

End Bad Cough Quickly, at One-Fourth The Cost

Thousands of housewives have found that, by mixing their own cough syrup, they get a dependable, effective medicine. They use a recipe at only one-fourth the usual cost of cough medicine, but which really breaks up distressing coughs in a hurry.

From any drugstore get 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex. Pour this into a 16 ounce bottle and fill up with granulated sugar syrup to make 16 ounces. The syrup is easily made with 2 cups sugar and 1 cup water, stirred until dissolved. No cooking needed. (Or use corn syrup or liquid honey, instead of sugar syrup.) It's no trouble at all, and makes a splendid medicine. Keeps perfectly, tastes fine.

Its quick action loosens phlegm, helps clear the air passages and soothes away irritation.

Pinex is a special compound of proven ingredients, in concentrated form, well known for its soothing effect on throat irritations. Money refunded if it does not please you in every way.

FOR EXTRA CONVENIENCE GET NEW, READY-TO-USE, PREPARED PINEX.

TOKYO, Nov. 5 (Reuters)—Japan's coal mines were almost at a standstill today as more than 200,000 miners went on strike for better wages.

LONDON, Nov. 5 (Reuters)—Air Marshal Sir Basil Embry, head of R.A.F. Fighter Command, will leave tomorrow for North America, to lecture to Canadian and United States air force colleges. His itinerary will take in Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, Ont., Toronto, New York, and Maxwell Field, Ala.

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

THE PRINT IN THE MUD

Wisdom looks ahead to plan Future needs as best it can.

—Mrs. Lightfoot

Lightfoot the Deer in the pride of his great strength, his wonderful antlers and his handsome looks, liked to think that he could do as he pleased. He liked to show others how handsome he was, how unafraid he was, how bold and ready to fight he was.

One day Mrs. Lightfoot watched him with admiration in her great soft eyes. At the same time she sometimes chuckled down inside, the soundless kind of chuckle, only you know. She remembered how only a few short months before Lightfoot had looked anything but handsome, anything but proud. In fact, he had kept out of sight of others as much as he could. Now he was spilling for a fight, but then as would have run from his own shadow had that been possible.

You see, at that time those wonderful antlers he now wore with such pride were just growing and were soft instead of hard and they were very tender. Because they had to grow so fast to be ready for him in the fall, they had taken much of his strength. In those days he was anything but proud.

Mrs. Lightfoot chuckled, too.

as Lightfoot thought he was having his own way with her and the twins. All the time she was quietly having her own way. They were doing what she wanted to do, not what he wanted to do, and he didn't know it. Somehow she always found a way of making him think that when they did what she thought they should do it was his idea, not hers.

It was getting late in the fall. Soon snow would replace the rain and would change all the Green Forest and the Green Meadows. Sooner or later, they would have to tread out paths criss-crossing in all directions where there would be food enough to last them through the winter. Such a place would be called a yard, a Deer yard. Once the snow becomes very deep the Deer folk cannot leave the yard. So the yard must be made where there is plenty of food.

For some time Mrs. Lightfoot had been quietly looking about for a place to make the yard when the snow should come. They had a good yard last winter. Lightfoot had thought they would make this year's yard in the same place. Mrs. Lightfoot thought differently. You see, Lightfoot was thinking only of himself, but she was thinking of the twins.

"Those young Deer were not yet big enough to reach as high for food as mother and father could, so Mrs. Lightfoot was looking for a place where the food trees would have branches low enough for the young Deer to browse. You know browsing is eating twigs and leaves of trees and bushes as well as grass.

Lightfoot thought this was all foolishness, but he tagged along. There was a certain place that seemed as if it might be just the place in which to yard up when the deep snow came. There had been no browsing there and there was plenty of food within easy reach. At the same time the trees grew close enough together to give shelter in times of storm. Mrs. Lightfoot had about made up her mind that this would be the place. She said as much.

"Of course, it is just the place my dear," agreed Lightfoot. "I knew that as soon as we looked it over. When the time comes this is where we'll tread out our paths and make the yard. It couldn't be better."

Mrs. Lightfoot made no reply. She was standing at the edge of Laughing Brook staring at a patch of mud. "What are you looking at?" asked Lightfoot.

"Come see for yourself," said Mrs. Lightfoot.

Lightfoot moved over beside her

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

CASH THAT LAST TRUMP!

The slam contract in today's deal could have been made in two different ways, but the declarer unwisely chose a third, not-nearly-so-attractive plan.

South dealer.
Both sides vulnerable.

♠ K Q 4
♥ Q 8 5
♦ K 10 8
♣ J 8 3

♠ J 9 8 3
♥ A K J
♦ 10 7
♣ 7 6 3

♠ 10 6
♥ 8 4 3
♦ K Q 10 9
♣ 7 6 4 2

N
W
E
S

♠ A 7 5 2
♥ 2
♦ A Q J 5 4 3
♣ A

The bidding:
South West North East
1♦ 1♥ 1NT 4♣
5♦ Pass 6♦ Pass
Pass Pass

West thought a long time, obviously considering a save at seven clubs, but finally concluded that the sacrifice might be unnecessary, since North had been obviously dubious about bidding the slam.

West opened the heart king and, on sight of dummy, shifted to his singleton club. Declarer won with the blank ace, and everything seemed rosy until a lead of trumps disclosed the 3-0 break of the suit. With a normal break, of course, declarer could have drawn two rounds of trumps and been sure of ruffing his fourth spade in dummy.

