

Patrick's DAY TICKETS

Seat Sale For St. Patrick's Play
"Colleen's Step-Husband"
 PRINCE EDWARD, MARCH 17 & 18
 2 Matinees and 2 Evenings
 Opens Friday, March 12, 9.30 A.M.

WHELAN MEMORIAL HALL

Reserved Seats (Evening) 75 cents
 Balcony (Evening) 60 cents
 Matinee Prices:
 Adults 50 cents
 Children 20 cents

Hours of Sale—
 Friday and Saturday 9.30 a.m.—9 p.m.
 Monday and Tuesday 9.30 a.m.—5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY — AT PRINCE EDWARD

P. E. I. T. B. LEAGUE CHEST X-RAY CENTRE

Now Open At

THE WHELAN MEMORIAL HALL

HOURS:—Mon., Wed., Fri., 10-12 A.M.; 2-5 P.M.
 Tues., Fri., 2-5 P.M.; 7-9 P.M.

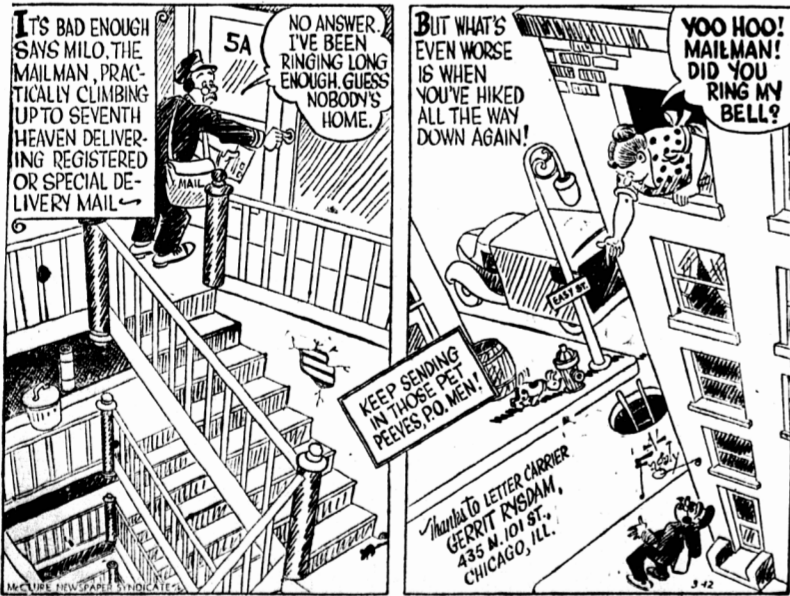
NO NEED TO DISROBE—X-RAYS TAKEN FULLY CLOTHED

For Appointments, Phone 2791



Handcuffed to another prisoner, Harold Christoffel, Milwaukee labor leader, is led from Federal Court to the District Jail in Washington. He was sentenced to two to six years in Federal Prison for living in the House Labor Committee about his Communist affiliations. Motion for a new trial and request for bail pending an appeal were denied.

THESE OUGHTA BE A LAW!



RIP KIRBY



By Alex Raymond

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

THE STORY IN THE SNOW

Would your movements keep unread,
 Be careful how and where you tread.

—Old Mother Nature.

There was mystery in the Green Forest. Farmer Brown's boy on his way to collect the sap from the great sugar-maple that stood apart from the other maple trees had found one of his sap pails on the snow-covered ground. It was dented and battered out of shape. There were no footprints save his own near it, nothing to show what had happened to it or how it came to be there upside down on the snow. Standing there looking at it he had something like the funny feeling he had when it had seemed to him that he was being watched yet had failed to discover anybody in the neighborhood.

As he drew near the great maple he saw that the snow around the foot of it seemed to be trampled even more than it had been by his own feet on previous visits. He glanced up at the trunk and abruptly stopped to stare. There was only one pail hanging on that tree, and there should have been three! One of the missing pails was the battered one he had found. He had a hasty glance around showed him the other on its side not far away. With no pails to catch it the dripping sap had made little holes in the snow beneath the two spouts still in the tree.

The funny feeling of being watched that he had had was nothing to the queer feeling. Farmer Brown's boy had not. Who had taken those pails from that tree and what for? Who was big enough to do that? And where was that big enough person now? Was he hanging around watching from a hiding place?

Farmer Brown's boy went over to pick up the other pail. As he did so there was a sudden crash in the brush off at one side. It startled him so that he jumped inside. Perhaps you know what those inside jumps are like. He turned just in time to catch a glimpse of something white as it disappeared behind a young spruce tree. He knew it instantly for what it was, the "flag" of a Deer, as the tail is called.

That must have been old Lightfoot to judge by the sound," thought Farmer Brown's boy. "He must have been watching me. I wonder if he knocked those pails off, and if he did what he did it for."

