

In the Spring a Canadian's Fancy Lightly Turns to Thoughts of Mud

The crow (not the robin) announces the end of the Canadian winter in a raucous voice, and to small boys listening through a window that has been opened a crack for the first time in months, it is a promise of endless sunny days.

The sun comes, the ice goes, the mud appears from sea to sea, and everyone puts on his rubber boots. No one loves the mud but it is a harbinger as sure as the crow.

After the mud comes the click of heels on city pavements (a sound to delight the

wearers of the heels), and after the crow come finer feathers and sweeter songs. The columbine blooms, cottage shutters come down and the voice of the hoary marmot is heard in the West.

In Canada (with the dazzling exception of coastal British Columbia) all winters are hard winters, and hearts leap up when they melt away. In this issue of CANADA TODAY/D'AUJOURD'HUI we consider the sights, sounds and rites of the Canadian spring.



Common Crow by J. Fenwick Lansdowne of British Columbia, perhaps the greatest painter of birds since Audubon.
Cover photo: Crocuses on the Parliament lawn.