

FARMERS' WEEK

ANNUAL MEETINGS — LEGION HALL CHARLOTTETOWN

MARCH 1st. to MARCH 3rd.
WEDNESDAY—MARCH 1st.

2:00 p.m. and 7:30 p.m.
Sheep and Swine Breeders' Associations, opening
with former. Special speaker—Mr. J. W. Graham,
Ottawa.

THURSDAY, MARCH 2nd.
2:30 p.m. and 7:30 p.m.
P. E. Island Potato Growers' Association. Details
announced elsewhere.

FRIDAY, MARCH 3rd.
2:00 p.m. and 7:30 p.m.
Central Farmers' Institutes. Special programme
including discussions on "Marketing Boards and What
They Have to Offer."
Special speaker—Mr. R. C. Parent, Superintendent
Experimental Farm.
Subject—"Is There More Money in Grass?"
Also Federation of Agriculture discussions by the
Secretary, Mr. L. P. McIsaac.
Take time out and attend these important meet-
ings.

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

NIBBLET GOES ADVENTURING

Contentment's good, but you will
find it
It sometimes dulls an active mind.
—Old Mother Nature.

Nibblet was the venturesome son of Nibbler the House Mouse. He had been in a drawer of an old bureau in the storeroom of Farmer Brown's house. When he was three weeks old he had climbed out of the bureau drawer, and there he was out in the Great World—the storeroom. Then he had found his way to the woodhouse, where he had lived a short time before finding his way to the barn. Each place had in turn been the Great World, and each of these Great Worlds had been shut in by walls and a roof. Those walls were important because when running from place to place he kept close to a wall. The mouse folk learned long ago that they feel much safer when they have something solid close to them on one side. It is one side they do not need to watch for danger.

Nibblet was now really out in the Great World, for he was outside the barn. He was running as fast as he could after his cousin, White-foot the Wood Mouse, who had been visiting in the big barn and had found it dull. He had invited Nibblet to come with him outside

and see for himself what real living, excited living, was like. Already Nibblet wished he hadn't been so venturesome. This truly was the Great World, and being out in it frightened him. There were no walls, nothing solid excepting under his feet. He hid, never had he felt so small as he did now. He wished he was back in the big barn, but already he was afraid he couldn't find the way back. So he kept his eyes on Whitefoot and hoped they would soon get to wherever they were going.

When they reached the old stonewall he felt a little better. Here was something to run close beside. It ended that feeling of nothingness all about him. And there were openings between the stones into which a Mouse could dodge should there be need. Whitefoot did dodge into one. Nibblet was at his heels.

"What was it?" he whispered anxiously. He knew by the way in which his pretty cousin had darted into that hole that he had seen danger of some sort.

"Just Reddy Fox," replied Whitefoot. Now that he was safe in that hole between the stones he was no longer frightened.

"Who is Reddy Fox?" asked Nibblet.

Whitefoot stared at his cousin as if doubting that he had heard aright. "Don't tell me you don't know Reddy Fox?" he whispered.

"How should I know him? I've never seen him," retorted Nibblet.

"When it is high time you should see him. He probably will come sniffing around here, but he can't get more than his nose in here, so there is nothing to fear. When he goes away we can peep out and watch him. Never take chances with Reddy Fox. He's a bad one, that fellow! If it were not for him and others like him we mice would have it a lot easier," said Whitefoot.

"They never bother me," said Nibblet.

Just then there was an unpleasant sound that sent little chills running all over Nibblet. Reddy Fox was sniffing at that hole. It was a most unpleasant sound. It was the most unpleasant sound Nibblet had ever heard. It was repeated several times. Then all was still. They waited a little, then together crept to where they could peep out in the moonlight. Just leaving the old stonewall and starting to cross the Green Meadows was one who looked very much like those Dogs Nibblet had known when he lived in the Woodhouse. Even as he looked Nibblet saw Reddy pounce on something in the grass. When he lifted his head there was something in his mouth. Whitefoot shook his head.

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PLANNING TO BUILD THIS SPRING?

We have two cars BRANTFORD ASPHALT SHINGLES and SIDING, variety colors and types, to arrive first week of March. Also two cars CEMENT arriving April. Special discounts for early buyers.

