

The Garrison Officers Mess will hold their Annual **BALL AND BUFFET SUPPER** in **THE CHARLOTTETOWN HOTEL** on **EASTER MONDAY, MARCH 26th, 1951** Dancing 9:30 to 1:30. Officers of Reserve Force Units may obtain their tickets at Unit Orderly Rooms. All Officers of all services who have served may purchase tickets at the Garrison Officers Mess. Dress Formal Only — \$5.00 per couple. Tickets must be picked up not later than 2300 hours Thursday, March 22.

Canadian Legion Clover Club Dance EVERY SATURDAY At Blanchard and the "Clover Club" Band Admission—75c Dancing 9:30 to 12:00 For reservations Phone 1222 Reservations held until 10:30 p.m. SATURDAY NIGHT IS YOUR DANCE NIGHT AT THE CLOVER CLUB

VISITING HOURS AT SANATORIUM FOR T. B. PATIENTS— 3:30-4:30 p.m. Tue.-Thur.-Sat.-Sunday. 7:00-8:00 p.m. Mon.-Wed.-Fri.-Sat. FOR POLIO PATIENTS— 10:00-12:00 and 2:00-4:00 p.m. ALL PATIENTS SUNDAY 7:00-9:00 p.m.—Adults Only—Mon.-Wed.-Fri.-Sat. *ONLY 2 VISITORS ALLOWED ANY PATIENT AT ANY ONE TIME. CHILDREN UNDER 14 YEARS ARE NOT ALLOWED AT ANY TIME.

VISITING HOURS PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND HOSPITAL WARDS— 2 p.m. to 3 p.m.; 7 p.m. to 8 p.m. MATERNITY WARDS— 2:30 p.m. to 3:30 p.m.; 7 p.m. to 8 p.m. SEMI-PRIVATE AND PRIVATE ROOMS— 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.; 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. MATERNITY— 2:30 p.m. to 4 p.m.; 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. NO MORE THAN TWO VISITORS TO A PATIENT AT ONE TIME. No Children Allowed To Visit In Maternity Department or Children's Wards. Emergency Visitors Must Receive Written Consent of Superintendent at the Office.

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess) **THE SAME OLD TRICKS** Unless you're sure of what you do, Don't do it. Who nothing does makes no mistakes; Don't rue it. —Unc' Billy Possum. That has been Unc' Billy Possum's rule all his life. He has been in many tight places, has Unc' Billy Possum, more of them than he can remember. He isn't a good dodger like Peter Rabbit. He isn't a good fighter like Bobby Coon. He isn't a good runner like Reddy Fox. Yet despite all the tight places he has been in he is still around. And it is just because when not knowing what to do he has done nothing. He can do nothing better than any one else in all the Green Forest, and doing it has saved his life over and over again. Down in the Land-of-always-summer, Farmer Brown's boy stood at the edge of a drainage ditch in a plantation of palm trees, coconuts and palms. He was looking down at what first glance seemed to him to be the living image of Unc' Billy Possum. Of course it couldn't be Unc' Billy because there was no possible way for Unc' Billy to have gotten way down here more than a thousand miles from home. The instant Farmer Brown's boy saw him he cried, "Possum!" "Manicoe!" cried the friend with him. Both were right for this was a member of the Possum family, a cousin of Unc' Billy, but called Manicoe in that part of the Great World. Cousin Manicoe was caught in a trap that the two boys had set, a trap they had taken care to set so that it would hold but not hurt any one who might step in it. But Cousin Manicoe looked as if that trap had done more than hurt him, had either killed him or frightened him to death. There he lay without a sign of life. Yes, sir, he lay at the bank looking for all the world as if he had been dead a long time. Farmer Brown's boy chuckled. "He is a Possum all right," said he. "Does your Unc' Billy up north play dead too?" asked his friend. "Just the same," replied Tommy. "Cousin Manicoe hasn't a thing on Unc' Billy when it comes to playing dead. But for one thing I could almost believe that this is Unc' Billy himself." "What is that one thing?" asked the other. "His tail," was the prompt reply. "What about his tail?" the other wanted to know. "Cousin Manicoe's tail is longer than Unc' Billy Possum's tail. Probably he uses it in the same way. Because it is longer it ought to be of even more use. He uses it to hang onto things with, doesn't he?" "I'll say he does," laughed his friend. "It is a sort of a fifth hand. He takes hold of things with all four feet. You know he has a regular thumb on each hind foot. So I guess he can hold on to limbs of a tree even better with those hind feet than with his front ones. What shall we do with him now?" He had picked Cousin Manicoe up by the tail, Tommy released the trap. With a finger he gently poked Cousin Manicoe. The latter didn't so much as blink an eye or twitch an ear. There was no sign that he was alive. Had you come along just then and looked at him I am sure you would have thought he had been killed. "I tell you what, Tommy," said his friend, "I'll lay him down and walk off a little way. You keep perfectly still." So Tommy remained where he was. The other walked off a little way, put Cousin Manicoe down on the ground, and walked on for a short distance. For a couple of minutes nothing happened. Then very slowly Cousin Manicoe lifted his head and looked after the one walking away. Slowly, very, very slowly he began to get to his feet. Tommy moved. Instantly Cousin Manicoe fell back, looking as dead as ever. "The same old tricks," chuckled Farmer Brown's boy.

