

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE
L. S. STEVENSON
 Branch Manager
 140 RICHMOND ST.
 All Profits for Policyholders

RECEIVED BY POPE

ROME, March 27 — (Reuters)—Lord Beaverbrook, Canadian-born British newspaper owner, was received in audience today by Pope Pius. Later he left Rome by plane for his villa at Nice. His Easter visit to Rome was marked by rain and cold weather.

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES
 (By Thornton W. Burgess)

THE FORK-TAILED ROBBER

Too often you will find that fright is made the instrument of might. —Old Mother Nature.

Grandpa Pelican sat on his favorite rock. He had had his breakfast of fish and more fish which he had caught without too much effort and trouble. Now he was feeling comfortably lazy, a feeling that often follows a hearty meal, especially down in the Land-of-always-summer where Grandpa Pelican lives. It was a pleasant do-nothing sort of feeling. Small waves of the blue, blue sea set in motion by always busy Sister Trade Wind broke gently against the rock on which he sat. Behind him a sandy beach, over the edge of which coconut palms gracefully leaned, curved around a small bay to another rocky point.

With his head thrown back so that his great bill was drawn in and rested comfortably against his long neck, the tip reaching to his breast, Grandpa Pelican was doing his best to look dignified. Looking out over the water he saw an old acquaintance flying low over the water. He was much smaller than Grandpa Pelican and wore a chocolate brown coat and white waistcoat. He dropped lightly down on



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the water, as much at home there as a Duck would have been.

"Good fishing?" asked Grandpa Pelican by way of greeting. "Good fishing, though I have had better. And you?" replied Brown Booby, for that was his name.

"Very good fishing," declared Grandpa Pelican. "I wouldn't ask for any better fishing."

"I suppose you kept what you caught," said Brown Booby. Grandpa Pelican looked a little surprised. "Of course I kept what I caught. I always keep what I catch excepting when there are children to be fed," said he.

"Always?" asked Brown Booby. Grandpa Pelican looked at Brown Booby sharply. Brown Booby wasn't looking at him. He was looking up in the sky and in his eyes was an anxious look. "Don't you?" asked Grandpa Pelican.

"Don't I what?" retorted Brown Booby a little testily. "Don't you always keep what you catch?" said Grandfather Pelican.

"That depends," replied Brown Booby shortly. "So that's it. Some one took part of your breakfast away from you this morning," said Grandfather Pelican softly.

Brown Booby nodded. "Yes," he admitted. "Who was it?" asked Grandpa Pelican.

"You don't need to ask you know without being told," retorted Brown Booby as he bobbed up and down on the water in front of the big rock.

"Was it—" began Grandpa Pelican and was interrupted. "I believe that fork-tailed robber is coming this way right now," declared Brown Booby, starting off into space. Grandpa Pelican started that way, too. High up in the blue, blue sky was what looked to be hardly more than a black speck.

"I guess you are right," agreed Grandpa Pelican. "Yes, sir, I am sure you are. Well, let him come. He won't get any fish from me. I had my breakfast so long ago that he won't be able to get any of it."

"If I were as big as you he never would take a fish from me. No, sir, he never would," declared Brown Booby.

"What do you mean?" asked Grandpa Pelican sharply. "Never mind," replied Brown Booby. "I've seen that fork-tailed robber take fish from you more than once."

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KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



