

# EASTER SUPPER DANCE

CHARLOTTETOWN HOTEL  
MONDAY, APRIL 18  
Dancing 9 P.M. to 1 A.M.

Tickets \$1.75

On Sale At Hotel

Suggest Reservations Be Made Early

PLEASE PHONE 1170



## BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

For every tall there's some excuse; Some way it can be put to use. —Old Mother Nature.

Down the Crooked Little Path through the Green Forest shuffled Prickly Porky. Peter Rabbit knew who was coming even though he couldn't yet see him. Whining, fretfully and talking to himself, probably because he had no one else to talk to, there was no mistaking him for any one else.

"To hear him one might think him the most unhappy person in all the Great World, but he isn't. I doubt if he is unhappy at all. Some folks complain most when they are happiest. Somehow, complaining seems to make them happy. That fellow would complain about not having anything to complain about. Queer how some folks are that way, but they are, and nobody can do anything about it. I wonder what Prickly Porky has on his mind now. Probably it is nothing important. The less some folks have to complain about the more they complain. There he is now coming around a turn. Thank goodness I don't have to shuffle along that way," thought Peter.

Then another sound was picked up by Peter's long ears. It was a sniff. There was no mistaking it. It was followed by another sniff. Peter turned quickly. A Dog was coming along the Crooked Little Path. He was sniffing on the bushes and leaves on both sides of it to try to find out who if anybody had been along that way lately.

Peter bounced over an old log beside the Crooked Little Path. Anyway, he jumped over it so suddenly and so far that it looked as if he bounced. He crawled under a pile of brush and squatted there perfectly still. Peeping out he could see Prickly Porky shuffling along from one direction and the Dog sniffing along from the other direction. If one of the other didn't turn aside they would meet. I suspect Peter hoped that neither would turn aside. A meeting of the two might be exciting. He had a feeling that it would be quite worth watching. He wondered which would be first to see the other. He suspected it would be the Dog for Prickly Porky's eyes are rather dull. Besides, he wasn't looking for any one and he didn't seem to care who might see him.

It was the Dog. He had sniffed along almost to the place where Peter had been. In a moment more he would have smelled Peter's scent had he not heard Prickly Porky and looked up to see who was whining and complaining so fretfully. Of course, he saw Prickly Porky at once. He stood still and stared and stared. It was the first time he ever had seen a Porcupine. Who could this queer fellow be? He didn't look dangerous. He seemed too slow and clumsy to be a good fighter. Even if he could fight, the Dog wasn't afraid of him, and a fight would be exciting. Like most Dogs and some other folks he liked a good fight once in a while. He felt just like one now.

So with a sharp bark the Dog bounded forward to meet Prickly Porky. Peter would have hugged himself could he have done so. He crept out to the very edge of the pile of brush that he might see better. What would Prickly Porky do? There wasn't time for him to reach the nearest tree big

enough for him to climb. He couldn't run away. It looked as if he would have to fight.

At the sound of that first bark Prickly Porky looked up and saw the Dog. At once the thousand little spears called quills that were hidden in his coat stood on end, and their sharp little points pointing in every direction. They seemed to jump up out of the long hair of his coat. Such a funny look of surprise as that Dog had. He stopped short and for an instant stared. Then he barked again, an excited, threatening bark.

An old log lay beside the Crooked Little Path. Prickly Porky pushed his head beneath it and began switching his rather thick, clumsy-looking tail from side to side. The Dog danced back and forth around Prickly Porky looking for a place to grab him, all the time barking as if he would bark his head off. He came in close behind Prickly Porky. So quickly that he didn't even see it coming that tail slapped him hard across the side of his face and filled it with some of the painful little spears with which it was covered. The barks changed to yelps as the Dog rubbed his head on the ground, making those little spears hurt all the more. Finally he went whimpering home.

"I've got the best tail, the tightest tail in the world," said Prickly Porky.

### Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

#### SUPERFICIAL ANALYSIS

West's defense in today's deal was a shade too hasty.

South dealer. Both sides vulnerable.

♠	K 8 5 2	♠	9 2
♥	J 8 4	♥	10 9 8 3
♦	7 6 2	♦	10 9 8 3
♣	A Q 10	♣	8 5 4 2
♠	A Q 10 7	♠	9 2
♥	A Q 8 5	♥	10 9 8 3
♦	A 4	♦	10 9 8 3
♣	7 6 2	♣	8 5 4 2
N E			
S			
♠ A 6 4			
♥ K Q J 5			
♦ K J 9			
♣ K J 9			

The bidding:  
South West North East  
1NT Pass 2NT Pass  
3NT Pass 5NT Pass

West opened the spade queen. South won with his own ace and led a club to dummy. A diamond was returned. West taking the king with the ace.

West persisted with his spades, leading the jack. The king was put up, and South smiled when he saw East's nine fall. South entered his hand with a diamond and led his last spade toward the eight-five. West won with the ten, but the declarer was on safe ground. West eventually collected two heart tricks, but South took one heart, three spades, two diamonds and three clubs.

West should have figured more closely the first time he regained the lead! The bidding marked East with virtually a worthless hand, but there was one card he might hold, of no importance in a bidding sense, and yet carrying the value of an ace in his deal! That card was the missing nine of spades. If South happened to have that card, West could "give up," because the enemy would have three spade tricks against West's holding. But if East had the spade nine — surely a fair chance! — the defenders' cause was anything but hopeless!

On that analysis, West should have led the spade seven, not the jack, at the fourth trick — and he would have been well rewarded!

By AL CAPP

### DANCE

Sunnyside Ballroom  
Every Mon., Wed., Sat.  
Eastern Rhythm Boys  
ADMISSION 35c  
Meet your friends there tonight

## NOTICE... TO HOTELS—RESTAURANTS AND COTTAGES

WE CARRY A COMPLETE LINE OF KITCHEN EQUIPMENT SUCH AS:

- DISHES
- POTATO CUTTERS
- SILEX COFFEE MAKERS
- POTS
- CUTLERY
- POTATO FRIERS
- GRILLS
- PANS

PARTS OF ALL KINDS:  
WRITE OR PHONE US FOR PRICES:

MICHAEL BROTHERS

L'L ABNER



By Alex Raymond



By Alex Raymond

### KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



By Ham Fisher

### JOE PALOOKA



By Zane Grey

### DOTTY DRIPPLE



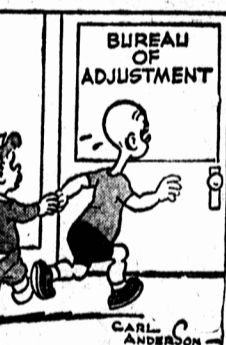
By Buford

### BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus

### HENRY



By Carl Anderson

### TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS



By Edwin

### TILLIE THE TOILER



By Westover

RIP KIRBY



By Alex Raymond

### PENNY



By Harry Meenigen