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BINGO
Holy Redeemer Hall TONIGHT

8.30
The prizes are the same as those prevailing at other Bingos in the city

Freezout
For Charitable Purposes

Quickies By Ken Reynolds



"I paid \$8 an ounce for this perfume I found in the Guardian Want Ads—and all you can say is 'what stinks!'"

THERE OUGHTA BE A LAW!



RIP KIRBY



By Alex Raymond

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

WHISKEY JACK TAKES A DARE

There's a time to go and a time to stay; A time to fight, and to run away. —Old Mother Nature.

Sammy Jay was upset. Yes, he was so. It was all on account of his northern cousin, Whiskey Jack the Canada Jay. Was he crazy, stupid, bold or was he smart? Sammy wasn't sure. Sammy had watched his cousin do something he wouldn't have dreamed of doing himself and he considered himself smart, too smart to think of doing such a thing. Whiskey Jack had flown down almost at Farmer Brown's feet, pulled a piece of meat to pieces right there and eaten it with as much unconcern as Sammy would have eaten an acorn up in a tree. Nothing had happened except that Whiskey Jack had had a good meal. Sammy Jay would have given some of his bluest feathers for Sammy considered himself bold, but he wasn't bold enough to do such a thing as he had watched Whiskey Jack do.

"That was a crazy thing to do," declared Sammy.

"Nothing crazy about it. There are times for doing things and times for not doing them. It takes a smart person to know which a given time is. I know that is all there was to it!" replied Whiskey Jack.

"So you consider yourself smart," said Sammy Jay. "I got the meat, didn't I?" retorted his cousin. "And it was good, believe me," he added. Sammy pretended not to hear this. It just didn't seem that that made his mouth water.

The next day found both Sammy and Whiskey Jack where they could watch what went on around the little house among the sugar maples where maple syrup was being made. Sammy Jay played safe by staying up in the trees when Farmer Brown and Farmer Brown's boy were outside, but Whiskey Jack flew down near them just as if he felt himself to be one of them. Farmer Brown's boy brought out some bread crusts that had been dipped in bacon fat and Whiskey Jack took them from his hand. He loved that bacon fat.

Sammy Jay flew about high in the trees, watching his cousin, and it didn't mean a thing excepting that Sammy was filled with envy. A lot of people are like Sammy Jay.

When Farmer Brown and Farmer Brown's boy disappeared among the trees to get the sap in the pails hung on the maples Sammy joined his cousin down near the little sugar house. The door had been left a little way open. Perhaps Farmer Brown's boy was careless, or perhaps he thought that as there was no one around it didn't matter. Sammy Jay flew down and began hopping back and forth a little way from it, vainly trying to see inside. He fairly itched with curiosity, and that is one of the most troublesome itches any one can have.

"Why don't you go in?" said Whiskey Jack. "Why don't you go in yourself?" asked Sammy.

"I'm thinking of it," replied Whiskey Jack, perching on top of the door which opened out.

"You don't dare!" cried Sammy Jay.

Though neither South nor North overbid to any great extent, both of them "pushed their hands" the merest shade, and consequently the slam contract, though not actually bad, was "shaky."

West opened the spade Jack. The ace was played from dummy, and declarer immediately cashed the ace and queen of hearts. After that action, his chances for the contract dwindled to zero. He did not actually give up—he cashed all the rest of his trumps and the ace and king of diamonds, obviously hoping that the enemy would discard their clubs, but this unlikely event did not transpire, and South therefore ended up by conceding a diamond and a club.

South had looked far enough ahead he would have realized that the one good chance for the contract was through a strip and throw-in play. True, he would have to find a 2-2 break of trumps and would then have to get a favorable play in the club suit, but there was a very fair chance that both of these breaks would develop, and in any case there was nothing to lose by playing for them. Thus, South should have ruffed a spade immediately after taking the ace. Next he should cash the heart ace and heart king, then ruff another spade. Now he should go to the diamond king, ruff dummy's last spade, then cash the diamond ace and finally exit with a diamond. Whichever defender won this diamond trick would have to start the clubs (or permit a ruff and discard), and simply by playing for "split" club honors, declarer could easily avoid the loss of a trick in that suit.



"Why don't you go in?" said Whiskey Jack.

Whiskey Jack flew down on the doorstep and looked in.

"You don't dare! You don't dare!" screamed Sammy Jay, hopping back and forth in great excitement.

His cousin paid no attention to him. Just sat on the threshold peering inside with bright inquisitive eyes. He wasn't at all excited. He walked along on the threshold.

"You don't dare! You don't dare go inside!" screamed Sammy Jay, coming a little nearer but only a little. Then he stopped screaming. He stopped jumping about. Whiskey Jack had taken the dare. He had gone inside.

Sammy hopped a bit nearer and tried to peep inside, but he wasn't near enough to see much. It seemed as if Whiskey Jack never would come out. When he did he had a piece of bread which he refused to share. "Go in and get a piece for yourself," he said.

It was Sammy Jay who didn't dare.

The next story: The Unwelcome One.

Contract Bridge
By Josephine Culbertson

NO FORESIGHT

Two conditions were necessary for the success of the slam contract in today's deal, and both of these conditions were present, but the declarer did not plan his play

South dealer East-West vulnerable.

- ♠ A 5 4 2
- ♥ 9 7
- ♦ K 5 3
- ♣ K 9 4

- ♠ 10 9 7 N
- ♥ 5 W
- ♦ 10 9 6 E
- ♣ J 8 7 S

The bidding:
 South West North East
 1♥ Pass 2NT Pass
 5♥ Pass 6♥ Pass

RING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTAIN



JOE PALOOKA



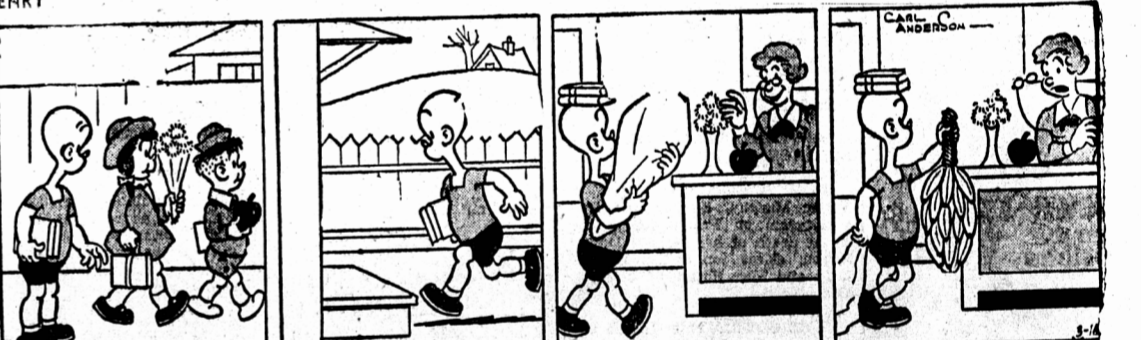
DOTTY DRIPPLE



BRINGING UP FATHER



HENRY



TIPPY AND 'CAP' STUBBS



TILLIE THE TOILER



PENNY



By Harry Moon