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BURGESS BEDTIME

Continued from page 7

Jumper comes around within shooting distance. It was that same trick that the two young foxes were playing now. Too-Smart must have grinned more than once as he saw how his plan was working out. He didn't run too hard, didn't hurry Jumper too much. He didn't want to get Jumper really frightened. All the time Soft-Eyes was crouched behind a pile of brush. She was all set to spring out and take Jumper by surprise. Of course, she couldn't know for quite a while if her smart mate's plan was really working out. All she could do was be patient and wait. At long last she saw in the distance what looked like a snow-bird bounding in her direction. You see, Jumper's coat was snowy white. Only the tips of his ears and his eyes were not white. They were black but, of course, at a distance they were just little black spots not noticeable. The young fox set her feet ready for a swift leap. Nearer and nearer came Jumper the hare. Twice he stopped and sat up very straight to look back. He seemed to look ahead only just enough to avoid running into things. He was watching behind for that fox. He wanted to be sure whether or not he was still being followed. The only way he could be sure was to wait until he could get a glimpse of the red coat that Too-Smart wore. The moment he caught a glimpse of something moving among the trees, he would bound away. Now Jumper has a trick all his own that those young foxes knew nothing about. Every now and then he jumps high in the air for a general look around. He jumps high enough to be able to look over neighboring bushes, logs, stumps, and rocks. He made one of these high observation jumps before he was quite near enough for the fox to hide to leap out. He saw something red behind a small pile of brush. He twisted around in the air, a trick he had learned long ago. When he landed, he was headed in another direction. The smart trick of those young foxes had failed.

Contract Bridge

Continued from page 7

East was inclined to congratulate himself (and partner) for defeating the vulnerable game contract, but when the session was over and the traveling score-slips could be consulted, he (and West) saw that their match-point score on this board was not impressive. Nor

Ontario Farmer Seeks To Produce Palomino Breed

EXETER, Ont., (CP)—The Palomino is the subject of a two-year breeding experiment on the farm of Kirby Crocker near this southwestern Ontario town.

Mr. Crocker is trying to produce a true palomino breed. Other horse breeders are watching with interest, although some say "It can't be done."

"We've hit the jackpot twice in succession," says Crocker. "I'm hoping our mares stick true to form and throw a couple more foals this spring."

The palomino is generally an accident of color and may appear in any breed. The Palomino Horse Association of America lays down these qualifications:

"The body coat color of a palomino shall be that of a newly minted United States gold coin." Mane and tail must be white or blonde and white face markings are allowed.

More Than Color

Mr. Crocker demands more than color. He said:

"We've got to get color, quality, breed and intelligence all rolled into one. It's tough. Maybe I'll never see it in my lifetime but I feel that even if I make some small contribution in developing a real palomino breed, all this work will be worth it."

His main stud horse is Pal-O-Mine, three-quarters Arabian, and he plans to use Golden Maxine, one of his two breeding mares, more extensively in the future.

Two Palominos bred together may produce a horse of a different color but so far, Pal-O-Mine has sired two palomino foals out of the two palomino mares. Also, two of its three colts by a non-palomino mare were palominos.

Mr. Crocker thinks a true palomino breed may be established "some time within the next 40 years."

But he adds philosophically: "Maybe I'll make a complete fool of myself, too."

should it have been! East's spade return, to get the setting trick then and there, was extremely misguided. A heart return was clearly indicated, and it would have raised the penalty and the match-point score very appreciably.

Natives of western Samoa, under New Zealand administration, are Christians of various denominations.

Dark Lightning

By Helen Topping Miller

Synopsis

Gary Tallman, young petroleum engineer from Alabama, misses his bus to San Antonio, Mona Mason wife of a cattle rancher gives him a lift. At her place a hog runs out into the road, she loses control of the car and crashes into a ditch. Unhurt herself, she has the injured Gary taken to her house. Her twenty-one-year-old daughter, Adelaide, helps nurse him back to health and Gary falls in love with her. He suspects that there is oil on the Mason land and goes with Adelaide to old Hughey Fothergill to find a geological map of the county.

CHAPTER V

"Got 'em all here." Old Hughey dropped on a stool and spread the soiled sheets over his knees. "Here she is. 'Look a' here." He traced with a long and filthy fingernail. "There she lays, there's the Sabine uplift—where they found the big pool—and over here there ain't nothing. Lime and salt water, I tell you."

With swift, trained vision Gary studied the map. It was an old print, he noted, twenty years old. There was the uplift—but to the north of it a fault—and on the edge of that—his breath began to quicken a little.

"Thanks, Mr. Fothergill." He handed the map back. "I guess you're right. Here—buy yourself some tobacco."

"Wait a minute," shrilled the old man, fumbling with the shoe-string. "I ain't told you yet about that time down to Beaumont. I was there. There when Spindletop come in. I got me a half-acre, too, and there was oil under it plenty, but these Pennsylvania fellows got their well down first, two hundred foot over my line, and they over-shot and drained the oil from my land before I could raise me enough money to hire a drill rig. I sold my piece for ten thousand dollars. Then I went up into Oklahoma and lost it all. Bought me an eighth and she come in a gasser and caught afire."

