

Vol. IV

January 6th, 1917

No. 1



Price
One Cent.



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.



Printed and published by the patients of the
GRANVILLE CANADIAN SPECIAL HOSPITAL.
RAMSGATE, KENT.



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

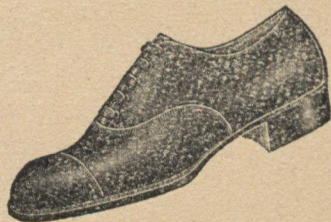
RAMSGATE

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. IV

JANUARY 6, 1917

No. 1

Prospect and Retrospect

A NEW YEAR; a new volume; a new cover stock; a new cover design; a new and better paper for an interior enlarged to twelve pages; a lot of new type; oh yes, indeed, we have a host of new things to present to you in this first issue of Nineteen-Seventeen. But we still keep the same old price. It couldn't be much less, consistent with our dignity, and we clearly do not wish the price to be a bar to men sending away a goodly number each week. Some folks whispered that we might as well charge a penny, but we felt that if the One Cent fee, together with the liberal patronage of our advertisers will keep us financially afloat, we ought not to depart from the dear old Canadian coinage, and so the old price remains, if you please. The *Canadian Hospital News* actually took form on March 18th, 1916, and its first word was to this effect: "An idea was born a few weeks ago that a newspaper could be published by the Canadian patients and staff at the Ramsgate Hospitals. This modest little issue is that idea realised. The object of the enterprise is to afford recreative interest to an ever increasing number of patients, personnel, officers and sisters of this Canadian Hospital Centre. We are confident that this object will be attained." That prophecy has been amply fulfilled. Through all the changes in officers, personnel and patients incident to the government and growth of such a large military hospital as the Granville, this little paper has performed its mission week by week. It has afforded a means of expression to numerous patients; it has carried its load of innocent humour to men who have been perhaps a trifle "fed-up," and they have felt better because of it; it has travelled across the sea to many a Canadian home where it has been welcomed because some dear boy was being cared for at the Granville; for verily, the home folk love to get anything which will let them into the secret of the daily round of camp or hospital life. So much for the past; it's dead; let's bury it if we can. Our paper has grown bigger. Naturally it's ephemeral. When the bugle sounds the "cease fire," our presses will be stilled and our type pied. Till then we hope we shall all take a deep and helpful interest in our paper. Shall us? Let's.

O. C. J. W.

Some New Year Resolutions

- Never to smoke any more—Woodbines.
- To make no more bets—about peace.
- To let the Paymaster “keep his money.”
- To let my moustache grow again—seeing it's no longer compulsory.
- To have no crimes on my conduct sheet—provided the C.O. will co-operate.
- Never to humiliate myself again by asking for a pass.
- To salute everything encountered in Burberry, leggings, or officer's cap—for fear of overlooking some new-hatched sub.
- To leave at once all concerts where an entertainer starts to sing—
“Keep the Home Fires Burning,” “If You were the Only Girl in the World,” or “A Broken Doll.”
- To refuse to answer all future visitors' questions regarding German's I have killed, prisoners I have taken, or Tanks I have seen.
- To win at least one more gold stripe before the year is over.

PSMYTH.

What's What

When you've done your bit in Flanders, that amazin' bloody spot,
It starts one cogitatin' and a-wonderin' what's what—
Why you left the plow, the ink-pot or some other cushy job
For the slushy shiverin' trenches with a vermin-stricken mob?
'Cause a Tommy's just a human—which he ain't if he don't doubt
What the devil all the killin' an' the murderin's about.

Ever since I come to Blighty I've been readin' up a bit
How the world was ever fightin', always had a martial fit—
In the Bowery or the Balkans or some Asiatic zoo
Where a martyr may be Tartar, Mongol, Monkey or Hindoo.
Why, the pre-historic cave man was as happy as could be
When he slew his sleeping bride with nasty neolithic glee!

Then the Jews and 'Gyptians also was a mighty martial horde,
Slew each other with a shin bone, ass's jaw,—perhaps, a Ford!
Interference with longevity was their besettin' sin,
They was fairly nuts on brevity, — unless you're mentionin'
Methuselah, the good old top who standardized man's days,
As Lloyd George will do for Victory by selfless, serving ways.

