Beware!

This EPIDEMIC of Grippy Colds Coughs

MUST BE FOUGHT FROM THE FIRST SNEEZE—AND HERE IS AN EFFECTIVE WAY TO DO IT

During the present epidemic of fast-spreading, grippy colds, don't let a cough, sneeze, ache or shiver go unchecked. At the very first sign take Buckley's Cinnamated Capsules and Buckley's Mixture. This double treatment acts fast. Buckley's Mixture eases the cough almost instantly and helps correct the cause. Buckley's Cinnamated Capsules give you the benefit of not ONE but FOUR pain-relieving, cold-dispelling ingredients. The first ingredient relieves aches, pains and feverishness FAST. The second prolongs that relief. The third gives you the lift you need. The fourth—Oil of Cinnamon—is grand for grippe and similar maladies. Be prepared. Get these two dependable Buckley remedies NOW. If feverishness persists call your doctor.

Premier Drew Urges Dominion Conference

TORONTO, March 17 —(CP)—Premier Drew of Ontario again appealed tonight for the immediate reconvening of the Dominion-Provincial conference and declared: "We are urging the setting up of a strong national unity by removing local details from the work of the Federal Parliament."

Addressing the Toronto Board of Trade, the Premier said the Dominion - Provincial conference should be called to bring together experts of all governments concerned "to examine and streamline our whole taxation structure and to try to lighten the burden of taxation."

Ontario, Quebec and Nova Scotia were not differing with Ottawa on political points of view but rather "viewed with alarm" possible changes in the social and civil rights of individuals. One of the most important considerations was the possible "usurpation of the rights of the Provinces since they affect every person in this room."

Distillers Report Increased Profits

MONTREAL, March 18 —(CP)—Distillers Corporation - Seagrams Limited and subsidiaries today reported a sharply higher net profit at $16,292,519 for the three months ended Jan. 31, 1947. Net profit for the same period the previous year was $7,059,920.

Profit after all operating charges was $27,479,677 versus $15,217,346 and income and excess profits taxes totalled $11,187,158 against $8,165,426 for the like quarter in 1946. Net profit for the six months ended Jan. 31, 1947 was $31,834,858 as compared with $13,194,441 for the corresponding half-year in 1946.

DAILY CROSSWORD

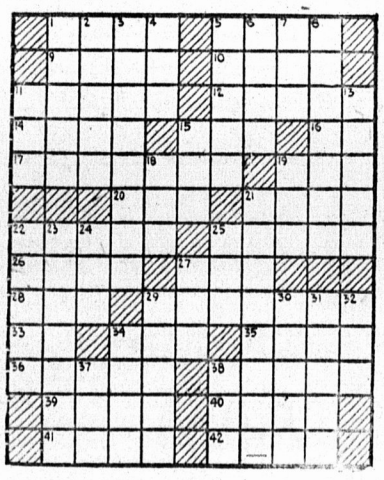
ACROSS

1. Noise of the surf
5. Throw
9. God of love
10. Leather flask for oil
11. Island in New York harbor
12. Warning of danger
14. Place of confinement
15. Pig pen
16. Masurium (sym.)
17. Romanies
19. Morsel
20. Grampus
21. Tardy
22. Blaze
25. Wise men
26. A cord for shoes
27. Storage crib
28. Insect
29. Melodious
33. Neuter pronoun
34. Offer
35. Dancing girl (Egypt.)
36. Insurgent
38. Food
39. Talk wildly
40. Poems
41. Negative votes
42. Questions

DOWN

1. Type of race
2. Lowest deck of a ship
3. Laborious
4. S-shaped worm
5. Garments
6. Unite by treaty
7. Resort
8. White ant
11. Incite
13. Comrades
15. Dry, as wine
18. Anger
19. Sack
21. Short ropes (var.)
22. Bent
23. A lamp
24. Play division
25. Little girl
27. Undeveloped flower
29. Measures of distance
30. Iron-headed golf club
31. Accumulate
32. Guided
34. Flock
37. Cry of a sheep
38. Crushing snake

Yesterday's Answer



CRYPTOQUOTE—A cryptogram quotation

NQJRN MYN AGT NAEN YMOZ AENA SQYBEH IEGNA—RAEBZRUZEQZ.

