

Suffered Severe Rheumatic Pains In Shoulder and Hips—For Months!

—feels fine now and is delighted Sarnak relieved constant misery of rheumatic pain within two weeks!

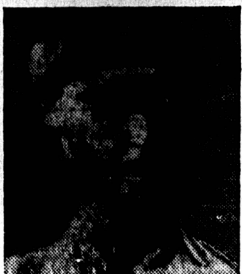
A man with two children has suffering from rheumatic pain handicaps him badly!

But Mr. T. S. Dixon of Cakes Station, Albert County, New Brunswick, found a solution to his problem. No more sleepless nights for him any more! No more tossing and turning in bed, racked with pain! As he tells it—

"For months I suffered with rheumatic pains in my left shoulder and right hip. Although I was not completely laid up, this handicapped me badly. Often I could not sleep properly at night, for my hip would bother me quite a bit after going to bed—and whenever I turned over, would catch me quite bad.

"No wonder I was glad to hear about Sarnak. For within two weeks of the time I started to take it, I got relief. Am now feeling fine and it's all thanks to Sarnak."

In our files are thousands of people like Mr. Dixon, who have found relief from their suffering by taking Sarnak. Those people were once made miserable by nagging pains—rheumatic,



MR. T. S. DIXON

arthritis or neuritic—or by back-aches, lumbago, kidney, liver and stomach upsets and constipation. Now they are happy—because they feel fine.

You, too, may be suffering needlessly. And you owe it to yourself to give Sarnak a chance to help you, too. Pain relief is fast with Sarnak because it's in liquid form with no tablets or pills to dissolve first. Sarnak starts its effective relief from the moment you swallow the first dose. So give it a try. Get Sarnak today.

At All Drug Stores \$1.35

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



(By Thornton W. Burgess)

PETER FINDS A HOUSE

Never think you know it all. Least you find your knowledge small. —Old Mother Nature.

It was night. Mistress Moon was shining so brightly that she dimmed all the twinkling little star just as jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun does in the daytime, only not quite so much. Wherever the moonbeams crept through the treetops they drove the Black Shadows back under the trees so that, crowded together, they were blacker than ever. It was just the kind of a night Peter Rabbit loves. He was over in the Green Forest hopping about in the moonlight and hiding in the Black Shadows whenever he suspected a hungry enemy might be in the neighborhood looking for him.

He wandered here. He wandered there, poking his wobbly little nose into all sorts of places. You know he dearly loves to do that. At last he came to a great rock, the lower part buried in the ground, the top flat. On the lower side, and so close were big stones touching or almost touching it. It was a long time since Peter had been in just that part of the Green Forest. He couldn't remember just when it was. Whenever it was there was no house in among those big stones. He was sure of that. If there had been he would have remembered it. He would have been so curious about it that he would have had to poke his wobbly little nose inside the doorway and he certainly would have remembered that.

Now he was staring at the doorway between those big stones opening under the edge of the great rock. The moonlight fell full on it. He blinked as if he couldn't believe he was seeing what he knew he was seeing.



At last he came to a great rock.

"Now who in the world could have dug that house? There never was one there before. I know because I have sat right there often," muttered Peter and wobbled his nose in that funny way of his.

He made a short hop nearer, then stopped and stared. He made another hop and again stopped and stared.

"What are you looking at?" asked a voice from the house? Peter never was one there before. I know because I have sat right there often," muttered Peter and wobbled his nose in that funny way of his.

"Certainly it is me. What are you looking at?" replied Jumper. "Somebody has dug a house down under that great rock," said Peter. "Tell me something. I don't know," replied Jumper. "I never seen it before. It wasn't there the last time I was over this way," declared Peter.

"It has been there all winter," said Jumper. "Who dug it?" asked Peter. Jumper looked hard at Peter. "Don't you know?" he asked. "I wouldn't ask if I did, would I?" retorted Peter. "I've heard you ask questions just as foolish," said his big cousin, then added, "But if you really must know, it was Polly Chuck."

"No!" cried Peter. "Yes!" retorted Peter. "When?" asked Jumper. "Last fall," replied Jumper. "Did she spend the winter here?" cried Peter. "How should I know? I haven't seen her since last fall. She certainly wasn't out when I was around here in the winter. I haven't been here for quite a while, so I don't know any more about it then you do," explained Jumper.

