

The following are the rules of a popular bridge party given by a well known English firm.

Issued by permission of German Censor.

1. Married men are strictly prohibited from spooning with single ladies—except by special permission of their wives.
2. Any player using more than four aces and sixteen trumps will be doubly straffed, Five pounds reward leading to conviction.
3. Guests patronizing the wet or dry canteens are reminded of the fact that the no-treating order is in force locally.
4. For the safety of the artistes refreshments are not allowed to be used as missiles during the concert—all seige guns, machine guns and pea-shooters to be handed to the stewards before the start.
5. Those players seen by the stewards imbibing lemonade will have their score cards audited by the chartered accountant.
6. Those players who have taken shelter in the cellars during the concert are informed that the danger is now over and play can safely be resumed.
7. Should the prizes not be forthcoming the stewards are authorized to make a search of the pockets of all suspicious characters.
8. All persons found with more than three prizes in their unlawful possession will be put in custody of the Special.
9. All cutlery, decorations, food or drink transferred from the table to pockets must be shared amongst those who were too well watched by our private detectives.
10. If the Zepps have not paid their expected visit the company will disperse about 1 g.m.—ambulances, police wagons and prams will be in attendance. Guests are reminded as to order regarding lights (or liver) on their vehicles.
11. The Agree Staff are requested to remember our motto - Business as usual - Thursday at 8.30.

Gott strafe der Kaiser.

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Experiences of a Manchester Recruiting Canvasser.

(Continued)

There was no mistaking the patriotism and high sense of duty of these fine fellows. It is now interesting to record that most of them have attested and will take their places as the groups are called up. A canvasser of this nature had, of course, it's humorous and pathetic side. There was a little man, about four feet three inches and sixpenny worth of copper knocked over, who, with a merry twinkle in his eye exclaimed that he had been left behind "in order to keep an eye on the ladies". A consumptive youth, making a cloth rug in a miserable hovel, between his coughs, managed to tell how he had twice presented himself only to be told by the Recruiting Officer that if he came again he would really have to be very cross with him for wasting his time. Poor lad, though merely a skeleton, he was brimful of enthusiasm, and took pride in the fact that though he could not go himself he had two brothers serving in Gallipoli. The door of one house was opened by a man whose speech and manner suggested that he had more than done himself well in beer. An appeal to his patriotism elicited the fact that as an ex-reservist he had re-enlisted, been trained at camp, and then sent home. "For what? That's what he wanted to know". His discharge certificate showed that his character was "Fairly good" which in this Country is the military manner of saying "Very bad", also that he was of no further use to the Army. In plain English he had been drummed out. He had a grievance. This type always has. Certain sums of money due from his regiment he alleged had not been paid, and he had been waiting to get in contact with someone who would help him to formulate his claim and send it to the proper quarter. Would I write to old Kitch? He'll ----- well see me right". Great is the faith of every Tommy in the hero of Khartoum. Another devotee of Bacchus, on whom I called, had a nose like a prize strawberry. He had presented himself twice, and been rejected—"But the devil of it is" he said "they won't give no reason why".



"THEY WONT HAVE ME -
AND WONT GIVE NO REASON WHY."

One poor old mother regretted that her only surviving son had been rejected. Her other boy had gone down on the "Aboukir". His father, old as he was, had enlisted in the Navvies Battalion—"To avenge his death, and won't he make them Germans sit back for it—I don't think".

(To be continued.)