(By Thornton W. Burgess)

A SUDDEN SILENCE

Strange as it may seem 'tis true
Silence sometimes shouts to you.
—Old Mother Nature.

• • •

Striped Chipmunk was singing. Yes, sir, he was singing. Anyway he called it singing. He was expressing his happiness with his voice, and if that isn't singing what is it? It wasn't musical like the songs of the birds. It wasn't what you would call sweet, but in it's way it was just as good to hear as the happy singing of the feathered folk.

Striped Chipmunk was sitting on the old stonewall between the Old Orchard and the Green Meadows. He loves the old stonewall. He never feels wholly comfortable when he is away from the old stonewall. He loves to pop in and out between the stones. He knows every opening for the whole length of the old wall. Somewhere down underneath that wall is the doorway to his home in the ground. It is secret. It is a secret that only he and Mrs. Chipmunk know. There is no more precious secret for very little folks than that of their home.

Happiness is catching. In this respect it is like the whooping cough and measles. Striped Chipmunk had been out and about ever since jolly round bright Mr. Sun had started his morning climb up in the blue, blue sky. He had had a good breakfast. It is always well to start a day with a good breakfast. It is the foundation of a day's happiness. Now with nothing to do Striped Chipmunk was telling all the Great World how good he felt and how happy he was. He had reason to be happy. Down in that secret home was another secret. It was the most precious kind of a secret. Can you guess what it was? Of course you can. Little Mrs. Striped Chipmunk was Mother Chipmunk now. Indeed, she had been a mother for some time. In the snug little nursery down in

He loves the old stonewall.

the ground were four babies whose eyes were not yet open. Mother thought they were the most beautiful babies in all the Great World. Of course, this doesn't mean that they were. All mothers think that of their babies when they are very little. And so they are in a mother's eyes although they may be the homeliest babies in all the Great World in the eyes of other people. You will find that what anything looks like largely depends on who is looking at it.

Striped Chipmunk didn't have much to do with the babies, but he knew they were there with their mother and that was sufficient. So he was happy and he just had to sing his happiness. It is a pity that there are not more people like Striped Chipmunk to sing their happiness to the Great World. There is not enough singing. There is no more successful way of sharing happiness than in song.

Now Striped Chipmunk has neighbors in the bushes beside the old stonewall, feathered folk who nest there or just visit there every day. Some of them were singing now. There was happiness and joy the whole length of the stonewall. It was a joyful chorus with Striped Chipmunk a sort of leader of it. Anyway, that is how it seemed to Farmer Brown's boy who was listening.

Suddenly the harsh voice of Sammy Jay crying, "Thief, thief, thief!" broke into that happy chorus. Instantly there was silence. Not a voice was to be heard. It was silence that could

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ANNUAL MEETING

of

P. E. I. POTATO GROWERS' ASSOCIATION

in

CANADIAN LEGION HALL, CHARLOTTETOWN

on

THURSDAY, AUGUST 9th AT 2:30 P.M.

For the transaction of general business covering the year ending June 30, 1951. For this meeting all present, and former patrons also old members as of 1935 will be considered eligible to vote.

A large attendance is urged for this important meeting.

HOPE RIVER PICNIC

TUESDAY, AUGUST 7
SUPPER and GAMES

COME TO

BELFAST CHURCH TEA
WEDNESDAY, AUG. 8th
Supper Served from
4 to 6:30 P.M.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

CARD-PLACING

The mere fact that one of the opponents may have bid a suit does not automatically mark him with certain cards in that suit. Consider the following hand.

East's denial of spade strength (viz., his prompt takeout to hearts over North's double) convinced West that little hope could be put in the spade department, and so he tried his second suit, diamonds, opening the jack. South won with the queen and led the spade jack. West ducked, and South led a low spade toward the king. West had to duck this also (or concede an extra spade trick), and dummy's king won. East discarded a low heart.

West dealer.
Both sides vulnerable.

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

The bidding:

West	North	East	South
1 ♠	Double	2 ♥	2 N T
Pass	3 N T	Pass	Pass
Pass			

Declarer, counting his tricks, saw that a 3-3 club break would bring him home, but, not wanting to depend on this unlikely break, he decided to look for the ninth trick in his own heart queen. He led a low heart from dummy, hoping of course that the king was held by East. That was not the case, however, and when West captured the heart queen, declarer had no further chance.

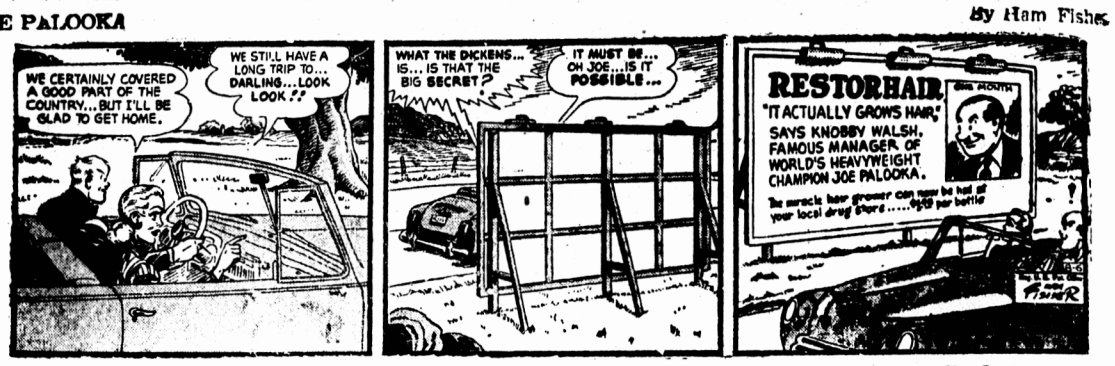
South counted too heavily on East's bid of hearts. It would have been more realistic to stop and think of what West needed to open the bidding, vulnerable as he was. He could not have come close to the requirements without the heart king! Thus, the proper line of play was for South to cash his three clubs and his diamond ace; then, assuming that West had not discarded a heart, to throw him in with a diamond or a spade and make him lead away from his marked heart king to the combined tenace in the North-South hands.

