

FOR CANADIAN PATIENTS AND THEIR FRIENDS EVERYWHERE

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GRANVILLE
CHATHAM HOUSE

News

YARROW HOME
TOWNLEY CASTLE

VOL. IV

RAMSGATE, MARCH 10, 1917

No. 10

Whence Do You Come?

WHEN Private N. E. Thigskin was carried to Blighty with numerous pieces of shrapnel in his anatomy, and a sense of satisfaction in his mental make-up over past achievements, present release, and future possibility of a prolonged convalescence in this tight little island, he found himself in an Imperial hospital in an inland city. Now Private Thigskin was a Canadian of the Canadians. At least five generations of his fathers had lived and died in the Land of the Maple. His first-hand knowledge of the Mother Country was limited to the area of his training camp, and a couple of visits to dear old London had hardly enhanced it since he moved and had his being in the midst of Canadians. He had met the English, Scotch and Irish Tommy up where the machine-guns sputter and the heavies roar, and knew him for the excellent fellow he is, but now in Blighty, in an Imperial hospital, with charming English nurses, and sympathetic English visitors, he would get to know what England really is. From early boyhood the greatness of this little island, set in a silver sea, had been before his mental vision as a talisman. He knew its geography, he had absorbed its history, he loved its poets and revered its teachers; he was glad to suffer hardship as a good soldier for the sake of that Liberty and Freedom for which Britain fights. As he snuggled down into his snowy bed he felt a glow of satisfaction which no words could explain nor fully express.

His daydreams were dispersed by a sympathetic feminine voice inquiring his name and regiment. It was a quiet, cultured voice, redolent with interest.

"So you are one of the Canadians? I do so much admire the colonials. And what part of Canada do you come from?"

"From a small town near Toronto," said the wounded Canuck.

"Really, how nice. And Toronto is in Ottawa, is it not?"

Private Thigskin hastened to explain, but the visitor broke in:

"And, do you know, I have a cousin somewhere in British Columbia, perhaps you have met him."

Private Thigskin hopes earnestly for three results of the Great War—a decent pension, an Imperial Parliament, and a wide-spread adoption, in the Mother-land, of the study of the Geography of the Empire.

O. C. J. W.

The Adventures Of Two Scotch(ed) Sergeants

WHAT THEY DID DESPITE LOCKS, BOLTS AND BLUES

By Pica Sma'

SPASM ONE—THEY START FOR MARGATE

Long Jock Inchkeith was sitting in a "tailor-made" suit of the blues in the Granville recreation room. Looking either way it was a long, long trail to pay day, and his very soul was chilled.

Suddenly his friend, Sergt. Sandy MacMickery, plumped down in the chair beside him.

"I can git them a' richt," he whispered. "Now, Margate——"

"Mon," said Jock, "if that's true, I can tak' ye tae Margate,"

"But the bawbees for the fare?"

"When ever did I tell a lee?" asked Jock, indignantly.

"Come wi' me then," said Sandy, and the two comrades rose.

It was some twenty minutes later that two sergeants resplendent in their full Scottish raiment came up from below sea level, and with a smart salute of their swagger sticks marched out of Granville and down to the railway station.

"Noo," remarked Jock as they entered the building, "this is ma pairt o' the game. A' you've got to dae is jist keep yer mooth shut, an' dinna git shootin' oot yer neck, bit dae whatever I tell ye."

In due course the ticket office opened, but Jock made no move until some five or six privates had passed through onto the platform. Then he nudged Sandy, and with the whispered order—"look raigemental, mon," swung up to the ticket inspector.

"Did ye notice a medium heicht sodger pass through the noo?"

"Yes, several," came the answer.

"There's ane we're lookin' fur," said Jock, and stepped through the barrier as the inspector moved aside to let them pass.

"Yer a guid laddie," remarked Sandy, "bit dinna forget we've got to get oot at Margite."

"Shut up, an' get in there," growled Jock, opening the door of a smoker, "and let naebody in. It's reserved for military purposes."

Sandy sat waiting. As the train moved off, Jock jumped in.

"A near thing," he panted as from his glengarry he dumped a pile of tickets onto the seat. "Choose twa fur Margate,"

Sandy did so. "Bit mon, hoo did ye—" he began.

"Ye want tae ken hoo I got them. Easy enough fur a braw, raigemental-lookin' man like me. I jist went into the cairriages and said: 'All tickets, please—military order,' an' naebody refused."

