



Merry Christmas!

The greens are hung; the tree alight;
The pudding crowned with holly;
So, take your fill of what you will
And may the day be jolly.

HORNE MOTORS

Missing Youths Found

SPRINGHILL, N. S. Dec. 23 — Two Springhill Junction youths, missing 13 hours after entering the woods near here to gather pine boughs for school Christmas decorations, were found safe today.

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

NEW YEAR'S CELEBRATION

at

The Charlottetown Hotel

BUFFET SUPPER DANCE

For Reservations Phone 1170
Tickets \$8.00 per Couple
Dancing from 10 p.m. to 2 a.m.

To avoid disappointment reservations should be made early.

Tickets must be picked up by Dec. 27th.

Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford Mac

MERRY CHRISTMAS UNCLE ELBY!



RIP KIRBY

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



(By Thornton W. Burgess)

THE NEW HOME

It is the home that patterns life. When ruled by love, or wrecked by strife.

—Old Mother Nature.

There is nothing like knowing exactly what you want and going after it. Those who do usually get it. Those who want but don't know exactly what they want seldom get it.

She who at home had been called Little Sister, and when she went out into the Great World had become little Meadow Mouse, was now young Mrs. Meadow Mouse, and she knew exactly what she wanted. She wanted a home, and she knew exactly what kind of home she wanted. She meant to have it, and she wouldn't be satisfied until she did have it. So of course, there was no doubt that she would get it, providing she and young Mr. Meadow Mouse could keep out of sight of the watchful eyes, and safe from the sniffing noses of those who delight in a dinner of tender young Mouse. There are a lot of such folk around and over the Green Meadows.

"You said you know where there is some clover that is still sweet and tender," said she.



"I'll show you; I want some myself," said young Mr. Meadow Mouse, and led the way.

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It was good clover. It was sweet and still tender enough to be good eating. Like Peter Rabbit, a Meadow Mouse loves clover. Grasses and other green things are good but not so good as clover. Young Mrs. Meadow Mouse nibbled a little, but she didn't settle down to eating as Mr. Mouse did. She moved about in the little paths that crossed and recrossed through the path of clover. They had been made by other Mice. It was a big patch of clover. Indeed it was more than a patch.

Just outside the clover was some coarse grass. Some of it grew in bunches. One of these was quite big. "Come here," squeaked young Mrs. Mouse.

Young Mr. Mouse hurried to join her. "What is it?" he wanted to know at once.

"I've found it. This is it," she squeaked happily.

He stared around with a puzzled look. "What is it? What have you found?" he asked.

"This place for our new home," squeaked Mrs. Mouse.

Mr. Mouse looked as puzzled as ever, perhaps more so. "Where? I don't see any place for a home." He spoke a bit impatiently. He wanted to get back to the clover. Just then he was more interested in filling his stomach than in a home. Time to think of that when he had filled his stomach. A home was important, but just then his stomach was more important. It is like that over the Great World. Nothing is more important than a full stomach. Were all the stomachs in the world full most of the trouble of the world would vanish. Peace, happiness, contentment and good will never are found where there are empty stomachs and never can be.

"We'll dig a place for it under this grass, and a covered way leading to it from the clover. It will be perfect," declared young Mrs. Mouse, still examining that bunch of grass. "We'll do it right away. Let's get busy."

They did. They dug a covered way from one of the little paths in the cover to that bunch of grass—a just-big-enough tunnel just under the sod. Under the roots of that bunch of grass they dug a snug little room. The only entrance to it was by way of that tunnel.

Then Mrs. Mouse set to work to furnish it. She lined it with coarse dry grass. Then she lined that with fine, soft, dry grass and plant fibers. When it was finished to suit her was as warm and snug and comfortable a home as any (in all) seven trump tricks, three diamonds and two clubs.

Obviously, it would not have saved East to cover the club queen, because declarer would simply ruff, lead to dummy with a trump, and discard a heart on the established nine of clubs.

