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#### THE DAILY MAIL, FREDERICTON, N. B., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1937

GLENDALOUGH

#### THE DAILY MAIL

NEW BRUNSWICK'S ONLY HOME COMMUNITY PAPER

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FREDERICTON, NEW BRUNSWICK, OCTOBER 22, 1937

## NEW BRUNSWICK BEAUTY

THE SCENERY in New Brunswick is particularly attractive at any season in fishing rises. of the year, but those who have had the opportunity to drive along the shores of the Saint John River during the last few days must have been

thrilled by the beauty there on view. The wooded hills with their beauteous colors in changing leaves, backed improbably had better ponder the with the deeper shades of the evergreens combined in forming a picture, which is a riot of color and shows Nature's work in its most artistic form.

People of New Brunswick have been told of the wonders of Switzerland, the rugged beauty of Scotland and the grandeur of the Rhine, but right here in New Brunswick will be found all those features and more. The majestic Saint John River, in its stately flow to the sea, passes through a land which applies to other subjects as of rugged hills, peacefull intervals and rolling meadows with a proper pro- well, is restraint. portion of wooded lands which are unexcelled anywhere. The rugged Miramichi River also has a beauty along its banks which rates with the best in other countries.

In all seasons the beauty and grandeur of New Brunswick will produce a thrill for all beauty lovers, but in the fall when the frost has tinged the leaves of maples and deepened the color in all vegetation, New Brunswick is at its best and those who have not travelled our highways at this season have missed something of real value.

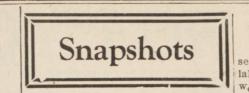
With all this color about the suggestion comes that colored pictures of some of the landscapes should be taken and distributed in the United States and in other countries to give the prospective tourist an idea of the beauties of New Brunswick. Maybe the tourist bureau at Fredericton will give this idea some attention .- Citizen.

## BRITISH MIGHT AGAIN RESPECTED

NOTHING can be gained by gloating over Italy's concessions in the Spanish controversy, but there is reason for gratification that Britain's body slid flat on the pavement for

firmness promises to bring reward. Prospects of confining the issues of the perhaps 50 feet, rolled over, jerked Spanish war to that country are brighter today than for months. It is to be and lay still. The dinner pail he had hoped Russia will not again throw a monkey wrench into the machinery at the pavement for another 20 feet, last to be true because I went and further on and the dull blue of the the last minute, and that the withdrawal of outside assistance from both then all was quiet. When we got to sat there myself! Thus does Tragsides will soon be an accomplished fact. But Premier Mussolini has to recognize the Spain is not the end of British efforts. The Italian dictator has disturbed the larger peace question depends of stability over a much greater area. ever dreams Il Duce may have to make the Mediterranean the centre of a United Kingdom, on the other hand, have not been so firmly united on forthat justice will be maintained. right. Even Mussolini must heed.

equilibrium by his manoeuvres in Northeastern Africa following the subju-ward it was established beyond all young girl making her way over the and a thermos full of tea! gation of Ethiopia, and he must realize that the United Kingdom cannot per- doubt that the accident was unavoid- hills had come to the cliff-edge in mit him to extend control to the western end of the Mediterranean. Gib- able, I am a free man. free to lie abed a fog, and gone crashing down, past raltar is fortified only to protect the straits. The inland sea and Suez Canal on Sunday mornings, stretching and St. Kevin's bed, to the cruel rocks must remain open to shipping, free from his domination. So far as British gry and drink deep when I am thirsinterests are concerned, while Spanish non-intervention will speed peace, ty; free to feel the wind and sun in cannot stop thinking how different Anthony Eden's warning at Llandudno, Wales, was well timed. What- love. new Roman Empire at the expense of other nations he may as well abandon. sparks from molten steel again or split second, my skill had been just His security at home is not too certain when it becomes necessary to im- smell the hot metal in the molds or a little greater and my brakes a little prison scores of people to break political opposition. The people of the feel the satisfying tug of his muscles better. eign policy since the Great War. This does not portend aggression, but means night or open his dinner pail with and around in my mind continually. All peace-loving people will be grateful that the United Kingdom is able Because of me a mother will never am walking this earth and that bet to speak once more with an authority that is respected by the wild men again hear a familiar footfall when cause of me another man is not. I of Europe. As Mr. Eden said: "His Majesty's Government has no desire to things to explain to her babies that -factors that could so easily have isolate any country or ring any country with a wall of enemies." There is will break her heart. no attempt at arming on the Continental scale, but what is being done, is, I know all this is not my fault-a to work out with lethal precision. sufficient to show that Britain need hesitate no longer in asserting what is court of law has told me so-but 1 And I killed a man.



The pictures shown by the member but were apparently not appreciated by all the members.

\* \* \* Courtesy to the public might be cultivated by officials in certain public and semi-public institutions. \* \* \* Can you beat this for nice October

weather?

eem like carrying things too far. \* \* \* "Women dont' go in for exploring,' seven articles in a handbag looking dull.

for a dime \* \* \* A Pennsylvania teacher says that fishing is just as important as the three Rs. Maybe, but the trouble is that a boy's use of exact arithmetic great monastery. The site of this declines in proportion as his interest was near the confluence of two riv-

. . . Oppenheim sometimes writes a little ed and his helpers trained, he again story of the disappearance of two was a cave about thirty feet up the

Russian generals in Paris. \* \* \* Albany high school girls are receiv- end tells us, was his desire to flee ing instruction in the proper fise of from Lady Caithlin, or Kathleen, who cosmetics. One fundamental rule,

\* \* \*

Moore's words:

Kevin's bed.

drowned. Everafter:

Eyes of most unholy blue.'

Whatever may be thought in a gen- The story is denied by historians ing known as St. Kevin's "Kitchen. eral way of King Boris of Bulgaria, who are jealous for the reputation of Not that this young Saint was ambihe is a handy man with a railway lo. St. Kevin, but it is nonetheless told tious in this line, but the belfrey of comotive, and on State occasions to you, ("quaintly," say the guide the building looked so much like takes the throttle. It would be inter- books, who forget to mention that chimney that the local 'wags' esting to learn how his Majesty would you are charged a shilling here and A.D.) must have a little fling. The get along at a plowing match, also a a shilling there), by the man who roof is solid stone and the workman useful pastime.

#### Death Waits Ahead

While driving home early one evening I rounded a familiar curve and faced a pair of glaring head. lights. On the might of the road a millworker was on his way to work on the night shift. He became confused and jumped the wrong way. The impact threw me a little for-

ward in my seat. The millworker's

fact that non-intervention in about taking him to the hospital. He ed by Time. was dead During the long court ordeal after- that vale. A week before our visit a ing friend guarding a picnic basket

#### beside the lake. It was a fall of several hundred feet.

We learned these things and many (Continued from Page One) search he came upon these two lovely more, from our Celtic guides as we lakes, (the sun was shining the day had our picnic afternoon tea. We had we were there) and looking upon the begun to see and learn at the famhills knew that he had found the ous entrance gate of the old town-

place. He named it, (or it was called) for remember, this community found of a local social club were interesting Glenn d'a Loch, or in English, the ed by St. Kevin grew and grew un-Glen of two lakes. He found, on the til it numbered several thousand hillside, a hollow tree and there people, and for a great many years he stayed, coming out only for the it was a centre of culture and relibare necessities of existence. He gion, not only for Ireland, but for thought he was secure, but an act of many other European countries, all kindness revealed his hiding place. through those years when the lamp There was a famine in the land. One of Civilization was burning very low. day Kevin (not yet a Saint), saw the From this old gate, with its walls gaunt body of a starving child. Leg- several feet thick, we had gone into end has it that he "wrought a mir- the old burying ground. I know acle," and caused a mysterious deer shall be able to recognize a Celtic to descend from the hills every night Cross the next time I see one

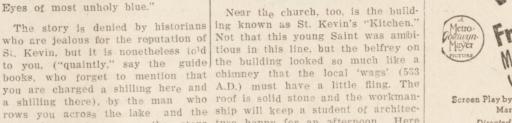
A doctor says tonsil operations are to be milked. When you go there Here is one of the seven Churches overdone. Well, after you've had them you will see the stone where the of the Community, in ruins, of out for the third or fourth time it does deer stood, another where the farm- course, and here is one of Ireland's er's wife (of course) sat to do the mysterious Round Towers. The last milking, and the hollow in the stone is in perfect condition. The use to

which was used to catch the milk. which these towers were put is not and if you do not go to this place known. They are found near churdeclares a feature writer who has expecting to see and believe, your ches or monasteries and it is thought never watched one fish through forty- eyes will be holden and your hours that they were used as watch towers. as belfrics and as places of refuge.

