

A. Y. P. A. DRAMA FESTIVAL

Semi-Finals
ST. PETER'S HALL
 Rochford Square
THURSDAY, MAY 20
 Starting at 8 o'clock.
 Two Plays and Specialties

LEAGUE OF MERCY

TEA AND DISPLAY
 At The
CUNDALL HOME
TUESDAY, MAY 18
 3:30 to 5:30 P.M.

SOUTH WINSLOE Y.P.U.

Present their Three-Act Play
"LOOKIN' LOVELY"
 with Specialties
 IN WINSLOE HALL
 On
WEDNESDAY, MAY 26th
 CURTAIN 8:30 P.M.

GET NEW SWITCHBOARD

REGINA — (O.P.) — City council has approved the spending of \$12,300 for vitally needed equipment for Regina's power house. The equipment will be used to assemble a new switchboard. Existing panels were installed in 1914 the city engineer said.

BED TIME story

Sheets washed here are smoother, whiter, longer-lasting. Let us launder linens—takes strain off your back, at no strain to your budget. Flatwork or rough dry. Clothes, too. Pick-up; delivery.



STERNS LIMITED

PHONE 2200 234 KENT STREET

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

FLOWERS AND SUNLIGHT

Where sunlight falls and flowers bloom
 There is no place at all for gloom.
 —Old Mother Nature

It was lovely in the Green Forest early this morning late in May. But of course, it could not have been otherwise, for it was lovely everywhere—on the Green Meadows, in the Old Orchard, along Laughing Brook, around the Smiling pool, even in the dear Old Briar-Patch with all its brambles. May is a month of loveliness. The air is sweet with the fragrance of flowers bursting from the brown earth, vibrant with joyous melodies, and for a little time all the Great World is in love.

Peter Rabbit should have been at home, but he wasn't. He was over in the Green Forest with his big cousin, Jumper the Hare. Like most folks who have nothing in particular to do they were trying to find out something that was none of their business. Curiosity was leading them by their wobbly little noses. They suspected that Mrs. Lightfoot the Deer had a very precious secret. They wanted to find out if it was true, and if so all about it. They had agreed that the first thing to do was to find Mrs. Lightfoot. She hadn't been around lately. Anyway Jumper hadn't seen her.

Jumper led the way, partly because he was the biggest and partly because he lives in the Green Forest while Peter was just a visitor there. Presently they met Thunderer the Grouse.

"Where are you fellows going?" asked Thunderer.
 "We don't know," replied Jumper quite truthfully.
 "We are just looking around," said Peter.

"Have you seen Mrs. Lightfoot lately?" asked Jumper.
 Just then Mrs. Grouse joined them. "What is this about Mrs. Lightfoot?" she asked.
 "Nothing. I haven't seen her lately and asked Thunderer if he has. I've been wondering if anything has happened to her," replied Jumper.

"If so we would have heard of it. Such news travels fast through the Green Forest," said Thunderer.
 "There are times when we mothers like to keep out of sight," said Mrs. Grouse.
 "So Mrs. Lightfoot has babies just as we thought!" cried Peter.
 "I didn't say so," declared Mrs. Grouse sharply.
 "But you said 'we mothers,'" retorted Peter.
 "I don't know anything about Mrs. Lightfoot. Where she is is none of my business and none of yours," declared Mrs. Grouse. Then she and Thunderer took wing and disappeared among the trees.

Peter and Jumper went on. By and by they heard a fretful voice off at one side. "That is Frisky Porky talking to himself. Let's ask him if he has seen Mrs. Lightfoot," said Jumper, and led the way toward that fretful voice.

Sure enough, it was Frisky Porky the Porcupine talking to himself. He was at the foot of a tree trying to make up his mind whether to climb it or to look for one that might suit him better.

"Do you know where Mrs. Lightfoot is keeping herself?" asked Jumper. He and Peter were careful not to get to near their prickly acquaintance.



"Do you know where Mrs. Lightfoot is keeping herself?" asked Jumper.

"No, I don't know, and I don't want to know. Wherever she is it is her own business, not mine nor yours," grunted Frisky Porky and started to climb the tree.

So Peter and Jumper went on, just wandering about and getting farther and farther into the Green Forest. They had started off in a hurry, lipperty, lipperty, lip but they soon got over this. There was no sense in hurrying when they didn't know where they were going. So very few hops they would stop, sit up look all around, and listen. But they saw and heard nothing of Mrs. Lightfoot.