Mark well the page of history—the sordid, sinning strife !
 Because man would not organize, small states could not unite.
 In feigning futile freedom, his eyes himselfward bent
 Man prates of selfless homage to King and Government.
 A Judas to fair Freedom, at heart his one desire—
 “Myself, and then my Party and (well—let us say) Empire.”

For so it was with ancient Greece and mighty Rome of old,
 Both built by selfless sacrifice of God-like men and bold.
 Composed of many nations, many tongues and many creeds,
 They were Greek and Roman first of all, and then the lesser breeds.
 But they lost the key of unity and found the party knife,
 Stabbed the noble heart of Empire, raised the party flag of strife.

Fell to earth these noble Empires; all their freedom, peace and light
 Were supplanted by oppression, petty states and feudal night !
 All but perished, too, the noble arts, the sciences, the laws
 'Neath the pall of those dark ages ; hushed It seemed was
 Freedom's cause,

Never more to lift her pinions, never more hold high her head
 In the old God-gallant fashion of the Empires which are dead !

Lifting high her flaming brand Freedom groped with eager hand,
 Cast about and roamed uncertain for a space ;
 Found a new and alien strand, our own Anglo-Saxon land,
 And she fired the Soul of Empire in our race !

There is magic in our Unity, and marvel in our might,
 There is sinew in our struggle when we wage the Empire's fight.
 When it's Empire first, my Briton,—be you Anzac or Canuck,
 South African or Indian, (if none of these, worse luck !)
 Brood of Empire, whelped in Canada, Australia or the Cape,
 United we are brothers, independent, peaceful, GREAT !

A. R. R.

An Essay On Pants

Pants were made for men and not for women. Women were made for men and not for pants. When a man pants for a woman, and a woman pants for a man, these, my friends, are a pair of pants. Pants are like molasses, because they are thinner in hot weather and thicker in cold. A man cannot keep up his pants in hot weather without suspenders, but a dog can. Men sometimes make mistakes in pants, and these pants are called breeches of promise. Now, in my mind, when a man wears pants they are plural—but when he does not, it is singular.

—*Canadian Red Cross Special.*

“It is better to have a few ideas raised on your own premises than a whole orphan asylum of ideas which you have adopted.”

The Granville Almanac

SOME FORECASTS FOR 1917

January—

Granville patient awarded "168 hours" for saluting an R.S.M. by mistake.

February—

"Scotty" Waddell returns from "Scotch Leave."

March—

Training School for officers' batmen opened at St. Cloud Hotel; also Training School for R.P.'s at Rose & Crown Pub.

April—

Colonel Watt Cup won by the "Clink" team.

May—

List published in Orders of twenty-one houses in Ramsgate not yet "placed out of bounds."

June—

County Roller Rink, Mount Zion Strict Baptist Church, and George and Dragon Pub. taken over as Annexes to the G.C.S.H.

July—

Circulation of *Canadian Hospital News* reaches 5,000 copies per week.

August—

Safety matches sell for 6d. per dozen.

September—

The Padre reduced to handing out "'Arf a Mo's."

October—

The R.S.M. and the Granville Police leave for the front.

November—

"Battle of the Rhine" films shown at the King's.

December—

G.C.S.H. "dismisses" to spend Christmas in Canada.

—PSMYTH.

The Wisdom Of Private Solomon

Now, my son, thou hast reached the promised land where thy brothers have fought for two long years and more.

Long hast thou tarried by the way; thou hath eaten of the fat of the land of thy forefathers.

Thou hast made merry in the Great City; thy bed hath been in easy places.

Thou hast seen many strange things, but many things more strange await thee in this wonderful land.

Hear now, my son, the words I have to say to thee, so that thy days may be long in the land.

For, verily, this is a land of many dangers, and full of pitfalls for the unwary.

So hearken well and pay tribute unto the Great Rulers, with their tokens of Red and their halos of Gold.

For, verily, they are the Chosen of the many, and their words are as law unto thee.

Mark well the sayings of thy Colonel, thy Adjutant, thy Captain, thy Sergeant-Major, thy Sergeant, yea, even unto the sayings of thy Corporal.

For thou art but a soldier, while they do know many things, and are learned in the customs of war.

