



BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

THE UNPLEASANT SURPRISE

Wise is he who tries his best to meet each unexpected test. — Old Mother Nature.

Reddy Fox was peeping over an old stonewall at one side of the dooryard of a certain farm. In that dooryard, a flock of Hens were wandering about. One had separated from the others, and was slowly coming in Reddy's direction.

He knew exactly what he was going to do. When she got just a little nearer, he would leap over the wall, seize her by the neck so quickly that she would not have time to cry out, and so alarm the other Hens. Then he would throw her over his shoulder, leap back over the wall and carry her off into the nearest woodland.

If the Hens were not alarmed, and made no outcry, Mrs. Reddy would remain hidden under the



In a few minutes Billy Mink climbed out with a nice Trout in his mouth.

bushes on the other side of the yard until she too had a chance to catch one of those Hens. It was a simple plan, and Reddy was sure it would work because they had chosen a farm where no Dog was kept. Anyway, no Dog had been kept there before, and there was no reason to think there was one there now.

The smell of frying bacon in the house tickled Reddy's nose. It was almost more than he could stand. He hadn't had a really good meal for days and days, for this was one of the hardest winters he had ever known. Nearer came that Hen, and still nearer. Reddy quivered all over. What a dinner she would make! Now was his chance. He leaped over the low place in the wall behind which he had been hiding. Before the surprised Hen knew what was happening, and could scream an alarm, Reddy had her. Also, at that precise moment he had an unpleasant surprise. The door of the farmhouse opened, the farmer came out, and at his heels was a Dog. It was the wrong kind of a Dog. It was a Hound, the kind of a Dog that loves nothing so much as hunting Foxes.

Of course, the farmer saw Reddy catch the Hen, and instantly he set the Dog after Reddy. He went back into the house, and in a moment was out again. In his hands was a dreadful gun. He started to follow that Dog and Reddy. Reddy was in for a lot of unexpected trouble, and knew it.

That Dog was fast, and he was strong for he had had plenty to eat. Reddy, on the other hand, had been starved for a long, long time. He hadn't the strength for a long hard run. Moreover, he was carrying that fat Hen. He knew he would have to drop that Hen somewhere, for he could tell by the voice of the Dog that the latter was gaining on him fast.

With his wonderful nose, the Dog had no trouble at all in following the fresh scent that Reddy was constantly leaving as he ran. He couldn't help leaving it. The Dog was enjoying the chase. You would have known it just to hear him. This was fun, yes, sir, this was fun for him. It wasn't fun for Reddy. He tossed that Hen behind a big rock near the edge of the

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Cluberton

NOT ALL BAD BREAKS ARE FATAL

Every bridge player is going to encounter his share of bad breaks which no amount of care or skill can overcome. That being so, it is all the more important that he use safety tactics when they are available. South in the following case, for example, had no real excuse for meeting defeat.

West opened the club jack, and though it was scarcely conceivable that this lead could have been from ace-jack, South saw nothing to lose by putting up the king. East took the trick, laid down the queen, then slowly continued with the five of clubs.

South dealer. Both sides vulnerable.

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

The bidding:

South	West	North	East
1	Pass	2NT	Pass
3	Pass	3NT	Pass
4	Pass	Pass	Pass

Declarer, making a rapid count of trumps, and sensing (perhaps from an anticipatory gleam in West's eye) that "something was doing in the club suit," ruffed in with the ace of trumps. Not only that, but as he made the play he smirked at West and said, "Over-ruff that, if you can!" West could not over-ruff the ace of trumps, but he had every reason to feel pleased, because now he had a sure trump trick in his hand. When South laid down the king of trumps and saw East's void, he called on everyone to witness that he was the victim of atrocious luck — "With ten trumps in the combined hands, he had run up against a 3-0 break!" The unfeeling defenders, however, not only collected the trump trick, but also the diamond that South could not help losing, and the contract was down one.

It is true that the 3-0 trump break was unusual, but South should have taken a very simple precaution. He had a diamond which would certainly turn out to be a loser, so why not throw it on the third club lead? After that, he could claim the contract.

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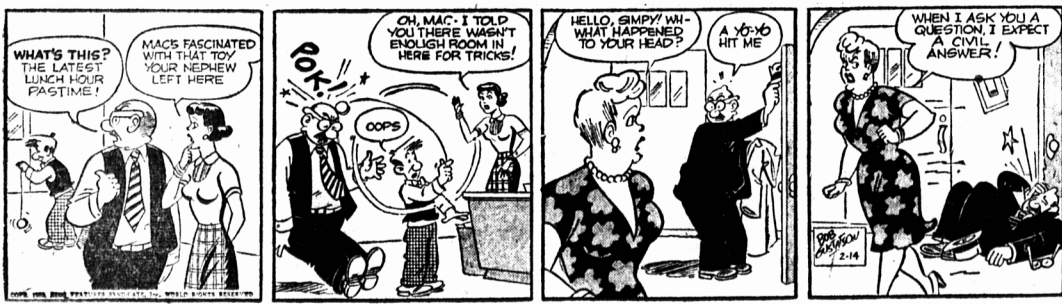
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