

STORY OF THE WAR.

"I GOT FIVE."

Private Henry Olden, of the 7th Battalion, who was wounded in the landing at Dardanelles, and is now a patient in Mena House Hospital, Cairo, in writing to his friends in Kyneton (Victoria) says that he does so with much difficulty, his right arm having been penetrated by a bullet. Continuing, he writes:—"We started to land at daybreak, and got it hot all the way to the shore. First to get hit was J. King (Kyneton), who was shot in the shoulder—not serious, but it stopped him; then Bill Tracey and Sam Laurensen. We put up a good fight. I got three with the bayonet and two snipers with the rifle. I got five for certain, but cannot say if I got any more, because such a lot were shooting at them." Olden adds that the bullet which stopped him went through three letters and half through a pack of cards he was carrying in his pocket, and concludes:—"Only got a bullet through right arm; nothing much. Ta, ta."

SHOT TWO AT LEAST.

Lance-corporal George Pellan writes:—"We got it hot and strong. Lieutenant Dawson was among the first to fall. He thought not of taking cover, but stood up firing his revolver at

sumption; her beet sugar in normal years was exported to all parts of the world, while the sole food she had to import was wheat. Germany had within her own borders great quantities of the essentials for the manufacture of war materials, and it was well known that she had received a great deal of help from outside. It looked as though Germany, though in a cordon of hostile forces, had it well within her power to go along for another year without exhausting her strength, and he did not think, therefore, that the war would end within the present year.—Mr. Wade, leader of the New South Wales Tory Opposition in the House on Tuesday night.

RECRUITING HUMORS.

A number of the Allies came along, in spite of the adverse weather conditions, says a Sydney pressman, in describing the recruiting station work in that city. A big Russian Finn, who had been trained in the army of the Little Father, offered his services, and was followed by a diminutive Russian, who stated that he was a tailor, and had been in Australia three years. He said he thought he might be useful, as he knew Paris well, and was also fully acquainted with the whole of Belgium, and had been for two years in the Russian Naval Cadets. When asked if he was keen to fight the Turks he said, "No," but he was only too anxious to get into bolts with the Ger-

he said, "No, but he was only too anxious to get into holts with the Germans. "I hate them," he said, with a gesture of contempt. "They are not men but beasts, and should be exterminated as you would kill rats."

Then came a handsome but small French boy. "Surely you don't expect to go and fight?" suggested Detective Lynch. "But I do," said the lad. "I want to kill Germans." "But how did you come here?" questioned the officer. "It was this way," said the lad. "I had leave to come ashore from my ship. When I get down next morning my ship is gone, with all my clothes and everything I own, and so I come here to go to the front. If I could only kill a thousand Germans!" and he put out his arms as if handling a bayonet.

Among the civilian recruits were five school teachers, a barman, and an artist, who gave as a special qualification that he could speak Arabic. Another big Russian came along and said he wanted to go to the front to fight the Germans. He had seen service in the Russo-Japanese campaign, and when asked how he felt towards the Japanese, he replied, "We fought them and lost. They are gentlemen; but these Germans they are not even human. I want to get at them!" He will be in the infantry.

AUSTRIAN HUNGER DEMONSTRATIONS.