

CANADIAN HOSPITAL NEWS

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE
GRANVILLE CANADIAN SPECIAL HOSPITAL.
RAMSGATE. KENT.



PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THE PATIENTS

Editor : Major Wilson

News Editor : Corpl. H. S. Patton,
P.P.C.I.

Price One Cent

Lowest Prices for Service
Requirements at

LEWIS'S STORE



WE HOLD COMPLETE STOCKS
OF PERSONAL AND FIELD SER-
VICE EQUIPMENT, AND CAN
QUOTE COMPETITIVE PRICES
FOR QUANTITIES OR SINGLE
ARTICLES.

- Khaki Cotton Shirts
- Handkerchiefs
- Fox's Puttees
- Pyjama Suits
- Khaki Socks
- Braces
- Swagger Canes
- Underwear
- Etc. Etc.

HIGH-CLASS MILITARY TAILORING

UNIFORMS

Complete in every detail for all ranks and
branches made on the premises at short
notice. Estimates and Patterns free.

LOCAL AGENTS FOR

BURBERRY'S (London)

WATERPROOF KIT & EQUIPAGE

Lewis, Hyland & Linom

RAMSGATE

Telephone
59 RAMSGATE

Telegrams
'HYLANDS'

"PRIDE OF CANADA"

PURE MAPLE SYRUP

IN GLASS JARS

9d. & 1/2

PURE MAPLE SWEETS

JUST THE DELICIOUS SUGAR
CRYSTALISED OUT OF
THE MAPLE SAP

in 6d., 3d. & 1d. packets

Vye & Son

Telephone 3

64 QUEEN STREET

AND
GRANVILLE STORES
EAST CLIFF

RAMSGATE

SEE THAT THE NAME

Freeman, Hardy & Willis
Ltd.

is over the Store where
you buy your FOOTWEAR
*it guarantees the quality and
ensures satisfaction*

The "Burlington"
Reg.



Local Addresses

10 HARBOUR ST. 10 QUEEN ST.
67A KING STREET, RAMSGATE

470 Branches in England

CANADIAN HOSPITAL

NEWS

VOL. III

NOVEMBER 18, 1916

No. 5

EDITORIAL

From my window
In the Granville
I look out,
Waiting for the
Ord'ly Sergeant
Who's about,
For he tells me
Of some duty
I must do,
And of rounds that
I must clearly
Wander through.

That I bless him
Who has doomed me
Orderly.

What I see, as
From my window
I look out,
Takes the gloom from
My detention
Hereabout ;
For I watch such
Dainty beauty
On the lea,
And the ships that
Proudly pass me
Out at sea,

O. C. J. W.

MY fire burns brightly in the grate, my gaze wanders from the promenade to the sea and back again. I am enjoying the vision of beauty, animate and inanimate, resting my wearied bones after jaunts through subteranean passages and mounts to ethereal heights, when I hear a raucous voice at my door, "Inspection, Sir." Quickly I don my cap and belt, firmly I grasp my gloves and staff, and to the mess-room I wend my way. Who is it thus breaks in upon my isolation? He that is yclept Orderly Sergeant forsooth. And who is he? He it is who guides me hither and thither; who keeps his eye upon the passing minutes to remind me of DUTIES to be done, whose language consists of two words, "ORDLYOFFZERSHUN" and "SHUNORDLYOFFZER;" whose pad is in his hand and continually he doth thoroughly write thereon. And what is the writing? The result of my investigation into the inner workings of this little world of ours. For my language consists of one word, one single word, "ANYCOMPLAINTS." This is the burden of my song night and day. I wake with it upon my lips; I say it softly to myself as I sink into snory slumber; and I growl it as I am awakened by some ruffian's hand in the night watches. For I am a very present help in time of trouble. I am the Orderly Officer.

Where Innocence is Bliss

She was one of those dear, innocent, little maidens, with the cherubic face framed in golden curls, so oft-immortalized by poets and painters.

For nine short years she had flowered in the seclusion of home, with scarcely a companion to share her simple pleasures. Mother and father thought it better so—their baby's opening mind must not be brought into rude contact with the wicked world outside. Occasionally Cousin Phil came to spend a week, and Maisie loved Phil. They were great pals.

One summer morning Maisie walked with her father in the garden, and he told her a wonderful story. Yesterday he had found the fairies dancing in the twilight, and they had told him to look under the rose-bushes and take whatever, he found there. He looked, and underneath a lovely crimson Rambler found a dear little baby girl; so he took her in to Mummy and they were going to keep her as a new baby sister for Maisie.

