

OPENING
MONDAY 16th FEBRUARY 1948
"COOKERY NOOK"
 HOME-MADE COOKIES and PASTRIES; SANDWICHES
 Small Parties and Bridge Parties catered for
 ICED CAKES made to order.
"COOKERY NOOK"
 218 Gt. George St. Charlottetown Phone 1926-L
 L. G. SAVAGE, Proprietor.

ANNUAL MEETING
 PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND DIVISION
 CANADIAN RED CROSS SOCIETY
"CHARLOTTETOWN HOTEL"
 TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 24th.—12 (NOON)
 Luncheon—\$1.25
 Phone 432 for reservations by Saturday, February 21st

FARMERS' WEEK
Annual Meetings at Legion Hall
CHARLOTTETOWN
FEBRUARY 24th TO 27th

TUESDAY—24TH—
 2:00 o'clock—P. E. I. Sheep Breeders' Association
 7:00 o'clock—P. E. I. Swine Breeders' Association.
 Films and open discussion on sheep and swine industry.

WEDNESDAY—25TH—
 9:30 o'clock—Central Farmers' Institutes.
 1:30 o'clock—P. E. I. Dairymen's Association.
 Night meeting at 7:30. Large attendance of patrons requested for full discussion on all dairy problems, marketing, cold storage, co-operatives, feeds, etc.

THURSDAY—26TH—
 9:30 o'clock—Opening session—P. E. I. Federation of Agriculture.
 12:30 o'clock—Farmers' Week dinner at Charlottetown Hotel.
 7:30 o'clock—Open discussion on general farm problems.

FRIDAY—27TH—
 9:30 o'clock—Open meeting for all junior farmers of the Province. All ex-club members and interested farmers between the ages of 16 and 30 years especially invited to attend.
 1:00 o'clock—Federation Board Meeting.

NOTE: Resolutions for Farmers' Meetings should be forwarded in writing in advance of meetings.

KEEP IN THE SWING AT
THE CLOVER CLUB
 The City's Modern and Air-Conditioned Dance Hall
 CAFETERIA SERVICE
WEEKLY SATURDAY NIGHT DANCE OPEN TO PUBLIC
 Dancing 9 O'clock Legionaires Orchestra

THERE OUGHTA BE A LAW!
 By Fagaly and Shorten

WHY IS IT WHEN THE DENTIST HAS TO FILL A LITTLE CAVITY, HE DOES IT IN SLOW AND EASY STAGES

I'LL JUST X-RAY IT TODAY. NEXT VISIT I'LL PUT IN A TEMPORARY FILLING. THEN AFTER THAT WE'LL FINISH IT OFF...

BUT WHEN HE HAS TO YANK NEARLY EVERY TOOTH IN YOUR HEAD—WOW! HE IS IN A BIG HURRY!

MIGHT AS WELL PULL 'EM ALL TODAY. NO SENSE DRAGGING IT OUT. THE QUICKER WE GET 'EM OUT, THE SOONER YOU GET YOUR PLATES.

Thanks to JOSEPH S. LASLO, PITTSBURGH, PENNA.

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

Eyes or ears may be deceived; Both together be believed.
 —Tommy Tit.

Tommy Tit the Chickadee and Yank Yank the Nuthatch found Sammy Jay in the Old Orchard. They were almost out of breath, they had flown so fast to get there. "Where is he?" they cried together. "Are you looking for some one?" asked Sammy Jay.

"Where is Goldie the Oriole?" Tommy Tit asked.
 "I don't know. I haven't the least idea. Probably he is somewhere down in the Sunny South," replied Sammy Jay.

"Do you mean that you haven't seen him? He was over here a few minutes ago, for we heard him sing," said Yank Yank.

"You heard him. You must have heard him. If you didn't there is something wrong with your ears," declared Tommy Tit.

"No. I didn't hear him, and I am sure there is nothing the matter with my ears," replied Sammy Jay shaking his head. "I don't believe you heard him either," he added and turned his head aside.

"We did too!" cried the others indignantly.
 "So did we," said Doty the Tree Sparrow, who with Slaty the Junco had joined the others.
 "We have come over to look for him," added Slaty.

"You are fooling yourselves. You haven't heard Goldie the Oriole. You just think you have. Take my word for it, he hasn't been here. I would have seen him if he had been," declared Sammy and flew away to the Green Forest.

"As if we don't know the voice of Goldie when we hear it!" exclaimed Tommy Tit indignantly. "No one else has a song just like his."

They looked and looked all through the Old Orchard. They looked in the Green Forest. They didn't find Goldie the Oriole, nor did they hear him again that day.

"I was the only one who heard him. I would think I might be mistaken, though how can I be I don't know. But Yank Yank heard him, Doty heard him, and Slaty heard him. Sammy Jay must have heard him, even if he does say he didn't. I thought Tommy Tit as he settled himself for the night in the snug warm little house that Farmer Brown's boy had put up specially for him in a tree in the Old Orchard.

The next morning as he was getting ready to go out for his breakfast he looked out his round doorway, a doorway too small for any one bigger than himself to get through, and saw a flash of blue at the edge of the Old Orchard.

"Sammy Jay! He must be going for some sunflower seeds for his breakfast. I hope he'll leave some for me," thought Tommy Tit.

