

FARMERS' WEEK

Annual Meetings at Legion Hall

CHARLOTTETOWN

FEBRUARY 24th TO 27th

TUESDAY—24TH—
 2:00 o'clock—P. E. I. Sheep Breeders' Association.
 7:00 o'clock—P. E. I. Swine Breeders' Association.
 Films and open discussion on sheep and swine industry.

WEDNESDAY—25TH—
 9:30 o'clock—Central Farmers' Institutes.
 1:30 o'clock—P. E. I. Dairymen's Association.
 Night meeting at 7:30. Large attendance of patrons requested for full discussion on all dairy problems, marketing, cold storage, co-operatives, feeds, etc.

THURSDAY—26TH—
 9:30 o'clock—Opening session—P. E. I. Federation of Agriculture.
 12:30 o'clock—Farmers' Week dinner at Charlottetown Hotel.
 2:30 o'clock—Business meeting reconvenes at Legion Hall.
 7:30 o'clock—Open discussion on general farm problems.

FRIDAY—27TH—
 9:30 o'clock—Open meeting for all junior farmers of the Province. All ex-club members and interested farmers between the ages of 16 and 30 years especially invited to attend.
 1:00 o'clock—Federation Board Meeting.

NOTE: Resolutions for Farmers' Meetings should be forwarded in writing in advance of meetings.

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



(By Thornton W. Burgess)

THE DOUBLE MISTAKE

Of nothing be too sure, lest you May find the opposite proves true. —Blacky the Crow

Never was Reddy Fox more sure of a dinner. He couldn't miss it. That is what he thought. Never was Blacky the Crow more sure that he had no chance for his life. Reddy knew he was going to catch Blacky, and Blacky knew he was going to be caught. Neither could see how it could possibly be otherwise. Yet both were mistaken. Both were to learn how foolish it is ever to be sure of anything until it happens.

Reddy had found Blacky in trouble. Trouble for one person may mean opportunity for another. It was so now, or so Reddy thought. Blacky had somehow become entangled in a piece of stout string, the other end of which had become caught in bushes along the fence between the Green Meadows and the Old Pasture. He could flap up on a post, but that was all. Reddy tried standing up on his hind feet to reach Blacky, but he wasn't quite tall enough, and a sharp peck on the nose discouraged him. He hadn't discovered just why it was that Blacky couldn't take to his wings. He was on the wrong side of the fence to see the string down in the bushes. Had he seen that, he might have taken hold of it and pulled Blacky off that post.

But there were other ways of getting Blacky. He gathered his legs under him and sprang at Blacky, hoping to knock him off or so frightening him that he would fall off. He almost succeeded, but with a great flapping of his wings Blacky managed to cling to the edge of the post and then scramble back up. When Reddy leaped there was much angry screaming on the part of Blacky's friends. Reddy received several sharp pecks from stout pointed bills. They hurt, but they didn't discourage him. They made him more determined than ever to get Blacky.

Reddy tried again and again Blacky managed to cling to the post and flap back on it. Blacky knew, and Reddy knew, that he was simply lucky. He couldn't possibly keep that up. Reddy prepared to leap once more. The other Crows flew above and around him trying to interfere yet not get caught themselves. Each was screaming angrily at the top of his voice. Then, just as Reddy was getting set to leap, their cries suddenly changed. They no longer sounded angry. They were as excited as ever, but joyous. What is more the black rascals were leaving in a hurry, scattering as they flew.

What did it mean? Reddy didn't jump. He knew that those Crows



A moment later Farmer Brown's boy reached the fence

were not leaving like that for nothing. Instantly he was suspicious. Had they seen some one coming? They had some one in a great hurry, leaving only himself on the ground, and Blacky on the post. In a moment he knew. There was a shout from out on the Green Meadows and not far away. Reddy looked up and grinned ruefully at Blacky. The latter wasn't even looking at him. His back was turned and he was looking out over the snowy Green Meadows. Reddy looked through the bushes. There was Farmer Brown's boy and Flip the Terrier.

Reddy glanced up once more at Blacky. "I'll get you next time!" he barked, and slipped away among the bushes of the Old Pasture.

