

## Granville Breezes.

It speaks well for the good conduct of the patients, when the only men the Chatham House police could find to arrest the other night, were three Granville R. P.'s.

Irish-Canadian Patient (with leg in splint) to Nurse:— Sisther, when oire ye goin' to let me git out av bed?

Sister: What could you do, Paddy, with a leg like that?

I. C. P.: Ah! ye know, Sisther, me leg ain't raley broken; it's only fractured like.

With Hughes on top in Canada, Australia, and United States, it looks as if the Hohenzollerns have at last found a rival dynasty.

*From the advt. column of the 'East Kent Times.'*—

WANTED TO PURCHASE.—*Old Hens*, any number; best prices given; serving government hospitals for wounded soldiers. Apply M. D. etc., Ramsgate.

This may help to account for the masticative difficulties of our Chicken Diet patients.

## We Should Like to Know

Why a certain Granville sergeant insists on singing Molly (—?), instead of Mother Macrea.

Who was the "inexperienced operator" who had "messed up" the cinema film that Mr. Haverley endeavoured to run one night last week.

How the Roller Rink management, in their carnival dates manage to synchronise so felicitously with Granville pay day.

Why the "Devonshire Girls" were led to excel themselves last Wednesday night. Can the Granville Sergeants tell?

Whether there'll be any chance of warming ourselves over the Chatham House hot (?) water pipes on Christmas Day.

Who was smart fellow that assumed that Capt. Oke, the new chaplain, must be O. K.

Who is the Chatham House sergeant who never fails to be present on "photographic parades."

We are all pleased to see Sergt. Donald Mowat back among us once more. Donald has done his bit and his shadow has not grown a little bit less, despite the third Battle of Ypres. We all remember, what a pair himself and Sister Wishart made when they ran the second floor. We hope Donald has come to stay this time.