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DESCRIBES VISIT

(Continued from Page 5)

walls are the graves of those who in their day held the places of power.

From Edinborough as from London and Glasgow you may travel by bus to any part of Great Britain, but we were still better served. Through the unlimited kindness of Mrs. Finlay of the family of our former Governor Dundas, who wished thereby to repay by proxy what the Kiers of Malpeque had done for her son, we were taken and guided through the Borderland famed in song and story.

Here in the days of strife between England and Scotland there was a region where peace was almost unknown. Here where the need was most urgent there arose the border Abbeys, which belonged neither to the English nor the Scotch but to the Mother Church. They stood for peace in a land of strife, plunder and bloodshed. Then in the reign of Henry VIII, who had a son whom he wished to marry to Mary Queen of Scotland, there was war because the Scots said that while "they did not dislike the match they hated the manner of wooing." Henry's army invaded Scotland and ruined the abbeys and other invading spoilers completed the ruins.

Melrose, Dryburgh, Jedburgh and Kelso closely grouped together were destroyed for habitation or use but there they stand in their ruin monuments to the genius and virtues of their builders, a reproach to the spirit of hate that animated their destroyers and an object of interest to all who love beauty even in ruins.

Dryburgh is, I think, the most complete ruin but enough remains to show what a marvel of beauty it must have been. Every broken arch and ruined wall makes its appeal against the ruthless destroyers.

Within a remnant of these ruins is the grave of Sir Walter Scott, his wife and son and nearby lies Sir Douglas Haig. The inscription on his tomb is

"Douglas Haig
Born in Edinborough June 19, 1861
Departed out of this world
Sunday, January 29, 1928
He trusted in God and tried to do the right."

The cross of sacrifice on his grave is identical with those which stand above the dead of Lord Haig's armies in France and Flanders.

Sir Walter Scott

The year 1932 was the centenary of the death of Sir Walter Scott and all Scotland was stirred to its depths with a revival of interest in the life and work of this its greatest son.

Among the countless tributes to his memory none was to me more striking than that of the Marquis of Tweedsmuir, our own Governor General of Canada, now in his serene old age. He concludes thus:

"This border laird stands at the end securely among the prophets for he gathers all things however lowly and crooked and broken within the love of God."

Scotland like other lands had its age of bitter strife and religious wars, its clan and dynastic wars, its terrible defeats as at Flodden Field and Culloden Moor, such a record as too often leaves legacies of enduring hate. It was Scott's great service to Britain and humanity that from these ancient feuds and battle fields he gathered not a harvest of hatred but of pride in the valour and loyalty of the brave fighters whether they won or lost. He sang of the glory that may spring from a battle bravely fought and lost in a cause believed to be righteous, the courage to endure and not to be over come. Malice and rancor, the spirit of revenge were his only enemies.

We completed our tour of the Border by a visit to Abbotsford, which we found in charge of a caretaker. The owner, a descendent of Sir Walter, resides elsewhere during the tourist season. We had an excellent guide and found the place, its contents and history of engrossing interest. No one who has learned to admire the man and his work can fail to be deeply moved by contact with things which he gathered in his prosperous days and prized so much. It is easy to revere his memory. We all have felt that he was kind and brave and knew that Scotland was proud of him, but we did not know that in his own particular land—the Border Country—he is loved today not as a great man who was but as a vital existing presence.

Glasgow

From Edinborough we proceeded to Glasgow, where we had our headquarters for two days, taking excursions to the Burns country and the Trossacks.

On the Clyde there was no sound of rivetter nor sight of swinging cranes. One ship only was on the stocks a great liner partially constructed but dead, yet there were the ordinary signs of activity in business and no evidence of poverty on the streets. I noticed here as elsewhere in the old Country that the children of whom we saw multitudes were comfortably clad and looked cheerful and vigorous.

Ancestral Scenes

By sea and land we proceeded to the southern end of Argyle to my father's old home. Their farm was known as Micra Baig—the farm with the sandy shore. Part of it is now used as golf links and near at hand a village has grown up. On its shore stands the high rock of Dunaverty which has the appearance of a great wedge forced up by pressure from below. It marks the spot where the last fort of the McDonalds fell in their long losing battle with the Campbells for the lordship of Argyle.

