

The Daily Monopolies (both of them) constantly aim to be Humane, Cuddley, and Punctual Newspapers.  
 Circulation: 100,000  
 Pulse: 36  
 Temperature: 110  
 Low tonight  
 High tomorrow

# THE DAILY MONOPOLY

Weather Forecast  
 Halifax Office  
 12:15 p.m.

Windy about noon. Short period of calm followed by gales, hot air, and rising temperatures. Tomorrow we'll all be out in the cold.

Of the Advertisers; By the Advertisers; For the Advertisers

Vol. LXXXII

HALIFAX, N. S., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1950

No. 33



In the most enthusiastic burst of college spirit yet shown at Dull-housie University, the Students, at a Student Forum, unanimously voted to adjourn until Tuesday. One of the more dramatic moments of the meeting is shown above.

## BRAIN TRUST MIS-TRUSTS BEEF TRUST

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### Reveal How Combinations Held Up as Support Slack

by AVALON S. SCRUFFS

Special to the Monopoly

OTTAWA, Feb. 27—(URP)—Beef rose fourteen points on the stock exchange tonight, and Government circles were rocking, after the noisiest Parliamentary crisis since the Description Issue during the war. Time and again the Speaker stalked out of an unruly House until order was restored, and the Opposition had a field day.

The Department brought down its report under the Combinations Investigations Act, and by some strange oversight, the clerk entrusted with the preparation of the report had forgotten that the Beef trust was the subject of the investigation. Consulting the Act, he concluded that the key word was Combinations, and the underwear industry had been held up as the offender.

Members of the Department's Brain Trust, including Mr. Farson, rose to explain the clerk's mistake. In a moving speech which brought tears to the eyes of Liberal investors, the Minister asked members to consider the clerk's mistake as 'most natural'. He spoke of the clerk's humble origin, the fact that he had not had the benefit of higher education and the fact that he had been a faithful party supporter for years. To avoid future mistakes of this sort he proposed to change the name of the Combinations Investigations Act to the Permutations Investigations Act.

The Leader of the Opposition was scathing in his denunciations of the Government's "slackness".

Why had the Beef trust been singled out anyway? He felt that something must be done. It was now, he concluded amid the cheers of the Opposition, up to the Government to see that something was done.

At Press time the situation was still confused. The Garment Manufacturer's Association sent a delegation to the Prime Minister, at Home with a copy of the Gazette. Beef soared in the stock exchange as government member sold short and the oppositions bought in.

#### MARITIMES WATCH CRISIS

In the Maritimes the situation was watched closely. In the Valley a prominent grower said morosely that no one at Ottawa "gave a damn" about the apples. It was better to be investigated for Combining (or Permuting) than to be ignored altogether. When asked for statements, Maritime members reiterated the fundamental principles of the Great Liberal Party. "Prime Minister knows what's best for us," said one member.

#### Daily Smile

Dr. Z. Puce

The many friends of Dr. Zacharia Puce will learn with regret that he passed away at his home yesterday following a severe attack of gout. The Dr. devoted his long and useful life to the fight against socialised medicine. The funeral will take place at his home tomorrow at 2.30 p.m.

### Limies Like Luck as Liberals Lose Lots; London Logs Labour Landslide

LONDON, Feb. 27—(BURP)—First returns from the British general elections came in today at nine o'clock, only thirty-six hours after the polls closed. They show that a Conservative M.P., Major Ashburn, was returned to power in his South English riding of Foxhound.

The speed with which the returns have been coming in has been attributed to a new method of counting them, recently put into effect by the Labour government, and credited with the victories in all recent by-elections. The new system does away with the old-fashioned machinery, and now some two-hundred thousand faithful Labourites are busy trying to miscount.

### To be No Red Herrings Tho Communists Win

LONDON, Feb. 27—(Rotters)—In a program monitored here today by the BBC Listening Service, Radio Moscow carried a report by GASS, the Soviet News Service, about the elections to be held shortly in the USSR. The commentator denounced the decadent system used in the Western countries, saying that it allowed each of the bourgeoisie middle class to have one vote too much say in who should represent them.

The commentator contrasted this with the state of affairs in the Soviet Union, where the issue was not confused by a multiplicity of parties.

In the Soviet Union there is no doubt in the minds of anyone as to who is going to win. Hence, no sleep is lost and Soviet workers are able to contribute their all to the fight against Imperialism and the betterment of all colonial peoples.

