

she screamed. There, side of the pelt was a t and inside were the M... the very mark stamped on each pelt men almost two years ago. There were beaver skins all a forestry crest with stamped across the centre. The little was aghast.

agates at the conven- d a lawyer by he d as a criminal invest- in two days, the furs d to be the ones sold onalds by the expert

The little Rivie's man who was thord at the thoughts of volved in a legal on-cooperated in every unteered the names out of his agents, accompanied Jim and ack home. Agatha the first to be told of s. She was overjoyed. er their return she in- and Lawyer Hutchin- er. She showed him house, where the coat d told him all she knew dies who had been at ea. She told him the servants were still

the cook," she said, "has me for twelve years. ine and Amy for near- ey're sisters and mar- ers. They're certain- me any reason to be- re dishonest."

er visited the detective Agatha had hired to at. They had an ac- of the interviews dy who had been at tea the coat was stolen. hey had concerning the inced with what told him. Each lady ected place in the com-

the police files and var- sources, he obtained a very fur coat that had ed stolen for the past a Port Christie and with- of thirty miles. Every that had been bought s had been worth at ousand dollars. There is of coats that had from the lockers of university students; a undred dollar mink had from the check room e Heron Club; a sable disappeared while the ed on Page Seven)

Writers Workshop

(Continued from Page Six)
owner attended a deb ball in hon- our of her daughter. Most of the furs, like Margaret's, were taken before the insurance companies could send their agents to collect the first premium.

It was Rev. Bill Crayton who was indirectly responsible for giving the lawyer the missing clue. He was having dinner with Lawyer Hutchinson who wished to question him about the MacDonalds. They talked of everyone who had been involved in the coat case at all and when dinner was over, a definite plan had begun to formulate in the mind of the lawyer.

One afternoon, a week later, Margaret had just returned home from a bridge party at Constance Stuart's when Jim arrived at the apartment breathless. "Get on your coat," he panted, "Hutchinson wants us to come to his hotel at once. I guess he has the coat case pretty well settled."

The lawyer looked rather strangely at Marg and Jim when they arrived. For a moment he puffed furiously on his pipe and then he said, "I really hate to be the one to do this. I still can't believe myself, Mrs. MacDonald."

Margaret was pale. "Do you know who stole the coat?" she interrupted.

"Yes and it seems it was uh, your uh friend, Mrs. Downe."

"Agatha!" Jim was incredulous.

"Dr. Crayton told me on Thurs- day that no one here in Port Christie knew anything at all about her, so I decided to find out a few things. It seems she got in league with a certain Keith Jennings, who now sells pelts to Boulter's, quite

a few years ago. She was a col- lege grad and the life her farmer husband offered her was too slow, so she left him and took their daughter with her. That was seventeen years ago. For fifteen years, she has been living here, the model church member and so- ciety lady, while she and Jennings with the help of her cook Sophie have been stealing thousands of dollars worth of furs."

"I don't see how they could do it," said Jim.

"Simple, when you know how. Jennings kept tabs on every coat sold by Boulter's and stole many of his own skins back. He sold his stolen skins in the States but a few, like yours, ended up in out of the way places with unsuspecting dealers. Sophie, the cook, was afraid Jennings would try to pin everything on her, so she told us a few of the incidental details which we were unable to find out."

There was one court session. Margaret never spoke to Agatha again. She and Jennings pleaded guilty in a very docile manner and each received a sentence of fifteen years in the penitentiary.

There was a kindly note in the judge's voice as he told Agatha's eighteen year old daughter, Betty, that she was being sent to her father of whom she had no recol- lection. He advised her to forget the horrible events of the past few days an dredouble her life with her father. "Ie concluded by saying tha the stolen coats for the most part could not be returned but the owners an dthe insurance compan- ies who had suffered from the loss would be fully reimbursed from the money obtained from the sale of Agatha Downe's estate as well as the savings Mrs. Downe and Keith Jennings had accumulated.

One Cup of Coffee

All over Canada people are send- ing and giving money to the Cana- dian March of Dimes. We hear that this money is used to fight Polio, but what does this word mean? In Fredericton there is a grey frame building set off from the road by the hospital which very few people would note unless it was pointed out. This is the polio clinic for the province and there the victims of polio are treated and helped back into a normal life again. Here patients are treated free and receive periodic check-ups so that they may recover as com- pletely as possible.

The building may be unimpre- sive, but the patients greet all callers with a friendly smile and eyes eager for fun. They may be in bed, as one girl has been for nine years, in wheel chairs, on crutches or braces or walking around with a slight limp, but they are not downcast. There is more sunshine in this one spot than anywhere else in the city. Each person appears to be well fed and well cared for. The nurses even are not of the same category as those who are to be found by the casual observer in any hospital. There is an air here that is not to be found elsewhere. EVERYONE IS HAPPY. The girl in bed re- mains smiling working crossword puzzles as through another per- son's fingers. Hers will not hold a pencil. Another girl hobbles around playing with a friend who is not so disabled, both laughing not thinking about their inabilities. A young boy with almost useless legs pushes a kiddy car with all the energy his spindly limbs can muster, his eyes shedding enough light to read by. The same can be said of all the club members, for this is not a group of people who are merely inmates in a hos- pital. The feeling of oneness is present everywhere, giving strength to those who have just recently arrived, and keeping those who have been there a while going with no thought of problems which they have come to think of as only other things to overcome.

