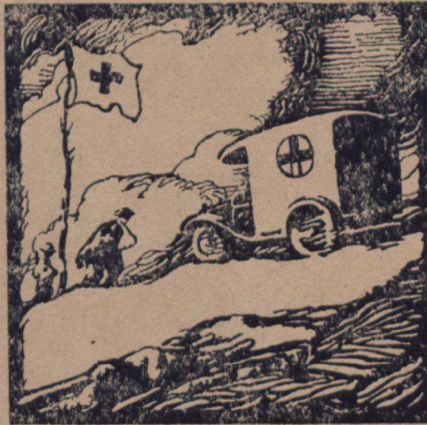


Canadian Hospital News.

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News Editor :

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29th Batt.

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GRANVILLE
CHATHAM HOUSE

News

YARROW HOME
TOWNLEY CASTLE

VOL. V

RAMSGATE, APRIL 21, 1917

No. 3

BRAVO!

"BROTHERS-IN-ARMS, WE SALUTE YOU!"

CANADIANS have again won renown; at the battle front the men from Canada have had the good fortune to surmount the apparently impossible, and batter down what was thought to be an impregnable fortress. Who can forget Vimy Ridge? As long as the world shall stand the story of this glorious achievement shall be preserved in unfading colours. We have waited long for such a consummation. Our allies, the French, have suffered sadly in their attempts to smash the enemy at this strategic point. Who can measure the cost to our ally in blood and tears? Who can measure the degree of desperation, as their hopes have been shattered again and again? And now the Canadians have been permitted to reap a rich harvest where the intrepid French have sown the seed of colossal endeavour and desperate devotion. What cheers there must have been as our boys rushed madly forward in their path of conquest. From out the din and tumult of battle these cheers have encircled the globe, and found an echo in the heart of every lover of Liberty and despiser of despotism. None have returned the cheer more enthusiastically than the French. "Bravo, Canadians," they cry exultantly. And for the moment Canadians stand the cynosure of all eyes.

Since the beginning Canadian regiments have been entrusted with heavy tasks, and have never proved false to that trust. But we must remember that the Canadians were but a part of a very long line of victory that telling day at Vimy Ridge—British forces all the way performed a heroic task and achieved a mighty triumph. "Bravo, Sir Douglas Haig and his far-flung forces." All the world of democracy subscribes to such a sentiment. And what a pæan of praise goes up from all those of the anxious heart, because of Vimy Ridge. Such like victories hasten the time when Peace shall be enthroned again. And to our ally who did the basic work where Canadians raised the superstructure of success—"Bravo! Armies of France, Bravo! *Vive La France!*"

O. C. J. W.

GRUNTS FROM GRANVILLE

Have the "doctor's sons" all left for France?

"We don't want to lose him, but we think he ought to go."—Sergt. —!!

Did Ramsgate forget the seats for "Wounded Soldiers Only" around the Market Place?

Are we in it? Well, I should smile! The Rink on Saturday, 21st. at 8.30 in the evening.

Are Lc.-Corp. Rahmer, Pte. M'Cafferty and one higher up working at the Granville or at Snuffy's?

Who is the gentlemanly R.P. who so kindly allays the ladies' fears on raid nights—is he sure it is "only practise"?

No sooner had the news of the doings of the tanks at the front come through than the tanks at the Granville broke out, one at least injuring a wheel in the ensuing melee.

Anent the patients' concert on Monday that Special Act was given all right only the curtain was rung up on it at 2 p.m., and all the actors were in the clink a few minutes later.

Name the *News* staff man who gave such a glowing account to the three flappers of his trip to London in his little two-seater—don't you know—when in reality he was in durance vile at the time specified.

Do the big Irishman and his little Scottish pal know that the members of the personnel mess have a bet on that they are bald, and are only waiting for them to take their caps off to decide the wager.

When is the Sporting Editor going to wake up and discover that the famous cup tie final was played on Easter Monday, and not Saturday, as reported in last week's issue?

