

**FISHING FOR FUN AROUND
FREDERICTON**

(The author has no connections with the
Tourist Bureau)

Everybody in Fredericton knows that New Brunswick is the best province for fishing outside of Ontario. At the opening of the trout season, hundreds of people may be seen sitting on the banks of the myriads of streams around here. They sit with infinite patience while osmosis goes on inside them and digestive juices attack the hearty meal of fiddleheads they have just eaten. Everyone eats fiddleheads here. They dote on them. To say a word against fiddleheads in New Brunswick is sacrilege. Fiddleheads. Oh, fiddlesticks! I've lost my train of thought. It really wasn't a train; just a teeny, weeny hand-car. But, anyway, there they sit. Sometimes they go stark, raving mad and, with a wild scream, plunge themselves into the water. Others sit there until the mosquitoes leave their bones to whiten in the sun. If the victim happens to be sitting under a tree at the time, his bones are left to darken in the shade. This can be very troublesome, because, as they are dark, one is always tripping over them at night. People have been known to do stranger things at night than to prowl around trout streams. Especially lots of people.

But, to get on with the story, four poor, demented Alexanderites decided to tear themselves away from their books for a while and after twisting each other's arms for a tiny time (represented by t-OW!) they went fishing. They took a lunch with them that they got from the caterer by dazzling him with prospects of free fish for Friday. They also took some worms they found wandering apparently aimlessly around the roots of Mrs. Parr's plants. If anyone has ever seen a worm wandering around with any apparent aim would he please communicate with me and I shall give him the address of Alcoholics Anonymous. They have done wonders for me. I've stopped drinking thousands of times already; it's so easy. They took a lot of other stuff with them, too, including some bottles of cold tea or something.

Just outside town they were stopped by an American tourist who was well equipped for a summer vacation in Canada, having skis and toboggan strapped on the car. He was very peeved for he could not find the town of Saskatchewan on the road map. They told him some amazing things and left him, hot and sweating in his parka, lighting plenty of Old Golds and cursing his geography teacher. Our heroes pressed on, being assured by one of the local yokels who had come to gape at the American license that the stream was "right handy to here, 'bout three-four mile". Nine miles farther on they came to the stream. 'Nuff said about the local yokels.

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THE JOURNEY

The two were silent as they plodded along, the sick boy on the patient donkey, the old man by his side. The trail led up, rocky, twisting and turning. The heat rose off it in waves, but the two stolidly went on. The old man was silent, his thoughts on their destination and the result of their patience and faith, the boy silent lest his pain should betray him into sound unworthy of his teaching, for his leg was bad and he could not walk. His father had not told him the reason for the trip and he endured it without complaint, sure that his parent would not submit him to this without good reason, and ready, anyway, to do his commands without question.

The trail levelled out and dipped again, then rose, getting steeper, and the old man's breathing got heavy, sweat dripping from his forehead, unwiped. The donkey plodded on, placidly, ears drooping, the boy hanging on tight, lips closed, face pale. Presently the old man spoke.

"When we come down you will be walking."

The boy looked at him, round eyed, his pain momentarily forgotten, but he accepted the statement and asked no questions.

At that moment they rounded the shoulder of the hill, and the ground sloped away in an easy gradient to water, shining in the distance.

There was a great rustling and murmur of a multitude, and they saw them as ants upon the side of the mountain. The day was far advanced, and they were hungry and tired and footsore, having travelled far to hear the Speaker. A soft clear voice carried to them, at the end of the crowd, and they listened, as held by a spell.....

"Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you....."

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