A moment later Farmer Brown's boy reached the fence. Blacky tried to fly, but of course couldn't and fell to the snow-covered ground. There he flapped helplessly. He struck fiercely at Farmer Brown's boy. He had been through too much, was too badly frightened, to recognize a friend.

Farmer Brown's boy saw at once what the trouble was. He took off his sweater and dropped it over Blacky. He got out his knife and cut the string near Blacky's

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Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

Touch and Go

The fate of today's contract depended largely on the declarer's first choice of finesse.

North, dealer. Both sides vulnerable.

AK	AK	AK	AK
A753	Q74	Q74	Q74
6	KJ92	KJ92	KJ92
976542	K1073	K1073	K1073
Q106	8	8	8
4	Q	Q	Q
J985	Q	Q	Q
AJ10	Q	Q	Q
	J108653	J108653	J108653
	AQ42	AQ42	AQ42
	K3	K3	K3

The bidding:

North	East	South	West
1♣	Pass	1♠	Pass
2♣	Pass	3♠	Pass
4♣	Pass	Pass	Pass

South's three-spade bid on the second round may appear questionable, his suit being what it was but every other call had greater defects.

West opened the heart four. Declarer put up the ace and then gave considerable thought to his next move. There were many possibilities, but only one which seemed to offer much hope. A lead toward the club king would not put South in a commanding position even if he found the ace on side; nor would it do him much good to play out the ace and king of trumps even if the queen fell.

After studying the situation thoroughly, South saw that his best chance revolved around the diamond suit, and, in order to exploit that chance fully, it would be vital to find the diamond king under the A-Q.

Acting on this analysis, South led the singleton from dummy and boldly finessed his own queen. When it held, he cashed the diamond ace, discarding a club from dummy, then ruffed a diamond with the spade king. He ruffed a heart in his own hand, ruffed the last diamond with the spade ace, and now, with nothing to lose by the effort, tried the club finesse.

West captured the club king and returned the jack. Declarer, however, was lucky in dropping the trump nine, and lost only the two club tricks and the queen of a trumps, thus fulfilling his contract.

By Alex Raymond

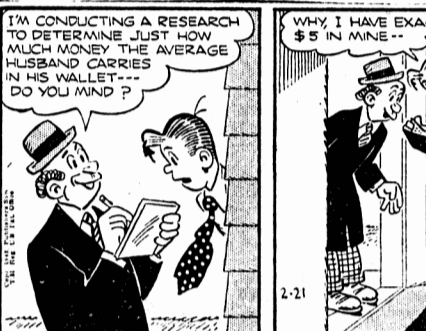
KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



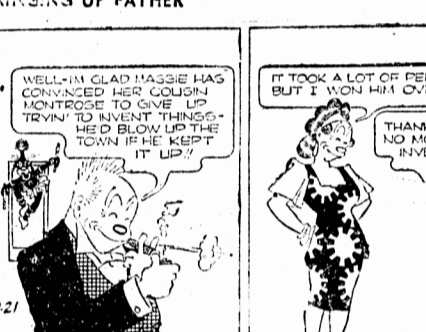
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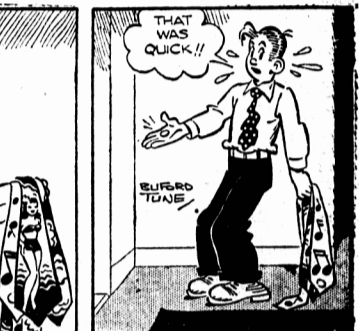
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ATTENTION

ALL TRUCK OWNERS AND DRIVERS

An organization meeting will be held in the LABOR UNION HALL MONDAY NIGHT, FEB. 23 AT 7:30 P.M.

All owners and drivers are requested to attend.

ANNUAL MEETING

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND DIVISION CANADIAN RED CROSS SOCIETY

Charlottetown Hotel

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 24th., 12 (Noon)

In co-operation with Kwanis Club.

Guest Speaker—Lt.-Col. L. F. MacDonald

Luncheon \$1.25 Phone 432 for Reservations

KEEP IN THE SWING AT THE CLOVER CLUB

The City's Modern and Air-Conditioned Dance Hall

CAFETERIA SERVICE

WEEKLY SATURDAY NIGHT DANCE OPEN TO PUBLIC

Dancing 9 O'clock Legionaires Orchestra

COMING

The Whackiest Hit of the Year

"IT'S A HOWL"

"Colleen's Stop-Husband"

PRINCE EDWARD THEATRE MARCH 17-18

THERE OUGHTA BE A LAW!

