

# Canadian Hospital News.

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# Canadian Hospital

GRANVILLE  
CHATHAM HOUSE

## News

YARROW HOME  
TOWNLEY CASTLE

VOL. V

RAMSGATE, APRIL 14, 1917

No. 2

### SEND IT TO THE "NEWS"

**M**AN is meant to be gregarious, not solitary; it is not good for man to live alone. The hermit may be picturesque; he is clearly not practical. But the reasons for the cloistered life are many and at times distressing. Many a laughing lad has marched merrily with his unit along the broad highways of Canada, has tramped exultantly up the gangway to the troopship, has borne bravely his heavy pack upon the pebbled roads of France and Flanders, has withstood stoically the shells and shrapnel of the front line, but has at last been carried back dazed or wounded, to awaken to a world that, as far as he is concerned, is—well—at an end, that's all. The terrible din of battle lingers with him as he goes from hospital to hospital, and he sits apart, solitary and suspicious. The remedy for such an one is a stimulus to take an interest in his comrades, to notice their peculiarities, to laugh at their predicaments.

Let us give you a concrete example of what we mean. One of this sort was sitting disconsolately upon a bench near one of the boxes into which are dropped from time to time jewels, of thought from the think-tanks of the patients of this hospital and from which are manufactured, by a process known only to those who work in the dungeons at Chatham House, Grunts and Chats and Yaps, and sundry other medicine for the mind. We glanced at the hermit, meanwhile extracting from the box numerous slips of paper, covered with writing of various sorts. As we snapped to the padlock, the hermit raised his head. "What have you there?" said he. "Let me see." We sat down beside him and showed him our collection. Soon we had him laughing, and groaning, and weeping with us over the fantastic and funny attempts of his fellow sufferers to size up the situation in which they find themselves. Turning to us with a brighter eye and a more cheery voice, he cried, "I'm going to try my hand at this stuff, too; may I?" He was saved. We slapped him on the back, and welcomed him to the ranks of our treatment department. He cannot be solitary any more. He is sending his merry sallies to the *News*.

O. C. J. W.



## AND HE GOT IT

It is rumoured that many of the convalescents have been making any and every excuse to return on leave to that beloved Canada of ours, but the following is perhaps the limit: One soldier, erstwhile a real-estate agent, thought to move the stony-hearted Board of Medicos by declaring, that he wanted to go back to Calgary to sell some real estate to get money to invest in the War Loan.

## STAFF CHICKENS

In the yard of the Brigade Headquarters at D——, the Adjutant of a neighbouring battalion was conversing with the staff. As usual the denizens of the farmyard were out in full force. The staff's attention however, was drawn to some chickens which were wandering about with red rings on their legs. A witty member of the staff brought it to the notice of the officers with the remark: "I suppose that ring denotes the good layers." "Oh no," said Ginger, the Adjutant, "those are the red tabs to show that they don't do any work."

## ALAS! T'WAS—

I was nicely convalescent, and able to hobble along the front, admired by the flappers, who cast predatory eyes upon me, as, in my neatly fitting blues, I basked in the sun. I had been thinking of the ways and means of getting up to London for a week-end, and at last plucked up courage enough to parade before the august personage who holds our destinies in his hands.

"Come in, my boy. What can I do for you this nice morning?"

I caught my breath. Could this be the One of whom all these "168" stories were told? "Er—er—I—er—would like a—er—pass, Sir," I stammered.

"Certainly, my boy. How long? A month? Two? Got any money? No? Here's an order on the Paymaster for £10. If you want any more, telegraph for it; or an extension of leave—anything you want. Here's your pass. Good-bye. Have a good time, and don't be too particular about getting back punctually."

I faded through the door in a daze. Could I believe my senses? Yet, here was the elegant "perfecto," half smoked! It was true! I grabbed my razor and tooth-brush, and walked unsteadily to the door, where a smiling M.P., with a loud voice and charming manner, handed me a Woodbine and helped me into the ambulance. This was the last straw! Then, away off in the distance I heard a bugle—Reveille! I scrambled out from among my blankets, to face the thoughts of another day's fatigues!

J. E.

## PATTER FROM PATS

The latest song : " This is the end of a Spudless Day."