Yesterday's Cryptoquote: MANY MEN ARE WISE ABOUT MANY THINGS, AND ARE IGNORANT ABOUT THEMSELVES—ST. BERNARD.

Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

Masters Of The Parachute Mail

By Peter Benedict

In The Track of the Tyres

She wondered if that was why the car had been there. And then she thought again of something which she had forgotten completely; the aeroplane. It was unreasonable, perhaps, to connect the two; but coincidence surely had not not dropped all these unusual trifles into her lap in one morning for nothing. There must be a connexion, or at least the possibility of a connexion must be taken into consideration.

What it was, what it could be, she had no idea. But crooks — the vague terms which she had borrowed from the films, to which this affair seemed to belong, covered a multitude of possibilities in the personality of her enemy—Crooks do not drive out to the middle of one of the loneliest places in Britain in the middle of the night for nothing. There had to be a connexion.

Already she could say truthfully that she was nearing the middle of the moor. She herself would not have been so anxious to cross it at night, but this man knew his way all right. He had done the journey before. And why? Why was this place chosen, if not for its very loneliness, and the fact that there were no houses within sight or earshot.

Cars could camp here for the night, and be noticed by no one. Aeroplanes could land—no, on second thought that was impossible; landing was, she remembered, a delicate business, and undertaken at night only on properly lit flying-fields, unless a mischance made it necessary to take a big risk in order to avoid a bigger. Besides, the aeroplane last night had not landed; she had been awake for some time, listening to the hum of it as it cruised about over the moor, and watching the lights at its wing tips.

Now that she came to remember it so vividly, the lights at the wing-tips had gone out very quickly; that meant they had served their purpose; and their purpose had been simply to identify the machine to its confederate below. All of which was very pretty reasoning, but so far need not bear any relation to what facts she had.

Then she found the place where a car—she could not be positive of the tyre-patterns here, but she thought it was the same—had left the road, and taken to the grass. There was a cart-track here, long-grassed over, but usable, indeed probably much more usable than it had been before the grass covered it; it had once led down to one of the claypits; but the pit had never been more than a shallow and broad removal of the turf, and was now as green as ever it had been.

It lay in a great natural amphitheatre, a perfectly regular oval in shape, and about 100 yards across at its broadest. The cart-track made a lead down into it, and that was the only break in a ring of young birch trees which rimmed the top of the slope thickly, hiding it from anyone who did not actually thread their silvery trunks and look down into the hollow.

She found a place in the grassy slide down to it where a more lush growth, fat with milkweed, invaded the grass; and it was easy there to see that something heavy had passed over the trailing stems and crushed them, for they lay flattened and dark against the resilient under-carpet of grass.

Peggy walked slowly all round the arena, all over it, across it from side to side, and saw nothing out of the ordinary. She went higher, into the lower fringe of the young trees, and walked round once again. There were furze bushes there in plenty, low-set into the longer grass, so that she trod warily among them, twisting her dress closely round her legs. Halfway round, and she had found nothing to excite or satisfy her curiosity. Naturally enough, he had taken away with him whatever he had come to get, whether it was mere information by word of mouth, or something more substantial.

Then she caught a gleam of something lying among the gorse branches, something dully white, which showed only as a crumpled piece of tissue paper left from the last picnic might show. She parted the stems over it, gingerly, with her hands, and it assumed a more intriguing shape. It was a handkerchief—no, it was the wrong material for that, coarser, harder, like unbleached calico. Peggy put her hand down to pick it up, though she had little hopes of it; and under it something harder and heavy was picked up, swinging against her wrist.