Peter was once more staring hard at the doorway of the house under the great rock. "I wonder if she is down in there right now," said he to no one in particular. A sudden thought came to him. "If she is, Johnny Chuck should know it," he cried.

"Why don't you go tell him?" asked Jumper. "I would if I knew where to look for him, but I don't. He hasn't been seen on the Green Meadows for days," replied Peter.

SMALL FARM PLAN

SYDNEY, Australia — (CP) — The New South Wales government has launched a plan to stop the movement of seasonal farm workers to the cities. The workers may be settled on small farms close to country towns to give them more security and a year-round income.



FORCED OUT BY FLAMES

Five adults and a three-year-old girl were forced out of their Toronto home after Mrs. A. Milne woke up choking to see a sheet of flame in the living-room, York township firemen arrived to find flames shooting over the veranda and Mrs. Milne and her two sons, Tony, 23 and William, 21, and Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Cowan and their daughter Sandra, three, in freezing temperatures in the street wearing only their night clothes. An hour later, after subduing the blaze, firemen found the Cowan's pet spaniel pup, Sandy, shown with Sandra, "crying behind a bedroom door." Except for a cough, Sandy appeared none the worse for his experience.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

WRONG CONTRACT!

Today's declarer could have made his three-notrump contract by guessing better—but the correct contract would not have involved a guess!

North dealer. North-South vulnerable.

♠ A 10 6 3 2
♥ A J 10 3
♦ 7 6 5 2
♣ A J

♠ Q J 7 5
♥ K 6 3 2
♦ K 2
♣ 4 3

♠ A Q 10 9 7
♥ K 6
♦ K Q 10 9 8

The bidding:

North	East	South	West
Pass	Pass	1♥	Pass
1♠	Pass	2♥	Pass
2♣	Pass	3NT	Pass
3♠	Pass		
Pass	Pass		

West opened the diamond nine. The ten was played from the board, East covered, and declarer won. South returned to dummy with a diamond and led a club toward his own hand, playing the queen. West won and shifted to the nine of spades. The ace was put up, the remaining diamond trick was cashed—and South then had to guess who had the club jack. Obviously, he would have played four clubs, three diamonds and the two major-suit aces, but, as it happened, he decided to finesse for the club jack, and there went his contract!

Whether or not South should have played to drop the club jack is a question without an answer—one play had just about as much chance as the other. The far more pertinent fact is that South should not have been in three notrump! North should not have accepted that contract!

Let's consider. South did not bid notrump over North's two diamonds, even though the partnership was now known to have stoppers in all the suits—South actually rebid his hearts. Only when North then supported clubs did South veer toward notrump. Surely, then, this was a tentative, perhaps even a reluctant suggestion! Moreover, North had good reason to feel that at least five clubs, possibly six, was in the combined hands, since he himself had passed a holding which was the merest shade short of an opening bid, and which was particularly suited to a club contract.

Thus, North should have jumped straight to five clubs over South's three notrump, and at the minor-suit contract, South could have afforded to lose two club tricks.

HISTORIC FILE

Notre Dame Cathedral in France, has a history dating back to about the 13th century.

RIP KIRBY



PENNY



SPRING PROM

At The Y. M. C. A.

THURSDAY, APRIL 13th

Admission \$1.50 per couple
Tickets Obtainable at the Y.
Music by the Downtowners

Dancing 9:30-12:30 Semi-Formal

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

OUT OUR WAY

BY J. R. WILLIAMS

OH, CURLY, THEY KNOW I'M NOT ENOUGH OF A COWBOY TO TIE UP AND LEAD IN TWO WILD COWS ALL ALONE—SODA SAID IT CAN'T BE DONE!

IF I LED 'EM IN THEY'D JUST SAY, 'OH, WELL, A LIFETIME AT IT' BUT A LOUT—I MEAN A DUB—DOIN' IT, WHY THEY'LL TRY FOUR! THAT'S HOW TO GIT TH' WORK OUT O' THEM FELLERS!

THE HORRIBLE EXAMPLE

WHY, THIS IS YOUR MEDICINE DRAWER—DIDN'T YOU JUST TELL US TO THROW TH' WHOLE THING OUT?

YES, BUT SET IT HERE—ID LIKE TO GO OVER IT AGAIN!