Maisie's face was weathed in delighted smiles, as she looked up into her daddy's face and said softly, "Daddy, may I write and tell Phil about this lovely present the fairies have given us?"

That night Maisie's father found on the table a letter addressed to Phil, in her quaint, crooked handwriting, all ready for posting.

"Dear little innocent," he murmured. "Wonder now, what she has told him. Shall I? Yes, I must open it and see." He broke the seal and scanned the page. A baffled expression spread over his face and his hand shook slightly as he read:—

"Dear Phil:

You owe me a bob; it's a girl.

With much love,

From

Maisie."

The Rub.

Of atrocities in Belgium we all
have heard a lot ;
Of Kultur, Hymns of Hate, and strafing
good and hot ;
Of poison gas and tear shells massed
attacks, gun-fire barrage—
But give to me the whole darned bunch,
before another month's massage.

PRETIUM.

To a Soger's Louse.

(With apologies to Bobbie Burns.)

(By a Private in the Dandy Ninth.)

Wee scamperin', irritatin' scunner.
Hoo daur ye worry me, I wunner.
As if I hadna lots to dae,
Blockin' the road to auld Calais,
Without ye.

Ye'll hardly let me hae a doss,
For you paradin' richt across
Ma back, ma neck, an' donn ma spine,
Thinkin' nae doot ye're daein' fine,
Suckin' ma bluid.

When at ma Country's ca' I came,
To fecht for Beauty, Kind and Hame,
I read ma yellow form o'er twice,
But it said naught 'bout fechtin' lice,
Or I had gibbered.

When "Little Willies" skiff ma heid,
Or me aboot to draw a bead,
I fain would stop to scairt ma back,
To shift ye off the bitten track,
Afore I fire.

When through the shirt from Sister Sue,
I search maist carefully for you,
I smile to think the busy wench,
Ne'er dreams her seams mak' sic a trench,
To gie ye cover.

Whit labyrinthine dug-outs too,
Ye're making in our kilts the noo ;
Yer reinforcements tak' the bun,
Encouraged by the Flanders' sun,
To keep us lively.

Gott strafe ye, little kittlin' beast,
Ye maybe think ye'll mak' a feast,
O' me, but no, ye'll get a had,
When next ye try to promenade,
Across ma kist.

The Mixtyre in the bottle here,
Is bound to mak' ye disappear,
Nae mair I'll need to mak' ye click,
Ane dose, they say'll dae the trick,
As sure as Death.

Puzzle Corner.

The Canadian Hospital News proposes to run each week a simple puzzle or problem. Most of these naturally, will have a war connection or war solution. We believe the solving of these will prove an interesting pastime during the winter hospital session, and will help to interfere with the mental "stagnation" which is liable to accompany long confinement in blues.

This week's puzzle is a simple set of anagrams. The correct rearrangement of the letters will give the names of important persons and places connected with the war. Number 1, for example, is Cadorna. The answers will appear in next week's issue.

1. NO CARD, A: An Italian commander.
2. LE PADRE; A Rumanian pass.
3. DAMN ED! A British admiral.
4. SHORE D: A Greek island.
5. BOIL RUFFS: A Russian general.
6. TO SIR MAN: A Serbian objective.
7. RISE PA: A torpedoed liner.
8. O MUT! HIT ON: A Verdun fort.
9. LESS R A: A Somme village.
10. ON GATE U M: A British cabinet minister.
11. OPEN 'ER, N: A French objective.
12. ENGINE W U A: A former German colony.

Soyez Tranquille.

(Litany of a French Soldier.)

Of two things one is certain: either you're mobilised or you're not mobilised.

If you're not mobilised there is no need to worry: if you are mobilised, of two things one is certain: either you're behind the lines or you're on the front.

If you're behind the lines there is no need to worry: if you're on the front, of two things one is certain: either you're resting in a safe place or you're where it's hot.

If you're resting in a safe place there is no need to worry: if you're where it's hot, of two things one is certain: either you're wounded or you're not wounded.

If you're not wounded there is no need to worry: if you are wounded, of two things one is certain: either you're wounded seriously or you're wounded slightly.

If you're wounded slightly there is no need to worry: if you're wounded seriously, of two things one is certain: either you recover or you die.

If you recover there is no need to worry. If you die you can't worry.

Our Land of the West

Away, far away, midst scenes that are strange,
Our thoughts wander back to the wide spreading range
Surrounding our homes, as they peacefully rest
In her bosom of beauty, the Land of the West.

