BAHA'I PUBLIC LECTURE

The Baha'is of Charlottetown invite you to attend a Public lecture at

THE CHARLOTTETOWN HOTEL

On

THURSDAY, FEB. 3RD., 8:15 P. M.

Guest Speaker — Mrs. Rosemary Sala of Montreal

Topic—"The Changeless Faith of God."

NO COLLECTION

COMMUNITY CONCERT MEMBERS

Renew your memberships

FEBRUARY 7, 8 and 9

Call in person at Headquarters

HOLMAN'S STORE

After Wednesday memberships will be open to the waiting list. Capacity of hall is limited.

RECORD TOURIST YEAR

FORT WILLIAM, Feb. 1—(CP)—Ontario experienced its third consecutive record tourist year during 1948, Tom McCall, Deputy Travel Minister, today told the Northern Ontario Outfitters' Association. He expressed confidence the 1949 season would be equally successful.

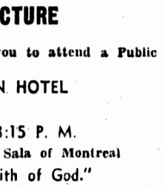
DAILY CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Infrequent
5. Kind of dog
9. Paradise
10. House for bees
11. Ceases
12. Liquid part of any fat
14. River (Switz.)
15. A fruit
16. Small bomb (Mil.)
19. Exclamation
20. Advertisement
21. To be in debt
22. A mongrel dog
24. Coin (Peru)
25. Distress signal
26. Attain
28. Court
29. Exist
31. Man's nickname
32. Wooded
34. Border
37. Ancient
38. Food
39. Revive
41. Masculine
42. Not working
43. Mast
44. Any bryophytic plant

DOWN

1. Delay
2. Worship
3. Twilled fabric
4. Half ems
5. A piece of work
6. Nuclei of starch grains
7. Baking chamber
8. Burden
11. Medieval story
13. Tidy
15. Poem
17. Midday
18. Hole-piercing tool
22. To anchor
23. Pronoun
24. River (Chin.)
25. Coin (Fr.)
26. Leg of a beast (Heraldry)
27. Rouses to vigilance
28. Gained
29. Reigning beauties
30. Whirlpool
32. Expressed juice of apples
33. Long-distance phone charges
35. Harvest
36. Festive
39. Border
40. Fuss



Yesterday's Answer

2-2

DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:

A X Y D L B A A X R
is 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

M K G X W U B P M B T W L E U I F U W U K-
B X M W A L K N A U I, W L J U ' K C A L C U A
P H U — G X W B L R.

Yesterday's Cryptoquote: SO PERISH ALL WHOSE BREAST NE'ER LEARNED TO GLOW FOR OTHER'S GOOD—POPE

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BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

Consider well the unexpected,
For thus may danger be detected.
—Oold Mother Nature.

It was almost den-up time and Three-legs the Coon, so called because he had but three legs, having twisted off one in a cruel steel trap, was about ready to retire. Den-up time is that time in the season when those who sleep all winter, or most of it, go to bed for the long sleep. The homes of such folks are called dens. Going to bed for the winter is called denning-up. The time is earlier for some than for others. Johnny Chuck and Nimbleheels the Jumping Mouse are the earliest to den-up. They do not wait for really cold weather. Buster Bear is one of the last, usually the last.

Three-legs was a big, handsome Raccoon who lived in another part of the Green Forest from where Bobby Coon and Mrs. Coon made their home in a hollow tree. His den was in a small, snug, warm cave deep down in a rocky ledge. He had once lived in a hollow tree, but that was before he had lost his leg. The trap in which he had been caught had been set at the foot of that hollow tree. He hadn't

This evening he was making his way along the edge of a small brook.

climbed a hollow tree since.

The dreadful pain he had suffered while in that trap, the long days and night of hunger while that stump of a leg was healing and he couldn't get around much to look for food, had made him one of the most suspicious folks in all the Green Forest, and at the same time had sharpened his wits so that a smarter Coon was not to be found anywhere. He had to be smart, not only to keep out of traps but to live at all. The forefeet of the Coon folk are more like hands in feeling for things and in picking up food. So Three-legs had to make his wits help his one hand do the work of two.

This evening he was making his way along the edge of a small brook. He had company. It was one of his well grown children who promised to be as big and handsome as his father. They often hunted and fished together. The young Coon was a little ahead. He stopped and sat up just the way that Buster Bear often sits up. He held his head high and his nose began to twitch.

"What is it?" asked Three-legs, joining him and also sitting up and twitching his nose.

"Smell it," said the young Coon. His nose went twitch, twitch, twitch.

Three-legs did smell it, and his nose went twitch, twitch, twitch.

"Did you ever smell anything better?" asked the young Coon. His nose still twitched and his mouth began to water. Had you been there it is probably that you would not have smelled anything at all, for it was very faint. Had you smelled it you very likely would have turned up your nose, for it was a fishy smell. The two Coons began to move forward slowly, their noses all the time twitching.

The smell grew stronger. It was now a very, very fishy smell. I am sure it would have been too fishy for you or me. But it wasn't for those two Coons. No, sir, it wasn't for them. Their mouths watered more and more. I suspect they drooled. They came to a place where the bank was fairly high. They knew just where that delectable smell (to them) was coming from. It was coming from the foot of the bank close to the water. There was a hole in the bank there, a very shallow hole as if some one had started to dig and then given up after scooping out a little earth. That smell was coming straight out of this. There must be a fish in there. The only way they could look into it was to wade in the shallow water to get opposite it.

The young Coon started to do this, but Three-legs pushed him aside and went first. He waded slowly, carefully. The water was very shallow, just over his feet. When he was near enough to look in by stretching his head as far as he could he stopped. He was not quite in front of that hole in the bank, but he could see the back of it. There lay what looked like a piece of fish. It must be that for there was no smell but of fish, and that was very strong indeed.

