Edinburgh—"Auld Reekie"

Edinburgh is one of the three most beautiful cities in the world—at least, this is the claim that has been made for the Scottish capital. Beauty is relative and superlative statements are based on various things, mainly taste, experience and, to a certain extent, the special circumstances which particularly influence a judgment. There is no room for doubt, however, that Edinburgh is one of the world's most beautiful cities.

Princess Street, with its magnificent sunken gardens on one side and the fortress Castle dominating the whole city, is a glorious sight which Nature and man, in combination, have rarely provided. Edinburgh, as the capital of Scotland, is intimately associated with the history of a country made famous by the imaginative writings of Scottish poets and romancers. The ridge, which slopes down from the Castle, carries the high tenements, at one time, one of the wonders of the world in city architecture—the former homes of the nobility, now teeming with the families of the poor. In spite of this and because of Edinburgh's gradual evolution, there is no sense of incongruity in the mingling of the ancient and the modern.

The original of Edinburgh was doubtless military. Its early history is shrouded in tradition, even the name being a source of dispute, some holding the belief that King Ebranke—of the twenty sons and thirty daughters—founded the city 1000 years before the Christian Era. Simon of Durham's attribution of the name "Edwinsburch" to Edwin of Northumberland has even been rejected by Celtic scholars as an error of the 8th century chronicler.

The Princess Street Gardens were laid out on the site of the Nor' Loch, the body of water at the foot ofCastle Rock. One of the most unique features of the Gardens is the arrangement of a main railway line, running through them, so as not to destroy the harmony and attractiveness of the aspect. Sunk out of sight and disguised by trees, this important connection has not the slightest disturbing effect; the only indication of its existence is an occasional glimpse of white steam arising at the foot of Castle Rock. This, indeed, but adds another element of variety to the alluring spectacle.

Three incidents, differing entirely in character, stand out in relief when I think of Edinburgh. The first of these dates back to the days of the war.

On one of my "leaves" I decided to go to Scotland and enjoyed my first visit to Edinburgh by patronizing the excellent transportation system and riding around the city on the upper deck of a tram. At one of the stops a number of elderly men got on the car. Each of them, though dressed in civilian clothes, carried a rifle and had a red band around the upper part of the coat sleeve. I realized that these were part of a "home guard" but paid little attention to them until one came beside me and began to talk. He had noticed the "Canada" on my shoulder-straps and wished to be courteous. In the course of conversation, he remarked, "I have a brother-in-law living in Canada; I wonder whether you might know him.' I did not exhibit any trace of amusement at the question but asked him where his relative lived, and his name. To my surprise he said, "He is Professor Mavor and he is connected with the University of Toronto." Of course I knew of Professor Mavor and told him so. Immediately I was invited to go to his home for tea. I declined at first—not very forcibly, I am afraid—but let myself be persuaded to accept his hospitality, which was open to me throughout my stay in Edinburgh.

Are you looking for something different in the way of entertainment for your church, society, club or institute?

Capt. F. H. Reid, the well-known traveller, who has been contributing the series of articles to this paper, under the heading of "Travel Impressions, has what is, perhaps, the finest collection of European views in the country. Pictures taken with his own camera, beautifully coloured, showing some of the out-of-the-way places, as well as the localities about which you have read and heard. Portugal, Spain, France, Italy, Switzerland, Austria, Jugoslavia, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Germany, Holland, Belgium and British Isles are included in this unique collection.

For particulars regarding this, communicate with Captain Reid at Room 421, 73 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

Mr. Cursiter—for that was the gentleman's name—showed me much kindness, took me to the Arts and Letters Club, accompanied me to Glasgow, where I went with him to the University and saw there a wonderful collection of arrow-heads and other flint instruments, collected by him during his thirty years residence at Kirkwall, in the Orkneys. This collection may still be seen under the name of the Cursiter collection. On the journey over he insisted—with real Scotch thrift—on riding in a third-class compartment, but, with equal insistance, he held that I, as an officer, could not ride otherwise than first-class. To please him I acceded, going to Glasgow, but on our return journey I had my way and rode third-class in his company.