R. L. DICKIESON

New Glasgow

DAILY CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Island (Neth. India)
- Head cook
- Greedy
- Robust
- Internal decay of fruit
- Pantry
- Jewish month
- Portion
- Music note
- Comply
- Medieval boat
- Greeted
- Rudely concise
- Pad
- Small sap
- American actor (d. 1927)
- Ridicule
- Copper money (Rom.)
- Sure
- Aloft
- Scheme
- Public notice
- Misrepresented
- Crases
- Siberian river
- Small rodents
- Prophet
- The same (Law)
- Spanish explorer

DOWN

- Hall!
- Ignited
- Fish
- Captivate
- Male red deer
- Old times (archaic)
- Tentacle
- German composer
- Rendered fat of swine
- Float
- Writer of verse
- Cathedral city (S. Fr.)
- An inherent defect
- A soft, light head scarf
- Wagon
- Gull-like bird
- Paint badly
- Repulses
- Lifeless
- Crowns
- Concludes
- Lucid
- A cone-bearing tree
- Note in the scale
- Splicing pin
- One-spot card
- Note in the scale

Yesterday's Answers

37. Splicing pin
38. One-spot card
40. Note in the scale

8 4 3	A K J
K J 8 5 2	10 6 3
J 3 2	4
9 7 2	A K J
Q 10	10 6 3
8 5 4	4
Q 10 3	A 10 7
	8 6 4

The bidding:

East	South	West	North
1 ♠	Dble.	2 ♥ (!)	Dble.
2 ♠	3 ♣	Pass	Pass
3 ♠	Pass	Pass	Pass

The three-spade contract was defeated two tricks, but East's honors reduced the penalty to a mere 100 points—which was certainly a victory considering the slam that could have been made by the opponents!

It was West, of course, who brought about this remarkable result—his psychic bid in hearts seems to have been "swallowed" by the opponents, hook, line and sinker!

Actually, North does not deserve to share this criticism, because his double of two hearts should have alerted South to the true state of affairs. With good support in the higher-ranking spade suit, West could afford his psychic action, since he could always return to spades without increasing the bidding level.

The three-club bid actually made by South was a waste of time and opportunity! North, having already indicated his partial strength by his double of hearts, could not do anything constructive over three clubs. It was South who, relying on North's double, and properly assuming that he would find heart length and strength opposite him, should have actually bid hearts over two spades, and although North-South might not have reached their slam, at least the outcome would not have been quite so humiliating!

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

FLIM-FLAM

The general caliber of bridge has improved so greatly that psychic bids have little chance to succeed—but, very occasionally, experts are able to "get away" with this sort of hoax—against certain opponents! For example:

BINGO

Holy Redeemer Hall
TONIGHT
8.30

The prizes are the same as those prevailing at other Bingos in the city.

by Al Capp

DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it

A X Y D L B A A X R
is LONGFELLOW

One letter simply stands for another. In this example A is used for the three L's, X for the two O's, etc. Single letters, apostrophes, the length and formation of the words are all hints. Each day the code letters are different.

A Cryptogram Quotation

TYJQM. AEUVZRR OEVZXYMGE. TYJQM
NAK SEMGRAZX UZEOZ. NAK VEJQZVR
NYQM!—RTYVZNN.

Yesterday's Cryptoquote: MAY YOUR CELESTIAL MAJESTY OUTLIVE THE SUN, ELEVEN MOONS AND A HALF!—SWIFT.

L.P. ABNER

—I GIVE HIM A ONE-QUARTER WHAMMY—BUT NUTTIN' HAPPENED—DON'T THAT NUMSKULL REALIZE THAT IT WAS SUFFICIENT TO STOP A HOOD OF BULL ELEPHANTS IN FULL FLIGHT?

SO OKAY, WISE GUY, YOU ASK FOR IT?—I'LL GIVE YA A (BRR-R!) HALF WHAMMY!

??—NO SOAP??

PELAGUS' EVIL EYE BEGINS TO BULGE... HIS VEINS THROB... FOLKS! THIS LOOKS LIKE A FULL WHAMMY!

by Alex Raymond

RIP KIRBY

ALWAYS TOLD HER IT MIGHT HAPPEN! IF THAT DETECTIVE FELLOW MURKY HADN'T BEEN IT FALL...WELL...

YOU SAY MRS. CHITTERTON DROPPED HER NECKLACE LAST NIGHT?

BUT NOTHING ADDS UP, SIR!

NOT YET, DESMOND... BUT DID YOU EVER SEE FINGERS MORAY HANDLE A DECK OF CARDS? HE'S LIGHTNING!

THEY'RE MAGNIFICENT!