SPLASH!!! Prime Minister Battly spilled his tea tonight when he learned that his party was leading by an overwhelming majority, according to latest returns. Standings show:

- Labour 5
- Conservatives 1
- Liberals and others ¼

Since Thursday evening English newspapermen, politicians, radio men and bookies have been sitting in smoke-filled rooms, anxiously awaiting the arrival of more cigarettes. Occasionally, the two major political parties made play—  
 (Continued on page four)

### Russia and China Sign Non-Agression Pact; China Agrees Not to Menace USSR

MOSCOW, Feb. 25—(BURP)—The Red Square was filled with people today, Stalin and Mao met in the Kremlin to sign the Sino-Russian friendship pact. Speaking to the cheering crowds below, Stalin said that this step marked a new high in Russian foreign policy; their last friendship pact, he said, had secured Russia a mere few millions as against this addition of four hundred million.

### Citizens Terrorized by Ferocious Man Eating

BEE, O., Feb. 26—(URP)—Consternation reigns supreme in this little Ohio community today as panic stricken citizens remain quivering behind locked doors with loaded shotguns. All business is at a standstill and public utilities are not operating, as everybody in the area remains at home in fear of a deadly Emperor penguin that escaped from the local zoo on Friday. State police has been alerted and a group of Eskimo hunters is being flown in to help trap it.

A tragedy occurred when the mayor of Bee, wounded by a trigger-happy policeman. "He looks like a penguin" was the constable's explanation.

Asked for comment, President Shrewman put down his ice-cream cone and asked where the Kremlin was. When told, he sighed, and said: "I bet we got a bigger one in Missouri." He was unable to comment further on the situation as Secretary Charlie Rost led him away to the State Teachers' Ass'n Weenie Roast where he was due to make a speech.

OTTAWA, Feb. 26—(CUP)—When approached for comment on the treaty, government members had little to say. Pressed for comment one Minister said absently: "We shall buy coal in the Maritimes". The Leader of the Opposition, commenting on the situation, called for provincial rights for all provinces, and denounced the government's foreign policy. The  
 (Continued on page four)



Bloody but unbeaten, Herbert Lemon struggles valiantly to regain the top of the steps by the MacDonald Library. His first attempt to negotiate the perilous steps ended in failure, and two attempts later he broke his back.

### Student Slips Suffering Sprained Sacroiliac on Studley Steps

### Tight Little Campus As Truck Rums Wild

The Supreme Court is expected to hand down its decision this evening in the notorious case of Dullousie V Rex, better known as the "Tight Little Campus" Case. The hearing lasted three days and contrary to the usual rule, the evidence became more accurate as more time elapsed.

The facts briefly are these. A large delivery van of the A.B.C. Brewery Co. Ltd. proceeded along the Dal campus road from Coburg Road in the direction of the new Arts Building when a dog known to everyone as Pee Tah, ran in front of the truck. The driver (God rest his soul) swerved the truck and crashed into a stone obstacle which is famous to students on the path between Dal and Rex. In the ensuing disorder the driver was killed (R.I.P.) and the doors of the huge van were split open. In what seemed seconds students and teachers got load of the situation and carried away about twenty percent of it. It was then  
 (Continued on page two)

DALHOUSIE, Feb. 27—(UPU)—Yesterday at noon, Herbert Lemon, popular male nursing student, slipped and broke his back on the steps next to the MacDonald Library. Mr. Lemon, in an agitated state after a hard morning taking pulses and temperatures, slipped three times before the steps finally got him.

The near-deceased was heading home for dinner. He approached the steps had almost managed to negotiate them entirely the first time. But the last step was covered with a deposit of ice from Sunday's tstorm, and Lemon slid on it.

Not one to be easily beaten, Lemon determined to return to the top of the steps, and try again. A half-hour later, by dint of a supreme hand-over-hand technique employed on the railing, he again reached the top. Witnesses report that Lemon was a little winded, but otherwise intact.

Unfortunately, some of the spectators had brought their lunches with them, to eat while they beheld the spectacle. As a result, Lemon came to grief on the top step. One of the hungry students had let a piece of wax paper flut—  
 (Continued on page four)



THE DAILY MONOPOLY

The Daily Monopoly sits on Maritime Progress and Development, and is dedicated to the service of the people that no champion shall back a good cause and that wrong cannot thrive opposed

For the cause that lacks existence  
From the Editor's desistence,  
For the suckers in the distance  
And anything else that will increase our circulation.

