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# Canadian Hospital

GRANVILLE  
CHATHAM HOUSE

## News

YARROW HOME  
TOWNLEY CASTLE

VOL. IV

RAMSGATE, MARCH 17, 1917

No. 11

### Ye Editor's Greeting



we know. Many weeks late-  
unable to satisfy belated.  
There is every reason to be-



photos grace this page, who  
Military Hospital so excel-  
pages of this issue you may  
*News*, but our little journal  
of the Granville Canadian  
management of  
time is a tremen-  
task. Lt.-Col. J. T.



honoured and desire to publish a better paper in the future.

Our Birthday. A year ago this little paper was born. It  
was thrust into the world with the fourth quarto page  
empty and white, presumably as a sort of swad-  
dling clothes for the infant. Copy was hard to  
obtain in those dim and distant days. The  
infant has grown into a very lusty child indeed  
and the boys love

will continue to  
to escape censori-  
and such other  
that our birthdays

desire is to serve the Canadian patients and their  
friends until the war ends. Then we shall die  
—gladly. We bespeak congratulatory words  
to-day, not for ourselves, but for those whose

lently well. On other  
read about the success of the  
is only a very, very small part  
Special Hospital, the executive  
which at the present  
dous and onerous  
Clarke, as O.C., has  
surrounded himself with a brilliant staff. We wish  
that our distant readers could see the excellence  
of our different departments. Last week we re-  
ceived a letter from Lord Beaverbrook congrat-  
ulating us upon our admirable publication. We feel

and appreciate it,  
ly, we have been  
enquirers for copies  
lieve that this child  
grow and thrive, for we trust  
tis, bombardismus airraiditis  
serious maladies, yet we hope  
may be few. Our

and appreciate it,  
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may be few. Our



O. C. J. W.



## The Birth And Childhood Of The "News"

THE HISTORY OF THE INCEPTION AND GROWTH OF YOUR LITTLE PAPER

By Major R. Wilson

The early history of all successful enterprises is of great human interest, not only historically, but because the student of human nature may, by the study of the beginning of things, learn much about the road to success. There is no question that the *Canadian Hospital News* is a success.

Our paper owes its inception to Lt.-Col. W. L. Watt, A.D.M.S., London Area, who Hospital from its

When Chatham over as an Annex it small printing press School had been re-number of patients Annex, Chatham hospitals anywhere months, and it was this chronic hospital and Crafts Department-Printing House, was



Major Wilson

commanded this commencement.

House was taken was found that a belonging to the moved. A great in the Granville and House, had been in from nine to fifteen to break them of habit that the Arts ment, including the started. The Cana-

dian Red Cross. under its efficient Commissioner, Col. Hodgetts, undertook to pay the hire of the necessary small power press, and supply the type, paper, etc. This was used for printing the numerous forms and returns required. Sergt. T. G. Twyman, of the C.F.A., who was a member of the Typographical Union, and had been an editor of a paper in Canada, was placed in charge.

The instincts of the journalist is hard to kill; it was not long before Sergt. Twyman, with Colonel Watt's permission, started a small paper, the first number of which was printed on the 18th March, 1916. The paper was an instant success, and it soon became evident that it was destined for better things than the quibs and skits which served to bring a smile to our patients' faces.

Its fourth issue, on April 14th, was under the Editorship of Major Wilson, assisted by Private, now Mr. C. H. Dodwell, the author. The paper changed its form, and from a four page quarto became an eight, and a ten, and finally a twelve-page octavo, with designed front pages. In August of last year Major Wilson's Headquarters were transferred to London, and Captains Withrow and Pirt were elected co-editors; the former has had actual experience in Commercial Editing, and the latter is a charming writer.

