

Football In The Fog

When the ball was kicked off last Saturday in the match with the Middlesex Regiment Depot, the goal-posts were barely discernible through the mist. The first half was strenuous and scoreless, but in the second the ball tore four times through the fog into the Granville net. Towler was laid out temporarily with a damaged eye, and big Malcolm with an injured ankle. Capt. Okell was very useful at left half, while at right half Corp. Strutton was eternally after the ball. The Middlesex team, which contains seven pros., is one of the strongest in this part of England.

On Wednesday afternoon the Nuts had an easy time with A Battery, 336th R.F.A. Although the score was only 3—1, it was not for want of chances that the Granville forwards did not run up a bigger count. Capt. Okell again proved a valuable addition to the half-line.

Presentation to the Padre.

Cheer after cheer, lustily raised by the boys in the recreation room at the Yarrow, struck the ear of the O.C. as he made his inspection on Thursday the 14th. The doors were shut, and the O.C. passed by with a query. It leaked out in due course what it was all about. The Padre, Capt. Hooper, had been lured to the Yarrow, and had been presented with a number of gifts dear to the heart of a smoker. There was, first, a case with pipes, a tobacco pouch of splendid workmanship to carry the weed, a silver match box for the lucifers, and last of all, a dainty cigarette holder. An address accompanied the gifts setting forth that since so many of the boys were going back to Canada, they wished to show the Padre how much they loved him and appreciated his work. The Chaplain confessed that the presentation so overwhelmed him that he thought he might need the assistance of the M.O., but we hear he has sufficiently recovered to "Carry On." All good wishes to the Padre

That Awful Canteen

There is a sergeant somewhere in the G.C.S.H. who is punctilious in the extreme; always on time, exact in detail, the proper word ever at the tip of his tongue, a teetotaller of totallers. What more can be said to paint a word picture of this N.C.O.?

The other day his hour came to be sergeant of the canteen. About that time a meeting was called at which his presence was essential—no sergeant. A few minutes after the appointed hour in he came—no books nor papers. "I clean forgot, sir," said he, and settled to his task. "By the way aren't you canteen sergeant today?" mildly enquired the officer, with lifted brow. The sergeant blushes and the curtain falls.