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TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1950

NEVER LET IT BE SAID

We want to be fair. The C.N.R. isn't really so bad, even if it won't buy our Sydney coal. We might as well face it; the stuff isn't very good anyhow. And besides, it's much, much cheaper to curtail operations to the Maritimes, than pay the American exchange rate when there's a good excuse not to.

We don't want it said that R. C. Vaughan is a bad man. He just made a mistake, that's all, and surely we in the Maritimes are willing to walk to Montreal so Mr. Vaughan won't have to admit his error. Then, too, think of the hundreds of nice men he has working for him.

Why, just the other day the Winnipeg Free Press said: "My, these railway men are so faithful" . . . and we think so too. They push their puny little locomotives into the biggest snowdrifts, even though they have got a cold, and their only reward is a little paycheck.

No, we just don't want it said that the C.N.R. is all wrong. We must remember that the coal industry isn't producing as much as it once did, and hasn't found a better way of burning coal in fifty years. That proves they're backward, and why should the C.N.R. and Ottawa help an industry that won't help itself? Now, we ask you . . . why?

WE WOULD

If most of us old folks in the Maritimes had our lives to live over again, we would stay right here, wouldn't we? They why is it that all our young people want to go where they can make more money? They should realize that it's much more fun to eat fish and crab about Ottawa.

Only the other day our Premier proved that Nova Scotia held limitless opportunities by saying "We are prosperous". And if we teach our youngsters to repeat that often enough, why there's no telling how low our living standard can get.

Make no mistake about it . . . we are all in favour of youth taking advantage of its opportunities, but we're sure there are all sorts of them here. And besides, our circulation drops every time someone leaves.

TAKE A STAND

Some people just will not commit themselves. These lily-livered, yellow-bellied, equivocating, non-sensical mugwumps are afraid someone will disagree with them. But we (brave us) are going to take a stand, and stick to it.

We want to say here and now that we believe Nova Scotia has absolutely the best climate of its kind. And just to be consistent we won't change that idea until Ottawa changes the climate.

Lest anyone contradict us, we hasten to point to Nova Scotia's hay production. Last year we grew 2,594,436 tons of hay, and that ain't money.

That just goes to show that no matter how much hay we grow, we'll always have less money, because some people insist on keeping horses.

Letter to The Editor

Dear Sir,  
This may or may not come as a surprise to you, but one of the most burning issues in Halifax is the state of sandwiches at the Dalhousie Canteen.

It has been discovered that the peanut butter sandwiches outnumber the meat and cheese six to one. This should not be! Is this fair to the vast armies of cows slaving in earnest labour producing meat (and cheese)? No! Let us consider the cows' attitude: they must feel deeply slighted, for we seem to prefer the impersonal peanut to the very personal cheese and meat. This, my friends, is the obvious result of our mechanical age. I feel compelled to raise my voice in protest.

As Omar Khayam (and several lesser philosophers) have remarked "Eat, Drink, and be Merry" . . . how can we do so with nothing but peanut butter sandwiches to sustain us? Though peanut butter may appeal to the bourgeoisie of Dalhousie, the aristocrats know that cheese (or meat) inspires the soul. It is very probably the plebian Commerce students or Engineers who are responsible for the superfluidity of peanut butter sandwiches; you, as editor of the Monopoly, a publication which has tremendous influence on Halifax

As Foreigners See It

OH, TEMPORA! OH, MONTREAL  
Statistics show that the average conventional visitor stays in Toronto 4.5 days. The unconventional go to Montreal and stay.—Ottawa Journal.

HOLIDAYS FOR 20,000,000  
Some 20 million workers in Britain are now getting holidays with pay, a fact which has brought about a revolution in the holiday industry. — U.K. Information Service. The other 14,000,000 voters went Conservative, and too many Labourites were holidaying.

FRACTIONS  
A news story says that of 25 Canadian Rhodes scholars at Oxford "half are married". As we do not believe in fractional scholars we conclude that 12 are married, 12 unmarried, and your guess is as good as ours about the last. —Peterborough Saxaminer.

