

A Public Protest Meeting

For the purpose of discussing the recently enacted labour legislation will be held at 8 P.M., Wednesday, April 21st, in the Whelan Memorial Hall, Charlottetown. All those interested in this important question, especially members of labour organizations, are invited to attend. Several prominent local and outside speakers will be present.

This meeting is being held under the auspices of Divisions 20, 127 and 279, Canadian Brotherhood of Railway Employees and Other Transport Workers.

ANNOUNCING

OPENING OF THE
ARGYLE SERVICE STATION

(Under New Management)

STOP HERE FOR YOUR GAS AND OIL

AND SPRING CHECK-UP

EXPERT MECHANICS AT YOUR SERVICE

SOUTH WINSLOW W. I.

The regular meeting of the South Winslow W. I. met at the home of Mrs. Earle Rodd, Wednesday night, April 7th, with the president in the chair.

The meeting opened with the Creed. The minutes of previous meeting were read and approved. Roll call was followed by the report of the committees. The Sick Committee reported having visited two who were ill and taking them fruit. School Committee reported having visited the school. The sign for school had been made and

put on.

It was moved and seconded that \$16.00 be given to the Cancer Society from the Institute, the non-members had not all been canvassed.

It was moved and seconded that \$25.00 be given to the Red Cross. A farm-housing contest, which was very interesting, was read and discussed, it was decided to send an entry.

Next meeting to be held at the home of Mrs. Reuben Good, May 5th. Lunch committee: Mrs. Wallace Rodd, Mrs. Perley Taylor and Mrs. Ivan Turner.

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



(By Thornton W. Burgess)

ALL IN THE FAMILY

For good or ill it is the fate of each to show some family trait.—Old Mother Nature.

"Did you say that Silly Coot is a cousin of yours?" asked Peter Rabbit of Cackle the Gallinule. Cackle nodded. "That is right," he replied.

"We belong to different branches of the same family. Do you think we look alike?" said Mrs. Cackle, who had been standing on one foot and with the other holding up a piece of water soaked, partly rotted feed from which she picked worms or other food a trick few birds can do.

"At a distance you do, but if you are not too far away I can tell you apart, right away," replied Peter. "Are you sure about that?" Cackle asked.

"Absolutely," declared Peter as if he liked the sound of that word. "How?" asked Mrs. Cackle. "By your bills," said Peter.

"Of course, Cousin Coot's is white," said Cackle.

"And yours is red with a yellow tip, and you have that funny red thing on the front of your face," Cackle said.

"What is there funny about that?" demanded Mrs. Cackle sharply.

"I don't mean funny; I mean unusual," said Peter hastily. "It really is very good—looking. It really is," he added.

Cackle walked a few steps and his short rounded tail, as white on the under side as Peter's own, bobbed up and down. When it was down the white didn't show. In this respect it was like the tail of Lightfoot the deer. Now Peter understood the flashes of white he had seen out on the marsh before he had met the Gallinule.

"Can you run on the water the way your cousin can?" Peter asked. "Faster than he can, especially where floating water plants are. We love to run on these big round leaves," replied Cackle. He meant lily pads.

"You like the water, don't you?" said Peter.

"We love it in this kind of place," said Mrs. Cackle. She meant the marsh.

"I don't. I don't like it at all," declared Peter.

"You have a cousin who does. We see him sometimes down in the Sunny South. They call him the Marsh Rabbit. He loves wet places like this," said Cackle.

"He must be crazy," retorted Peter. "I want dry land under my feet. How in the world can he run in a place like this?"

Cackle chuckled. "He doesn't; he swims. There is no scent for anyone to follow and there is no better place in which to hide. We love a place like this. All our family do," he replied.

"Do you mean the Gallinule family?" Peter wanted to know. "That is just one branch of the



"Are you sure about that?" Cackle asked.

"Something like that," chuckled Cackle. "He and a number of others much like him. We all belong to the same family, the rail family. So that makes us all cousins, doesn't it?"

"It seems so," agreed Peter.

The next story: "A Family Gathering."

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

A GOOD SOLUTION

Today's declarer ran into a difficult distribution of cards but he made a brilliant solution of the problem that developed.

West dealer.

North-South vulnerable.

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

The bidding:

West North East South

3♥ 4♠ 4♠ 4♠

Pass Pass Pass

South's length in the heart suit convinced him that his partner's double had been for a take-out, and South therefore made the bold bid of four spades over East's four diamonds.