By Fagaly and Shorten

POP SAID HE'D NEVER USE HIS POLITICAL INFLUENCE TO HELP JUNIOR OUT OF TRAFFIC SCRAPES--

SURE! I KNOW THEM PRETTY WELL DOWN AT CITY HALL. BUT IF YOU EVER GET A TICKET, DON'T EXPECT ME TO "FIX" IT FOR YOU! IF YOU GET CAUGHT IN A TRAFFIC VIOLATION I HOPE THEY THROW THE BOOK AT YOU TO TEACH YOU A LESSON--

SPEEDING? HAROOMP! YOU EVIDENTLY DON'T KNOW WHO YOU'RE TALKING TO! ONE WORD FROM ME DOWN AT CITY HALL AND YOU'LL FIND YOURSELF SELLING SHOE LACES--

THANKS TO EVELYN JEAN WANDERLEE CHICAGO, 28, ILL.

BUT POP HIMSELF GOT PULLED IN TODAY AND-- OH BOY! DID HE THROW HIS WEIGHT AROUND!

CONTRACT BRIDGE

By Josephine Culbertson

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HENRY

By Carl Anderson

WELL, I'M GLAD MAMIE HAS CONVINCED HER COUSIN MONTROSE TO GIVE UP TRYING TO INVENT THINGS-- HE'D BLOW UP THE TOWN IF HE KEPT IT UP!

IT TOOK A LOT OF PERSUADING-- BUT I WON HIM OVER!

THANK GOODNESS-- NO MORE OF HIS INVENTIONS!

WELL, DAUGHTER-- IT'S GOAL TO BE QUIET AROUND HERE-- NO MORE NOISE OUT OF MONTROSE!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK-- MOTHER CONVINCED HIM HE SHOULD GIVE UP INVENTIONS!

AND DEVOTE HIS GREAT TALENT TO STUDYING ENGINEERING-- THE PIANO!

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS

By Edwin

TELL MOTHER WE LIKE HER WAY-- OH, WHY DID WE EVER LAUGH AT IT? BUT BRING HER HOME!

NOW, DON'T WORRY-- I KNEW WHEN SHE STOPPED SPEAKING TO BUDGE WE'D BE NEXT!

"SHE NEVER LIMITS HER DISPLEASURES TO JUST ONE PERSON!"

WELL, I'LL BE--

YES, INDEED, SALLY-- IT'S THE MOST BEAUTIFUL HAT YOU EVER HAD!

OH, NOW, MR. BUDGE!

TILLIE THE TOILER

By Webster

MAG YOU NO, I SHOULD SHOULDN'T HAVE FLATTENED HIM AGAINST A RED-HOT STOVE!

HAVE FLATTENED WILLIE AGAINST THE WALL LIKE THAT!

BUT, TILLIE, HE CAN'T MAKE ME LEAVE YOU, I'LL NEVER LEAVE YOU UNTIL--

ABOUT ONE SECOND AND THREE-EIGHTS FROM NOW!

CLUNK!

RUSE (GUS-STOVER)

PENNY

By Harry Hoozigan

I CAN'T POSSIBLY GO OUT TONIGHT, ELSA-- MOTHER IS IN A SNIT AT ME!

WELL, IT'S OVER THE WAY SHE SAYS I INSULTED HER FRIEND, THAT AWFUL MRS. BRASHLY, WHEN SHE WAS HERE TODAY.

SHE CAME UP TO THE DOOR LOADED WITH FURS-- A MINK COAT, A MUFF WITH ERMINE TAILS, SIX STONE MARTENS-- WELL, HEAVENS, HOW WAS I TO KNOW?!

I ASKED HER IF SHE WAS SELLING THEM!

BIP KIRBY

HERE WE GO, GIRL--

BUT THEY'RE JUST BEING OF THE CITY! THEY'RE TERRIBLY DULL-- AND OUT OF FOCUS, TOO! I SHOULD'VE STOOD IN BED!

HAVE PATIENCE! I'M STILL RIDING MY HUNCH!