

Another Big "Hay Loft Frolic"
OLD TIME DANCING AT ITS BEST
 Latest in Modern Dance Tunes
SUNNYSIDE BALLROOM
 Grafton Street
TONIGHT
Eastern Rhythm Boys
YOU JUST CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS IT!
 Check Room Admisson 35c Canteen

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

PROGRESSIVE CONSERVATIVE NOMINATING CONVENTION
 A nominating convention of the Progressive Conservative Party will be held at the Capitol Theatre, Summerside, on Wednesday, 26th day of January, 1949, at 2 p.m., for the purpose of selecting a candidate to contest the Federal constituency of Prince in the coming Dominion election.
EVERYBODY WELCOME
 Dated this 3rd day of January, 1949.
 Signed:—
CLAUDE S. DELANEY, President East Prince Association
T. LOWELL COMPTON, Secretary East Prince Association
CLARENCE MORRISSEY, President West Prince Association
JOSEPH MORRISSEY, Secretary West Prince Association

ANNUAL MEETING
 The Annual Meeting of Prince Edward Island Mutual Fire Insurance Company, will be held at the Town Hall in Summerside in Prince County, on Tuesday the 25th, day of January, A. D. 1949, at the hour of ten-thirty o'clock in the forenoon.
 Dated this Sixth day of January, A. D. 1949.
T. LELAND LINKLETTER, Secretary-Treasurer.

FASTER THAN SPEEDY
 WINDSOR, Ont. — (CP) — William Robert (Paddy) Blair, who retired recently after 32 years on the city police force, was a great runner in his day. Friends claim he once caught a thief after a foot race. The thief, nicknamed "Speedy" was glad to walk to the station.

ICE FLOE RESCUE
 LEAMINGTON, Ont. — (CP) — After two hours on a dangerous ice floe path, Police Chief Earl Cooper and Jack Price returned with a dog which had been marooned on a cake of ice. At one time the two men were out of sight of the shore in an icy blizzard.

L'L ABNER
 YOU GOT TH' KINDA FACE A CAL KIN TRUST, DR. SNAKEBIT? THERE IS KINELY AX DUMPKINGTON'S POLKS EF AH KIN GO HOME, BECUZ DUMPKINGTON JEST HANT' TH' MAN FO ME?
 OF COURSE, HE ISN'T!
 A DAINTY MORSEL LIKE YOU'S TOO GOOD FOR A NEED LIKE HIM? YOU NEED TO HARRY A REAL MAN, A MAN WITH FIRE AND BARRING. A MAN WHO CAN SHOW YOU LIFE!
 ME!
 GO AWAY, SNAKEBIT! AH HATES YOU'S MUCH AH HATES YOU'S MUCH AH HATES YOU'S MUCH!
 YOU GOT A SNAKEY FACE?
 BY Alex Raymond

RIP KIRBY
 I HAVE ALREADY INFORMED YOUR SON THAT I WILL HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH YOUR CASE! I SEE NO REASON FOR FURTHER DISCUSSION!
 OH, BUT THERE IS A REASON, MR. KIRBY! THE GIRL INVOLVED IS HONEY DORIAN! YOU DON'T WANT HER, DO YOU?
 ALL THE MORE REASON WHY YOU CANNOT ENGAGE MY SERVICES! MISS DORIAN IS PERFECTLY CAPABLE OF MANAGING HER OWN LIFE!
 BUT I WAS TOLD YOU LOVED MISS DORIAN! AND YOU'LL GIVE HER UP WITHOUT A FIGHT? WHAT KIND OF A MAN ARE YOU, MR. KIRBY?
 MRS. BEAUMONT, I CANNOT EJECT YOU QUITE AS RUDELY AS I DID YOUR SON, BUT I MUST ASK YOU TO LEAVE HERE AT ONCE... BACK!
 BY Harry Haenigsen



BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES
 (By Thornton W. Burgess)
 First be sure that you are right, and then that there is cause to fight.
 —Old Mother Nature.
 Roughleg is one of the big members of the Hawk family. He has long, stout wings. He has long, curved claws. He has a strong, curved bill, but not as big as one of his relatives. His home is up north in Canada where cousins of Danny Meadow Mouse, called Lemmings, live. They look much like Danny but are bigger. Roughleg is very fond of them—to eat. But sometimes in winter they are scarce or because of deep snow, under which they live happily, they are seldom seen. Then Roughleg moves farther south to hunt for Danny Meadow Mouse and his friends on the Green Meadows. Roughleg would tell you that they are just as good eating as their cousins, the Lemmings. He ought to know.
 But even down here on the Green Meadows there was more snow than he liked. Mice were keeping out of sight under it. To catch one Roughleg must first see it. Reddy Fox, by means of his ears or his nose, often can tell just where an unseen mouse is, and catch it. Roughleg can't do that. For days he had seen few mice and caught fewer. So he was very, very hungry indeed as he watched Danny Meadow Mouse on the snow eating seeds from a weed top. So perhaps it is no wonder that as he saw Reddy Fox also watching Danny he said to himself fiercely, "That is my mouse," and really believed it. Not is it to be wondered at that Reddy Fox, not knowing that Roughleg was anywhere about, had said to himself the very same thing.
 After what seemed to both Danny moved over to another weed top. This took him away from the hole through which he had come up from under the snow, but not far enough for Reddy to be sure of catching him before he could get back to the hole. So Reddy waited. And over in the long tree a little farther away Roughleg waited.
 Danny moved over to another weed top. With his eyes Reddy measured the distance between Danny and the hole in the snow and between himself and that hole. He decided that he could get to the hole before Danny could. He made the first quick bound. The instant he moved Danny saw him and darted back toward that hole. Someone else moved too. It was Roughleg. He had long legs and took him through the snow fast. Danny's short legs took him over the snow fast. Which one would have reached that hole first no one will ever know for Roughleg's stout wings took him through the air faster than those long legs. The short legs could take their owners through and over the snow.
 Just as Reddy started the jump that would take him to the hole in the snow something struck him across the face, and struck him hard, so hard that it not only spoiled his jump but upset him so that he sprawled in the snow. It was one of Roughleg's stout wings as Roughleg tried to cross in front of Reddy, his long toes with their great curved claws already reaching to catch Danny Meadow Mouse.
 They didn't clutch him. Roughleg was himself upset, and sent flapping in the snow. Before he could right himself and get into the air Reddy Fox was up and had leaped for him. "That was my mouse!" he snarled as he snapped at Roughleg. At he got was a mouthful of feathers, the stiff long wing feathers. They were nothing to really get hold of.
 "That was my mouse!" shrieked Roughleg as he pounded Reddy with his free wing, and his look red coat with those great curved claws, and struck at him with his hooked bill.
 For a few minutes it was hard to tell which was which as they struggled there in the snow. Fur flew and feathers few. Reddy growled and snarled. He yelped as those sharp claws dug into him. He tore himself loose. Roughleg lay on his back, his broad, stout wings spread, ready to strike, his feet with their great curved claws drawn back, ready to strike. His head with its sharp-pointed, hooked bill drawn in, ready to strike.
 "That was my mouse!" snarled Reddy as he backed off a little.
 "It was my mouse!" retorted Roughleg as he got up, his head and shook the snow from his feathers. And there the matter rests to this day.
 The next story: An Old Dispute.

Contract Bridge
 By Josephine Culbertson
AN ELUSIVE CONTRACT
 Very few of the East-West pairs in the recent National Championships in Florida reached the best contract in the following, much-discussed deal.
 West dealer
 Neither side vulnerable.
 ♠ 8 8
 ♥ 9 8 5 2
 ♦ J 10 9 8 4
 ♣ 3
 ♠ K Q 4
 ♥ A K Q
 ♦ A Q 8 6
 ♣ 5
 ♠ A J 10 6
 ♥ 5 4 3
 ♦ A 10 7
 ♣ K J 7
 ♠ K Q 7 2
 ♥ J 3
 ♦ 7 6 3
 ♣ 10 9 4 2
 Inevitably, the freakish nature of the East-West hands caused a great variety of bidding sequences throughout the field, the match-point basis of scoring being a further source of concern. This was one popular auction:
 West North East South
 1♣ Pass 1♠ Pass
 3♣ Pass 3♦ Pass
 3NT Pass 6♣ Pass
 6NT Pass Pass
 These East-West pairs earned better-than-average scores, since there was no difficulty in collecting 12 tricks at notrump against any opening lead.
 One West, unfortunately for himself, passed to his partner's six-spade bid—a decision that brought his team a "cold zero," since East went down two tricks. This West argued later that he had feared not being able to reach East's hand at notrump; that East might have had much better spades, but nothing on the side. This was, of course, a possibility on East's bidding.
 Several pairs reached six clubs through more judicious cooperation on East's part, but the top-scoring pairs were the few who bid as follows:
 West North East South
 1♣ Pass 1♠ Pass
 3♣ Pass 4♦ Pass
 3NT Pass 6♣ Pass
 7♣ Pass Pass Pass