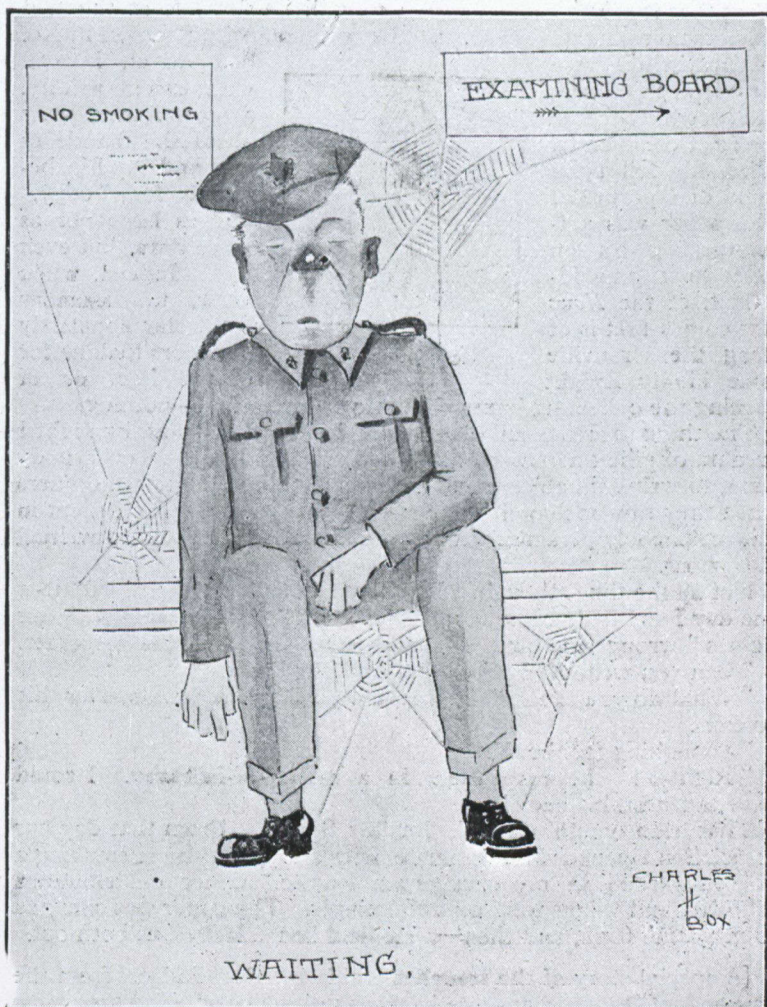
The work began primarily with the object of interesting our patients and taking them out of themselves, and has become a success beyond our then wildest hopes.



There is much to be said for the Battalion and Unit publications as records of the passing thoughts and incidents, which, of themselves, are too small to go on Official Records; as an index of the feeling and spirit animating the men at the time, I think they are invaluable. The Canadian Record Office have displayed a wise perspicacity in gathering together complete files of all the Battalion and Unit publications.

Here's to the *Hospital News!* May its shadow never grow less.

THIS CARTOON IS REPRODUCED BY SPECIAL REQUEST



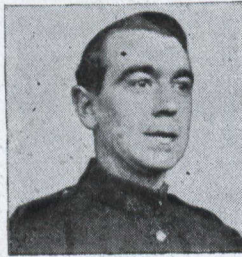


## A Line From The "Limbo"

EDITORIAL REMINISCENCES

By Claude H. Dodwell

An article for the *Canadian Hospital News*? Really, it's quite like old times to sit down and pen deliberately for the little paper of which I was of late the proud News Editor. It is only a matter of months since my departure, but so many changes have come about that it seems an age, and there will be few left at the Old Home who remember —. My association with it began in No. 2 Ward, where, as a bed-patient, I read the opening numbers with eager avidity, and speedily became a contributor. As soon as I could crawl editorship fell upon me, and my life became one perpetual search for "copy." The paper was neither as large nor as enterprising as in those days, but even so, it took some lining. Indeed, when I think of the *News* now, the memory that comes first is of wandering hopelessly along the Granville corridors looking for the Pen, or of some kindly Knight opening the collecting boxes six times a day to find—nothing.



C. H. Dodwell

The thing became an obsession. By day I thought, by night I dreamt, of piling manuscripts. I badgered and coaxed everybody I met to write, till officers and patients alike dodged round corners when they saw me coming. Four or five days a week I spent in this melancholy perambulation; the remainder I devoted to writing the paper.

