

Vol. VI.

AUGUST 11, 1917.

No. 6.

Canadian Hospital News

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Canadian Hospital

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CHATHAM HOUSE
TOWNLEY

News

THE YARROW
PRINCESS PATS
THE GRAND

VOL. VI

RAMSGATE, AUGUST 11, 1917

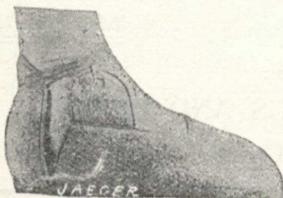
No. 6

Editor :

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Treasurer :

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The Canadian Red Cross Society has given part of the Type and one of the Presses used in the Printing of this Paper.

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Editorial Efforts

THE ARMY DOCTOR

MUCH has been said and written about the Army Medical Doctor, but very few people in civil life realise the importance of his work, and the magnitude of the tasks he is called upon to perform. Hundreds of lives hang daily in the balance; the relaxing of his nerve for the fraction of a moment, or a slip of the knife, often means that another soul is wafted into eternity. In the hospitals, as well as on the field, he is ever on the alert to detect the slightest change in the condition of his patient or patients. A man, to all outward appearance, made of iron, sometimes without rest or sleep for days at a time, he will work on untiringly, giving attention and assistance where the same is most needed.

The doctor is the only man in the Canadian Army who brought his profession with him when he came overseas. Many of them left a practice worth five times as much as the pay they now receive, while others, after years of hard work, had succeeded in building up a practice which would guarantee for them a comfortable means of livelihood for themselves and families. Notwithstanding all this, at the call for volunteers they have left homes, wealth, and comfortable circumstances to serve their country in a way that they only can serve it.

There is no class of men in the Army to-day who have made greater personal sacrifices than the members of the Canadian Army Medical Corps. They form an organisation that is indispensable to the successful carrying on of the present conflict. The sanitary conditions are, and have been, so perfect that disease is almost unheard of. No war, in the history of the world, has ever been fought with so small a percentage of deaths due to contagious or infectious diseases.

A great responsibility rests upon the Medical Officer. He has proven himself equal to the task, and when the history of the war is written up, much can be said in favour of the Army Doctor.

THE EDITOR.

THE BOSS OF THEM ALL

By *H. L. Stuart, 21st Batt., C.E.F.*

- Who is the man with a manner so grand,
The Colonel.
- Who is it forgets the word of command,
The Colonel.
- Who is it that leads the regiment in
To a feed, or to battle, or even to sin,
And who gets the credit, if we should win?
The Colonel.
- Who is the fellow who gives you a pill,
The Doctor ;
Slips you a drink (I don't think) when you're ill,
The Doctor.
- The man whom often you see up the line,
Whether it's muddy or whether it's fine,
For gout or rheumatics prescribes No. 9?
The Doctor.
- Who is the man who's got plenty of dough,
The Paymaster,
To whom all the soldiers so cheerfully go,
The Paymaster.
- Who has to hear hard luck stories all day,
Makes the poor, downhearted tommies so gay.
Gives 'em ten dollers and drives 'em away?
The Paymaster.
- Who is the lady with blue eyes or brown,
The Sister,
Who charms with a smile, or quells with a frown.
The Sister.
- Who nurses poor Tommy after the fight,
Who hangs o'er his bed like an angel of light
Then marries her patient as soon as he's right,
Oh ! Sister.
- Who is it that thinks he's the boss of them all,
The Private.
- Who eagerly watches the Paymaster's call,
The Private.
- Who is it that goes in the thick of the fight,
In the light of the day, or the dark of the night,
And leaves our friend Fritz in a H—l of a plight
The Private.

CHATS FROM CHATHAM

Hey! Guy! Three girls; and blocking the traffic. Have a heart, Bo.

Agreed.—Times are hard. So are the Chatham House Sunday morning eggs.

To work your ticket, blindfold some cockroaches, and lead them under the wheels of a street-car.

We hear that the recent rain spell seriously interrupted operations at the front.—Water Front.

Who is it that takes so much interest in the Scout and Canterbury? Does he want an introduction?

A "Whiting" went fishing,
A "Fisher" he fished,
And the "Fisher" was fished by a fisher.
And the "Fisher he fished,
Is a cute little fish,
Now they both bear the name of "White-Fish-er."

