

QUEENS COUNTY FEDERATION

A meeting of all Federation of Agriculture members and other bona fide farmers of Queen's County will be held in the P. W. C. Vocational Training School, Charlottetown, Tuesday afternoon, December 13th at one o'clock.

The purpose of this meeting is to set up a Queen's County Federation of Agriculture.

Farmers this is your chance to organize. Those responsible are taking the lead. They need your help and support. At least two representatives from every school district are requested to attend. Ladies are especially invited. Five ladies are required for the County Executive.

CFCY Broadcasts: Thursday 8th at 8:15; Monday 12th at 10 p.m. (King's County organizational meeting will likely be held during Farmers' Week in Charlottetown).

P. E. I. Federation of Agriculture

CLINIC SCHEDULE

During the month of December (weather permitting), Chest Clinics will be held throughout the Province as follows:

SUMMERSIDE—
TUESDAY, December 6 and 20 9:30-12:30 p.m.

SOURIS—
MONDAY, December 12 1:30- 4:30 p.m.

MONTAGUE—
MONDAY, December 19 1:30- 4:30 p.m.

PROVINCIAL SANATORIUM—
Every Thursday 10:00-12:00 a.m.
1:30- 4:00 p.m.

Every Friday 1:30- 4:00 p.m.

E. M. FOUND, M.D., C.M.,
Medical Director of Clinics,
Dept. of Health and Welfare,
Tuberculosis Division.

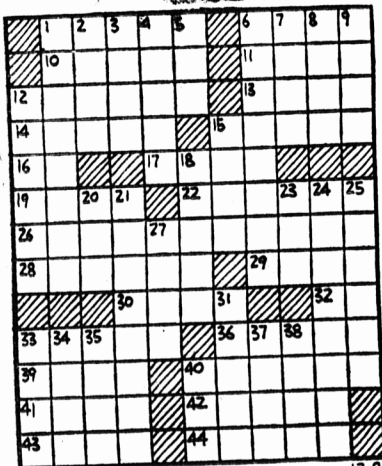
DAILY CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Form
4. Deed
10. God of the sea
11. Brightly colored fish
12. Slow persons
13. Mature house
14. Eeking letter
15. Untidy Greek
16. Greek letter
17. That is here present
19. Mottled in various colors
22. A white powder (Chem.)
26. Maneuvering
28. Recover possession of
29. Gaps
30. Applaud
32. Rough lava
33. Author "Robinson Crusoe"
36. On the left side (anat.)
38. Baking chamber
40. Long, sweeping step
41. Indian weight
42. Ring-shaped coral reef
43. Vend
44. Unsteady

DOWN

1. Hopeful
2. Cure
3. Exchange
4. Helmsman
5. Bitter
6. Art of vetch
7. Sacred bull (Egypt)
8. Crowns
9. Plural pronoun
12. Silly, self-conscious
15. Small particle
18. Cowardly mammal
20. Incite
21. Of a deacon
23. Narrow inlet (geol.)
24. Internally
25. Related on the father's side
27. River (Afr.)
31. Italian prima donna
35. Dropped
37. Support
38. Lubricated
40. Perched



DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:

A X Y D L B A A X R
I S L O N G F E L L O W

One letter simply stands for another. In this example A is used for the three L's, X for the two O's, etc. Single letters, apostrophes, the length and formation of the words are all hints. Each day the code letters are different.

A Cryptogram Quotation

Q J E B J L B E B J C B R U P Z K X Y V
Z L L X K J I N P Q J F C B R J G Q J V Z Y J G
E J C K J - V N K C F N U .

Yesterday's Cryptoquote: REMEMBER TO INSTIL THIS PRECEPT INTO HIS EARS—HORACE.

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



(By Thornton W. Burgess)

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE

Sometimes something that is true seems too good to be quite true.

Not in all his life had little Whitefoot the Wood Mouse ever dreamed that there could be so much food, and such delicious food, in one place as his own. Any thought of it as his. Hadn't he found it and taken possession of it? Of course that was a mistake. Farmer Brown's boy would have told him that, for Whitefoot was in a shock of corn that Farmer Brown's boy had helped to stack. All his life Whitefoot had lived in the Green Forest. His home was there now at the edge of it. From it he had watched a new cornfield made next to the Green Forest. He had watched the corn grow through the long hot summer without knowing what it was. He had seen Farmer Brown and Farmer Brown's boy cut the ripened corn and stack it in shocks and go away. At last curiosity had led him to dare to run across to the nearest shock in the darkness of night to find



"Where have you been?" squeaked Mrs. Whitefoot sharply.

cut what the thing was. When he had found it filled with delicious food he had become excited as he explored that shock that he had forgotten to go home until daylight came creeping over the cornfield. Then he was afraid to cross the open ground. It wouldn't be safe always. Whitefoot had made safety first a rule of life never to be broken. That was why he was still alive. A little Mouse can be, and often is, wiser than a lot of boys and girls and older folk whom we all know.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

"GETTING A COUNT"

In many deals it is literally impossible to play well unless one can "get a count" of the opponent's distribution. Observe South's expert performance in today's deal.

South dealer. Neither side vulnerable.

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

The bidding:
South West North East
1♠ 2♣ 2♠ 2♠
4♠ T Pass 5♠ Pass
6♠ Pass Pass Pass

South was right to try for a slam, simply on the strength of North's free raise.