Contract Bridge By Josephine Culbertson

WHOSE FAULT?

"Dear Mrs. Culbertson: Please state your opinion of the East-West bidding in the following deal, which decided a team-of-four match.

West dealer. North-South vulnerable.

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

♣ K 4
♣ J 8 5
♣ 2
♣ K 8 7
♣ J 10 6

♠ Q 8 7 3
♠ Q 6 3
♠ 9
♠ K Q 7 5 4

The bidding:
West North East South
1 ♠ 2 ♠ 3 ♠ 4 ♠
2 ♠ 2 ♠ 3 ♠ 4 ♠
Pass 4 ♠ Double Pass
Pass Pass

"South made the doubled contract, even though West ruffed a club after East took his spade king. "You'll notice that East-West could have made five diamonds. Who was at fault—East, for doubling four spades, or West, for accepting the double?" In this writer's opinion, East was solely responsible for his side's bad score. It is true that West's opening bid was light, and with West freely rebidding over South's one spade, East probably hoped that he would find better defensive values in his partner's hand. But all this did not justify East in doubling four spades—mere hopes were not enough in connection with his own far-from-impressive holding. West's opening bid and his rebid were quite in order, on his distribution; and as far as West's defense went, his possession of three spades to the jack would have been significant if East's double had been really logical! West, void in clubs, had grounds for feeling that his partner had strength in that suit; so, by and large, West's leave-in of the double was beyond criticism. East should have passed to four spades, and West undoubtedly would have bid five diamonds, if only as a sacrifice.

OWBRIDGE'S TONIC Quick Relief for **COUGHS - COLDS**

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED By Lane Grey

SLOW DOWN, JACKIE... SEE THOSE BOUNCING LIGHTS? SOMETHING HAPPENED TO MISS CAR! THEY CRACKED UP TRYING TO TURN OFF THE ROAD! STOP! I-I CAN'T HOLD ON! WE'RE SKIDDING! OKAY, SISTER, WE'RE STOPPED NOW! AND WHEN THEY REACH THIS CAR, ALL THEY'LL FIND WILL BE YOUR CORPSE!

JOE PALOOKA By Ham Fisher

I'M AFRAID YOU CAN'T BOX FOR ANNIE, JOE. IT'S A BAD CUT, BUT LUCKILY NOT DANGEROUS! IF ALLOWED TO HEAL, HE'D BE BOXING? I'M VERY DISAPPOINTED. I WAS JUST GETTING IN TRAIN. I TELL YA WE'LL CALL OFF THE FIGHT! WE'LL POSTPONE IT FOR A COUPLE MONTHS! I'LL CALL AL WELL. IT'S UNFAIR TO LEAVE ME'S COUNTING ON THIS NIGHT. HE'S IN THE ARMY AIR FORCE AND HIS TIME IS LIMITED... REMEMBER. I'LL BE GLAD TO CALL OFF. I AMN'T EVER BEEN HAPPY ABOUT IT. THIS ACCIDENT'LL BE A DARN GOOD OUT.

