

Granville Breezes.

Mee-ow, mee-ow, puss, puss, has anybody seen our cat?

Where were the Granville police the night of the raid?

Is the C.A.M.C. a fighting unit? Ask any Chatham House sergeant.

LOST.—One blue armlet (elastic attachment).

One pair of lance-stripes.

Six days' pay.

Four successive massage treatments.

Losers please do not return to R.S.M.'s office.

Have the Granville sergeants really started going to church on Sunday evenings?

Is it a fact that last Sunday when the plate came around, and a certain R.S.M. put in sixpence, a certain Registrar's Sergeant turned and whispered "I'll raise you one," and promptly placed one shilling in the plate?

Sergeant Ward has travelled abroad,

From the Yukon to Timbuctoo;

He's a good old sport of the right old sort,

And his shooting's quick and true;

He can ride a horse or give a course

On Ross or Lee-Enfield lore,

But he fails at this, if he tries it's a miss—

He can never be a bore.

Despite the fact that there is a large printed notice up over the *Hopital News* contribution box, we found this week on clearing the contents fifty-three stamped letters intended for Canadian mail. In future all patients dropping their mail letters into this box will be prosecuted under the Lunacy Act.

Private Sullivan smiles and beams

In the Y.M.C.A.

All among the chocolate creams,

Sipping his *café au lait*.

And the ladies fair, who help him there,

Cry "Well, he's all right."

But still they stare and oft' declare.

"Gee, he's got some appetite."

Prisoner—Is this the officer who's going to defend me. sir?

President of Court-Martial—Yes.

Prisoner—If he should die can I have another?

President of C.-M.—Certainly.

Prisoner—Can I see him alone for a few minutes, sir?