"Have to get along. You're quite sure there's no oil under these structures?"

"Mister, there ain't no oil between the bottom of this county

and China! If they was—I wouldn't be a-setting here. I'd be riding around in a big black automobile with one of them brass horns tootin' on it. Mister, you ain't got the mate to this here two bits, have you? I could use me two or three pork chops, come dark. I ain't got a pork chop in a time."

Gary found the mate to the quarter, handed it over. "Shake yourself well," advised Adelaide as he went back to the car. "I got the cold shivers when he grabbed you. I was sitting here wondering if I ought to go yell for the police."

"He's got the map—but it's an old edition. I'll have to write for a new one. I guess—"

"But that will take days—let's telegraph, can't we? That would be quicker. Dad always wires the Chicago cattle prices—and this is more important."

"If I sent a wire somebody would start talking," he said. "You can't hide oil—or even a suspicion that there might be oil. Anyway—there's no hurry. If the stuff's down there—well, it's been there ever since the ocean moved off and left this part of the earth. Ever since the seaweed and the little crustaceans and the millions of little creatures died, and the river silt covered them and the salt water seeped in and protected them, while the pressure of the heaving strata down there crushed them into oil."

"Gary Tallman—you did see something on that map! You can't fool me. You're trying to be mysterious and obscure, but I can see right through you. You've got red spots in both cheeks."

"Fever," he said. "I've been with you for hours. How do you expect me to keep my temperature down?"

"We're going straight home to tell Dad. I believe you'd simply get up and go off to Mexico—and not say a word, knowing all the time what was on that map. Well, you're not going one step, mister. Not till we know for sure."

"There is a fault on that map—it does look interesting. But it may not be a geosyncline. There may not be oil under it. It merely looks a little like a place where oil could be."

"I know it. I know you were keeping it to yourself."

"But—it's because it's all indefinite. Going down after oil—unless you're pretty sure it's there—is expensive. I wouldn't want to raise any false hopes."

"Dad could hire a geologist."

"A survey costs money, too. The big oil companies keep their own crews, but an independent owner would have to take his own risks."

"Oliver works for a big oil company."

"He sells leases. He doesn't know about production. If there were any indications that there's oil under your place, Kimball would want your father to sell out to somebody."

"And he'd want all the credit, and grab it, too. And probably half the money. I wouldn't trust Oliver an inch. Don't say a word, Gary, when Oliver is around."

Gary agreed promptly because he did not like Oliver, either. Oliver's condescending attitude had made his fists tingle already.

"I hope nobody come in tonight—then we can tell Dad and Mother," Adelaide ran on excitedly. "And you can advise Dad what to

No Early End Seen To Bloody Mau Mau War

(By Richard G. Massock)

NAIROBI, Kenya, (AP)—British bombers are driving a shadow army of Mau Mau killers from Kenya's dense bamboo forests so that ground forces can get at them. But authorities in this troubled Crown colony see no quick end to the anti-white terrorism.

"They predict the bloody war, which in 15 months has cost Britain more than \$10,000,000, will last until security forces bring in the Mau Mau's top leaders—including Dedyan Kinathi, who boasts the title "Field Marshal Russia."

Peace also depends on the shifting loyalty of Kenya's 1,250,000 Kikuyu tribesmen who till the fertile fields around Nairobi and have been subjected to unceasing Mau Mau pressure. The Mau Mau want the Kikuyus, who number almost one-fourth of Kenya's African population, to help them drive out all foreigners—the 154,000 Asians as well as 42,000 Europeans.

"It would be folly to suggest that an end to the Mau Mau fight is in sight. That depends on a change of heart on the part of the Kikuyus," declared Brig. W. L. Gibson, Kenya's information director.

766 Civilians Dead

Mau Mau atrocities have cost the lives of 796 civilians—668 Africans, 13 Asians and 16 whites.

Gen. Sir George Erskine, British commander in Kenya, continues to press his fight against the Mau Mau over some 7,000 square miles from the Aberdare range to the slopes of Mount Kenya. His forces total 34,000 men—10 battalions of British troops and King's African Rifles, 8,000 regular police and 20,000 part-time police.

"Twelve British bombers are herding the Mau Mau out of 3,000-square-miles of highland forest."

A major on Erskine's staff said the Mau Mau are suffering a definite setback and expressed belief the fighting might end this year.

Authorities estimate that 3,200 Mau Mau have been killed, 300 wounded and 900 captured. About

do. Oh, Gary—suppose we did get millions of dollars—she was breathless and her eyes were like two hot, burning stars.

"What could you buy with it, Gary drawled, "that would be any better than what you have now?"

(continued)

100 others have been tried and hanged for murder. Security forces are still killing off about 300 Mau Mau a month and capturing another 150. The jails are crowded with 30,000 suspects.

Catch No. 2 Leader

Last week, the Mau Mau's No. 2 field leader, Stanley (General China) Mathenge, was wounded and captured. The founder of the Mau Mau, known as Burning Spear Kanyatta, is serving a seven-year jail term.

