

A SWORD SHONE
(Garland McKeown)

As the curtains of night were drawn, and the twinkling stars, like lamps, went out, the sea, so softly marmurous, sobbed at the sunrise hour. Pearl-gray towers of the castle, wrapped in golden mist, stood, like beacons, shining, beside trembling waters. From weather-beaten walls, in terrace upon terrace, stretched away the rose garden, overshadowed by magnificent elm trees. Encircling the dew-sprinkled lawn was a high, stone wall, overrun with the clinging tendrils of emerald clematis vines. Set in the midst of the wall were wrought-iron gates, from which the gravelled driveway wound through the trees toward the imposing entrance.

One lone shaft of light pierced the glooms of the castle reception hall to turn the Earl's sword, hanging beneath his picture, into a myriad of twinkling lights. Invested in the sword, which had done noble service in the wars of England, were the innumerable traditions and lofty ideals of the House of Monteith. To the heir of the Earldom was entrusted the sword when his character showed itself worthy of such an honour.

Tall, gaunt, and even emaciated, but with an erect and military bearing, Edward, Earl of Monteith strode down the mahogany stairs.

"Confound the boy! Such an un-earthly hour! What with early risings and worries, my old limbs will play out on me," said the white-haired Earl heedlessly thinking aloud, as he stamped back and forth across the rich carpet. Piercing blue eyes, deep-set beneath shaggy brows, reflected the determination which every line of his angular face bespoke.

"I say, what do you mean?" said the youthful heir, Lord David Cecil Kent Monteith, who, swinging from the last step, impatiently brushed flecks of dust from his Oxford sports-coat. His tall, lance-like figure literally irradiated vitality. The main characteristic of the lean tanned face surmounted with wavy auburn hair was flashing blue eyes, now sparkling with anger.

The same clipped voice went on, "I only asked for a hundred, sir! You give more for your saddle horses, than you do to your grandson's upkeep!"

The Earl turned and spoke, "My business concerns only me! Your behaviour is indisputably ignorant, and unworthy of the name you bear! I have spoken!" Swinging sharply, he thrust his hand toward David, who took it somewhat apologetically.

"I recognize the fact that you haven't risen this morning on my behalf

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SPRING
(Bob Farrell)

Spring is such a beautiful thing;
It brings about the wings
Of many birds.
It brings along the pastures green,
Where many lowing cows are seen,
In many farmers' herds.

Spring brings along the lovely flower
Which God has granted to be ours,
In many lands.
Flowers for which we should give thanks
Whether we're from high or lowly rank
They're from His loving hands.

Spring gives to us all life anew,
Which seemed as dead the winter through
It is God's way.
So let us now, at home and school
Revive again the "Golden Rule"
At work or at our play.

SLANG
(Marie McKee)

Every day slang is becoming more and more popular in movies, magazines, newspapers, and radio programmes. Some of the slang that was used many years ago is now considered correct English. In 1901 the word "hold-up" was thought to be slang in England. Other words such as "sham", "omnibus", and "banter" were originally slang. Our dictionary is gradually becoming fatter and merrier. Some slang expressions have been used for many years while others lose their popularity in a very short time. The expressions "bell-hop" and "wall-flower" are as ancient as the Romans. The underlying secret of this fact is that slang which is subject to changes and which changes is soon forgotten.

Most slang, however, is created as a result of a lack of dignity. An article in one of our well-known magazines stated that slang was invented by men only, and that if women were responsible for it, the world would immediately become "gorgeous", "ducky", and "adorable".

Slang is a result of the exuberance of youth. It acts as a vent for the emotions and if it were taken out of our language there would be a great deal of profanity and mischief. Therefore, do not look with a stern eye upon these young people who add liveliness to our nation's tongue by the use of slang.

Betty Finkle went to the station to buy a ticket to New York. The station agent asked her if she wanted to go by "Buffalo."

Betty answered:

"No! I want to go by train."