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SPRING WINDS

The swirling sleet comes thrashing  
Against my window pane;  
The wind, repulsed by storm doors,  
Wheels to attack again.

The puny trees turn, wisely,  
Their backs against the gale;  
And scream, in agony, to hold  
Themselves in limbs so frail.

The wind has lifted up the latch  
And smashed the storm door wide,—  
—Invited all the snow and sleet  
To come with it inside.

The tree, the fight surrendered,  
Its battle brave in vain;  
Strewn o'er the ground, dismembered,  
To be as cordwood lain.

—J. E. GREEN '47.

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EDINBURGH

There is a touch of royalty about certain cities; no matter how quiet and natural they are, there is some peculiar air about them that seems to differ from that of all other cities. Such a city is Edinburgh. The majestic castle, Arthur's Seat, and numerous national shrines give to Edinburgh an atmosphere all its own.

Princess Street has been called the finest in the Empire. There are places of business on one side only; the other runs along a deep ravine, planted with gardens, and over which stands the cold massive castle. If you were not aware that there are stores along the north side of the street only, you might think that during the night the whole south side had fallen into a deep abyss. On a calm morning this ravine is filled with mist. Old Edinburgh stands against this grey wall, which is as dense as the fog on the North Atlantic, and waits for New Edinburgh to take form.

Vague shapes begin to appear; the mist thins in patches and you become aware that there is something mysterious behind that screen. Soon you can distinguish a phantom castle in the air; this is Edinburgh castle, seen while the mists still envelop the rock and the streets below. Later



church towers begin to feel their way through the haze, and finally the whole area is filled with houses, gardens, streets,—this is New Edinburgh.

The same morning that I watched a whole city emerge from nowhere I climbed the rock to Edinburgh Castle and waited for its doors to open. While I waited a guide told me something I had not known about my home country,—Canada. The courtyard of the castle is legally part of Canada, for it was declared Nova Scotian territory during the reign of Charles the First in order that the Nova Scotian barons might be permitted to take the taxes from their lands, which were on a different continent. This decree has never been altered and to-day there is a part of Scotland which is Canadian soil.

Centuries ago the castle was built on an enormous rock which overlooked the whole countryside. From it the whole city and surrounding districts may be viewed. To-day it is one of Scotland's most treasured shrines. It was in this castle that Mary, Queen of Scots, gave birth to James the First of England, the Sixth of Scotland. It was from a small room in this castle that he was lowered in a basket to those waiting below in order that he be christened a Catholic.

One of the greatest mysteries of Scottish history is connected with the castle. Years ago the body of an infant, wrapped in a gold cloth, was found in the castle walls. The body is still there and the guides of the castle love to tell the story. There is a tradition in Scotland that the infant born to Mary died at birth or soon after, and that, in order to avert a political crisis, another infant was substituted who later ascended the throne of Scotland as James VI. It is suggested that the infant who was substituted was the son of the nurse to the royal infant. The most credited story is that he was the son of the mother of the Earl of Mar, who took charge of Mary's child soon after its birth until its christening. Many people think that James VI was the younger brother of John, Earl of Mar. At any rate, history records that there was a marked resemblance between the two. Mary, it is believed, never found out about the substitution because she knew her son only as a child.

The crown room of the castle does not contain many honors of Scotland. All these were destroyed during the Restoration. However the crown of Bruce, last used by Charles II. at Scone, is still to be found there. The sceptre and the sword of state are among the few national treasures that escaped destruction; the latter was presented to James VI by Pope Julius II.



As I left the castle I heard the roar of a cannon which is fired nearby by remote control, from the tower of London, at one o'clock every day. This was a signal for me to go up the Royal Mile to Holyrood Palace where a lone sentry still guards the spirit of Mary, Queen of Scots.

L. A. MacDONALD '48.

### MAN'S BEST FRIEND?

Much has been written and more will no doubt be written concerning the domesticated breeds of the canine species, which in late centuries have come to occupy an exalted and esteemed position in the family circle. Time was when these creatures served humanity and earned their keep; but no more. The family pooch is today a parasite of the first order, resting on the laurels of his ancestors and exhibiting at times a dual personality which smacks of Jekyl and Hyde. With all the fervour of a temperance crusader I take pen in hand to unmask this household tyrant.

To speak of first things first (a normal procedure), let us consider puppy-hood. Naturally we purchase an animal of character and breeding; or, to cite the only appreciable distinguishing feature between a fifty dollar pure bred and one that you get from Joe across the street, we buy a pup that has supposedly been housebroken (a term understood by all dog fanciers). Elephants are described as never being able to forget; puppies on the other hand seem to specialize in forgetting. Not only do they forget, but they do the very opposite of what they know is proper. Put outside they frolic, roll, bark, and look cute, (not to mention digging up prize geraniums) but always wait until they get back inside to do what they were put outside to do.

Another aspect of the case is food. No matter how strong the makers of Waggy Tail Biscuits argue to the contrary, it is my studied opinion that puppies do NOT "love em". It has been my experience that a puppy's diet consists of slippers, furniture upholstery, rubbers, (on damp mornings), and piano legs. Nor does the animal develop a liking for Waggies as he grows older and realizes how wholesome and crammed full of energy they are. NO sir. Needless to say he is also strictly non-vegetarian; hard lines during rationing. No meatless Tuesdays either.

One alleged faculty ascribed to the species in general, which is constantly harped on by the canine lovers in their efforts to keep the creatures from leading a dog's life, is that of saving you if you ever happen to be drowning. Now