[Yes, Sir, I am thoroughly awake now. But if you will glance at page 7 of this issue, can you wonder that I, even I, made a mistake of a paltry two days.—*Sp. Ed.*]

LOST.—On Sunday night last, between Chatham House and the Granville, a silver wrist-watch, luminous dial.—Reward on returning to Private Doody, Staff Chatham House.

13 HUNS IN 20 MINUTES

The Story of a Private Who Got His Chance

This world war has now been raging for three years all but four months, and it is but stating the barest truth to say that never has there been one moment since it began but some man has done the heroic. It may have been on an off-day in the slimy trenches, or in the excitement of a bombardment, or as he went over the top with his chums. The pity is that only in a very few cases are these superhuman deeds noted, and in fewer still do the actors receive any kind of reward. Now and again, as his chums would say, a man has the luck to get recognition. Such a one is No. 199384 Private S. D. Richey, now at Chatham House Annex. He is but 18 years of



age, comes from Winnipeg, joined up in June, 1916, and came across with the 94th Battalion from Fort-William. He made one of a draft to the 28th Battalion.

Let the foregoing introduce him. As for the deed that is now tardily getting recognition the following official statement tells the story best.

Capt. W. M. Hart, M.C.,
C. A. M. C.

March 17th, 1917

In answer to your communication inquiring if I can confirm the statement of No 199384, Pte S. D. Richey, in which he states he got 13 Germans in 20 minutes.

On the day in question, September 25th, 1916, we had been suffering innumerable casualties from German snipers, and when I arrived at the place where Pte Richey was, I found my Major shot through the heart.

I called for a good shot, and Pte Richey immediately offered to try and get rid of them.

I gave him the direction and range, and observed, and I saw him dispose of thirteen Huns.

He showed an apparent disregard for his own personal safety, and I missed him greatly when he became a casualty.

Yours truly,

L. TORRIE, Lieut. C Co., 28th Batt.

Pte. Richey has been recommended for the D.C.M., and has also received a present of £13 from Mr. L. A. Oldfield, of London, as "head money." His brother, Pte. W. J. Richey, 3rd Field Ambulance, attached 13th Batt., has already won the Military Medal.

YAPS FROM YARROW

Is it true that Cpl. Emmet's features dropped on Saturday last ?

Wanted : The guy who told Pte. Kenworthy of Zeppelin Alley that he could sing.

English as she is gespeaken : Chaplain to Staff Sergeant—" I must congratulate you on your—have a smoke ! "

It would be extremely interesting to examine the retina of an officer's eye when a private is the object in view.

A certain someone (O.C.'s inspection day) : " Good gracious ! It's eleven o'clock and I haven't powdered my nose yet ! "

Pte. Carter says he " never did like being a policeman," and Pte. Lowry says that he " never did enjoy working with Carter."

Wanted at once, a charwoman. Duties to clean out Q.M.'s office and wait on Trombone ; previous experience unnecessary.

Spuds are missing from our stews—
We don't care, we've got the *News*.

Now that we have some *talent* on the police force we shall hope to keep our clink a little fuller. It was never intended for a quartermaster's department.

He who would hear the English language at it's best must come over to the Yarrow Home staff sleeping quarters when the night corporal gives the order to " stand-to."

First Canuck :—" I had a brother who went ten days without eating, in Toronto."

Second Canuck :—" When was that ? "

First Canuck :—" When he was in Winnipeg."

A Broadstairs lady told me the other day that she knew a British soldier who had killed 2,000 men. I said, " That is nothing ! I know a Canadian soldier who'll kill a lot more : he's our cook at Yarrow Home."

R.S.M. to Pte. H— : " Did you see that nasty 'grunt' about privates and captains the other week ? "

Pte. H—, positively beaming : " You bet, yer ; Sir, and I thought it was d—d good ! "

The Ration Party

By Claude H. Dodwell

Stumbling under their loads along the ditch
 The ration party plod through the greasy mud,
 Coming at last to the little gully—which
 Is bridged by a slippery log of poplar wood.