Why does a certain member of the staff carry sergeant's stripes in his pocket? Is he afraid someone might pinch them?

Was it the bugle that made "Bugler" Silcock's lips sore quite recently, or was it the close communications of the previous night?

Chatham Chicken Soup.—Ingredients—One bean to four quarts of water; add two quantities of salt, stir with beef-rib till the bean dissolves. Lead the chicken through it and serve hot.

We notice the fact that "Peggy" does not crowd for a second sitting at meal-times now. He is getting his "an and heggs, with nice thin "bread and butter" and "cocoa," nightly. Some girl, "Peggy"!

Extract from Routine Order 210, for July 30th, 1917 :—

"Staff will parade for pay at 2 p.m., 27/7/17."

[Though not specially warned for this parade on 30th ult., we noticed that there was not an absentee. Good soldiers always use their initiative.]

DOINGS AT THE RANGE

By Pte. H. W. H. Smith

Last week the weather confining everyone indoor, a competition was offered among the patients, and we were kept busy from dawn till dark every day. Over fifty patients shot in this competition, Chatham House and the Granville, Pte. Kerr, won the first prize and Scout Heathman the second prize, both honours going to Chatham House.

Winners of Skilled Shot Medals and Certificates

The following have qualified and received their Skilled Shot Medals and Certificates from the National Rifle Association, Bisley. R.S.M. Hodder 284; Staff Slinn 284; Pte. G. Mulligan 287, Bronze Medals. Staff Slinn 288, Rifleman's Certificate; Sergt. Travers 277, Rifleman's Certificate; Pte. Mulligan 278 and Corp. Trebble 268. Possible being 300.

Canadian Hospital New's Competition

This competition is open until the end of the week. The conditions are two twenty yards time limit targets in four minutes.

Winners of the S.M.R.C. Silver Medals are Sergt. Wade, Ptes. Heathman and Clark.

A competition for novices belonging to the Personnel will be shot next week and a separate competition among the patients, will also be open for the best score of the week.

A post match was shot last week with the Metropolitan Police in which the boys pulled through by the narrow margin of six points.

The teams and scores were as follows:—

Canadians		Metropolitan Police	
Pte. H. Smith	99	Sergt. Watts	98
Sergt. Travers	99	E. Salter	98
Sergt. Wade	98	E. Gray	96
Pte. Mathison	98	H. Wildershaw	96
Staff-Sgt. Slinn	97	W. Monday	96
Sergt. Henderson	96	P. Andrews	94
Pte. Mulligan	91	W. Chaffe	93
Scout Heathman	91	Inspec. Moran	92
	769		763

GRUNTS FROM GRANVILLE

Who'll give our Scout 3d. for a hair cut ?

When is a meat safe not safe ? When the supper is locked inside and no key.

Note—If we could only write all we know the *News* circulation would exceed that of the *Daily Mail*.

The ladies in the Broadstairs Cinema should overlook any deficiencies in the dress of our "News Staff-man." He's married.

If St. Vitus is the patron-saint of rag-time, conversely; what air can be synchronised with shell-shocks ?

Oh, where ! Oh, where ! is my flapper gone ? Never mind "Hethie" better luck next time.

Well Sergt. Henderson, four flappers at once does seem rather greedy but perhaps you are qualifying for the Presidency of Salt Lake City ?

Why is it that Sgt. H—— of the massage dept. always picks out the softest chair in the mess. Has a night at the roller rink anything to do with it ?

No, Sergt., you should not make absurd requests of the lady assistant of a certain outfitters. It is not conducive to a good reputation.

Can anyone explain why on the reverse side of Rifle Club silver medal, fired for and won by Lc.-Corp. Graham, we find the inscription:—Second Prize, Sack Race, 1st. July, 1916.

Are they trying to convert "He of the mysterious light" and his slave who is called by inheritance Le Sauvage ? First was sent one of the tribe of Noncom who said "Sin-nott" and then was sent Timothy and then Paul. Even though they do delve in mysteries there is still a Good-win.

JOYOUS JANE RELATES AN EXPERIENCE OF HER CHILDHOOD

In a Dream She is Transported to — Well,
Wait and See

By Dorothy L. Warne

Jane had been naughty. Like the girl in the nursery rhyme who had a little curl—when she was bad she was horrid, and mother had put her to bed until she could learn better manners.

