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DANCE
Sunnyside Ballroom
TONIGHT
Eastern Rhythm Boys
ADMISSION 35c

CLOVER CLUB DANCE
EVERY SATURDAY
Al Blanchard and the "Clover Club" Band
Admission—75c Dancing 9:30 to 12:00
For reservations Phone 1222—Between 5 p.m. and 7 p.m. Phone 478-L
Reservations held until 10:30 p.m.
SATURDAY NIGHT IS YOUR DANCE NIGHT AT THE CLOVER CLUB

THE NAVY LEAGUE OF CANADA
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND DIVISION
ANNUAL MEETING
to be held at the Court House, Charlottetown on Monday, February 7th. at 4 o'clock.
J. E. BURNETT, Secretary.

DAILY FREIGHT SERVICE
HALIFAX TO PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
(To and From Any Point)
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BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

Of things not understood beware. Watch every step with extra care. —Three-legs the Coon.

Experience is the greatest of all teachers, but sometimes a painful one. But those who learn through experience seldom forget. The small boy who tried to pick up Bumble Bee never tried again. He never forgot to treat all Bee folk with respect. In the same way experience made of Three-legs the Coon one of the smartest of all the Green Forest folk of his neighborhood. Having felt that missing leg in the treacherous, cruel jaws of a steel trap, he never forgot to watch his step, to be suspicious of anything strange in a familiar place, and of any change he did not fully understand in things around him. So when he found a piece of fish in a shallow hole dug in a bank where there never had been a hole before he turned away from it and would not allow the young Coon with him to go near it. He didn't know that a trap was hidden there, but



He sat down and waited for Three-legs

Contract Bridge
By Josephine Culbertson

NO AMBITION!
East's bidding in today's deal was highly unenterprising!

West dealer.
Both sides vulnerable.
North-South 50 on score

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

Needless to say, North-South's 30-point partial had some influence on the bidding:

West	North	East	South
1 ♠	1 ♠	1 ♠	4 ♠
Pass	5 ♠	5 ♠	5 ♠
Pass	Pass	Pass	Pass

If it was it wouldn't catch either of them. They would go hungry before they would take a chance. A little farther down stream they came to a big, mossy old log that had fallen across the narrow stream. It was a natural bridge. Many furry folk had crossed on it. Three-leg had himself many times in the summer. But in warm weather there were no treacherous, cruel traps to watch for. He didn't know why, but he had found that it was so. But with the coming of cold weather there were traps again. He knew because he had found one of Jerry Muskrat's family caught in one. He had learned that usually they were hidden in familiar places where folks had long passed to and fro in safety, and without thought of danger, such places as this old log. He pushed the young Coon aside as the latter started to climb up on the old log to cross to the other side. "We'll cross farther down," he growled.

"But why not here? I've crossed on this old log lot of times," whined the young Coon.

"That is just why we won't cross on it now," replied Three-legs. "In warm weather walk where you please, but in cold weather never put a foot where others think you should. I've never done it since. If you want to keep all your legs you won't either."

The young Coon grumbled, but he went on down the stream. He got quite a distance ahead of Three-legs when he was moving slowly, stopping frequently to pull over stones, peep into holes in logs and stumps, look over carefully everything that caught his attention. The young Coon had followed the edge of the stream familiar to him. He knew every rock, every old log, every stick and stone, every clump of ferns, every moss-covered hummock. He knew everything there was along that brook. Anyway he thought he did. So when at the water's edge he came to a little pen made of sticks pushed into the ground he stopped before going close to it. It was something new. He was sure that it hadn't been there the last time he was along this way. Why was it here now? Where had it come from? There was an opening, an entrance, just big enough for one his size to enter easily. Inside at the very back of it he could see something that might be a fish, or part of one. It must be, for he could smell it. The air was full of the fish smell. His nose twitched and his mouth watered.

With the greatest care he looked that little pen all over. Just as carefully he looked the ground around it all over. Excepting for the pen itself everything was as usual, as he remembered it. All he needed to do to get that fish was to walk in and help himself. He took two steps and stopped. He had remembered the hole in the bank with the fish in it and how Three-legs wouldn't touch that fish or who he remembered what Three-legs had said, that he would live longer if he kept away from anything strange in a familiar place. He sat down and waited for Three-legs.

QUICKIES BY KEN REYNOLDS



"Wait, Alvin, I'll look in the Guardian Want Ads for a step-ladder!"

L'I' ABNER

I DON'T WANT TO HURRY YOU MY DEAR — BUT DODD PATCH DOESN'T GET ONE HORSEFUL OF FOOD UNTIL YOU ARE HIS DUMPINGTON VAN LUMP!!

EF AH KEEPS 'EM WAITIN' THEY'S APT T' EAT SALADIEY — OR WHAT WOULD 'EM ALMOST AS BAD — EACH OTHER!! AH!! HARRY (LIMP) DUMPINGTON IN ONE HOUR!

