

Presenting

THE UNSUNG HEROES



The farm had been mortgaged to give the daughter a college education. Father drove the Model T to the station to pick her up after graduation exercises were over. She crawled in beside honest Pa, in his clean, worn overalls. She snuggled beside him in a confidential mood. "I have a confession to make, Pa," she whispered. "I ain't a virgin any more." The old man wrung his hands and his head dropped low as he said with remorse, "After all the sacrifices Ma and I made to give you a good education, and you still say ain't."

A professor is a man whose job is to tell students how to solve the problems of life which he himself has tried to avoid by becoming a problem.

I know a girl who said she'd do anything for a mink coat, and now she can't button it.

Then there's the one about the sweet young thing who bought herself a bicycle so she could peddle it out in the country.

CORONATION HIGHLIGHTS (Continued from page 1)

The presentation of trophies and certificates will take place at 11 p.m. and at midnight the dance will end, formally closing the UNB 1959 Winter Carnival.

Tickets

Tickets to carnival events will be on sale at the Bookstore during Bookstore regular hours, and at the SRC office from 12-2 p.m. each day starting today. These tickets are \$2, allowing the purchaser entrance to all events taking place during Winter Carnival. Separate admissions will be on sale at the doors and prices of these will be announced later.

KINGHORN TALKS

(Continued from page 1)
true genius of the man.

"His literary life span has largely exceeded his expectations", said Mr. Kinghorn, after mentioning that there are 352 registered Burns Clubs in the world today.

FREE EDUCATION

(Continued from page 1)
a UNB representative yet to be chosen, will meet with the CBC at a conference to be held in Toronto in early February.

They were huddled close, the lights were low. He pressed his lips into her pink little ear and whispered, "What are you thinking about, darling?"

"The same thing you are, sweetheart," she shyly answered. "Then I'll race you to the ice-box!" he shouted gaily.

A political science professor was struggling with a drowsy class on a warm spring afternoon. They were discussing the BNA Act.

Spotting a particularly sleepy fellow in the back row, the professor snapped, "Sir, if the Prime Minister of Canada died, who would get the job?"

The student puzzled a moment, then replied, "Conservative undertaker."

"Say when, darling," he said as he poured a glass of beer. "Okay," she replied, "right after the next drink."



J. Paul Sheedy's* Hair Looked Fowl Till He Pecked Up Some Wildroot Cream-Oil!

One day Sheedy's best friend decided to set him straight. "Paul", he said, "people are starting to make yokes about your sloppy appearance. There's no eggscuse for such messy hair. Here you've got a built-in comb and still your hair's a fright". "I know", clucked Sheedy, "wattle I do about it?" "Get yourself some Wildroot Cream-Oil", advised his friend. So Sheedy got some and now his hair looks eggactly right all day... neat but never greasy. Follow Sheedy's eggxample. Get a bottle or tube of Wildroot Cream-Oil. Guaranteed to make your hair look healthy and hensome!

* of 131 So. Harris Hill Rd., Williamsville, N. Y.

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