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CANADIAN HOSPITAL NEWS

EDITOR :

Major R. Wilson.

Associate Editors :

Captain O. C. J. Withrow.
Captain W. W. Pirt.

News Editor :

Corporal H. S. Patton, P. P. C. L. I.

Treasurer :

L. Corp. S. Graham.



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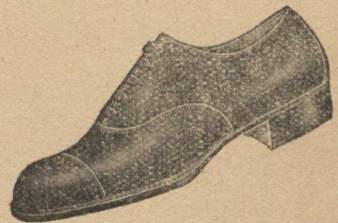
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GRANVILLE
CHATHAM HOUSE

News

YARROW HOME
TOWNLEY CASTLE

VOL. IV

JANUARY 20, 1917

No. 3

SNOW

OUR theme for this week fell from heaven. During the night it came down silently, mysteriously, majestically. In the morning we looked out upon a soft coverlet of white over roofs and lawns, with downy clusters of snow nestling in the branches of the trees, and mantling the hedgerows. And when we saw it we were homesick—we say it without a single blush of shame—homesick for Canada, with its snow upon its mountains and snow upon its plains: with its crisp sparkling weather; with its brilliant wintry night lights shooting up from the northern zone; with its tobogganning and its skating; with its sleigh-bells jingling a merry tune to the sleighing party off for a jolly evening's fun; with its snow-shoes trudging over the deep snow, deep as the rail fences guarding the concession lines—but why enumerate more fully, we were homesick. We had heard that in the Isle of Thanet snow was a rare visitor, and came then only in tiny flurries, no sooner seen than dissolved in the frostless soil. But here was a real Canadian snowstorm, with that suspicion of *tang* in the air which more vividly reminded us of our Canadian winter atmosphere. As we trudged through the streets every whitened object waved us a welcome. Our spirits rose with every step. We wanted to shout, or sing, or snowball. Others were filled with the same enthusiasm, the patients waging a peaceful warfare with munitions manufactured on the spot, revelling in the fresh freedom of it all. And wonderful to relate, the Orderly Sergeant, that grim, grand personification of exemplary discipline, was engaged in a heavy bombardment upon a retaliating member of the personnel, and the white balls of warfare flew fast and furious. How they laughed when they made a good hit; how they ducked and dodged; how the victor chased the vanquished, pelting lustily all the while. It was really an outlet for the homesickness the snow had brought. We wonder if hundreds of Canadians in Thanet, on that snowy morning, did not earnestly pray that before another winter season they might be back home in Canada, the war over, and the world in peace as perfect as the whiteness of the snow. Before we can be released, however, the Kaiser and his minions must be snowed under, buried deep, deep. When that is done, Canadian sleigh-bells will send across the snow a sweeter, merrier tune.

O. C. J. W.

Some Things We Should Like To See

(Après la guerre.)

Those Hydro street lamps, not afraid to blaze at nights.

The first arrival of that pension cheque.

The old alarm clock trying to sound Reveille.

Some of the "girls" who wrote us those "Letters to Lonely Soldiers."

Some of our sons, daughters, nephews, nieces, and grandchildren that have arisen *depuis la guerre*.

The old haversack and trenching tool in use on a holiday camping trip.

That dress suit we left hanging up in the clothes closet.

The contortions of some of the boys when struggling into an Arrow collar again.

Some of the battalion bombers having a "go" at the old "ball game for cigars."

The stake driving expert of the C.E.'s at the "Soak'er Kelly" game.

The Pay-Sergeant calling on us to collect that "old account."

The Q.-M.-S. soliciting our order for his Ready-made Clothing House.

The C.-S.-M. applying for a job in our store.

The Orderly Corporal asking us for a "recommend."

Some of the Second Division Vets., from "away back," sitting around the box stove in the general store, and telling the boys "How we took Mouquet Farm."

—PSMYTH.

Christmas in the Front Line

By "YARROVIAN"

"Christmas! Chri-i-s-s-maz! A blinking fine Christmas this is."

I could feel the Corporal swearing at my rear. "Fer Gawd's sake — fer Gawd's sake, get along with that blinking sack," he was mumbling wearily; "wot d'ye think ye're in, a blinking rest camp?" The air was blue with mutterings and star shells, and I, looking more like a wet moving day than a member of His Majesty's Expeditionary Force, cursing and groaning, splashed on through the soggy night.