NO DEFENSE
 TORONTO, Jan. 13. — (CP) — Magistrate S. Tupper Bigelow said in a written judgment handed down today, "alcoholic amnesia or total forgetfulness induced by alcohol, is no defense at all when one is charged with a criminal offence."
 BY AL CAPP

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED
 OH, KING, YOU MUST BELIEVE THAT I DIDN'T SHOOT THIS HUNTER!
 I'VE PROBED THE BULLET MISS FOSTER.
 THIS MAN WAS KILLED BY A JAPANESE ARISAKA RIFLE. DO YOU OWN ONE?
 A-NO!
 YOU'RE LYING, MISS FOSTER! LYING TO PROTECT SOMEONE... WHO IS IT?
 BY ZANE GREY

JOE PALOOKA
 THERE YA ARE, MISTER... SHE'S BACK ON THE ROAD.
 GOSH... I NEVER SAW SUCH STRENGTH... I THOUGHT I HAD TO CALL FOR A CRANE.
 OH MY... OH MY... HOKY SMOKES... YA STRAINED A MUSCLE... HOKY SMOKES... AN' THY HAFTA LIFT IS TRUCK 7.0H
 I DON'T STRAIN NO MUSCLE... I'M JUST HONKIN'... I... I THINK...
 WHAT YA BENT OVER FER THEN?
 BY BUFORD

DOTTY DRIPPLE
 IF YOU'LL DO ME A FAVOR AND BUY THIS GADGET, SIR, I'LL MOW YOUR LAWN FOR YOU, TOO—
 AND WHAT WILL YOU DO FOR ME?
 I'LL MOW YOUR LAWN FOR YOU FREE OF CHARGE!
 HUH? AT THIS TIME OF YEAR?
 WELL—SINCE YOU'RE SO FRIENDLY AND ACCOMMODATING, I'LL TAKE ONE, ANYWAY!
 THANK YOU, SIR!
 I'LL HAVE TO FIGURE OUT ANOTHER ANGLE BETWEEN NOW AND SPRING!
 BY GEORGE MCMANUS

BRINGING UP FATHER
 SHE WRITES A SWEET LETTER BUT SHE STRIKES A SOUR NOTE.
 SHE'S NOT THE ONLY ONE.
 ONE OF THE STRINGS IN MY PIANO IS BROKEN—A MAN IS GOING TO FIX IT— ONLY ONE STRING?
 I CAME TO FIX YOUR PIANO.
 I WAS AFRAID OF THAT.
 OH, MAN—THAT MR. JIGGS— HE INSISTED ON SENDING THE PIANO TO THE FACTORY FOR REPAIR— AND HE GEMED CLAD WHEN I SAID IT WOULD TAKE A MONTH—
 BY CARL ANDERSON

HENRY
 BY EDWINA

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBB
 NO, I'M NOT SCARED TO FIGHT SAMMY— BUT I MIGHT HURT HIM—
 —AN' THEN HIS MOTHER'LL BLAME ME—
 BUT I HEARD LITTLE BUSBY IS GOING TO TRAIN SAMMY TO USE HIS GLOVES—
 WHY, ADELAIDE SUTTON'LL BE FIT TO BE TIED— NOT BEING ABLE TO SAY A WORD COUNTS HIM LEAVIN' SAMMY ALL HIS MONEY! BUT—
 CAP— DID YOU GIVE SAMMY BACK HIS GLOVES—? I THOUGHT YOU'D TRADED—?
 YESSUM!
 BY WESTON

TILLIE THE TOILER
 THESE TWO BOY FRIENDS OF YOURS PUT ON A PRETTY GOOD PERFORMANCE
 I'M THINKING OF SIGNING THEM UP FOR A CLOWN ACT IN MY CIRCUS THAT LITTLE GUY CHASING THE BIG GUY WITH A SLAPSTICK WOULD BE A RIOT
 THERE MIGHT BE A GOOD STORY IN MY SIGNING THEM UP
 UNDOUBTEDLY, BUT FIRST I WANT TO SEE THAT DIPLOCCUS
 BY HENRY HENIGSEN

PENNY
 THEN YOU DON'T BELIEVE THAT DREAMS FORETELL THE FUTURE, AUNT ELLEN?
 CERTAINLY NOT.
 OH, SOMETIMES SOMETHING YOU DREAM MAY HAPPEN BUT THAT'S SIMPLY A COINCIDENCE!
 WELL, I GUESS I BUMPED INTO A COINCIDENCE TODAY.
 I DREAMED FATHER WAS SCOLDING ME FOR DOZING OFF WHILE HE WAS TALKING TO ME!
 AND WHEN I WOKE UP... HE WAS!
 BY HENRY HENIGSEN