

NOTABLE EVENTS IN SCOTTISH HISTORY ARE RECALLED BY A VISIT TO EDINBURGH

(Jack K. Grainger in Moncton Transcript).

Newcastle England, July 5— Now that we are well down into England again and have left Scotland for good, I look back on our short sojourn in the land of the heather with the greatest pleasure. As for the reputation for stinginess that seems to be applied to the Scottish people, I can say here and now that we encountered practically nothing of the kind. The city of Edinburgh, the social centre of the nation, is considered one of the most expensive cities in the world in which to live—and it is kept going mostly by the Highlanders themselves. We deeply regretted that we were unable to spare the time to visit the famous Highlands but they were just a little too far north for us. If you had seen some of the hills we encountered in what are called the "Lowlands" you could readily comprehend why we steered clear of the "Highlands."

Two Great Cities

In fact our biggest acquaintance-ship with Scotland was formed in the two largest cities Edinburgh and Glasgow—and that part of the border region known as "Scott's country." Of course we had to let our friends think that we took a cultured interest in our travels as well as being concerned with the brewery business, so we duly visited the many scenes connected with the greatest novelist and other

historical figures.

But Edinburgh charmed us most. The world-famous thoroughfare, Princess street, seemed to us to well warrant the many flattering remarks passed about it. The shops and business houses which line it are modern to the last degree. Of course we did not expect people to be garbed in any outlandish costume or anything of the sort, but I must confess that we were surprised to see how similarly to us they were clothed. By "us" I do not mean Charlie and myself because several days on a bicycle have the power to make a suit change so that its own tailor would not recognize it. I mean the Canadian people. Really, group for group, you couldn't tell if the people were from Canada or Edinburgh. There was one thing we noticed though, that might interest the feminine element. Confidentially, the Scotch or English girls haven't a chance in our estimation, with the lassies back home. And I don't say that through homesickness or anything of the kind either.

Edinburgh Castle

I suppose the outstanding historical attraction in Edinburgh is the famous castle which stands upon a high hill overlooking Princess street. Everyone visiting the city inspects this centuries old fortress as a matter of course. But aside from the conventional aspect of it, I found it to be

one of the most interesting things I had ever seen. One of the guards who admitted us said that the history of the rock on which the castle stands goes back 3000 years, and part of the fortress itself was erected as early as the twelfth century. These dates always are confusing, anyhow, so just imagine a huge pile of rocks many centuries old. Not that it mattered much to a couple of beggarly tramps like us of course but it just happened that we visited the castle on a Saturday—and that is the one day in the week when inspection is allowed free of charge. The only thing we had to pay for was a visit to the dungeons, the walls of some of which are 18 feet thick. The "common prisoners' room" was 40 feet below the level of the castle courtyard and in the old days food was lowered to the inmates on a length of rope. So far as we could see, there wouldn't have been a hope of escape for anyone who was once put in there. That was why we kept a sharp eye on the guide all the while he was explaining. Even in Scotland they have the kidnapping mysteries.

Old Events Recalled

But this guide proved to be a good fellow. He showed us to three upper chambers which Oliver Cromwell had converted into water tanks for his army when they occupied the Castle during the Commonwealth. We saw the chamber from which the Duke of Albany made his famous escape in 1474. A French ship had come into the harbor and the Duke received permission to send his valet to purchase wine from the vessel. In one bottle was concealed a rope. The valet let himself out of the window that night and down to the end of the rope which did not reach the ground. He dropped and broke a thigh bone. His groans warned the Duke who knotted some bedclothes to the abbreviated rope, let himself down to the ground and escaped to his stronghold in the north.

The guide pointed out the chamber prison occupied by Lady Janet Douglas in 1635. For three months she lay in this reeking place in total darkness. As a reward for being through such torture, James V, who knew her to be innocent of the crime laid against her by a faithless lover, ordered her to be burned at the stake. Lastly our conductor who could say his little piece as well as any Sunday School boy showed us the chamber which King David II had occupied as living quarters in 1370. Most of the show places connected with the dungeons were not known until 1912, when excavations revealed a lot that had been pushed beneath the surface to make room for the modern additions to the castle.

Days of Queen Mary

The War Memorial building is one of the features of the castle. We also visited the famous old Banquet Hall and in our imagination could picture some of the gay times that that room probably has seen. But the chambers of Mary Queen of Scots were the most fascinating. The attendant called her bedroom "the most famous little room in the world." It is here that the Queen gave birth to King James VI, who later became James I of England, on June 19, 1566. The old Scottish coat of arms, with the two unicorns, still hangs on the wall, with the motto of the house, "Nemo me impune uacabit." If I remember my Latin at all, that refers to the fact that "no one wounds me with impunity"—or, in other words, "keep your hands to yourself."