'Ware the machine gun. 'Ware ; boys 'Ware !

Stand like a rock if they loose a flare.

Light that cigarette if you dare.

'Ware for the open space—'Ware ; boys ! 'Ware !

Halting, they lay the packets aside, and rest ;
 Stretching their aching shoulders ; gathering breath
 For the swift race across the place possessed
 Of a name oft justified—the "Bridge of Death."

Pop-op-op-ita-pop-ita-pop !

God ! They've seen us ! Drop ! Boys, drop !

Will the damned thing never stop ?

Pop-op-ita-pop-ita-pop-op.

One by one they tense for the frensied dash,
 Flinging their gasping forms to the cover ahead.
 Safely across but one !—the idiot rash
 Saunters, and pays the price, with four through the head.

Pop-ita-ita-pop-op-op-op.

"Parker's got it !" "Crazy pop !"

"Bring his pack up !" "Bearers, on the hop."

Pop-op-ita-pop-op-ita-pop.

CHRONICLES OF JOYOUS JANE

She Sees Green Flames and Blue Lightning

By Dorothy L. Warne

Chapter I.—SHE DODGES CUTHBERT

My hands and limbs are trembling ; I am only able to play with a little nourishment. Wait and I'll tell you the reason.

Last Saturday Private Niceboy told me he'd be charmed if I'd accept his invitation to a fish and chip supper. Now if there's one thing I love it is fish and chips, consequently I beamed, and accepted with unmaidenly alacrity. Not half an hour afterwards someone brought me a note which read as follows :—

Dear Jane, Are you game for the movies to-night? If the answer is the longed for "Yes," then wear a blue ribbon in your hair this afternoon ; if otherwise, then a carrot above your ear shall be the sign, and I shall suffer in silence.

Yours excruciatingly,

CUTHBERT.

This effusion came from Sergeant Iamit. Directly I got it I flew down to borrow two cents from Private Niceboy to buy the carrot. Now, to reach the office where he hangs out one has to pass along a corridor studded with doors, behind which the Granville miracles take place. I had got half-way along when I saw a form looming up. Conscientious Cuthbert ! What on earth could I say ? Seeing that the corridor was deserted, he was sure to inquire about his wretched note. Ah, salvation—in the form of a half-open door—appeared, and I slipped in, feeling exultingly safe in the darkness, as the lock caught with a vicious snap.

