

City News In Panties

Appointed—Percy Prune, Pepperell Street, who was this week appointed Chairman of the Smog Dispersal Commission is well known in Halifax. He previously served in Dorchester and Kingston as a member of the Committee to Abolish Penal Servitude in Canada. Mr. Prune claims that it will be possible to see Dartmouth on a clear day when his plan is put into operation.

Short Sentence—Arthur Cesspool of Ecum Secum was sentenced to fifteen years in city prison after he pleaded guilty to a charge of expectorating on a city sidewalk. "I believe it's a case where a short sentence will suffice," Magistrate English said in imposing maximum sentence.

Painfully Injured—Keith Dow was painfully injured yesterday when he fell while ascending the steps of a local hostelry, the Harbor Horse. He is now recuperating at Rock Head Rest. Mr. Dow locally known as "Hops" will be remembered for his scintillating play with the Hydrostone Cribbage Club.

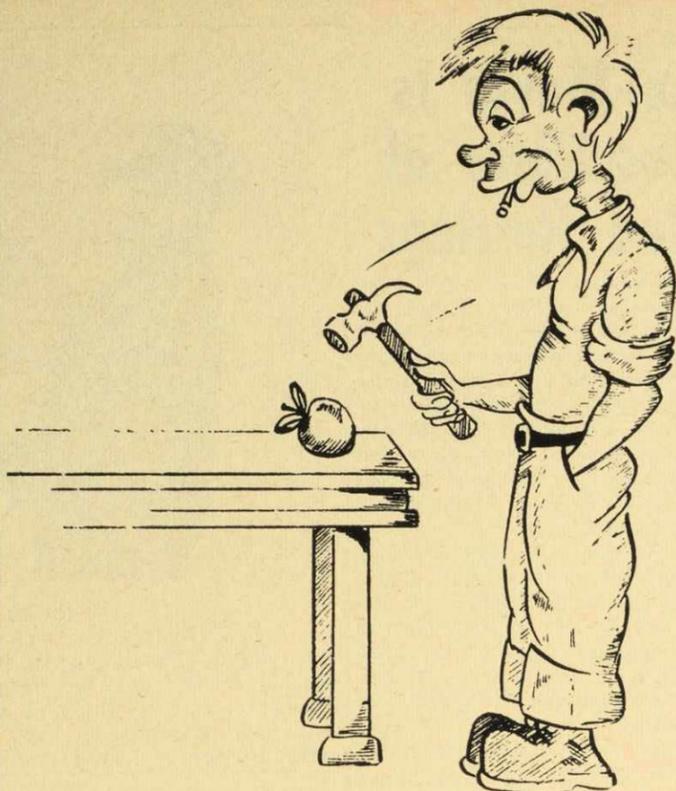
Cost of Bridge—The local Council of East Chezzetcook last night agreed to pay one tenth of the cost of the new bridge to span Dartmouth Harbor. The council said there was no truth in the rumor that pedestrians would be supplied with bicycles with which to cross the new span.

Permit Refused—The application of Jesse Holdup for a permit to open a tavern on Robie Street was refused by the City Council yesterday. The nearness of the proposed site to the City Field would hamper the work of City employees said the Council. Mayor MacGinley was emphatic in his refusal despite the insistence of Col. O'Sea.

Glace Bay Man Sets New Record

Another Sydney record has been eclipsed by a citizen of Senator's Corner. The former record held by a Sydneyite of passing his motor vehicle over a body three times was broken here tonight when Dennis O'Toole made seven passes over the body of James Jam. No inquest will be made as Mr. Jam was in a jam with the local constabulary over alleged bootleg coal dealings and was said to favor the Sydney Millionaires in the coming playoffs. Sydney residents bitterly resent this loss of their claim to fame.

Know Your Maritimers



MY ANSWER TO THE ABOVE CARTOON IS

Prize for the correct answer is 3/4 miles of C.N.R. track and one lump of coal.

RUSSIA AND CHINA—

(Continued from page one)
Foreign Minister was busy recuperating from the Colombo Conference, and made no comment, except to send out for aspirin.

Maritime members were united in their assurances that the treaty would have no adverse effect on Maritime markets. "Our apples will still be safe," one said.

LIMIES LIKE—

(Continued from page one)
ful raids on one another's headquarters, to ease the tension. As a result, new by-elections will be held in some twenty ridings throughout the country, no matter who wins. In another forty-six ridings, only Liberals will be table to take office.

Further election results will be printed as soon as the rowboat brings them.

