



6th Duke of Connaught's Rifles 11th Irish Fusiliers 88th Victoria Fusiliers
 2nd Rocky Mountain Rangers 10th New Westminster Fus. West Kentenay Rifles
 Reinforcing - Battalions - 11th, 30th, 47th



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Experiences of a Manchester Recruiting Canvasser.

Contributed by a friend of the "L. P."

It seems a far cry back to the dull grey days of November last when the clamant call of Lord Derby for more recruits was ringing through Great Britain. Manchester, that busy Metropolis of the North, had already done her duty nobly. Lord Kitchener had said so, and personally visited the City to show he meant it. Still more men were needed. The National Register taken in August which gave full particulars of every resident in the British Isles over sixteen years of age, revealed the fact that there was still a considerable surplus who had not been moved by the call. The Derby scheme of attestation by which a man could enlist and be placed in a class to be called up according to his age and responsibilities, needed canvassers to explain. The present writer volunteered for the duty and was appointed to visit a district of the City contiguous to the docks of the Manchester Ship Canal. My appearance on the scene left no doubt that whatever part of the Country had not done it's duty, this particular district had risen nobly to a great occasion. In long rows of tenements it was only necessary to call at houses here and there, for already the majority of their former eligible occupants had gone. And of those left. Who were they? What were they? Well, for the most part, married men with large families and small wages, "waiting for the single men to go first", together with the halt the lame and the blind. Mr. Asquith's pledge, since redeemed, to hook in the single men, at that time seemed but half convincing to the man with a brood of children clattering at his heels, "Let him do it and we'll follow" was the opinion pretty freely expressed.

(To be Continued)

Sensational Robbery.

LITERARY WORLD RECEIVES A SEVERE JOLT.

Early this morning it was discovered that yeggmen had broken into the strong room of the Editorial Offices and carried away the great Poetical Masterpiece "Gawd, how my eyes grew dim", composed by the world famous poet, Pioneer N. McLean.

Great as was the shock to the artistic world when the famous "Mona Lisa" painting disappeared, it was a mere "seven days gossip" compared with the disaster caused by the loss of this poem. Letters and telegrams of condolence are pouring into the temporary office hourly. Noteworthy amongst these are letters from Rudyard Kipling, Ally Sloper, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Bud Fisher, Sam Gothard, Bob Edwards, Robert Sievier and Horatio Bottomley. The whole of the Secret Service machinery has been set in motion and early results are breathlessly awaited.

Serious charge against Pte. Richards.

CAUGHT WITH THE GOODS
SUSPECTED OF TRADING WITH THE ENEMY.

As a result of being brought up before Capt. Lees, on a charge of violating the "Defence of the Realm Act".

Pte. Richards has been interned pending further developments. The news caused a deal of consternation among his comrades who had never suspected him of having anything German (barring a razor) about him. Had he not, in a moment of utter recklessness decided to wash himself, he would, in all probability be still at large. Whilst this painful operation was in progress, thousands of German 'Marks' were noticed about his body.

Everyone he has been in contact with are being closely watched, and early developments are anxiously expected.

So eager did his comrades wish to share the spoils, that a rush was made for his blanket and towel.

After a careful examination of the suspect, the M. O. has ordered him to be isolated.

A word from the Transport.

Dick Turpin may have been a dare-devil, but his historic ride to York was a Sunday School picnic compared with my nightly jaunt. Yes, although I say it myself, there is more excitement in one mile between our transport and the trenches, than would fill all the penny hair-raisers that I ever got spanked for reading. Dick may have loved Black Bess, but it was merely flirtation compared with what I think of my two Gee Gees, and the Hun that does hit one had better look out.

If he only so much as gives one of them a "Blighty", it will be, "Good night Adolph". I shall quit this job and go in the Infantry and start a battle all by myself. It will be the beginning of the end for all the Herr Hermans.

Loaded up with Maconachies, bully beef, biscuits, and other delicacies which men leave home for, we start in the direction of the flare-lights. This is a signal for all the German snipers to load up their magazines and machine gunners to fill a new cartridge belt.

The wagons rattle over the cobbles, in and out of shell holes and make enough noise to scare Berlin—ZING-SPLUSH, ZING—PHUT—why don't they shoot at somebody else? I never hit a German in my life. I've too much respect for my fist. At last we get there, unload, about turn, out of range, breathe easier, arrive home, unhitch, in my dug-out, havé a smoke, good night.

Yorky.