



By Thornton W. Burgess

THE ONE WHO DIDN'T WORK

Life's greatest blessing lies in work. They cheat themselves who try to shirk.

—Old Mother Nature.

"I don't work but I manage to live," boasted Croaker the Raven, as he watched Paddy and Mrs. Paddy repair a leak in their dam.

Of course it was true that he managed to live, or he wouldn't have been sitting there in that tree looking on. It wasn't true that he didn't work, although he undoubtedly thought it was.

He had been flying this way and that ever since break of day, looking for something to eat. So far he had found nothing. He was resting now, for he was very tired. Some folks work harder doing nothing than doing something.

When he had rested he would go hunting again, flying here and flying there, searching for a scrap of anything that could be eaten.

SPECIAL DANCE

LEGION AUXILIARY CLOVER CLUB

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or 1222 after noon on Wednesday.

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He was not swift of wing. It was true that sometimes he caught a Mouse. Now and then by pure luck he caught a Rabbit or a Squirrel. But it was only now and then that this happened. He had to live on what he could find rather than what he could catch.

Often it was scraps of what others had left. Whatever it was, he didn't complain. He just ate it, and was thankful.

No one is fond of Croaker. In fact, he is very much disliked, even more than his smaller cousin, Blacky the Crow. But in winter even those who dislike him are sometimes sorry for him, and there is one thing they admire in him. It is his courage.

At such a time, under such conditions as Croaker faced every day, it took courage of the highest order just to try to keep alive.

"If I had wings like that fellow, I know what I would do," said Reddy Fox to Mrs. Reddy, as they watched Croaker flying over the Old Pasture.

"What would you do?" asked Mrs. Reddy.

"I would get away from this snow and ice and hard living. I would go where it is warmer. I really don't see why that fellow sticks around. I'm sorry for him, and I'm not sorry for him," declared Reddy.

"And probably he doesn't care a fig of his tail whether you are sorry for him or not," said Mrs. Reddy.

Why didn't Croaker fly South? It is doubtful if he knew the answer to that himself. Probably it was because of his love of his northern homeland. As long as he could find anything at all to eat, he would stay. That was home. Not even the Rough Brother North Wind and Jack Frost at their worst could drive him away from it. He had the courage to live in spite of everything.

That was very true. He did get around. He covered a lot of the Green Forest every day. He almost never knew what it was not to be hungry. All he could think about was food. It was no wonder that he was true to his name, a croaker. You see, unlike Hooty the Owl, Terror the Goshawk, and Whitley the Snowy Owl, down from the Far North, he was not a trained hunter.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Cluerton

DEFENSE PAR EXCELLENCE

West's defense in the following deal was as shrewd as it was nervy.

South dealer. Neither side vulnerable.

109 6543

8543 8732

Q64

K5 643

10872 N KJ9

106 W E AKQ

J1083 S 95

2 75

AQJ872

AQ

J4

AKV

The bidding:

South West North East

1 Pass Pass 2

4 Pass Pass 4

East could not really be blamed for reopening the bidding when one spade was passed around to him — he could scarcely assume that South had such a powerful holding.

Actually, strong as South's hand was, it still did not quite justify his leap to game opposite a partner who could not find a response to one spade, and this is said in full knowledge of the fact that South could have made the game contract.

West led the diamond ten; East won and continued the suit. South ruffed the third round with the spade jack, and West, seeing no possible advantage in over-ruffing, discarded a low club. Moreover, he did so without any revealing hesitation!

South could not be blamed for hoping that the spade king might be on side. He went to dummy with a club and returned the spade ten. He felt (logically enough) that if this trick lost to West, the spade nine would still be in dummy for an entry with which to take the heart finesse.

West, however, had been doing some fast analyzing, and he concluded from the bidding and the course of play that South probably had a choice of finesses. South's selection of the spade jack for the third-round diamond ruff had been significant, and dummy's spade spots were equally so. Therefore, when the spade ten came around, West quickly played low!

How could South escape from such a shrewdly baited trap? The spade king now seemed definitely located, so why try the unknown heart finesse? He led the spade nine and of course passed it when East played for four.

That ended South's chance for the contract. Needless to say, West did not return a heart!

King of The Royal Mounted

By Zane Grey



Rip Kirby

By Alex Raymond



Joe Palooka

By Ham Fisher



Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



Pogo

By Walt Kelly



Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

By Edwin



Bringing Up Father

By George McManu



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