Another experience took place right on Princess Street. This was some years later. I had gone for a stroll one evening when, passing a couple standing by the curb, I was surprised to see the girl suddenly knock the man's hat off and belabour him with hands and feet. He, with rare patience, walked away and, after watching developments, I continued in the direction I had started. I stopped in front of a store window, displaying plaid goods, when I became aware of someone at my side and saw "my lady of the street fight.' I moved to another window; she followed and said, "You maun be Scotch.' I made no answer and she repeated the remark, adding, "if you werena, you wouldna be interested in tartans." "All right, my girl," I said, "I'm Scotch and I'm interested in tartans; please run along." To which she replied, "Am I no good lookin'? I wad be no bad lookin' if I hadna lost my teeth,' 'and opening her mouth she showed where three or four teeth had apparently been knockd out. I said, "Are you not the girl who was having a fight with a man up the street " "Fight with a man," quoth she, "I dinna fash ony ficht; I hae a loss o' memory betimes." Then she asked for money, and when I protested that she had been drinking and had money for that, she replied naively, "But I didna pay for it." I had to buy her off, finally, with a sixpence.

The last incident occurred in the North British Station Hotel one morning in 1927. I was standing in the rotunda when I felt a hand on my shoulder and, turning about, I saw Rev. Dr. T. Albert Moore, who is now the Moderator of the United Church of Canada. He said, "Have you had breakfast?" and, on my reply that I was just about to have some, he kindly invited me to sit at the table with his wife and him. He was leaving Edinburgh on the noon train to sail for home and mentioned that they were going to await the time of departure in the hotel. The Scottish War Memorial had just been opened a few weeks, before; I had been through it the previous day and asked Dr. Moore whether he had seen it. H answered "No, and I do not think I shall go; I have seen war memorials in manycountries and they are all the same.' "But," I said, "you have never seen one like this; I never have and, if this does not tug at your heart-strings, nothing will." He said that they would go. Months afterwards I met him on a Toronto street car; he put his hand on my knee and, with a voice surcharged with emotion, said: "Young man, I shall never be able to thank you sufficiently for persuading me to go through the Scottish War Memorial—I have never seen anything like it—the whole sentiment of the Scottish race is embodied in that chapel.'

Some day, if the editor permits me, I may tell you more about Edinburgh and its War Memorial. Because of the Christmas season, I will tell you, next week, about Prague, Czechoslovakia, where "Good King Wenceslas" of the Christmas carol lived 1000 years ago.

Rescue Effected Of Alberta Party

Nearly Two Months of Isolation For Crew and Passengers of River Steamer

Edmonton.—Close to two months of isolation for members of the crew and passengers of the river boat Mabel were ended recently while plans were taking shape to bring long-awaited succor to Gunnar Aspar, sick trapper at Reed's trading post.

Captain Lew Morton and three members of the crew of the Mabel were flown out from its isolated location, 400 miles north of here on the Athabaska river, to Fort McMurray by Pilot McMillan of Mackenzie Air Services, Ltd. With their arrival at the air base, end of steel in Alberta's northland and jumping off spot for Northern sky trails, word reached here of what happened to the Mabel.

Hastening southward from Fort Smith, on the Alberta-Northwest Territories borderland, with miners and supplies from the Great Bear Lake mining fields in the remote hinterland, the Mabel became entrapped in the ice in an October early winter sally. When Captain Morton found it would be impossible for the craft to break through the heavy ice floes and reach its intended destination, Fort McMurray, 300 miles north of here, he ordered the boat taken from the water before it could freeze in.

Aided by more than two dozen men who were aboard, Capt. Morton had the vessel dragged ashore on skids. It was undamaged by its battle with the ice floes.

By small groups of twos and three, the passengers and crew had trekked from their unaccustomed "residence" on the Athabaska, most of them to Polar Point, about 100 miles away. A protracted in-between season—a long mild spell succeeding the early cold snap which had prevented the completion of the Mabel's scheduled trip—prevented their rescue by airplane.

