



Of Interest to Somebody



With the advent of Spring people everywhere are once more thinking of the words of our immortal Canadian poet Danny Dogface, "The Spring is come, the birdies sung, I get a kick out of everyone—and he should. Everywhere people are scurrying to buy their new Easter outfits hoping that for the first time in forty years it won't rain on Easter Sunday. Several parties have been planned to take place during the pre-Easter season, too with the Commodore and Mrs. I'm Seaisick giving a small soiree tomorrow evening for the officers and stuff of H.M.C.S. Stupidcona.

A visitor to the city during the Lenten season is Miss Desparee Search who is the guest of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. I. Give-Up. Several delightful parties have been given for Miss Search during her stay and on leaving she reported that she would be back next year to continue the hunt.

Mrs. Lawson Old Bird left this week to join her husband, who skipped out of town with the Bank funds a few months ago. She plans to spend a few days ducking the police in Montreal which was recently named twin gangster sister of Chicago.

The Accounting Department
Members of the Accounting Department of the High Ritz Department Store held an enjoyable dance at the Riff Raff Club on Lower Hollis Street last night. Chaperons for the occasion were Mr. and Mrs. I. Blurb and Mr. and Mrs. Poison Ivy. A light lunch was served at the conclusion of the dancing.

Mrs. Doting Mother held a delightful birthday party in honor of her daughter Sarah James, who celebrated her fifth birthday Wednesday. The invariable ice cream and cake were served and the invariable little girl was sick. Among the small guests present for the occasion were Donny Dimwit, Susy Slapphappy, Janey Jackass and Bobby Busybody.

Marriage

A marriage of interest to nobody took place in the Little Church Around the Other Corner yesterday, when Able Mable, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gladto C. Hergo was united in marriage to Urp Stewpot, son of Mr. and Mrs. Burp Stewpot, all of this fair city.

The groom was devastating in a suit of midnight blue on Tip Toe lines, the double breasted jacket fashioned with set in sleeves ending at the first knuckle of this thumb. His white nylon shirt with wing collar was held at the neckline with a dark grey silk tie caught in a Windsor knot. He wore a single white carnation in his buttonhole and his only ornament was a set of gilt cufflinks, the gift of the bride.

He was attended by K. O. Nelson, as best man, who wore a suit of grey pinstripe fashioned on the same lines as the groom's. He carried the wedding ring. P. U. Smell and I. O. Monies acted as ushers.

Following the ceremony a reception was held at the Dew Fall Inn where the groom responded brilliantly to the toast to the bride.

Later the young couple left on a short wedding trip to the Cozy Cabins. For going away the groom chose a matching gabardine overcoat with Steppedown hat and black leather gloves.

On their return Mr. and Mrs. Stewpot will reside at their new home on Bug Bear Drive which Mr. Stewpot built as a result of his profitable winter with the City Snow Cleaning Department at \$5.00 per hour.

Little Women Hold Meeting

The annual meeting of the Little Women's Club for the Preservation of the Vanishing Whooping Crane was held at the home of Mrs. J. Pert, Young Avenue, yesterday afternoon. The Minister of Agriculture, Mr. I. Garden gave an inspiring address to the assembled members on the need for the establishment of similar Little Women's Club's across Canada to aid in the survival of the Whooping Crane.

Only continued effort, by groups such as these, he said, would help to turn the tide now running against the Crane and restore them to their rightful place on the Canadian scene.

Following Mr. Garden's address the members discussed the organization of the province wide campaign for funds to be held next month to aid the federal government in the preservation of the Whooping Crane. It was decided that leaflets would be sent out to the various cities and towns explaining the organizations aim. We don't want them mixing us up with such terrible organizations as the Committee in Charge of the Indigent Irish, one member commented. Mrs. J. MacLoud was appointed Publicity Manager for the purpose.

A delightful tea was held at the close of the meeting with the hostess, Mrs. Pert, pouring in a red and purple gown and plume hat.

Grave Remarks

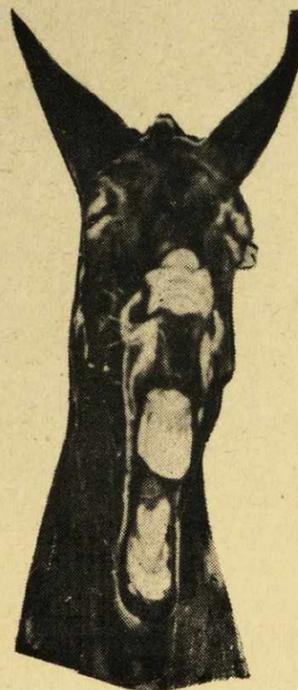
It will be noted with much grief and passing regret by his many friends and enemies that Oliver Herringfish, of the plush Lower Water Street residential district, passed away at Cape Town last week where he was vacationing.

He was well known in Halifax business circles in 1906 although he was forced to leave in 1907 for a three year team at Dorchester for a shakedown racket. On his release he operated a speakeasy in Chicago for a while, where he became intimately acquainted with the late Al Capone. Shaking a murder rap in 1929 he removed to Florida where he took up a quiet game. He was next heard of when he hit the headlines in the '30', when he married pork heiress Nancy Fatham—having previously forgotten to divorce his other two wives.

Mr. Herringfish was well thought of in this town, and the news of the untimely death of this kindly, dignified, well mannered fan will be long before forgotten.

Cause of death given in the coroner's report in Cape Town was a bullet wound apparently caused by an outraged husband, who caught him with his wife in his kitchen.

