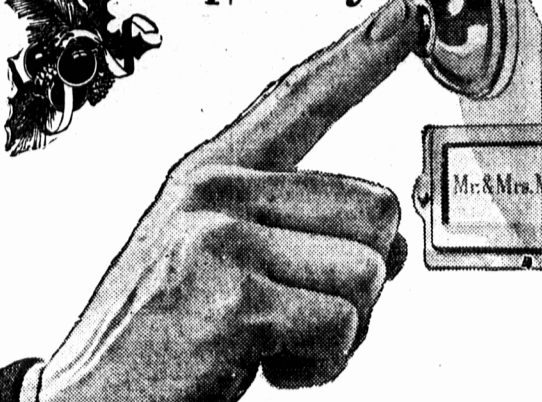


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CLINIC SCHEDULE

During the month of December (weather permitting), Chest Clinics will be held throughout the Province as follows:

VUMMERSIDE—
TUESDAY, December 6 and 20 9:30-12:30 p.m.

MONTAGUE—
MONDAY, December 19 1:30-4:30 p.m.

PROVINCIAL SANATORIUM—
Every Thursday 10:00-12:00 a.m.
1:30-4:00 p.m.
Every Friday 1:30-4:00 p.m.

E. M. FOUND, M.D., C.M.,
Medical Director of Clinics,
Dept. of Health and Welfare,
Tuberculosis Division.

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NOTE: Don't forget to ask about our special saving offer, ending December 17th.

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BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



(By Thornton W. Burgess)

A MEETING IN THE MOONLIGHT

Respect commands respect, and so keep this in mind where'er you go.—Old Mother Nature.

"Look!" whispered Mrs. Whitefoot the Wood Mouse. "There is some one behind that thing over there. Who do you suppose it is?"

She was looking at another shock of corn just a little way from the one in which Whitefoot had made their new home. Moonlight was making the cornfield almost as light as by day. Some one was standing in the shadow cast by that shock of corn.

"It is one of those folks we saw over here in the daylight," said Whitefoot. He meant a Dog. They had seen Bowser the Hound and Flip the Terrier there one morning.

"He looks like it but I don't think it is," replied Mrs. Whitefoot.

Just then the one in the shadow moved out into the moonlight. "Reddy Fox! That is who it is!" exclaimed Whitefoot. "I saw him once over in the Green Forest. So you know what I have heard."

"What?" squeaked Mrs. Whitefoot.

Perhaps Reddy had that squeak for he suddenly looked their way. He took a few steps, then changed his mind and sat down in the moonlight. To those Mice he looked like a giant. Compared with them he was a giant.

"I have heard," whispered Whitefoot, "that he is very fond of Mice. I have heard that our cousins who live on the Green Meadows are more afraid of him than of any one else, even Hooty the Owl. That is because he doesn't have to see them to catch them as Hooty does. He hunts with his nose as well as his eyes and ears. He can dig them out of many hiding places. He finds them with his nose and digs them out with his paws. They say he is the greatest of Mouse hunters, even digging down through snow and catching them. They say that he and Mrs. Reddy like a dinner of Mice better than any other dinner and seldom bother other folks when they can catch plenty of Mice. All I know is what I've heard."

"I hope he won't come over here and find us," whispered Mrs. Whitefoot.

"How can he find us if we keep out of sight? I'm not afraid," whispered Whitefoot.

"Of course not," agreed Mrs. Whitefoot.

Just then Reddy got to his feet and walked straight toward them. There was no cause for fear. Just the same they shivered a little. How handsome he was! But what big sharp teeth he had! He came straight to the shock of corn. He sniffed around the foot of it. They could hear those sniffs and they shook with each one. They couldn't help it. It was a dreadful sound. Then Reddy stood up on his hind feet, put his black front feet on the shock, poked his black nose between the stalks and sniffed. This was worst of all. He did it on three sides of the shock.

Then Reddy sat down in the moonlight. He grinned and they could see his long white teeth. "I thought as much," said he, talking to no one in particular unless it was himself. "I thought that where there is so much corn there surely must be some Mice. There are two in there. Probably they are living there. I can't get them now but they won't stay in there all the time. I'll just drop around often on other nights and sooner or later I'll surprise them outside where I can catch them. There must be more Mice in the field. I'll look around." He walked over to another shock and began to sniff around that.

"How big he is. And what dreadful teeth! I guess there isn't any one who isn't afraid of him," whispered Mrs. Whitefoot.

"I don't know who is coming!" squeaked Whitefoot excitedly.

From back of another shock of corn came one dressed in black and white. He was smaller than Reddy Fox but not as much smaller as he looked to be. That was because his legs were much shorter. Still he was enough smaller to look as if he should be afraid of Reddy. But he wasn't. Anyway he didn't appear to be. He walked straight toward Reddy. Perhaps he didn't see him, although Reddy was standing right out in the bright moonlight.

"It is Jimmy Skunk! What do you suppose is going to happen?" whispered Whitefoot.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

SACRIFICES

"Sacrifice bidding" is even more important at match-point duplicate than at rubber bridge. Consider this deal:

North dealer.
Neither side vulnerable.
Match-point duplicate.

