

Light.. Tender..



Christie's DAINTY SODAS

At your grocer's, ask for Christie's Dainty Sodas — they're always crisp and perfectly baked.

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

In all the world, below, above, There's nothing equals mother love. —Old Mother Nature.

What Mother Nature says is true. Fathers may be very big and strong and brave. Mothers may be very small and weak and timid, but braver. That is the wonder of mother love. It can worry and worry, be terribly anxious, yet still be happy. It can do, and often does, things that seem impossible. It is wholly forgetful of self. It will suffer without complaint. Mother Nature has said truly that there is nothing to equal it.



They love to play in the treetops and make daring jumps from the tops of the tallest trees

Mrs. Timmy the flying Squirrel is a very small, a very pretty, a very dainty and a very timid person. She is one of the smallest of the Squirrel cousin. Like some other small folks of the Green Forest she knows there is less to be afraid of in the dark than in the light because there are fewer hunger hunters about then. So, curled up in her bed in an old home of Dummer's the Woodpecker, she sleeps through the day until the first of the Black Shadows bring the soft dusk of early evening to the Green Forest. Unlike their bigger cousins she and Timmy love the Black Shadows. They love to play in the treetops

and make daring jumps from the tops of the tallest trees, sliding down on the air ever so far to land lightly low down on the trunk of another tree. It is called gliding. No others in all the Green Forest can glide like the Flying Squirrels, not one. They should be called Gliding Squirrels, for they don't fly.

But these nights Mrs. Timmy wasn't doing any gliding. Not for fun anyway. She was too anxious for that. Never in her life had she been more worried, more anxious. Yet never had she been happier. It was because in a soft warm bed of the inner side of dark, shrouded very fine, were four helpless babies, her babies. She couldn't bear to leave them even to get the food that of course she had to have. She would snatch whatever she could find most quickly and hurry home, worrying for fear something might have happened to her precious babies. Her heart almost bursting with happiness when she found them safe, as she always did.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

"BRAVE" BIDDING

At duplicate, the bitter competition for scores that would be trifling at rubber bridge, leads to some highly unconventional bidding! Observe this deal, which occurred in a national pair tournament.

East dealer, North-South vulnerable: Match-point scoring.

10 6 5	A K 8 3
A 10 4 3	Q 9 7
9 5 2	A 8 6
A 7 3	K 8 4
A 9 2	
Q J 10 3	
Q J 10 8 2	

The bidding at one table:

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

South's bidding is merely reported—not approved. However, it cannot be denied that South "picked his spade" almost clairvoyantly in this case, bidding a hand that would not warrant action more than once in ten times, in all probability.

Yet, there was more than a shred of logic in South's two-club bid. West, by responding with one notrump to one spade, denied real strength, and East was willing to stop at the one-level, hence presumably did not have much better than an opening bid. Thus it was a reasonable deduction that North must have a fair hand.

If South "prudently" passed to one notrump, it was probable that North's longest suit would be hearts, and South could not welcome that lead! As he explained later, South would have passed with as much as the jack in hearts to support the expected lead; but with only the singleton five-spot, it seemed worthwhile to incur great risk in order to stop the heart lead.

They were the most beautiful babies in all the Great World even at birth. You wouldn't have thought so. You would have said—well, never mind what you would have said. One of the wonderful things about mother love is that it sees beauty where no one else can. Those babies were helpless, squirming mites without little fur coats such as some babies are born with. Their eyes were tightly closed and it would be nearly four weeks before they would open for the first time. But in that dark little home there was nothing to see. And at first their ears were closed too. All they could do was squirm.

In one thing they were very different from all other Green Forest babies, or Green Meadow babies too for that matter. They had what looked like little wings. From each little front leg or arm to each little hind leg on the same side was a web of skin that later would be covered with soft fur. It was these that would enable the little Squirrels when they were grown to glide like their mother and father. Only mother love could possibly see any beauty in those tiny, pink, squirming mites. Perhaps it saw then how they would look when just a little older, when even you and I would admit that they were pretty babies.

Among good mothers Mrs. Timmy is one of the best. She didn't leave them the short little second longer than she had to. She was always ready to nurse them whenever they were hungry, and that was often. When she did go out she began to worry the instant she left the little round doorway in the tall stub. First she always made certain that no one was about to see her. She was trying to keep that home a secret. And when she returned, though always in an anxious hurry, she never forgot to make sure that no one was watching her.

So it was the little Mrs. Timmy lived day and night in anxious happiness. But that is the way with most mothers. It is mother love.

The next story: "A Little Mother's Dreadful Fright."

By AL CAPP

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.

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HENRY

By Carl Anderson

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBB

By Edwin

TILLIE THE TOWLER

By Westover

RIP KIRBY

By Alex Raymond

PENNY

By Harry Hoehnigen