

Granville Breezes.

Certainly, no man minds helping a lame dog over a stile when it's pretty and wears silk stockings.

Why is one member of the dungeon staff continually developing? Is it owing to liberal rations of chicken diet? Don't get savage! What?

Surely it couldn't have been a Granville M.O who, in writing a letter of thanks to Canada recommended that scrap-books should be sent to the soldier patients and not candies or cigarettes?

Breathes there the man with brain so dead,
Who never to the nurse has said,
For cigarettes received in bed?

"Thank You."

Who read the paper when she came
And failed to answer to his name,
Will someone analyse his brain?

"Thank You."

You'll find him on the fourth back floor,
There's double eight upon the door,
Won't some one rid us of this bore?

"Thank You."

Having now definitely been marked A r, many members of the C.A.M.C. have withdrawn their feet from cold storage.

Several of our oldest readers have written to us this week stating that they have been before a medical board and now want to know the meaning of the word "Psychogenetic." We understand that L/C Lake is a recognised authority on medical terms; ask him.

Now Private Smith, is a good old stiff,

He, also, has travelled some.

And his eyes are as keen, as the margarine

They serve at the "Cook House, Come!"

But he doesn't boast, and he doesn't roast,

And he lives in dim seclusion;

And you never hear, when our foes appear,

"It's an optical illusion."

But he'll sometimes say, in the morning grey,

When his "eats" he hasn't had,

That he wishes—well—the range was in Heaven

Or any old place that's bad