We don't like the idea of going to France without a "Gunn,"

A certain young soldier named B——  
 At the Palace has quite a renown,  
 On the front seat he sits  
 In his coat and his mits,  
 He plays the part of the clown.

Did the party that took that perfume bath really think it was necessary?

Epitaph on the tombstone of a certain soldier : " And the poor beggar died."

Would it not be appropriate on the occasion of a certain sergeant's marriage to present him with the book: "How to be Happy Though Married."

"The nights are cold," says Adams,  
 "I'll wear two suits of clothes,  
 Besides, it's mighty convenient  
 When under a policeman's nose."

The new postal arrangements at the "Pats," says:—"No mail shall be said to have been properly delivered unless it is thrown by the mail orderly at the head of the one addressed and dropped in the soup.

Who is the patriotic Ironmonger in town that requested a wounded Tommy to move from his window, (said window displaying a choice assortment of skates, "warranted German manufacture")?

Friendly notice to subscribers: All sensitive individuals who desire to be guarded against attack in these pages are requested to send in their names and ranks to the editor as soon as possible, for publication in next week's issue.

Heard in High Street, after the Colonel's announcement as to the future of the unit; One of the Queen's to one of the 4th:

"So you're going to France soon?" "Yes, but don't let it get about. You see the idea is to spring it on these beastly Germans suddenly."



## NATURAL HISTORY NOTES

During the recent excavations at Chatham House grounds numbers of large feathers and bones were discovered. Careful study of these relics has proved that this portion of Ramsgate was at one period a Roman Ostrich Farm.—From Grey's *Poultry Review*.

The Hawkens, a specimen of which is in captivity at Chatham House is a small species of the splash hawk, and is known by its sandy feathers. It is usually found near running water, and while it generally lives by what it can catch, often preys on mag-pies.—From Southern's *Brooks and Birds*.

The savage was generally believed to be a very courageous and even dangerous being. We now know, however, that he is practically harmless. His sole object in life is to fill his stomach with solid foods and drink, then lie down and sleep off the effects.—From Prof. Graham's *Prehistoric Man*.

The Cate-mole is a curious and perfectly harmless little animal which lives on the banks of the Yarrow. It is valued mainly for its skin, which, however, is very thin. It is generally hunted with a spear, but is very skilful in evading attacks, and will sometimes even reply with a bite.—From Prof. Doak's *Little Rodents*.

The reed (erroneously spelt reid), is a long wiry growth which tapers upwards to a geometrical point. It is at best a mere weed. As a rule it is long and slender, but an isolated specimen has been known to assume tremendous proportions. This, however, is a pure freak of nature.—From Kenny's *Fungi and Other Growths*.

The Blue-bird is very prevalent in this country just now, and is particularly popular among the ladies. It is easily distinguished by its rich blue coat, with white bands round the feet. Some people call it "robin," on account of its highly coloured chest, which makes it easy to tell its back from its front.—From Clark's *Ramsgate Ramblings*.

The Lance-Jack is a specie of jack-ass, though somewhat of a mule by nature; his bray is very similar, but not so refined. There are several varieties of the L.-J., some—in rare cases—being almost human. Unlike the chicken, this curious animal wears his wish-bone on his right fore foot, just above the second joint. It feeds mostly on birdseed.—Prof. Taylor's *Beautiful Beasts*.

We have heard many describing the feathered inhabitants of the trees around Chatham House as crows. But the birds that sound reveille much earlier than Casey are not crows, but rooks. And we must not confound the rook with the crow; for while to rooks are generally attributed peculiar virtues, the crow is usually recognised as a bird of carrion and a feathered scavenger.—From Erith and Balfour's *Our Feathered Folk*.