Not all the time, though. Roaming around on the third floor one day I suddenly came face to face with a slim youth with his "blues" wrong side out. He was a stranger, but I was desperate.

"Can you write?" I asked, button-holing him.

"What do you want?" he replied, putting his hands over his pockets.

"Something for the *News*."

"Right-o!" he responded, in a matter-of-fact way. I could have fallen on his neck!

That slim youth was H. Smalley Sarson. From that day our association ripened into intimate friendship, and he is smoking a church-warden in my snuggery as I write. Other contributions followed and things went on swimmingly. The paper was changed to magazine form, and then—a medical board kicked us both out.

[A special story of the trenches entitled "Our Padre," from the pen of Mr. Dodwell, appears in this week's *Thanet Advertiser*.]



## Staff Of The "Canadian Hospital News"



Back row—left to right—Pte. Giolma [news editor]; Pte. Ford [printer]; Pte. Millie, [art editor];  
 Lc.-Corpl. Graham [treasurer].  
 Centre Row—Sergt. Maberley [pressman]; Miss Dorothy L. Warne, [writer]; Capt. Withrow [editor];  
 Sergt. Twyman [printer-in-charge].  
 Front Row—Lc.-Corpl. Fulker [circulation manager]; Pte. Le Sauvage [official photographer]; Pte.  
 Bowskill, [printer].

### Kind Words From A Contemporary

The *News* is now a bright little paper, reflecting the life of the hospitals, and the good spirits of the men. Each issue contains a feature in the "leader" of the editor, Capt. Withrow. In its early days there was a decided diffidence on the part of the men to contribute, but now they are engaged in the fascinating occupation of telling jokes against each other. The News-Editor, Pte. Giolma, has rallied the men round his standard with wonderful success.—*Thames Advertiser*.



## Our Chaplain's Congratulations



To the *Canadian Hospital News*, on the first anniversary, of its birthday I offer cordial greetings.

This unique little paper came into being about a fortnight before I was attached to the Granville as Chaplain, so that I have been able to watch its course almost from the first. I sincerely congratulate the present editors—as well as those who preceded them—on the development of the youngster, and while I may not wish for it “long life,” I can, and I do wish for it a continued career of vigour, brightness and interest, so long as the need exists—*i.e.*, for the duration of the war, and a few months after if required.

By the patient readers, or rather I ought to say, reader patients, the *Hospital News* is looked forward to each Friday as it makes its commendably punctual and neat appearance. I believe that most of the patients manage, by rigid economy, to save the one cent out of their princely stipend of 5/- a week, that they may read the pages of this bright little visitor.

Naturally I give the bulk of my time and energy to bed patients, but I want every man to feel that in this “Padre,” while I can hold down the “job,” he has one ready to be his friend in every possible way. All my sympathy and counsel is his for the asking.

In conclusion, I must tell you that last week I had a visit from the senior chaplain of this district, who told me that I had had a unique distinction conferred upon me, that I was now entitled to write after my name the mystic initials C.I.G. These are days of initials: one hears—O.C., M.O., Q.M., R.S.M., H.Q., D. of S. & T., A.D.M.S., C.C.A.C., D.A.M.N., and many others as mystifying. Can any of my lads guess the meaning of the letters after my name?

E. B. HOOPER, C.I.G.

*Hon. Capt. and Chap.*



## Our Nursing Sisters



Reading from left to right Back row, Sisters Nealand, Macdonald, Nicholson, Baird, Blott, Quigley, Stuart, Tripp, and Moore.  
 Centre row, Sisters Frier, Fogarty, Davis, Lambkin, Matron Ridley, Sisters de Bellefeuille, Humble, and Stevenson.  
 Front row, Sisters Bruce, Clarke, Watkins, Brown, and Campbell.

## Yaps From Yarrow

What did Lc.-Corp. Finlay see when he opened the door?

Wanted—Two house decorators, rush job, wages no consideration. Apply Staff-Sergt. Cattermole, Orderly Room, Yarrow.

We have three inquiries as to the nationality of Ptes. MacGowan and Middleton. Are they Hebrews or Canadians?

Does Corp. Doak really believe that Noah lived in the Garden of Eden?