FREE DRINKS  
The Principal of McGill University says universities in Canada need \$6,242,000 a year — that is something over \$90 per student per year. — A Halifax Paper. What happens to the rest of our fees?

opinion, must bring about a change.  
Hungriely yours,  
Dr. H. B. Flatlee.

It depends on where you stand



One Romantic Homicide

By ALICE McSNARL  
THE STORY: Morgantorpe Jones-Wayne, an underprivileged young millionaire's only child had fallen madly in love for Gertrude, his father's chauffeur's kitchen maid. She so far has scorned his attentions because of the uncrossable cavern between them socially. One morning Morgy's father woke up dead with a pistol with seven empty cartridges in it lying by his body and a half-empty glass of deadly poison on the dresser by his bed. The doctor tells everyone that the deceased died from a heart attack, but Morgantorpe is suspicious and turns in his moment of need to Gertrude. Gertrude agrees with him that there is suspicion of foul play and they call the police who agree with the doctor that the poor man died of a heart attack. Despairing of help from the authorities they turn to Sam Shovel, a private detective. Shovel decides to attend the funeral and, as the bullet-ridden body is lowered into the grave he hears a groan from the coffin and stops the funeral. The old man is revived but can remember nothing of what has happened. Sam is still suspicious and decides to stick around.

CHAPTER 178

Sam walked nonchalantly into the library and pretended to look at the rare volumes on the book shelves. In reality he was looking for a clue. Any clue would do; he was clueless. Suddenly he heard a noise from behind him and quickly whirled to see the closet door closing. With a flash of genius-like inspiration he realized that someone was in the closet. Hearing a step in the corridor outside he swiftly ran to the door of the closet and turned the key in the lock. No sooner had he resumed his place before the books when Jones-Wayne Sr. entered the room, hobbling along on crutches. Sam whirled around to confront the aged man. "Aha!" he said.

"Aha?" queried the old man in a tremulous quiver.  
"Aha!!" repeated Sam in a firm voice.

Knowing when he was beaten the old man limped slowly from the room.

Wiping the perspiration from his brow caused by his narrow escape Sam resumed his search for clues. Putting the irritating rattling and knocking coming from the direction of the locked closet out of his mind Sam turned his attention to a general survey of the room. A cold chill ran down his back and he realized that the window was open. Crossing over to the open casement he looked out and saw a dark blur. It was Ching-Gow-Nin, the alley cat. He was carrying something. "I smell a rat" said Sam to himself. (To be continued)

Tight Little Campus—

(Continued from page one)

the facts reveal, that—the trouble was discovered which led to the legal battle. Officials on both sides immediately saw that the truck was one half on each campus, and there was three hundred cases of White Cow left in the truck NOT OPEN. They dryly remarked that the Dul-Rex agreement did not cover the situation. Later, after a prolonged argument their spirits dampened by the difficulty the officials decided to let the Supreme Court decide in whose jurisdiction the cases had fallen.

In summing up their respective positions the consuls for each side pleaded that for the sake of fairness one side should get the booze, and the other side the useless truck and the dead driver, good for lab purposes. Each suggested that his client deserved the booze, just for the record.

George P. Sharpie, V.O. solicitor for Dal, maintained that although the truck had landed on both properties, his clients was entitled to the goods under salvage rules, after all it was the Dull track team which got there first. Further— (Continued on page three)

Edgar I. Guess

I contend one sex is plenty,  
And Man made his first mistake  
When Adam ate the apple  
'Neath the watchful eye of Snake.  
What a happy race of men we'd be  
You can at once perceive,  
If, while Adam munched the apple,  
Mr. Snake had eaten Eve.  
We had no female troubles  
And our chivalry was laggin'  
Till St. George took matters over  
And went and killed a dragon.  
O foolish man! Did'st not perceive  
To what thy valor led.  
We'd have no worries had the  
Dragon killed St. George instead.  
This land of ours was undefiled  
By common female stock,  
Till the good old Pilgrim Fathers  
Landed on the Plymouth Rock.  
For they brought some women  
with them.  
O! How trivial all our brothers,  
If the good old Plymouth Rock  
Had landed on the Pilgrim  
Fathers.



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# Southpaw All Wet As Election Probe Reaches Harbour



Shown above is Mr. Jeke Trash-Trasher (left) City Sanitation Chief, presenting a beautiful wreath to Oswald Dump, 87, veteran of 80 years sterling service on the heap.

