

TOWN-WIDE SALE

- CALIFORNIA NAVELS
ORANGES, 344's, 2 doz. 59c
 LARGE, JUICY
GRAPEFRUIT, 3 for 27c
 PERFECTION
BUTTER, 2 lbs. \$1.27
 DEVON, SLICED
BACON, lb. 57c
MOLASSES, qt. 35c
ONIONS, No. 1, 5 lbs. 23c
 DOMESTIC
SHORTENING, 1 lb. pkg. 33c
 WHYTE'S
LARD, 1 lb. pkg. 25c
 TRINIDAD, 20 oz.
Grapefruit JUICE, 2 tins 29c
 YORK, 20 oz.
Tomato JUICE, 2 tins 25c
 BRIGHT'S
PEACHES, 2 tins 43c
CLAMS, choice, 2 tins 49c
 CAMPBELL'S
TOMATO SOUP, 4 tins 49c
 THRIFTY PAK
PEAS, 3 tins 47c

CENTRAL GROCERIA

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ANNUAL MEETING

THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
JERSEY BREEDERS

Will Hold Their Annual Meeting

TUESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1951 AT 2 O'CLOCK
IN THE AGRICULTURAL BUILDING

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



(By Thornton W. Burgess)

A GOOD DINNER SPOILED

When all seems at its very best Life makes of it a passing jest. —Old Mother Nature.

Over in the Green Forest near the foot of the Great Mountain Spite the Marten was feeling well pleased with himself and the world in general. Folks with full stomachs often feel that way. Spite had a full stomach. He very seldom had one the cold winter days, so perhaps it is not to be wondered at that he was feeling good, very good indeed. He hadn't even minded when Gray Fox had tried to catch him. Spite had climbed a tree. Gray Fox had climbed the tree after him. You know the gray cousin of Reddy Fox is quite a climber, the only Fox that is. But Gray Fox was no match for the brown-coated climber he was after. Spite fairly raced up the tree, then leaped over to the next tree. There he turned and grinned back at Gray Fox in a most provoking manner. He dared Gray Fox to



"You sound as if you had had a dinner," said Whisky Jack.

jump after him. Gray Fox was far too wise to try anything like that.

So Spite went on his way, jumping from tree to tree, until at last he came to one with a big limb. It seemed as if that tree had grown for the use of a Marten who wanted a sun bath, or perhaps a nap. Spite stretched out on that limb with his bushy tail partly around him. Life seemed very, very good just then.

He had been there only a little while when Whisky Jack, the Canada Jay, own cousin to Sammy Jay of the blue coat, spied him.

"Hello, Spite. I have missed you up on the Great Mountain. What are you doing way down here?" asked Whisky Jack.

"Enjoying myself," replied Spite. "You sound as if you had had a good dinner," said Whisky Jack. "I have," said Spite. He licked his lips and grinned.

"I don't suppose you left any for a hungry neighbor," said Whisky Jack.

"Not a feather," said Spite and grinned. This wasn't quite true because he had left a lot of feathers, but that was all.

"I saw a cousin of yours a short time ago," said Whisky Jack. There was a gleam of mischief in his eyes, but Spite didn't see that.

"I met one myself. Probably you saw the same one," replied Spite. "Perhaps, but I doubt it," said Whisky Jack. "Who was it you saw?"

"Cousin Shadow the Weasel," replied Spite.

"Oh, him!" exclaimed the Jay. "The cousin I saw was a good many times bigger than Shadow."

Spite pricked his ears. Just a wee bit of a worried look appeared in his eyes. "Are you sure it was a cousin of mine?" he asked.

"If it wasn't I don't know who the members of the Weasel family are," retorted the Jay.

"Was it Billy Mink?" asked Spite. Whisky shook his head. "It was a lot bigger cousin than Billy Mink," said he.

"Don't tell me it was Peka the Fisher!" cried Spite. And now the slightly anxious look in his eyes had become a very worried look. Whisky Jack bobbed his head. "Right," said he. "You've guessed it."

