

## Granville Breezes.

With Bonar Law Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Max Aitken a peer, and our esteemed Chaplain the recipient of a presentation, the neglected province of New Brunswick is surely coming to its own.

When "Scotty" Waddell can beat it to Scotland without even half a pair of legs, it looks as if neither Fritz nor the C.A.M.C. have succeeded in incapacitating him for the future. "Scotch Leave" is one better than "French Leave," we think.

Overheard in the personnel dining-room:—

"Say, do you know if there have been any amputation operations lately?"

"Not that I know of. Why?"

"I've just swallowed a piece of meat that tasted like ether."

After the hour in the gym., spent in listening to the dismal reiteration of some 45 articles of the K. R. and O. with the invariable refrain of "such less punishment as is in this act mentioned," the Chatham House personnel would have found a recital of the Mosaic Law at the ensuing church service an animated relief.

A Chatham House patient entered a local hotel the other night seeking liquid refreshment. The barmaid challenged his right to be served:

"You are a patient, aren't you?"

"No, madame, I am a doctor."

"But doctors don't wear that uniform."

"That's true, madame, but you see I am a *private* doctor."

Whereupon the barmaid suspended her questions.

The "Retreat" is most inconsiderately punctual and unmodified in its intervention at Granville matinees. This was particularly blaring and glaring during the performance by Miss Lila Field's Ballet Company last Friday. When questioned as to the reason for the undue prolongation of this dismal call, the bugler replied: "I could not just remember how the call ended, so I kept on blowing until it came back to me." Here's hoping the "come-back" is a little more speedy next time.

Patient (emerging to consciousness after operation)—Nurse, what's this I've got on my head?

Nurse—Those are vinegar cloths.

P.—And what's this thing on my chest?

N.—That's a mustard plaster; you've had pneumonia.

P.—Well, what's this at my feet?

N.—Oh! those are salt bags; you had a frostbite, you know.

From the next bed—Say, Nurse, why don't you hang a pepper-box around his neck, and then he'll be a bloomin' cruet.