

Granville Breezes.

What's the name of the R.P. who bought a couple of cigars for his pal and himself for one shilling and smoked the tenpenny one himself?

It is reported that with a view to finding some of the 1600 men said to be missing from Hastings the C.C.A.C. is about to make a sudden raid on the dungeons below the Granville. Perhaps the presence of these men may help to account for the shortness of our rations.

"Your face seems familiar," said the Captain to the Lieutenant at the Granville on Wednesday.

"Yes sir," the junior said, "I met you at St. Eloi when they touched the mine."

"Why of course," the Captain answered, "I met you coming down as I was going up."

"And now"—said the Colonel to the High Official to whom he was showing the new hospital and other places of interest—"we'll go and see the Widows' Home."

"Not on your life"—ejaculated the High Official, his face turning a lyddite green—"the last time I saw a widow home it cost me £500 to square a threatened breach of promise case."

R.P. (giving evidence): "After I had told the prisoner to leave the cinema I found him with a large bouquet in his arms, sir, on the doorstep of the back entrance to the picture house."

O.C.: "Did you ask him what he was doing there?"

R.P.: "Yes sir, he didn't speak very clearly sir, but as I understood sir, he was waiting to see Mary Pickford home."

When, at the beginning of the war the Tower of London was once again used for the incarceration of German spies and political offenders the famous instruments of torture were removed; many were lost in transit. We now hear that to help make up the deficiency the Imperial authorities have made a very handsome offer for the electrical nerve testing machine now used in the Examining Room at the Granville.

The wife of a certain Staff Sergeant brought her little son down with her to the Granville on Monday to see his father. While she was waiting for the Sergeant a private happened to come along and fell into conversation. The proud mother naturally soon began dilating on the virtues of her off-spring. "He grows more like his father every day" she exclaimed.

The private having only that morning been hauled before the O.C. by the Sergeant did not expand with appreciation. "Dear me," he answered, "and have you tried everything."