"It's a wonderfu' brain ye've got, Jock," Sandy answered.

"Throw they ither tickets oot at the winday," said Jock at the same time giving Sandy a big aristocratic-looking cigar.

"A man traivellin' furst wae a thurd-class ticket gaid me them," said Jock as he lit his cigar. "Aye, mon, it's a gran' thing to hae a clear conscience. Dae ye no think sae, Sandy?"

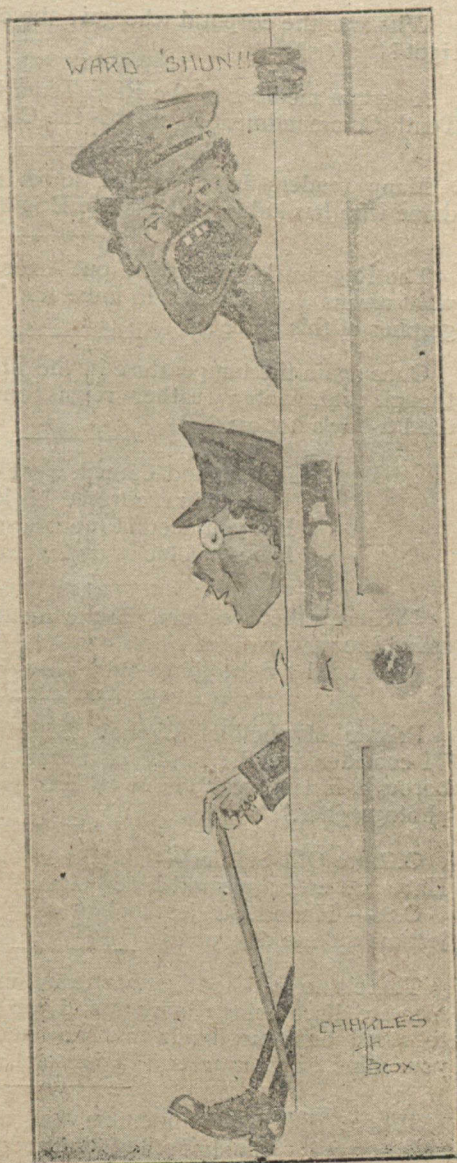
(Spasm No. 2 will appear in due course.)

Reproduced By Special Request

—

This is
Good.
But
Wait
Until
You
See
Next
Week's
Golden
Number.

—



Granville Breezes.

Who was the corporal who gave the orderly officer 4/6? Was it right?

A certain member of the Rifle Team is continually breaking the Tenth Commandment as regards the Captain's authority.

Many readers have written to us asking for the name of the dame who has kidnapped Private Brighty.

The Registrar's staff, with one exception, would like to know what means were devised to tame the "one time" private stenographer of this office?

Once again the temperature in the lift is mild and pleasant, although cold, wintry weather reigns outside. This is a tribute to the lift-boy's hot air.

A wounded Canuck went out in a boat.
They only recovered his khaki coat,
But you needn't feel alarmed,
His new blue armlet wasn't harmed.

"Where's the Treatment Department, on the left coming in?" asked the new patient.

"No, on the right going out," answered the smart, if short, R.P.

Private Mitchell, of Captain Bedford's department, writes:—"I consider that the really excellent picture of Private Mickelborough, in last week's issue reflects great credit on the official photographer."

O.C. (to Old Soldier)—"You are charged with being absent. Have you ever appeared here before?"

O.S.—"Honest, sir, jest look at me. Do I look like I was a bud jest makin' me dayboo?"

There's no end to the wonderful methods of healing medical men are discovering; why now if you get it in the arms you have to stand on your hands and do exercises with your legs to keep your mind off your arms. Wonderful, wonderful.

Where did certain members of the down town police learn scout-craft? Couldn't they find better scope for their training in France than stalking wounded Tommies down to "Out of Bounds"?

The Chronicles of Joyous Jane

CONCERNING A CAPTAIN, SOME OTHERS AND A CURLY HAISED HERO

By *Dorothy L. Warne*

CHAPTER I.---A SON OF A THOUSAND EARLS

I've had a truly awful time lately; let me tell you all the dreadful things that have happened to me, and p'raps I'll feel better.