Spite was up on his feet now. "Where is he?" he demanded. "Tell me where he is."

"How should I know? All I know is that I saw him a little while ago. So I guess he isn't far away," replied Whisky Jack.

Spite was anxiously looking this way and that way. That lovely dinner he had had was spoiled. He looked to be just as scared as Chatterer the Red Squirrel had been when he had first heard that Spite was in the neighborhood.

"Don't tell me that you are afraid of your own cousin," said Whisky Jack.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

SHUTOUT BIDS

Many players use a shutout bid like a bludgeon when, actually, this sort of call is a delicate and subtle weapon. Consider North's clumsy thrust in the following deal:

North dealer. Neither side vulnerable.

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

North	East	South	West
Pass	Pass	1 ♠	Pass
3 ♠ (!)	Pass	3 ♠	Pass
4 ♠	Pass	4 ♠	Double
Pass	Pass	Pass	Pass

The defenders hammered away at North's right from the start, and South could not stand the repeated forces. So, even though trumps broke 3-2, he could not help going down two tricks, for a 300-point penalty.

North was highly aggrieved, and said bitterly that South had liberally ignored the warning implicit in the three-diamond shutout made by North. "Didn't you understand?" he said, "that I was announcing a hand good for nothing but a diamond contract?"

South was neither cowed, nor impressed. He pointed out an obvious fact: that North couldn't have known whether his hand was good only for diamonds—that is, by chance South's second suit had been hearts instead of spades, the Q-x-x of hearts in North's hand would have made a game at hearts almost a laydown. "I suppose I should pass with spades, but bid with hearts!" South concluded.

The fallacy of North's position is obvious. How could North know just how valuable or worthless his hand was going to be to his partner? The mere fact that South had opened in the suit of which North was void, was not conclusive and was no conceivable reason for North to preempt in diamonds. One diamond was North's proper response—just as it would have been if North had held seven diamonds, two spades, two hearts and two clubs. With the latter distribution, there would at least be an excuse for attempting a shutout, but North's actual void in South's bid suit was a reason for not preempting!

OWBRIDGE'S TONIC
Quick Relief for
COUGHS - COLDS

By Al Capp

The Neighbors

By George Clark



"Other people are worried too, but they don't carry sandwiches home every time they go to a party."

L'I ABNER



RIP KIRBY



By Alex Raymond



KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Zane Grey



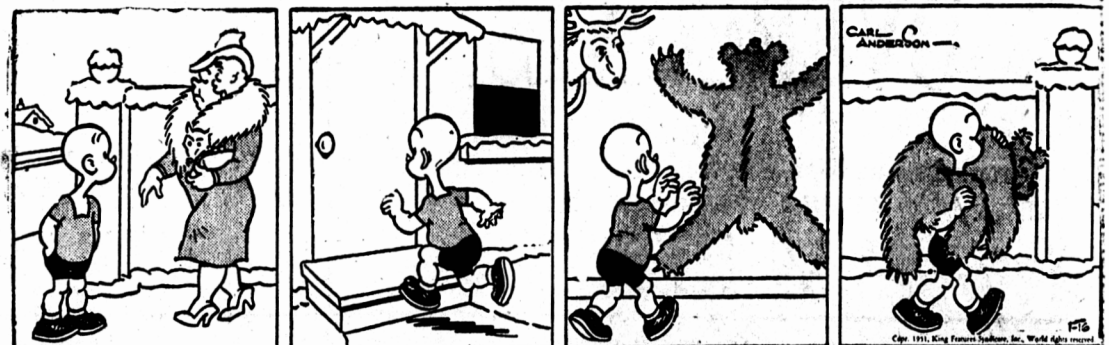
JOE PALOOKA

By Ham Fisher



HENRY

By Carl Anderson



By Rufora

DOTTY DIPPLE



By Edwin

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS



By George McMahon

BRINGING UP FATHER



By Westover

TILLY THE TOILER



By Harryhausen

PENNY

