



By Thornton W. Burgess

LITTLE LONE CHICK

You never really live till you For all your needs have learned to do.

Mother Grouse was worried she had been worried ever since her ten precious eggs had hatched into ten more precious wee chicks. With

such a big family to look out for it seemed to her she worried a little more each day. When they first left the nest, the very day after they came out of their shells, there were ten wee chicks. The next day there were nine wee chicks. Then there were eight wee chicks. Now there were seven. The chicks were growing bigger very fast, but the family was growing

smaller. This was one reason that mother Grouse was becoming more and more worried. Father Grouse, whose name in Thunderer, because when he drums with his wings the sound is like that of distant thunder, had not been with the family when Gray Fox appeared. Mother Grouse had suddenly given the signal to hide, and had flown off a short distance. Gray Fox hadn't found a single one of the children. When he had gone on his way, Mother Grouse had returned and called the children from their hiding places. They had come running from all directions. She didn't have time to count them. She called two or three times just to make sure all of them heard her, then hurriedly led her lively flock away from that dangerous neighborhood. When they reached a place where she felt safe she checked to the chicks, and they gathered around her. Then it was that she missed the littlest one, the smartest one. She asked all the chicks if they had seen their little sister. None had. Could it be that Gray Fox had caught her after all? Mother Grouse wanted to go back at once to look for the lost one. She couldn't do that. There were seven others to be looked after, and she didn't dare lead them back where Gray Fox had been lest he might return. So it was that the missing chick found herself out in the Great World all alone. When mother had given the danger signal Little Lone Chick had run into an old Woodchuck hole, the very nearest hiding place. Gray Fox had poked her almost to death, but he hadn't found her. He had sat down on the doorstep for so long that she had dozed off. So it was that she did not hear mother clucking when the danger was over. When she did venture out mother and brothers and sisters were nowhere about. She was all alone. For a while Little Lone Chick was the lonest, most frightened little bird in all the Green Forest. What do you think she did? She ran back into that hole where she had found safety, and the very minute she was inside she felt safe. And feeling safe made her feel a lot better, less frightened. Little Lone Chick was smart. She was the smartest of that big family. She was smart enough to know that she must do for herself now. Presently, she was hungry.

**Contract Bridge**  
By Josephine Cluertonson

NO SALE

West's attempted hoax in the following deal might have succeeded against many declarers, but the actual South was not glibble.

North dealer.  
Neither side vulnerable.

432  
J53  
107

AK8  
AK10  
86  
88

AK1065  
N  
E  
S  
W

AKJ1075  
92  
KJ42  
J

This hand occurred in a duplicate game, and this was the bidding at one table:

North	East	South	West
Pass	Pass	1♠	2♥
Pass	Pass	3♥	Pass
Pass	Pass	3♠	Pass
3♠	Pass	4♠	Pass

East's double of the three-spade contract had little bearing. North-South would have earned the same "top" by making three spades undoubled, since no other pair in their position did as well. West opened the king of hearts, and East then laid down the heart ace. Instead of playing a third round, however, West shifted to the three of clubs, trying to "talk South out" of the finesse in that suit. Declarer couldn't see any substantial value in the club finesse, so he put up the ace and led a diamond. East went in with the ace and led the queen of hearts. South ruffed and cashed the diamond king, then led another diamond with the intention of ruffing in dummy, but West forestalled that idea by ruffing in himself, with the spade eight. Now, with the king of spades blank, West was in an embarrassing position. He felt sure that he could make the king on a natural finesse by declarer, but the trouble was: how could South reach the board for that finesse? If West laid down the club king, South would ruff and then would be virtually forced to make the winning play of the spade ace from his own hand. Being as tricky as circumstances permitted, West led a low club, giving declarer free access to the dummy. But South did not fall. Why, he asked himself, should West be so charitable, why hadn't he led the king of clubs, since dummy was obviously dead? South answered his own question competently—he led a trump from the board to his own ace, and chuckled when West turned a little pink.

CITY IMMUNIZING CLINICS

Conducted by Department of Health & Welfare For Infants and Pre-School Children To be held as follows:

THURSDAY, APRIL 2nd— Spring Park 1:30 p.m. Parkdale 2:30 p.m.

The RENDEZVOUS

Will Be Closed GOOD FRIDAY April 3rd

Attention Livestock Shippers And Producers

OUR PLANT AND OFFICE WILL BE CLOSED ON GOOD FRIDAY, APRIL 3rd.

We shall be accepting hogs and other livestock until 5 P.M. Thursday, April 2nd and again until 10 o'clock Saturday morning, April 4th. Please note that we are accepting hogs until 10 o'clock only Saturday morning.

CANADA PACKERS LIMITED

Grafton Street Charlottetown

King Of The Royal Mounted

By Zeno Grey



Rip Kirby

By Alex Raymond



Joe Palooka

By Ham Fisher



Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



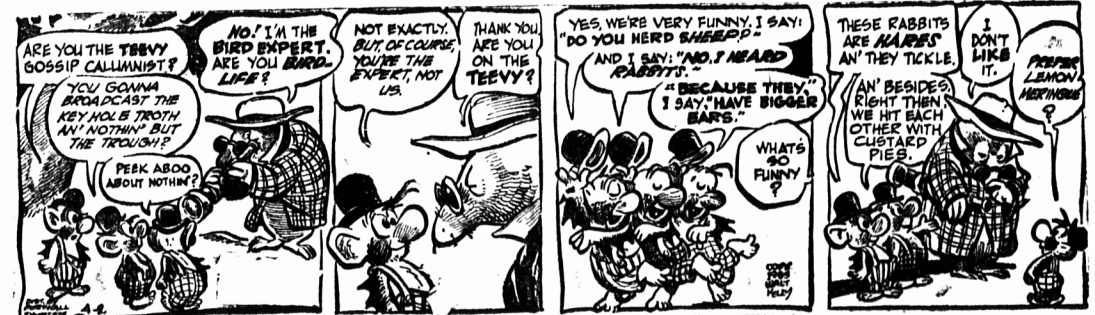
Lil Abner

By Al Capp



Pogo

By Walt Kelly



Filly The Toiler

By Bob Gustafson



Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

By Edwina



Dotty Dripple

By Ruford



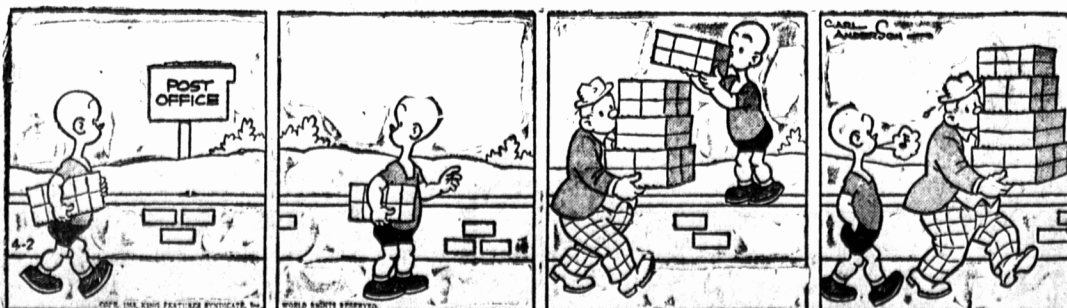
Bringing Up Father

By George McManus



Henry

By Carl Anderson



PENNY

By Harry Hostigson