PORTRAIT OF A - - -



- - - ENGINEER

Dr. Grady's Medical Advice

Dear Dr. Grady:

I find that lately after getting up too early, at noon and attending one class, my ears begin ringing and I feel very weak. Needless to say I work very hard at this class on the one occasion per week that we have to write an essay, but this weakness troubles me.

Student.

Dear Student:

If this class really affects you in this way, and since it must be a necessary class, I would suggest that you pay someone else to attend in your place and write your essays, for that would be less expensive in the long run than visiting a doctor.

Dr. Grady.

Dear Dr. Grady:

Lately I have been having very bad nosebleeds and they come at a most inopportune moment. What do you suggest?

Red.

Dear Red:

Are you gaining too much weight lately or are you living in a rarefied atmosphere? If neither of these things are applicable to you I would suggest that you donate this abundance to the Red Cross Clinic.

Dr. Grady.

Dear Dr. Grady:

I am feeling nervous and depressed, and have been for some weeks. I have been working very hard and cannot get way from my books. What can I use to cure me, and at the same time keep studying?

Depressed.

Dear Depressed:

What you need is to go on a wee binge and forget all your troubles. Save some of the cure to use the next time you feel the urge to open a book.

Dr. Grady.

My dear Dr. Grady:

For many years I have been following the sound advice offered in your column, but some things

perplex me greatly. For instance, for several days I have been checking all the big bridges in town for the fallen arches that you say are so abundant in this part of the world. I have found none. I have been checking the band for punctured tympanists, that certainly do cause earaches, the music, that is, that they produce, but they have never heard of you, and I've been worrying for a long time about this. As a fellow physician, I feel you should let me in on some of these esoteric discoveries of yours.

Dr. Chestnut.

Dear Dr. Chestnut:

I fear that I have only one solution for you and that is to take up immediate residence in the Nova Scotia Hospital. I am sure that our worthy brothers in murder (sorry, I meant medicine) would be able to help solve your difficulty.

Dr. Grady.

Dear Dr. Grady:

I find find find lately that I I I have the tendency to repeat repeat myself rather more more more than than is is quite necessary. It is a great affliction affliction affliction. Please help me me me, do. I am in direst need of assistance.

Jack Jack.

Dear Jack:

I have nothing to suggest except to get a record player and let it run on the last groove for some time. Perhaps you will be shocked into stopping stopping.

Dr. Grady.

Dr. Grady offers advice on all medical problems, but will not be held responsible for the results . . . write in care of this paper.

Go North—

(Continued from Page Two)

pion (1933-34) of the Bedford Row fire station, Ferdinand F. Fishfeeler, no relation of course, but the F stands for Ferdinand—his mother also liked Ferdinand, which proves that he had more on the ball than either of the fathers) to head the safara. Today's thrilling instalment opens as Ferdinand F. Fishfeeler, Slab Town millionaire, greets Ferdinand F. Fishfeeler, voyager, world traveller, explorer, adventurer, and Pinochle Champion (1933-34) of the Bedford Row fire station (and no relation of course).

FERDY: (Again we call him Ferdy in an effort to conserve space): "Ferdy".

FERDY: "Ferdy". (As you can see we also like Ferdinand).

To be Continued

ETIQUETTE

by Pemble Host

Dear Miss Host:

I am writing to you with a grave problem of deep concern to me. I have been going steady with three boys and they do not know about each other. I have them in shifts from 6-8, 8-10, 10-12. Now my problem of keeping them apart is going to be very difficult for we are moving to a new house with only one living room and I am sure that the times for their visits will conflict since the middle one has been coming early and leaving late. Kindly tell me the correct way to introduce them to one another night after night so that they do not catch on.

Conflict.

Dear Conflict:

My solution to your problem is very simple. Tell the middle one that since you have never had a brother that you want to pretend that he is and ask him to play the part realistically for you. Then you may casually introduce him each night as your brother and I hope that all will be well. Of course, if you have a brother the only thing is to stop seeing the middle one, or give him shorter hours on the plea of having too much work to do.

Miss Host.

Dear Miss Host:

Recently at several parties I have been finding it difficult to raise my glass without tipping it, particularly late in the evening. I realize that a misadventure of this kind can be occasionally overlooked, but night after night, it happens. I have tried every means that I can think of, as a last resort, using a different mixture every time, thinking that that might be the cause of my difficulty, but it seems only to increase the waste. Please advise immediately.

Tipping.

Dear Tipping:

I can offer you only one solution, and that is to drink straight from the source of the liquid. Of course, at times it may be difficult to get your hands on this, but if so, just tell people that you are allergic to germs on ordinary glasses, and that you must have the original source to yourself.

Miss Host.

Dear Miss Host:

I have a very cute professor, but he is very shy. What can I do so that he will keep me in after class?

College Student.

Dear Student:

Instead of going to every class, miss enough that he will send for you for a quiet session. When he reprimands you, cry on his shoulder, and if you are a college student, you should know enough to go from there.

Miss Host.

Miss Host is willing to answer all problems, but chiefly those concerning etiquette. Learn by example. The etiquette of growing up is a complicated affair, and instead of learning to do the right things, first avoid doing the wrong things. All good things come to she who waits, just like the spider in the parlor.

The NOVA SCOTIAN
"DANCING SATURDAY NIGHT"
HALIFAX

McCURDY
PRINTING COMPANY
LTD.
"ONE OR A MILLION"
54 Argyle St. PRINTERS
P. O. Box 1102 and
Halifax, Canada PUBLISHERS
"EXPORT"
CANADA'S FINEST
CIGARETTE

Rich dark chocolate
with roasted almonds