Verily it shall come to pass that thy Colonel shall command thy Adjutant that a certain task shall be done. Thy Adjutant shall make known to thy Captain the wishes of thy Colonel. Thy Captain shall converse with thy Sergeant-Major concerning this; thy Sergeant-Major shall call thy Sergeant, who will speak unto thy Corporal.

And verily, it shall come to pass that thy Corporal will say unto thee: "Thy Colonel desireth that this task shall be done forthwith. Go thou, therefore, and do this thing."

Then, my son, thou shalt obey the commands of thy leaders so that their wrath may not fall upon thee.

For woe unto him who obeys not their commands; many shall be his troubles, and few his joys.

Yet, weep not, my son, but be of good cheer even if many bags require to be filled.

For, verily, verily, when thy task is done, the Sergeant-Major shall call thee into his dwelling in the ground, and shall say unto thee these words: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

And from a vessel of earthenware, which he carrieth after the manner of a mother her first-born, shall he pour for thee a small portion thereof.

For it is well that a soldier have good spirits within him; then thou shalt feel content with thy lot.

Nevertheless, do not look with contempt upon Fritz across the way. For he hath an eye like unto the eagle, and will ding thee in the dome, and think nought of it.

Be thou like unto the creeping things of the earth; yea, even like unto the serpent that moveth on its belly.

Be not like unto the gopher of thine own country, which hath an abundance of curiosity, and loveth to sit upon his hind legs.

Therefore, I say unto thee, my son, be not curious of the things in front of thy parapet; but keep thy head down so that thou shalt not be cut off in the flower of thy manhood.

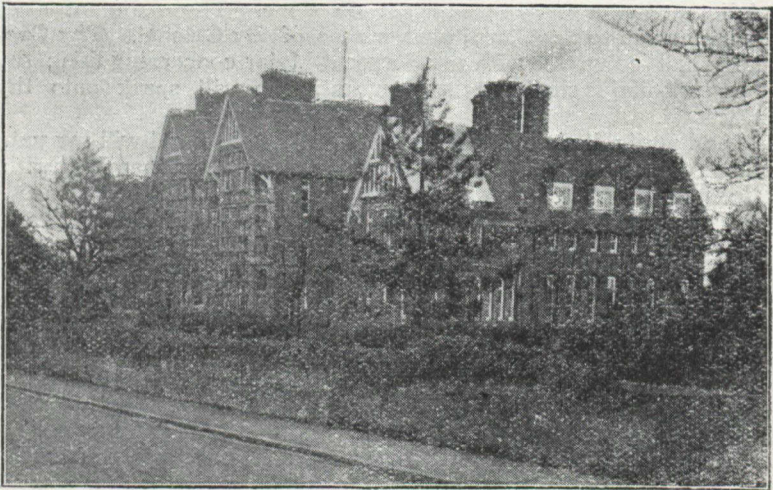
For what shall it profit a man if he enter into the deepest shell-hole and hath not any cover for his head?

Go now, my son, to thy many duties. Be of good cheer.

The Brazier.

Our Fourth Member

The Yarrow Home, which the expansion of the colony of Canadian wounded on the Thanet coast has brought into the Granville federation, is an institution to which he who is assigned is fortunate. The bright, airy wards, the spacious glass-enclosed balconies on the seaward side, the considerable grounds, and, notably, the modern heating system, make the Yarrow an agreeable residence, summer or winter. The personnel who spend their sleeping hours in the comfortable Isolation Building are not oblivious of their advantages over their tabernacling brethren on Chatham House cricket field. Nor are the Yarrow patients who are conveyed to the Granville



THE YARROW ANNEX

treatment rooms by the Red Cross car unconscious of the privilege envied by their hill-climbing fellow patients from the Chatham House and Townley Castle Annexes

This latest member of the Granville family was erected some twenty years ago as a convalescent home for children by Sir Alfred F. Yarrow, of Clyde ship-building fame. Broadstairs indeed, was rather a favorite residence of the Yarrow family, who reserved as a family suite the large front rooms on the first floor of the Home now used as administration offices and officers' quarters. Sir Alfred, who visited his foundation last month, was much pleased with its present adaptation to war service.

The detached situation of the Yarrow, its limited number of inmates, and its home-like surroundings, are doubtless responsible for the pronounced "house spirit" which prevails there, and which was strikingly in evidence in the Yarrow Christmas celebrations.

