

DANCE

Sunnyside Ballroom
Every Mon., Wed., Sat.
Eastern Rhythm Boys
ADMISSION 35c
Meet your friends there tonight

AT HOME

The Ladies' Auxiliary Canadian Legion B.E.S.L., will be at home to all members of the Canadian Legion, The Contact Club and The Overseas Nursing Sisters, on Monday, May 9th, at 8:15, at the Clover Club.

DANCE

CRAPAUD HALL
THURSDAY, MAY 12
Music by
Don Messer's Orchestra
Sponsored by
Crapaud Athletic Club

NOTICE

Girl Guide North District
RUMMAGE SALE
Market Building
Saturday, May 7
4 p. m.
Good second hand clothing.

CLOVER CLUB

DANCE

EVERY SATURDAY

Al Blanchard and the "Clover Club" Band
Admission—75c Dancing 9:30 to 12:00
For reservations Phone 1222—Between 5 p.m. and 7 p. m.
Phone 478-L
Reservations held until 10:30 p. m.

SATURDAY NIGHT IS YOUR DANCE NIGHT AT THE CLOVER CLUB

SHORTHORN ASSOCIATION MEETING

The annual meeting will be held on Saturday, May 7th, at 8 P.M., in the City Building at Charlottetown. All members and others interested in the Breed are asked to be present. Plans will be finalized concerning the holding of a Regional Show, the purchase of sires, bonuses to new breeders, aid to Calf Clubs, and the program for 1949.

R. R. BELL, K.C. STIRLING WOOD,
President Secretary.

NOTICE

The Semi-annual Meeting of the Milk Producers and Vendors Association will be held at Birch Court, Experimental Farm, Tuesday, May 10th, at 8 P.M.

Special speakers will address the meeting, namely, Mr. Wallace Sharp, Sanitary Engineer, and Dr. Bishop.

This meeting is very important; a full attendance of members is requested.

PERCY G. GAY,
Secretary.

Wood Islands-Caribou Ferry Service

The Connecting Link Between

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND & NOVA SCOTIA

will open on Sunday, May 1st, 1949—STANDARD TIME
Schedules for the present:—
"Prince Nova"—Leave Wood Islands 8 A.M. 1 P.M.
"Prince Nova"—Leave Caribou 11 A.M. 5 P.M.
"Charles A. Dunning"—Leave Caribou 8 A.M. 1 P.M.
"Charles A. Dunning"—Leave Wood Islands 11 A.M. 5 P.M.
For daily information, listen to CFCY at 8 A.M. EACH WEEK DAY—STANDARD TIME

Northumberland Ferries Limited

HEAD OFFICE: Charlottetown, P.E.I.

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



(By Thornton W. Burgess)

Not for self does mother fear,
But for those to her so dear.
—Old Mother Nature.

In her lifetime little Mrs. Timmy the Flying Squirrel has had many frights. It is so with most of the smaller people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows. Fright is a part of their daily life. Some of them sometimes have several frights in a day or night. Do they mind them? Of course they mind them, but only at the time are they made unhappy by them. Usually when a bad scare is over it is forgotten, or at least is not thought about. But now and then one of these little folks is smart enough and wise enough to try to do something to prevent the same kind of a fright again. This is especially true of anxious mothers.

Little Mrs. Timmy's four babies didn't yet have their eyes open, but they did have their little coats of fine fur, for they were a little over three weeks old and had grown fast. They looked more like baby Squirrels, very different from the tiny, pink, squirming mites they had been when they were born. Mother still stayed with them, nearly every minute excepting when she had to go out, and then she was never gone long. She did have to eat, of course, and there was no one to bring food to her. Timmy isn't like Reddy Fox in this matter. Few fathers among the furry folk are. But Mrs. Timmy didn't mind not being waited on. Not at all. Her love for her babies was so great that she wanted them all to herself. She wouldn't have wanted to share them even with their father had he wanted her to, which he didn't. He was wholly satisfied to leave the care of them and the worry over them wholly to their mother. Timmy is like many other Green Forest fathers, wholly selfish.

