

BINGO
Holy Redeemer Hall
TONIGHT
 8.30
 The prizes are the same as those prevailing at other Bingos in the city.

REGULAR DANCE
EAST ROYALTY RINK HALL
TUESDAY, JUNE 21st
 9:30 - 12:30
 Music by Eastern Rhythm Boys
 Under Auspices of Hockey Club
 Bus Leaving L.M.T. at 8:15-10:00
 Admission 50c
 Canteen Service - Free Check Room



BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES
 (By Thornton W. Burgess)

Some people seem to think that speed will get them all they'll ever need. —Old Mother Nature.

This is, of course, a very great mistake. Speed has its use, but often is subject to abuse, especially these days. Too often speed loses a race instead of winning it. So while many of Mother Nature's children depend very much on speed to save their lives, few of them depend on it wholly. Most of them have learned that quick wits may be better than swift feet or swift wings, and have found ways to use wits to help their feet or wings.

One such lived in the same neighborhood as Digger the Badger. He was the little cousin of Reddy Fox and his name was Kit. Sometimes he was called Swiftly because he could run so fast. While he lived in the neighborhood, he still was not too near a neighbor to Digger. He knew that Digger's legs are too short for traveling long distances, so he and Mrs. Kit had been careful to make their home too far from Digger's home to be in much danger of a visit from him.

Little Kit is the smallest of the Fox cousins. Beside him Reddy Fox would feel big. So would Gray Fox. Though both of these bigger cousins can run fast, Little Kit can run faster. For a short distance he can run faster than Old Man Coyote, and there is nothing slow about the latter, as you know. The tip of Reddy's tail is white. The tip of Kit's tail is black.

Little Kit sat down at a respectful distance from Digger the Badger, who was busy cleaning his tools. These are the long, stout, sharp claws of his front feet. With these he digs, catches his food, and fights. Digger was going over them one by one, cleaning each thoroughly. "Why are you so fussy? They will get dirty again the first time you dig," said Kit Fox. "Good tools must be taken care of or they won't stay good," growled Digger. "When they become dirty again I'll clean them again. Good tools for good work. You can't do good work with poor tools."

"I don't fuss with mine like that," barked Kit Fox. "Your what?" asked Digger, pretending not to understand. "My tools," replied Kit Fox. "Don't tell me you call those claws of yours tools," exclaimed Digger. "They are too short for digging and no good at all for fighting. I wouldn't bother to clean those things if they were mine. Thank goodness they are not."

"I can dig," retorted Kit Fox. "Mrs. Kit and I have a good underground house as any one should want."

"Probably one of my old houses made over," growled Digger. "Any one with two good paws can scrape out a hole in a sandy place, but for real digging such as I do real tools are needed, and I've got them. What's more, I take care of them. Come over here and look at them."

"I can see them well enough from here, thank you. They are very nice tools, but they wouldn't be of any use to me. No, sir, they wouldn't. I'm glad they are not mine. You are welcome to them. I don't want them," declared Kit Fox.

"Why not?" hissed Digger. "These are really claws!" He held up a paw to show how long and strong and sharp the claws were, especially those on the three middle toes.

Fox grinned. "Imagine trying to run with claws like those! I would be afraid of tripping over them. Yes, sir, I certainly would be afraid of tripping over them," said he. All the time Digger had been moving forward a little bit at a time, hoping it wouldn't be noticed. Now he made a sudden rush at Kit Fox. He was quick — but Kit Fox was quicker. He simply leaped aside and ran a few feet.

"Get rid of those claws and get longer legs," taunted the little Fox.

"Some day I'll dig you out," hissed Digger the Badger.

The dairy industry in Canada is carried on most extensively in Ontario and Quebec.

Contract Bridge
 By Josephine Culbertson

CAMOUFLAGE
 It requires iron nerve to hold up an ace when defending against a slam contract, but West did just that in today's deal, and threw his adversary completely off the track.

