

Granville Breezes.

The regimental "doc." wasn't a bad sport, but he hated any one "slipping one over on him. One day Pte. L. Swinger walked in with a bad cough and told the old yarn.

"So your cough troubles you at night time, eh?"

L. S.—"Yes sir, havn't slept for a month."

Doc.—"Too bad! Take these tonight, and those in the morning, and tomorrow night you'll be afraid to cough.—Next."

The discrimination displayed by the management of the County Roller Rink in the selection of its carnival prizes is almost as grotesque as some of the costumes they incite. At last Thursday's carnival L.-Corp. Graham, appearing as a buxom Britannia, was awarded half-a-dozen fruit knives—presumably to supplement the trident. The winning couple, "Fat" Higgins as a magnificent Zulu Chief, and "Slim" Rahmer as a graceful Zuluette, received respectively a rose bowl and a crumb tray. The former will doubtless find its way to the massage room, while the latter, we presume, will be converted into a (treatment) card receiver.

Everybody hopes for leave,
Many apply for leave,
A few get off on leave,
But most get "left on leave."

Jock McPhee, now of Granville, was erroneously reported dead by his home paper. He wrote protesting and yesterday received a copy containing the following:

"We much regret that the report given last week as to the death of Pte. J. McPhee is incorrect."

1st Private—Say, have you heard that Ted Smith has got the D.C.M.?

2nd Private—What for?

1st Private—I dunno.

2nd Private—Blimy, why ain't I got one too? I hid in the same dug-out.

Our condolences go out to the machine gun sergeant on the Second Floor who was sent back to the Granville to get his great-coat by the girl he had met on the prom., and who, on rushing back to the rendezvous, found she had gone off to the show with a more pecunious friend.

There came an old soldier to Chatham,
Who cried, "I just long to get at 'em."
But he fell in a trance,
When the M.O. said "France";
Then beat it where no one could catch 'im.