I believe I told you about my latest —Captain Cana, the one with the facinating lisp? Well, on Saturday afternoon the usual crowd of us went down to Mrs. Tupper's for tea and scandal, and he (meaning the lisper), couldn't come. It seemed to be going to turn out pretty slow minus the Captain, until we were introduced to ever such a nice boy, with the bluest of eyes and a wave in his hair that I'd willingly endure a year's night terrors brought on by murderous curlers in order to cultivate. All the girls went wild over him. He, ("Jimmy," he said we must call him) couldn't play or sing as some of the others did, but he only needed to curl his long limbs up in an easy chair and everyone was standing around breathlessly waiting to pick up the next pearl of speech that might fall from his lips. (That isn't original, but the touch of Spring in the air is causing me to rhapsodise.)

CHAPTER 2.---PARTED BY THE CRU-E-L LAW

I had to leave early, and so did he. Naturally, he escorted me home, and on arriving at the house yielded to my entreaties to come in and be introduced to mother. As we went through the hall I saw, to my huge astonishment, Captain Cana just leaving. I had thought of him making up History Sheets and wallowing in psychogenetics. There was a strained interchange of greetings, and then Captain Cana left hurriedly, knocking over a flower-stand, and slamming every door in his way. I couldn't imagine what had annoyed him.

I didn't see Jimmy for over a fortnight, then one day met him in a tea-shop and he told me his whole pitiful story. It turned out that he and Captain Cana were both at that big Hospital on the cliff, one on the staff and the other a patient. The very week following our dramatic meeting the Captain was Orderly Officer, and on his inspection rounds he discovered (evidently with a microscope) a wrinkle in Jimmy's bed. Result: Orderly Room and 168 hours detention for Jimmy. It's awful hard lines on Jimmy, because how *can* he spend a long time on making his bed when he has to comb that lovely crisp hair of his so carefully in order to adopt that distinguished air?

I'm getting so tired of all these things that soon I'm going to wear high collars and get a tabby cat and a non-swearing parrot and become a recluse.

Chats From Chatham

Does Scout Castle enjoy his daily bath? And where did he find the missing clothes?

What's the name of the waiter who, whenever he goes into the kitchen, comes out covered in flour?

Hastings is the place, boys. Our old colleague, Corp. Meikle, is here on "pass" from March 2, 1917, till March 11, 1918. How do you do it Corp.?

Judged from a coldly impersonal standpoint next week's Birthday Number of the *News* is probably the best thing this war has produced.

Who's the R.P. who dashed into the Chatham the other evening flinging the great iron gates too behind him, and shouting out that the Angel of Mons was after him?

The 101 Ranch, domiciled in Marquee 15, has been greatly strengthened by the addition of Private M'Kinnon, who can lie for twenty-four hours at a stretch without opening his mouth.

We regret the loss of Sergt. Moore who has been transferred to the Yarrow. Still, a little bird whispers to us that he will find Broadstairs much mo(o)re convenient.

Despite the fact that the kitchen clock refuses to go, meals and parades are still on time. All wristwatches are now set and timed by Orderly Hunt's daily appearance at 7 a.m. at the gate of Townley Castle.

Under the tutelage of their fair friends many patients are now learning the Wilson Hesitation Valse. It consists of a two-step forward and a three-step backward, interspersed with numerous steps to the right and left.

Hockey On Saturday Evening

At the County Skating Rink last Saturday night the Canadian Hockey Team met and easily took the measure of the Ramsgate Government Workers, the final score being 3 goals to 1 in favour of Granville. The puck was kept almost continually in Government territory, despite the fact that Private Carr, of the Canucks, had considerable trouble with his skates. The star of the match was Tommy Smailes, while "Red" Forbes made several good saves—in short, the whole Canadian bunch showed up well.

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You And Our Souvenir Number

On next Saturday will be published the Birthday Number of the *Canadian Hospital News*. It will be replete with photographs and special features, and clothed in a new cover that has been especially designed and drawn by our art editor, Private A. H. Millier, 1st Canadian Pioneers. Although this issue will be greatly enlarged, and cost in production considerably more than our usual numbers, and despite the fact that the London *Times*, and other contemporaries, have increased the price of their ordinary issues, the staff of your paper, the *Canadian Hospital News*, has so arranged matters as to make it possible to publish this Special Souvenir Number at the old price of One Cent (Anglice, One Half-penny). But, and this is a big But, the number that can be printed is very limited, and there can be no reprint. To make sure of securing a copy give your order in to-day: Granville staff and patients to Lt.-Corp. Graham, Treatment Dept.; those at the Yarrow to Pte. Millier, Orderly Room; and those at Chatham House to Scout "Billy" Castle, in the S.M.'s Office. In no other way can you be sure of getting even one copy.

