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COMING
 The Wackiest Hit of the Year
 "IT'S A HOWL"
 "Coleen's Step-Husband"
 PRINCE EDWARD THEATRE
 MARCH 17-18

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

Fortunate is he whose ears can sift the truth from what he hears.
 —Reddy Fox.

The black ears of Reddy Fox can do just that. No one knows better than does he that only the foolish and stupid believe all they hear. He knows, too, that it is equally foolish not to listen carefully at all times, for important truths may be hidden in seemingly foolish noises. So those pointed black ears of Reddy's always listen carefully to every sound that may reach them.

This morning Reddy was on his way home from an all-night hunt. These were hard times, for in winter he must depend largely on mice for his food, and snow gives mice protection while often making traveling difficult for four-footed hunters like Reddy. He was still far from the Old Pasture when he heard in the distance the harsh caw of a Crow. It was a familiar sound. There were few mornings that he didn't hear a Crow somewhere. He stopped to listen. He always does. He has learned many things, often things to his advantage, by listening to the cawing of the Crow folk. Usually it is a lot of noise in which is nothing of interest to him and he goes on about his business.

This time there was a note in that harsh voice that caused him to listen closely. It was a note of excitement.

"That fellow has found something and is calling his friends to join him," thought Reddy, an expectant look on his sharp face. "When they get together I'll soon know whether or not there is something worth going over to look into," thought he. "I am too tired to go over there for nothing. But if those fellows have something to eat over there, I want to know it. It probably is as good for me as for them. These days I can't afford to pass up a chance for a meal. I hope that is what it is."

So he stood listening until by the distant sounds he knew that the other Crows had joined the one who had called them. He cocked his head to one side. He grinned as he listened. There was a shrewd look in his eyes. All those Crows were talking at once, and there was excitement in every one of those harsh voices. There was something more than excitement

—an anxious note. Reddy detected it at once.

"Something has happened over there, something that worries them as much as it excites them. They sound the way I have heard them when one of them was in trouble. That is one thing I like about Blacky and his friends. Let one of them get in real trouble all his friends go to try to help him. I don't know what trouble a Crow could get into these days unless he should be caught by some one. It isn't that this time for there is no anger in that cawing as there would be if there was an enemy there. So it isn't that they are over on the edge of the Old Pasture and the Green Meadows. I'm tired, but it won't be much out of my way to have a look and see what is going on," thought he.



Some Crows were on the rail fence, near a post.

For a couple of minutes more he listened, then trotted on. Every few steps he paused for an instant to listen. The cawing would stop and there would be silence for a moment. One Crow would begin to talk, then all would talk at once. The faster they talked, each seeming to try to make himself heard above the others.

"They certainly do love the sound of their own voices," thought Reddy and grinned as he hurried on.

At length he reached a place from which he could see without being seen. Some crows were on the rail fence near a post. A couple were walking about on the ground and one was flying overhead. At the foot of the post one seemed to be struggling in the bushes. It was clear that that one was in trouble, but just what the trouble was Reddy couldn't see.

The next story: "Blacky's Despair."

Contract Bridge
 By Josephine Culbertson

Brilliant Deception

A brilliant bit of deception, based on what was practically a "mind reading" act, was perpetrated by the West player in today's deal.

South, dealer.
 North-South vulnerable.

♠	KJ	♠	62
♥	Q86	♥	9743
♦	52	♦	3975
♣	Q108	♣	842
♠	K92	♠	AK
		♥	AK8
		♦	5

The bidding:

South	West	North	East
2♠	Pass	3♠	Pass
3♠	Pass	4♠	Pass
5♠	Pass	6♠	Pass

West opened his fourth-highest heart, and when declarer had to overtake dummy's ten with the ace, West knew that no heart tricks would be coming to his side of the table.

After winning the first trick, South went into a very long "huddle." Obviously, he had a problem! Assuming that he had to lose at least one spade trick, his only chance for the contract would be to finesse clubs successfully in order to discard a diamond. After intensive analysis, however, South came to the conclusion that it might not be necessary to risk the club finesse—the spade king might drop if he laid down the ace. If it dropped from West's hand, a finesse would be established against the still-guarded jack, and South could well afford to give up a diamond trick.

