

Hon. Stuart S. **GARSON** M. P.
 Minister of Justice
SPEAKS TONIGHT
"Putting First Things First"
C B A
8:45 P. M.

Confederation Bonspiel Dance
 AT
CLOVER CLUB
 Thursday Night, February 17th.
 Dancing 9.30 to 1 Admission—75c
 Music by Don Messer's Islanders
 Limited number of tickets available to non curlers, obtainable at Old Spain, Rendezvous, Mayfair and Charlotte-town Curling Club.

P. W. C. SEMI-FORMAL DANCE
 AT THE
CLOVER CLUB
 FR.-DAY, FEB. 18
 ADMISSION \$2.00 PER COUPLE
 TICKETS ON SALE AT THE RENDEZVOUS

DON'T FORGET
The Charlottetown Tennis Club Dance
 AT
THE HOLY NAME HALL
 FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 18th.
 MUSIC BY THE DOWNTOWNERS
 Dancing 9:30-12:30 Admission—50c
 Tickets available at Ray's or from Club members. Also at door on dance night.

NOW OPEN
NORTHERN LUNCH COUNTER
 Where you can get a tasty meal at a moment's notice.
 All the latest equipment situated 16 Upper Queen Street
 Under the management of
J. & G. KAYS
PAY US A VISIT TODAY

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)
 Who sees and, seeing, understands
 Another's secret soon commands.
 —Farmer Brown's Boy.

Long ago Farmer Brown's boy found out that in the Green Forest the who keeps still sees most and he who understands what he sees learns most about his furred and feathered neighbors. Also that patient watching is the surest way of finding out what you want to know. So now he was sitting on a small log in a feeding shelter of boughs he had built for the Grouse in that part of the Green Forest. He was anxious about three young Grouse of whom he had found no signs. They were fully grown, big enough to take care of themselves, but not old enough, this being their first winter, to know the danger of sleeping on the ground under a thick blanket of snow when a thick, hard crust of ice might form. Such a crust had formed during the last night, a crust so thick he could walk on it without danger of breaking through. He had seen old Thunder and Mac Grouse, so he knew they were safe, but there was no sign of all of the others.



He cocked his head to one side, as if listening

Contract Bridge
By Josephina Culbertson

"RULES" DON'T COVER ALL CASES

The player who defends according to "rules"—such as "leading through strength," or "up to weakness"—may do fairly well in ordinary, run-of-the-mill cases, but not when the situation calls for shrewd methods! Observe the defensive problem in the following deal:

South dealer. Both sides vulnerable.

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

W N E S

♠ A K Q 8 2
♥ A K 6
♦ 7 5 4
♣ J 6

The bidding:

South	West	North	East
3♣	Pass	2♠	Pass
3♦	Pass	4♠	Pass
Pass	Pass	Pass	Pass

North's two-club response was something of a stretch; a simple raise to two spades was all his hand justified.

West led the diamond jack. The king was put up in dummy, and East won. Now, at the second trick, the fate of the contract hung on East's return.

East gave the matter serious consideration. On the bidding, it appeared certain that declarer, aside from strong spades, had an excellent heart holding. If East shifted to hearts, declarer could probably control the lead nicely and establish dummy's club suit, eventually using a trump as an entry.

As East analyzed the situation, the most urgent need was to "kill" the dummy—if he could. To that end, he cashed the diamond queen and led a third round of the suit, forcing a trump from dummy. This, as it happened, was South's undoing. He drew two rounds of trumps when he saw that they did not break, led the club jack and overtook with the queen. West, however, played the club seven, as a signal that he had four clubs (or two), and East therefore knew exactly which round of clubs to win with the ace. He held off one round and took the second, and after that, declarer was helpless—he had to give up a heart trick in addition to the two diamonds and the club ace.

trust they are almost certain to starve to death before it melts, or to be so weak they cannot fly and will be caught by some hungry Fox or other tumbler. If I could find them I would break the crust and let them out. But how in the world can I even guess where to look for them?" thought he.

While he was thinking he was sitting perfectly still. Long ago he had learned to do this when wanting not to be noticed. A short distance away Sammy Jay lighted in a tree.

"I wonder if that scamp followed me just to see what I am about. It would be just like him," thought Farmer Brown's boy.