It was early afternoon. Mother had fed the babies and all were curled up together asleep. Flying Squirrels are night folk, you know, and even had there been no babies Mrs. Timmy would have been asleep at this hour. She was awakened by a terrible noise. Something had struck the tall dead stub in which was her snug home. She trembled with fright as she held her breath and waited for what might happen. The tree was struck again, struck hard, so hard that it jarred the little home with the timid little mother and four babies. They had been awakened and were beginning to cry.

Had Mrs. Timmy been alone she would have dashed out and away. Yes, sir, that is what she would have done. She couldn't have staying in there, sure that some dreadful thing was about to happen, but not knowing what. She simply couldn't have done that. She would have had to get away or tried to. But mother love wouldn't let her even think of doing it. She wouldn't, she couldn't leave those precious babies. So she stayed right there, trembling all over and trying to cover her babies to keep them from harm.

Twice more the tree was struck. Each time it seemed to her that her heart leaped right up in her throat. Then she heard a new sound. It was a voice. It was the voice of Farmer Brown's boy. It frightened her almost as much as the blows on the tree. It needn't have, for Farmer Brown's boy wouldn't have hurt her for the world, or frightened her so had he known she was there.

"There is nothing in that old Woodpecker hole. I didn't think there was," said Farmer Brown's boy, looking up at the little round doorway. Then he tossed aside the stick with which he had rapped on the tree just to find out if any one was living in there. He hadn't found out, but he thought he had.

Mrs. Timmy crept up to the doorway and peeped out just in time to see Farmer Brown's boy disappear among the trees. There was no danger now, but supposing he should come back that way! Supposing he should break her home open! He hadn't this time, and he might not if he should come back that way, but supposing he should! At the thought the pretty little mother was even more frightened than she had been by the blows on the tree.

The next story: "What Farmer Brown's Boy Saw."

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

A Highly Fallacious Idea

Most players, when their partners double for penalties, are actually pleased (it seems) to be very short in the doubled suit, their notion being that this "leaves all the more trumps for partner to hold."

Nothing could be more shortsighted than this philosophy and the decisions that go with it! Let's look at a typical case:

East dealer. Both sides vulnerable.

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

The bidding:
East 1♥ Pass
South 1♠ Pass
West Dblc.
North Pass

East's acceptance of his partner's one-spade double—probably motivated by the thought that since East himself was void, West must be powerful in the suit—was not conspicuously successful! West was powerful in spades, but it did him little good!

West opened his singleton heart; East won with the king, cashed the ace (West discarding a club), and led a third heart. West ruffed away South's queen and returned the diamond seven. East won and, fearing that another heart lead would give declarer a valuable discard while West was "wasting" a trump, returned a diamond. Declarer ruffed and led a low club. West put up the king and led back his last diamond. South ruffed again, cashed the ace and queen of clubs, then led the club nine.

West at this point had the K-J-9-6 of trumps. If he ruffed with the king, his trump return would give declarer the balance. However, his actual ruff with the nine-spot was no more effective. Declarer over-ruffed with dummy's queen and returned a trump, playing his own eight. West, after winning with the jack, had to lead from the K-6 up to declarer's A-10. So, South made one spade double, led whereas if East, taking due notice of his own spade void and consequent inability to offer real defense, had properly taken out the double to two diamonds, West undoubtedly would have bid, and made three notrump.