NOTICE

Masters and Education students who do not wish to pay for new year book photos, may make arrangements to have old ones used by calling Dodge before Wednesday, or a member of the Committee before Monday. In this way, the photos will cost only 50c.

STUDENT SLIPS—

(Continued from page one)
ter to the step, and Lemon's foot landed on it.

Two hours later, when rescuers arrived, Lemon had not fully recovered from his slide down the steps on his back, with his head bumping on each one. But he was still game, and as the sun's dying rays tinted the scene with fire, he was ready again.

He was sure that he could do it this time. In a great display of sheer bravado, he said to your reporter as he left "I'll beat it now or bust a shoestring".

Again Lemon embarked amid mad cheers, and cautiously approached the first step. Everyone watched breathlessly as he crept over it, and a wave of applause rose when he finally stood triumphantly below.

But the jubilant crowd turned into statue-like shapes as they realized that their applause had rattled Lemon, and saw him slip, recover, and slip again. Not a man moved, not a woman spoke, not a leaf fluttered, as Lemon grabbed frantically for the rail.

When stretchers-bearers reached the stricken man, they found he had broken his back. They rushed him immediately to the Victoria Colonel Hospital, after opening his clenched fists, and tucking the picture of his mother safely away in his breast pocket.

SNORT ABOUT SPORT by AL BICKERSOME

LETTER FROM DISGRUNTLED FAN

Yesterday this corner received a letter from an obviously biased hockey fan criticizing my selection of an All Star Big Four team.

The squad, as you undoubtedly remember, was as follows: Goal—Rudy McLevy; St. Mary's: Defence—Walnuts McWalkin; St. Mary's, and Bertrand Pilfer; St. Mary's: Forwards—Willie Hammonrye, St. Mary's; Rocky Shoulderblade, St. Mary's; and little Muckle Shmuckle, St. Mary's. Coach—Barty Marry, St. Mary's; Mascot—Knucker Burns, St. Mary's.

Now as any fool can plainly see, this is a well balanced team. In fact, it is so well balanced that it is liable to topple at any moment. But that is beside the point. Since I am a sports writer, and my critic is merely a fan, I need not give any explanations for my team. I must point out that the Monopoly has a circulation of 100,000 daily, some of it paid, so I do not intend to stand for any more of this bickering. I hadn't expected to receive an epistle containing such violent language, such bitter sentiments, or such wild accusations. The letter is as follows.

Dear Bickersome,
Your selections stinks.

Disgruntled Fan

BIG SURPRISE FOR CRIBBAGE LOVERS

Well, all you red-blooded fans, here is the surprise you have been waiting for. From now on, instead of only three complete columns on the sport page, our regular column, "Bowling Bits From the Hydrostone Cribbage Tournament" will be given SIX whole columns. The remainder of the page, as usual, will be covered with interesting bits of news sponsored by Stetson Hats, Brylcreem, Aqua Velva and various other sporting concerns. I might add that I have always worn a hat ever since my very good friend Senator Bilbo said to me, complimenting me on my wide and varied knowledge (on the occasion of my visit to Chatanooga in 1904 to cover the olympic frog-eating contest) "Bickersome—You have a swelled head." I consider it one of my proudest moments.

LET US ABOLISH BLOOD SPORTS

All over the world, people are rising to protest the continued use of blood sports. Never one to climb off the band-wagon, I rise with them. In the Monopoly-sponsored Africville Tiddly-Winks Tournament held some three months ago in a local athletic club, one of the players accidentally dislodged a carelessly placed poker chip from a shelf near his elbow. Panic broke out as the monster of destruction, teetered and then plunged down among the helpless players seated on the floor below. Dealing death and destruction as it went, (two of our leading athletes were removed to the hospital. One was found to be suffering from acute indigestion and was later released.) the jukkernot brought screams of terror from the spectators until it finally came to rest on the floor some three feet below.

It is this sort of thing that calls me to rise fearlessly once again in the interests of sport. As my very good friend Herbert Hoover remarked to me (on the occasion of my 1901 visit to San Antonio to participate in the famous Turn-of-the-Century Crab Race) "Bickersome—You are an imbecile." As long as there are imbeciles in this world, truth will not vanish from the face of the earth.

Tight Little Campus—

(Continued from page three)

beagle, "They are trying to crowd my client out as they have done in the athletic field. Give them an ounce and they want a car load." In conclusion he denied the allegation that the Dull boys had gotten there first. "Would you have this court believe that any one could beat a theologian to such an accident?"

Later authorities at both institutions announced that proceedings would be taken against those who had gotten there first. It is suspected that some of it is still being consumed as this paper goes to press.

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