



BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

THE SILLY QUARREL

Stand up for what you know is right. But nothing less is worth a fight. —Old Mother Nature.

"Thief! Thief! Thief!" screamed Sammy Jay. He was flitting about excitedly high up in a tree in the Green Forest.

Mrs. Grouse, who had just taken

a snow bath, wondered if that was a warning meant for her, a warning of an enemy in the neighborhood. Usually when Sammy screamed like that it was when he saw some hungry hunter trying to surprise and catch someone. Sammy has done much mischief, but no one knows how many lives he has saved by giving timely warnings. However, Sammy sometimes screams that same way when



"Thief! Thief! Thief!" screamed Sammy Jay.

there isn't any danger. He likes to fool his neighbors, or perhaps he does it just to hear the sound of his own voice.

In order to see better, Mrs. Grouse stretched as high as she could. Slowly she turned her head from side to side. She looked carefully this way. She looked carefully that way. She looked carefully every way. Mrs. Grouse has very good eyes, very good indeed. She saw no one but Sammy Jay, and he was not near enough for her to ask him if he was warning her and if so why.

"That fellow is as bad as Chatterer the Red Squirrel. Both like to make as much noise as they can," thought Mrs. Grouse. She squatted to take another snow bath.

All the time three pairs of eyes were watching those of Sammy Jay were watching her. Crouched as flat in the snow as possible was one of the most to be feared of all her enemies, Tuffy the Lynx. He was hardly three good jumps from her. She had looked straight at him with out seeing him. This was because he hadn't moved so much as a whisker. His fierce eyes were fixed on her hungrily.

Peeping out from beneath a snow-covered hemlock bough not far from either Mrs. Grouse or Tuffy, another pair of eyes watched. They were anxious eyes, not hungry eyes. They belonged to Jumper the Hare. No one saw him. No one had an idea he was anywhere about. You see, his coat was as white as the snow all around him and he didn't move so much as a whisker, either. But, oh, how he wanted to move. He wanted to stamp his long, stout hind feet. He wanted to warn Mrs. Grouse of her danger and didn't dare. He knew only too well that Tuffy would rather have a dinner of Hare than one of Grouse because there would be more of it. As it was, the big Cat with the tufted ears was uncomfortably near.

The fourth pair of watching eyes were those of Whitey the Snow Owl, so called because of his white coat. He had come down from the North because he couldn't find enough to eat up there this

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Cluberton

NO NEED FOR HASTE

It is natural enough for a defender to "jump on" a trick that might otherwise get away from him, but such haste is not wise under the following sort of circumstances.

North dealer.
Both sides vulnerable.

♠ A Q 10 9 4
♥ K 8 6
♦ 9 7
♣ K 5 3

♠ 5 3 2
♥ A 9 7 3
♦ 2
♣ 6

W E
N S

♠ K J
♥ Q 10
♦ A Q J 10 8 4
♣ A Q 9

The bidding:

North	East	South	West
1 ♠	Pass	2 ♠	Pass
3 N T	Pass	4 N T	Pass
5 ♠	Pass	6 ♠	Pass

West, apparently fearing that he would guess wrong between the unbid suits, clubs and hearts, decided to open a spade. (This was an extremely dubious decision, but not fatal in itself.) The spade queen was played from dummy, declarer following suit with the jack, and the diamond nine was then led and passed for the finesse. West pounced on the trick — exactly as though he might otherwise lose his king — and then, having done so, he gazed hopelessly at the dummy and his own cards, not having the slightest idea what to return. Since no inspiration came, he happened to toss out a club, and that was the finish of the affair. Six diamonds, bid and made.

Referring again to the opening lead — it is usually better to make an effort in an unbid suit than to "stand pat" with a lead in the enemy's strong suit. Quite aside from this point, however, West went far astray when he took his diamond king with such celerity. There was no earthly way of knowing what to shift to if West won this trick, but there might (and would) be excellent guidance if West delayed a little! Obviously, if the diamond nine had been allowed to hold, declarer would have led a second round of the suit — indeed, he could not well do anything else — and then East would have been delighted to help West by signalling with the nine of hearts.