All For The Cause

Among the six Granville Nursing Sisters who left just before Christmas for the 2nd Canadian General Hospital, at Le Treport, France, none will be missed more than Sister Murray, from Ward I.

Two days later her brother, Corp. Murray, with three gold stripes on his sleeve, left the Granville to return to his battery at the front.

And this brother and sister, on their way back to the front, are all that remain of the family of Colonel Murray, now of Toronto, formerly colonel of the Royal Highlanders (Black Watch). Two of his sons lie buried in the Salient; two others made the supreme sacrifice on the Somme; while his younger daughter was killed by a shell while on duty as a nurse in a Belgian Clearing Station. And now the two Murrays that remain go forward to carry on the family contribution to the finish.

"Doing their bit" is altogether inadequate to describe such a record. And the Scotch Murrays set the higher standard of "doing their utmost."

Identifying The Dead.

It was when the little papier-mâché disc was issued to him just before his draft left for France, that many a Canadian realised for the first time that no return tickets were guaranteed on the trip to the front. Most of us hadn't been in France long before we had exchanged neck pendants for stamped chain bracelets. It is interesting to note how the other nations at war identify their dead.

The German soldier carries a little metal disc which bears merely his number. This number is telegraphed to Berlin, and the fallen soldier's name and address are determined from the War Office records. The Austrians wear a gun metal badge in the form of a locket with parchment leaves inside.

The French used to employ metal identification badges, but these proved such irresistibly attractive souvenirs to the natives whom the French fought in Morocco and Nigeria, that the authorities substituted identification cards stitched inside the tunic. The Russian soldier wears a numbered badge, which also serves as a charm, having been previously blessed by the priests. The Japanese infantryman has chances of being identified, even if blown into three pieces, for he wears one disc around his neck, another on his belt, and a third in his boot.

Of the nations at war, Turkey alone has no identification system for her soldiers. Edhem Pasha summed up the Ottoman attitude when he said: "A dead man is of no use to the Sultan, why therefore, trouble with him?"

Off To Blighty!

Parody: "Off to Philadelphia."

My name is Private Mears,
Of the Nineteenth Fusiliers,
And the side of all the Boches I'm a thorn in.
Soon in other ranks you'll find me,
And the pals I leave behind me
When they hear the news will all go into mournin'.
With my pack upon my shoulder,
Faith there's no man can be bolder,
Though I'm leaving now the Corps that I was born in,
But I've lately got the notion
That I ought to seek promotion,
So I'm buzzing off to Blighty in the mornin'.

It's farewell to Minnie-Werfer
(If I come back I'll deserve her),
And the mud my little dug-out floor adornin'.
Life out here is just a query,
So I'm feeling mighty cheery,
For I'm off for a commission in the mornin'.
With my pack, etc.

When they told me I could leave the place
I tried to keep a solemn face,
To show it gave me pleasure I was scornin'.
But some day I'll get promotion,
And come back across the ocean
To my dug-out in the trenches—in the mornin'.
With my pack, etc.

A Very Generous and Much Appreciated Gift

The following letter speaks for itself. It is an expression of the deep interest of Canadians at home in Canadians abroad who are in need of kindly ministrations after passing through the horrors of this bitter warfare for the sake of the Empire.

The Manitoba Association of Graduate Nurses,
Winnipeg, Man., December 9th, 1916.

Dear Captain — —,

Granville Canadian-Special Hospital.

Thank you very much for supplying us with such full and specific information.

You will find enclosed a bank draft for £20. 18: 0, to be applied on the purchase of a wheel chair or spinal carriage or such apparatus as would, in your judgment be useful and appropriate.

We hope to express by this small gift a measure of our appreciation of our splendid Canadian Soldiers, and of those who are endeavouring to assuage their sufferings and to restore them to health.

On behalf of the Manitoba Association of Graduate Nurses,

Yours very sincerely,

(Miss) E. JOHNS, Cor. Secy.

"Nuts" Off To A Good New Year's Start

The "Nuts" opened up 1917 as the Year of Victory by a well-earned, clean-cut win on New Year's afternoon over the eleven of 336th Brigade R.F.A. Whether with the wind or against it, the Granville men forced the play, and Brookes had little to do but place goal-kicks for Willis to send careering up the field.