South finally decided to test out the spade situation by laying down the ace—and to his great satisfaction West played the spade king! After that, it looked easy. South crossed to the club ace and finessed for the spade jack. His consternation, when East produced the spade jack and laid down the club king, can easily be imagined! Perhaps it is unnecessary to say that while South was in his "huddle" West had been doing some furious thinking on his own behalf, and when the spade ace was finally laid down, he had seen South's problem in a flash. He felt morally sure that if he played the spade jack on the ace, South, who would then know he had to lose a spade trick, would take the club finesse and that was one thing that most assuredly would not get West's approval.

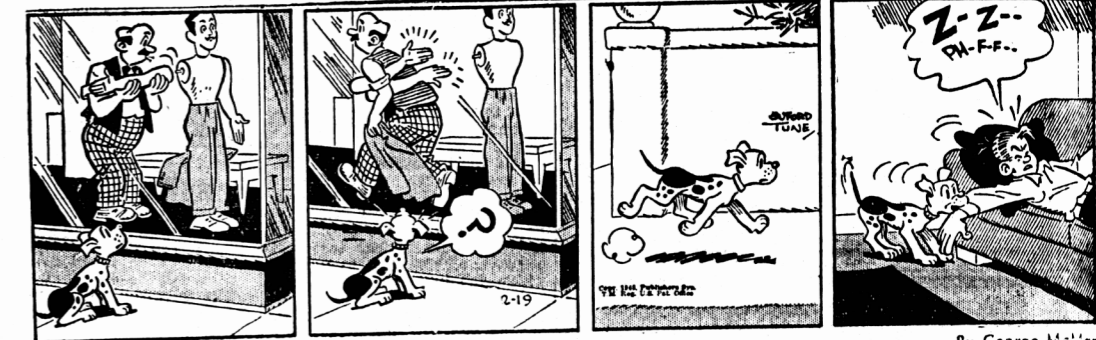
KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTS



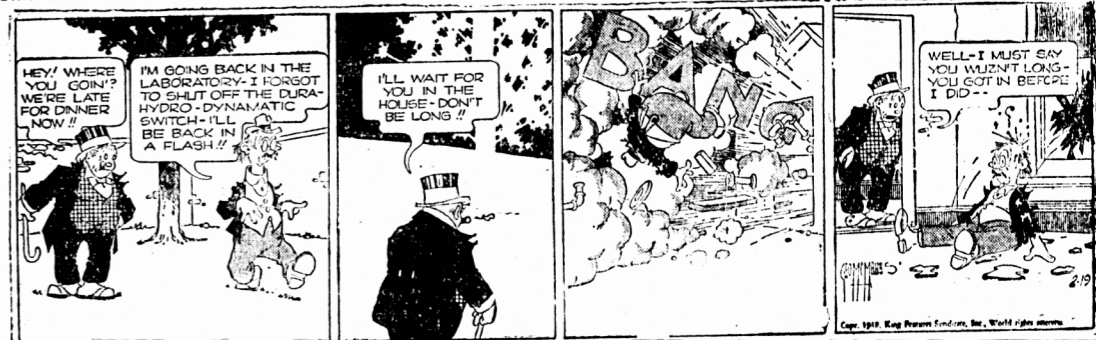
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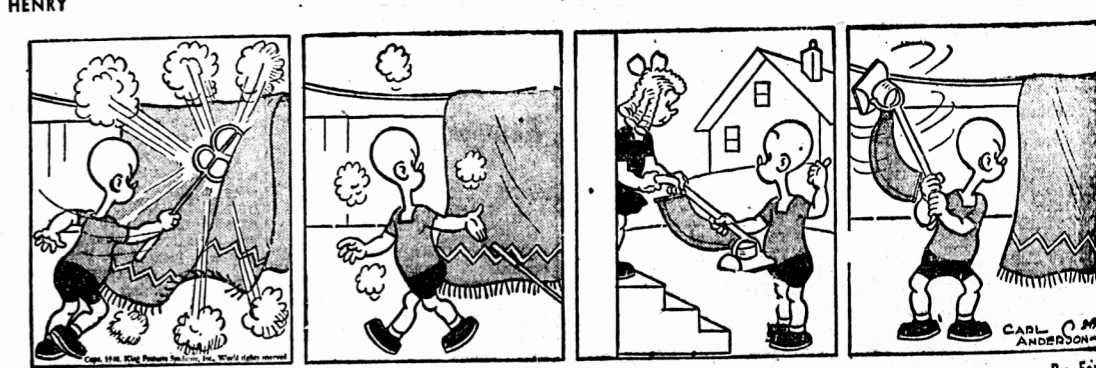
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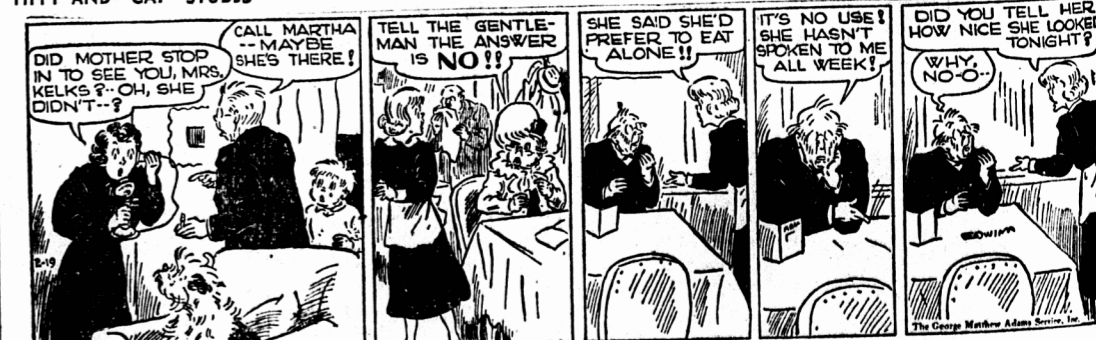
BRINGING UP FATHER



