By Thornton W. Burgess

THE AWFUL ONE

Looks deceive. So never be
Over sure of what you see.
—Old Mother Nature.

Little Lone Chick, wee daughter of Thunderer and Mrs. Grouse, stared with frightened eyes at one whom she was sure was the most awful fellow in all the Green Forest. She was hiding under some brush. She was sure that this awful fellow saw her, and was coming to get her. He was rumbling and grumbling to himself. She couldn't move. Nearer he came, and nearer. There was a queer rustling sound as he moved. What dreadful teeth! Poor Little Lone Chick!

Right at the edge of the brush, so close that all she could see was his feet, the awful fellow stopped. He stood there, still talking to himself. He seemed to be complaining about something. Finally, he moved away a little. He was back to her now. He had the queerest tail that ever was. At least that is the way it seemed to her. It was covered with the strangest looking hair. Never had she seen any hair like it. Really, it wasn't hair, but she didn't know that. You see, this was Prickly Porky the Porcupine, and his rather thick, rather short tail, was covered with quills, the sharp-pointed little spears for which he is famous.

This was her chance. Little Lone Chick scrambled to her feet, crept out from under the brush, and started to run. Just then the awful one turned his head. Little Lone Chick stopped because she was too

He stood there still talking to himself.

frightened to run. Prickly Porky stopped talking to himself. His eyes, like two dull shoe-buttons, lighted up just a little.

"Hello, Chick," said he. "Does your mother know where you are? Or have you run away?"

Little Lone Chick was still too frightened to find her tongue. Prickly Porky saw this.

"Don't be afraid of me," said he. "I won't hurt you. I dont eat little birds as some folks I know do. Why aren't you with your mother? Has something happened to her?"

"I don't know," peeped Little Lone Chick in a very small voice.

"Why don't you know?" asked Prickly Porky. He tried to make his voice sound pleasant, but it wasnt much of a success.

"If you please, she flew away while I hid in a hole in the ground," explained Little Lone Chick in her small piping voice.

"Why did you hide?" asked Prickly Porky.

"There was a big person in a gray coat with a bushy tail. He had a sharp nose, and big teeth, and I was afraid of him. He scared me almost to death," explained the small Grouse.

"That must have been Gray Fox," said Prickly Porky. "You are lucky that he did not find you. I suppose you have some brothers and sisters."

"Yes," replied the little Grouse. "They all hid the same as I did."

"Did Gray Fox get any of them?" Prickly Porky wanted to know.

"I don't know," confessed Little Lone Chick. "I was down in that hole in the ground. When I came out I called and called, but I guess nobody heard me."

"So now you are out in the Great World all alone, said Prickly Porky. "The Great World is a dangerous place for such a little person as you. You will need to watch your step every minute. There are many hungry people looking for tender little birds like you."

"Don't you think mother will find me?" pined the small Grouse.

"Perhaps Gray Fox caught your mother," said Prickly Porky.

Little Lone Chick shook her head. She shook it hard. "He

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P. E. I. FEDERATION OF AGRICULTURE

NOTICE

OF SCHOOL DISTRICT MEETINGS

MONDAY, APRIL 6th, 8 P.M.

IN THE SCHOOL

This meeting is to give members the opportunity of taking advantage of the low cost accident insurance plan now being offered by the Federation.

Attend the meeting for more information.

Can you afford to be without this Protection?

CLOVER CLUB DANCE

Charlottetown's Finest Dance Hall

EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT

Dancing 9 - 12

Jackie Doyle and his Clover Club Band
Soloist.

Tables for 100 couples.

For Reservations Phone 1222 Saturday between 4-8 p.m. To avoid disappointment phone your Reservations early. No Reservations held after 10:30 p.m.

Please phone in cancellations early.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Clubertson

CONCERNING SACRIFICES

The very nature of sacrifice bidding demands that the declarer must get every possible trick out of the play. Consider this case.

West dealer.
East-West vulnerable.

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

The bidding:

West	North	East	South
Pass	Pass	1 ♥	3 ♠
4 ♥	4 ♠	5 ♥	5 ♠
Dble.	Pass	Pass	Pass

South could not be criticized for continuing to the five-level, even though the opposing five-heart contract could have been beaten. As a matter of fact, the successful defense would not have been easy to find — only a club lead on South's part could have done the trick.

In the play of the five-spade contract, however, South could have been a little shrewder.

West opened the jack of hearts; East put up the ace and shifted to the six of diamonds. When West's ten appeared, declarer didn't even "huddle"; he put up dummy's ace and led the trump ten. East won and cashed two diamond tricks, and of course South also had to concede the club trick. Down 500.

It may not seem too important to save a trick and go down two instead of three, but these 200-point savings add up enormously in the long run. South should not have parted with the diamond ace so hastily. Later, South said that he was afraid of a defensive shift to clubs and a club ruff, but the defenders had had that chance — presumably neither one had a singleton. South should have held up the diamond ace for one round and taken the second round, then forced out the club ace. True, West could then shift to trumps, and East would collect another diamond trick — but at least South might have given West the chance to make a mistake. There are a great many players who, in West's position, would not shift to trumps after taking the club ace! And if the trump shift didn't come, South could discard a diamond on the clubs while East wasted his ace of trumps, ruffing.

The Stars Say . . .

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which only mental relaxation can bring.

If It Is Your Birthday

If Monday is your birthday, in the year ahead you may find yourself loath to take the initiative in anything, much less to make drastic moves of any kind. Since it is in your nature to be energetic, this may cause some anxiety — a wonder if there is "anything wrong." Do not let it worry you, however. There are periods when it pays to "swim with the tide," and it so happens that this is one of those periods in your life when the astral influences are in favor of such a passive course. By the end of the year you should be filled with a spirit of buoyancy and, since your outlook for 1954 is one of dynamic action and successful achievement, it is well that during the next few months you conserve your energy.

A child born on this day will be easy-going, philosophic and inclined to take things casually.

Ellen's Diary

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they have cast a measure of their loveliness and charm, even across a world, into ours.

* * *

On a mild rainy morning of this week we found a first robin in the front meadow — a gay-vested intriguing lad; and with lonely calls to the lads who watched their flight, one day a wedge of Canada Geese flew away into the blue above a hill ... Chicks thrive in a brooder-house on a neighboring farm and at Alderlea snowdrops open virgin-white cups to the sunlight.

And through the engaging portals of Spring we come to another Easter-tide ... From charnel-houses of brown husks presently will come life and growth. And an earth drab and naked will be again clothed. From bleakness, blossoms; from despair hope. And from the depths of a grave, we would remember by way of a Cross, came salvation "full and free" for all mankind.

"Christ is arisen,
Joy to thee, mortal!
Out of His prison,
Forth from its portal!
Christ is not sleeping,
Seek His no longer;
Strong was His keeping,
Jesus was stronger.

Christ is arisen,
Joy to thee, mortal!
Empty His prison,
Broken its portal!
Rising, He giveth
His shround to the sod;
Risen, He liveth,
And liveth to God."

Until Monday — Diary — Goodnight. . . .

HUGE PIE

MONTREAL, (CP) — An apple pie weighing 150 pounds was the main treat when policemen entertained 400 members of the Police Juvenile Club of St. Sacrement. Into the pie went 552 apples with all the trimmings.

Napoleon and Uncle Elby — By Clifford McBride

Tilly The Toiler — By Bob Gustafson

OUR BOARDING HOUSE — Major Hoople

Tippy and "Cap" Stubs — By Edwina

PENNY — By Harry Haenigsen

PENNY — By Harry Haenigsen