

GRUNTS FROM GRANVILLE

Captain Bedford says "Gerald is the best Scout in the Treatment Department."

When prominent Granville N.C.O.'s go to coffee-shops they should handle the "china" with care.

No, Corp. Nelson, you should never address your superiors as "old man," it's bad form amongst English-speaking people.

The pithiest dialogue on record was between the policeman at the front entrance and Willie with the wink—"You get." "You bet."

Yes, Lieut. M——, the young ladies from a certain well-known draper's have "a heavy right," especially when you endeavour to make advances on the Prom.

Thursday will be Empire Day, when the children from St. Luke's and Thornton Road Schools will sing patriotic songs, and dance around the Maypole at the Chatham House grounds.

What did the young lady think when the Granville Canadian gave her a farthing to buy some candy, and told her not to waste any of it. He may be an Irish Canadian, but we should judge he had some Scotch in him.

Crossed swords have been interpreted to signify a good many different things, but this is the limit. When the "Pearl of the Orient" company was at the Granville the girls came to the conclusion they were all hospital cooks.

Young Lady—"How do you like the army?"

1917 Recruit—"It's alright except the beastly grub."

Young Lady—"Well, what do you expect, it has been waiting for you these two years and a half."

Naval Officer—"You are looking very well under your new treatment. It seems to agree with you."

Masseuse—"My treatment! What do you mean?"

Naval Officer—"Why Lord Devonport's treatment, of course."

Fifty-two years on terra firma, crossed swords, an S.A. ribbon, a medium sized family in Canada, a detective education, then a war, and, presto, we have a live swanking individual, eligible for marriage, and threatening the same at the slightest provocation.