## CANADA IN KHAKI

When *Canada in Khaki* arrived we were working—pegging away at the job assigned us—wondering whether we had any real place in this war, whether our small quota was of any real value. From the moment we made acquaintance with the tin-helmeted, happy, Canadian warrior upon the cover, triumphantly displaying his trophy from the dome of some departed Hun, till we fingered every page and had taken a general survey of its contents, our job was forgotten in the pleasures of perusal. There was no gainsaying the allurements of this handsome volume, and we must be truthful if we are court-martialed forthwith. Besides, the book gave us the perspective we needed in our almost fed-up condition. It is bound to give perspective to every soldier who will possess it and make its contents his very own. For it holds up before us a picture of what Canada has done, and is doing, in this tremendous struggle, and any Canadian who reads it must indeed feel proud that he has played any part, however insignificant, in the great khaki crowd that has come overseas. The Canadian War Records deserve heartiest congratulations upon the publication of such a magnificent volume. The marvel is that it can be sold at such a low figure. This is all the more reason why every Canadian soldier should buy himself a copy, and after thoroughly digesting its contents, send it forward to that place which he calls home, where he is collecting those souvenirs of the war which shall be of supremest interest to him and his *après la guerre*. The volume is many sided. The varied phases of the soldier's life, and of his dear ones are well represented and well balanced. We have laughed heartily at its jokes and jibes; we have sympathised with its depiction of the separation of loved ones, temporary and lasting; we have wept over scenes shown which must of necessity make the heart tender and the eyes blinding with tears; we have marvelled at the excellence of official photographs which, after all, give us a most authentic visual history of the war. But the best and biggest part of *Canada in Khaki* portrays the imperturbable cheerfulness of our men under every condition of active service. That will be the lasting impression of the book. Many authors have collaborated in its compilation, among whom we notice a former patient of the Granville, H. Swalley Sarson. Our advice, which in this case is most excellent, is to go out and buy a copy of *Canada in Khaki*. We know it will be a good buy (Canadian real estate term of bygone years). You cannot make a better. 2/6 net.



## GRUNTS FROM GRANVILLE

When is the thermometer in the Still room marked "Made in Germany" going to be interned?

We would like to know the favourite perfume of the Angel of Mons—is it sweet lavender?

Sapper Mills late of the Yarrow, was all right while he remained in bed, but on crutches he is positively dangerous.

Why do men in Khaki have to pay full price in all Ramsgate shows while at Broadstairs and Margate they are charged half?

Who is the R.C.R. Lance-Jack in the *Special Ward* who nightly treats his fellow-patients to an analysis of his correspondence.

There is a young lady named Mollie,  
Who says it is awfully jolly,  
To walk at her ease  
A Staff-Sergeant to tease.  
But what? says his other girl, Pollie.

Thoughtful private, watching Sergt. Travers round up his R.P.'s for a conference—"There'll be dirty work at the four cross-roads to-night."

Who was the sergeant who went into the massage room and was seen carrying around a very young lady in his arms? He did it quite like a father, too?

Many of the patients here have written asking if the R.P. at the side entrance to the Granville is an original 242nd man or one of a draft to that battalion.

We understand that the carpet outside the typists' office on the first floor is worn out, and to be replaced at the expense of the Corporal from the Treatment Department.

Many of the boys have leanings towards the Hebrew faith these days. Private Marlow applied for four days' leave, got it, and also an extension for six days.

The hospital has received a consignment of invalid chairs with *foot control* for legless patients. These chairs will be very useful to the numerous leg amputation cases who are being kept in England waiting for the issue of puttees.



EASTER MONDAY IN RAMSGATE



10 SHILLINGS A PAY! BOOZE GONE UP!  
NO BREECHES! NO LEAVE! NO SMOKES!  
No — ! Aw-H-L! SOME WAR!!!\*\*!

## STRIPES—(NOT GOLD)

Sgt. Reid says he will always like toast.

When did Lloyd George last consult Cpl. Doak?

When did Cpl. Crosby become a patient at the Yarrow?

The burning question at Yarrow Home: How did Lance-Corp. Grant shock the canary?

How many pints are necessary to put a certain ginger headed Sergeant on the water wagon?

Sergeant Baker is not sure whether he will specialise in *Electric Motor Mechanics* or *Market Gardening*.

Corpl. Cross wants to know "how the deuce a man can be a corporal and a private at one and the same time?"

To Staff-Sergt. Edwards: Don't worry the *News* hasn't forgotten you. See the *News* weekly for the next 20 years or duration.

Who is the Chatham House Sergeant who the Ramsgate townspeople say has been bobbing it here for more than a year?

Cpl. McKenzie says he counted one billion dead bacilli in the early hours of last Sunday morning. What a nightmare!

Why was Sergt. Duncan angry when he saw the hopper dirty? Did he think it was intended for spraying and shampooing purposes?