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King Of The Royal Mounted



By Zane Grey

Rip Kirby



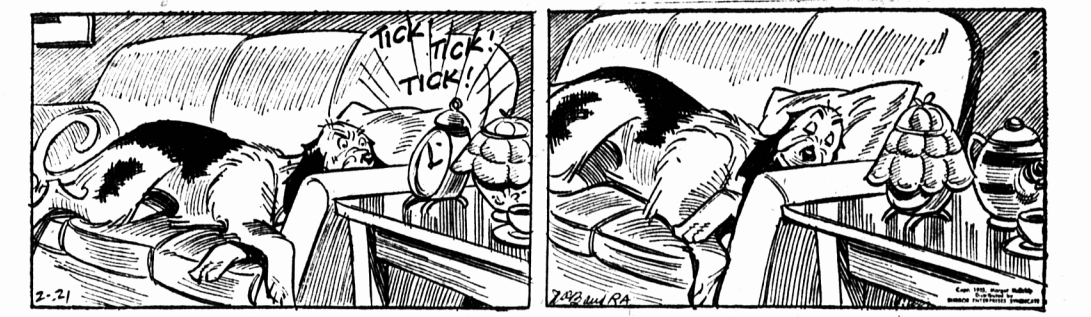
By Alex Raymond

Joe Palooka



By Ham Fisher

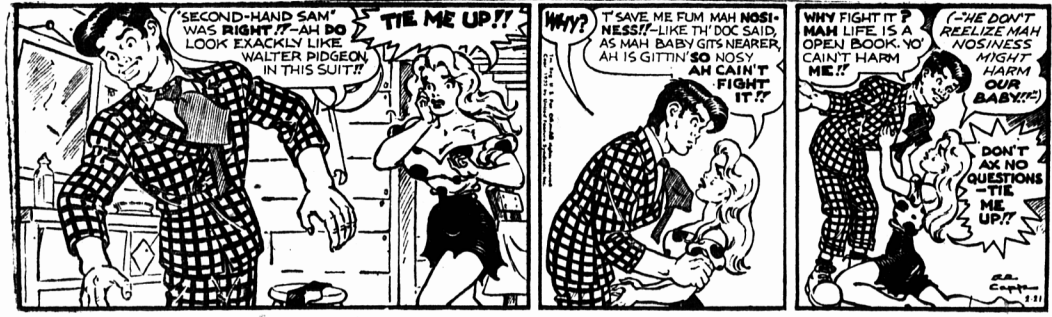
Napoleon and Uncle Elby



By Clifford McBride

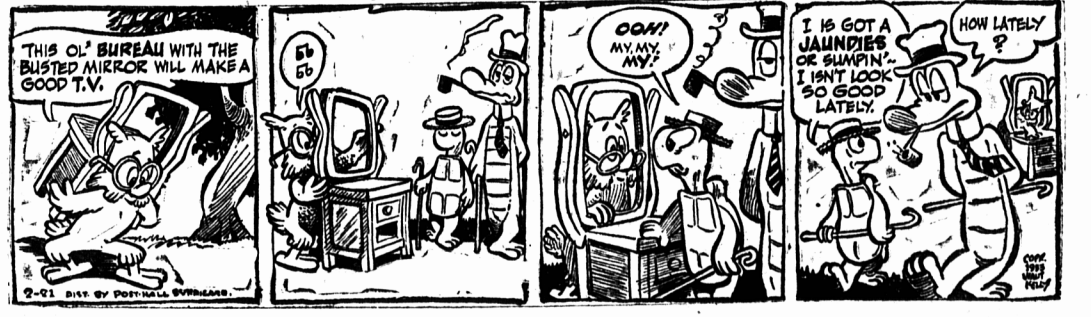
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By Al Capp



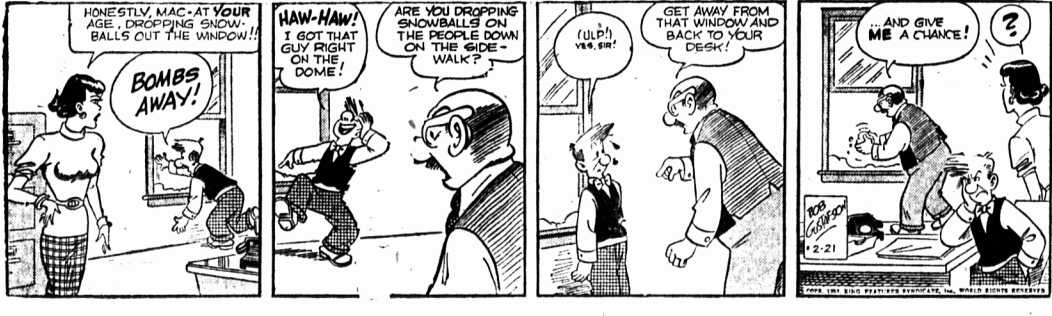
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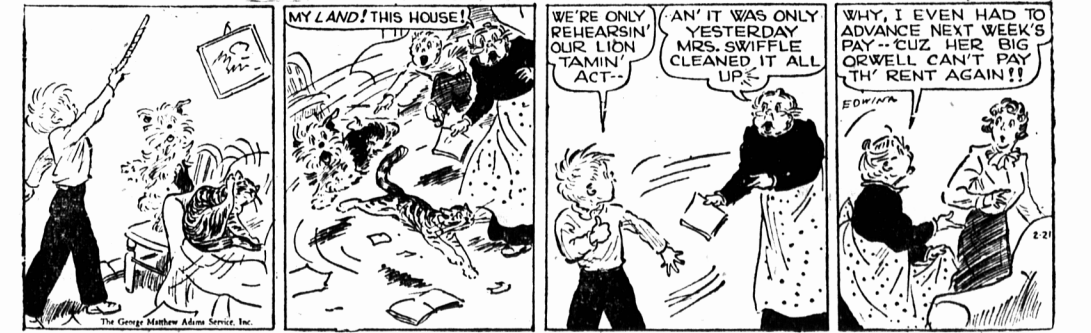
Tilly The Toiler