"What did 'they' care if I broke my blinking back." I pictured myself with a broken back, sticking head down in a wet shell hole. Now the Corporal was humming aggravatingly, "Smile, boys, that's the style. S-o-o"—and a fresh hatred burned in my breast. "If I only had him there, the creature who wrote that song—if I *only* had him, I'd pack his d—— old kit bag for him. Here I tripped over a wire, and have since decided it was just at that point my reason deserted me. I pitied myself profoundly.

Of course, eventually we did arrive at what was left of our ditch—one always does. I was almost sorry—I rather fancied myself lying in that shell hole, could feel the tears rising at sight of my poor abused feet emerging solitary from the black mire. Perhaps some tender-hearted passer-by would tarry long enough to place a little cross there: "Here lies an unknown Canadian; he died of Fatigue." Before I had time to weep over this pathetic image, however, I was sound asleep in the dug-out, relishing in long contented snores the graveyard air — ! — !! — !!!

How it started is a trifle hazy to me, but I remember first a big Fritz with a white sling on a stick peering over the parapet and treating us to a most engaging smile.

"All right," he grinned, reassuringly, "Id iss all over."

"The sky?" I asked wearily.

"No, no, idiot, der *var*!"

"The what?" I gasped; then seized him by the hair and dragged him into the trench.

"Man! man! Tell me straight, you're not joking.

A richly decorated Gold Hat ploughed round the traverse. "All-right, boys," he shouted, cheerily, "Clean up; it's all over." Dizziness swept over me and I lowered my head between my knees. When I looked up, to my astonishment Fritz and the Gold Hat were locked in a brotherly embrace.

"Ja, Ja," the Boche was saying, "in vun hour, out there?" and he pointed a muddy finger towards No Man's Land, "in vun hour."

I looked out warily, and a most amazing sight met my astounded eye. Bob-tailed Fritzes were scurrying about like rabbits at sundown, with plates and bottles, white tablecloths, glittering silver, hampers and (incredible sight!) chairs, and what on earth could that green conical affair be? Sure enough, a Christmas tree! With a roar of delight I smashed in the glass of the nearest periscope.

Up and down our trench was a splashing and whooping. Two greasy stomach-robbers came rushing past, elbowing the good-natured Gold Hat, digging Fritzzy in the ribs, waving their helmets like maniacs, and singing hoarsely "Only one more kit inspection, only one more church parade."

I clasped my aching head wearily in my hands, and gave it up. Pretty soon a friendly hand slapped my shoulder. "You wouldn't care for a drop, old man, eh?"

It was at this moment something burst in my brain. The Gold Hat, one arm round Fritz's waist and an inane grin under his tooth-brush moustache was sticking a bottle of some unfamiliar amber-coloured liquid under my nose. I shall always remember with intense satisfaction that I rose to the occasion,

"To His Majesty the King!" I intoned gravely; then, losing all restraint, I yelled "Gimme it!" They both watched me, fascinated, as the golden stream slid down my throat. In a very few minutes the sun burst forth in unaccustomed warmth. I know it was the sun for I could feel it.

"Forwaarts Englander!" shouted Fritz in happy tones, and we all three cleared the parapet in a single bound. All the dead men had mysteriously disappeared. There was evidence that unusually zealous line orderlies had been at work here. What was the Army coming to? Looking like a white swichback, straggling at perilous angles among the shell craters, a long white table sprawled itself, and, no doubt, as tables are said to have done from time immemorial, it groaned beneath the weight of delectable viands which embellished it. Whether the table really was genuine or a contrivance of Bath mats, or the tablecloth only a fraudulent affair of sandbags my exalted spirits prevented my noticing, but of the eatables there was no doubt. Ranged about the banquet were grey and khaki alternately, all grinning assinely, raising mess tins, putting them back on the board with long-drawn "A-ahs" of supreme content, only to jerk them up again.

"Will you some durkey haf?" murmured a deep Teutonic voice in my ear. I ate like one in a dream (strange that!)

Up rose a bearded Bavarian. "Ordair!" he thundered, hammering the table with his bayonet-haft. "Col. Von Steben will now sing 'Lebenslabberjochewobschagen'!" I was wondering how any man could sing that without dislocating his jaw, when my kindly neighbour whispered in my ear that, translated, it meant "Now this bloody war is over." Sure enough, it was, too, and we all roared the chorus in two languages. The merriment swelled to sublime heights over the pudding and brandy. The Gold Hat leapt to the table. "Gentlemen," he yelled, "gentlemen and Germans, after two and a half years of suffering and bloodshed, this terrible and unprecedented war is over. Here in my hand I hold a signed copy of the Kaiser's unconditional surrender to the Allies"—p—p—pup—pup—pup—

He was stammering now, his face apoplectic, working in pitiful convulsions; now it was fading ashen grey. A chill of horror swept over the Christmas gathering. "P-p-pup--pup-p-pup-pup." It was horribly like a machine gun. SMASH! What was that?