There were openings among the trees where the sunshine lay bright and warm on the ground. There were other places where the sunbeams were splintered in getting through the tree tops of light on the ground, so bright that at a little distance they seemed white. Among them white flowers bloomed. Sometimes it was hard to tell the flowers from the tiny bright spots made by the splintered sunbeams.

It was all very lovely and after a while the wanderers forgot what had brought them there. It was enough just to be alive among the flowers and the sun spots there in the Green Forest.

The next story: "The Frightful Monster."

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

FREAK HANDS

As a rule, in expert circles, the bidding in any given deal is highly competitive only when one or more of the players has freakish distribution. The mere twelve cards higher than a jack cannot often, of themselves, lead to a bidding duel.

The members of a prominent bridge club are still discussing weeks after the event, the following sensational deal.

South dealer.
 East-West vulnerable.

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

South, an expert, felt as many other experts would feel about this outstanding freak—that no perfectly satisfactory opening bid was available. Hence, in the virtual certainty that the bidding would be opened by someone else, South unhesitatingly passed, and this was the auction:

South	West	North	East
Pass	3 ♠	Pass	6 ♠
Pass	7 ♠	Pass	Pass
Pass	Pass	Pass	Pass

It is obvious enough that if West had led a spade, a diamond or a club, South's desperate "save" would have succeeded amazingly, but, hoping for a ruff, West opened his singleton heart. To his utter astonishment—and to South's disgust!—the ruff came much more quickly than West had hoped! It was East who ruffed in with his singleton queen of clubs, destroying what would have been a notable bidding coup on the part of the enemy.

There was a great deal of discussion over whether or not North should have taken the seven-club contract to seven hearts, which would have been an absolute lay-

(Continued on Page 16)

By Alex Raymond

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Zane Grey



JOE PALOOKA

By Mem Fisher



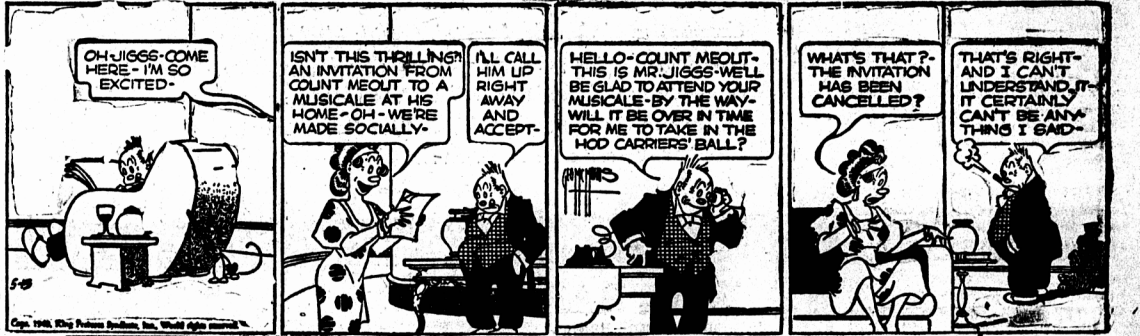
DOTTY DRIPPLE

By Buford



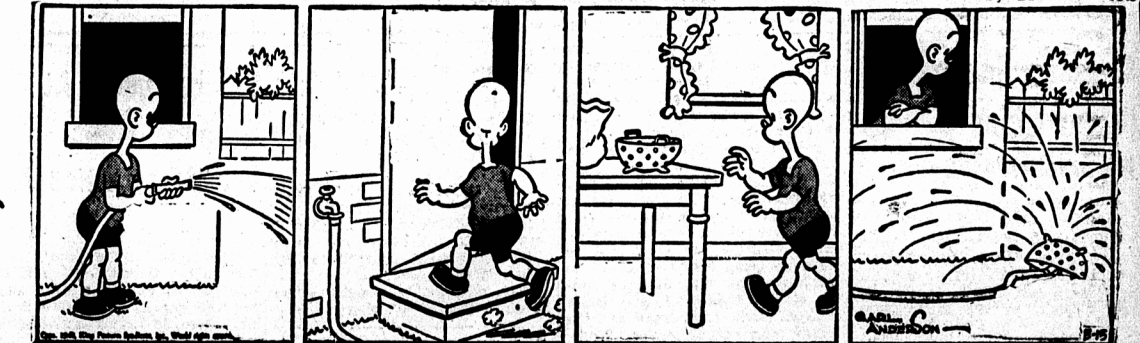
BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



HENRY

By Carl Anderson



TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS

By Edwin



TILLIE THE TOLER

By W. H. Wood



PENNY

By Harry Messinger



Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford MacBride



THERE OUGHTA BE A LAW!

By Fogaly and Shorten



RIP KIRBY