ORDER SUPPLIES RUSHED TO THE DODD PATCH BORDER!!

OUR ORDERS ARE THAT NOT ONE O' YOU STARVIN' RATS TOUCHES ONE PARTICLE O' FOOD UNTIL WE GETS THE WORD THAT THE WEDDING IS OVER!!

RIP KIRBY

WE'RE LANDING! GEE, I HOPE RIP GOT MY RADIOGRAM!

WE'LL BE OVER NEW YORK IN A FEW MINUTES, MR. BELMONT.

OH, I NEED YOU SO!

BY AL CAPP



By Alex Raymond

ANOTHER TRANS-ATLANTIC PLANE!

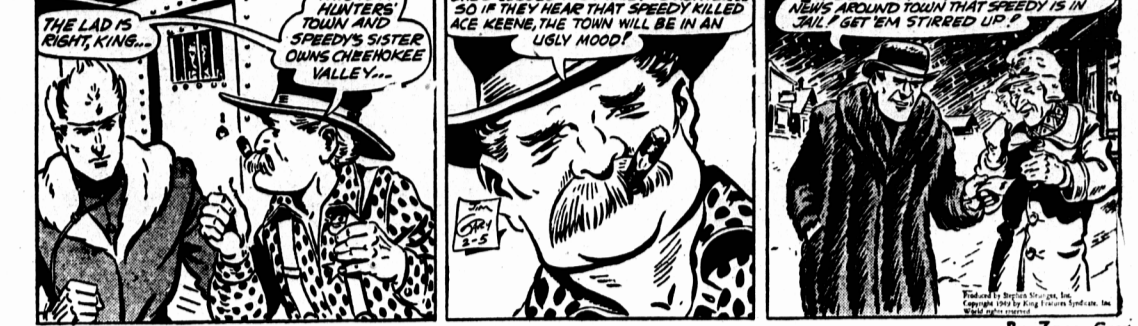
WE'VE GOT MAKE OF SOME KIND

THE TALL GOOD-LOOKING ONE WHO DOES THAT FANCY SKATING?

YES, HAVE HE'S DOWN AROUND YOU SEEN THE BEND-DO YOU HIM? HAVE A DATE WITH HIM?

NO, WITH PENNY!

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



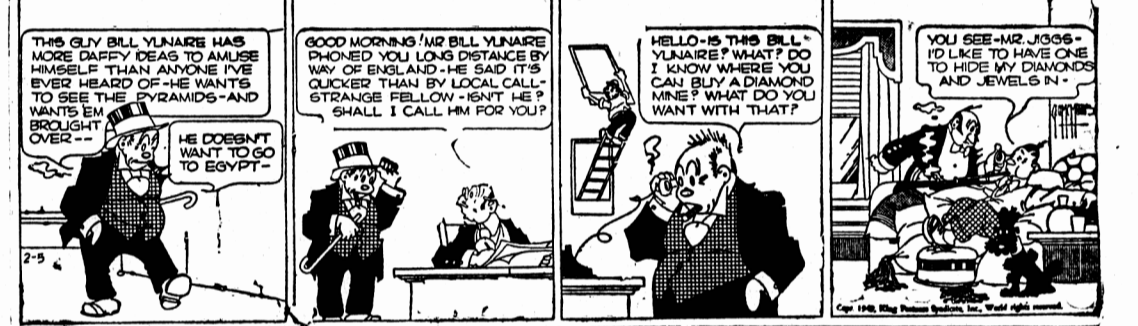
By Ham Fisher



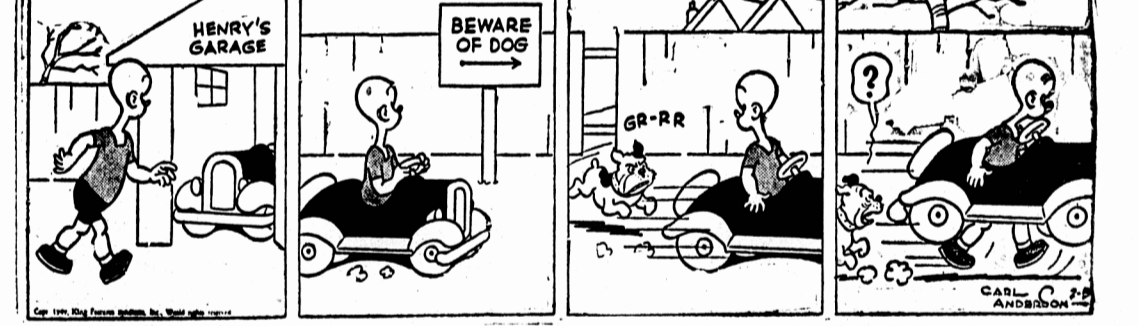
By Zane Grey



By Buford



By George McManus



By Carl Anderson



By Edwin



By Westova



By Harry Haefliger