The spring. — In a field adjoining the Rock is a stone walled enclosure and within a memorial tablet with this inscription "This inclosure was erected by the Rev. Douglass McDonald, 12th Laird of Sanda, in 1846 to mark the spot where his ancestors Archibald Mohr and Archibald Oig father and son were shot and buried after the batter of Dunaverty 1647. Other remains found on the battlefield were also buried by him."

From the Rock of Dunaverty looking westward you see the shore grow black and rugged and the banks rise into cliffs until about 5 miles in a direct line west the view is closed by the huge rocky promontory called the "Mull of Kintyre," which holds the southwest coast of Argyle against the encroachments of the sea.

West of the old home and where the shore is rising into a cliff with a wide table or rock between the base of the cliff and the tide are the foundation marks of a building about 10x12 ft. which my guide,—the Kirk minister—informed me was the first Christian church erected in Scotland. He also pointed out two human foot prints clearly impressed on the rock as the footprints of St. Columba when in A. D. 563 standing there he addressed a multitude sitting or standing in the amphitheatre formed by nature in the receding face of the great cliff nearby.

This church is believed to have been the first Christian church in Scotland and the record is I think perfectly clear that from this place and by this instrumentanty Christianity was introduced into Scotland, St. Columba, a member of a reigning family in Ireland, was closely allied to that of Argyle which may account for his choice of Argyle as the opening place of his mission.

I would like to have remained longer in this place of memories but time began to press us on our way if we were ever to see Inverness the capital of the Highlands and its famous fair. Changing from coach to ship and from ship to coach we arrived at Oban still in Argyle and thence proceeded to Fort William where Ben Nevis holds out a perpetual challenge to male tourists to climb him to his summit 4500 ft. high. If you don't wish to do this useless feat, the answer is "When he grows as big as the Rockies etc."—besides it would cost at least one pair of boots.

There is a delusion in which we shared that you can take the steamer at Fort William. As long as this delusion lasts you will keep on missing the boat—but by good fortune and other means we did catch it.

The canal is 60 miles long and makes a waterway from coast to coast. There are only 22 miles of excavation, the remaining 38 miles consisting of 3 lakes taken in on the way. Lake Ness, one of the series, is 22 miles long, 1½ miles wide and has an extreme depth of 750 ft. It is the largest body of fresh water in Britain. Some travellers say that the scenery on this route is unsurpassed in grandeur by anything in Europe.

It was a beautiful day, the scenery was enchanting and the sun was quietly burning the green passengers to a crisp. The Highland Fair was opening the next day and the hotels of Inverness were engaged far ahead. We got an excellent hotel by leaving it to the last moment and trusting to luck

The city stands at the head of the Moray Firth on the Ness River which flows through its centre. Five bridges conect the different sides of the city and the river dividing makes a number of islands which being wooded and connected by bridges forms a picturesque park or rather a series of parks. Here at night the Highland bands played. It would not be wise or it might not be true to say that in this ideal combination of hills and forest and water with the best pipers of Scotland doing their best there is any grandeur martial music made in the world.

Highland Fair

This Highland Fair was a wonderful show in quality and range. There was a whole town of temporary wooden houses in which handicraft work of every description was carried on. For example you could have shoes made while you waited. Every little house was a shop and a factory and all appeared as busy as bees. I thought the finest show of all was the Highlanders in national costume taking in the fair—bearing the great historic names. There was everything there but fakirs and of them not one.

We visited the battle field of Culloden Moor because it was a duty to honour the memory of so many of our brave loyal kinsmen who were led to their death in a hopeless cause.

On our last day in Inverness we went to luncheon at a typical Highland residence 14 miles from the city overlooking Lake Moir—the home of the Sovel Camerons, distant relatives of Mrs. Mathieson. He led the Cameron Highlanders in the war and was at that time British advisor to the King of Irak. On the farm is the house in which Charles Edward Stuart spent the night after Culloden, next day he was guided by Flora McDonald to Skye from whence he ultimately escaped to France.