## Ex-Mayor Is Suspicious of Red Herrings

There has been dirty work afoot in Dartmouth Town of late, and the town police force (both of them have been very co-operative) have detected a fishy smell. Major Clod Boris says that this odor can be attributed to codfish now being unloaded in Halifax but Southpaw very firmly states that some Red Herrings are involved in the scandal.

We contacted Captain Paul Poole of the Intelligence Digest and questioned him about this possibility. Poole was unwilling to commit himself, but said that there was a distinct possibility of Bolshevik interference. Southpaw thinks a few foul balls were thrown in the election, about one thousand of them to be exact, and by bad umpiring, the bases were loaded.

Accusations of Red activities, of course, are very serious allegations and should only be made by Lily-whiters. There are terrible implications arising out of this scandal. It may even be found that the new councilmen wear red flannels. Stanfields would never stand for this and a revolution may be the outcome. But if Southpaw has his way the whole world may be in for a terrible shock.

According to Southpaw eleven thousand votes materialized out of a possible ten thousand, which goes to show that perhaps Kinsey was wrong. Dr. Albert Einstein and Dr. Oppenheimer have kept silent on the situation, but President Truman in a special message intimated that the whole atomic theory may be exploded by the Dartmouth election. This would end Russo-American race for the H-Bomb which would throw thousands of people out of work.

If ex-mayor Southpaw persists in his stand he may bring about the greatest unemployment crisis the world has yet faced. Federal



### Swish Skaters

Swish Skating Stars Arrive in Halifax aboard Liner Aquamania—Lavender and Katrinka Lindberger, beautiful skating twins from Swisherland, arrived today to appear in the Licycles at the Bluenose Forum tomorrow evening. Sunday morning they will depart aboard the Scotian and hope to arrive in Montreal sometime in April.

## Dump Gets Grand Garbage Award, to Retire and Paint Scenic Landscape

### Duggan Clawed To Death by Rat

PUGWASH, Feb. 28—

Ignatius Dugan, 92, was killed today in a tragic accident. He was clawed to death by his pet white mouse when he accidentally stepped on its tail. Internment will take place at 2:00 p.m. tomorrow.

Today was a memorable day in the life of Oswald Dump, age 87, when went straight from his baby carriage to the city sanitation wagons in 1870. Oswald has completed eighty years of sterling service with the Department and received the Grand Garbage Award from Zeke Trash-Thrasher, City Sanitation Engineer. The award is a beautifully wrought wreath of invaluable wire garbage-can handles carefully selected from the county archives.

Oswald broke into great big tears after receiving the award, and when he recovered, he gave a brief thank-you address, in which he recalled many memorable incidents in his wasteful career.

When he began at the age of seven, Mr. Dump was a promising Second Tosser. Normally promotion to First Tosser takes 32 years, but even with a slight impediment of speech—he began to talk on his twenty-seventh birthday—Mr. Dump was promoted to First Tosser at 38 years of age.

When Mr. Dump's best friend, Oswald O'Dump was killed in 1917 valiently trying to save his dump wagon from the explosion of the Mont Blanc, Oswald, covered with potato peels, dragged O'Dump from the inferno. For his bravery Oswald was elevated to top man on the heap. He has retained his position of distinct until his retirement today.

Mr. Dump told your reporter that he intends to live peacefully at his cottage on the Lady Hammond Road, painting oils of the picturesque landscape.

### WANT ADS

**LOST**—A dog named Peetah. Last seen in the vicinity of Dull-housie at the much publicised accident. May be recognized immediately by the fact that he is always running after his tail.

**WANTED**—A car. Preferably one with an engine. Would like it to include a spare tire, radio, and a licence. Will be satisfied to get body, engine, and ownership.

**WANTED**—A Wife. One that can cook, sew, and work. Will be satisfied if she cannot cook, sew or work, provided she has a million, has blond hair, and likes to travel, alone.

### Tight Little Campus—

Continued from page two) more, Dullhousie has three times, at least, as many channels through which to pass the stuff, whereas no one at Dull can handle an old truck except perhaps Ace Faralong who at present is too busy. Lastly Mr. Sharpie argued that although the dog Pee Tah belong to the defendants the stone which was the ultimate cause of the accident was placed in its position by his clients (originally to trip Rex students).