Jane drew the sheets round her little self and shivered. It was cold and lonely and miserable; she wished she hadn't spoken her mind quite so plainly to father. Still, parents are so illogical at times. Of course, Jane's reasoning didn't run in quite that language, but that's the way a grown-up would understand the situation.

She put her arms round Billy, the broken-nosed sailor dolly, and closed her eyes, when "swish, swish," and she opened them again with a start. There standing on the bed rail was a real, live fairy. Fluttering wings, flower petals for a suit, and a rakish little buttercup hat on his wee head.

"Why, who are you?" asked Jane, bewildered. "I'm a sprite of the Underworld," he said in a queer cracked voice. "Been naughty?" "Yes, *they* think so." "Um, pity, I was going to invite you to the Underworld, but —," "Oh, Mr. Sprite, please," Jane interrupted, "please take me there, oh, please." "Well, then, close your eyes tight, and count ten."

Jane did so: there was a sensation of cutting through the air at top speed, then a bump. She opened her eyes. "Where are we?" "The Underworld," replied the sprite. Jane looked about her. All she could see was stone walls all around, with innumerable doors and pillars. "Take care not to be naughty down here," said the sprite, warningly, "or you'll be taken there," pointing vaguely into the distance. This place is ruled by a Fairy called Ohsee, and if you don't conform to her orders you may have to spend a few days here. They are brought here sometimes *staggering* under the load of their misdemeanours. Oh, it's a cruel sight," and the sprite brushed away a sympathetic tear. "But come," he advanced to a door and rapped on the panels. It opened and a head was thrust out. "Yaka Hula, give the password." "Hicky Doola," replied the sprite, promptly. The door opened and Jane blinked her eyes in the dazzling light, after the nether darkness of the corridors.

Some large party appeared to be in progress. "And who are all these people?" asked Jane. "Answer this riddle," answered the sprite—"They may be short or tall, sometimes, but not often,

of a greenish colour, and almost human, what are they?" Jane pondered, "give it up." "These," replied the sprite, pointing to the crowd, "sergeants." "Sergeants?" repeated Jane. "Oh, I know. Those people who form groups on the sidewalk after 9 p.m. and usually occupy the stalls at the Palace Theatre. [Note.—The Theatre proprietors are *not* paying for this advertisement!]

"You've just hit it," said the sprite, "but come and be introduced." "No," said Jane, "I'm shy, let's sit and watch them, it's heaps nicer." The sprite flew with her to a corner of the piano and they tucked themselves cosily away, to watch the fun.

"Who's that?" asked Jane, pointing to a very presentable item in the bunch, with dark hair and twinkly eyes. "That? Oh, that's Triple F.D. Very clever, knows all the works of the big writers, Dickens, and all those, y'know. Does cause you one moment's reflection, doesn't it?" "It does," agreed Jane.

"See the fellow next him," said the sprite. "Quite a nut, goes in for British warms and soft hats—sometimes. Lost 'em once, oh, that was a sad story," and he blinked away another tear.

Suddenly the sprite jumped up and held his hands over Jane's ears. "Whatever for?" said the little girl. "Sinny's at his yarns again, and anyway you're too young to hear about the Priest from Quebec. Thank goodness, here's something to stop him." The interruption occurred in the shape of one tall and thin; he approached with the beatific smile of parenthood lighting up his face, and wheeling a perambulator. Someone struck up, "You're My Baby," and for a while pandemonium reigned. "Talking of babies," said the sprite, "see teal-escape over there? There's another christening coming off soon, or maybe has already." "Indeed?" said Jane, politely interested.

"Like a cocktail?" asked the sprite. Jane folded her hands primly. "Thank you, no." "No offence, girlie, but the Quarter is just advertising his "Specials," so now's your chance."

"See that fellow over there? What d'you think he's done? Why, with lots of bits of fluff hanging around town he kissed a man, a man! in the market place. Lummy, what waste." "Whatever for," asked Jane, "it's unheard of." "For eggs," replied the sprite, shortly. "Foul, I call it." "Hullo, there's Hay Bag talking to Fatty. What's in the wind? No tomatoes to-night, eh? Well, P'low managed to get 'em while Goody was keeping the sun off another part of the little island. What is Jub's trouble, anyway? There, then, did they want to bleed him tuppence ha'penny for bloaters. Shame!"