Peggy Finds a Parachute

It proved to be a small parcel wrapped in strong greyish paper, and attached to the cloth by a whole complicated system of thin cords. Small it might be, but it weighed heavily for its size; her practised hand tossed it, and hazarded a guess of a pound, more or less; maybe an ounce or so one way or the other, but certainly not more than that. A compact sort of content to it, like a slab of butter but rounded in shape instead of cut off clearly.

The cloth baffled her until she wrenched herself out of the gorse bushes, and threw herself down in the grass to spread it out before her to its fullest extent. It proved to be round, or, more properly, semi-spheroid in shape, like the half of a balloon; it was quite three feet across, though she had not believed it could be half so large; and the cords were attached to rings all round its edges. She knew what it was. She had actually seen parachutes in use, not only on the screen, but actually in real life, on one of her rare holidays.

And this was a parachute for merchandise, and merchandise of a clandestine kind, something which could not be sent by post, which could not travel by road transport in safety, which could come only direct from supply to demand, and without the knowledge of a third party. Hence the hollow on the moors, ideally designed for dropping things from 'planes; for given a little bombing experience on the pilot's part, and a light shown from below by the confederate, the arena was large enough to receive all missiles, and smooth enough to conceal none of them once they were received. There could be few places so perfectly adapted to the purpose.

(To be continued)

Reserve The Evening Of March 27th For VOCAL RECITAL By Miss Pauline Simmonds

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Clubertson

THE SIMPLE WAY

There was a straightforward, simple line of play available in today's deal, but the declarer evidently did not think of it and, as a consequence, lost his slam contract.

South dealer.
Both sides vulnerable.

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

The bidding:

South	West	North	East
1 ♥	Pass	3 ♦	Pass
3 ♥	Pass	4 ♦	Pass
4 ♥	Pass	5 ♣	Pass
5 N T	Pass	6 ♥	Pass
Pass	Pass		

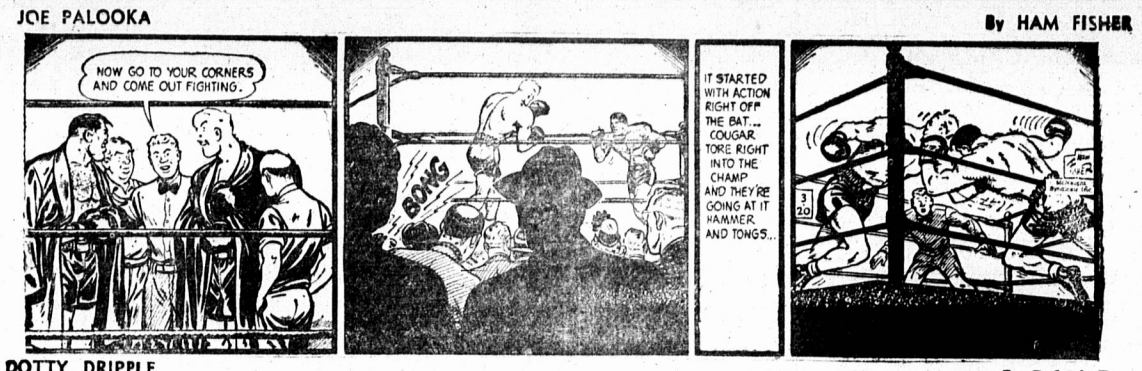
The final contract obviously should have been six diamonds, but North got mixed up and interpreted the five-notrump bid as a Blackwood request for aces. When he responded with six hearts, blissfully feeling that he was showing two aces when, as a matter of fact, he was belatedly raising hearts, South was, of course, glad to accept the six-heart contract.

West opened a low spade and the king forced South's ace. A spade was promptly ruffed; then South re-entered his own hand with a diamond to the jack and ruffed another spade in dummy. East over-ruffed, and since West had a sure trump trick in the guarded jack, the slam was as good as lost.

