

MARY'S TALE

We got in Toronto at 4.45 Thursday morning. Was I tired and was I dirty! Two days and two nights of steady travelling and no sleep. I woke up the matron at the Y. W. C. A. got a room and had a bath so then I felt better.

I didn't waken until eleven a.m. As it was nearly dinner time I had my dinner at the Y, then I went out to make inquiries, about the Air Force. They had a nice unit there, but they weren't recruiting just then, but they told me that they would be in two or three weeks. I didn't like the idea of turning around and going back home, so the idea struck me to go North. I had always wanted to see the country and the one of my old teachers (shall I call her Jean) lives there, and everyone knows what a hero worshipper I am.

I went the whole length of Toronto City by street car and then I started North on No. 11 highway. I got a ride straight through to Barrie which is situated on Lake Simcoe. I walked around the town for a while and also strolled along the lake shore. The next ride was from Barrie to Gravenhurst, a distance of only thirty-five miles. This is also on Lake Simcoe.

From Gravenhurst to Calendar I travelled with an elderly gentleman. He was exceptionally nice too. It seems that I am always lucky in finding nice people, but then I guess you find what you look for and I look for nice people and that is the kind that I find. However before we reached Calendar, Mr. H. had promised me a job in Peterborough, Ontario. Of course, he didn't know my age, so when I told him a few weeks later he had to refuse to employ me for I was too young.

Calendar as you know is the home of the Quints. Everything in that town advertises the quint, chiefly for business purposes. I should imagine. I remember the sign over one restaurant "Madame M. Aunt and Mid-Wife of the Famous Quints."

I had my supper in Calendar, then I went on to North Bay (both these towns are on Lake Nipissing) where I got a room at a tourist home known as the U-Kum-Inn.

Next morning, being Friday, I left North Bay at 8 a.m. travelling with the owner of the Sally Ann bakeries. We travelled through eighty-five miles of reserve territory. I didn't even see a deer, but they say that they are plentiful at night. Every few rods there would be a sign "Caution deer crossing."

The prettiest thing that I saw in this territory was Lake Timiskaming, the source of the Ontario river. I forgot to say that there isn't any farming territory north of North Bay.

We travelled north to Swastika the most northerly point of my trip then I caught a truck going to Kirkland Lake. There are both gold and copper mines at Kirkland. This was my first glimpse of mining operations.

Up to this time I had managed to keep respectably clean, but a Michigan car passed me and I was a little too near a mud puddle.

Figure the rest out for yourself.

From there I got a ride with a lady whose husband had just gone overseas, to Noranda and Rouyn. These are twin mining towns. The smoke stacks at Noranda mine are the second highest in the world, but I have forgotten the exact height.

I haven't mentioned Cobalt. It is a mining town too, or at least the remains of one. There the mine stopped producing, the people just leave their homes, churches, schools, etc., and go. There is one thing about Cobalt that I shall never forget. On a high Cliff overlooking the town was an inscription and when I got closer I could easily read the words "Jesus Saves." It is said to have been put there by the Salvation Army during the wealthy period of the town. (I don't know if that statement is true however).

There was nothing of special interest from Noranda to Malartic just miles and miles of burned timberland. The forest fires that have occurred in that country are terrific. Malartic is a new town, scarcely four years old. It has several mines including Gold Fields, East Malartic and Sladen Gold mine. The business section of the town is nearly as large as Woodstock but the residences are few. A great many of the miners live in the company houses which are grouped around the mine.

When I got there I found the streets weren't named and that two thirds of the population was French, the remainder was made up of Canadians, Jugo-Slavs, Poles, Czechoslovakians, and other nationalities. My next problem was to find Jean and her husband whose name is, shall I say Jack Jones. I inquired at the Post Office and received this answer "We know de box but we don't know de family." I inquired at several grocery stores with much the same result. Finally I went to the Police Station and asked the same question. The young policeman brought out a large bunch of papers containing the names of all people in the town (the names weren't even in alphabetical order). I helped him and finally we succeeded in finding the name and address. The policeman walked with me to the door for he found it difficult to explain just where it was. I bounded up the stairs, opened the door and calmly remarked: "Is supper ready? I'm hungry." Jack came over to me, shook hands and welcomed me to Malartic while Jean looked at me as if she thought she was dreaming. I got a big kick out of surprising people and that was a surprise. I had reached Malartic a distance of approximately seventeen hundred miles in four days and I had spent six hours in Montreal, six in Toronto and twelve in North Bay. I counted my money and found that I had spent \$1.59.

(Continued Next Week)

"Tell me, do you ever expect to find the perfect girl?"
"No, but it's lots of fun making sure they're not."

May We Present



MARY C. McLEAN

Mary came to U.N.B. as a freshman from the much renowned "North Shore". She has been very interested in sports, and has played basketball all of her three years. This year she is Manager of the Ladies Basketball Team and expects to hold down her usual place as guard on the team. Mary has played Interclass hockey and has been a great skiing and skating enthusiast. She was Secretary-Treasurer of the Ladies Society in her Sophomore Year and last year was Vice-President. Mary has always been interested in Delta Rho and has been in a few debates. This year she is on the gym committee, which incidentally is the first gym committee of the Lady Beaverbrook Gymnasium. Mary is studying for her Grammar School License, and if she can make as many friends in teaching as she has at college, I am sure she will have a very successful career.