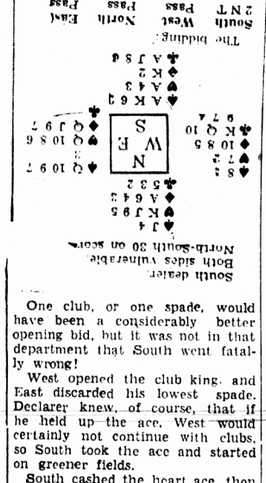
Slowly, reluctantly, Three-legs turned back. Growling he drove his young son back too. In the morning a disappointed trapper would see their footprints in the mud where they had entered and left the water and would wonder why they had turned back.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

TOO CONFIDENT

Today's declarer suffered from over-confidence — in the wrong direction!



One club, or one spade, would have been a considerably better opening bid, but it was not in that department that South went fatally wrong!

West opened the club king, and East discarded his lowest spade. Declarer knew, of course, that if he held up the ace, West would certainly not continue with clubs, so South took the ace and started on greener fields.

South cashed the heart ace, then finessed to dummy's jack. East won and sent back the diamond queen. Declarer ducked, but East then led a low diamond and South was in with the king. Now declarer tried for a break of the two missing hearts, but West showed out.

There was only one hope left—as South saw it. He put up the heart ace, cashed the diamond ace, and threw East in with his high heart. East cashed his good diamond, and South discarded a club, having already given up a card of that suit on the fourth heart. "Come to me!" South chortled, looking roguishly at East. "I'm sure you've got the spade queen, so you might as well be nice about it!"

"Sure—why not?" East said amiably. And, to South's horror, he proceeded to lay down the spade queen!

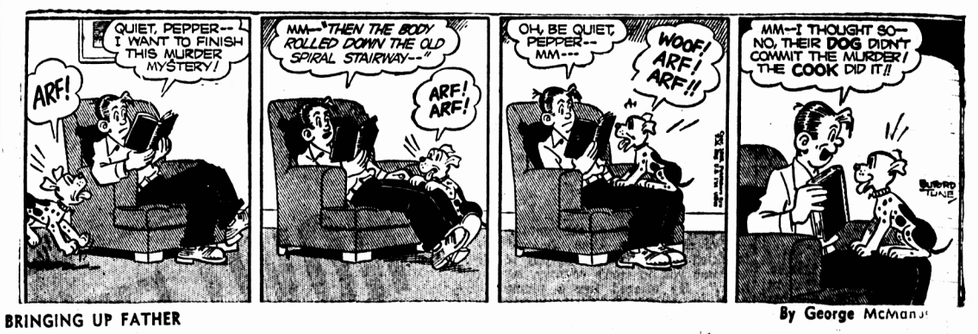
Gone was South's cherished end play! Obviously, he had expected East to lead away from the spade Queen to the North-South combined tenace, giving South three tricks in the suit.

South would have been shrewder to "clean up" all the side suits and then simply to lead a low club, letting West win two tricks in clubs but forcing him to give South two club tricks, also!

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED — By Ham Fisher

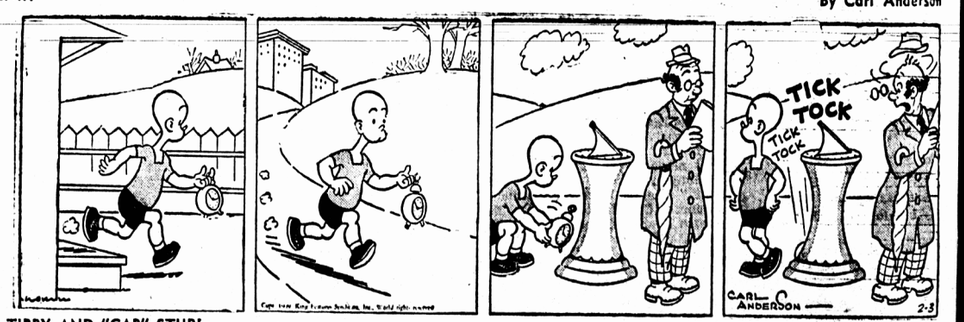
JOE PALOOKA — By Zane Grey

DOTTY DRIPPLE — By Buford

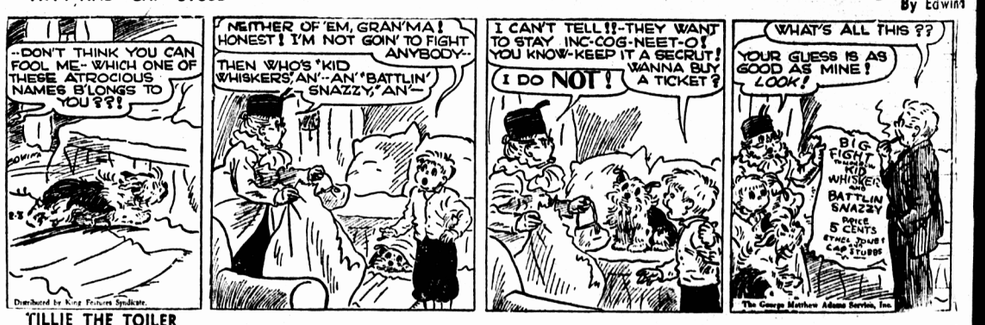


BRINGING UP FATHER — By George McManus

HENRY — By Carl Anderson



TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBB — By Edwin



TILLIE THE TOILER — By W

LI'L ABNER — By AL CAPP

IP KIRBY — By Alex Raymond

PENNY — By Harry Haenigsen