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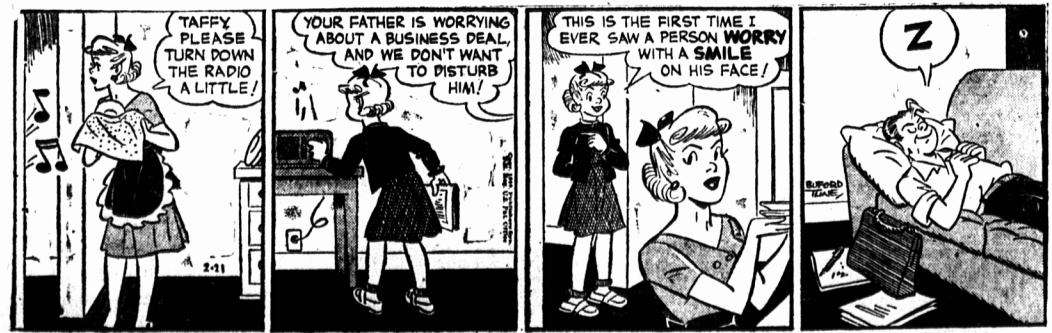
Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

By Edwina



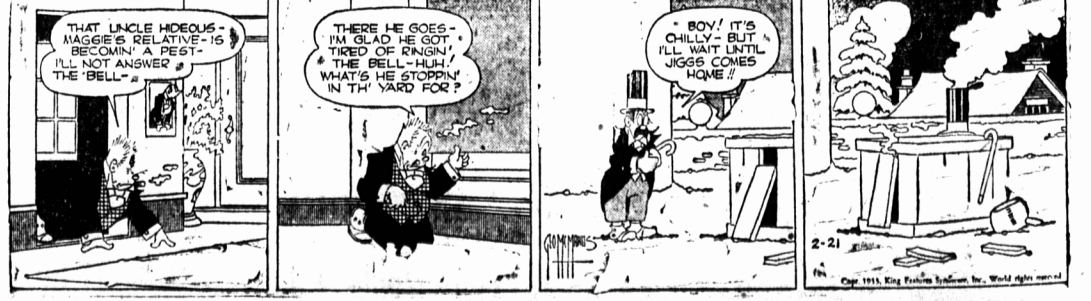
Dotty Dripple

By Ruford



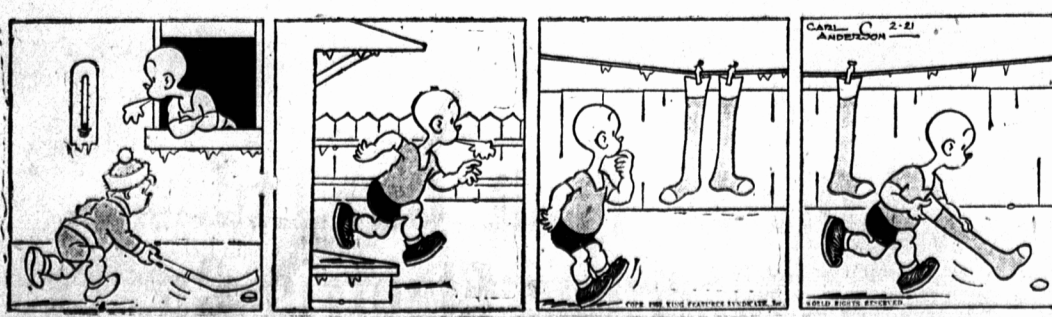
Bringing Up Father

By George McManus



Henry

By Carl Anderson



PENNY

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