

The Nightingale

Once upon a time, there was a corner of the world where jagged purple mountains hung over lakes of silver and the forests along their banks grew so thick and tall that not even the moon—for there was always moonlight there—could penetrate the misty avenue of trees.

There was no one in this land but an old king and his daughter. He had wandered there with his child a long time ago and never gone away. He built a beautiful ebony castle for them on the tallest mountain, where the mist wove itself about the towers in thin blue wreaths, and the moon shone through every window. The princess had her nursery in the highest tower. Up there the wind was always blowing and whistling under the eaves; when she grew lonely, she had only to throw open her window, and outside was the wind, all hurry and bustle with a thousand bits of gossip to tell her as he passed. He admired her, immensely, and tried every time he pushed by to blow her out of the casement window and whirl her away to the North with him. The princess was a little afraid of him, although she tried not to show it for fear of hurting his feelings. He was very jealous of the birds that flew by the tower on their way to the warm countries, and sometimes he rushed them by the window so swiftly that they barely had time to brush their wings against her cheek as they passed. Sometimes her father would listen with her, but he grew restless when the wind brought them news of wars and princes and great treasure, and would shut the casement window and suggest a walk in the castle garden or a swim in the silver lake. Then the wind howled with glee and roared a blustering tale of a

great King who ruled Europe from an emerald throne and could not save his Queen from death. This was her father's story, but the princess was walking with her father in the garden, and neither of them heard.

In the garden below, the moon ran her bright fingers through the water tumbling in the fountain and the great white roses bent heavily on their slender stems. The king and his daughter walked in this garden and while they walked, he made shadows for her. Shadows of stately greek tiremes with billowing sails, of Indian elephants with curiously carved pagodas on their backs, and Persian princesses in full trousers and feathered turbans.

"Father, tomorrow the Wind goes to China to hear the Emperor's nightingale. What is an emperor? Father, show me a nightingale," the little girl asked—and he made beautiful Shadows of emperors and nightingales, and the child clapped her hands. But suddenly she stopped her fun and became very quiet, watching the nightingale's shadow. "Father, you must make him sing," she said.

"I cannot make a shadow sing," answered the king, and he looked so unhappy that the princess was sorry she had mentioned the matter at all, and tried her best to make him laugh and play with her and forget the shadows.

But sometimes she would think of the nightingale herself, and no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't help wondering how its song would sound, and longing to hear it.

The wind came back from China and the princess listened eagerly at her window.

"What a beautiful creature the nightingale is!" He whistled. "Her voice is as strong as mine, and yet she can sing as softly as you could slip a handful of pearls into your silver lake."

The princess sighed and wished to hear the bird more than ever, and her longing became so great that she spoke to her father once more in the garden.

OXFORD THEATRE

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"Three Darling Daughters"
"Arthur Takes Over"

February 23 - 24
"Homecoming"
"Sport of Kings"

February 25 - 26
"A Foreign Affair"
"Smugglers Cove"

DIRGE

This year
I fear
For bards who tell
Poor Nature's autumn story
Every Fall.

The leaves
Of trees
Are gone to Hell.
They're not one golden glory
Within call.

A breeze
To please
Some distant Fate,
Has carried them in windy
splendor
Far away.

Before
A bore,
Now come too late,
Could write an ode—gay sweet
bright tender—
Which would pay!

But now
(And how!)
It is a feat
To sing of branches sickly
bare,
Or other awful junk.

And so
I know
If he will eat
He needs must gaze at empty
grey air
And write about a trunk.

B.G.

"Father, make a real nightingale—one that can sing, not just a shadow."

The king turned in anger and his words were bitter ones.

"Never wish such a wish again—remember that what you ask is of the other world beyond our land—here, we have only shadows."

The child went from him crying, and climbed the tower stairs to her room. And after she had lain weeping a long while on her bed, she began idly to trace the pattern of the ivy leaves around her window that the moonlight cast upon the coverlid. As she watched the black shadows dancing, a terrible thought stole quietly into the little tower room and bent whispering in the princess' ear—The child screamed and ran to her father: the

A Letter To The Editor

Feb. 10, 1949.

Dear Mr. Editor:

After reading the Co-ed issue, I feel that the girls also may come under classification; if not for types, for types of answers.

1. The girl we dislike the most. . . "Hello, Elfreda, what are you doing Saturday night?" "Are you kidding? I'm not doing anything two weeks from Wednesday, if that's all right" . . . CLICK!

2. And then there's the type. . . "Well, I don't know if I can go to the Boilermakers' Ball Friday night or not. Phone back tomorrow, will you please? (P.S. If somebody better doesn't phone in the meantime, he'll have to do).

3. And of course. . . "Where did you say you were going? Oh, a show; I'm sorry, but I'm busy". (Sorry, Honey, but the Stork Club is in New York).

4. Also. . . "The gall of phoning me the night before the dance CLICK!

5. And finally, the little girl whom you thought you knew quite well. . . "Joe Doaks?? Who's that? I'm afraid I don't know who you mean." (You never will!)

MORAL: EXAMS START IN 55 DAYS, SO WHY BOTHER?

Yours truly,

MAC

Type Gremlins Haunt Doctors

From the Medical Economic Magazine

Typographical errors, the plague of editors but the delight of newspaper readers, are no respecters of persons or professions.

The Wichita Eagle reported a Kansas surgeon who was quitting active practice: "Dr. S—, one of our most eligible bachelors, is retiring from practice. Hale and hearty at 65, the doctor says all he wants is a little peach and quiet." The Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette was guilty of: "Dr. P— returned

from Baltimore yesterday and will take up his cuties at the hospital."

This appeared in the Franklin (Pa.) News-Herald: "The donation will be used to purchase new benches for the hospital, as the old ones are in a dilapidated state."

The Norfolk (Va.) Virginian-Pilot carried this revealing story: "Miss R—, an attractive young health nurse, was involved in an accident while motoring in the Cumberlands yesterday. The area in which she was injured is spectacularly scenic."

wind heard too, and beat vainly against the tower windows.

"This is the end—the end" he moaned, for he truly loved the princess.

The king was sitting in the dark, vaulted hall of the castle, with moonbeams playing on the rafters and gilding his silver beard.

"What has happened?" He asked, but he saw the answer in his child's eyes.

"Oh, father, while I lay in my room, something came and whispered to me that all this beautiful land is shadow—the silver lake, the mountains, and we, too, you and I—are only shadows!"

"Oh daughter,—if we were!" The king groaned aloud for very sor-

row. The wind howled its last greeting. Castle, garden, mountains, forests, and silver lake were covered with a smoky cloud; there a heavy peel of rolling thunder, and that corner of the earth disappeared.

The king and his daughter found themselves in the world again, so they took hands and started off to make the best of it. They say that the king died in a little while, for he was old and weak, and the princess married a soldier.

I am sorry there is no happier ending to this story, but then, you see, it was the wind's fault—he should never have told the princess about the nightingale.

I.M.

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