In the Regalia Room was a sight to make the mouth water—the crown jewels of Scotland. In the Argyle Tower we saw the big portcullis that used to be used when the relations or other undesirable visitors called at the castle.

At Famous Zoo

We would hate to admit this at home, but we yielded to impulses of childhood not long forgotten and visited the zoo. Edinburgh's Zoological Gardens are second to none in Europe, so say the officials, and if number of specimens of animals birds and fish on display have anything to do with it, I for one will not dispute the statement. I didn't think before there were that many creatures in existence. I had a hard time to keep Charlie away from the monkey park.

After we seen the University of Edinburgh quadrangle and other points of interest we left this beautiful quiet city for the busy, commercial centre of Glasgow.

In Glasgow.

During our two day's stay in the western city we stayed at the Glasgow

JOSEPH CONRAD'S GLAMOR OF THE DUTCH EAST INDIES NEVER LIKELY TO FADE AWAY

(New York Sun)

Menado, Dutch East Indies.—Joseph Conrad wrapped the islands of the East in a glamour that is as unlikely ever to fade as is the glamour of the South Seas. The great Pole did for some of the Dutch isles what Loti did for Tahiti and none has done since, and he did it in much the same fashion. Both were of the breed of genius which is able to throw over the scene of a story a soft vestiture of mysticism that presently enfolds the reader also. Both made of their islands something of the fabric of a vision, and some of the characters were dreamfolk, too. Loti's "Rarahu" was the embodiment of the tenderest fancies of the fair femininity of the South Seas and if Conrad's "Freya" and the runaway girl of "ictory" were somewhat more substantial, "Lord Jim's" sweetheart in the last Malay village was not far from being an Eastern "Rarahu."

All this is in your thoughts as you cruise these tropical seas where once Lingard's brig, otherwise Conrad's own trading schooner, sailed "from island unto island at the gateway of the day." If you are at all familiar with his stories of the East, "Victory," "The Rescue," "Lord Jim," "The Outcast of the Islands," "Freya of the Seven Isles" and the rest, you understand that the scene of each was in and around some one of these green isles of the vast archipelago through which your tortuous way leads if you are making an island trip on one of the Dutch Koninklijke Paketvaart or Singapore or voyage between Australia and the China seas.

You pass numberless islands large and small and you wonder if this one was the refuge of Heyst or that the final port of Lord Jim. At night most of the islands loom before you in dark mysterious shapes. Sometimes they seem startlingly close at hand. Now and then a little cluster of lights declares the location of a Malay village, and in the distance you may note once in a while a reflection upon the sky where an active volcano unceasingly steams.

Still Primitive and Unspoiled.

There are no islands more romantic or more beautiful than these of the Dutch archipelago. They are all of volcanic origin, mountainous, with fantastically-eroded peaks as a back-

ground for white palm-lined beaches. They are still primitive still unspoiled, still in many cases unfamiliar with the white man. The ports are scattered and small and some of them are rarely entered by a modern craft. A few are of mysterious rivers like that in which Lord Jim at last found something of forgetfulness.

Small schooners and Malay proas make these ports as they have for centuries, and the life to which they alone bring any suggestion of the outside world has changed little or not at all through all the years. Such as can may have altered much since Conrad's day and you will look in vain for many of the landmarks he mentioned about the large ports, but in the

more remote of his isles everything is still the same.

Each port one of the cruising route of the K.P.M. steamers is the little metropolis of a large district, and to it the native craft come from surprising distances to meet steamers from Java and the Straits. There are Macassar and Amboina and Ternate and Menado, all typical ports of tropical seas, all with their part in the Conrad tales, all unmodernized and unspoiled. There are perhaps, the Dutch Residency and the administrative offices and now and then a hotel which architecturally somewhat resemble a bit of Holland. But all around is Malay, the East, the life and manners of the Orient as your fancy pictures it and not as it is on the Westernized China coast.

A little into the interior and you are among the thatch-built huts, the lightly clothed natives and the easy-going habits which modernity has not influenced and with which the Dutch do not interfere. Farther on and in

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Mr. Picobac At "The Chateau"

Mr. Picobac's beaming geniality, his intimate knowledge of men and affairs in Essex County, together with his credentials as the Burley Tobacco Ambassador from Sunny Southern Ontario, more than sufficed to win him a hearty welcome to the barber shop of The Chateau Laurier, Ottawa.

"Gentlemen," declared Mr. Picobac addressing the ceiling from the luxurious angle of the barber's chair, "a great nation is worthy of a great tobacco, and Picobac tobacco—"

At this point the barber stepped on a lever and Mr. Picobac assumed a more upright position. Contemplating the reflection of himself and certain of the Capitol's political and professional luminaries in the mirror, Mr. Picobac continued earnestly; "As I was about to say, gentlemen—"

"Next," interjected the barber at this point.

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