WESTERN TEXTILES

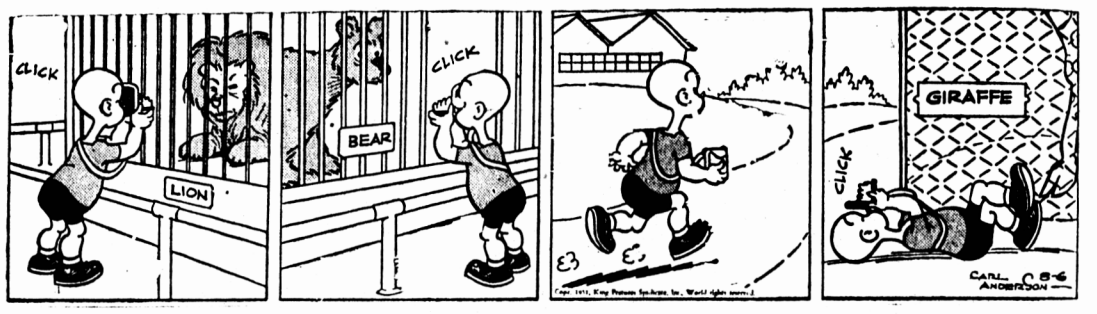
Alberta has 60 textile factories with annual production of $9,100,000.

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

JOE PALOOKA — By Ham Fisher

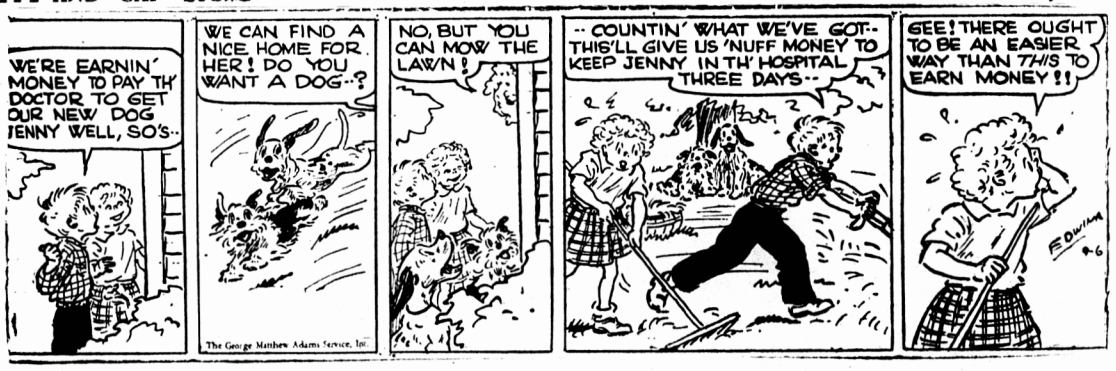


HENRY — By Carl Anderson



DOTTY DIPPLE — By Ruford

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS — By Edwina



THE ADVENTURES OF WILDROOT CREAM-OIL CHARLIE ••• HOW TO BE A SUMMERTIME SUCCESS

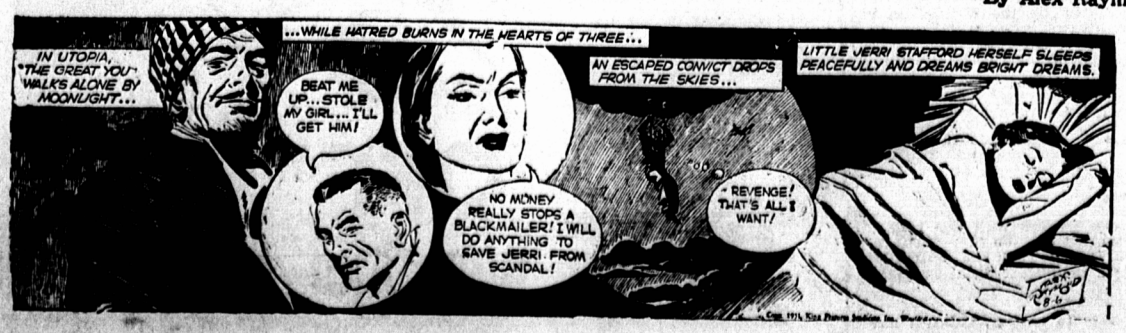
POGO — By WALT KELLY

BRINGING UP FATHER — By George McManus

LI'L ABNER — By Al Capp

TILLY THE TOILER — By Westover

RIP KIRBY — By Alex Raymond



PENNY — By Harry Haenigsen