♠ A J 6 5	♥ 6	♦ K Q 7 5 4	♣ 10 8
♠ 9 2	♥ N	♦ Q 7 4	♣ Q 2
♠ 8 7 5 3	♥ W E	♦ 10 8 6 3	♣ K 5 4 2
♠ J	♥ S	♦	♣
♠ A 6	♥	♦ K 10 8 5	♣ 9 4
	♥ A 9 2	♦ J 9 7 3	♣

At several tables the bidding went:

North	East	South	West
1♠	Pass	1♥	Double
2♠	Pass	Pass	Double
Pass	Pass	Pass	Double

All of these Wests made four hearts, scoring 420 points, and the North-South pairs soon learned that they had very bad match-point scores, because several other North-Souths had persisted to four spades. They had not made that contract, because West, after opening the heart king had shifted to the ace and six of clubs, getting a third-round ruff, but the declarers had then guessed the position of the spade queen (because of the great heart length in West's hand) and therefore had gone down only one trick.

Those Souths who passed to four hearts cannot be said to have committed serious errors, since the pattern of their hand did not strongly indicate that a sacrifice would pay. Nevertheless, a shrewd reading of the previous bids should have persuaded South to bid four spades. North's immediate spade raise over West's take-out double, virtually guaranteed at least four-card support and when North did not double four hearts, South had just enough, not to double, but to sacrifice at four spades.

It is true that South's ace and king gave him reason to think that the four-heart contract might go down, but in a case of this sort, some credence must be placed in an opponent's bidding, especially when it is as impressive as West's! Having doubled one spade, then leaped all the way to game without any encouragement from his partner, and therefore presumably had at least nine sure tricks in his own hand. From South's point of view there was too much chance that East would supply his partner with one trick!

DANCE

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Every Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday
Eastern Rhythm Boys
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By AL CAPP

King of The Royal Mounted

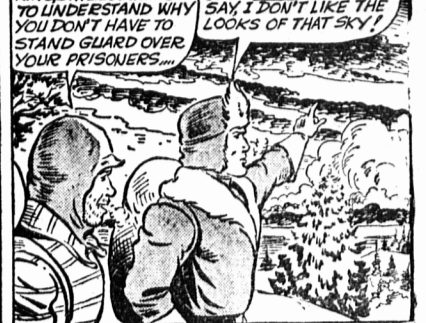


JOE PALOOKA

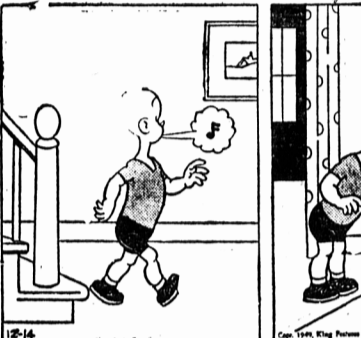
Joe Palooka



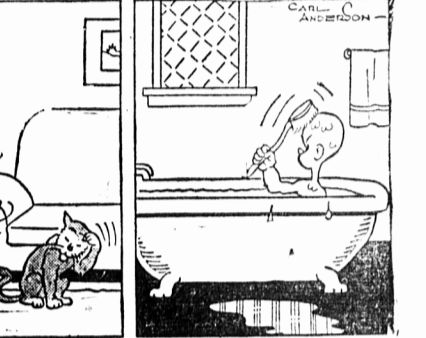
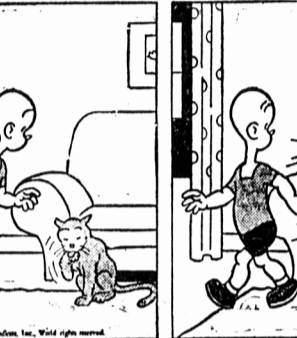
Ham Fish



HENRY



DOTTY DRIPPLE



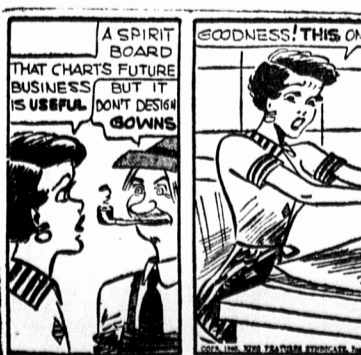
TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBB



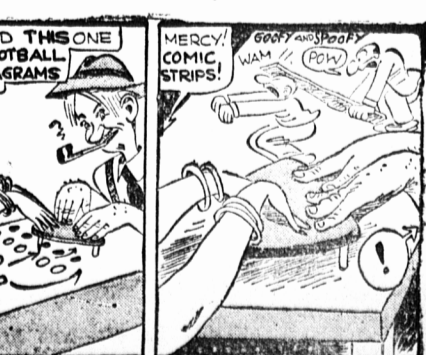
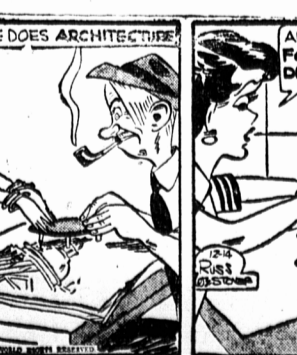
BRINGING UP FAHER



TILLIE THE TOILER



PENNY



LIL' ABNER



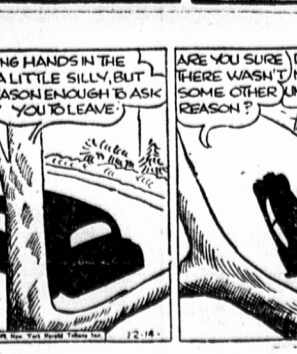
By Alex Raymond



TRIP KIRBY



By Ham Fish



By Carl Anderson

By Buford

By George McManus

By Westover

By Ham Fish

By Ham Fish