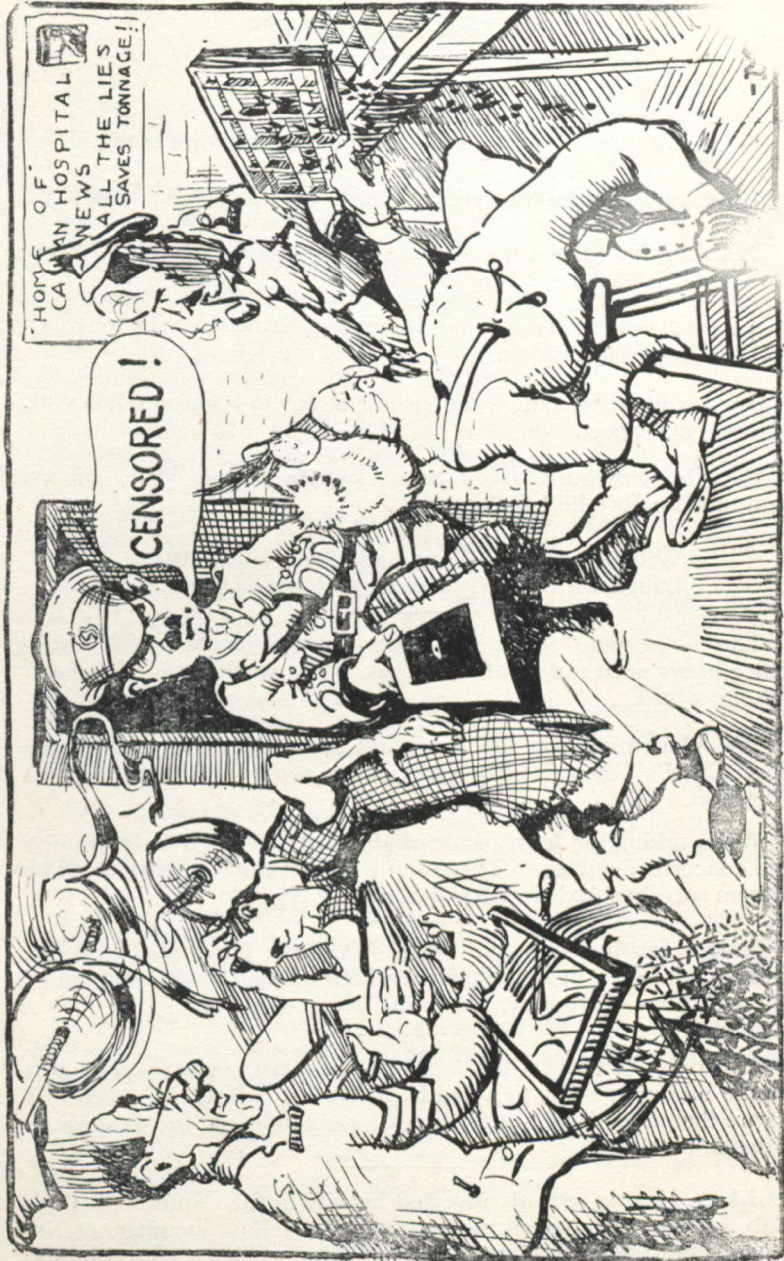
Chapter II.—IN THE DEMON'S CAVE

I waited several minutes, then feeling that the amorous Sergeant must be well out of the road, ventured to grope for the door. I stepped gingerly and made passes in the air. Joy ! my fingers came in contact with a knobbly bit of brass. I clutched it—Ye gods ! Two flames a yard long shot out. *What* had happened ? Had my weird hand passes awakened some dormant Granvillian genii ?

Something began to whiz, and whizzed out awful green and blue lights. My knees quivered ; I couldn't scream ; these terrifying lightnings came from everywhere. A thought struck me ; Was Cuthbert a practiser of things occult, and was he frightening me ? And now buzzing was increasing ; it grew in fury till it became a deafening roar, and flames shot out everywhere from nothingness. Dante's Inferno was child's play to this. With a screech of agony I fainted.

I awoke with Pte. Niceboy pillowing my head, and it was so nice that I fainted again. They told me afterwards, when I was able to bear it, that I had been found in the High Frequency Room with the apparatus going at full speed.

Conscientious Cuthbert still wonders why it was left to Private Niceboy to rescue me.



PATTER FROM PATS

We recovered our "Gunn."

In case of fire "Waters" will be found on the top floor.

Have we to accept everything Pte. Kennedy says as "literally."

Yes, Corporal, the water wagon is much safer than the Margate 'bus.

A squad left for Ireland on leave last Saturday. There was a riot in Dublin on Sunday.

Our garden crop will be the earliest of any in Ramsgate this year. We've put "Speed" on.

Everybody misses Clayton Brown but the police. They missed him much before he left though.

With Grunts, and Yaps, and Chats, and Patter,
Laugh with the *News* and you'll grow fatter.

The sister who sends the lance-corporal for her mail before office hours need not be afraid of us. We would not "Sell-her" for the world.

We sympathise with the complaint of certain sisters about the Fire Chief's "hose." We slept in the same tent with him at Cheriton.

When asking for leave, state that you want to go to Ireland on the concertina system. This admits of indefinite extension. The system was invented by a Russian named Nicholovitch.

Mother (reading to a small boy)—"And the Lord touched Adam and he fell into a deep sleep from which nothing could wake him."
Small Boy—"Mummy, was he a "Night Orderly"?"

