

The Gym.

If you're feeling slack and seedy,
 Lacking vim.
 And your arms are thin and weedy,
 Out of trim,
 If you've flabby, flacid muscles,
 If you lose your wind in tusseles,
 And you're shy of red corpuscles,
 Try the Gym.
 They have movements for all cases
 So they say,
 Guaranteed to hide the traces
 Of decay.
 Sergeant Simonson will tell, or
 You can go to S.M. Mellor,
 (He's a most obliging fellow
 By-the-way)
 There are wondrous exercises—
 Balls to punch.
 They'll increase by several sizes,
 E'en your lunch.
 They will bulge your puny biceps
 Or your rusty old quadriceps,
 You'll be doing gigs and high steps
 Round the bunch !

KRITICOS

Granville Breezes

Where does the N. C. O., who swaggers around the front with a hunting-crop, house his fiery steed ?

Who is the gentleman from Buxton who lost a gold-watch-under distressing circumstances during his first week in Ramsgate?

Who knows the number of the Ward on the Third floor in which two full-fledged beauty doctors reside?

When is our esteemed confrère contemplating changing the name of Dulcinea?

Which of the Sisters shocks a patient in Ward 1 every morning?