Yes, it was Pte. Barnes who said that if he had kilts he would take on a charwoman's job.

We congratulate late Stage Manager Tyler on at last obtaining a commission in the Ananias Battalion.

Private Tite has been attached to the Coast Defence Works. That's the reason he can be seen any night holding up the barbed wire entanglements on the promenade. Bow-Wow!

Irish bugler on opening a letter—"Curse thim postal orders! Sure, they only come, at all, at all, when I've climbed on to the water-wagon."



## Life At The Granville

### A LETTER FROM A WOUNDED GUNNER TO HIS WIFE IN CANADA

Dere Wife—After wot cher may call a Cook's tour of this ere old England I am now deposited ere at Ramsgate-on-sea. Gates I've seen by the undreds but never a ram ave I clapt eyes on yet, but it must be quite a farming district for they do say there be lots of chicken in these ere parts specially on the front on Sundays. Also lots of gulls.

Well this old Granville is some place alright alright and wot we who've been in foreign parts an picked up a bit o the lingo calls tray bong. Carpits on the stairs an brass nobbs everywhere an a ellywater too, all yer does is jest thump the door an a nice smilin young feller they calls shorty jest takes yer to ware ye says. 'E seems a awful nice young chap an I think es a parsons son. They do say as e comes from Kalgarry which accounts for a lot.

There be some rum goings on ere ter be sure an some pore fellers as ter ave a bath every blessed day. That's red tape fer yer if yer likes. They do say they used ter call em Turkish baths but our chaps won't ave no supportin the enemy, so they calls em oh courante and sich like Ally names. When I as a bath I likes ter see the water a gettin dirty then yer knows yer wanted one.

I will now tell yer wot they does ter me. First of all they shoves my leg in a oven an bakes it. they calls it radiant eat but I calls it red tape. Some sassy fellers do say as I smell like bacon fer breakfast. Well after this is over things *do* appear I can tell yer, fer I goes into a room they calls massage room but I calls it red tape. There be quite a few angles in there an as the sayin goes they minister unto us. Jest you imagine a lot of swollen arms, legs some on beds and some on tables all bein ministered unto which is bein rubbed an pinched an slapped, then perhaps yew can realize my sorter arf way description o the place.

After this is all over an yer gets yer ticket signed you are free to go an watch the tld go out then come in again an after that (bein in blues) there aint much to do but sit an think. They do ave very nice concerts an pitcher shows ere at nights, sometimes I do think the pitcher machine could do with a little massage as its circulation dont seem jest normal. I could rite lots more but I darsent ask the young lady at the canteen fer any more paper or she will think I eats it instead o buyin er buns. Two of em there be an nice respectable young women they do seem an there is no red tape about em.

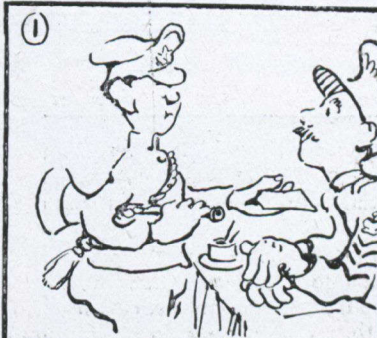
Now dere wife as you sees I am in good hans so yew should worry all as I do opes is that they cures me quick afore the war stops: (I dont think.)

Your Lovin usband

O. U. HEYCEID.



A History of a Pass



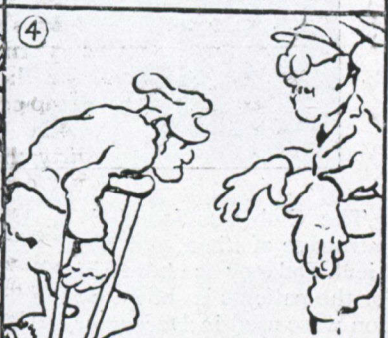
①  
1914. AS A BUGLER  
HE ASKS FOR LEAVE.



②  
1915. HE WOULD GET IT  
BUT FOR THE DRAFT.



③  
1916. HE WOULD GET IT  
BUT FOR THE "BIG PUSH".