A member of the Q.-M. staff was seen last week displaying a mouse in a match-box to a number of young ladies. We were not aware that these "cute little things" were used in the process of "match-making."

Advl.—Having recently invested heavily in the Canterbury Taxi-Cab, I respectfully solicit the patronage of fellow members of No. 4, wishing to reach Ramsgate in more comfort than offered by the railway.—Apply Pte. Wootton.

CHATS FROM CHATHAM

Lc.-Corp. Miller is keeping very quiet these days. Is the soup making him superior ?

Rumour has it that Lc.-Corp. Lill is quitting the police force to work alongside Sister Susie.

Since the disruption in the Print Shop (shown on page 7), Old Scotty Ford's feather has not been seen.

Who is the Officer at the Chatham House who is trying to popularise the Glengarry ?

To Captain W. J. H. G.—We are sorry we cannot publish your little poem on Granville Society. We live too near The Klink.

All ranks will be pleased to hear that Corp. Armstrong has been "told off" at last. Ask him what she thought about him.

Was Lc.-Corp. Taylor shooting some of his Beautiful Beasts when the gun went off and hit him in the foot, or just killing crows ? *N.B.*—Of course we mean rooks.

Corporal Instructors Beware ! One of your number is secretly training on half-boiled eggs and taking lessons in pugilism o' nights. Who's his objective ?

News motor busted ; house telephone on the blink ; electric fan on strike, and only Monday morning. Gee ! some honeymoon, Corporal Ashworth.

Q.—Why does the Granville mail system resemble the Tommy in one of Bairnsfather's pictures ?

A.—It has only two speeds—slow and stop.

One moment we find him jovially cuffing his fellow orderlies, the next playfully kicking some wretched lance-jack. Of a surety Private "Spearmint" is in love.

As a certain Sergeant is about to leave Chatham House, after a fifteen months' sojourn, for somewhere, it has been proposed to present him with a pair of double-wool socks.

The buglar has been notified to sound reveille outside the Orderly Room just before dinner so that Corp. Booth may wake up in time to accompany the Orderly Officer round.

ENTERTAINMENTS

Cinema shows were given twice last week at the Granville. The films shown on Friday night were especially good, Charlie Chaplin being the popular hero of the evening.

On Wednesday Mrs. Ducket's party gave a most enjoyable concert. Mr. Leonard Lowman was in excellent voice, and with Master Arthur Welsh gave some very humorous items. Several little girls gave some pretty dances. Miss M. Coleman and Miss Jeffrey sang very pleasingly and were enthusiastically encored.

On Thursday evening Mr. W. R. Spalding-Wray's party from Broadstairs made their first appearance on the Granville platform and were accorded a hearty reception.

One of the best concerts of the year was given on Saturday night when the "Courtiers" troupe from London put on a really wonderful programme.

On Sunday night pictures illustrative of the life of Christ and of Old Testament heroes were shown, and hymns were thrown on the screen and heartily sung.

The concert given on Monday night was by Granville patients. The party consisted of Privates Fry, Morton, Stock, Field, Maynard. Miss Dorothy Warne made an efficient accompanist, besides rendering a piano solo and some original musical sketches.

DOINGS AT THE RANGE

This week has been a fairly busy and successful one for the Rifle Club. In addition to the *Canadian Hospital News* competition, the rifle team have shot off two matches and won both. The first with Exmouth, a particularly strong team. We note that Col. Hodgson their C.O., compiled the very respectable score of 94. The Granville team finished with the narrow majority of 4 points. The totals being—Canadians, 771; Exmouth, 767.

In the match with Maidenhead District Granville lead by the margin of 21 points. Totals—Canadians, 741; Maidenhead, 720.

Canadian Hospital News Competition

For this event, the first of a series, there was a fair number of entries, but the smallness and no doubt number of bulls on the target did not bring out any tall scoring. Scout Heathman who excels in shooting, especially under open-sight conditions, managed to pull off the first prize; Pte. H. Smith was second; with Lance-Cpl. Graham a close third.