Aberdeen

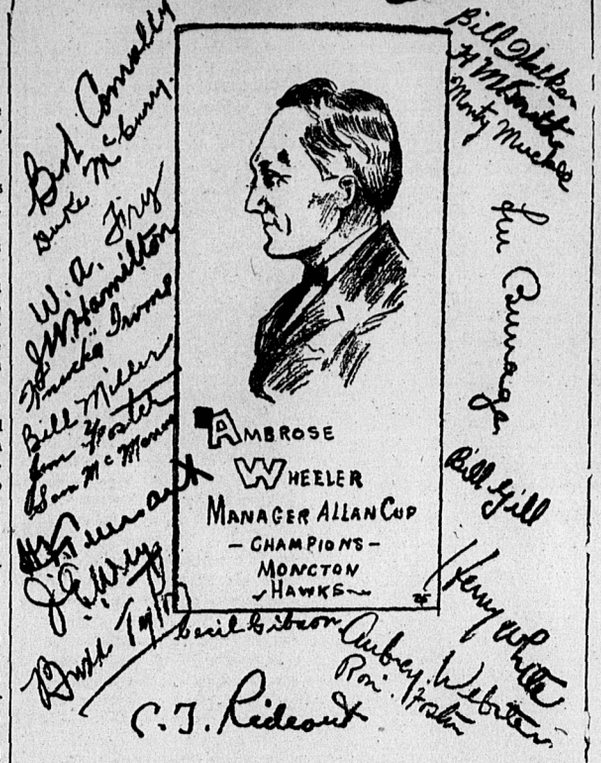
That evening we took the train for Aberdeen where we saw in the early morning literally miles of fish brought in by the fleet of trawlers from the North Sea and distributed in sheds to be auctioned off and shipped forthwith to London. We saw the sale. The auctioneers and the bidders evidently understood one another but the spectators only saw and heard the auctioneers moving rapidly from one pile of fish to another accompanied each by his group of purchasers making signs and saying words all Greek to us; meantime the fish were rapidly disappearing into the waiting railway cars and when the sale was over the fish were gone, the trawlers underweigh for the fishing grounds and the trainloads of fish on their way to London.

Courtesy and Kindness

And now that our visit to the home land is ended it is but just to say that in the innumerable contacts we had with the people of all classes we never met anything but the utmost courtesy and kindness. We wandered thro London and of purpose got lost in order to gain a better knowledge of place and people and learned with surprise how uniformly the scriptural injunction is obeyed—"if a man compel you to go with him a mile, go with him twain."

You do not need long residence in the Motherland to learn one source of her qualification to guide and govern the backward peoples of the world. Her sons are everywhere. We met in one family one son returned from the Indian Civil Service, another who entered the war as a commander in the Navy and since retired as a colonel in the Naval Flying Corps, both now engaged in literary and scientific work. In another the head of the family was then British advisor to the King of Irak. Such instances are multiplied throughout the land. Then Britain's merchant ships are on every sea. There is no other nation whose knowledge of the world outside is so intimate and thorough. Britain is thus a great school always in session for the education of her adventurous youth. It was ever thus—"Ships, colonies and commerce" have not alone laid the foundations of British power but have given her the capacity to govern.

On the 17th of July we sailed by the "Westernland" for home. From the deck of the "Charlottetown" we saw as lovely a sight as any on our trip—the bright red coast of "The Island" crowned with vivid green and on the landing later a joyful group awaiting to welcome us. Thus ended a holiday that had the rare distinction of giving more than it ever promised.



When Manager Ambrose Wheeler and the members of the Moncton Hawks hockey team, winners of the Allan Cup, journeyed to the Pacific Coast in search of championship honors, and returned homeward with their quest fulfilled they travelled via Canadian National Railways, encountering in their journey Oliver I. Virtue, Inspector of the Sleeping and Dining Car Department of the Canadian National System and a pen and ink artist of merits. During the eastward journey Inspector Virtue who was giving an eye to the arrangements made that the victorious hockeyists travel with every comfort, sketched Manager Wheeler in an attitude of satisfied repose. The members of the team autographed the sketch.

