

* * *

HEARD AT THE FRONT DOOR.

Lady to Policeman.—Are you the Military Policeman ?

Military Policeman.—Yes ; mum.

Lady.—Can I see Mac. ?

M. P.—Mac. who ?

Lady.—I don't know his other name, but he wears a badge on his cap like yours.

M. P.—Go to the enquiry office just inside on the left.

* * *

SUNDAY MORNING.

Patient.—What is there for breakfast this morning, Bill ?

Bill—Guncotton.

Patient—Guncotton, what do you mean ?

Bill—Granville sausage meat.

* * *

Some of the last-joined Army recruits do not take at all kindly to route-marching, which, as every old soldier knows, is apt to prove extremely trying to untrained muscles and sinews.

On man had fallen out three times in about eight miles, and at last his company sergeant-major could stand it no longer.

“Look 'ere, my lad,” he said, “you've joined the wrong regiment. You ought to be in the Flying Corps.”

“Why ?” asked the tired one curiously.

“You'd only fall out once then !”

The Chaplain's Corner.

My Dear Lads,

I would like every man to consider well the invitation extended to him, to attend the Service of Holy Communion on Sunday morning next.

At the Granville it will be held in the Personnel Reading Room in the basement at 9.15 o'clock. At the Chatham House, in the Chapel immediately after the Church Parade Service, at 11.30 o'clock. Men, officers and Sisters are invited to this service quite regardless of religious denomination.

If you would but feel your need of help and strength and comfort, and would realize how God will make this Communion the means for obtaining what you need, then I am assured that I shall have the happiness of meeting a goodly number of you at these Communion Services on Sunday morning.

Your affectionate friend and "Padre"

E. B. HOOPER, C. F.

Football

The "Nuts" have not yet managed to break their hard luck streak, being defeated on Saturday last by the Armed Escort of H. M. S. "Ceto" by 3 goals to nil. Granville held tight until the inside right was injured in the middle of the second half. This casualty seemed to disorganize the "Nuts," and the sailors ran in three goals before the Canadians steadied down again. Pte. Malcolm made a creditable début in goal.

This Saturday Granville again meets the 41st Provisional Bn. from Westgate.

At a meeting on Tuesday the Football Club elected an Executive Committee, consisting of Staff-Sgt. Cattermole, Sgt. Towler and Cpl. Du Cros (Sec'y).

Shooting.

The Rifle Club must have had their heads turned by having their pictures published last week. For they lost on Saturday to the Westgate V. T. C. by 791 points to 770; and again on Monday to the Birchington V. T. C. by the tight score of 740 to 734. Only Le Nourey, Ballandine, Bailey and Smith of the old team remain, but some good new marksmen are developing under Pte. Smith's coaching.

For the information of our civilian friends, our hospital welcomes, and is freely open to, any civilian visitor on the regular visiting days, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Sundays from 2 to 4.30 p.m.

Any patient may invite his civilian friends to evening concerts given at the Granville, upon obtaining permission from the R.S.M.

Granville Breezes.

Some of the cripples who rushed out to watch the air raid on Monday, it was noticed, forgot to take their canes with them.

Who was the officer who was answered by two inches of hat pin?

Now that the Government is considering the Channel Tunnel Scheme, we think that they ought to give their attention also to constructing a low-gradient tunnel between Chatham House and Granville Mountain, for the sake of those patients who have to do the Alpine stunt three times a day, for morning examination, afternoon treatment, and evening entertainment.

A Granvillian observing, "the numerous kings, ministers of the gospel, red tabs and other experienced physicians that daily inspect the treatment departments, asks if Cook's Tours tickets are still available at the Granville Hotel".

Who is the "tibial case" that floats around the "massagerie" in a hobble skirt, and why do the "rubber-sisters" like to keep him waiting so long for his treatment?

Since the New Army Order governing the dimensions of moustaches was promulgated we have had some difficulty in recognising certain of our officers. We all admire, though, the independent attitude taken by the R. S. M.

We see Charlie Chaplin has invested ten thousand dollars in the new Canadian War Loan Bonds. Well, guess we Canadian soldiers gave Charlie a good many of those plunks.

"Tag" being the Hun word for "day", isn't it rather disloyal to apply it to so many days of the month?

We've all been attracted by that cryptic legend over the fireplace of the Granville Dining-room, "Frangas. non flectes", which seems to mean, "Thou mayest break, but thou shalt not bend." A reversal of the motto would be a suitable device for the "Wrenching Department".

If Mississ Ippi wore Miss Ourri's New Jersey what would Dela Ware?

Memo received by a ward sergeant from C. A. M. C. *Lance-Jack* at Examining Room: Pte. — did not report for examination this morning. Kindly have this man paraded before me tomorrow morning.

Remember the Point of Assembly for Granville Breezes is the contribution box by the Granville stage. When something happens to make you smile, "register" the incident, and commit it to "the Windbag."

Granville Theatre.

One of the very best programmes that we have yet enjoyed at the Granville was given on Saturday afternoon by the Belgian Concert Party, under the direction of Prof. de Niemira. The audience were vehemently appreciative of the mezzo-soprano solos, in both English and French, of Mde. de Niemira, who holds the First Prize of the Belgian Royal Conservatory. Little Rosina Forte danced like a fairy and "elocuted" like a West-End actress. Mr. Forbes showed himself a finished master of his Cremona violin, a mellow instrument, 267 years of age. Pte. Redmond, of the C.M.G.D., Shorncliffe, in Charlie Chaplin guise, performed contortions that Charley himself could never begin to imitate.

On Monday evening Bodilly's Orchestra of 16 pieces, including our own Pte. Daniel's fiddle, furnished a most pleasing programme, enhanced by Miss Olive Harvey's vocal solos which won thunderous applause.

On Wednesday afternoon the Palace company not only gave a superior Revue performance but also showered the boys with Players and Gold Flakes. The same evening our good friends "The Humoresques" gave another of their very resourceful programmes.

A splendid programme of entertainments has been arranged for the winter months, including a weekly visit, beginning on Saturday night Oct. 28th, of a first class London Concert Party.

The Q. W. T. Section of the Royal Engineers, Sandwich have consented to give a return visit to the Granville and will appear on Monday, Oct. 30th. Besides an exceptionally good amateur Comedy Company, a choir of fifty male voices will be included in the concert party. Dont miss it!

Many men ask why we haven't a Concert Party of our own. Why not, indeed?

Surely amongst so large a personnel, to say nothing of the more permanent patients, there must be any number of men who possess good concert talent. Why not get together all our budding singers, comedians and instrumentalists and other "performers" and see if we can't get up the best concert troupe in the district? Will all interested give in their names to Capt. Armour at the Recreation Room. Some names are already in.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

£10.00 from the Officers Mess G. C. S. H. for the Gold Medal for Sports.

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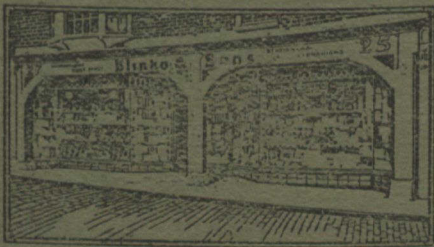
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