"What is that man in the corner reading," Jane asked presently. "Sammy's reading football results, likely," replied the sprite. "He— Gee, what's on, a raid?" He held Jane's hand tightly as a dishevelled form burst into the door. "Has anybody seen khaki on the fourth and fifth floors?" the figure exclaimed dramatically, and with a groan fell to the ground. "Hum," commented the

sprite, as willing hands assisted the recumbent sergeant, "every Nelson expects every man to do his duty, it seems. Next, please. Look at our cosmopolitan over there. French, yet in the Maple Leaf crowd." "But," objected Jane, "his name sounds as though he had something to do with the land of the Shamrock." "Well," replied the little fellow, slyly, "wasn't the 'Shamrock' Sir Tommy Lipton's all-prize yacht, he—he," and he squealed in evident enjoyment of a private joke." Jane pondered, "I think I miss the point," she said. The sprite laughed more, "probably, but Conny won't!"

"What is that book the boy with the nice dark eyes is reading?" asked Jane. "S——n? Ah, that's the umpteenth edition of Smith's autobiography, 'Every Bit of Khaki's got a Little Bit of Fluff,' or 'Why I am Interested in Cathedral Cities.'"

"That tall one looks contented, I wonder why?" asked Jane. "That," said the sprite, "is our champion lady-killer, he causes them many heart-byrneings, bless them."

Presently Jane's head began to nod, and her eyes felt as though the sleepy dustmen were pouring bags of sand on to the lids. "I—I think I'm sleepy," she said. "Thought so," laughed the sprite.

"Close your peepers again, and you'll soon be alright." Jane closed her eyes, when—Hey! Presto! there she was, back in her own little bed, and Mother kissing her "Good Morning."

"Gracious," thought she, "was it really all a dream?"

I wonder! D'you think it was.

Good Luck Wishes

On the third anniversary of the declaration of war, the boys of the 3rd Field Ambulance unit, who are presently stationed at the Granville and Chatham House, took occasion to wish Private (now Corporal) Harry Reid and his young wife a life time's happiness and Good Luck, at the same time making the presentation of a pretty timepiece, with a suitable inscription marking the occasion of their wedding. Corp. Reid desires to thank his many friends and well-wishers for their kind thoughts and expressions, and for the substantial gift of the mantle-clock. The *Hospital News* joins in the hearty wish for Corporal and Mrs. H. Reid—"Up the Line of Life with the Best of Luck."

While on their trip to Edinburgh they boarded a crowded tram car, the pretty young wife whispered to her khaki-clad husband—"I think we can squeeze in here, Harry, don't you?" He flushed with pleasure, and gave her arm a gentle pinch. "Better wait till we get home, don't you think?" he whispered.

PATTER FROM PATS

Are the troops still "jake"?

The Master Tailor is going strong.

Gee whiz! I wish that Midwinter slept in this tent—isnt it darn hot?

What is blacker than Coal? The man that dishes the dinner out.

Sergeant-Major Ran-some. Wonder if he was running after Baby?

Who stole some of our Patter for the Chatham Chats? Ask the Printer. [Who said RATS?]

The R.S.M. says he has rheumatism. Consequently that Tennis Correspondence course is *no bon*.

Corporals and Lance-Jacks seem to wear a very sad countenance these days. Why this thushness?

Porridge is good enough for any man—at least the Sergean Cook says so.

Tents still leak, according to our Buglar. They leaked on Salisbury (Plains) Sea three years ago, so why worry. What?

The smartest soldier in Hospital, and a Non Com. too, and worst of all one of the Police. Eyes left Sir, and look among the rank and file.

"What will you have Miss." "Oh, a Johnny Walker, double header," "Good heavens, and me only 9d." Cut it out Corp. what would the wife think?

Heard in the basement. Squeaky vioce, throw him out, throw him out, throw him out. First patient. "Whatever is the matter." Second patient. "Oh, it is only the P.M. gently reprimanding the patients."

Gone! who, what, why, R.P., no not Regimental Police, but Riding Pants:—

Here lies R. P.

He received the admiration of all the Privates.

Was the envy of all the Janes,

And now he has gone (we hope not) for ever.

Have a heart, Sir.