④  
1917. ALL LEAVE CANCELLED  
WHILE IN HOSPITAL.



⑤  
1940. THINGS LOOK HOPEFUL.



⑥  
1945. AT LAST. - BUT -  
- THE SHOCK KILLS HIM!

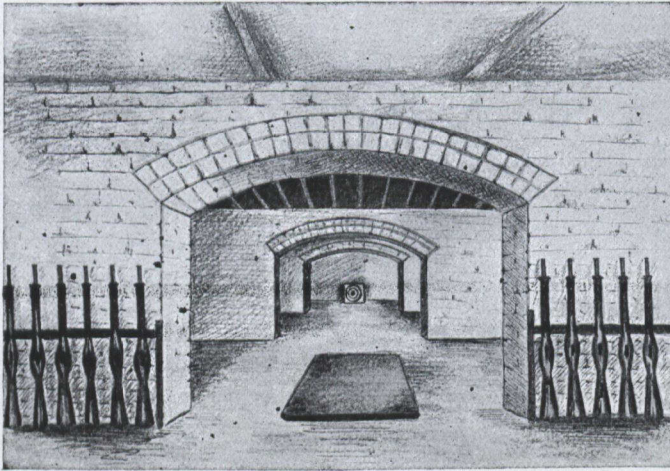
Drawn by A. H. Millicr



## The Record Of The Rifle Range

WHERE MANY HUNDREDS OF PATIENTS HAVE SHOT AWAY THEIR NERVES

*By Range Superintendent Private H. Smith*



The Club was founded in November, 1915, under the kind patronage of Lieut.-Col. Watt and Officers of G.C.S.H., and with Lieut. Delaney as club Captain. That it proved a popular diversion for the patients is shown by the fact that 2,600 rounds of ammunition were used in December, 1915, and the monthly average to the end of January, 1916, being 3,300 rounds. These totals however are completely eclipsed by the more recent ones. The club now has five rifles in use and various members possess their own. Two have been kindly presented by Lt.-Col. Watt and Capt. Campbell and one purchased by the club. The monthly average expenditure of ammunition from May, 1916, has been 9,500 rounds.

For April, 1916 the captaincy of the club was taken over by Capt. L. J. Thomas of the 7th Battalion, and Pte. Smith was appointed range superintendent and team captain. The effect of good coaching and tuition has shown remarkably in the results of matches. Previous to May, 1916, ten matches had been shot off, the club winning 2, drawing 2 and losing 6. Since then the club has taken part in 63 matches, winning 47, drawn 5 and losing 11. Taking into consideration that the team consists mostly of patients these figures are highly commendable, and it is safe to say that the diversion and interest of the range have materially helped a number of men from a medical standpoint also; in particular several cases of shell shock and other nervous conditions have made rapid strides since they started using the range.



## Chats From Chatham

Wanted 50 lead-swingers to work on fire escape ; duration job ; war bonus. *Apply*—Chatham House.

Since Dr. Crippen has ceased his nightly rounds many ex-shell shock patients sleep more soundly.

The Postal Officials want to know the name of the corporal-instructor, recently arrived at Chatham House, who writes three letters a day to Shrewsbury.

Some of the patients of Chatham House would like to know if a certain sergt.-major is as good a mechanic as he is a soldier ? It looked like it on Sunday when the organ stopped. The same day the command given was, "Into files right turn." We begin to think he is a blacksmith as well.

### ON SUNDAY MORN

From nine o'clock till half-past twelve  
The sergeants stood at strict attention,  
Waiting at the old church door.  
The things they said we dare not mention.

## CAVE'S ORIENTAL CAFE

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Light Luncheons  
Afternoon Teas and  
Light Refreshments

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NORTHDOWN RD., CLIFTONVILLE, MARGATE  
and 11 SUN STREET, CANTERBURY.