Joseph B. Legalbeagle B.O.L.S. replied that the plaintiffs claims were groundless as there was no coffee involved. Said Mr. Legal-

(Continued on page four)

## Revolutionary New Discovery Helps English Student Graduate Hurriedly

### Roaring Game Tiddly-Winks Played Feb. 28

HOGWASH, Feb. 28—

The high flying Musquodobit Red Wings shellacked the Jeddore Sewing Circle 58-27 in a hard fought game of tiddly-winks last night at the Ecum Secum Arena. Hevvin only knows why Hogwash is interested.

mediator Circero Spongebath paid an emergency visit to John L. Lewis to convince that great man to come to Dartmouth, try to out-talk Southpaw. Very little hope is held for the situation, because neither side will consent to a new election, fearing that the irate electors may riot. The probe has now dragged most of Bedford Basin, and we will bring you a further report on the findings tomorrow.

A discovery which may have far-reaching effects in the fields of sociology, politics, and business was made yesterday at Dalhousie University.

The English II class convened at 12:00, and settled down immediately. Obviously they were in a sleepy mood, induced by the high Spring temperatures Halifax has recently enjoyed. It was 22 degrees outside.

Professor Bendit was calling the roll, and during that time the great Professor's mind must have been working at a pace never before accomplished by man.

As the Professor called each name someone answered "Here", until the name of Johnson was called. He called the name again. Silence. Then the Professor raised his eyes and, lookingly piercingly at the class, said:

"My word, hasn't Johnson any friends here?"

The class was thrown into turmoil. The reawakened students saw visions of vast empires crumbling in the dust, and great spasms of unemployment. Representative governments would collapse; hundreds who earned their living from shouting "Here" for absentees would be thrown out of work. Furthermore, they would no longer have a place to sleep.

When the class returned from Turmoil, which is about sixty miles out of Halifax, they went immediately to the police, asking that the great Professor be jailed, and his discovery squelched. But the police done right, and refused. They got in touch with his newspaper, and gave us the story.

When university authorities were contacted last night, they said they were considering putting Professor Bendit in the cornerstone of the new Arts Building, as a reward for his work. They will give Johnson credit for his assistance in the matter by putting him through college immediately.

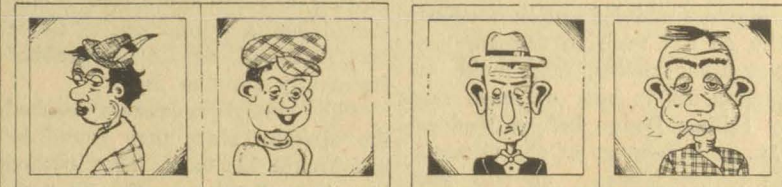
## Ivanovitch Wins Hair Splitting Championship

DOGWASH, Feb. 28—

Patrick Ivanovitch last night won the world championship in hair splitting. Splitting a hair eight times, he, outlasted, the former champ, Ivan Patrick, who collapsed from fatigue on the seventh split. The grand prize, a moustache cup, was donated by Skinny's Ltd., of Halifax.

Bent Brainne on Wednesday next. As she has been jilted at the altar six times already, her friends wish her every success in the attempt.

## Sidewalk Interviews . . . . .



### Who, in your opinion is the Man of the Millenium?

**MRS. MABEL MOUSETRAP** — housewife: — "King James I of England. After all, he wrote the Bible. He taught the people how to improve the brands of sheep so that a great many more legs of mutton could be got off a sheep than ever before. As there was more meat, there were more people to eat it, and the population became a great deal larger. He really did his bit to increase the population."

**ALFRED APPLEKNOCKER** — Student at Acadia University: — "Abraham Lincoln, positively. He was responsible for the emasculation of the slaves. Also, he wrote the Gettysburg Address while travelling from Washington to Gettysburg on the back of an envelope. He might have become Prime Minister of England had he not been shot by one of the actors in a moving picture show, a man named Booth Tarkington."

**FERDINAND FLYSWATTER** — Halifax Police Farce: — "Julius Caesar. He warned the Romans to 'Beware the Brides of March', and won his greatest victory when he crossed the Rubiyat. Then he was stabbed to death and the worst blow fell when he saw his friend Brutus among the traitors. That is why he gasped, with his dying breath, 'Tee Hee, Brute'."

**J. PIERPONT PUFF** — Match Lighter at Incinrator:—"William

Shakespeare. Many of his works have been dramatized. I think his best character was Skylark in the Merchant of Venus. He also wrote King Leer and Twelve Nights in a Bar Room."