THE MARVELS OF ELECTRICITY

I was warned for a medical examination this a.m. and have just been "through it." They placed me on a table in the centre of the room and began the test, by applying a small metal brush to my occipital proturburence, my eyes converged outwards with a click that startled me. This seemed to prove to them that my brain was still in action, for they proceeded downwards and touched my brachial plexus with the same magic brush. Immediately this was done my arm began to go revolve like a windmill and could only be stopped by removing the brush, the dormant nerve for which they were searching was evidently not there. Then they stimulated my pectoralis major, and though contrary to the laws of physiology, my lungs began to operate as though I had just completed a marathon. Moving the brush to the region over my heart the stimulation was such that you could hear the hiss of the blood coursing rapidly through my circulatory system. All this was not so bad, but when they touched my solar plexus I had that same far away feeling that Jess Willard gave Johnson in 1914. They began to despair but with one final hope they placed a brush on each thigh. I received a severe blow on the nose and was surprised to find it had been inflicted by the major metatarsal phalanx of my left foot, the other leg still lay there and could not be coaxed to move. They seemed quite pleased to have found the trouble, (I could have told them before, but that is what they are there for) and they immediately ordered me some treatment, the paper read, "Electricity (strong) daily. Psychogenetic." I understood it all except the last word and I presume that is the brand of electricity.

They seemed so intent on curing me and everything seemed to be electricity which rather worried me, and so I don't mind telling you that I began to get cold feet and wish I had never injected morphine into my leg before that examination. On my way to the treatment office I passed a room from whence there came flashes of light and roars like thunder, the door was slightly ajar and I peered in, the room was in darkness but suddenly there was another clash as a bolt of flame a foot long pierced the air, I could discern a man standing beside a table, and then all was darkness again. I waited, it was turned on again, instead of the flame it was a powerful but weird green light omitted from a glass tube in the centre of the room just above the table I had located during the last flash. It turned my blood cold when I noticed that a man lay on the table, and these green rays seemed to be focused on him. I reasoned it out, if the little brush without any sparks had caused my major toe to rap me on on the nose, what would a twelve inch spark do to me, but then the chap on the table did not seem to be minding it. I wondered if this would be my treatment and looked around for the word Psychogenetic on the door, I was relieved to

YAPS FROM YARROW

What is a "Reid"? A reed is an animal of the vegetable kingdom what lives in ditches and drinks dirty water (and beer yet only 5d. a pint.)

What is a "Cross"? A cross is a straight line that cuts through another line in equivocal equinambius. It is likewise a sign of addition. That's got it, that's what you are—"A sign of addition." Two and two make four, four and four make eight, and you make a devil of a fuss when you're woke up on night duty.

What is a "Billingsley"? Well! Even such a descriptive pen as mine has to stop here.

"Nu Spelin and Nu Pronunseation":—

To get a rhyme with DUNCAN

I don't quite see how WUKEN (one can).

The problem thus in exasperation

I'm leaving for the next generation

To solve which p'raps my SUNKEN (son can).

Things We Do Not Hear

"Doctor, can I get innoculated every week?"

"Why don't they cut out the rum ration?"

"I never want to see the Paymaster any more?"

"No, I don't want any more leave?"

"No, thanks, I am just going to buy some fags."

"Why doesn't the Town Major close all estaminets and wet canteens?"

"Why can't I have 28 days No. 1 instead of a reprimand?"

"Our Postal Orderly is the best in the Division."

"God bless our Q.M.S."

"That old melody—'And we've white-washed every wall from——'"

"Chestnuts are better than spuds in a mulligan."

"Please don't step on my dinner."

see "X-Ray" there instead for I had not been ordered that brand. One of the chaps tried to tell me this was only taken photos, but I'm from Missouri, and besides, why was the light focused on his stomach if he was only taking his photo.

I am not an Edison and do not pretend to be able to explain all these things, but they instructed me to come for treatment tomorrow morning when I will probably learn more of the marvels of electricity.

Grayman.

BULLETS FROM BROADSTAIRS

Best of luck "Pat" on your Promotion. Won't she be pleased now?

Why does "Billy Holliday" receive so many letters? Answer—Because he is the mail clerk.

Why does the gallant Corporal visit the Dutch House so often, is it to obtain Lavender?

Does "Miss" Gallagher contemplate going into partnership in the Donkey industry on the sands next summer?

Does Pte. Houghton sing, I was standing at the corner of the street? Nightly.

Is it true that Sir Clifford has taken to Bowls? A budding Drake surely.