He began looking in the snow at the foot of the tree for the prints of Lightfoot's hoofs and almost at once he saw another footprint that put all thought of Lightfoot out of his head. It was a footprint bigger than his own and much like that of a bare-footed Man with claws for toenails.

Once more he had one of those funny inside jumps. "Buster Bear!" he exclaimed aloud, and was startled by the sound of his own voice. Hastily he looked all around. He wasn't really afraid, just startled. One may be startled yet not afraid. He knew that Buster Bear was even more anxious to keep distance between them than he was. He picked up the pail lying near the snow and rehung it on the tree. He went back for the battered pail and rehung that. It would do until he could bring another pail from the sugar house. It wouldn't do to lose any



There was only one pail hanging on that tree, and there should have been three

more of that dripping sap. Then he began to read the story in the snow for it was all written there for any one to read who knew how, and Farmer Brown's boy did. It was written in footprints. "Now I know whose eyes I felt watching me," said he, talking to himself. "Anyway, that black rascal was one watcher. Wonder what made him wake up so early this year. He should have slept at least a couple of weeks longer. He probably was just wandering around and found out something was going on over here and came to find out about it. He would do just that out of curiosity. It wasn't hunger that brought him over here. I don't believe he has been awake long enough for that."

As he talked Farmer Brown's boy was following back the tracks in the snow. Presently he stopped and studied the snow and the surroundings. "Here is where he stood watching me when I first had that feeling of being watched," he muttered, still talking to himself. "He could see me collecting sap, but I couldn't see him. After I had gone he wandered about here for a while. Then he went to that tree. There must have been a little sap in the pails. Probably he tried to get some of it and knocked those two pails off and spilled what there was. Then he lost his temper and batted one of them around and finally sent it flying way over where I found it. He didn't follow it, so there were no tracks there. I guess that's the story." It was.

The next story: "Are Unlike Cousins."

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

LARCENY
 South, in today's deal, "stole" a very questionable slam contract from under the opponents' nose.

North dealer.

North-South vulnerable.

♠ A 6 4

♥ 8 6 4 3 2

♦ J 3

♣ A K 4

W E

N S

♠ K 10 7 3

♥ 9 5

♦ 10 8 7

♣ 9 6 5 3

♠ J 8 2

♥ A 10 7

♦ A K Q 6 5 2

♣ 10

The bidding:

North East South West

1♥ Pass 1 (1) Pass

1NT Pass 3♦ Pass

3♣ Pass 6♦ Pass

Pass Pass

It is obvious enough that South bid his hand not only fancily but with extreme optimism. His spade response to one heart was intended to keep the opponents from that suit, especially on the opening lead, but his following diamond bidding in the face of North's warning one notrump rebid, was scarcely sound. West could not be blamed for shying away from a spade lead, but his selection of the heart nine instead of a club was rather peculiar. East put in the heart jack, and declared, after a lightning calculation, dropped the heart ten! East gave his adversary a suspicious glance, but South's face was guileless, and East finally concluded that West had been very fancy and led away from the heart ace. So East returned the heart king.

South promptly took his second trick with the heart ace; then he led a low diamond to the jack, drew the outstanding trumps, and led his club ten to the king. He now discarded his last heart on the club ace, after which he ruffed a heart. This, of course, established two long hearts in dummy that took very

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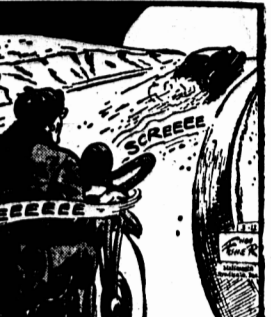
KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Zano Grey



JOE PALOOKA

By Ham Fisher



DOTTY DRIPPLE

By H. Ford



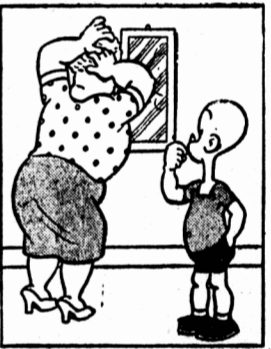
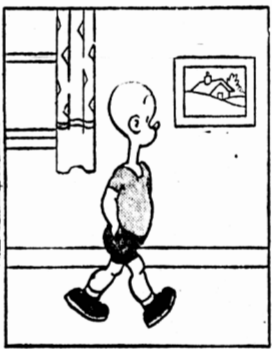
BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



HENRY

By Carl Anderson



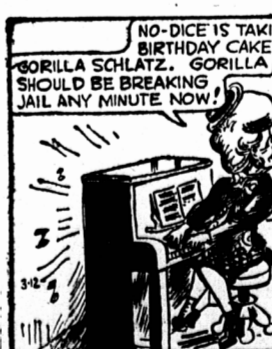
TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS

By Ewing



TILLIE THE TOILER

By Webster



PENNY

By Harry Hennigan