The first half produced one goal for the Nuts, as the result of a second try on a penalty kick by Staff Towler. Young Forbes, whose fast following up at outside left was one of the features of the game, slipped in the second count, while Walters got the third on a clean, straight drive. Granville, 3; 336th Bde. R.F.A. 0.

The team play of the "Nuts" was fast and close. Creighton, with his heavy blocking, and Frank Willis, with his sure kicking, make an impregnable pair of backs, while the forward line, on their New Year's form, can be counted on to keep their opponent's goal under effective fire. The "Nuts" lined up as follows:—

Goal—Brookes; *Backs*—Willis and Creighton; *Half-backs*—Malcolm Corp. Strutton, and Corp. Gibbs; *Forwards*—Forbes, Walters, S.-Sgt. Towler, Longworth, and Terry.

SUBMARINE SCENARIOS

Jules Verne's famous story, "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," a prophecy of the submarine, is to be dramatized for the movies. A submarine a hundred feet long, accommodating forty persons, has been built specially for the job. Under-sea pictures have been taken in large numbers, it is said, with this boar figuring as Captain Nemo's craft, in the vicinity of Jamaica. The actors who appear in the play are clothed in diving costumes and work at depths of from thirty to forty feet below the surface. It is reported that the submarine used in this work, the Nautilus, has been seized by British cruisers as a possible German *Unterseeboot*.

At a recent soldiers' concert, held in a Midland town, the last item on the programme read:—

Special engagement of Madame Highscreech, the celebrated Continental Soprano, who has been commanded to appear before the King at an early date.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

"AS SHE IS SPOKE."—Somewhere in France a British Tommy and a French Poilu were parting after a couple of happy hours spent together and each desired to take leave of the other and each desired to make use of the other's language. "Au reservoir," said Tommy awkwardly. "Tanks, tanks," replied the polite poilu.

—*The Dug-Out Gazette.*

We Should Like to Know.

Who is the Granville officer who sent over his laundry to the Arts and Crafts at Chatham House ?

Who was the late member of the Machine Shop who for "special occasions" used to clean his buttons by attaching a brush to the lathe, and leaning up against it with his tunic on ?

If the A.D.M.S. inventory takers, in their recent researches at the Granville, were able to locate any "missing" limbs, any passes that never came through, any abandoned blue bands, or the lost turkey from the Sergeant's Christmas dinner.

Why we were tempted with a New Year's cigarette distribution, following the previous day's drastic orders re Discipline (Smoking).

Who is the C.M.R. patient who is said to have gone to battalion headquarters and asked for the Lewis gun bayonet ?

How many years difference in age there is between the daughter of a certain ex-policeman at the Granville and the Ramsgate girl he goes with.

Petrol Parties for Patients

Char-à-banc trips for Granvillians have been *à la mode* this week. On both Tuesday and Thursday Captain Hooper took bus-loads to Canterbury, repeating the Boxing Day treat for fellows who could not be included in the big trip. Again, on Tuesday, through the generosity of Miss Chesmore, of Ilford, some two dozen Calgary and South Alberta patients were given a delightful motor ride over the Thanet circuit, and handsomely entertained at tea in Minster.

Miss Chesmore's fiancé was killed in a railway accident, in Alberta, and she has cherished very grateful memories of kindness shown by Calgary people in her bereavement.—a gratitude of which Alberta overseas men have received more than our expression.

The following dialogue was heard recently in a London police court:—

Magistrate—What is the charge ?

Constable—Drunk and disorderly, your worship! In fact he was so drunk I had to carry him to the station.

Magistrate—What is the prisoner's name ?

Constable—"Gunn," your worship!

Magistrate (to Constable)—How dare you carry a loaded Gunn without a licence ?

Magistrate (to Prisoner)—Gunn, you're "discharged."

And Gunn "went off." And the "report" was heard in the papers next morning.

Granville Breezes.

How heavy is the hand of the C.O.? Apparently 12 stone at least, seeing it never falls for less than "168."

The nursing sisters at Yarrow were much touched by the affectionate tenderness of the Matron on New Year's Eve, in kissing them all round.

Broadstairs, which owes so much its fame and patronage to its various houses occupied at one season or another by Charles Dickens, has at least one honest citizen, who has carved in stone capitals over his doorway—

CHARLES DICKENS DID NOT LIVE HERE

Great Britain has notified Germany that she's going to give her some more Haig treatment before she'll talk to her about any Hague treaty.

