

# GEORGE DREW

Leader  
Progressive Conservative Party

will speak  
**Thursday Night  
JAN. 27TH**

ON THE SUBJECT  
**"The Nation's Business"**

**8:45 p. m.**

Progressive Conservative Party

## Chiropractor

For Foot Ailments

CONSULT  
**H. J. A. BROWN, D. P.**  
Orthopedic

143 Great George Street  
CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.

## Monthly Meeting

Charlottetown Branch

Canadian Legion,  
B. E. S. L.

At 8 p. m. Tonight

## This Is Election Day In Ward 3,

May I say to my friends and supporters, that if you wish my election, it can only be brought about by the personal attention of each one of you.

Kindly therefore be sure and vote.

Should you desire to be driven to the poll, phone 89.

Signed

G. R. KEEFE

## To The Electors of Ward Three

As a property owner, I am offering as a Candidate in Ward 3, to fill the vacancy in the Council which has been created by the very sudden demise of the late Samuel Doyle. Time will not permit me to call on you personally to solicit your support.

I have had previous service at the Council Board, and should you elect me as your representative I will use my energies for the betterment of the City as a whole, and Ward 3 will be my chief interest.

Yours very truly,  
**GEORGE R. KEEFE**

## Candidate for Ward Three

Having been requested by a number of citizens, I have decided to run for councillor in Ward Three.

If I am elected, I will do my best for your Ward and the citizens in general.

E. WARREN HOUSTON

## Grocery Business For Rent

Going business in residential area with a good trade complete with fixtures and equipment. Present stock to be purchased in cash, long term lease on building.

Apply A. W. Gaudet, Solicitor  
Phillips Bldg., Charlottetown



(By Thornton W. Burgess)

Only those who know they're free can ever wholly happy be.

Farmer Brown's boy had found a Fox held fast in the cruel jaws of a steel trap. He was weak from starvation and suffering, for he had been held in that trap for several days. He was frightened and hopeless. Farmer Brown's boy had taken him home, carefully bathed and bandaged the paw so painfully hurt by the jaws of the trap, and had put him in a pen in which was a sleeping box with a comfortable bed. Every day he bathed that hurt paw and treated it with ointment until the swelling had gone down and the paw was healed enough to leave off the bandage.

The Fox was fully grown but young. Under the good treatment he was receiving he recovered rapidly. He no longer knew what real hunger was like. Each day he had plenty to eat, all he wanted and more, and he didn't have to hunt for it. It was always there

he could help himself. A warm home, safety, comfort and plenty to eat—what more could a Fox want to make him happy. His food would have tasted better had he had the fun and work of hunting for it. He would rather have had less of it and had the fun of hunting for it. That would have meant freedom and independence, two of the most precious things in all the Great World. So, while not exactly unhappy, he wasn't truly happy either.

Farmer Brown's boy understood all this. "I know just how you feel," he would say. "I can't blame you a bit for feeling as you do. I suppose I would myself were I in your place. But you are a lucky young Fox. You don't know it, because you don't know how well off you are. If I hadn't found you, thanks to Reddy Fox, who led me to you, you wouldn't be alive now. You would have starved to death or the trapper would have killed you. One of the other surely would have happened. But, of course, you don't understand a word I am saying. All you know is that you are a prisoner, and I suppose that no one who is a prisoner, even a prisoner of kindness, can be wholly happy. But if that paw keeps on healing as fast as it is doing now you won't be a prisoner very much longer," said he. "That is a promise, but of course it doesn't mean a thing to you. You will have to wait and see," he added.

When the bandage was taken off the young Fox licked the paw often and this seemed to do it good. For a few days he was so lame when he put that foot down he walked about on three legs most of the time. But day by day he used that paw more. There was a scar where those cruel jaws had bitten into it, but no bones had been broken and in time the paw would be as good as ever. But the better and stronger it got the more discontented and unhappy he grew. Discontent and happiness never go together. They just don't mix.

Two or three times at night he heard Reddy Fox bark. Reddy knew where he was and those were friendly barks. But they made the young Fox more unhappy than ever. If it would have been better if Reddy had kept away altogether.

At last came a day of strange happenings. Farmer Brown's boy brought him an extra good breakfast of things of which he was specially fond. Afterward began the strange happenings. Right away he was a badly frightened young Fox, more frightened than he had been at any time since he was in the trap. First he was put in a box just big enough for him to turn around in. Over the top was wire netting. Now he really was a prisoner, and it wasn't a happy feeling. Then the box was lifted and that was a strange and disturbing feeling. It was put in a strange monster with a most unpleasant smell, and that made a strange noise as it carried him away. He crouched close to the bottom of the box and he suspect he whimpered softly to himself.

At long last the monster stopped. The box was taken out and placed on the ground. Farmer Brown's boy grinned down at him as the box was opened. "Good hunting and keep out of traps!" cried Farmer Brown's boy as the young Fox leaped out and darted away.