"Wake up, ye sons o' guns, wake up! He's coming over!"
Somebody kicked my heels, "Wake up!"

"Who's c-c-coming over?" sleepily.

"Who the hell *would* be coming over, ye mutt! STAND TO!"

The Privates' Parliament

*All questions from China to Peru
Discussed by me and you.*

(The Editors are in no way responsible for the views and ideas appearing on this page, nor will they, as they value their lives, take part in any discussion. Letters to the Privates' Parliament should be addressed—"P. P." "Canadian Hospital News.")

BLUEVILLE, ONTARIO, CLAIMS THE HONOUR

Chatham House.

Dear "News,"—I know for a certainty that the little town of Blueville, Ontario, is the birthplace of the first man to enlist in Canada for the great war. His name is Wright, and so far as I know, is still alive, although I believe, now, P.B. in England. He joined up in Ottawa, and was told that he was the first private to sign on. If any other fellows say this is not so, perhaps they'll tell me who was the first.

Yours, Pte. 40596.

BEAT THAT IF YOU CAN

Yarrow Annex.

Dear "News,"—Practically every man saw or heard something at the front that struck him so vividly that he will never forget it, even when the rest of the scrap has faded from his memory.

It was up at Courcelette on Sept. 15 that I saw Private Cox, of the 42nd Batt., have his left hand cut off by a chunk of shrapnel. He is a man past middle age, but as tough as they make 'em. All he did was to stoop down, pick up his left hand in his right and wave it above his head, calling out, "Look boys at the blighty I've got!"

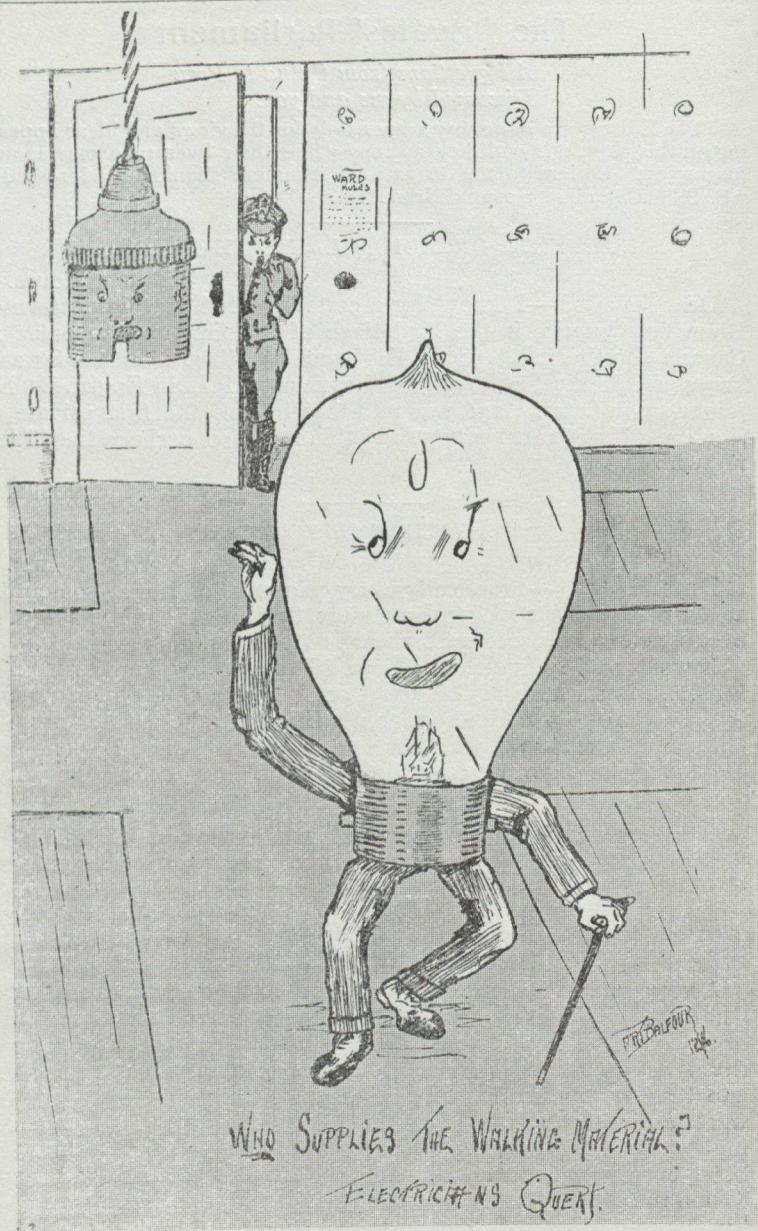
The stump didn't seem to bleed, and he walked out of the trench to the dressing station unaided! Can anyone beat that for grit.

