

A Losing Game

Scene—Barrack Square.

A peppery Drill-Sergeant training an awkward squad.

"Shun! Quick march! Lift—right—lift—right. HALT! There, you camel-backed lop-eared numbskulls, you've lost your step, lost your heads, lost your dressing, and I've lost my temper. Talking about losing, when I was a boy I had a set of wooden soldiers. One day I lost them, and I remember my mother saying, 'Never mind, you'll find them again some day, sure'—and by Hector, SHE WAS RIGHT. Now then, Quick—MARCH!"

SERG. C.

Did Shakespere Know The Granville

"Classicus" our mad poet, raises the above question and quotes as follows to support the contention.

THE O. C!—"What's in a name?"—Rom. and Jul.

THE SURGEON—"I am armed and well prepared."—
Merch. of Venice.

THE PHYSICIAN—"But at his touch they presently amend."—Macbeth.

THE REGISTRAR—"I pray, let them be admitted."—
Tim. of Athens.

THE DISPENSARY—"I do remember an Apothecary
And hereabouts he dwells."—

Rom. and Jul.

CORP. X.—"If such a one be fit to govern, speak."—
Macbeth.

CAPT. Y.—"That in the Captain's but a choleric word
Which in the soldier is rank blasphemy."—

Meas. for Meas.

SERG. Z.—Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world
like a Colossus.—Jul. Caesar.

THE CHAPLAIN.—"Say to all the world This was a
MAN."—Jul. Caesar.

PATHOLOGICAL DEPT.

"Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog;
Now for a charm of powerful trouble
Fire, burn, and cauldron, bubble."—Macbeth.

KRITICOS.

A Kick

Did you ever meet a man who had nothing to kick about? I never did. Rumour says there was a man once in hospital in France who never kicked—but when I made enquiries I found he was deaf, dumb and blind, so the poor son-of-a-gun couldn't register a kick anyway, and I'm still open to bet he had some.

There's a big kick coming right here. Any day you can walk into the recreation room and see half-a-hundred fellows lolling in deck chairs, smoking, missing the cuspidors, kicking at everything in general, grumbling at the weather, the hospital, and grousing at this—our paper.

Any day you may hear the clack of billiard balls as you traverse the passage. "Nothing in the darned paper" they say—and the lazy galoots haven't the horse-sense to see that it's up to them to get busy and put something in it. Of course we know that everybody can't write, but surely to goodness there are occasional brains among the crowd capable of putting pen to paper now and then.

Hop to it, you lazy blighters; polish up your rusty old brains; sharpen your pencil and your wits; start kicking uphill instead of down—and if you want a good paper write something to put in it.

Hand your brain-storms to Pte. Dodwell, Ward 1, Granville—and he'll bless you for ever and a day.

Granville Breezes

Who was the N.C.O. who thought taxi's were Jitney's, and had to pay five bob for what he thought was a five-cent ride?

If Adam and Eve were in Ramsgate now, would they catch the craze and substitute the Maple for the Fig?

Is the baker's complexion the Bloom of Beauty or the Flour of Perfection?

The Front-door Policeman gratefully acknowledges receipt of one penny—conscience money.

Old stationary, obsolete Army forms, etc., collected at the police office.

Does advertising pay? Have you used Cyclax?

Who said he hadn't been made corporal because he "Hadn't had enough experience with the CORPSE."

Who is the M.P. who slams the gate so hard at night that a shell-shock patient on the second floor jumps out of bed and tries to bayonet his chum with the broom?

Can anybody tell us the exact stipulations regarding moustaches, lip-moss, or facial fungi, as laid down by the K. R. and R.?

Mr. Haverley is still waiting for our late contributor to start devouring the canteen forms.

The Evening Hymn

*Of a sworn Woman Hater after visiting Ramsgate
for the week-end.*

Couples, couples everywhere, in varying attitudes,
With ceaseless osculations of ten different magnitudes,
Gloating in their joyousness to untold altitudes.

Couples, couples everywhere, a-billing and a-cooing,
Who shock my pristine modesty with other things
they're doing.

Till, (tho' a sworn bachelor) I wish I too were wooing.

Couples, couples everywhere, on bench or beach or walking,
Disturbing twilight's silence with their chattering and
talking,

Despairingly I—Look at that! that ankle's simply corking!

Couples, couples everywhere, and I who once was sadly,
Have joined my wiser brethren, so behave, well—rather
madly.

And Dulcinea (you see I'm shy) initiates me, gladly.

H. S. S.

Gala Day

Beautiful warm sunshine—real "English Summer" weather—put the crowning touch to the enjoyment of yesterday's big Canadian Gala Day. The Park was thronged with a crowd of some 3,000 odd, all in holiday attire and obviously out for a good time—which they certainly had, everybody voting the day a huge success. The band of the 90th Batt. C. E. F., the Municipal Orchestra, The "Pantoeites" Concert Party, and last but by no means the least, the Granville Clowns, all contributed to the fun and entertainment of the visitors, while the dancing on the lawn attracted large crowds, and was, perhaps, the most popular feature of all.

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