YOU THINK SO? THE NAIVE EYE OF THE LAYMAN GETS AWAYERS! THOSE ARE NOT THE CHITTERTON EMERALDS... THEY'RE PASTE!

by Harry Mooniggen

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by Thornton W. Burgess

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TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS

HERE, PEPPER—GO TO THE STORE AND GET ME A CAN OF PIPE TOBACCO!

COME HERE! YOU'RE NOT AFRAID OF A LITTLE RAIN, ARE YOU?!

HE'S FORGOTTEN ALL HIS TRAINING!

BUT HE DIDN'T FORGET HORACE!

I'VE TRAINED HIM NOT TO TRACK MUD INTO THE HOUSE!!

by Edwin

PENNY

WELL, HERE I AM, PIGEON! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO EAT?

MILK? BUT WHEN I PHONED, YOU SAID YOU HAD CHICKEN SANDWICHES—

CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE A LA MODE AND COCOA!

YES, BUT WHEN YOU PHONED...

I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE ACTUALLY COMING!

by Harry Mooniggen

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

I-I HEARD... SOMEONE CALL MY NAME?

WHAT'S THAT? A-A-BAT?

U-UM... SCOTT? WHAT'S THAT? A-A-BAT?

N-NOW I KNOW I'M DREAMING... CAN'T KEEP AWAKE... OOO...

I HOPE KING DIDN'T HEAR THIS GUY YELP WHEN I LOOK AT HIS PURSE!

OF COURSE HE DIDN'T! HAND OVER THAT GOLD, IT WASN'T OUR MOTIVE FOR SLUGGING HIM!

by Zane Grey

JOE PALOOKA

HAWA, JERRY, I JUST GOT A HOT TIP... TH' THOT RACE AT MIAMI... A SLEEPER... WE GO BATHING AND CLEAN UP...

AIN'T INTERESTED... NUTTIN' MEANS MORE...

THE OLD HAUNTS IN 'GREENPAST' HAVE LOST THEIR APPEAL... 'NUTTIN' MEANS NUTTIN'... EXCEPT KNOBBYS FRIENDSHIP.

HOW'D YA LIKE THAT? THAT JOE LEBBY'S BEEN CALLIN' ME FOR A DATE... AN' HE JUST PASSED ME BY LIKE I'M DOIT.

ALL JOKS, AMELIA, I'LL SAY, AN' I'LL ASSURE YOU.

EVERYTHING FOR THE BRIDE AND GROOM... IMPROVEMENTS!

by Ham Fisher

HENRY

NOTICE SKATING TODAY!

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by Carl Anderson

DOTTY DIPPLE

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by Buford

BRINGING UP FATHER

YEH—I'LL GO OVER TH' WHOLE PLACE, AND IF WE DON'T FIND FIRST THING SHE HAD TO DO WAS BRING CAP AND ETHEL AND THAT DOG ALONG, AND...

WHAT AM I GOING TO TELL SARAH'S FAMILY? MY PULSE IS RACING—MY BLOOD PRESSURE—

I KNEW WE SHOULD'N'T ASK SARAH AND DON'T COME WITH US!!

WHY—WHERE ARE THEY?? I HAVEN'T NOTICED THEM FOR SOMETHING!

GOOD HEAVENS! ARE THEY LOST, TOO???

by George McManus

TILLIE THE TOILER

WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER THAT PHONE?

HAND ME THAT TELEPHONE! I'LL ANSWER IT! IF IT'S ANY OF YOUR LOW-BROW FRIENDS I'LL TEND TO YOU!

OH—WHY—ER—HELLO! MRS. WAGINTONGUE—YES—OH—YES—I THINK GO—

WHY DIDN'T YOU ANSWER THAT PHONE? YOU KNOW I DETEST THAT WOMAN!

by Westover

LILLIE THE TOILER

MR. CUMMINGS, YOU'RE I'LL BE STORE MANAGER, BE A ASSISTANT, I'LL BE A FAIR ONE.

IF I CAN'T BE A GOOD ASSISTANT, I'LL BE A FAIR ONE.

YOU IT HAD TO OR HIRED THE HANDBOME THAT ONE WOULDNT HOMELY STAY MAN?

NOW I'LL HAVE TO INSTRUCT YOU SO YOU WON'T DO EVERYTHING WRONG.

YES.

I DID EVERYTHING WRONG ON ALL THE OTHER JOBS I'VE HAD.

by Westover

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