Yours truly, Spr. A. O. W.

Heavens Above!

A very young officer who took part in the immortal landing at Gallipoli wrote home to his mother, giving her a vivid description of his experiences. He concluded—"I must confess, mother dear, that I felt a little funky once we were off the good old ship, and afloat in that little boat. Huge shells from the Turkish batteries were hitting the water and exploding all around us, and the machine-gun fire was like the buzzing of a million bees. Boats were being sunk every second, and I really thought the end was nigh. When the din was at its worst I remembered the padre's words—'When in danger always look up to Heaven.' Well, I looked up to Heaven, and hang me, if there wasn't a blessed aeroplane dropping bombs on us.

G. G.



First Prize Sketch in Cartoon Competition.
Drawn by Plc. Art. Balfour.

Thoughts Outside the Examining Room Door

Behind that door there lurk for me,
 Three M.O.'s cool and grim;
 And every scar they'll wish to see,
 Also the injured limb.

They'll ask how long I was in France,
 How long I've served the King;
 And then with verbal probe will lance,
 To see if lead I swing.

Then, was I wounded at the Somme,
 And does it ache or pain,
 Would I rather go back home,
 Or up the line again?

O, men of science, fateful three,
 You ask me questions ten;
 Just come with me to Picardy,
 You'll know my answers then.

Tune—"O Star of Eve."

O, Star of hope whose radiant smile,
 Doth the unwary blue beguile
 Back into khaki, marked P.T.,
 So once again across the sea
 To sodden France to play his part—
 O, Colonel Starr, just have a Hart,

Pte. F. GIOLMA

All the Difference

Have you ever been out on the prairie at night,
 When the old moon above is shining real bright?
 If you think of the Maker's all-powerful might,
 My -- you feel small!

Have you ever been out on patrol as a scout,
 When you wish like the dickens that moon would go out?
 Tho' you aren't very large, you will wish you were nowt.
 My -- you feel big!!

When you sit in a trench with the shells bursting round,
 And you huddle right down with your nose to the ground,
 When your pals are 'going out' with never a sound:
 Life's not worth much!

When you've got back to 'Blighty' and met that one girl,
 And you feel in your heart that you've captured a pearl,
 You forget about death, for your heart's in a whirl:
 And life's the whole thing!!

Pte. J. H. MATKIN, 8th Batt.

Gleaned From the December Competitions

We reproduce on this page some of the best entries submitted in our December competitions, the results of which were announced in our last issue.

This clever acrostic by Pte. Geo. Pendleton, 49th Batt. who won first prize in the War Puzzle Competition, ought to keep Grauvillians guessing until the solution is published next week.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

1. A village of Belgium, to your mind it may bring,
Thoughts of that gay spark, Charlie the King.
2. A sea in the East where a German U-boat
Sank a hospital ship, the largest afloat.
3. On the banks of this river a capital stands,
Fairest city of all in Russia's broad lands.
4. For protection it's used on warships and tanks,
And seems to cover the conscience of pacifist cranks.
5. A county of coal and a city of learning,
Where a Zeppelin fell all broken and burning
6. Once the city of heroes and gods, but alas!
Now ruled by a king who's a knave and an ass.
Take initials and finals, and then there will be,
Such a sight as the Kaiser ne'er expected to see.

EXPANDED ABBREVIATIONS

This competition produced some amusing and also some slanderous expansions. The first prize series (also submitted by Pte. Geo. Pendleton) was as follows:

- G.C.S.H.—Great Cures Seen Here.
C.A.M.C.—Casualties Always Made Comfortable.
C.D.D.—Civilians Dispatched Daily.
C.C.S.—Cocoa Continually Served.