West could have made things extremely uncomfortable for the declarer by opening the singleton diamond—and undoubtedly would have done so if East had properly doubled North's five-diamond response to the Blackwood four- no-trump—but, naturally enough, West preferred to lead the heart king. The ace was played from dummy, and South immediately ruffed a heart. This, of course, added nothing to the tricks that South could take, but he wanted to find out how often West would follow in the heart suit.

South went back to dummy with a trump and ruffed a second heart; then repeated this process, ruffing away dummy's last heart. Finally, he cashed the club ace and king and ruffed dummy's last club.

At this point West's distribution could be counted! He had shown seven clubs, four hearts and one spade, therefore could have only one diamond. Declarer simply led a low diamond toward the jack—not caring whether West's singleton was an honor or a low card. In the former case, West would win, but would then have to give South a ruff and discard.

When West actually produced the diamond eight, the ten was put in. Now East was "fixed." After winning with the diamond queen, he had to return the same suit to the combined tenace in the North-South hands, and South therefore lost only the one diamond trick.

So Whitefoot made himself comfortable in the heart of the corn shock where it was quite dark. He slept most of the day. When the Black Shadows should come out from the Purple Hills for another night he would run home and get Mrs. Whitefoot. Two or three times during the day he awoke and peeped out. Each time he felt like rubbing his eyes for which ever way he looked, excepting toward the Green Forest, there was just a little way off, not too far for a quick run, another corn shock and beyond that another and another as far as he could see. It seemed to him that if in each one there was as much of this delicious yellow food as where he now was there must be enough for all the Mice in all the Great World. It seemed too good to be true, yet it was true, that right here in this one shock was more food than he and Mrs. Whitefoot could eat in one whole winter. Yes, sir, that was true.

He was anxious to get back home and tell Mrs. Whitefoot what he had found. He was sure she wouldn't believe it. "I'll have to get her over here to see for herself, and that is what I'll do," he thought happily.

So when night came and it was dark enough for him to dare to race across to the snug little home at the edge of the Green Forest he did so. Mrs. Whitefoot was in the doorway. She didn't look glad to see him. She looked cross. She was cross. She had worried. Never before had Whitefoot been away for so long. Worry often makes folks cross, especially if it proves to be needless worry.

"Where have you been?" squeaked Mrs. Whitefoot sharply. Whitefoot took a grain of corn from inside his right cheek. He took a grain of corn from inside his left cheek. He hadn't pockets in his cheeks like a few of his cousins and like Striped Chipmunk, but he has a lot of room inside his cheeks.

"For you, my dear," said Whitefoot as softly as a squeaky voice like his can. Mrs. Whitefoot pretended she wasn't interested in them. She turned up her nose, but all the time her whiskers were twitching. "Where have you been?" she repeated as sharply as before.

Whitefoot told her how he had dared to run over to that corn shock and what he had found there. "You've never seen so much to eat in all your life," he declared.

"Where is it?" demanded Mrs. Whitefoot suspiciously. She pulled one of the grains of corn to her and began to nibble at it. "Ours!" squeaked Whitefoot joyfully. "It is all ours!"

"I don't believe it. A thing like that is too good to be true," replied Mrs. Whitefoot mildly as she reached for the other grain of corn.

King of The Royal Mounted



JOE PALOOKA



HENRY



DOTTY DRIPPLE



TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBB



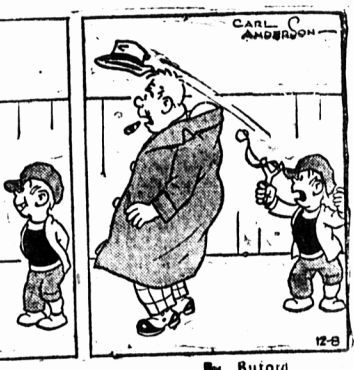
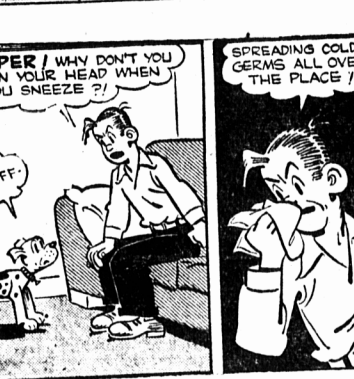
BRINGING UP FATHER



TILLIE THE TOILER



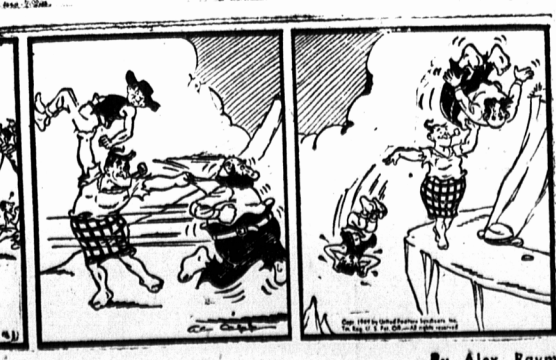
PENNY



LIL ABNER



JIP KIRBY



By Alex Raymond

By AL CAPP

By Ham Fisher

By Carl Anderson

By Buford

By Edwin

By George McManis

By Westover

By Harry Hoeligen