A few remained aboard the stranded boat. They lacked neither food nor supplies and suffered no hardship.

Only one man remains with the Mabel today. He was left to stand guard until the remainder of her large freight cargo can be flown out to Fort McMurray.

Traffic Officers to Wear Tail-Lights

Sacramento, Calif. — Sacramento police officers directing traffic past congested intersections at night are to wear red tail-lights so they won't get bumped.

This is Superintendent of Traffic Fritz Kaminsky's latest idea on how to reduce the mortality rate among corner traffic directors.

"Motorists complain that they can't see the traffic officers from behind and we can't afford to put in overhead lights," Kaminsky said. "Therefore, we shall hang three-inch red reflectors on the back of the officer's belt."

This Hen Believes In Good Measure

Yarmouth, N.S.—James Purdy's hen must have heard about the NRA, or something. About three times a week she speeds up production and lays an egg with two yolks.

But that's not all James claims for his hen. He's now showing neighbors a huge egg — big as an ostrich's — which he says she laid.

It measures nine by five inches around.

Vacancies!

Canada's Senate has the largest number of vacancies in its history. The death of Senator Fisher of Paris last week brought the total to 13, leaving 44 Conservatives and 39 Liberals to sit in the Red Chamber.

Bolt Knocks Cows

Cows, lined up in a stable near Galt, were bowled over like nine-pins when lightning struck the building while they were being milked. Only three were left standing, but none were injured by the bolt.

Told in Brief

To-day more than 14,000,000 people are dependent upon charity in the United States.

Free meals to the number of 62,300,000 were served to 400,000 children in British schools last year.

There are now 147 open-air schools in Gt. Britain; when the movement started in 1910, there were seven.

The British Museum contains the largest library in the world; it has some 5,000,000 books under one roof.

Light civil aeroplanes produced in the United Kingdom are definitely far ahead of those of any other European nation.

So perfect has the system of weather watching become in Gt. Britain that every day 7,000 facts about the weather are at the disposal of forecasters.

So strenuous is the work nowadays that the "working life" of a chorus girl may begin at sixteen but seldom lasts past the age of thirty

Four winter schools for the training of cricketers are now open in London. One of them alone has 1,000 pupils, including forty women.

Gt. Britain's supply of home-grown Christmas-trees is not nearly equal to the demand, and will continue in this state for two or three years yet.

An average well-educated person in the United Kingdom will use between 2,000 and 3,000 words; the vocabulary of a farm laborer seldom exceeds 700 words.

As worms have no ears, they cannot hear; but their nervous systems are alive to such sounds as cause vibrations round them.

During its forty-nine years of special work among women, the Salvation Army has provided nearly 11,000,000 beds for homeless women and girls, in the United Kingdom.

Girls were first called "flappers" early in the eighteenth century, from a fancied likness in them to young ducks which make a lot of noise with their wings.

Roads in the United Kingdom are getting crowded. In the course of a recent "census," the Automobile Association counted an average of nearly 70,000 more vehicles per day than in 1932.

While still at school, the young people of Carmel, a small town in New York State, learn the rudiments of any trade or profession, so that they may discover if they are really fitted for it.

In the last three years, more than 101,750 persons have been settled on Canadian farms or given farm employment under the auspices of the Government and the two great railways.

Gt. Britain now ranks third among the telephone-using nations of the world. The United States has 17,547,000; Germany 2,960,401, and Great Britain 2,161,700 instruments in the Post Office system.

Smaller than half an ordinary postage stamp, the world's smallest book has just been produced. It contains twenty-eight pages, and took seven years to prepare.

Better Forecasts Advised By Science Board

Cambridge, Mass. — A change in weather forecasting, by using new scientific knowledge of the upper air to make predictions more acurate, was recommended by the Science Advisory Board recently appointed by President Roosevelt.

