

Editorial Efforts

ON THE SANDS

SOMEONE has facetiously described the sea-shore as the place "where the breakers break, and the brokers go broke." This was indited some time ago, before the incidence of war compelled the brokers to become breakers, and leave the delights of the sea-shore to the women and children, who regenerate their physical forces amid the joys and delights of the shining sands. Our waterfront is extensive and varied. Two high cliffs and a valley intervening, make a contour devoid of sameness and provide a promenade as delightful as it is extensive. The Madeira Walk serpentine through an arrangement of artificial rocks, puzzling as excellent counterfeits, while the view from a comfortable vantage on the cliffs is over a sea dotted with fishing smacks, and with merchantmen plying to and fro on the watery highways of commerce. An old salt inveigles one to take a glimpse through his spy-glass—for a consideration—to watch the surf caressing the Goodwins at low water, and under certain weather conditions view the cliffs of our Ally rising out of the ocean leagues away. The prom., with its crowd of sauntering pedestrians and lolling pedestrians, cannot compete seriously with the sands. At low tide these stretch out in golden splendour, clean and smooth, calling out insistently for the human to scamper over their granules, or dig into their recesses, or loll supine upon their broad expanse, basking in the sun. One can no more resist their pleading than the inebriate the craving for his cups, and one hurries past the barbed-wire barracades to disport oneself, along with the children and the waves.

The sands in summer are an antidote of marvellous efficacy. Our sands stage a motely crowd of interesting actors, and the restless ocean casts up the fauna and flora which Neptune does not care to hold within his caverns of the deep, so that the careful observer will find every moment filled with the search after the secrets of animate and inanimate nature. Time does not hang heavily on the sands. The kiddies work like beavers at their castles and defences, which soon become a prey to the marauding tide. The Spirit of the Sea beckons to the bathers, who succumb to the siren-call and rush to throw themselves hilariously into the surging surf. Our sands have but one revolting spectacle. One necessarily rebels against the erotic antics of love-sick maidens with their paramours, the blue-and-grey-coated patients from our Canadian hospitals, and the khaki-clad personnel of British and Canadian units. Why should our virgin sands be thus polluted? Has decency perished from the earth?

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