WHY DON'T TH' FOOLS WAIT TILL HE'S OUT OR SNEAK OUT A BACK WINDOW WITH THAT THING? IT'S BEEN GOIN' ON FER YEARS!

THERE'S STUFF IN THERE HE HAD IN '98 FOR MALARIA IN CUBA—THAT DRAWER NEVER GOES DOWN OR OUT!

THE SORI OUTING

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

Major Hoople

GOOD NEWS, PALS! ME AN' MY ESKIMO GRAPPLER ARE GETTIN' \$300 FER A MATCH WITH GORY GABRIEL, THE STOCKYARDS BUTCHER BOY!

SOUNDS LIKE GAUZE AND PLASTER FOR YOUR BLUBBER-EATER, JAKE! GABRIEL IS TOUGH—HE'LL TWIST HIM INTO A HORSESHOE BEND!

I SAW GABRIEL ON TV—HE FOLDED SOME BIG ORANGOUTANG LIKE THE MISSUS IRONING TABLE-CLOTHS!

UM!

THAT \$300 IS RINGING BELLS IN HIS HEAD!

EGAD, TWIGGS! AM I OUT OF TUNE WITH THE TIMES? GREAT GRAPPLERS RULED THE MAT IN MY DAY, MEN LIKE HACKENSCHMIDT AND YUSSUF, USING LEGITIMATE HOLDS! I CAN'T STOMACH THESE CLOWNS! JAKE'S ESKIMO—FAW!

WRESTLING IS A MODERN MEDICINE SHOW, MAJOR, WITH TRAGEDY, HORRORS, LAUGHS, HEROES AND FOUL WRETCHES!—BUSY HOUSEWIVES, WHO KEEP BY DAY WHEN FATE GRINDS UP THEIR FAVORITE RADIO FAMILY, NOW MOURN BY NIGHT TOO WHEN THEY SEE ALI BABA DROPPED ON HIS CONK!

IT'S AN ART-LIKE PAINTING AND MUSIC

by Alex Raymond

IT'S A WIRE, SLEEPY! FROM ROMEO... HE'S MEETIN' ME! IT'S IN THE BAG!

WATCH YER STEP ON THIS ONE, JULIE! I DON'T WANT NO COP'S NOSE AROUND LIKE THEY DID THE LAST TIME!

YOU FOOL! QUIT YAPPIN' ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED THE LAST TIME! THIS IS JUST A CASE OF A REFINED, LONELY LADY MEETIN' A CULTURED, LONELY GENTLEMAN... AN' DON'T YOU FORGET IT!

I'M STILL AM SHUT UP! YOU AIN'T TALKIN' TO BINGO JULIE NOW! YOU ARE ADDRESSING MRS. JULIET SCOTT-EASTLEY!

MR. KIRBY, I... I HAVE A REQUEST... MAY I TAKE A FEW DAYS OFF ON A PRIVATE MATTER, SIR...

WHY... OF COURSE, DES... OF COURSE...

POOR DES... UNDOUBTEDLY SLIPPING OFF TO MEET HIS BIG ROMANCE... MAYBE IT WILL TURN OUT TO BE THE REAL THING...

I SINCERELY HOPE SO... BUT I'M WORRIED... I DON'T LIKE THE SETUP!

GOODBYE, MAJOR... TAKE GOOD CARE OF MR. KIRBY...

PERHAPS THE NEXT TIME I SEE YOU I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO THE FUTURE MRS. DESMOND!

THAT'S MIMI SCATTERBROUGH—UNCLE WILLMOT ADORER HER AND ALMOST MARRIED HER.

BUT HE DECIDED NOT TO WHEN HE LEARNED SHE SPENDS \$5,000 A YEAR IN A BEAUTY SHOP.

I SUPPOSE HE'S A HEART-BROKEN BACHELOR.

NOT MY UNCLE WILLMOT...

HE MARRIED THE BEAUTY SHOP OWNER.

THEY'RE GOING TO SING AN ENCORE SO... I'M AFRAID SO.

THE AUDIENCE DIDN'T LIKE IT! LISTEN TO THEM BOO!

HOLY CRIME... IF YOU DIDN'T WANT IT SIMPLY LIKE IT WHY ARE YOU APPLAUDING?

I'M APPLAUDING THE BOOING.

by Harry Hoenigsen