"Mass-air analysis," is the principal recommendation. It would reach nearly to the stratosphere with 20 to 25 "upper air" stations. High flying pilot balloons and military fliers would gather daily data on the cold upper reaches.

New daily upper air weather maps would be issued, similar to the present twice-daily ground charts. They would cover the upper humidities, temperatures and pressures, as well as flying conditions. This mass-air analysis, the committee states, "unquestionably make short range forecasts much more reliable."

Upper air analysis has revealed for example why storms sometimes end unexpectedly and others hand on for days after they should be over. These storms are fed by vast lakes of air, cold on one side, warm on the other. The lakes may be as big as a province and miles deep, or considerably smaller.

When they are smaller the storm fuel may run out prematurely and the tempest subside.

"Cold fronts" are another condition needing upper air analysis. They may be half a continent wide, twice the height of the Himalayas and almost as sharply defined as a mountain precipice.

Number of Motors Increase in Britain

London, Eng.—The increase in the number of motor vehicles on the roads of the United Kingdom this year is estimated at almost 500,000, according to a road census taken by the Automobile Association in September, during the peak period of traffic, at more than 100 important points throughout the country.

During a week 3,252,050 vehicles passed the observers. The average was nearly 700,000 more a day than in 1932, and the total shows an increase of nearly 1,000,000, compared with the census in 1928.

"A mere puppet can administer the affairs of a nation in good times. It is in hard and critical times that a leader is needed."—Benito Mussolini.

ISSUE No. 51—'33

Recent Events From Overseas

Likes Honest Vulgarity.

London.—"I like honest vulgarity," said Mr. George Robey at a literary luncheon held in a West End restaurant recently.

To an audience of 500 he tried to make a serious speech on "Vulgarity." But the audience—and his own eyebrows—compelled him to be a shade "Robeyesque" at moments.

"I am a believer in honest vulgarity," he said. "So was William Shakespeare. Give me a joke that is a joke. None of your sly suggestions for me.

"Honest vulgarity is the finest antidote for present-day hypocrisy, for there's nothing finer than to laugh like a man with your head thrown back.

"Now I've got that off my chest, I'll give you an instance of what I mean by honest vulgarity."

And he did—but that is a Robey story.

"Most Slummy City.

There are 30,000 cellar dwellings in London—dark, damp, and beetle-infested basements inhabited by 100,000 women and children.

This statement is made by E. Friend, chairman of the London Trades Council.

"London is the most slummy city in the world, having 250,000 living under slum conditions," he says.

First Catch an Octopus.

London.—A 14-year-old schoolboy made his first attempt at angling in Folkestone Harbour recently.

He had a bite and tried to wind in his catch. He tugged and tugged.

Other anglers helped him, and slowly the catch came nearer.

It was an octopus with tentacles 4 ft. 6 ins. across!

It wound its tentacles round the iron stanchions. A man slashed at it with a knife, but it thrust out its tentacles menacingly. It was killed after being stabbed several times.

Burned to Death.

London, England. — Mr. E. Woodward, aged 73, was burned to death in a fire at his home in Romford Road, Forest Gate. His wife and son climbed through the skylight on to the roof and were later rescued by the West Ham Fire Brigade. F. C. Perry was also trapped, and jumped into a sheet. He was not injured.

Fire in Church.

London, England.—Fire broke out in St. Mary's Churchfi Oatlands Park, Walton-on-Thames, just before the celebration of Holy Communion and parishioners had to be turned away. A quantity of coal and coke had caught fire. Firemen put out the blaze with buckets of water.

£700 Conscience Money.

One of the largest sums of conscience money recorded in recent years is acknowledged in the personal column of a London daily by Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer acknowledges the receipt of £700 from J. A. J. on account of income tax," the item reads.

"J. A. J.," however, has not set up a record. In August, 1930, a man who adopted "City" as his "nom-de-conscience" sent £280, while during the war £5,000 was received by the Treasury as conscience money.

Seven on Two-Seater.

London, England.—A verdict of "accidental death" was returned at an inquest at Tilbury on Second Lieutenant Dermot Christian James Cusack, aged twenty-four, of the Royal Ulster Rifles, stationed at Milton Barracks, Gravesend, who was killed by a fall from a motor car.

Lieutenant William Richardson, from the same barracks, said that he and Lieutenant Cusack were standing on the springs at the back of a two-seater car which was being driven by a ship's officer to Tilbury Docks. There were three other officers in the dickey-seat and another officer beside the driver. As they rounded a bend Lieutenant Cusack fell from the car and became unconscious.

Flies 12,000 Miles to Perform Operation.

The longest flight on record by a doctor to perform an operation was made by Dr. H. S. Souttar, Harley St. surgeon, who, with his nurse and anaesthetist, flew 6,000 miles to Bombay, whence he had been called by telephone.

He has returned to London by plane after completing a successful operation on the daughter-in-law of the Maharajah of Nepal.

Dr. Souttar stated that the operation was one of a very unusual type of a growth on the tongue.

Music Boxes Still Charm.

Even in these days of super-radio sets and phonographs, the musical box is still popular.

A really good one costs about £60, and is contained in a two-foot long beautifully polished wood case, with a picture of angels inside its lid, together with the names of the six tunes it can play.

According to a West End salesman, these relics of the Victorian drawing room are mostly bought by old ladies.

So They Say

"There is no art to living—every age has its moment."—Maxine Elliot.

"In America you must live with a smile, even before your toothbrush has had time to reach your mouth."—Prince William of Sweden.

"For the present, all hope of ending economic warfare between the nations is ended."—Edward A. Filene.

"The proper use of leisure increases the capacity for productive work."—Nicholas Murray Butler.

"What we want to gain is not recovery, but something we have never had—an abundance for all."—Norman Thomas.

"It is a great happiness to be praised by those that are most praiseworthy."—Sir Philip Sidney.

"It is essential to national well-being that family life be preserved."—Alfred E. Smith.

"If there is one thing certain about our future it is that we shall have more leisure."—Harry Elmer Barnes.

"A law in order to be enforced must be responsive to the sentiments of the people."—Mrs. Charles H. Sabin.

'If I were dictator of the world, I would shoot all idlers at sight."—Sir Henri Deterding.

"Nobody should expect to be perfect, or be unduly troubled by the fact that he is not."—Bertrand Russell.

"When I'm good I'm very, very good, but when I'm bad I'm better."—Mae West.

"It ought not to be assumed that a person doing nothing is wasting his time."—Raymond B. Fosdick.

"Investment that turns out wrong is speculation."—Albert H. Wiggin.

'You can't adopt politics as a profession and remain honest."—Louis McHenry Howe.

"Prosperity, like poverty, is contagious."—John Erskine.

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Copies of the Regulations issued by the Minister of Education may be obtained from the Deputy Minister, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

ARMS USELESS ON A WET DAY

Rheumatism Made Work a Torture

BUT KRUSCHEN PUT HIM RIGHT

Here is a remarkable instance of the manner in which damp weather can affect the joints of one who is subject to rheumatism.

"I had been suffering from rheumatism very badly," a man writes, "and had had such pains in my joints that I could hardly bear it. It used to be terrible on a wet day. I did not know how to use my arms, and when I was at work it was real torture. I tried two different remedies for rheumatism but I was still as bad after the treatment.

"Then I was told to try Kruschen Salts, and after using one jar I found relief. So of course I have kept on with it, and am now thoroughly better and have never felt so fit for years. I used to feel so miserable and sluggish, but now it is a pleasure to be able to work, instead of a dread."—S. B.

A rheumatic person's system produces that dangerous body-poison known as uric acid. If you could see the knife-edged crystals of uric acid under the microscope, you would readily understand why they cause those cutting pains. And if you could see how Kruschen dulls the sharp edges of these crystals, then dissolves them away altogether, you would agree that this scientific treatment must bring relief from rheumatic agony.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable at all Drug Stores at 45c. and 75c. per bottle.