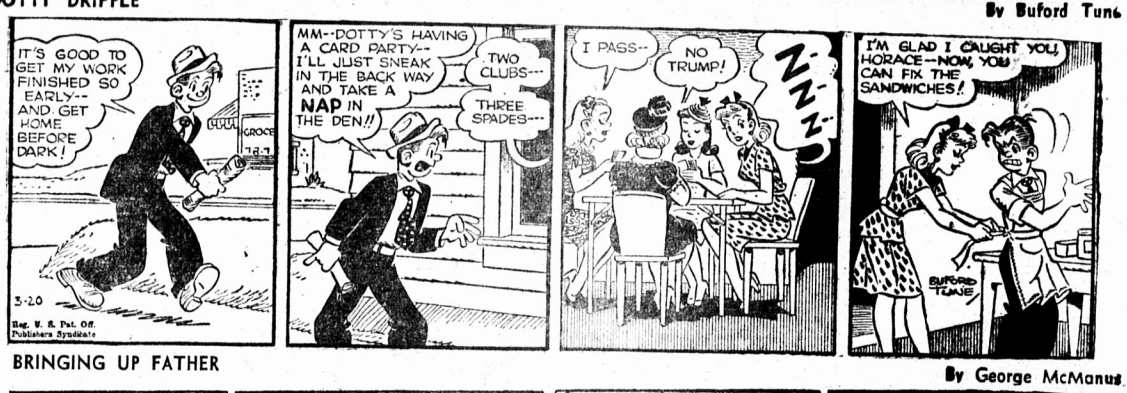
South's proper play at the second trick was a low trump! The logic of this play was simple. If the six adverse trumps broke 3-3 or 4-2, declarer could control any return from the opponents, draw the rest of the trumps, and get plenty of discards on dummy's tricks. Conversely, if trumps broke as badly as 5-1, there was little hope through any line of play that South might concoct.