The Old Estaminet Across The Way

By *Claude H. Dodwell*

We're in the same old billets for a rest,
The ones we left to join that last small fray.
The quarters ain't the best, but to balance all the rest,
There's the old estaminet across the way.

The same fat smiling Madame selling *biere*
(*Deux sous, Monsieur*), and steaming *café au lait*,
Whiffs of sizzling *pomme de terre*, scent the comfortable air
Of the old estaminet across the way.

Jackson says the old pianner needs repair,
But we roar the choruses, and make him play
The sweetly mournful air, Turkey trot, and Grizzly Bear,
In the old estaminet across the way.

Oh! A subtle something in it makes you yearn.
It will linger in your heart for many a day.
And when peace at last we learn—oft in fancy we'll return
To the old estaminet across the way.

Builders

By *Dorothy L. Warne*

A scrap of moss, and bare, brown, knotted sticks,
Placed in a chosen spot with patient care,
Soft, flutt'ring wings, and lo! a nest is there.
The sculptor's hand, with Art's well-practised tricks
Plays on a rough-hewn rock with sharp-edged tools,
Then wait,—beneath his touch the stone transforms
To beauty rare.

Go where the limpid pools
Chain, link by link, the shadow'd woodland glades,
There tiny creatures toil, while many suns
Pass, east to west, across heaven's mighty arc.
The grandest forest trees, the smallest blades
Of em'rald grass, the ant-king's shelt'ring duns
Show Nature's handiwork.

And are not we
But chiselled by Life's cunning Master hands,
Until each glorious work completed stands
To grace God's temple of Eternity?

Entertainments

The pupils of Cedar House School, under the direction of the Principal, Miss Mantach, gave a picturesque and unique entertainment on Wednesday evening, including a series of pretty tableaux illustrative of every part of the British Empire and of all the Allies.

On Thursday night Mrs. Duckett's party again appeared and received a very warm ovation. Mr. Leonard Lowman was in excellent voice and won insistent encores. His duets with Mrs. Duckett were favourite items on the programme. The pretty dances by pupils of Miss F. Colliass were graceful and highly appreciated. Miss Olive Jeffery and Master Arthur Welsh gave pleasing items, and Miss Margorie Coleman made her debut to a Granville audience with great success. As usual Mrs. B. H. Lohmann made an excellent accompanist.

The Brief's Concert Party were in excellent form on Friday night, when they appeared before a crowded house. The madrigal "Brightly Dawns Our Wedding Day," from the Mikado, was splendidly sung by the Quartette Party. Private Whitehall (comedian) and Miss Beddy Ryder (comedienne) were as bright and originally witty as ever, keeping the audience convulsed in laughter. Miss Westbrook's songs at the piano were very popular. Mr. Anderson, Mr. Nutall and Mrs. Royle rendered very pleasingly and Private Hurdle made a splendid accompanist.

The new regulation means crowded houses at the Granville Concerts, and Capt. Armour is making special efforts to have something special every night. Personnel and patients can greatly assist him by letting him know of "budding artists" who are within the walls of the Granville. These concerts by our boys would not be amiss, but everyone must help if we are to "unearth" our local talent.

On Monday night Miss Poppmacher and Mr. Gorton Young, again appeared on our platform to a large and enthusiastic audience. Sergt. Symondson, Chatham House, also contributed to the programme.

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Yaps From Yarrow

It's a long, long, night at the Yarrow these days.

Who's the famous Yarrow lead-swinger that's had his leg pulled so often by one of the M.O.'s that now it's actually six inches longer than the other?

"Is there any taste in the white of an egg?" asked Job. It's easy to guess he'd never had "ham and" in some of the cheap restaurants during war time.

"Gee! but isn't it hard these days to meet expenses?" declared Cpl. McKenzie. "Hard?" ejaculated Private Millier (humming Love's Old Sweet Song), "Man alive, I meet expenses at every turn."

Since blues came back there is a general demand at the Yarrow for a Canteen. It is pointed out that the place would do a brisk trade every day between the time Cook-house is sounded and the meals served.