Some of the competitors, however, did not show themselves so appreciative of C.A.M.C. treatment as the first prize winner.

G.C.S.H. was expanded into such satirical alternatives as: Grub Completely Spoilt Here; General Cold Storage Headquarters; Grouching Canadian Soldiers' Home; Germans Can't Shell Here; while one fed-up patient submitted that God Couldn't Stay Here.

C.A.M.C. received some rough handling: Continually After More Cash; Casualty And Money Collectors; Canned At Merry Christmas; Carcasses Amputated Most Cheerfully.

C.D.D. evoked such comments as: Clear! Duty Done; Can't Do Drill; Crocks Desire Departure; Canada Daily Deferred.

C.C.S. proved particularly suggestive: Can't Carry Stretchers; Carcasses Carried Swiftly; Can't Cure Stiffs; Carefully Collected Souvenirs; Comrades Carried Safely; Cautiously Claim Souvenirs; Comfort Coming Soon; Care, Celerity, System.

Nuts Lose to Engineers

Although last Saturday's match with the R.E.'s from Stonar Camp cannot be counted among the "Nuts" victories, it was about the best exhibition of soccer that has been played on Chatham House field this season. The Engineers presented a formidable line-up, including no less than five pros., and their heavy kicking and finished combination became in evidence at once.

The start looked very bad for the "Nuts," when within ten minutes of the kick-off, the visitors' forwards, by a series of short, quick passes, rushed the ball twice into the Granville net. After this, however, the Canadians got the Engineers' measure, and not only held them, but forced the play, up to within the last ten minutes of the game, when the visitors again asserted themselves.

Towler, who found it hard to steady himself on the greasy field, missed three or four elegant chances to score, but his perfect pass to Forbes in the first half gave the latter his chance to drive in a scorcher that landed right in the corner of the Sandwich net. With strong support from the half-backs, especially the hard-working Strutton, the Granville forwards held the offensive during most of the game, but the Engineers' professional right back and goalkeeper were unbeatable. Willis' kicking and Creighton's blocking on the back line were never more conspicuous, but in the last ten minutes of the game the Granville defence weakened, and the Sandwich men scored twice, when Strutton failed to clear and Gibbs to charge. R.E.'s 4, Granville 1.

Roller Hockey

The Granville team played a lively game with the Royal Field Artillery quintet at the County Roller Rink last Saturday night.

Although the puck stayed most of the time in the vicinity of the Whiz-Bang goal, there was plenty of clever work on both sides. L.-Cpl. Lille being on duty, Bugler Staples played full-back. "Red" Forbes, still fresh after his strenuous afternoon on the football field, played his position so well that the Artillerymen never had a chance. Freddie Carr played up to the mark, and the forwards, who worked together in fine style, made the best use of his passes. "Curly" Balfour caught one close in, and put it where it belonged, while Smail scored twice on neatly handled passes. Final score—Granville, 3; R.F.A., 0.

In Boadicea's days
 'Twas war of charioteers ;
 In Elizabethan lays
 'Twas war of privateers ;
 But in the struggle of today
 It seems a war of profiteers,
 Or one might almost say
 A war of armleteers.

PSMYTH.

Yaps From Yarrow

Is it true that the fellow who bought the watch from Private A. Cox has been late on every parade since?

There once was a R.P. named Laurey,
Who said—"I'm awfully sorry
To run in a Blue,
With his pass overdue ;
He must hurry up kissing his Florrie."

Who was the N.C.O. who got leave the other day, as he was expecting the first addition to his little family, and said he was going to call the little stranger "Kitchener Hughes," but arrived to find he was the father of girl twins?

There once was a private named Gay,
Who said in his own cheery way,
"I'm going back west
To have a long rest,
Playing patience all night and all day."

Who is the private in Ward 9 who every night murmurs a girl's name in his sleep, and who when spoken to by an N.C.O. on Wednesday, unthinkingly replied, "Yes, darling," and retired blushing?

There once was a major named Russell,
Who never got into a bustle.
He remarked, "Just keep cool,
You may think me a fool,
But wait till I've tested that muscle."

What was the matter with the patient who on Tuesday, when his blue band came off near a well-known hotel, hurriedly sewed it on again, but round his leg instead of his arm?

There once was a young C.M.R.,
Who remarked, "While I never go far
Without Stetson and swagger,
Gilt spurs and a dagger,
Yet they won't let me into a bar."