Sammy didn't see him. For a few minutes he sat in the tree, his blue coat louvered than ever against the surrounding whiteness. Then he flew down on the snow. His crest was raised. He cocked his head to one side as if listening. He made two or three hops and again seemed to listen. Jumper the Hare in his white coat came out from under a spreading hemlock bough weighted down with snow and Sammy flew back in the tree. Jumper sat up for a quick look all around; then slowly moved over to where Sammy Jay had been. There he stopped abruptly. His long ears with their dark tips shot up straight. He stared at the crust a little ahead of him. He was a picture of listening curiosity.

"He hears something. It must be what Sammy Jay heard. I wonder what it can be," thought Farmer Brown's boy.

Just then Jumper turned and bounded back in frantic haste to his hiding place under the hemlock boughs. He was just in time. Yes, sir, he dodged under those boughs just in time. Two sets of great curved claws were already reaching for him. With a scream of disappointment a great gray bird swerved just in time not to crash into those boughs, circled and lighted on a snow-covered stump near Jumper's retreat. He stood very straight, a picture of angry disappointment.

"Terror the Goshawk!" exclaimed Farmer Brown's boy under his breath. "I'm glad he didn't catch Jumper. Terror doesn't belong here. He belongs farther north. I don't like having him around. I suppose hunger had brought him down here. Too bad for him and too bad for some of those who really do belong here! This weather they have too hard a time as it is without this added danger."

Just then Terror slowly turned his head. It was as if some sound had caught his attention. He was listening. Farmer Brown's boy was sure of it. Presently Terror spread his great wings, flew over near where Sammy Jay and Jumper the Hare had been and here hovered for an instant close to the crust, looking down intently. Then he lighted on the crust, struck it two or three times with his bill and stood for some time listening. Apparently he heard nothing more so flew back to the stump.

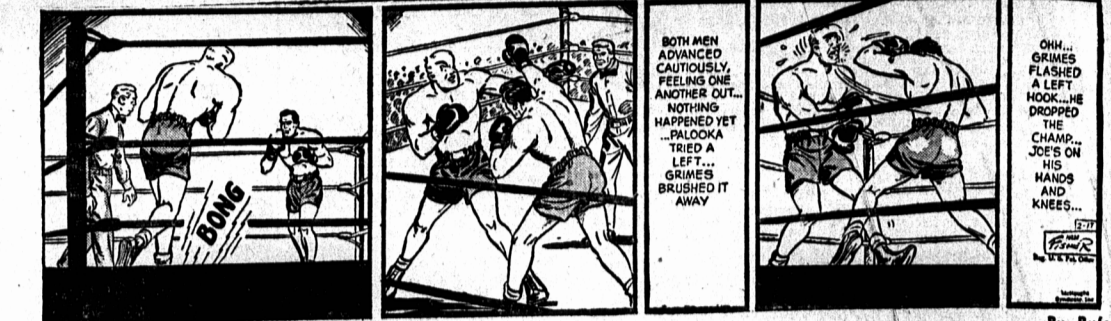
"I think I know where those Grouse are," said Farmer Brown's boy aloud. His freckled face wore a broad smile. At the sound of his voice Terror the Goshawk took to his big wings and disappeared among the trees.

By AL CAPP

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



By Ham Fisher



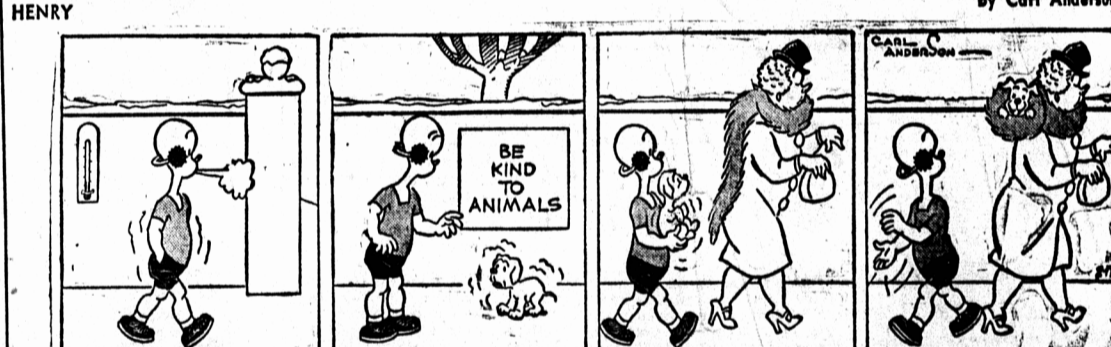
By Zane Grey



By George McMane



By Carl Anderson



By Edvin



By AL CAPP



By Westcott



By Alex Raymond



By Harry Hoening