Great mansions we've seen, with old fashioned dome,
And paths that were trod, by the children of Rome,
With flowers and hedges, where birds love to rest—
But they ne'er have the charms of the Land of the West.

Parks that have shaded our ancestors gone,
Leicester Square and the Strand, their gay passing throng,
And the Abbey that holds the Mighty at rest—
But our thoughts still return to the Land of the West.

Shrines that are sacred, and towers we've seen,
Through valleys we've passed, with their rich evergreen :
Our wonder awakened, and ever impressed—
But our hearts still return, to our Land of the West.

Our Land of the West, where loved ones abide
And angels forever their foot-steps shall guide ;
Midst wheat-seas and prairies and orchards they roam,
There is no land so sweet, as our dear Maple home.

Corp. W. J. Crowe.

Well Done, Scotts !

When Sapper Scott, a Chatham House patient, was suddenly given a resounding thump on the back the other day, and turned sharply to see who the aggressor was, his scowl was suddenly transformed into an astonished and expansive smile. For he found himself confronted by a new blue, in the person of Pte. Scott of the 7th, a brother whom he had long believed missing. Then was there great rejoicing and comparing of biographies.

This surprise meeting of two wounded brothers in the same hospital is remarkable enough. But that's not the whole story. For over behind the lines in Flanders are buried the five brothers of the two wounded, but very much surviving Scotts. The family belongs to New Westminster, B. C., and after the war broke out, every one of the seven husky boys enlisted as a private, with the Canadian Expeditionary Force, the eldest giving up a lucrative post as mining engineer in Bolivia. And now the father of them all, a marine construction engineer, is coming over from the Fraser delta to do his bit in a British shipyard.

This story was not told for publication, but it is too splendid to remain unrecorded. It is an example that ought to make an unenlisted Canadian squirm in his civies.

Table Du Gout

A Canadian Machine Gun Section at the front prepared, according to the *Brasier*, the following elaborate menu for their Thanksgiving Dinner :

SOUP

Puree of Mud.

FISH

Salmon Croquettes a la Hand Grenade.

ENTREE

Macaroni au Pull-Through.

SALAD

A la German Kultur.

GAME

Sniper, potted au Telescopic Sight.

VEGETABLES

Bombardier Fritz, (fried potatoes); Shrapnel, (shelled peas)

SWEETS

Belt-fillers with Ammunition Sauce (plum pudding);
Bomb Proofs (mince pies.) Jack Johnson (trifle)

We Should Like To Know

Who was the police lance-jack who demanded of the angry patients of a ward that he roused at midnight if they knew to whom they were speaking.

Who is the Granville sergeant who waited for three hours for his girl, and finally met her returning home at 10 p.m. quite happy and unapologetic, in the company of a complacent private.

If two trench feet qualify for one gold stripe.

It the new Minister of Militia will keep the Granville boys under canvas all winter.

Who is the patient who reads Nat Gould all day, and shouts out in his sleep: "Stove Pipe wins by a length."

If the night corporal who fancies himself the R.S.M. is wright.

Why the "boobs" who feel called on to "accompany" lady soloists at Granville entertainments can't take a tumble.

We print the following contribution, unedited: "Who is the man on the forth floor who profeshes to be a stage electrichion a sercus performer and minstrel peerformer and some what a vocherlist and in reality has a voice like a fog horn, from the boys that are sufferers."

Granville Breezes.

It's only a matter of a few days now before the ward sergeants at Chatham House will be using flashlights in calling the roll at the "dim drear hour."

Authentic extract from case-sheet of a contemporary patient at the Granville:

"Pte. ———: Shell shock, blown up at Ypres and struck by piece of timber in lumbar (lumber?) region."

We're glad there were enough pieces left to make it worth while bringing them to Blighty.

Treatment Officer (conducting visitors through the Massage Room) to "Rubber Sister": "What is the matter with this man you are working on?"

Masseuse (on a foot case). "Oh! this is the man with the big toe."

News has just come to hand of two Granvillians visiting Margate, who came in sight of two rather appealing young ladies. "Glad Eye" overtures were offered, and returned. Obviously, the next step was a preliminary exchange of small talk. But while the maidens could smile beautifully, they seemed to have no conversational ideas. One of the Canadians then tried his stock of Tommy's French; his companion exploited a few garnered phrases of Spanish and Dago. But the conversation remained hopelessly one-sided.

They walked along Victoria Road in silence for a while. Presently the girls paused in their walk, made signs of adieu, and turned off the street. The abandoned Canadians followed with their eyes their late partners, and clutched each other as they saw them pass through the gateway of the Royal School for Deaf and Dumb Children.