The ace won, and the heart four was led from dummy. East promptly got rid of his singleton club and when West took the trick he shifted to the club queen.

East ruffed away dummy's club king and returned a diamond. Winning with the blank ace, South now led a trump and captured West's singleton king. He then led the diamond queen through East, ruffed his king—and at this point had quite a problem to wrestle with.

South had lost two tricks and was now down to the Q-8-6 of spades, two hearts and two clubs. Dummy's present holding was the J-7 of trumps, a high diamond and four clubs headed by the ace. Naturally, South knew exactly what each defender now had and he proceeded as follows:

He ruffed a heart with the spade jack, discarded a club on the diamond jack, then led a spade to his queen. Now he gave East his trump trick, and when East performed returned a diamond. South's ruff squeezed West! The latter had to throw away the high heart, establishing South's ten, or give up his club protection.

BINGO

Holy Redeemer Hall
TONIGHT
8.30

The prizes are the same as those prevailing at other Bingos in the city.
For Charitable Purposes

By Alex Raymond

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTFD

By Zane Grey



HE HAD A MORTGAGE ON THE WHOLE TRACT, KING!



HE TOLD US NOT TO WORRY ABOUT THE PAYMENTS... THAT HE'D BRING PLENTY OF THEM TO RAISE THE CASH. THE CROOK FORECLOSES WHILE I WAS EAST!



HE PULLS TEETH, DOES VETERINARY WORK, SELLS HIS OWN MEDICINE, PUTS ON A SHOW AND TAKES PICTURES... HE'S...

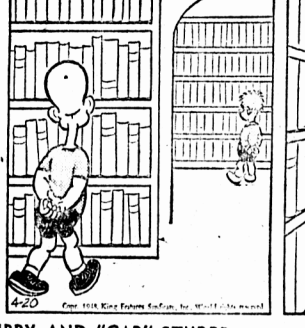
WHAT?

By Ham F...

JOE PALOOKA



TONIGHT WE HAVE THE WOOD-CHOPPING CONTEST AND FLY-CASTING. WE'VE GOT THE BEST...



OH, THAT'S OLD DOC DANGLERUITZ'S LAY-OUT. PICKED 'EM UP AT BUTTE. HE'S REALLY A RELIC OF THE OLD WEST... AND A WONDERFUL CHARACTER.



HE KNOWS IT, DOTTY—I JUST KEEP FORGETTING IT!



MM—MAYBE I CAN DO SOME THING SO YOU REMEMBER—!



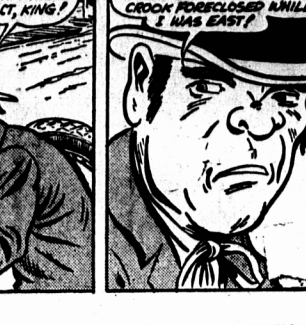
BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManis



DOTTY DRIPPLE

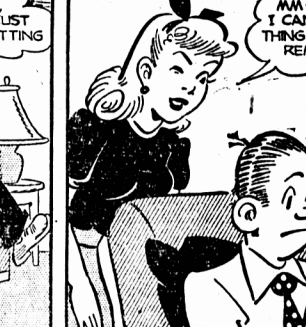
By Buford



DO YOU READ HERE WHERE I TOLD YOU TO GO TADGEL'S WIFE RAN AWAY WITH THEIR CHAUFFEUR??



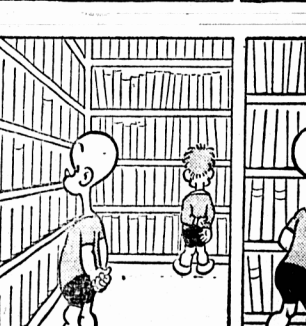
YES—I DID—POOR MARY!



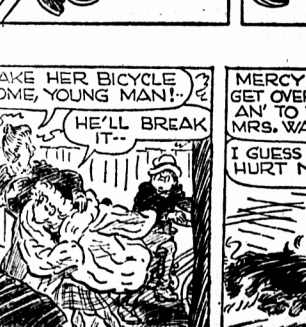
JUST TALKIN' ABOUT YOU—TOO BAD—OLD BOY!!



OH—I MEAN—I'M SORRY TO HEAR YOUR WIFE RAN AWAY WITH YOUR CHAUFFEUR—



OH! I WAS GOING TO FIRE HIM—ANYHOW?



By Carl Anderson



HENRY



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