HENRY By Carl Anderson

DOTTY DIPPLE By Rufon

MOTHER'S BUSY WITH THE WASHING-- AND SHE TOLD ME TO FIX YOUR BREAKFAST! THIS IS THE FIRST COFFEE I EVER MADE-- TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK OF IT! GULP! YOU MAY NOT BE THE COFFEE CHAMPION, DEAR-- BUT YOU'RE A STRONG CONTENDER!!

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS By Edwina

THINK OF ME DREAMIN' MILLIE'D COME TO VISIT-- I WOULD LIKE TO SEE HER-- BUT YOU FOLKS CARRY ON SO... WELL, YOU DO!! I'D JUST LOVE TO GO TO THE MOVIES, MR. BUDGE-- I CAN BE READY IN-- SHIP-- OH YOU SAID TO TALK LECTURE-- I OHS-- UH-- WELL, I COULDN'T POSSIBLY GO-- COUNTA' WOULDNT YOU KNOW EVERYBODY'D BE SICK WHEN I GET INVITED SOMEWHERE!! OH, NO-- WHY, I WOULDNT THINK OF LEAVIN' YOU--!

BRINGING UP FATHER By George McManus

HERE HE IS AGAIN-- ON MY LUNGE-- EVERY TIME I WANT TO TAKE A NAP THAT FAT-HEAD'S ALWAYS IN HERE IN HIS USUAL COMA!! MAGGIE-- WOULD YOU SING SOME OF YOUR SONGS? I'M JUST IN THE MOOD TO LISTEN-- OH, I'M GLAD YOU'RE TAKING AN INTEREST IN MY VOICE!! SHE HARRIED HER DOG-- AND HE'S BEEN IDLE EVER SINCE!! IT WORKED!!

TILLY THE TOILER By Westover

IT'S NO USE, I CAN'T MAKE #37 AGAIN! TILL I RE-DISCOVER HOW TO MAKE IT! THIS TIME I DO GET AWAY FROM HERE THERE, THERE, DOCTOR-- THE WORLD'S BETTER OFF WITHOUT #37. SOME PEOPLE HAVE SECRETS THAT SHOULDN'T BE KEPT -- YOU'VE STYMIED SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS AND THE HUMAN RACE OWES YOU ITS THANKS -- YES, BLESS YOUR HEART, MISS JONES--

PENNY By Harry Hennigan

WHY THE DOLOROUS, JENNIFER? LACK OF BOY FRIENDS? I GUESS I'M LITTERLY DESTINED TO BE AN OLD SPINSTER. DON'T BE SILLY... IT'S TRUE! EVEN WHEN I'M HIRED AS A SITTER-- I LAND GIRL BABIES!

LIL ABNER

AH ALLUS HOPED AH HAD TH' FACE THET LIL ABNER WOULD LOVE MORE'N ANY FACE ON EARTH-- BUT NOW THET AH SEES YOUR'N-- AH REELIZES AH HAS-- LOST HIM-- WHENEVER, IN TH' PAST-- ANY OTHER GAL SEEMED TO ATTRACK HIM-- AH NEVER WORRIED, AH'D SIMPLY WAIT FO' HIM T' COME BACK T' ME-- BUT-- ONE LOOK AT YO CORVINCES ME-- IT'S A REAL USE WATTIN' ANY MORE-- IT'S MIGHTY NICE O'YO T' GIVE ME UP, DAISY MAE. YO'S A REAL GENTLEMAN. I CAN'T BELIEVE IT-- NO ONE COULD REALLY LOVE ME LIKE MINE.

RIP KIRBY By Alex Raymond

A SHOT! THEY'RE AFTER US! I HATE TO WASTE A BULLET... BUT HERE GOES! A SHOT!