Tramp, Tramp.

Tramp after tramp outside my door,
I look from my window and what should I see,
But my dear loving father returned from the war,
Back to my home and my mother and me.

Evan Oswald Withrow (age 9).

We understand R.S.M. Cattermole called in the whole Orderly Room Staff on Thursday, to decode the following letter he had received that morning:—"iwritetotheefortheetowritetoitotendiwar-ranttobringibacktothee." We understand the police did their duty with dispatch.

"Let us in!" cried some Yaps knocking at the *News* Editor's door.

"Who are you?" demanded that sour individual.

"We are the Jokes about the blues, and ——"

"On your way varlets," came the cruel reply, "such matters were long ago past a joke— Be off."

M.O. to newly arrived Russian Canadian patient:—"Is your appetite good.

Patient:—Slabowski kitoski nicketishy slosh (shoulder shrug)
mylinki nopolowski shabosh katinkra wisht (shoulder shrug)
malynshish showski noboloski slabittika sonmitsky (shoulder shrug)
foushky wowski miticak laborosky bish.

Interpreter (to M.O.):—He says "Yes Sir."

Doings At The Range

The winners of the ties in the War Loan Competition were as follows:—

1st Prize—Corp. Strudwick. 1st Certificate—Lc.-Corp. Peck.
2nd Certificate—Mr. Haverley. 3rd Certificate—Pte. Wood.

Match with Birchington ended in a draw—752 points each.

Match with E. K. M. Constabulary resulted—E. K. M. C., 893 ;
Canadians, 885.

Result of the Lieut.-Col. Watt Cup Competition :—

Personnel - - 377	Fourth Floor - 352
Sergts.' Team - 372	Chatham H.- - 200 4 men
2nd Floor - - 370	Yarrow, 1 entry, Cpl. Swain

The outstanding feature of this contest was the tie for Mr. Gardner's prize between Sergt. Henderson and Corp. Graham who both scored 77. Scoring three more ties, they had to shoot a fifth time before it was decided, Sergt. Henderson scoring 72; Corp. Graham 65 (2nd prize). For 3rd prize Ptes. Vincent, Le Sauvage, and Heathman tied with a score of 76 each. In the reshoot Pte. Le Sauvage won with a score of 70.

It is to be hoped next month the Yarrow, Chatham House Sergts., and C. H. patients and personnel will each send a full team.

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Queen's v R.F.A.

On Saturday afternoon a crowd of over 1,000 spectators, including a large number of the fair sex, lined the ropes at the C.H. ground to witness the re-play of the V.A.D. Cup tie. Wining the toss the Queen's chose to defend the town goal, and Bomb. Taylor set the ball in motion, and the subsequent game was without doubt the hardest fought match that has been played this season in Ramsgate. The ball travelled swiftly from the one goal to the other, and but for the splendid work of both custodians, goals might easily have reached double figures. The Battery Boys surely gave Sergt. Crowe all that he knew what to do with, and some of his saves were a treat to witness, while Lieut. Smith at the other end of the field had no sinecure of a post; but he came up smiling each time he was called on. From a nice run up the left wing the ball was crossed clear over to the right and Dr. Beall passed to Sgt. Sawyer who completely baffled Lt. Smith. Thus the Queen's drew first blood. Taylor putting the ball in motion again the "Oil Rags" went at it hammer and tongs, and after some give and take play Sergt. Winter put the sides on equal terms.

The second half was very keenly contested and both goal-keepers were frequently called on to use their hands, but the game ended in a draw 1-1. Ten minutes extra each way was played, but so alert were both defences that for a second time this tie in the competition ended in a one goal draw. It would be invidious to single out players, as both elevens strained every nerve to secure the winning point, at the same time on the afternoon's play the Gunners were dead out of luck. The following were the lines up:—

Artillery—		Smith			
	Baker		Valance		
	Code	Winter		Stubberfield	
Russell	Sellers	Taylor	Hills	Learmonth	
Tasker	Beall	Travers	Sawyer	Child	
	Almeroth	Wall	Ferrier		
	Brown		Cowland		
		Crowe			Queen's—

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, Le.-Corp. S. Graham, Treatment Dept., Granville Canadian Special Hospital; or locally, to the Printing Dept., Chatham House; or to Pte. Millier, Orderly Room, Yarrow Annex.

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