If West had not opened the club jack, however, South would have had to do some remarkable guessing. An opening trump lead was the "neutral" and harmless choice.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

HELPED BY THE OPENING LEAD

The opening lead in today's deal gave the declarer the key to the play, and helped him fulfill his slam contract.

North dealer. Both sides vulnerable.

♠ A 9 8 2
♥ 5 4
♦ A Q 5
♣ A Q 9 4

♠ 6 3
♥ A Q 10
♦ 8 8 2
♣ K 9 3

♠ 7 3
♥ 8 7 6 4 2
♦ K 8 7 5
♣ 3 2

♠ K Q J 10 7 4
♥ K J
♦ J 10
♣ 10 6

The bidding:

North East South West
1 ♠ Pass 1 ♠ 2 ♠
2 ♠ Pass 3 ♠ 4 ♠
4 ♠ Pass Pass Pass

North was aggressive enough when he bid three spades over West's two hearts. He should have declined South's slam invitation.

However, West helped things along for the enemy by opening the club jack. South was sure that this selection would not have been made from king-jack, so the finesse was not attractive. He put up the club ace and, after cashing the king and queen of trumps, tried the diamond finesse. West covered the jack and the ace won. South then cashed his own diamond ten, led a spade to dummy and threw his club ten on the diamond queen.

The marked position of the club king was now turned to good account by South, who confidently led the club queen through East.

The latter, knowing that was in the wind, unhesitatingly ducked, but South was not to be thrown off—and in any case he had "committed himself." He discarded a heart. This, of course, insured the contract, since declarer was any (in all) seven trump tricks, three diamonds and two clubs.

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The R. W. Grand Lodge Officers

of the

L. O. A. of P. E. ISLAND

C. D. MacPhail, G. M.

C. A. Cudmore, D.G.M.

H. Docherty, J.D.G.M.

J. A. Murray, G. Sec'y

P. J. MacEachern, G. Treas

Extend to all branches of the Orange Order and their families the

SEASON'S GREETINGS

By Alex Raymond

By Alex Raymond

By Alex Raymond

By Alex Raymond

By Alex Raymond

By Alex Raymond

By Alex Raymond

By Alex Raymond

By Alex Raymond

By Alex Raymond

By Alex Raymond

By Alex Raymond

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KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



JOE PALOOKA

By Buford

MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM ALL OF US



DOTTY DRIPPLE

By Ham Fisher



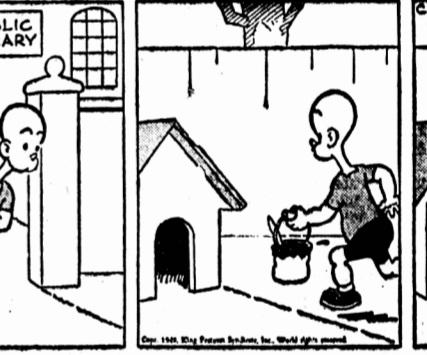
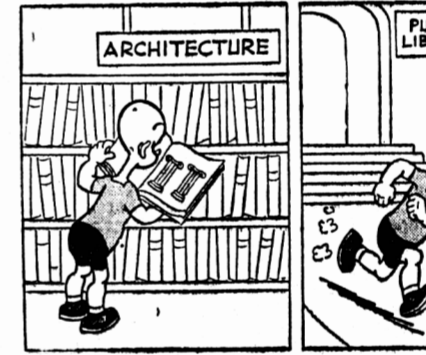
TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS

By Edwin



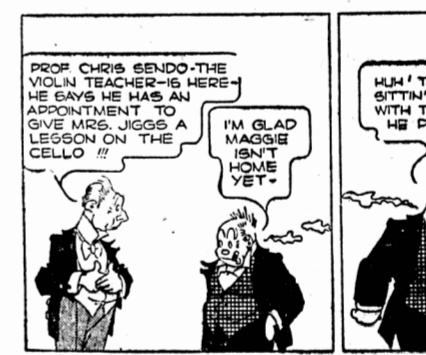
HENRY

By Carl Anderson



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McMan



TILLIE THE TOILER

By Westover



PENNY

By Harry Neustgen