Most Granvillians who have wandered over to Broadstairs have, no doubt, noticed the old house which Charles Dickens occupied in 1841, while writing "Barnaby Rudge." The present occupants are apparently very pious folks, for they have bricked up one of the windows, and painted it in arresting capitals the text, "THOU GOD SEEST ME."

The other afternoon a Granville officer, whose desire of getting a picture of this distinguished house was stronger than his fear of coast photography regulations, furtively drew out his kodak, observing, "I guess there's no one here to see me."

"Unless" said his companion, pointing to the inscribed window, "God Almighty spots you."

Granville Hall.

The London concert party which provided the regular Saturday night entertainment was last week enlivened by the inclusion of a most excellent comedian whose Drury Lane pantomime skits convulsed the house. The vocal and instrumental numbers by the lady artists were of the usual high order. Captain Virgo from Bramshot accompanied the party, and his songs found decided favor.

Mr. J. E. Ward's Concert Party from Ashford gave one of the most pleasing programmes of the season on Wednesday evening. The clever concerted number, "In the year 1921"; the song and patter, "Burlington Bertie from Bow," by Mr. George Best, who appeared with an alarm clock strapped on as a wrist watch; Mr. Ward's and Miss Harrison's cinema scenario skits, and their charming duet, "Come Underneath my Big Umbrella"; and the "Sweet and Low" number, in which a discordant quintet was finally reduced to a harmonious quartet: these were the outstanding numbers of an ideally balanced programme.

The Palace company are giving their popular matinee on Friday, instead of Wednesday, this week.

Football

The 3 to 1 defeat of the patched up Granville team by the Queen's West Surreys last Saturday, is, according to Corp. Ducros the finish of the Nuts' losing streak.

Certainly, there was a very different story on Wednesday. With Sgt. Towler, Corp. Gibbs and Pte. Brade back on the forward line and Corp. Strutton back at half, the Canadians ran up a 6 to 1 score against the Kent Cyclists. Sgt. Towler had a great day, bulging the Kentish net no less than five times. Forbes at outside left improves every game. Every man, in fact, played up to form, and with the present line-up Corp. Ducros is confident of recovering the pace set by the old team, with their record of 18 wins, 3 draws, and only one defeat, out of 22 games played.

On Saturday, November 25th a picked team from the Granville will meet an eleven from the Ramsgate Naval Base at the Southwood Football Grounds in a benefit match in aid of the Ramsgate and St. Lawrence Old People's Dinner Fund. Both for the sake of this Imperial contest, and for the charity it will assist, it is expected that a large number of Granville Canadians will attend the game. Tickets (3d.) can be obtained at the Y. M. C. A. Canteen (Granville) or at the Registrar's office, Chatham House.

The publishers of this paper are indebted to The Canadian Red Cross Society for the type, press, etc., used in printing, and to the services of the patients in composing, setting, and issuing the paper.

S. B. WOOD

ARMY CONTRACTOR

TITLES BADGES
 SOUVENIR BROOCHES
 ARM DECORATIONS
 CLOTHING, KIT, Etc.,
 OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS

Canadians Specially Catered For

89 HIGH ST., RAMSGATE

FOUNTAIN PENS

ONOTO WATERMAN SWAN
 AND OTHER MAKES

Every care taken to sell you "just the nib" which suits your handwriting at

Blinko's Book Shop



25-27 Queen St., Ramsgate

BOOKS BY
 PORTER SERVICE WALLACE
 CULLUM, LEACOCK, WHITE, &c

K. D. GREEN

BOOKSELLER & STATIONER

Photo Post Cards of Canadian Patients at
 The Granville and Chatham Annex.

Treasury Note Cases Writing Pads

Local Post Cards Pocket Photo Cases

FOUNTAIN PENS, Swan, Blackbird.
 Onoto Self Filling Waterman Self Filling
 Neptune, STYLO PENS Various Makes

5 Harbour St., Ramsgate
 Close to Market and Town Hall

ESTIMATES GIVEN FOR
 SERVICE JACKETS, BREECHES
 SLACKS, BRITISH WARMS,
 GREAT COATS,

REPAIRS AND ALTERATIONS
 NEATLY DONE SAME DAY

Gittings & Gittings

MILITARY TAILORS
 15 QUEEN STREET, RAMSGATE

ESTABLISHED TWENTY YEARS

Curle's

Adjoining Chatham House

CONFECTIONERY
 and
 TOBACCO STORE

GOOD FOR

Quality and Price