It is quite possible that while a person is visiting, the nurses will be seen preparing to give a patient a hot-pack treatment, placing steaming cloths on the effected limbs to make them relax. An- other nurse may be giving some- one his exercises, getting him to think of a certain muscle and to try to use it. Slow work, all of it, but slowly, cheerfully the patient learns to use his weakened body, learns again to grasp things if his arms are harmed or to stand and walk if his legs are bad. Week after week they work, the patient slowly recovering his lost ability.

The patients do not have to go through their "reconditioning" alone. Various organizations keep trying to help them and make their stay in the clinic more enjoyable. Women's groups have parties for them, Y groups and men's clubs give them chairs, radios and trips out into the open air, and the Red Cross and Salvation Army keep them stocked with books and magazines. All this goes on with- out the citizens of Fredericton knowing much about it, but the pa- tients know and are thankful. And let everyone know that they are thankful. Would not every person like to have such cheerful and brave souls thanking them?

A chance has come up for every person in Canada to help the polio patients, a chance which should not be let go to waste. The March of Dimes. Every person can help his neighbour recover from a dis- ease which could strike anyone without warning and leave him crippled for life. We can be a part of a great group which wants to see the best given to these suffer- ers. We can give the money which is so badly needed in polio work.

At the university there is already something being done to help them, but it is only a start. At almost every basket-ball game one can see a small group of patients earnestly watching the game from reserved

Margaret decided not to have the beaver skins made up. Jim under- stood. Agathe Downe had given them their start in Port Christie and they still couldn't quite accept the fact that one of their best friends had been a criminal.

seats in one corner of the gym, down near the front. They will not appear to be anything out of the ordinary, but some will be seen being carried up the stairs to their seats because they cannot walk. Here is one tiny particle of work that the students are doing without even knowing it. More can be done by each student giving what the name of the campaign implies: one thin dime. Who would not for- sake one cup of coffee so that an-

Your Dollars Mean Help and Hope



GIVE TODAY to the CANADIAN MARCH OF DIMES

other may learn to walk and make his way in life?

There will be a collection made around all the buildings of the uni- versity on Wednesday. On Wed- nesday one of the patients, a typical patient, will be in the Arts building asking for the help of the student body. This boy has legs which may or may not be able to support his body so that he may work in this world of ours. He is still happy and trying to grow as well as possible. Who would not stop and give him the price of one drink of coffee or pop and the chance of walking? All day Wed- nesday students of the U-Y will be asking for money for this drive. U. N. B. has not been canvassed thoroughly before. Will the first canvass help the patients of New Brunswick or will it fail miser- ably?

One cup of coffee!

Murmurs From The Barn...

Flash!—The Barn has lost its Puddy-tat! Bubbles is deserted as Cuddles takes over. A Bell is ring- ing — (joyfully?)

Red Union Suit Fad Sweeps Campus. Most recent member to joint party headed by notorious Midge Myers is Malcolm Babin who was presented with his mem- bership card last Monday in the Canteen. (Dr. Kirconnell take note.)

After an exciting trip to New- castle with our charming red-head, Bob McGowan surprisingly announced "I'm not a bachelor."

Speaking of type casting — we have heard that Gwen Dimock is the shrew and Kay MacCallum is the lusty widow who makes pas- sionate love to Jim Horner — and all in eleven lines. Ted Cleland stars as the "Great Lover". Is that why Judy Waterson's best lines are "You fool, you."?

After coming to N. B., Ruth Nich- olson set out on a tangent first to P. E. I., then to Boston. Didn't P. E. I. satisfy her? After all, we heard that she was going back per- manently!

We have often noticed a dim light in Burt's store. It may be Nancy White helping Jerry balance the accounts — in the wee hours of the morning?

In despair a poor co-ed did moan And called up her prof on the phone.

She required inspiration For her education But was met with a heart of hard stone.

BURP BULLETIN
The Barn has discovered a new remedy for colds. Unfortunately it leaves hangovers.

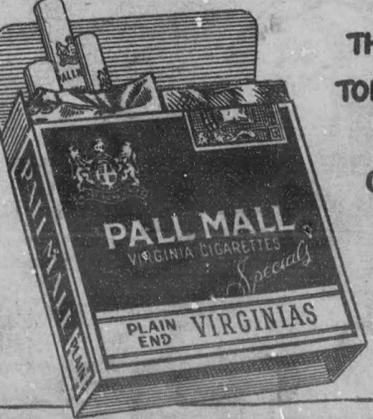
NOTE TO DAVE FAIR
A grave mistake was made — the paint was meant for another P. B. cycle. Our sincerest apolo- gies — with turpentine.

Janette—Don't you know there are germs in kissing?
Archie—Say, girly, when I kiss, I kiss hard enough to kill the germs.

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