North dealer.
 Neither side vulnerable

♠ Q 5 3
 ♥ A J 6
 ♦ 8 5
 ♣ K Q 10 8 7

♠ 7 4 2
 ♥ 8 5 4 3
 ♦ 8 4 3 2
 ♣ 5 4

The bidding:
 North East South West
 1 ♠ Pass 4NT Pass
 5 ♠ Pass 6NT Pass
 Pass Pass

West opened the spade jack. Dummy's queen was played, and declarer immediately led a diamond to his own king. West, without a flicker of hesitation, played the ten!

South now ran off the clubs, discarding a heart and a diamond from his own hand. East discarded two spades and one heart, and West threw off the heart seven and the spade six.

It is easy to see, with all hands exposed, that South should have made his contract simply by collecting three heart tricks. The actual declarer, however, was not in such a happy position! He could not know that West held the heart queen, nor could he know that that defender also had the ace of diamonds. The first diamond lead, to the king, had "succeeded"; why now try for an unknown heart position, when a second diamond lead, toward the queen, apparently would produce the fulfilling trick?

In any case, having run the clubs, South led a second diamond — and his disgust can be imagined when West promptly cashed two diamond tricks.

West's hold-up of the diamond ace was excellent! He could see clearly that South could not make his contract with only one diamond trick. Thus, if West took his ace immediately, he would force declarer to look for tricks elsewhere, and West knew all too well that the heart finesse through himself would succeed!

NOTICE
 Keppoch Beach Hotel is now open for transient trade. 24-hour reservation would be appreciated. Phone 2381.