Name the Sergeant Instructor who stole the lady's muff so that he would be sure to meet her the next night? The police are making enquiries.

Some men have no sense of locality: Fancy Lance-Corp. Graham trying to get back his barrack room damages by breaking the electric globes at a certain theatre.

Who said the Yarrow Home was lacking in divine qualities? Sergt. Duncan, the omnipotent; Corpl. Doak, the omniscient; Cpl. Crosby, the infalible; and Sgt. Reid, the ubiquitous.

Latest police regulations, as received from Lance-Corpl. Finlay: "A patient must not be allowed to walk with his arm around *the waist* in daylight. First offenders must be warned quietly, *on the spot*."

"The Germans have broken through at Arras." "They have 3,000 Zeppelins ready to raid Ramsgate." "Cigarettes have gone up to sixpence a box." Interesting, but where does Sergt. Harvey get all his advance information?

R.S.M., to budding private: "Well, J——, I understand that you have been specialising in 'breezes' and 'grunts' lately."

Pte. J——, on the warpath, after a few seconds talk: "By the way, sir, have *you* any strong characteristics?"



## CHATS FROM CHATHAM

We hear that Casey Jones has "ratted" on the bugler boys union.

Innoculations; stand-to's; no Easter leave: there isn't a single man in the Granville Hospitals who likes the Kaiser!

The piano in the recreation room is suffering from laryngitis. Why can't a piano M.O. be called in and paid from the barrack damage fund?

Private Sexsmith wants to know the names of the two Chatham House boys who were lured to the Hockey on Saturday by the promise of free drinks.

A famous Ramsgate artist has applied to the military authorities to be allowed to employ Pte. Sugden as a model. His first subject is to be "A Highlander attending an early morning parade." Pte. Sugden is now rehearsing.

Hastings was good at freak passes but Chatham House has them all beaten. Pte. Wrigley drew this corker last Thursday: "6:30 p.m. 5-4-17 to 11:15 p.m. 5-3-17." Only Detective Wrigley's great brain could solve this problem.

Who is the Chatham House patient, and only for two weeks at the base at that, who refuses to sit at the dinner table beside a Canadian-Chinese amputation case? Is it because the ampt's yellow skin shows up the yellow streak in our hero!

We would like to know why a certain self-professed Corpl. Instructor stood sideways to have his photo taken. Was it for the purpose of showing his cross swords or spoiling the 'picture? He is not entitled to wear such a badge. Can he be a Psychogenetic case or is he abnormal?

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## THE NUTS, 3; WESTGATE AIRMEN, 2

On Saturday afternoon a crowd of over 3000 spectators lined the ropes on the Chatham House ground to witness the final contest in the V.A.D. Cup competition. In the enclosure were Lt.-Col. Clarke, Capt. Tomlin, Naval Base, and Mrs. Tomlin, several of our nursing sisters, a large number of ladies, and many officers, both naval and military.

Punctually at 3 o'clock Col. Clarke kicked off on a soft ground. The blue-jackets early in the game showed that they were quite conversant with the game, and for a time kept the ball in Canadian territory, but Kingston was always in the way when an airman tried to find the net. A shower of snow and sleet, with a choppy wind marred play considerably; but with a fine exhibition of combination the Westgate forwards bored own on the Nuts' defence, and for once Willis and Creighton were beaten, and Sailor Stevens scored the first goal of the match. On the ball being set a-going Bowskill and Horne, ably supported by Strutton, took it down the field and made no mistake, Horne taking Bert's pass landed a clean goal. This put the airmen on their mettle, and they made several raids on Kingston's citadel, but they had to reckon with Creighton and Willis every time. Away went the Fragments from France again, and beating down all opposition, Sammy Horne put the Canucks in the lead.

Changing ends 2—1 in favour of the Cripples, the game became very fast, and the R.N.A.S. did their utmost to even up matters, but could not, until the referee came to their assistance, and gave a doubtful penalty against Willis. Taking the kick, Commander Ross put such vim into it that Kingston had no earthly chance of saving. Snow now came down heavily, accompanied by thunder, but even that did not damp the ardour of the Nuts, who played up well, and bombarded the Naval goal for a time, then Tootell saw an opening and placed the ball behind Randall. Shortly afterwards the whistle sounded dismissal, the Canadians winning a hard fought game by 3 goals to 2.

