

# RECITAL

SUZANNE BRENTON, L. Mus.  
GWYNNEH PATTERSON, Mezzo Soprano  
LILLIAN MCKENZIE, Mus. Bac.

At  
P. W. C. AUDITORIUM  
THURSDAY, APRIL 13th  
Proceeds for U. N. Children's Fund  
Admission 50c 8:15 P.M.

## RED CROSS BLOOD DONOR CLINICS CANADIAN LEGION BLDG.

TUES. & WED., APRIL 11th & 12th  
2-4 and 7-9

### "500 DONORS URGENTLY NEEDED"

If You Are In Good Health and  
Between 18-65 YOU Are Needed

As A Donor—  
Make This An Easter Offering To  
Help Someone To Better Health

## SEED INFORMATION

The Department of Agriculture would like to receive the following information from parties having seed grain, clover, and timothy for sale:

Grain—Variety, grade, quantity and price per bushel.

Timothy—Grade, quantity and price per pound.

Clover—Grade, quantity and price per pound.

If oats has not been cleaned, and graded, state price on a feed basis. The Department is not purchasing or selling grains but wishes to have this information so that inquiries for seed may be directed to parties having seed for sale.

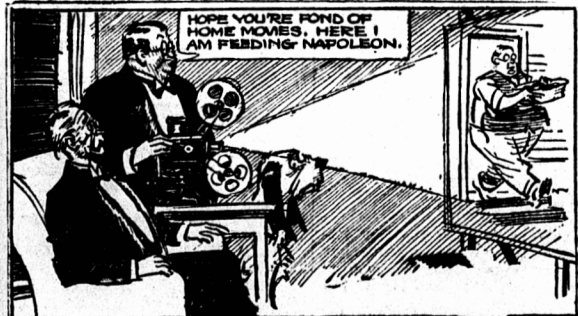
## M - V ESKIMO

Ice conditions permitting the Motor Vessel Eskimo will resume direct freight and passenger service to the south coast of Newfoundland ports and St. Pierre commencing April 14th.

For space and rates apply—

NEWFOUNDLAND SHIPPING SERVICE  
Lower Prince St. or Phone Ch'town 1605

### NAPOLEON and UNCLE ELBY by Clifford McBride



L'L ABNER



RIP KIRBY

by Alex Raymond

### KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

by Lane Grey



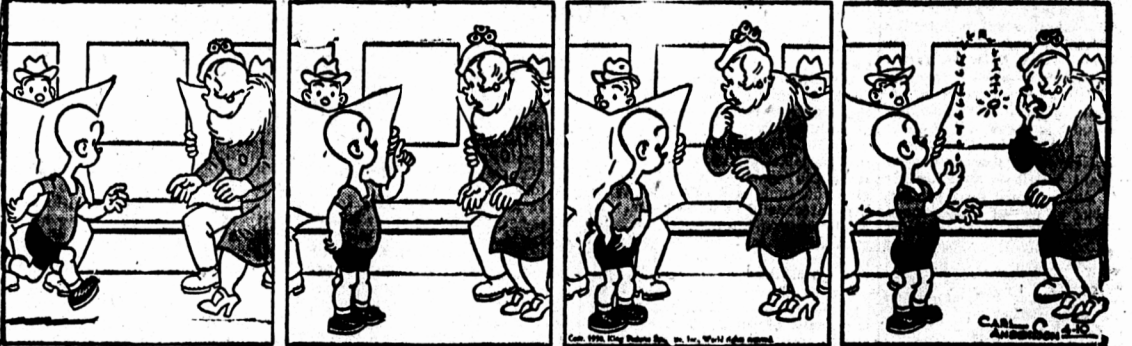
JOE PALOOKA

by Sam Fisher



HENRY

by Carl Anderson



DOTT & DIPPLE

by Buford



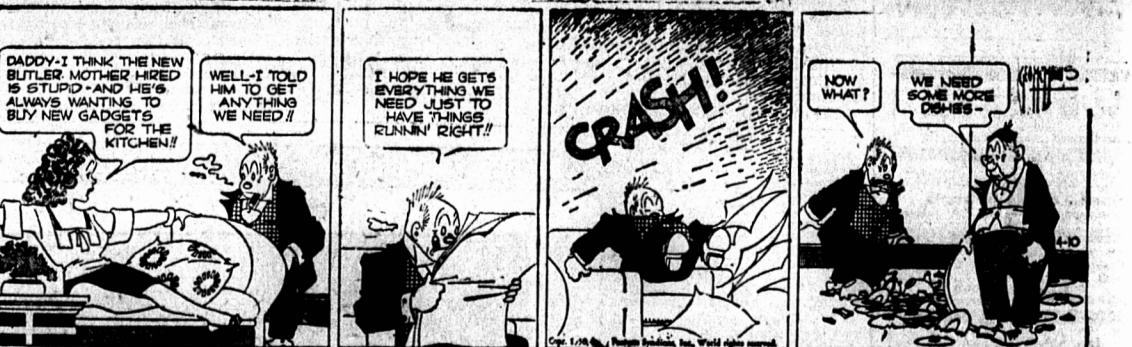
TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS

by Edwin



BRINGING UP FATHER

by George McManis



TILLIE THE TOILER

by Westover



PENNY

by Harry Hennigan



## BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



VOICES OF THE SPRING  
By Thornton W. Burgess

Content and love and faith all ring in joyous voices of the spring. —Old Mother Nature.

Peter Rabbit sat at the edge of the dear Old Briar-patch, his long ears standing straight up as they always do when he is listening. Presently he sighed. It was a wistful little sigh. Mrs. Peter heard it. She sniffed.

"I suppose you are wishing that you were over in the Green Forest, or at the Smiling Pool, or anywhere but here in the dear Old Briar-patch," said she.

"No, my dear. No, I'm not wishing anything of the kind," replied Peter. "Then what were you sighing for?" Mrs. Peter wanted to know. "Listen," commanded Peter.

Mrs. Peter listened. "To what?" she asked after a moment. "Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!" came the voice of Welcome Robin loud and clear from the top of the tall hickory tree on the bank of the Smiling Pool.

"Peep, peep, peep, peep, peep peep" sounded the sweet chorus of the Hyla cousins, the tiny Tree Frogs who had spent the winter buried in the mud of the bottom of the Smiling Pool. Now each was singing at the top of his voice as if trying to outsing all the other.

The mingled voices sounded like fairy bells and the joy in them could be felt clear across the Green Meadows to the Old Briar-patch.

For a moment or two the happy voices were still as if the singers had stopped to listen to another singer. It was Redwing the Black-bird, "Tra-la-lal-lal-lal-lal-lal!" he sang from the top of an alder growing close to the head of the Smiling Pool.

Peter opened his mouth to say something, but closed it without saying a word. Carol the Meadow Lark was carolling from a fence post on the edge of the Old Pasture, and it was something to hear. Indeed it was.

Peter sighed again. "I wish I could sing like that," said he. "You wanting to sing! Don't be silly!" retorted Mrs. Peter. "Whoever heard of a Rabbit wanting to sing?"

"What cheer! What cheer! What cheer!" That was coming from the Old Orchard, clear and sweet and so filled with cheer that no one could hear it without feeling better for it. Peter felt better right away. Mrs. Peter wouldn't admit that she felt better, but she did.

"Glory the Cardinal! He is as good to hear as he is to look at!" cried Peter.

"Hark!" said Mrs. Peter. Softly, oh so softly, seemingly coming from nowhere in particular, sounded a sweetly plaintive voice that was not exactly a whistle or a song, but gentle warbling notes floating in the air to be picked up only by the appreciative listening ear. Two pairs of long ears were listening now. "Winsome Bluebird" said Peter softly.

Mrs. Peter nodded. "You don't need to tell me who it is. Just tell me where he is," said she. "When I hear him I never know where to look for him."

It was Peter's turn to nod. He chuckled. "He hides in his own voice, and that is something that few can do. When he sounds close by he is likely to be far away, and when he is far away he sounds right at hand. And that is what I call hiding in his own voice. Right now he probably is way over on a fence post," said Peter.

There was the softest of soft little chircks. There in the top of a young tree growing in the dear Old Briar-patch was Winsome himself, as lovely to see as he was to hear. The blue, blue sky at his bluest never was lovelier than Winsome's coat.

"Dee, dee, dee! See me! See me! Chickadee, dee, dee! See me, Phoebe!" cried one of the cheeriest, merriest little voices in all the Great World. It was Tommy Tit snapping the brightest of bright little eyes at them as he clung upside down from the tip of a twig for just a moment.

Peter looked at Mrs. Peter. "Now I know it is spring," said he. She agreed.

### NEW CAMERA ANGLE

REGINA — (CP) — Dick Bird of Regina, photographer of Canadian life, wanted to find new subjects for his camera. He has left for British Guiana, where he will spend several months photographing animals in the South American jungle.

### FAMOUS ERUPTION

Pompeii and Herculaneum were destroyed by a volcanic eruption of Mount Vesuvius in 79 A. D.

by Al Capp