Kevin discovered because of his This one in Glendalough is 110 feet compassion, was brought, by his el- high and 52 feet in circumference. ders, out of hiding, and sent back to The door is ten feet from the ground. school. Several years later, the

Near the church-it used to be the spell of the place being still upon Cathedral-is the much-visited wishhim he returned, this time to found a ing Cross. If your arms will go around it you can have any wish you make. By much tugging we got the ers, a spot which has given us the larms of every member of our party ong "The Meeting of the Waters." to stretch until at last the fingers When he had the Monastery found touched. So our afternoon visit was clear gain for everybody! It might retired up the valley for solitary not have been if we had had the meditation, and his place of retreat gypsy photographer, who is always on the spot, catch us clasping the sheer face of a high cliff. One of the cold stone-piece, but he was looking reasons for this going apart, so legthe other way. He swears that the wishes made while fingertips are couching will come true. I wanted to had become enamored of him. In ry again and wish that he take my picture for nothing, but he said: "Only the first time you try!" ' 'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew,

Near the church, too, is the build-



man who boosts you up the steps ture happy for an afternoon. Here which have been cut to the cave, St. St. Kevin lived when he was moulding the young community. We went to visit other ruined The story is that Kathleen discov-, ered his hiding place and stole in Churches and stood on many fallen upon him while he was sleeping. gravestones, stones browned and eat-

Awaking, he was so angry that he en by the days and nights of fourteen pushed her out of the cave and over hundred years. But best of all I enthe cliff into the lake, where she was joyed the walk along the hillside from the lower to the upper lake. Along a little-used path, the "tourists" are taken by car, on the other side of "Her ghost was seen to glide, Smiling o'er the fatal tide."

the valley,-over fallen tree-trunks through the sweet heather, the prick night, at the hour of twelve, Kath- ly bracken and the flowering gorse Yes, flowering, even late in the sea bottomless lake, glides about as a son. The Irish have a saying: "When ghost should, and seats herself on a the gorse is out of bloom, Kissing is particular rock. And I know this out of fashion." With a tiny waterhim we saw there would be no hurry edy become Romance, metamorphos- two lakes which stretching up into nosite St Kevins Bed, a philosophiz

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the form of a pooling of bands and a reallocation of wave-lengths. It will mean certain concessions by the United States and to the same extent



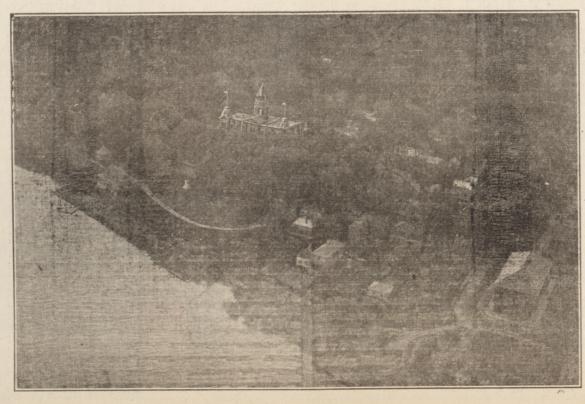
my face, to know the four seasons, to things woud have been if I had started just a half a minute sooner or

But I cannot forget that because later or if I had been going just a of me a man will never see the white little slower or faster or if, in that

against the heavy cane or peer out It has been two years since it hapof a factory window into a moonlit pened, yet these thoughts go round the keen appetite of a laboring man. Nothing can make me forget that I

been just a little different-happened

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## MANKIND, THE GULLIBLE

EVIDENTLY mankind's little superstitions are to die hard; also its reputation as an easy mark for all kinds of smart fellows with a pup to sell. The pea-and-shell game still finds its victims, and the odd gold brick is purchased amid the usual mysterious and confidential surroundings. But it was assumed that, at least in this Western world, evil spirits had lost their hold on mankind. Not altogether. Consider the case of Nicholas Vetrella. Nicholas lives right in New York, whose citizens think they are pretty astute. But he paid a gipsy woman \$8,000 in all to remove an evil spirit that was playing hob with his stomach. The sorceress not only guaranteed to free Nicholas of his tormentor, but to chase it into the "innards" of a rooster; to be specific, a white rooster. This didn't seem fair to the rooster, but Nicholas was eager; so was the gipsy woman.

Payments were in instalments, as it developed that there was a group

of evil spirits sabotaging Nicholas's digestive machinery. One at a time would be good fishing. Another spirit out, another instalment in the gipsy's pocket, and more trouble for poor chanticleer-which suddenly dropped dead, and no wonder.

However, when Nicholas had paid over \$8,000 he became suspicious. The pain still was there. Though full of spirits, he was dispirited. And so to the courts. Recapitulation: One gipsy woman in prison for a long term; one proud rooster with its feet up in the air, and Nicholas Vetrella still suffering with indigestion. The wages of gullibility, as it were.