This week we have a match with the Bridport V.T.C., Dorsetshire, and a team of "A" Coy., 2nd Batt., from Bristol City.

HOCKEY FINAL

The Canadian Hockey team met the Government Workers at the Ramsgate Rink on Saturday night in the final for the the Hockey Medals. It was expected that the game would be hotly contested as both these teams have met several times previously this season and always put up a good game. But the game exceeded all expectations and was one whirl of sticks and legs and skates from the start to finish. The Canucks tallied first, Tommy Smaile putting the puck into the Government Workers' net near the end of the first half. It was then that the Canuck rooters let loose and not only pretty nearly raised the roof of the rink, but caused such alarm down town that a stand-too was about ordered at the Granville and Chatham. A few minutes later the Government Workers evened up. Neither side tallied again, but the Canucks carried the play right up to the Worker's territory with such pep that Viny was put in the shade. The game will be played to a finish on Saturday night, April 21, at 8 o'clock at the Ramsgate County Rink. The Canncks are out to win and it is up to the rooters to come in their hundreds from the Granville, Chatham House and the Yarrow. Now then you sergeant and corpal instructors let us be sure we can hear your voices on Saturday night. We are told you were there last Saturday, but didn't hear you. Don't let this occur again. Whoop her up boys! "Are we in it? Well I should smile."

ON THE SCOTTISH FINCH

The finch is a timid little bird which thrives on sloppy foods. It has a positive dread of water and never goes more than ankle deep into it. It will sit for hours in a dreamy, senseless state, with no other object than to warm its legs in the sun. It takes great pride in its feathers, and spends the greater part of the morning in the beautification of the same. In summer its plume becomes so long and gorgeous as almost to resemble a lady's dress. From Professor Emmett's "*Rare Birds*."

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GRANVILLE, 4: WESTCLIFFE 2

On Saturday last a considerable number of supporters accompanied The Nuts to Folkestone, where they engaged the Westcliffe Hospital in a friendly game. Paymaster Sergt. Towler, as usual, won the toss, and chose to play with the wind behind his men.

The game from the start was fast, and some excellent play was shown on both sides, but the narrowness of the ground greatly interfered with any exhibition of class football. Still, now and again the boys would break away, but neither seemed up to getting the ball between the goal posts. Kingston was seldom called on. Half-time was reached without score.

Changing ends The Nuts, playing uphill and against the wind, went right out to win. Sergt. Horne, ably supported by Staff Towler, Pyves and Tootell, scored the first goal. Shortly afterwards Dicky Longworth and Corp. Strutton carried the ball up the field, the latter landing a beautiful goal. The Westcliffe team caught Kingston napping, and reduced the lead. Going at it again Sammy Horne again scored, to the joy of the rooters. Westcliffe were then credited with a goal which to all appearances should have been a corner kick. Shortly afterwards the Nuts were awarded a penalty for hands. "Red" was entrusted with the place, and, with that awful left foot of his, gave the Westcliffe custodian no earthly chance. A good game ended in favour of the Granville Canadians by 4 goals to 2.

Staff Towler played an extra good game at centre half, while out of a good forward line Sammy Horne was the pick of the bunch. The new back Q.M.S. Budge proved himself worthy of the trust placed in him. He is big enough and heavy enough for anything, and the Westcliffe boys could not *budge* him an inch. *And then there's the other*—Franky—who with "Tiny," forms the Mut and Jeff of the team.

Team—	Kingston		Willis	
	Budge		Willis	
Creighton		Towler	Pyves	
Strutton	Longworth	Horne	Tootell	Forbes

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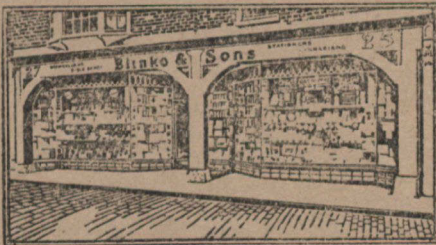
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