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## THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

We entered this war for the protection of treaty rights and to guarantee our honourable pledges on the one hand; and to punish the offender, the blackguard, the murderer on the other. We entered the war, counting perhaps, the consequences to some extent but not to any measure comparable with those we have encountered during this three and a half years of war.

The Irish question, the Russian revolution, the French Canadian impasse, the labour problems have in their turns engaged our leaders in intense thought. The initial reverses of the war, the Teuton successes in Serbia and Roumania, the failure of the Dardanelles expedition, the capture of Gen. Townshend and his troops, the submarine successes of the Hun, have been hard blows to receive, and to bear up under; and today we find ourselves still faced by an enemy who, according to newspaper reports is starving and threatened with internal disruption, but who still feels sufficient confidence in his powers to break the allied line on the West, and threatens further invasion of Roumania and Italy.

Just what will be the outcome of these aggressive moves on the part of our enemy, time alone will show; but in the meantime our prospects are brightened by a healthy discussion of a League of nations, forming the League realise that the League has the power to future.

Our heroes will not indeed have sacrificed their lives if the Hun is beaten into a state of submission; but greater, if possible, will have been their sacrifice should the outcome of this war be an agreement by which war will cease. Our heroes have fought and died for the rights of nations against the mailed fist, fought and died willingly in a great cause; but with the proposal of Lord Robert Cecil comes a cause to fight for, which will cleanse the world for all time of the horrors of war.

The details of Lord Cecil's scheme are not yet to hand but in the main principles the scheme is sound. The vexed question of disarmament naturally enters into the problem, and while he sees no immediate result in this direction he is confident that when the nations, forming the League realise that the League has the power to protect they will universally adopt disarmament.

The war with its contingent horrors and suffering and material wastage will not, if the scheme Lord Cecil has brought forward bears fruit, have been fought in vain, the world in general will be better to live in and our existence more human.

British grit will win, declared Sir William Robertson. Provided that possessed by the statesmen of the country is kept out of the machinery, he may be right.

Urchin: "Oh, look at the Canadianians! Oi soi, Canada, what do them C.E.'s stand fer?"

Soldat: "Conquering 'Ero, Sonny."

DIARY OF ONE, SIR GALAHAD  
A.D. 1918.

January 15th.—With due diligence I acquaint my goode selfe of the eccentricities and otherwise of the sundry tender youths entrusted unto me for care, and albeit known unto all men from now henceforth as Class 34.

To these underlings I am verily attached—not in a manner of paternity but as senior wrangler; but forsooth, I am in a class unto myself as I bear me the title of major—which, out of the modesty and circumspection of my heart, I forbear to use excepting when trysting with my ladye faire.

January 22nd.—Tortures of a physical character are perpetrated within my dungeon keep—a moat doth surround this old fort, and zealously guarded within are preserved the gory hides of mine erstwhile enemies, which do festoon the walls.

Hereat I do remain a distinguished spectator, permitting my chief squire, the doughty Scot, to carry on with my vassals.—What ho!

January 27th.—I have this day turned my hand to poetry,

"The doughtie Galahad on a stede  
He rode att his men beforne,  
His armour glyttered as dyd a  
glede  
A bolder baron was never borne."

February 2nd. — Time hath elapsed and not quickly forsooth, howbeit my nether extremities have required such diligent manipulation and ministration with divers ointments, that perchance the care of the Class wherwith I was entrusted hath diminished somewhat. The worthy Sims, a major of sergeants in the Honourable, the Mounted Section, hath filled my soul with apprehension and my bones with sorrowful aches; and I am constrained to hie me to Sergeant Bell (whose cunning in the usage of ropes passeth all understanding) to lash the steed unto me, (otherwise, I prefer that he be not lashed) and being thus lashed I am verily able to stand on my feet astride my steed, who doth clear the ground by several cubits length; and being in mid air, (hors de combat) doth receive such aid from me in turning, as forsooth I was wont to give to my broomstick horse in my younger days before I was vested with a majority. Methinks, if the present campaign in France be not brought to a hasty conclusion, I will with due deliberation, proceed to inform the officers of war in London (on M. F. B. 207) of the severity of casualties in Class 34,

requesting them right verily to desist from this strife.

February 10th.—On sundry and divers occasions, it doth please me to remain within the sanctity of my boudoir in slumber, thereby breaking not my fast until mid-day, for which I am requested to purchase cigars which, Thor forbid, is contrary to my religious principles. On such occasions of fasting, do I console myself with a prune in my mouth. The sucking thereof doth furnish me with nourishment perchance and doth fill my soul with comfort as of yore. Howbeit, disadvantages do therefrom accrue, to wit; on my command "about turn" when at the slope, mine underlings do variously "order" "secure" "present" "ground" or "trail arms" except one, "Wookeye" whose hearing being acute, doth obey me and turn about. Methinks I must henceforth remove the prune, gadzooks. More anon.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Mr. "Knots and Lashings",

I am a sorrowful dog these days. My friend and protector is absent on sick leave and I am disconsolate.

I miss him badly, but I am most worried because I did not know he was ill, and so perhaps missed a chance of cheering him up.

He must have suffered considerably before he would give up and leave me—his duties and the depot.

I did not notice on our last journey to the Windsor that anything unusual was the matter with him. His voice was as loud as ever, his gait the same as it always is on his way back to barracks, but alas he has gone and I am left alone.

No more can I scramble through the snow furrow made by his splendid feet, or listen at night to the melody created by his grinding teeth, nor shall I see my picture again in "Knots and Lashings" now that he is not here.

I implore you, kind sir, to assist me. Get him to come back quickly and comfort the heart of his devoted

"RAGS".

Editor's Note:—We regret, from lack of space this letter had to be held over.—In the meantime the friend referred to has returned.

We noted at once a change in you, you dear handsome Rags.

## Quite So!

Old Lady: "Conductor, which end of this car do I get off at?"

Conductor: "It stops at both ends, madam."