By Thornton W. Burgess

SAMMY JAY WAS RIGHT

You'll find when all is said and done
Mistakes are made by everyone.
—Old Mother Nature.

This is universally true. Probably there is no one alive who has not made a mistake. No one can hope to never make a mistake. The thing to do is to never make the same mistake twice.

Over in a lonesome part of the Green Forest, Sammy Jay had found Bobby Coon climbing a tree in which, high up, was a big old nest. Bobby was climbing up there to take a nap in it. Anyway, that is what he said, and it was what he really intended to do. Sammy Jay told him that he was making a mistake, then had flown away. Bobby couldn't see what possible mistake could there be in taking a nap in an old nest like this? There couldn't be any. So Bobby kept right on climbing until he was up to the nest. He climbed out on a branch which made part of the fork that held that nest and looked over the edge of it.

Bobby Coon all but tumbled out of that tree. Yes, sir, he all but let go his hold and tumbled out of that tree. You see, when he looked over the edge of that nest, he looked straight into a pair of big round yellow eyes that were the fiercest-looking eyes he had ever seen. At the same time, there was an ugly sounding hiss. Bobby was face to face with Mrs. Hooty the Great Horned Owl, and she wasn't at all a pleasant person to be face to face with high up in a treetop. All in a flash Bobby knew what Sammy Jay had meant by saying that he was making a mistake.

That ugly hiss was followed by the snapping of a big hooked bill. Mrs. Hooty hissed again and then struck suddenly with that hooked bill. Bobby ducked and dodged. "Excuse me," said he. "I didn't know you lived here. I wouldn't have come up, had I known. All

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the time he was backing down.

By this time Mrs. Hooty was off her nest, hissing and snapping her bill. Bobby turned so as to go down the tree headfirst. Sometimes he backs down a tree as a Cat does. This time he was going down headfirst, which is the way Happy Jack Squirrel goes down. But Bobby couldn't run down fast the way Happy Jack can, and now Mrs. Hooty had taken to her wings and was swooping at him, striking with her great curved claws and trying to knock him off that tree. Hooty joined her. He had a sore foot, but that didn't prevent him from striking with the other foot, and beating at Bobby Coon with his wings.

Bobby tried to dodge around the tree, as Happy Jack would have done in his place. But he was too big to move as quickly as Happy Jack does, and he was getting a beating and scratching such as he had seldom known. How he wished that he hadn't climbed that tree. How he wished he hadn't thought of taking a nap up in that tree, and how he wished that he had first made sure that no one was living there. Would he ever get low enough to let go and drop? My, what wicked claws those Owls had, and what blows they could strike with those big wings.

Bobby growled and snarled. He snapped at his tormentors, but the best that his sharp teeth could do was to get him a mouthful of feathers. At least he was low enough to let go and drop. You should have seen him take to his black heels as soon as he hit the ground. Now he could dodge around trees, and under brush, and you may be sure he did. His coat was torn in several places. He could hardly see out of one eye. He smarted and ached all over. He was just what Sammy Jay said he would be—sorry. And how sorry he was!

"I made a mistake," he whimpered. "I didn't know Hooty and Mrs. Hooty were living there."

Then a sudden thought came to him. "They must have eggs or babies up there! I wonder!"

And as Bobby Coon wondered about those eggs and babies, he licked his lips.

NOTICE OF SHAREHOLDERS, MEETING

BRUCE STEWART & CO., LIMITED

A General Meeting of the Shareholders will be held at the Head Office of the Company, Charlottetown, on Tuesday, March 18th at the hour of 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon.

H. E. MacDONALD,
General Manager.

Tickets! For

"MEET THE O'BRIENS"

Annual St. Patrick's Play

ON SALE

TODAY AND SATURDAY 9 A. M. to 9 P. M.

At The

CLOVER CLUB, CANADIAN LEGION HOME

All seats reserved. Get yours early

For Ticket Reservations Phone 776

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

TOO "SCIENTIFIC"

Two experts sitting North and South in the following deal missed a slam which would probably be reached by nine out of ten "average" partnerships.

South dealer.
Both sides vulnerable.

North: ♠ A J 8 ♥ 10 5 ♦ K Q J 7 4 2 ♣ J 3
West: ♠ 9 6 5 2 ♥ 7 4 ♦ 9 5 ♣ Q 10 8 6
East: ♠ K 4 ♥ 9 6 3 2 ♦ 10 8 3 ♣ K 9 7 5
South: ♠ Q 10 7 3 ♥ A K Q J 8 ♦ A 6 ♣ A 4

This was the bidding of the actual North-South pair:

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

On any opening lead, South could easily win 13 tricks!

Needless to say, the fact that North-South had not reached even a small slam was somewhat humiliating (as well as expensive), and charges and counter-charges flew freely.

South claimed that he had bid the hand very strongly, and that North should not have passed over four hearts. North countered that he had had no idea about South's distribution, including the fact that he could solidify North's long diamond suit, and therefore North could not find a bid over four hearts that would be both safe and constructive. North also insisted that he had had reason to look to South for such a holding as:

♠ K 10 x x ♥ A K J x x ♦ x ♣ A K x

This, North argued, might very well have been South's hand — or he might even have been void in diamonds.

Beyond doubt, some experts who themselves employ South's sort of circuitous bidding would go further with North's hand, but there does seem to be considerable logic in North's point of view. Surely, South's failure to indicate the diamond ace at any stage can't be defended: and moreover, simply on the basis of North's first two responses, South should have seen to it that a slam was reached.

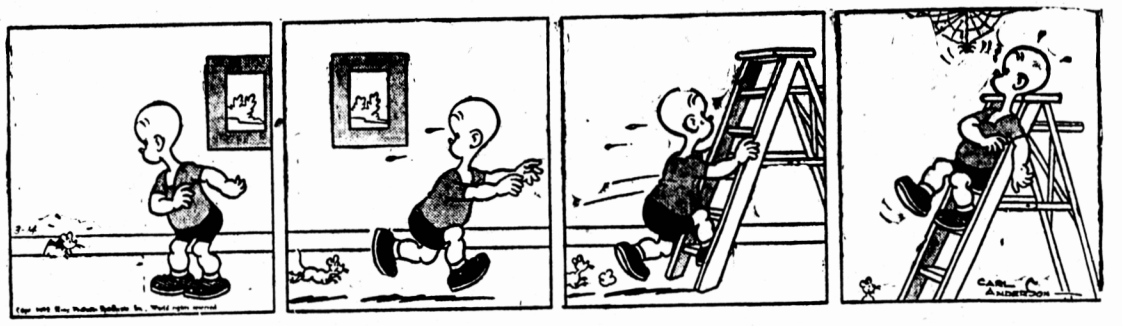
KING COLE TEA

Flavour and Bouquet

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED — By Zane Grey

JOE PALOOKA — By Ham Fisher

HENRY — By Carl Anderson



DOTTY DIPPLE — By Ruford

POGO — By Walt Kelly

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS — By Edwina

Napoleon and Uncle Elby — By Clifford McBride

BRINGING UP FATHER — By George McManus

LI'L ABNER — By Al Capp

TILLY THE TOILER — By Bob Gustafson

RIP KIRBY — By Alex Raymond

PENNY — By Harry Haenigsen