COME and EAT

Home Cooked Food away from home.
We serve lobsters in season. Special menu on Sundays.
COSEY CORNER RESTAURANT
North Rustico

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



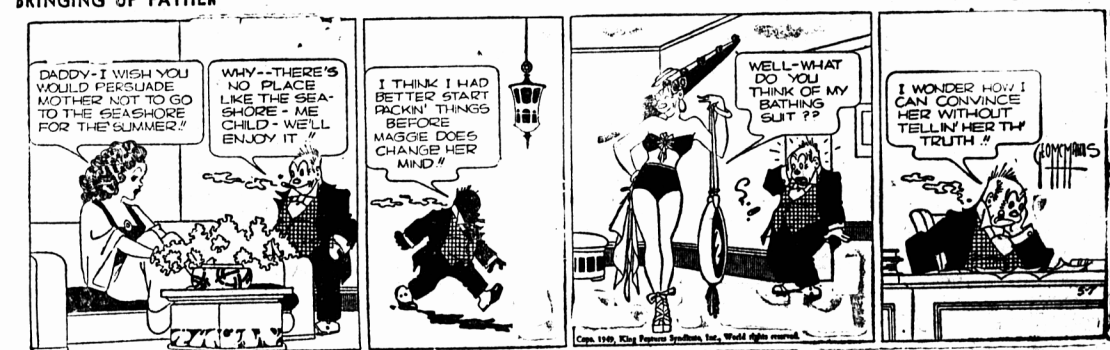
JOE PALOOKA



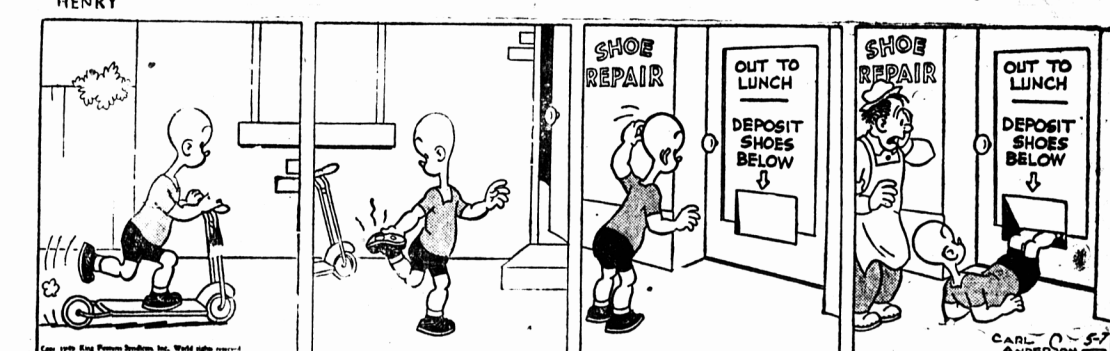
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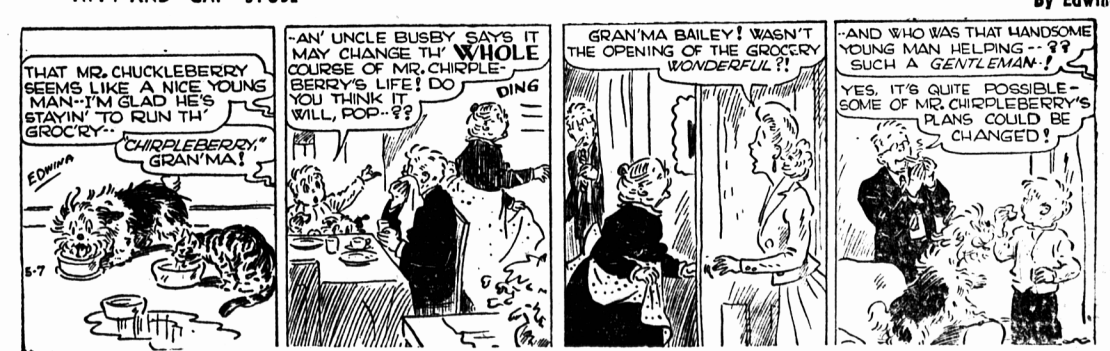
BRINGING UP FATHER



HENRY



FIPPY AND "CAP" STUBB



TILLIE THE TOWLER



PENNY



L'I'L ABNER



RIP KIRBY