Did Pte. McIntyre book six seats for the Band Concert? Surely Mac you will rival the Files Clerk.

Three guesses are allowed for the name of the M.O., who has invested in Kittens. His taste in Cats is certainly good.

Who took that long drive in the taxi the other night and why did it stop on the way to the Station? Was it a Pick me up?

Who were the two N.C.O's who so ably championed the great cause the other evening, and is it true that they are recommended for the V.C?

Now you are a "Ware" if "Good" yer can have a "Holliday." Surely the "Bower" which "Shields" "Overall" of us is better than the "Barnes" with "Flaws" in.

Faith has left us for fields anew, but we still have Charity and Hope with us. Charity is very busy just at present, always designing and drawing up new ideas for the future.

Can a night session of music be arranged for, certainly we have sufficient in the day time. We appear to have three Captains who are attending daily classes? Are any of these gentlemen ready to volunteer for night duty? Please report at Q.M. office for instructions.

Chaplain's Wounded Soldiers' Fund, etc.

By Major E. Bertram Hooper, (Chaplain)

Last week, through lack of space, the statement of contributions received was held over for this issue of the *News*. It is as follows:

Last week—

An English Friend, Broadstairs	- - - -	£3 0 0
Townley School for Girls, Ramsgate	- - - -	1 1 0
Women's Patriotic Assoc., St. Stephen, N.B.	- - - -	5 4 10

This week—

Upper Magaguadavic, N.B.	- - - -	6 15 2
Mrs. Harman, Woodstock, N.B.	- - - -	0 8 6
Mary Gourley, Moncton, N.B.	- - - -	1 17 6
Sergt. A. E. Graham, 3rd Batt., lately a patient at Granville, now in Canada	- - - -	0 12 0
Lady Riggs, Ramsgate	- - - -	1 0 0
Captain ———, Chatham House	- - - -	1 0 0

I am very grateful for the kind contributions towards this Fund, which has met the needs of a very real ministry of pleasure and benefit among our wounded lads for many months. May it still go on!

Bad weather last week made it necessary to cancel all the "outings" save one drive for the Granville patients on Monday.

I am writing this on my return from a delightful trip with a party of wounded, on the steamer *Charm*, most kindly placed at our disposal by Commander Barker, R.N. It was the first outing on the water, and was most enthusiastically enjoyed by all. The Skipper and crew of the *Charm* did everything to make us comfortable and happy. There was no sea-sickness; but the development of prodigious appetites, which were happily appeased by a really splendid spread at the "Maple Leaf Club," to which we repaired on landing. I hope that we may have other similar trips in the near future.

I hope that everyone will push the sale of the song, "The Immortal Kitchener," the profits of which will be given to the "Chaplain's Fund."
THE PADRE.

"THE IMMORTAL KITCHENER" (SONG)

Words by
W. J. Crowe (C.E.F.)

Music by
Dorothy L. Warne

Order from any Dealer, Price 1s. 8d.

First Ten Editions (2,500 Copies) for the benefit of "Wounded Soldiers' Fund"

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ENTERTAINMENTS

Arranged by Capt. Armour, Y.M.C.A.

The new series of illustrated lectures given on Sunday evenings commenced last Sunday. A goodly audience assembled and it was evident that all thoroughly enjoyed the excellent pictures thrown on the screen, as well as the lecture itself. At the close of the lecture a free and easy song service is always held and those present join in singing favourite hymns very lustily.

Movies were shown both on Tuesday and Thursday evenings. The pictures were good and funny enough to draw forth much spontaneous laughter.

On Wednesday evening, "The Rustics" concert party made its bow to a Granville audience, and received a good hearing. The programme was good, although perhaps it is true that combination is not quite as good as it was in Mrs. Duckett's Concert Party. However the entertainment was thoroughly enjoyed, and we look for a bright and successful succession of concerts from this party.

Mr. Boyland's Party gave one of its best shows at Chatham House on Thursday evening. On Friday evening the party of "Carry Ons," appeared at the Princess Patricia's Hospital. Much praise is due to Mr. Boyland and his willing party for working so hard and so acceptably for the entertainment of the many Canadians at Ramsgate.

During the wet afternoons of last week we were fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Claude Ring, pianist, who brightened up otherwise dull days, by given so much enjoyed pianoforte recitals in the afternoons, in the Granville Hall.

COMING EVENTS AT THE GRANVILLE

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