We would like to know the name of the Scotsman who lately took a couple of newly arrived chums down to the Y.M.C.A., and stepping up to the counter asked for one soft boiled egg and three spoons. Does he belong to the Ward 3 or the staff?

From a letter from the front received by a Yarrow Blue:—

You'd like to know where we are? Well, we're not allowed to say where we are, but I may say that we are not where we were, but where we were before we left here, to go to where we have just come from.

Granville Breezes.

How many of your fortnightly 10/- have you invested in the New War Loan?

The Russians must have been simply intoxicated with success after capturing those 10,000 bottles of German brandy on the Riga front.

Monday's snowfall made the deportation of the Granville sergeants from their "cushy" chambers to the marquees at Chatham House, a truly pathetic affair.

The London Safety First Council is considering the issue of a white armlet for pedestrians at night. The only objection we see is that it might give away the position of a fellow's arm in the cinema.

The Chatham House sergeant who reported sick with influenza, and was prescribed Dover powder and brandy must have suffered a serious setback when he found the dispensary could supply him with only the first part of the prescription.

New patient to occupant of next bed: Say, what job did they put you on here?

Old patient: Me! why I'm paymaster to the Colonel's dog.

New patient: What's that you say? Paymaster to the Colonel's dog? Why, what pay does he get?

Old patient: Two bones a day.

The crowded tram was boarded by a gilded youth, obviously attired for a dance. He struggled manfully as a strap-hanger for a while. Then a soldier, with two gold stripes on his sleeve, got up from his seat, steadied himself on his cane, and addressing the immaculate exquisite, said: "Won't you take my seat, Miss?"

Extract from correspondence from Chatham House Orderly Room files:—

(1)—To Q.-M.-S. ———

LIVE STOCK DEPT.—ARTS AND CRAFTS.

Strength— I beg to report five (5) new Guinea pigs taken on strength this morning. Mother and children doing well.

Decrease— One Black Hen in hospital died this A.M. Will order for burial be necessary? Or what disposition, please.
———— S.,Sergt.

(2)— *Referred to A.O., Chatham House, for disposal.*

(3)— *Memo from A.O., Chatham House—*

Baptise the children, and hold necessary memorial service for the hen.

Colonel Inspects Work of Rifle Range

On "fateful" Friday (this time January 12th) our O.C. visited the Rifle Range of the Granville Canadian Hospitals. We were busy at practice as usual, and were really expecting "cook-house" more than "party 'shun," but our respected O.C. showed keen interest in all connected with rifle shooting appertaining to this institution.

As is known, the Personnel "walked off" with the Colonel Watt Challenge Cup this month. Awarded with this trophy is a monthly prize for the highest individual score, given by Mr. Gardiner of High Street. Colonel Clarke has most generously offered the second and third prize for this monthly event; so we expect to witness some closely contested matches in the future.

The programme for 1917 is being opened by a match with Margate, and it is practically a new team who will make their *début* on Thursday, the 18th. However, this team is doing remarkably well, considering the amount of practise they have had.

All interested in "shooting the bull" are most welcome on the range at any time; and it is hoped during 1917 to even better our good score of the past year of, 42 won, 3 drawn, 7 lost, in addition to 36 National Rifle Association Skilled Shot Medals and Certificates won.

—H. S.

We Should Like to Know.

Why has L-v-d-r been transferred to the Orderly Room? and Is it safe to trust a new scout with a verbal message?

Who is the 24th Batt. patient who, during open hours at the pub., wears Queen's badges?

Why the patient in Ward I. who used to go around with a face the length of the pier lift, has been looking so angelic the last few days.

If it is because his interests lie in the same direction that the Provost-Sergt. seems so anxious about the whereabouts of a certain private.

Who was the Chatham House orderly who, on giving his information *re* female relatives on Tuesday, declared he had only one sister, all the rest being married?

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, Ramsgate.

The publishers of this paper are indebted to The Canadian Red Cross Society for part of the type, press, etc., used in printing the paper.

S. B. WOOD

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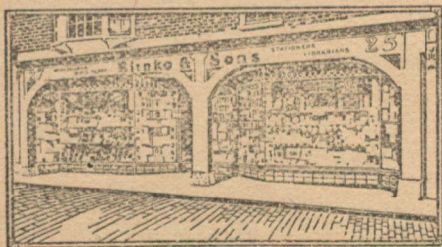
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The "KAPOK" Sleeping Bags.

The "KAPOK" Combination Valise
Sleeping Bags.

The "KAPOK" Sleeved Waistcoat.

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