But, instead of going to the feeding shelf at Farmer Brown's house at once, Sammy stopped in the very next tree to the one in which was Tommy Tit's house. The trunk of the tree partly hid him from Tommy. The latter was just ready to go out and say good morning when he was startled to hear the song of Goldie the Oriole. It was not loud, but it was clear, and it came from right behind the trunk of that tree where Sammy Jay was. You should have seen Tommy Tit pop out of his little round doorway and fly over to that tree! Goldie the Oriole wasn't there. No body was there but Sammy Jay. His head was tipped back and the first note of Goldie's song had come from his throat when he saw Tommy Tit and the song ended.

Contract Bridge
 By Josephine Culbertson

No Justice!

The bidding in today's deal was something to marvel at, but by finding every card perfectly placed and playing the hand to the best advantage, the declarer came through. The moral is, presumably that crime is not always punished.

North dealer.
 Both sides vulnerable.

♠ 4
 ♥ 7 6 3
 ♦ K J 7 2
 ♣ Q J 6 4 2

♠ K Q 10
 ♥ J 10 9
 ♦ A Q 6
 ♣ 10 8 5 5

♠ J 8 7 2
 ♥ K 8 5 4
 ♦ 9 3
 ♣ K 7 3

The bidding went:
 North East South West
 Pass Pass 1♠ Pass
 1NT Pass 2♠ Pass
 3♠ Pass 4♠ (1) Pass
 5♠ Pass Pass Dble.

Tired Feet
 Soothe them with **MINARD'S LINIMENT**
 35¢
 Rub on freely, and some quick relief. Good for foot-drying. No special odor.

PIP KIRBY
 By Alex Raymond

FOR A MILLIONAIRE REVEREND, WE WANT DEFINITE PROOF THAT THE STARLOCKS' CHILD IS SHAWN MALONE!

BRASSING AGAIN! REMEMBER, WE WANT DEFINITE PROOF THAT THE STARLOCKS' CHILD IS SHAWN MALONE!

YOU TAKE UPSTAIRS, I'LL TAKE DOWN... ABOVE ALL, KEEP QUIET!

NEVER FEAR, SIR... I'LL BE AS SILENT AS THE GHOST OF A GHOST!

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS
 By Edwin

OH-OH-MAGGIE'S COUSIN MONTROSE IS OUT IN THE GARAGE—NO GOOD WILL COME OF THAT!!

NOW WHAT?

THIS IS MY LATEST INVENTION—NOW—JUST WATCH—I GET IN THE CAR—AND WHEN I PRESS THE BUTTON I PUT ON THE DASHBOARD—IT WILL OPEN THE GARAGE DOORS AND THE CAR WILL COME OUT.

I GUESS MY INVENTION ISN'T QUITE PERFECT YET!!

PENNY
 By Harry Hoehnigen

GOLLY, AUNT ELLEN, I'M ALL A DITHER!

RUSS FINALLY INVITED ME TO THE FRAT DANCE! I'VE SIMPLY BEEN ON PINS AND NEEDLES FOR WEEKS!

BUT I DIDN'T LET HIM KNOW IT! I DIDN'T ANSWER FOR ACTUALLY MINUTES!

MEAN, WITH MEN, I THINK IT'S GOOD PSYCHOLOGY TO KEEP THEM DANGLING! DON'T YOU DEFINITELY?

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED
 By Zane Grey

SMOKE! SOMEONE IS IN THE ABANDONED MATCHBOX CABIN!

IS IT POSSIBLE COPY THE KILLERS?

HEAR BETWEEN THE CABIN CHIRKS THE COLD MULLLE OF A CARBINE LEVELS AT KING.

JOE PALOOKA
 By Ham Fisher

WHAT'S THE EXCITEMENT... WHO'S KNOBBY AND GERRY?

KNOBBY GOT A NOTE TO COME TO MISS FOWLER'S HOUSE... SHE'S BEEN HURT.

SEE—THAT'S A SHAME. WE'LL BE AT THE FRONT IN TIME, WON'T HE?

YES, JERRY WENT WITH HIM... THEY'LL COME RIGHT TO THE GARAGE FROM THERE, WELL... I GUESS WE'D BETTER START OURSELVES.

YOU BETTER WAIT... I GOTTA BEAT IT BACK MADISON SQUARE GARDEN. I'LL ONLY BE ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES. RIGHT.

DOTTY DRIPPLE
 By Rufus

IT'S ABOUT TIME I FIXED THIS BASE PLUG—BUT TO BETTER TURN OFF THE MAIN SWITCH FIRST...

THAT'S FUNNY—MY REFRIGERATOR IS FREEZING AND RUNNING ALL OVER THE FOOD.

WELL, NO WONDER—SOMEbody TURNED OFF THE CURRENT!

BURNED THINE.

HENRY
 By Carl Anderson

OH-OH-MAGGIE'S COUSIN MONTROSE IS OUT IN THE GARAGE—NO GOOD WILL COME OF THAT!!

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I GUESS MY INVENTION ISN'T QUITE PERFECT YET!!

TILLIE THE TOILER
 By Webb

GET OUT OF HERE! I HATE YOU, NO MATTER WHAT KIND OF FACE YOU'VE GOT!

WHAT YOUR FACE LOOKS LIKE

SCRAM! I CAN STILL SEND YOU TO JAIL IF I LIKE

TILLIE, I WANT YOU TO BE MRS. WOLVERSTON NO. 12?

MUMPH! IN NO TIME AT ALL YOU'D BE AFTER NO. 13

OH NO! I'M SUPERSTITIOUS! MARRIVING A 13th WIFE WOULD BE UNLUCKY!

CONTRACT BRIDGE
 By Josephine Culbertson

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