Unpublished in Orders—

LOST:—Two first-class appetites on Bloater Day.

Two or more blue armlets on New Year's Day.

Half-a-dozen perfectly good chances to salute on New Year's Eve.

Passerby to crowd collected on Victoria Road—Hullo, what's up? Voice in the crowd—An aeroplane has just come down.

A journey through the basement passage at Chatham House at night makes a fellow almost wish he were safe in the Via Gellia or the Zillebeke communication trench, where there were at least plenty of flares to warn your feet.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR PRIVATES

Do not allow an acting sergeant, or even a full one, to speak to you for fear of contaminating the dear things.

The pernicious habit of having beer with sergeants, even a *full one*, must cease forthwith.

Another Victory—One of the staff sergeants at Chatham House very gallantly made an attack on the enemy, and with no casualties on either side, took one prisoner—under the mistletoe. As the prisoner's arms were full at the time all she could do was to cry, "Kamerad!"

Major—When did your men change their shirts?

O.C. Coy.—A week ago, sir.

Major—Have they changed again to-day?

O.C. Coy.—They can't, sir. They've no spare shirts.

Major—H—ll, it's a Divisional Order. Tell them to change shirts with one another.

Entertainments

The Musical Cheerers from Folkestone brought along a repertoire of music and mirth that did much to liven New Year's afternoon at the Yarrow, and New Year's evening at the Granville. The party appeared ten strong—six Folkestone lady vocalists and instrumentalists in *costume rayé*, and four Shorncliffe C.A.M.C. entertainers in polkadot attire.

The Misses Jeffery, in their violin and 'cello trios pleased their audiences in very pronounced measure, while "The Rosary," with 'cello and organ, at the Granville entertainment, never sounded more appealing. The members of the party supported one another admirably, and even songs that have become rather over familiar acquired a fresh piquancy through animated presentation, and the effective by-play of Corp. Vernham, who, whether giving a number of his own, or playing obligato clown to some other member of the party, kept the crowd at laughing pitch. His song and patter "Shall us? Let's," was irresistible. Pte. Gillion in his mimicry of theatre laughs succeeded at least in evoking highly reciprocal guffaws from a shell-shock case in the front row at the Granville.

Both Yarrow and Granville patients owe a lively New Year's debt to the Folkestone "Cheerers," and their return will be welcomed.

On Thursday Mr. Boyland's Carry On Party gave the Yarrow patients a very jolly evening. The installation of a new piano by the Y.M.C.A. has removed the disability with which accompanists at previous Yarrow concerts have had to contend.

Granville patients will welcome the return on Saturday afternoon of Prof. de Niemira, whose Belgian Concert Party, of pleasant recollections, has now expanded into The Allies.

The following fixtures at Granville Hall have been arranged for the coming week:—

Monday—The Kharkians, of Margate.

Tuesday, 3 p.m.—Bioscope Lecture by Mr. E. G. P. Cotelingam.

Tuesday, 7 p.m.—Cinema.

Wednesday—The Young Britishers, of Margate.

Thursday—Mr. Boyland's Party.

Friday—The Briefs.

Re Prize Competitions.

The results of the three December competitions, for War Puzzle, Expanded Abbreviations, and Original Cartoons, will be announced in next week's issue, and a new competition will be opened. Watch for it.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

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

ARMY CONTRACTOR

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

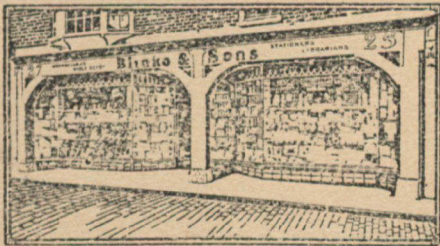
Canadians Specially Catered For

89 HIGH ST., RAMSGATE

CALENDARS FOR 1917

in fact, everything in the
stationery line for 1917
can be obtained at

Blinko's Book Shop



25-27 Queen St., Ramsgate

**Come and Look
Round our Store,
always something new.**

K. D. GREEN

BOOKSELLER & STATIONER

FOUNTAIN PENS—

SWAN, BLACKBIRD, NEPTUNE
WATERMAN'S SELF-FILLING
ONOTO SELF-FILLING
STYLO PENS

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