HENRY



TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS



TILLIE THE TOILER



PENNY



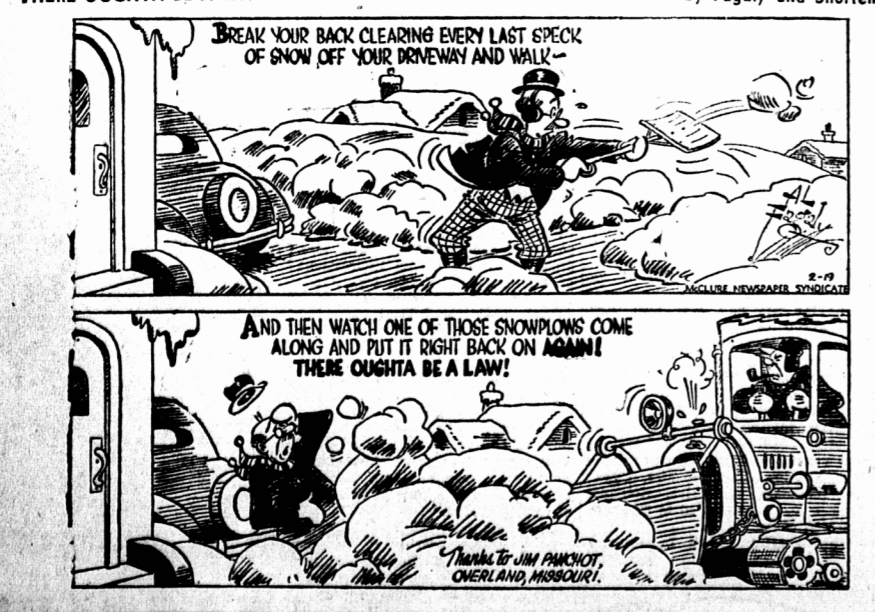
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QUICKIES By Ken Reynolds



"Eighty dollars?—but an appliance dealer in the Guardian Want Ads says his will pay for themselves!"

THERE OUGHTA BE A LAW!



RIP KIRBY



By Alex Raymond



By Henry Woodgate