He ran with only a slight limp. Suddenly he was filled with such happiness as he never before had known. He was free! He could go where he pleased, when he pleased! Once he stopped to look back. Farmer Brown's boy was laughing. He was sharing in this happiest of all things. For had not he helped to make such a success?

The next story: "Watching His Step."

DERBY, England—(CP)—A beer landmark stolen from a hotel for a bet in 1928, was recently returned anonymously.

By AL CAPP

Contract Bridge  
By Josephine Culbertson  
FASHIONS IN BIDDING  
It may seem odd to speak about "fashions" in bridge bidding, but actually it is an appropriate word. We have gone a long way since the first few years of contract bridge, and what would have been an acceptable bidding decision in, say, 1939, is perhaps a discredited choice today. Let's examine this point in connection with an actual deal:

South dealer.  
Both sides vulnerable.  
Rubber bridge.

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

W E S W

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

This was the bidding in a quite average game:

South	West	North	East
1♠	Pass	1♥	Pass
2♠	Pass	2♥	Pass
2NT	Pass	3NT	Pass
Pass	Pass	Pass	Pass

West made the shrewd opening of the diamond king, his thought being that his holding in the only unbid suit, spades, was too weak for possible development. Declarer held up dummy's diamond ace, but East signalled vigorously with the nine, and West, continuing the suit, Declarer could not establish enough tricks without losing the lead, and the defenders ended up with three diamond tricks, two clubs, and one heart. Thus, the contract was defeated two tricks.

To get back to the theme of this article—South was gully of archaic bidding! His opening bid and his first rebid were sound enough, but he went far astray when he bid two notrump over North's two diamonds. Perhaps South had been educated (badly educated!) on the theory that he "must have four trumps to raise a suit that had been bid only once," and perhaps that was the reason for his failure to give a choice for hearts. Instead of launching into notrump, the fact remains, however, that South's hand was not patterned for a notrump call—this despite the possible advantage of having the spade ten ace led up to. Having failed to support hearts previously, it was vital that South do so at this stage, after North had bid the diamonds. North would not be barred from bidding notrump if he wished to. Actually, North would have gone to four hearts and easily made the contract.

## KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

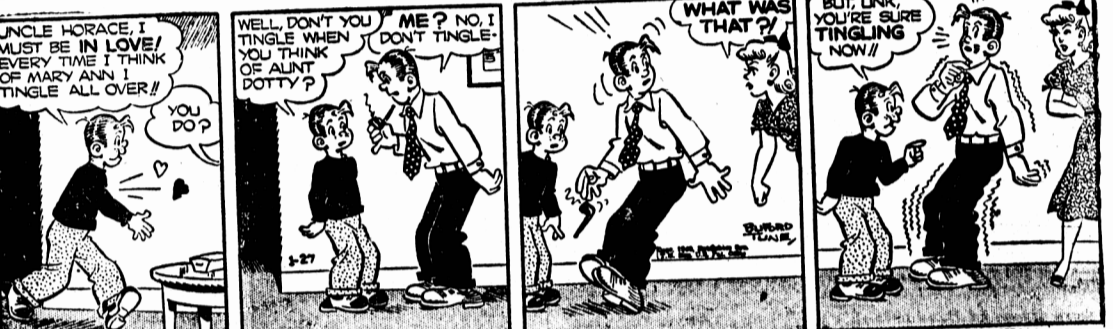
By Ham Fisher



JOE PALOOKA



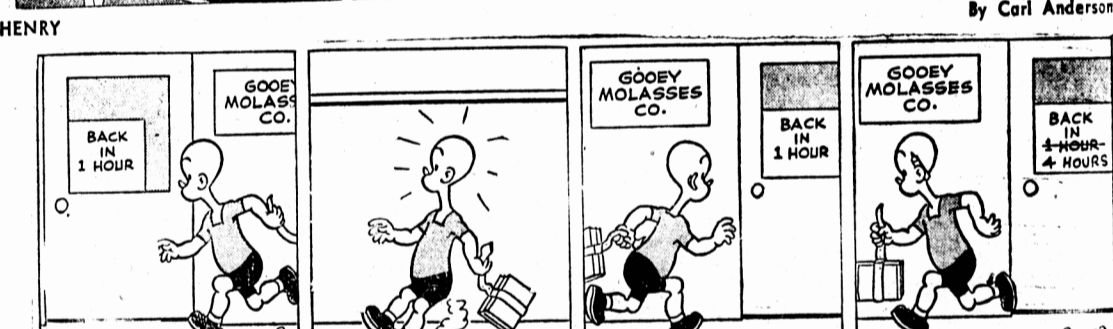
DOTTY DRIPPLE



BRINGING UP FATHER



HENRY



TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBB



TILLIE THE TOILER



PENNY



## LIL' ABNER



By KIRBY



## GOOD NEIGHBORS?



By Alex Raymond