

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 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 beautiful colors in changing leaves, backed 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 of rugged hills, peaceful intervals and rolling meadows with a proper proportion 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 firmness promises to bring reward. Prospects of confining the issues of the Spanish war to that country are brighter today than for months. It is to be hoped Russia will not again throw a monkey wrench into the machinery at the last minute, and that the withdrawal of outside assistance from both sides will soon be an accomplished fact.

But Premier Mussolini has to recognize the fact that non-intervention in Spain is not the end of British efforts. The Italian dictator has disturbed equilibrium by his manoeuvres in Northeastern Africa following the subjugation of Ethiopia, and he must realize that the United Kingdom cannot permit him to extend control to the western end of the Mediterranean. Gibraltar is fortified only to protect the straits. The inland sea and Suez Canal must remain open to shipping, free from his domination. So far as British interests are concerned, while Spanish non-intervention will speed peace, the larger peace question depends of stability over a much greater area.

Anthony Eden's warning at Llandudno, Wales, was well timed. Whatever dreams Il Duce may have to make the Mediterranean the centre of a new Roman Empire at the expense of other nations he may as well abandon. His security at home is not too certain when it becomes necessary to impose scores of people to break political opposition. The people of the United Kingdom, on the other hand, have not been so firmly united on foreign policy since the Great War. This does not portend aggression, but means that justice will be maintained.

All peace-loving people will be grateful that the United Kingdom is able to speak once more with an authority that is respected by the wild men of Europe. As Mr. Eden said: "His Majesty's Government has no desire to isolate any country or ring any country with a wall of enemies." There is no attempt at arming on the Continental scale, but what is being done, is sufficient to show that Britain need hesitate no longer in asserting what is right. Even Mussolini must heed.

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 Vetralla. 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 chancier—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 Vetralla still suffering with indigestion. The wages of gullibility, as it were.

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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 declines in proportion as his interest in fishing rises.

Those who think that E. Phillips Oppenheim sometimes writes a little improbably had better ponder the story of the disappearance of two Russian generals in Paris.

Albany high school girls are receiving instruction in the proper use of cosmetics. One fundamental rule, which applies to other subjects as well, is restraint.

Whatever may be thought in a general way of King Boris of Bulgaria, he is a handy man with a railway locomotive, and on State occasions takes the throttle. It would be interesting to learn how his Majesty would get along at a plowing match, also a useful pastime.

Death Waits Ahead

While driving home early one evening I rounded a familiar curve and faced a pair of glaring headlights. On the right 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 forward in my seat. The millworker's body slid flat on the pavement for perhaps 50 feet, rolled over, jerked and lay still. The dinner pail he had carried under his arm rattled along the pavement for another 20 feet, then all was quiet. When we got to him we saw there would be no hurry about taking him to the hospital. He was dead.

During the long court ordeal afterward it was established beyond all doubt that the accident was unavoidable. I am a free man, free to lie abed on Sunday mornings, stretching and yawning; free to eat when I am hungry and drink deep when I am thirsty; free to feel the wind and sun in my face, to know the four seasons, to love.

But I cannot forget that because of me a man will never see the white sparks from molten steel again or smell the hot metal in the molds or feel the satisfying tug of his muscles against the heavy cane or peer out of a factory window into a moonlit night or open his dinner pail with the keen appetite of a laboring man. Because of me a mother will never again hear a familiar footfall when work is done, and she will have things to explain to her babies that will break her heart.

I know all this is not my fault—a court of law has told me so—but I

AIR VIEW OF FREDERICTON

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Kevin discovered because of his compassion, was brought, by his elders, out of hiding, and sent back to school. Several years later, the spell of the place being still upon him he returned, this time to found a great monastery. The site of this was near the confluence of two rivers, a spot which has given us the song "The Meeting of the Waters."

When he had the Monastery founded and his helpers trained, he again retired up the valley for solitary meditation, and his place of retreat was a cave about thirty feet up the sheer face of a high cliff. One of the reasons for this going apart, so legend tells us, was his desire to flee from Lady Cathlin, or Kathleen, who had become enamored of him. In Moore's words:

"'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew,
Eyes of most unholy blue."

The story is denied by historians who are jealous for the reputation of St. Kevin, but it is nonetheless told to you, ("quaintly," say the guide books, who forget to mention that you are charged a shilling here and a shilling there), by the man who rows you across the lake and the man who boosts you up the steps which have been cut to the cave, St. Kevin's bed.

The story is that Kathleen discovered his hiding place and stole in upon him while he was sleeping. Awakening, he was so angry that he pushed her out of the cave and over the cliff into the lake, where she was drowned. Everafter:

"Her ghost was seen to glide,
Smiling o'er the fatal tide."

A thing which still happens. Every night, at the hour of twelve, Kathleen comes up from bottom of the bottomless lake, glides about as a ghost should, and seats herself on a particular rock. And I know this last to be true because I went and sat there myself! Thus does Tragedy become Romance, metamorphosed by Time.

But Tragedy was yet abroad in that vale. A week before our visit a young girl making her way over the hills had come to the cliff-edge in a fog, and gone crashing down, past St. Kevin's bed, to the cruel rocks

cannot stop thinking how different things would have been if I had started just a half a minute sooner or later or if I had been going just a little slower or faster or if, in that split second, my skill had been just a little greater and my brakes a little better.

It has been two years since it happened, yet these thoughts go round and around in my mind continually. Nothing can make me forget that I am walking this earth and that because of me another man is not. I forget that a combination of factors—factors that could so easily have been just a little different—happened to work out with lethal precision. And I killed a man.

GLENDALOUGH

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