

We Should Like To Know.

Who was the gallant Granville officer who presented two of our popular "masseuses" with fancy sugar shakers for talcum dusters.

Who was the indignant Chatham House Kiltie who called down the postman when told there was no mail for him, even after posting a letter to himself the day before.

Who was the fellow at the lathe who industriously whistled "The Gaby Glide" when Manuel of Portugal visited the Hospital Machine Shop.

Who can inform the Quartermaster about the destination of the plums that vanished at the Granville last week.

Who some of the people are, with whom we collide in the High Street, on these artificially blackened nights.

Who the deuce commits all the "barrack-room damages" that costs us ten per cent. of our income.

Who can tell us, confidentially, "when the war'll be finie."

The Granville Way

Bill (Old Patient) "Have you been to the Examining Room yet?"

Harry (Just arrived, on crutches.) "No."

Bill, "What's the matter with you, anyway?"

Harry (Giving forth a thousand word diagnosis of his case.)--
"Yes, I guess I'll never be able to bend that knee again, so I suppose it's me for Canada!"

Bill, "Don't make up yer mind too soon. Wait till the fellow with the ribbon has had a look at yer."

Harry, "Lot of good he'll do! I've had about fifteen monkeying with it already, and they haven't budged it an inch!"

Bill, "That maybe: but take my tip and leave your crutches behind when you go up!"

Next day in same ward

Harry, (Looking puzzled and without crutches) "Well I'm--!"

Bill, (smiling) "Hello, chum, where's the wooden legs?"

Harry, "Gone! He pinched them! Lord, but I feel nervy!"

Bill, "Don't worry—they'll soon fix that."

Harry, "Let's go for a stroll."

Sergt. L.C.R.