QUICKIES
 BY KEN REYNOLDS



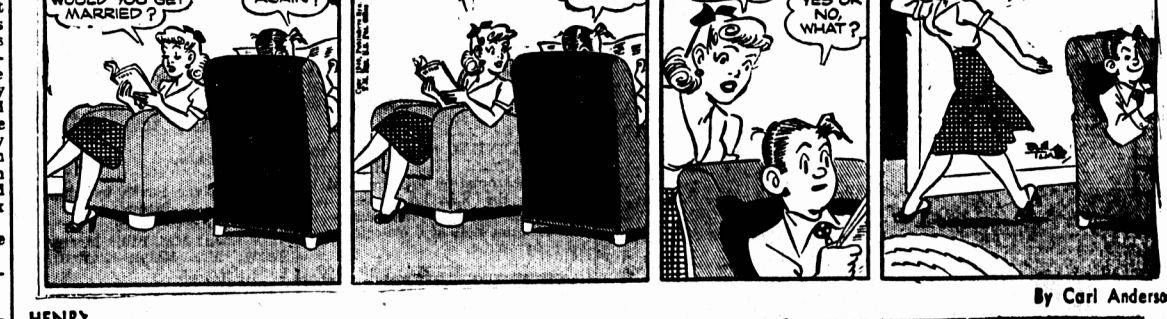
BY KEN REYNOLDS



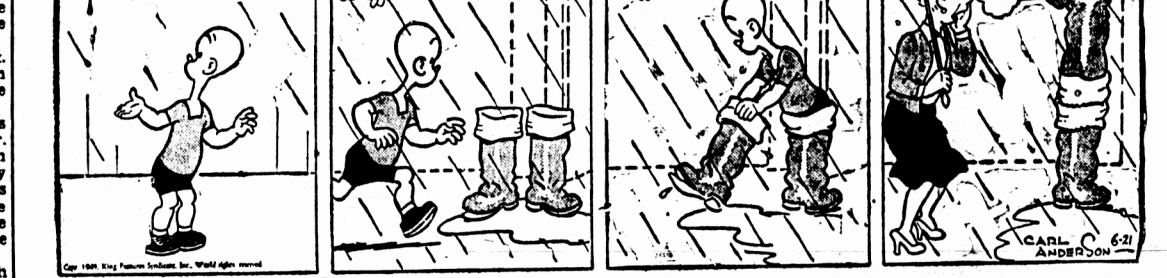
KING OF THE ROYAL MOON
 By Zane Grey



JOE PALOOKA
 By Ham Fisher



DOTTY DRIZZLE
 By Buford



HENRY
 By Carl Anderson



TIPPY AND "CAP" STUB
 By Edwin



BRINGING UP FATHER
 By George McManus



TILLIE THE TOILER
 By Westover



PENNY
 By Harry Hoopgen

ATTENTION GUERNSEY BREEDERS
 Dr. A. R. Campbell, secretary of the Canadian Guernsey Breeders' Association, will address a meeting of all interested in Guernsey cattle Tuesday, June 21, 8 P.M., Department of Agriculture building. All welcome.
 J. R. CARL, Secretary.

Wood Islands-Caribou Ferry Service
 The Connecting Link Between
 PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND & NOVA SCOTIA
 will open on Sunday, May 1st, 1949—STANDARD TIME

Schedule 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.

PSYCHIATRIC NURSING
 (A Growing Field)

The Board of Commissioners of the Nova Scotia Hospital invites applications from men and women who are interested in becoming nurses and hold a Grade XI Provincial Certificate. Through affiliation all students receive General Training, and in the case of female students training in Obstetrics and Pediatrics.

Students are paid an adequate allowance during their entire period of training, in addition to maintenance and uniforms. No tuition fees are required.

Graduates are qualified to write their Registered Nurses' Examinations.

Please apply to the Secretary, Board of Commissioners.

Nova Scotia Hospital,
 Dartmouth, N. S.
 June 14, 1949.

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L'L ALBNER

WHY—OHH?—NOW THAT I'M CLOSE—I SEE THAT YOU ARE THE MOST PERFECTLY FORMED BOY IN THE WORLD?

OH AN RE—CUSE MAN PERFECTLY FORMED HIDE?

THAT'S WHY AN SOTTA GO T'NOO YANK? I SEE CARY GRANITE, TH SCULPTOR—HE NEEDS ME?

YOUR SHOULDERS—THEY'RE LIKE THAT STATUE OF APOLLO—AT THE METROPOLITAN—AS SMOOTH AS MARBLE?

HEAT—BREATHER O' SMOOTH THINGS M'AM—WAIN'T IT HARD TO DRIVE SMOOTHIE ONE ARM?

TERRIBLY HARD, YOU THOUGHTFUL SO—LET'S STOP?

AND, NOW—WE'RE ALONE—JUST THE TWO OF US?

NOT—THANKS M'AM—THAT'S THREE OF US?

WIP KIKBT

WHAT A GLORIOUS MORNING! IT IS! COME DOWN AND FEEL THE SUNSHINE...IT'S LIKE KISSES FROM THE SKY!

I MET YOUR HUSBAND LAST NIGHT...HE IS A VERY HANDSOME MAN...THOSE DARK EYES FASCINATE ME!

OH, TELL ME MORE! YOU KNOW, I'VE NEVER BEEN HIM...I WAS ALWAYS BLIND.

YOUR OWN FACE IS VERY BEAUTIFUL, MARY...MAY I CALL YOU MARY? BUT TODAY IT IS TROUBLED...WHY, MY DEAR?

MISS MADELOE, THE GEMSBORN OF THE BLIND BECOME VERY ACUTE...MY INSTINCT TELLS ME YOU ARE KIND AND GOOD...MAY I ASK YOU A QUESTION?

PS—S-S, FATHER

FATHER, YOU KNOW THAT DRESS YOU DIDN'T THINK I NEEDED? WELL, I BOUGHT IT!

I JUST HAVE! NO, OF COURSE I TELL YOU I CHARGED IT—ARE YOU GOING TO YELL AT ME?

OH, WHAT A RELIEF—MY CONSCIENCE JUST WOULDN'T LET ME SLEEP.