## Our Footballers—The “Nuts”

By *Pica Sma'*

- TOWLER** Paymaster-Sergt. Towler, captain of the team, is a hard-working player, and stands a good many hard knocks. His work in front of goal is proved by his having scored no fewer than 36 goals this season. He has been with the club since it was instituted.
- WILLIS** “Frankie” is surely a surefooted and cool left back, never missing his kick. Small of stature he is a tower of strength to his team. Pte. Willis is the captain, and has only been absent from one match since the inception of the “Nuts,” two seasons ago.
- CREIGHTON** At right-back Pte. Creighton is a sure defence, always present when there's trouble brewing for his goalkeeper; sure of foot and cool in head, “Dave” is a stayer and a hard Nut to crack.
- KINGSTON** Alert between the uprights, Pte. Kingston is always on the spot, and the opposing forwards have to be a bit lively to get the ball into his net.
- STRUTTON** Corp. Strutton is a half-back of some value; a hard worker and good feeder of his forwards, oft' times just a wee bit too eager, thus losing ground at the critical moment.
- MALCOLM** As a centre-half Pte. Malcolm is hard to beat, and one is never certain whether he is going to kick the ball with his head or his feet, but he always gets there.
- GIBBS** Sergt. Gibbs is a left half-back of sterling worth; although he is at times a trifle slow, he makes up in good work what he lacks in speed. He is generally pretty reliable.
- BERRETT** At outside right Corp. Berrett is at once a valuable player, has good speed and nearly always sure with his feet; never selfish, his passes are always true.
- LONGWORTH** At inside right Pte. Longworth is a good partner, but he evidently has lost his old scoring ability, as he was always good for at least one goal every time he donned the stripes.
- WALTERS** One of the most consistent players in the team, Pte. Walters is a hard worker, and never shirks tackling a big man, and as a rule comes out on top.
- FORBES** Last, but by no means least, Private Forbes, *alias* “Red,” is the greyhound of the team. When once he gets hold of the ball he just bids his opponents ta-ta. His passes to centre are always value for a goal. Well done “Red.”



## On Entertaining the Boys

*By Capt. C. Gordon Armour, Canadian Y.M.C.A. Representative*

No one who has been brought into contact with any section of our army can help being struck with the predominating spirit of good cheer which prevails throughout the ranks. Whether it be in reserve camps in England, in hospital wards, or on the march to and from the "front line," the spirits of our men are indomitable, and snatches of song (more or less hearty) are always to be heard. Observation leads one to believe, however, that the songs on the march back from the trenches to billets are invariably more wholeheartedly sung than when "going in." Oh! what inexpressible feeling of relief and joy one experiences when marching back to billets after a six or eight day turn in the muddy trenches. How could our boys express their feelings better than in wholehearted song? Back in billets with the first night's rest over, comes the bath parade—and then for a week of outdoor games and nightly concerts at the nearest Y.M.C.A. Hut.

Never in any previous campaigns have our soldiers been so cared for as in the present. Y.M.C.A.'s and Church Army Huts are right behind the trenches—and, indeed, the former organization has special dug-outs right in the front line trenches. Who can estimate the value of these "homes away from home," close by the rest billets? The nightly concerts are always crowded—every available space is occupied by our men—often they walk two or three miles back to enjoy a good sing-song, and hear their fellows sing. And what singing! The writer's memory goes back to a huge Y.M.C.A. marquee in Flanders. Three thousand men were crowded into the space to see the comedy company of the P.P.C.L.I. appear. It was a never-to-be-forgotten memory—that huge mass of weather-beaten, war-scarred men lustily singing their favourite songs. The long days and nights in the mud-soaked trenches were forgotten for the time, the men lived in the present enjoyment—they liked the songs with a "homey" sentiment, and sang them with full hearts, doubtless with visions of the old home and the waiting loved one.

Perhaps the most popular form of entertainment with our soldiers is the "Movies." It seems, too, as if every man possesses an inherent love of music, and finds its influence uplifting and cheering. Gramophones have justified their existence more than ever in this war—and how men like to gather around a piano to sing the popular songs of the day. Singing and entertainments keep up the spirits of our men, and one ventures to believe that good shows, and bright sing-songs, and the ever popular "movies," all play their part in helping to give our armies the determined spirit of victory, as well as to heal our broken and war-scarred warriors in "Blighty."



