

## Granville Breezes.

How heavy is the hand of the C.O.? Apparently 12 stone at least, seeing it never falls for less than "168."

The nursing sisters at Yarrow were much touched by the affectionate tenderness of the Matron on New Year's Eve, in kissing them all round.

Broadstairs, which owes so much its fame and patronage to its various houses occupied at one season or another by Charles Dickens, has at least one honest citizen, who has carved in stone capitals over his doorway—

CHARLES DICKENS DID NOT LIVE HERE

Great Britain has notified Germany that she's going to give her some more Haig treatment before she'll talk to her about any Hague treaty.

Unpublished in Orders—

LOST:—Two first-class appetites on Bloater Day.

Two or more blue armlets on New Year's Day.

Half-a-dozen perfectly good chances to salute on New Year's Eve.

Passerby to crowd collected on Victoria Road—Hullo, what's up?  
Voice in the crowd—An aeroplane has just come down.

A journey through the basement passage at Chatham House at night makes a fellow almost wish he were safe in the Via Gellia or the Zillebeke communication trench, where there were at least plenty of flares to warn your feet.

## NEW REGULATIONS FOR PRIVATES

Do not allow an acting sergeant, or even a full one, to speak to you for fear of contaminating the dear things.

The pernicious habit of having beer with sergeants, even a *full one*, must cease forthwith.

Another Victory—One of the staff sergeants at Chatham House very gallantly made an attack on the enemy, and with no casualties on either side, took one prisoner—under the mistletoe. As the prisoner's arms were full at the time all she could do was to cry, "Kamerad!"

Major—When did your men change their shirts?

O.C. Coy.—A week ago, sir.

Major—Have they changed again to-day?

O.C. Coy.—They can't, sir. They've no spare shirts.

Major—H—ll, it's a Divisional Order. Tell them to change shirts with one another.