The game was fast and clean throughout, some particularly good combination work being shown by the naval men at the beginning. But the pace they set seemed to tell on them more than on the Nuts.

In a game in which every man did his best, the play of both Kingston in goal, and Willis at back, was brilliant, these two again and again breaking up the attack of the airmen.

At the conclusion of the match Mrs. Tomlin, with a few words of congratulation, handed the cup to the captain of the team, Staff-Sergt. Towler, who suitably replied, the proceedings ending with three cheers (Canadian) and a "tiger" for Mrs. Tomlin, who gracefully bowed her acknowledgement.



## YAPS FROM YARROW

How many lemons does Pte. Guy eat per day?

Pte. Richardson says, "There may be microbes, but it doesn't matter."

How does Pte. Marchand decide whether a letter is to be delivered or not?

"How many beans make five?" Pte. N. Smith can tell you exactly.

Why did \_\_\_\_\_ seize the poker and rush along the corridor?  
Who was her objective?

Our bold vegetarian Cram,  
So we thought, lived on puddings and jam.  
But a big rabbit pie  
Disappeared on the sly—  
Was it really by "cram"—or a sham?

Pte. John Smith's pedigree is extremely interesting, but we wish to goodness we could have it all in one big dose.

What grounds has Pte. Larbey for assuming that there isn't a single member of the personnel mess who has a stomach half as big as his?

Pte. Richardson says he has more "elbow grease" than any other three guys in the building. If he has any about the knees we would recommend Corp. Doak to consult him on the matter.

Granville and Chatham House men BEWARE! A bran new crime has been created. A few days ago, at Yarrow Home, a number of fishes were put in the "clink" for stinking.

We understand that on Tuesday afternoon Pte. M'Kinlay somehow or other wandered back to the Granville instead of finding his way to Yarrow Home. "Force of habit," he says. We agree entirely, but we would add that it is a very bad *habit*.

In order to take an M.D. degree in America it was only necessary to walk once around J. K. Jerome (see "Three Men in a Boat"). If any man wants to become a master of Human Nature, let him come to Yarrow Home and walk around Horace.

## THE LATE MAJOR B. E. BENTLEY, C.A.M.C.

On Saturday afternoon, April 7th, there was a large military funeral when the remains of Major B. E. Bentley, C.A.M.C., were borne from the Granville to the Ramsgate Cemetery. The casket was placed upon a gun carriage supplied by a local artillery unit, the firing party was formed from the Kent Cyclists, a group of officers and sailors from the Naval Base were in procession, while the buglers of the Kent Cyclists sounded Last Post at the graveside. The personnel of the G.C.S.H., officers and men were at the service in the hospital conducted by the Chaplain, Capt. Hooper, and accompanied the remains to the cemetery. Major Bentley was O.C. of No. 14 Field Ambulance Canadian Militia, came overseas with No. 2 Field Ambulance, C.E.F., and was invalided from France. Before the war he was one of the seven District Medical Health Officers of Ontario.

## HOCKEY AND SHOOTING

In a hard fought game at the Rink on Saturday the Canucks defeated the Government Workers 1—0. The Canuck defence Lill scored the winning point by taking the puck right through the Government Workers within ten minutes of time.

To-day (Saturday) these two teams meet in the Hockey League final, and an exceptionally fast game is expected. The supporters of both teams will be out in force. Rooters—'Shun.

The monthly competition of the Lt.-Col. Watt Cup was shot off last week, six teams entering. The Personnel team and Sergeants—both of the Granville—tied for 1st with a score of 369, Chatham House next with 355, followed by the Chatham Sergeants with 350; next came the 2nd Floor, with 328; and only two men fired for the 4th Floor, making 136. Result of the shoot off:—Sergeants, 372; Personnel, 366.

The *Canadian Hospital News* prizes are being fired for this week.

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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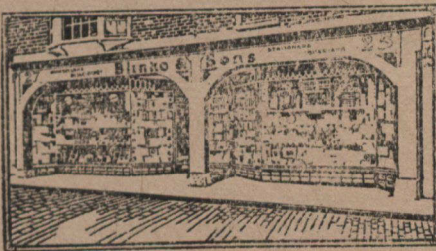
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