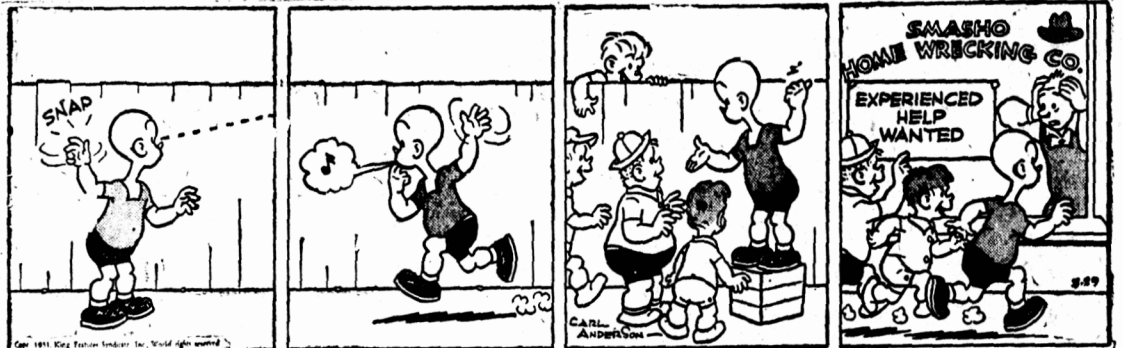
By Zano Grey

JOE PALOOKA



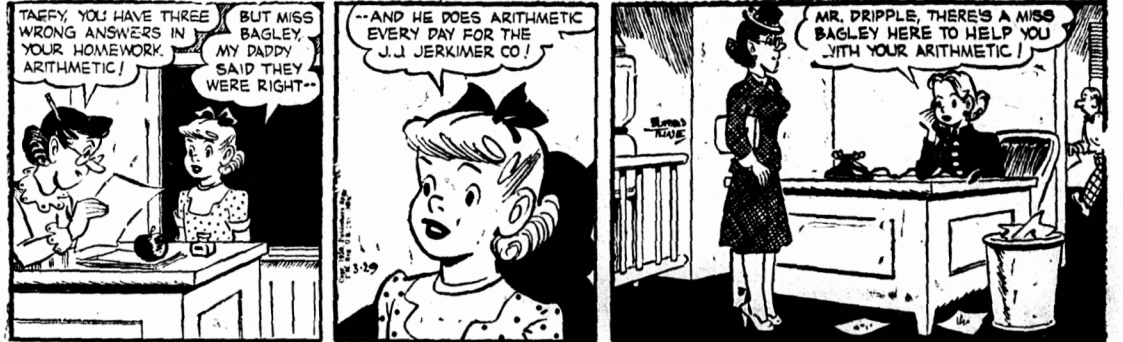
By Ham Fisher

HENRY



By Carl Anderson

DOTTY DIPPLE



By Ruford

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS



By Edwin

BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus

TILLY THE TOILER



By Westover

PENNY



By Harry Morrison

DANCE
 To Music By
 George Chappell and his Merry Islanders
 At The
MT. STEWART CANADIAN LEGION HALL
 THURSDAY NIGHT, MARCH 29th
 "Canteen Service"

DANCE
CURLING CLUB
 THURSDAY, MARCH 29th.
 10 P.M. to 2 A.M.
DON MESSER'S ORCHESTRA
 Admission 50c.
 Everyone Welcome — Lunch Will Be Served

Quickies by Ken Reynolds



"Always arguing! . . . I think we better look in the Guardian Want Ads for an apartment with a smaller landlord!"

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

WOULD YOU HAVE "CAUGHT" THE PHYSIC?

East's psychic bid in the hand shown below probably would have succeeded against most players in South's position.

West dealer.
 Both sides vulnerable.
 Both sides 60 on score.

10 7 5 3 2	8 9 8 8
9 8 4 3	2 J 10 7 5
J 7 2	Q 8 2
AK	AK 6 5
K Q 9 4	10 7
AK 6 5	AK 8 5
10 9 4 3	

The bidding:
 West North East South
 1 Pass 1 (1) 1 NT
 4 Pass 3 (1) 3 (1)
 4 Pass 4 Pass Pass

The part-score situation was largely the reason for East's psychic spade response to his partner's one-heart opener. East felt that if he could keep the opponents out of the highest-ranking suit, he would have a good chance to steal the rubber with a relatively cheap heart contract. Since East-West had only 60 on score, West would have to hold the spade bid open. If South didn't, and then East could go back to hearts.

South could not know what was going on, on the first round of bidding, but he didn't have to know—he was satisfied to bid a no-trump and await developments. When, however, East jumped to three hearts at his next turn, South did some thinking!

It was inconceivable, if West had an opening bid (which there was no reason to doubt) and South himself had so many honors, that East could have an honest jump raise in hearts! There were simply not that many high cards in a deck! Thus, East's leap to three hearts, over score, could not be based on slam aspirations, and so had to be based on fear. And by far the most probable source of his fear was spades—the one suit outranking his side's hearts.

Satisfied that he had read East's mind, South refused to be victimized. He not only bid spades, but, in playing the hand, actually banged down the spade ace and caught West's blank king! That was how sure South was of his own diagnosis!

SANDWICHES
 Better with
French's
 PREPARED MUSTARD
 HOT DAN THE MUSTARD MAN

By Al Capp



LIL ABNER



Rik Kirby



Rik Kirby



Rik Kirby