JACK SHARKEY HOLIDAYING IN MARITIMES

(Canadian Press)

YARMOUTH, N. S., April 24—His pugilistic worries temporarily cast aside, Jack Sharkey has been disporting himself with rod and line along the banks of Yarmouth County's celebrated trout streams for the last few days.

Presence of the world's heavyweight champion in the Yarmouth woods became known only today, although it was last week that he arrived here from his home in Boston and was driven quietly with Mrs. Sharkey and a few close friends to a camp in the Kempville district.

Since then, the Boston Gob has been striking fear into the ranks of silver streams' trout. Using a lure called the minnow fly, he has landed them in large numbers, according to a work coming out of the woods.

It is not known how long he plans to remain here, although an unconfirmed report tonight stated the party would leave for Boston on the steamer Yarmouth tomorrow night.

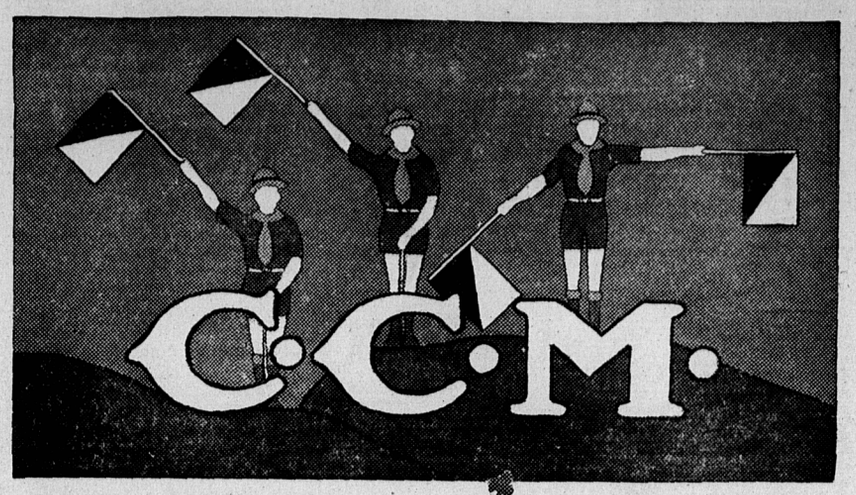
Summerside Volley Ball

Interest continues in the C.Y.M.L. volley ball matches. The four teams which make up the club have kept in the game and that has kept the interest of the spectators keen until the last.

The teams playing in the finals are the Autocrats vs. Democrats for the cup donated by the late Rev. Father John McDonald, and the Aristocrats vs. Technocrats for the cup donated by Rev. Father Gillis of Wellington. These games will be played off tonight in St. Paul's hall and should be the biggest attraction in town. S.

ANNOUNCEMENT

A meeting will be held at 7 o'clock this (Tuesday) evening at the Y. M. C. A. to complete the organization of a bicycle club. It is asked that everyone who rides a bike or is interested in bike riding be present. Mr. Jack Gordon will address the meeting and has a number of helpful suggestions. Please be on hand at 7 sharp.



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Of Interest To Horsemen

Horsemen will be interested to know that Captain John L. Read, who has always been known as a breeder of good horses, has in his stables just now three beautiful foals. On Thursday last his well known racing mare, Louise Colorado, dropped a foal sired by the well known stallion, Glover Gay. Two other mares, Jessie Y. and Bessie Todd, imported by Capt. Read, gave birth to foals, also sired by Glover Gay.

Horsemen who have seen these foals say that they are particularly promising and should make their mark on the race courses of the future. S.

St. Pats Enter Baseball League

AMHERST, N. S., April 24—(C P.)—Junior champions of Nova Scotia, St. Pats today opened their campaign to retain the title this year, filing entry in the Bantam Baseball League, which gets under way here Friday afternoon.

(Associated Press)

NEW YORK, April 24—General Foods Corp. today reported net earnings of $3,238,168 for the first quarter, equal to 61 cents a share. This compares with $4,433,775, or 84 cents a share, in the opening qurater of 1932.

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