### Social News

Mrs. and Mr. I. Drinka Lot entertained last Saturday night at a coming out party for their daughter Grogga, who will be 21 on the 29 of Feb., 1952. As her birthday comes only every four years, they wished to have her "come-out" before she enters the Old Maid's home.

The members of the In-Every-Night Club held their annual meeting at the home of the President, Miss Cleopatra Mumberquette. The secretary, Miss Myrtle Snodgrass spoke on "Scientific Snagging" and "Nabbing Men in Crowded Trollies".

The Ladies' Aid of the Lost Cat Society will meet on Friday in their club rooms. Mrs. JJJJ Catpal the III, will read a paper on "Canary Birds, in their Natural Habitation, the Cage."

Mrs. Elmer Uppington entertained at a shower for Miss Agnes Assault on Saturday. Miss Assault hopes to be married to Percival

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### 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.

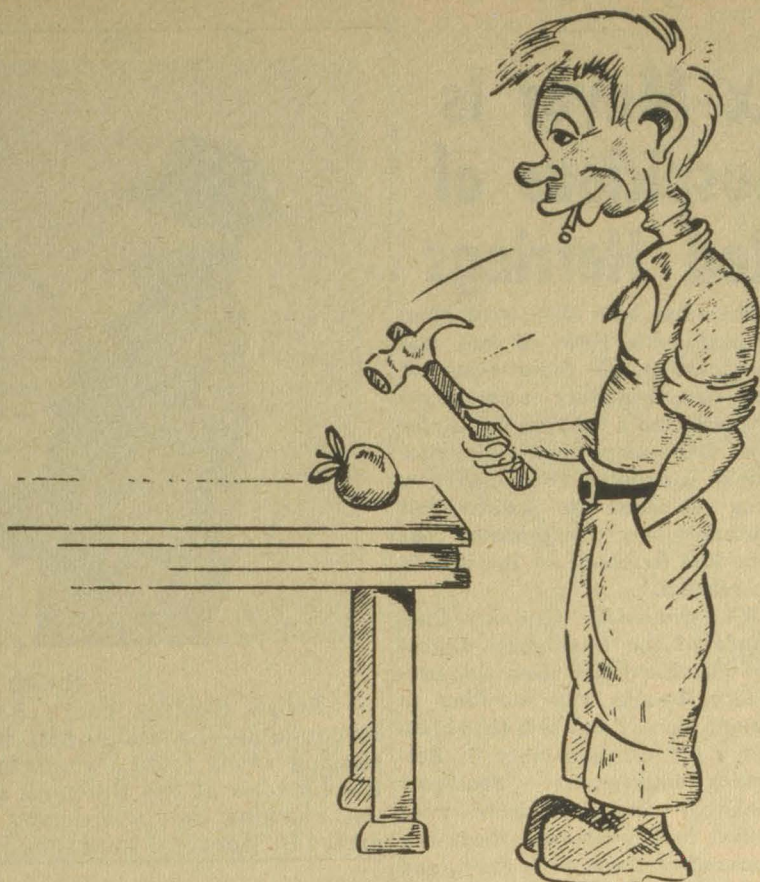
**Cost of Bridge**—The local Council of East Chezzetcook last night agreed to pay one tenth of the cost of the new bridge to span Dartmouth Harbor. The council said there was no truth in the rumor that pedestrians would be supplied with bicycles with which to cross the new span.

**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.

### LIMES 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 Afriville 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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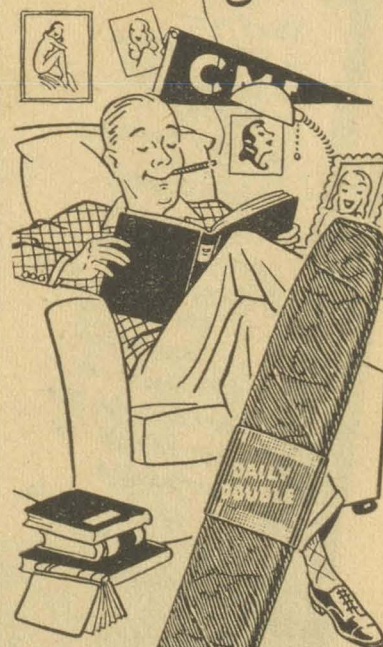
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