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED — By Zane Grey

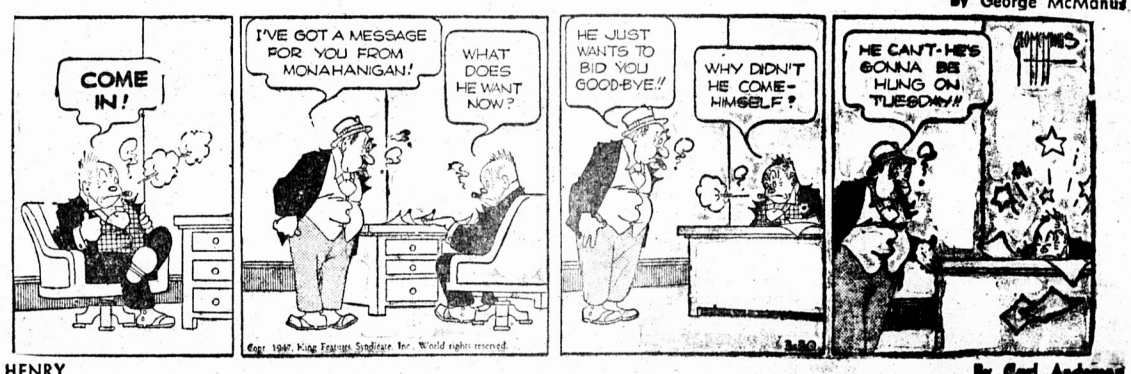
JOE PALOOKA — By HAM FISHER



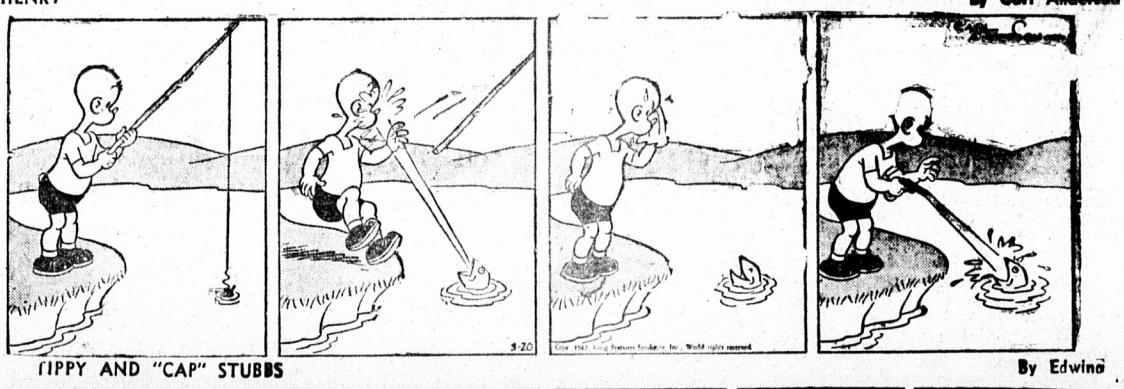
DOTTY DRIPPLE — By Buford Tune



BRINGING UP FATHER — By George McManus

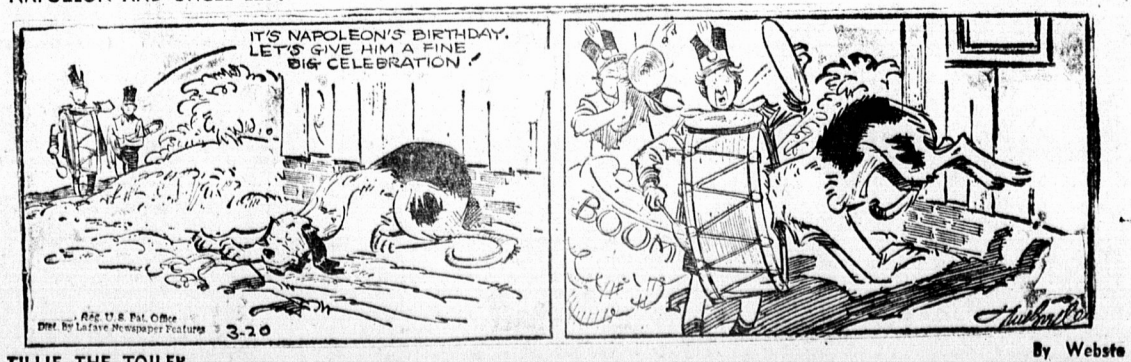


HENRY — By Carl Anderson



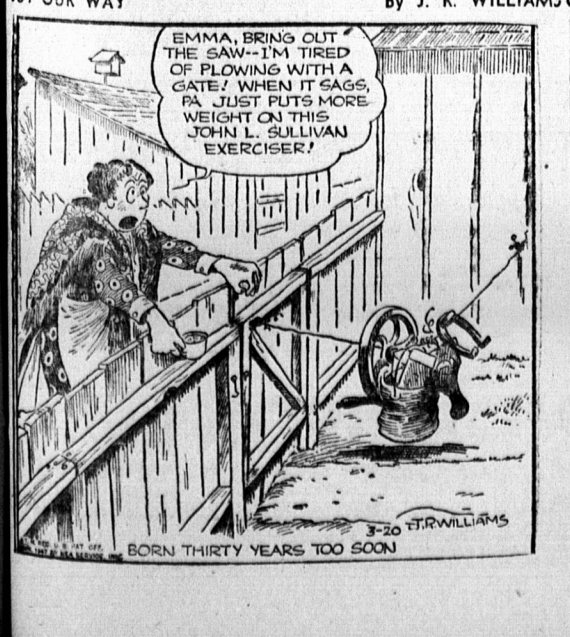
TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS — By Edwina

NAPOLEON AND UNCLE ELBY — By Clifford McBride



TILLIE THE TOILER — By Webste

OUT OUR WAY — By J. R. WILLIAMS



OUR BOARDING HOUSE — With Major Hoople