## The Chronicles of Joyous Jane

SISTER SUSIE, SOME SILK, AND A TANGO TEA

By Dorothy L. Warne

### CHAPTER I. JANE VISITS THE CRAFTY ARTS

A few days ago a box arrived at the Granville, and woman-like I peeped in. Lying snug beneath innumerable wrapping were lots of little wheels, levers, cogs, and handles.

Sergt. Campring volunteered the information that the collection had something to do with the Crafty Arts; but as only the top of his head was visible above a surrounding ocean of official documents I may have misunderstood.

Shortly after this Sergt. Foxglove started to disappear periodically, returning with an extra furrow on his manly brow. Kind inquiry revealed the fact that he was having trouble with Sister Susie—she couldn't be put together. I wondered what sort of contortionist this female relative of his could possibly be, and was told that if I cared to go up to Chatham House I might meet her.

### CHAPTER II. SISTER SUSIE GOES ON STRIKE

The next day, arriving at the Annex, I was escorted by Sergt. Quickcombe to a spot where a "blue" was shedding tears over something that might have been a sausage machine, or would possibly pass for a Meccano. The blue looked worried, but he was certainly "patient."

By the side of the machine was a pile of silks, ranging from pale heliotrope, through all the colours of the rainbow, to flaming vermillion. "What are these skeins for?" I asked, and with a sob of real emotion he told me a tale of how the sergeants were sending the stuff to be woven by Sister Susie into the daintiest hosiery that ever graced the extremities of the nuttiest N.C.O.s in the Canadian Expeditionary Force. The orders were to be rushed through, as the Mess was starting a series of Tango Teas the following week.

Being fond of dancing, I inquired if invitations were being issued for these functions. He was unable to tell me, but advised me to inquire of the Sergeant-Instructor, who was then putting a class of Ulnar Nerve Lesions through the paces of the Gaby Glide.

We left our "blue" setting Sister Susie with yellow strands. Scarcely had we passed through the door than there came a mighty whizzing sound, followed by a bump, a crash, and groans. Hurrying back we found the manipulator huddled on the floor surrounded by a litter of wheels, and held fast in primrose silk.

Sister Susie had shown her disapproval of putting in overtime and overstrain at a pair of socks ordered by Sergt. Diver by bursting defiantly.

Gladdened by the smiles of Sergt. Trafalgar I passed from the portals of Chatham House feeling possessed of far grater knowledge than when entering.



## Is This Your Face?



In the *Canadian Hospital News* Box, on Wednesday, we found a stamped letter addressed to "Maude, Canada." On opening the letter, in order to return it to the sender, we discovered it contained a poem, the eighty-six lines of which all rhymed more or less with "Maude." Also there was a photograph of the sender. We publish half of the photo to-day. Unless the writer

comes forward like a man and claims his poem we shall next week show his whole face, and also publish his poem. This announcement applies to privates, corporals, sergeants, and, maybe, even to sergeant-majors. The finding of stamped and fully addressed letters in the *C.H.N.* contribution boxes is no new thing; on more than one occasion have we had to put letters in the proper mail box, but the fact that the letter in question was addressed merely "Maude, Canada" caused us to open it. It seems to us as though the sender imagines he has got the only flapper of that name in Canada. Perhaps this is your chum's face; if so, warn him.

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Finest Up-to-date Cafe and Tea Room on First Floor

**Branch—14 High St., Ramsgate**



## Granville Breezes.

How long does a wedding last? Ask Sergt. Vyne.

Where does the Orderly Corporal hide when the Orderly Officer is looking for him?

Why is Provost-Sergt. Travers so anxious to take a trip to Folkestone once a month?

The most popular song with the blues these nights: "I wonder who's kissing her now?"

Which member of the Granville staff picked up a pair of riding breeches out of a garbage can, had them washed, and is now swanking on the prom. with them on?

Does the Winnipeg boy with the beautiful hair still dine regularly at Woolworth's? What is the attraction? Is it steak and chips, or *chicken*?

The other evening three of the Granville personnel walked into a pub., and the keeper of the house not knowing one of them asked him if he had a pass. "What! You want a pass from me? Why, if it wasn't for *me* none of these fellows would have passes at all."

---

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