As it was, South still could have gone ahead and cashed three rounds of spades, then ruffed the fourth round, but he was afraid that West might be able to ruff in, so South elected to draw trumps and then run several more rounds in the hope that the defenders would discard spades. The flaw in this plan was that South kept a firm grip on one last trump—and when he then tried to run the spade suit, he was in for a disappointment.

The bidding made it absolutely certain that a double squeeze was assured, and all South had to do to effect that squeeze was to "give up" his last trump! No matter who had the long spades, that player could not keep spade protection and also defend the minor suit which was his exclusive holding. As the cards lay, if South cashed the last trump, West would have had to give up his high heart or his spade guard, and the same thing would have applied to East if he had held four spades—he could not have kept this protection and also held on to the high club.

and looked down. There in that little patch of mud was a footprint. It was a big footprint; it was a fresh footprint.

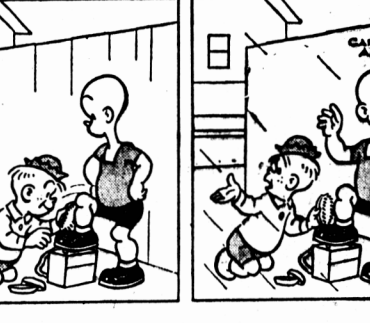
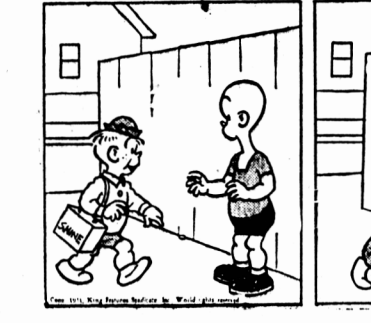
KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTAIN



JOE PALOORA



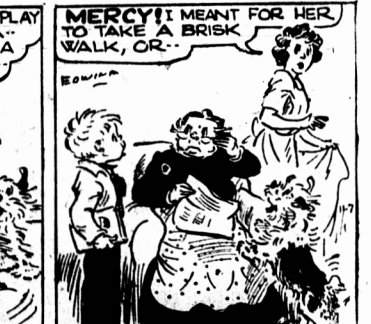
HENRY



DOTTY DIPPLE



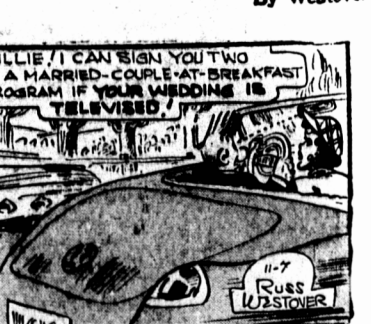
TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS



BRINGING UP FATHER



TILLY THE TOILER



FENNY



Special Sponsored DANCE

At The ROLLAWAY

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 7th.

Dancing 10 p.m. till 1 a.m.

Downtowners Orchestra

Admission 50 cents

NOTICE LIVESTOCK SHIPPERS

Our Livestock Pens will be CLOSED ALL DAY FRIDAY, NOV. 9th.

We will not be accepting hogs or other livestock after 12 o'clock noon THURSDAY, NOV. 8th.

SWIFT CANADIAN CO. LTD.

New! Post's SUGAR CRISP

FOR SNACKS IT'S SO HANDY!

AS A CEREAL IT'S DANDY!

SO CRISPY- AND CRUNCHY!

SUGAR CRISP—deliciously flavor-coated with honey and sugar. What a combination! Enjoy Post's SUGAR CRISP today.

The Honey-Flavor Coated Cereal

By WALT KELLY

L.I. ABNER

By AJ Capp

First! I hire you. Be sure you chase the well known mac, turtle for an hour.

I'm taking notes how you spell that.

I'll go rouse the Ladies' Auxiliaries.

YOU HEARD THE MAN HOW 'BOUT RUNNIN' A LI'L?

YOU GONE GONE ME?

WHIFFO GONNA YOU? MY CONTRACT IS HERE TO CHASE YOU.

GOOD! LET'S RUN PAST POGO'S HOUSE—HE'S MAKIN' COOKIES.

RIP KIRBY

By Alex Raymond

ONE BOY—TWO GIRLS—NO GOOD?

ONE BOY—ONE GIRL—FINELY!

YOU NOT NEED GOODYBY!

RIP KIRBY

By Alex Raymond

I HAVE NEWS, EXCELLENCY! THE POLICE RECEIVED A CABLE FROM AN AMERICAN DETECTIVE. RIP KIRBY TO LOOK FOR YOUR YACHT! EVEN NOW THE AMERICAN IS AT THE PREFECTURE!

OUR HELICOPTER LOCATED THE "HAROUN AL RASCHID" IN A COVE TEN MILES UP THE COAST. CAN WE BE OF FURTHER SERVICE?

YES. I WANT TO HIRE A FAST BOAT.

BUT I TELL YOU THE BOATMAN IS CHEATING YOUR MASTER!

MR. KIRBY IS NOT ONE TO HAGGLE OVER A FEW FRANCS WHEN HE IS HOT ON A TRAIL!

FENNY

By Harry Hoernigsen

MOTHER, I DON'T THINK MRS. BRIMLY REALLY AND TRULY LIKES YOUNG PEOPLE.

WHY NOT?

WELL, YOU KNOW THE PARTY SHE GAVE LAST NIGHT FOR OUR TEEN COOKING CLUB?

YES?

WELL, JUST WHEN THE PARTY WAS REALLY GETTING STARTED, SHE ASKED US ALL TO LEAVE.

SHE DID?

YES, JUST BECAUSE AGNES FIRED HER SILLY OLD GOLDFISH!