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## The National War Shrine of Scotland

A Work of Faith Which Can be Compared Only With the Undying Achievements of the Middle Ages—A Credit to the People and the Country.

H. V. Norton, writing in a Scotch newspaper, says: I find it more difficult to write about Scotland's war shrine than about anything I have ever attempted to describe. There is nothing like it in the world, it is the soul of Scotland. Mr. Norton continues:

"Scotland alone of all the nations which suffered in the war has visibly, and with pride, placed her emotion like an offering on the knees of God.

"It is strange, too, that the land of John Knox should have conceived and carried to a triumphant fulfillment a work of faith which can be compared only with the undying achievements of the Catholic Middle Ages, when men, working anonymously, strove not for personal credit, but for the sake of the faith that was in them. Scotland's Shrine is the only great thing born out of the travail of war, which is cosmic in its conception and still personal in its appeal. It is as coldly dignified as Hardy's 'Dynasts' and as warmly emotional as the Unknown Warrior's grave in the nave of Westminster.

"The philosopher of the future standing in this still, the only cathedral which Scotland has built since the Reformation, will see war not as a tragedy, or an epic, but as a strange adventure of the soul. He will, if Anglo-Saxon, marvel that men who lived through, and perhaps fought in, the war could in their own time have mounted mentally so far above the tragedy of death to a vision of the splendor of sacrifice. This Shrine seems to have been designed from the crest of the Gramplains.

"In England the phrase 'the Glorious Dead' has tears in it. Even as we say it our subconscious mind weeps a little, thinking: Had he lived, he would now be thirty-two years old; and we remember all the things he meant to do, and all the things he should have done; and in our secret hearts the glory of his death is something very like a phrase.

"Scotland's Shrine is a requiem and hymn of praise. Yet a Scottish mother today, unconscious, perhaps of these things, can stand on Castle Rock and feel herself in the presence of one of those 100,000 lads who lie in soil which is forever Scotland.

"There is more pride and less regret in this than in any war memorial in the world.

"The Shrine is the highest building in Edinburgh. It rises from virgin rock. Its falls spring from jagged ledges. In shape it is a sanctuary facing north with an east and west transept.

"You enter under a great porch and come into a dim place of tinted light. Left and right lie the transepts divided into bays, each bay lit by a window of stained glass, but pale enough to allow you to read the regimental memorials in each bay and the names of Scotland's 100,000 dead in books placed on bronze lecterns. The keynote of the building is harmony. It is difficult to believe that it is not the work of one genius able to work with equal ease in stone, bronze, paint, and glass. Such exquisite artistic discipline for the sake of a unified scheme has not been achieved for centuries.

"The areas in which each regiment is enshrined differ one from the other, but blend together; and beside each hang the colors of the regiments commemorated.

"The windows paint the picture of the war. They are amazing windows; they are full of the Gothic spirit; but look into them and see subjects never before interpreted in glass. The Women's Window shows land gathering in a war harvest; it shows a woman machinist sitting with bound hair in the grim reality of a shell factory; it shows the Red Cross women at work in the field and the nurse bending over her patient in hospital. There is no aspect of war forgotten in these windows; we see anti-aircraft guns defending a city from Zeppelin and Gotha, we see mine sweepers at sea, we see troop ships, we see airplanes, horse, foot, and guns.

"In no window has the artist permitted himself an opinion. There is nothing here of the beastliness and horror of war. Cold, refined, and dispassionate as a saint in glass, these scenes shine out from the windows Scotland's soul.

"And the eye, moving over it, marvels at its completeness.

"Even the smallest of God's creatures has been remembered: the mice—the tunnellers' friends—the carrier pigeons, and even the birds of war, the sullen and stunted little.

"You pass from this Hall of Honour into a place for prayer. Bronze gates divide it from the main building. Outside is the place to record

and remembrance; within is that holy of holies designed for the secret places of the heart.

"The light is soft and tinted. The fan vaulting sweeps up above you like solemn music, and from the stone vault hangs the mighty figure of St. Michael in full armour, the cross upon his brow and his feet trampling the Spirit of Evil. Round this Shrine is a miracle in bronze every type of Scotsman and Scots-woman who took part in the war has place in the long procession. They are seen as they fought, neither glorified nor debased, but with a kind of dispassionate clarity. The surgeon is there, his field boots beneath his overalls; the infantryman in his war kit; the cavalryman; the gunner; the W. A. A. C.; the V. A. D.

"Nothing that has been done to commemorate the war can compare for pignancy and exactitude with this parade of Scotland's sons and daughters.

"But beneath the window where the Spirit of Man hangs triumphant on a Cross, His hands free and unpierced in an crenel of the virgin rock of Edinburgh. It looks as though it had burst its way through the smooth, costly granite with which the Shrine is paved. It stands in all its native roughness, jagged, hard, immovable, magnificently right.

"Upon it is an altar; on the altar guarded by four kneeling angels, is a steel casket lined with cedar wood inlaid with the names of those hundred thousand Scotsmen from every part of the world who died in the war.

"As I stood inarticulate before the Shrine a thought came to me which was like a light. I was not long ago in Ypres at the opening of the Menin Gate. It was a fine day with a wind blowing over the old front line. When the gate was declared open Scots pipers mounted high in the ramparts played 'The Flowers of the Forest.'

"No man at that moment dared look into another man's eyes. It was one of life's terrible moments. The lament sobbed its grand way out along the road to Hoge. It wailed its way, sobbing, sobbing, 'the flowers of the forest all are wede awa,' into every little dip and hollow where the corn now grows.

"It seemed to me, as I stood in Scotland's Shrine, that the sound of this lament had flown home to crystallize in stone upon the rock of Edinburgh.

"The Shrine is a lament in stone the greatest of all Scotland's laments with all the sweetness of piping crying among hills, with all the haunting beauty of the laments, all the pride, all the grandeur.

"I think the Cenotaph in London, and the National Shrine in Edinburgh are the most remarkable symbols in existence of the temperamental difference between the two nations. One is Saxon and articulate; the other is Celtic and articulate. Grief links the English heart, but it is the Scotch. The Celt has a genius for the glorification of sorrow. All his sweetest songs are sad; all his finest music is sad; all his greatest poetry springs from tragedy.

"That is why Scotland has built the greatest war memorial in the world.

"The Flowers of the Forest' have all turned to stone.

### CATTLE MARKET PROSPECTS GOOD

A continuation of satisfactory market outlets for our cattle surplus for the balance of 1928 and for 1929, is the prediction of the Dominion Department of Agriculture through its Markets Intelligence Service. Cattle yards are the most strategic points from which to view the possible trend of the market, and the statement quoted is based upon an analysis of the reports made by officers of the Dominion Live Stock Branch located at the central stock yards in the different provinces.

Last year autumn trading was in the sellers' favour, in spite of the mediocre stock offered, much of which was not of butcher quality.



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### Bringing Up Father



—By George McManus

Prices at the moment are 2 to 3 cents higher than a year ago, but it looks as though there will be a repetition of last year's market conditions. It is regrettable that there is a wide shortage of good beef cattle. Producers are short on supply particularly of good weights. Ontario's cattle of butcher quality have already been closely marketed. Domestic buyers are combing the country for finished cattle and meeting a strong competition from Buffalo buyers. Offcasts from dairy herds will be fairly heavy during the next three months owing to the attractive prices.

The West is not likely to put out a normal autumn run. Early spring and early grass brought cattle along fast, and this with high values has

made heavy runs during the past six weeks. This is expected to continue through September and October. Present runs include a large volume of light stockers, with heavy feeders in light supply. Demand for store cattle is strong in the West, and is likely to be keen. Feed is plentiful. The Ontario demand for Western stores is keen, this with United States competition, and the prospects of a strong enquiry from western farmers, will make unparalleled competition for anything of fair feeding quality, thus precluding any chance of weakness late in the year in the market on eligible cattle.

Specialists to examine the upper and lower sides of feet of persons at the same time.

### HOST 108 YEARS OLD HAS GUEST OF 118

VANCOUVER, Oct. 25.—'Dad' Quick, aged 108, Vancouver's noted centenarian, felt almost a youth Saturday night when one of the guests of honor at his birthday party was Mrs. Aramly Kefoury, aged in Vancouver.

115. Also present was S. J. (Jim) McIntosh of Kamloops, B. C., who learns his 110 years lightly and remarked that he came to Vancouver this year without his cane. Solomon Hutch and W. H. Higgins of Burnaby and Marpole, Vancouver suburbs, both past the century mark, were also guests of honor at the party which was given by the Devon and Cornwall and Somerset Association. Mrs. Kefoury was only recently

found to be a member of Vancouver's centenarian colony. She is a Syrian by birth, and can speak English. She was born at Mount Lebanon, and came to Canada in 1888. Somewhere in California she is believed to have a child who is still living. She has three grandchildren and some great grandchildren living in Vancouver.

Mrs. Kefoury lived in Montreal for some years, and then in Fernie 15 years. She came to Vancouver five years ago. There was a cake with 108 candles and a gift of 108 cigars for 'Dad,' to mark his latest milestone. He thoroughly enjoyed the music and after watching the young people dance for a while stepped on the floor for a couple of turns himself.