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\$4,000,000 FOR KIDDIES

More than \$4,000,000 was raised by the Lord Mayor of London's United Nations Aid to Children Fund in its first month.

FOR FOOT COMFORT

Health authorities advise frequent bathing and the use of a foot powder to eliminate excessive perspiration of the feet.

NOW IN STOCK

Canadian Cement, Asphalt Shingles; heavy 18-inch roofing, colors green and red; barbed wire; mixed clover seed; all kinds garden seeds, packages and bulk; carload barley meal and feed wheat.

Our Pioneer Feed is giving good satisfaction. We have a complete stock on hand.

R. L. DICKIESON
New Glasgow.

Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford MacBride



BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

HAPPY DAYS

Homemaking days are happy days in many and in diverse ways.

—Old Mother Nature.

It has sometimes seemed to Peter Rabbit that May is the month of greatest happiness. "It is the happiest time in the whole year," he has more than once declared to Mrs. Peter.

"It is a happy time," agreed Mrs. Peter, then added, "But there are other happy times."

"True," admitted Peter. "Quite true, my dear. But there is no other time when you hear so many people singing, or trying to sing, and only the truly happy truly sing. You know that. Listen to Blacky the Crow this very minute. You have only to hear him to know that he is happy."

"Do you call that singing?" demanded Mrs. Peter, turning up her wobbly little nose.

Peter grinned. "It all depends on who is listening and what they think. If it tells some one that he loves the song, it is happy then. I guess it is a song no matter how it sounds to other ears. I guess it is a good thing, that we haven't all ears alike." He twitched his own long ears.

Mrs. Peter said nothing and Peter continued. "Listen to that concert from the Smiling Pool! If that isn't happiness what is it? It is happiness and nothing else but. Over in the Old Orchard all the feathered folk are singing or if they can't really sing they are twittering, and that amounts to the same thing. It is the same way along Laughing Brook, on the Green Meadows, in and around the Smiling Pool, over by the Big River, up in the Old Pasture, even at that marshy place where Sora Rail, Sully Coot and some others are living. You really should go over there some evening and listen to the clacking and clucking going on there. It may not be exactly sing-



Over in the Old Orchard all the feathered folk are singing.

ing, but it is a happy sound. It really is, my dear. I really do think that this is the happiest time of all. This is the do."

"Why should it be? Tell me that," said Mrs. Peter.

Peter scratched a long ear with a long hind foot. He shifted and scratched the other long ear with the other long hind foot. He seems to think that it helps in his thinking. Perhaps it does. I've never tried it myself. But I have seen thinking folks scratch their heads, so perhaps there is something to it.

"For one thing," said Peter thoughtfully, "the grass is green, and the clover is tender and sweet."

"It might have known that you would be thinking of your stomach," said Mrs. Peter.

Peter took no notice of this and continued. "Every day, everywhere, flowers are popping open, so that's another thing. They will be doing that later, but just now when there has been none for so long, every one is happier for just seeing them. Then, too, all the feathered folks who were away all winter are back. Just being back makes them happy and just having them back makes the rest of us happy. All but a few who nest early and now have eggs or babies, are extra happy because they are in love and are planning new homes, or have already begun building. Homemaking days are always happy days, you know."

"Much you know about it!" sniffed Mrs. Peter. "Don't you think those who already have homes and babies are just as happy as those who are just planning?"

"No," replied Peter quite as if he knew all about it. "Of course they are happy, but it is a different kind of happiness. It is a worried happiness. You don't hear them singing. They are too busy and too worried for that. But those who have neither eggs nor babies have no worries, and just have to share their happiness with others. That is what makes this the happiest time of all. My dear, listen to Bubbling Bob the Bobolink! He is up there in the air singing as he flies. If that isn't happiness bubbling over I don't know happiness when I hear it. He doesn't do that at other times."

"It is sort of catching, isn't it?" said Mrs. Peter. Then she kicked up her heels in the funniest way. Peter did the same thing. May days are happy days. May it always be so.

The next story: "The Black Schemers."

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Zane Grey



JOE PALOOKA

By Ham Fisher



DOTTY DRIPPLE

By Buford



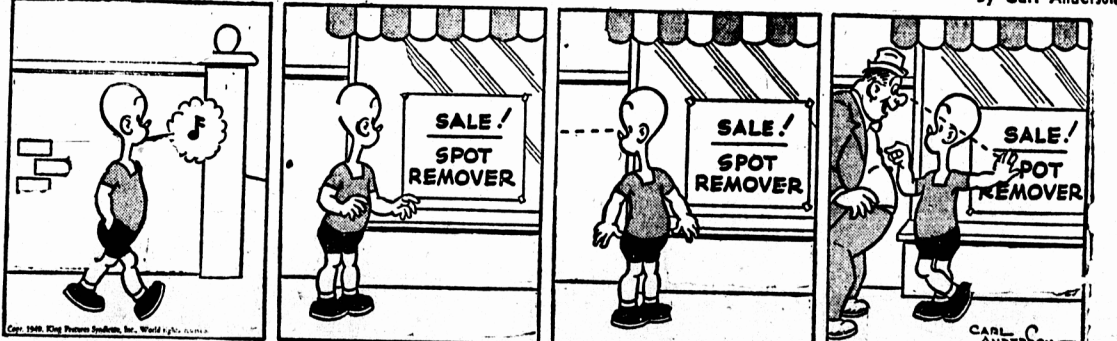
BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManis



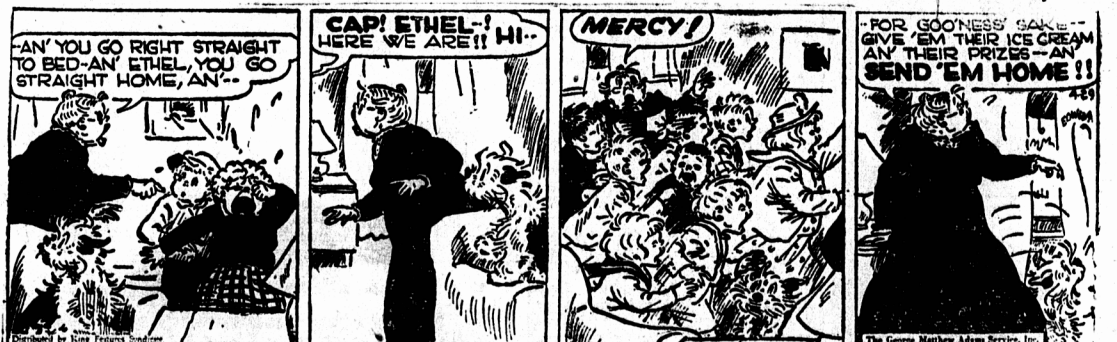
HENRY

By Carl Anderson



TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS

By Edwin



TILLIE THE TOLLER

By Webster



PENNY

By Harry Hotelgson



THERE OUGHTA BE A LAW!

By Fagaly and Shorten



WON'T DEMOLISH QUAY

GREAT YARMOUTH, Suffolk, Eng. — (CP) — Town council has withdrawn a decision to demolish No. 4 South Quay, the house where Cromwell's parliamentary army leaders met more than 300 years ago to plan the death of King Charles I.

Is Your Chest Weak, Sore?

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