A Mau Mau "queen," Wagiri, of the Thomsons Falls district, has been sentenced to 10 years for taking the oath in a "coronation" ceremony last June aimed at diverting Kikuyu attention from the crowning of Queen Elizabeth.

But Field Marshal Russia and a group of seasoned Mau Mau commanders are still carrying on the fight.

Despite the leaders' use of Russia and China in their names, little evidence is found of Communist support. Britons say Communism is almost non-existent in Kenya.

Soviet Industry Unable To Meet China's Demands

By Seymour Topping

LONDON, (AP)—The Kremlin has told Peiping that Soviet industry cannot fulfill all Red China's demands for vital tools and machinery. Western diplomats report, The Russian action has dealt a sharp blow to Mao Tse-tung's five-year plan.

The Chinese trade mission now dickered in Moscow was said to have been informed that Russian factories are too hard-pressed with home demands to meet any of Peiping's orders. These responsible sources think another factor may be that Mao just can't pay the bill for any substantial increase in Soviet exports.

The Russians have dodged making big loans to their Chinese allies, and Peiping has been compelled to barter agricultural products for Soviet machinery, trucks and building equipment.

Little For Export Hedging on the payment question, the Kremlin is believed to have made its excuses for holding down on deliveries on the basis of these factors:

Soviet plants have been going

full blast to satisfy the vast needs of the armed forces and the program for industrial expansion.

Now on top of this, Premier Georgi Malenkov has called for a huge output of consumer goods such as radios, shoes and sewing machines. As a result, nothing much is left over for export beyond the production already earmarked for Red China.

If these reports are true—and they are based on the best information available to the West—Mao will be compelled to cut drastically his scheme to industrialize Red China at high speed. The rebuff from the Kremlin may force Mao to approach the West for industrial equipment now embargoed as strategic. But even if the trade bans are lifted, experts here believe Red China's critical shortage of foreign exchange will make her a poor market for Western business men.

The Kremlin's reluctance to fork over a bigger share of Russian production is not expected to cause any serious rift with the Peiping regime.

The first popular house of assembly for Nova Scotia at Halifax was elected in 1758.

Polar Test Flight Completed 40 Minutes Ahead Schedule

STOCKHOLM, (AP)—Scandinavian-Airlines' "Gorm" Viking Super-Cloudmaster landed 40 minutes ahead of schedule here early today, completing a 6,000-mile polar test flight across the top of the world from Los Angeles.

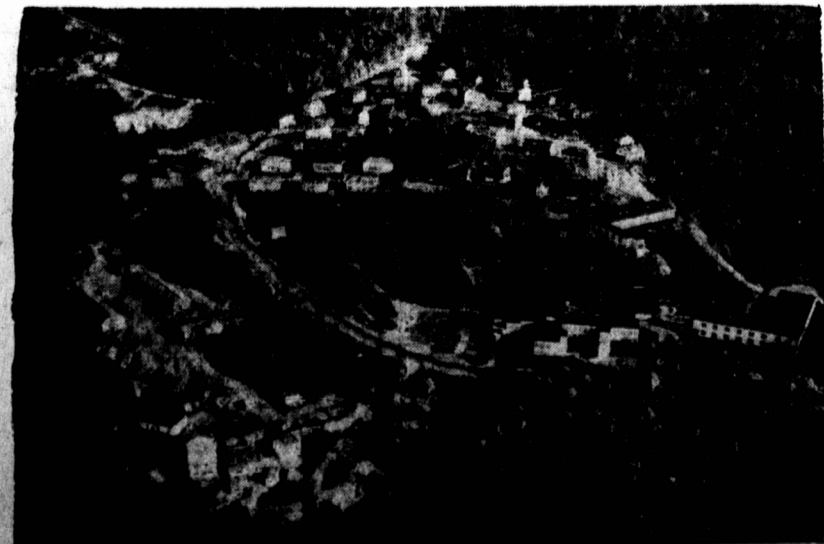
The company hopes to inaugurate regular Scandinavia-to-Los Super-Cloudmaster landed 40 minutes ahead of schedule here early today, completing a 6,000-mile polar test flight across the top of the world from Los Angeles.

The four-engine DC-6B left Los Angeles passenger service on the route by May 1 if necessary agreements can be concluded with Canada and the United States.

The four-engine DC-6B left Los Angeles Friday and flew by way of Edmonton, Churchill, Frobisher Bay, N.W.T., and Greenland. It landed here at 4:35 a.m. 10:35 p.m. EST Sunday, after a nine-hour nonstop flight from Greenland.

The Pacific Ocean, greatest of the world's oceans, is 10,000 miles wide at the Equator.

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The Cock and the Jewel

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MORAL: It's far more important to have the things you really need, than to have luxuries. That's why you should do as so many other far-sighted Canadians do—build up a savings account at The Canadian Bank of Commerce. Then you will be sure you need never go without the necessities of life. Visit our nearest branch today.



Illustration by Arthur Rackham, from the Heinemann Edition of Aesop's Fables.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce