



COMMUNITY CONCERT CAMPAIGN

THE WEEK OF FEB. 20th

Campaign Headquarters:

HOLMAN'S STORE

RENEW AT HEADQUARTERS OR YOUR WORKER WILL CONTACT YOU.

"O ALL YOUNG PEOPLE 18-34 The Y. M. C. A. Presents

SO-E-D

- SING-SONGS
- MUSIC
- PHOTOGRAPHY
- BRIDGE
- SQUARE DANCING
- DISCUSSIONS

DANCING AND REFRESHMENTS

A Six-Weeks Monday Night Series from February 20 to March 27.

REGISTER NOW AT THE Y. M. C. A.

CLOVER CLUB DANCE EVERY SATURDAY

Al Blanchard and the "Clover Club" Band

Admission—75c Dancing 9:30 to 12.00

For reservations Phone 1222

Between 5 p.m. and 7 p.m. Phone 478-L

Reservations held until 10:30 p.m.

SATURDAY NIGHT IS YOUR DANCE NIGHT AT THE CLOVER CLUB

MOTHERS SAVE CHILDREN

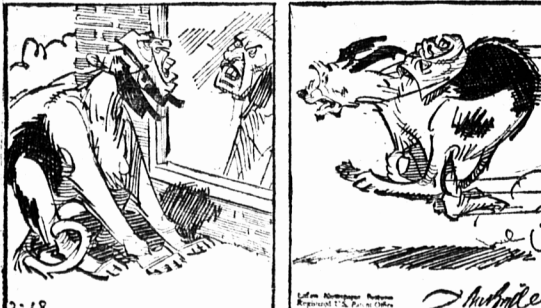
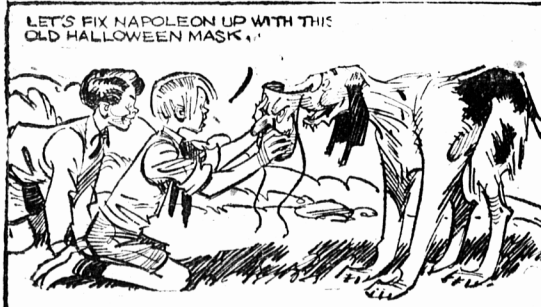
TORONTO, Feb. 15 (CP)—Two suburban Scanlon mothers of three children each were credited today with saving the lives of their children. Fire gutted one house and coal fumes filled another. When a \$7,500 fire swept through the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Weese, Mrs. Weese snatched her sleeping children from their

beds and carried them outside. Awakened by cries of her three-year-old son, Mrs. Thompson found her dwelling filled with fumes. She carried out one child and returned for two others.

OIL FOR WEAR

Tanners use cod liver oil to give added flexibility and wear-resistance to leather soles.

NAPOLEON and UNCLE ELBY by Clifford McBride



LIL ABNER



RIP KIRBY



by Alex Raymond



(By Thornton W. Burgess)

A MOUSE PARADISE

A place to you not even nice May be another's paradise. —Old Mother Nature.

That is something to remember. It is too often forgotten in forming opinions. Farmer Brown's barn is big, a fine barn in every way—for those who like to live in a barn. But you wouldn't want to make it your home, to live in it. Neither would I. But to the Mouse and Rat folk it is a paradise, which means that it is a perfect place in which to live. This is what Nibbles, the venturesome young Mouse who had come over from Farmer Brown's woodhouse, thought. He had been sure of it from the moment he met pretty Miss Mouse who had greeted him just after he had arrived and had offered to show him around. She was good-looking, plump and lively, just a little younger than himself. He had lost his heart to her right then and there and didn't need to be asked twice to follow her. In fact he wouldn't let her out of his sight if he could help it.

With her leading the way all over the big barn. She had been born there and grown-up there. She knew that barn just as he knew the woodhouse. She showed him all the



Will her leading the way they went over the big barn.

wonderful hiding places, and there were many of them. There was the hayrack filled with sweet-smelling hay. Under that a Mouse could get out of sight in a jiffy and be perfectly hidden. That hay was one great big hide-out for Mice. He hadn't dreamed that there could be any such place. Several Mice had their homes in and under the hay.

Moreover there was plenty to eat right there with hardly the trouble of hunting for it. Clover seeds, the seeds of other grasses, and some weed seeds were new to Nibbles, but he found them very good eating, very good indeed. He said so. "They are good, but I'll show you something better, some kinds of food that you never have tasted. If you don't say they are the best food you ever have eaten you'll deserve to starve," declared pretty Miss Mouse. She led him down below to the grain bins. For the first time he tasted hearts of grains of corn and found them good, so good that they ate the hearts only. He tasted oats and wheat and barley. There were scattered grains on the floor by the bins and around a couple of barrels, only a few but enough for two Mice. There was a taste of spilled cornmeal too, and that was good. Behind the bins were piled bags of grain. Of course Nibbles didn't know what was in those bags until Miss Mouse squeezed between bags on the floor and the wall and he followed her to a corner behind the bags. No one bigger than a Mouse could have gotten in there. There in a bag on the floor a hole had been gnawed and grain had spilled out. Nibbles was sure there was food enough there for all the Mice in the world.

He sighed happily. "We'll never go hungry here," said he. He was beginning to understand why pretty Miss Mouse and all the other Mice he had seen in the barn were so plump. Then she took him to see the Cows and the Horses and explained that when they were eating they spilled food. "All you have to do is be careful not to be stepped on," said she, darning in front of a Cow. "They are really quite harmless."

Just the size of these huge creatures frightened Nibbles, but of course he didn't let her know it. When a Horse stamped he jumped inside as if trying to jump out of his skin. She didn't pay any attention. She had been born in the barn and known about Horses and Cows ever since she had begun to run about. It makes all the difference in the world whether or not one is familiar with things.

There were many Mice living in the barn and a lot of visiting back and forth. Once they saw Black Pussy crouched near the grain bins. "That Cat and Robber the Rat, and his gang are the only enemies we have to watch for. There is so much food here easy to get that those Rats don't bother us as long as we keep out of their way, and it is a stupid Mouse who can't see that Cat and keep away from him. This is the best place in all the Great World," declared Nibbles's lively guide.

So it was—for Mice. It was a Mouse paradise.

INDUSTRIAL HUB

Toronto has more than 3,500 industries.

by Al Capp

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

by Zaue Gony



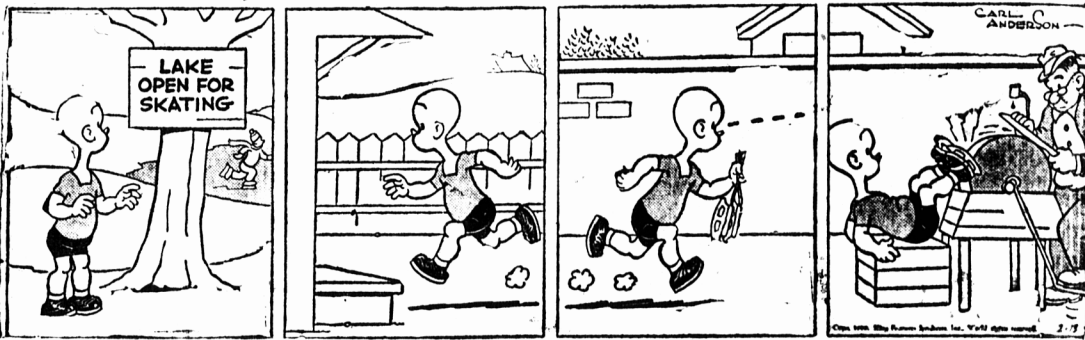
JOE PALOOKA

by Ham Fisher



HENRY

by Carl Anderson



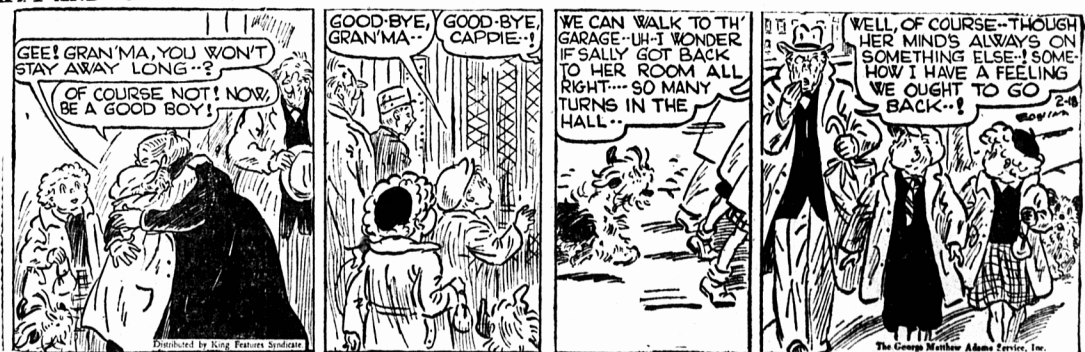
DOTTY DIPPLE

by Buford



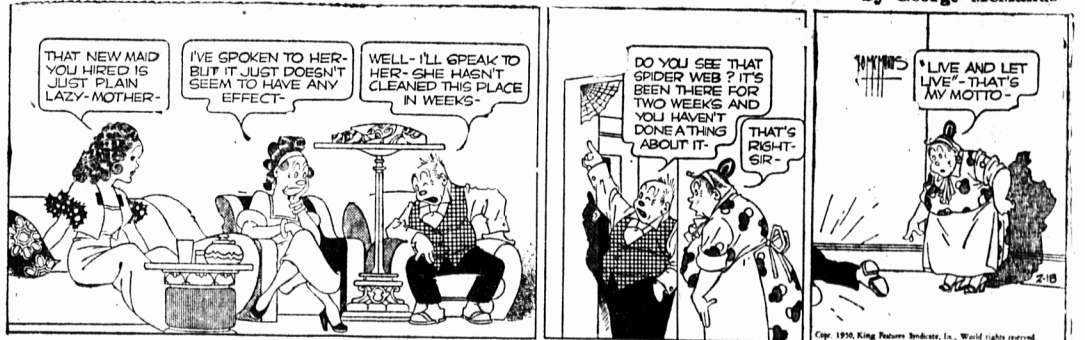
TIPPY AND 'CAP' STUBS

by Edwina



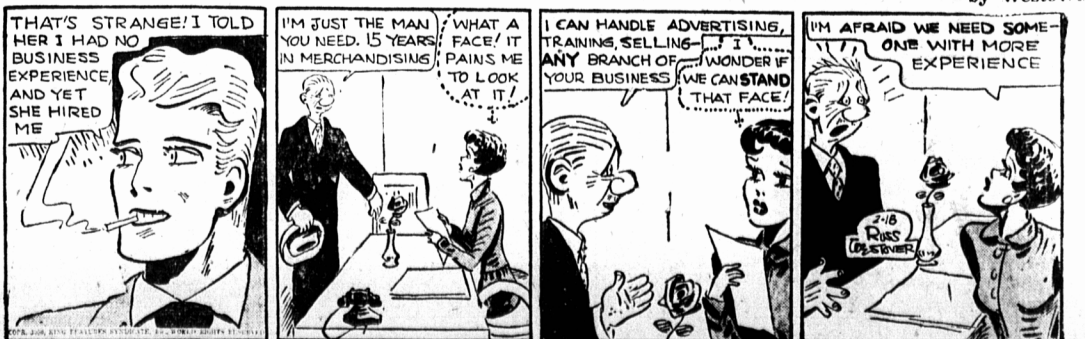
BRINGING UP FATHER

by George McManus



TILLIE THE TOILER

by Westcott



PENNY

by Harry Hoehnigen