We Have to Part

Have you, too, met a number of new friends lately, who, it seems you just get to know and appreciate when the call comes and they have to move on and you have to part? In these times (how many times have you heard that expression) and at our age, when so many of our friends old and new are going out to other places, either to complete their education, to take a new position or to enlist, how important it is that we treat all our friends so that they will have happy things to remember. Now there are always new men and boys in uniform coming to town and to our college. They are away from their homes and everything is new and lonely to them. They have had to part from those they loved and knew so well. We can do our little bit, by showing them a few kindnesses, by putting ourselves out to make them feel at home and forget that they are strangers. Perhaps soon they will have to leave again, but how much better to have them leave with pleasant memories. Our friends are graduating, and we are lonely without them. But life has to go on. The more we work and find new things to do, the faster the time will go when we can see them again. We all have to part at some time or another from our friends whether new ones or old ones. So let us be happy in our partings, let us plan to meet again and to remember. For it is these partings and reunions which cement friendships and build loves too deep to be broken by future partings.

Johnny: What is an optometrist, Dad?"

Dad: (looking over his laundry) "A man who looks at his shirt just back from the wash and says: 'Oh, well, we needed lace curtains anyway.'"

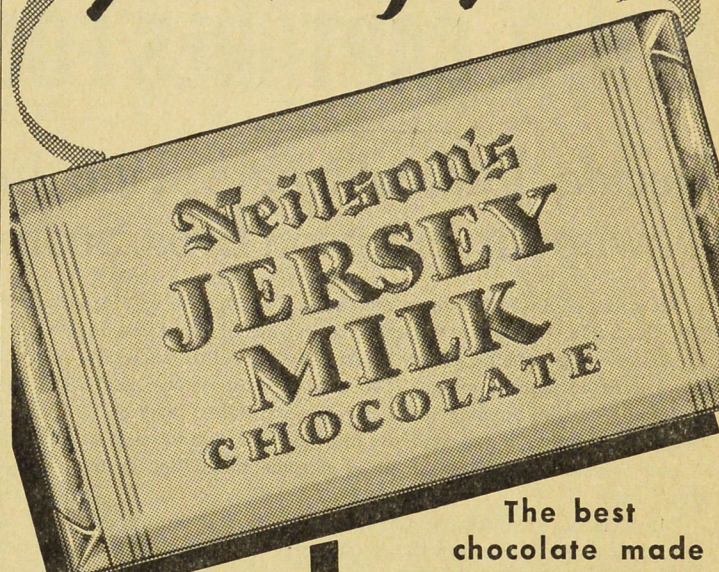
Sheila and Fran were making up after a quarrel.
"Well, Fran," said Sheila, we'll call it even." She raised her coke bottle. "So here's looking at you, and Heaven knows that's an effort!"

Professor: "Er my dear, what's the meaning of this vase of flowers on the table today?"

Wife: "Meaning? Why today's your anniversary."

Professor: "Well, well, do let me know when yours is so I may do the same for you."

You just **KNOW** you'll enjoy —



Neilson's

POET'S CORNER

U. N. B. REMEMBERS

Tonight, a quiet campus dreams
Above a drowsy college town;
And all is under age-old guards
Of peaceful stars and moon and breeze.
Below, the dark of shadowed stream
Reveals a sash of silver moon—
To rival gleams from cosy homes.
The sweeping elms are whispering
As though they, too, desired and yearned
To dance and laugh and reminisce.
Perhaps, tonight, one speaks of you
Who, gay and carefree in your youth,
Felt life too short too satisfy.
But that strange fate that took your life
Cared not for you nor your desires:
So pledged you as a pawn to Mars.
Perhaps, another speaks of you,
As one who found your heart's delight
In serving Man and God and Right.
With this belief, our hearts declare:
That U.N.B. is proud of you,
Who added honor to her name.

—P.C.L. '43

THOU ART A GODDESS!

Oh! Lovely creature, beauty's consummation,
Most perfect artistry of all creation,
The liquid coolness of a mountain stream
Surpasses not thine eyes; no haunting dream
Creates a face so fair; no stars caress
More lustrous waves of midnight loveliness
Than those that frame that graceful throat of thine.
Less than thy lips the gods Elysian wine
Intoxicates. When thy form greets the eyes,
All cares dissolve and earth seems paradise.
Thou art a goddess, worthy adoration,
Oh! lovely creature, beauty's consummation.

—Linden Peebles

Hypocrisy — what most women pass off as politeness.

GAIETY THEATRE

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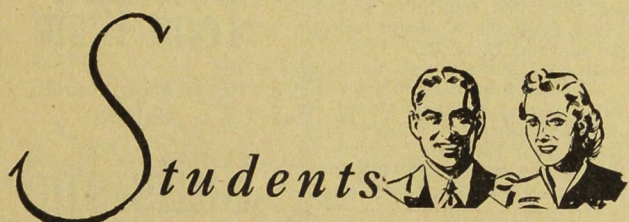
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