

ONE ACT PLAY "AN IRISH STEW"

Under Direction of Mr. Connie LeClair

Holy Name Hall

WEDNESDAY, MAY 19th

Sponsored by Knights of Columbus
SMART SPECIALTIES

Advance Sale of Tickets Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,
May 17th, 18th, 19th—in Holy Name Hall.

Admission 50 Cents
Curtain 8:15
Fun For Young And Old And In Between

DANCE

AT THE SUNNYSIDE
WEDNESDAY, MAY 12

In aid of Charlottetown Junior
Bowling Team.
Door Prize \$20
Dancing 9 Till 1
Admission 50 Cents

HOSPITAL DANCES

RESUMED
In MONTAGUE CURLING RINK
SATURDAY, MAY 15th
Webster's Orchestra

1948 SAILING SCHEDULE, SUBJECT TO CHANGE

NORTHUMBERLAND FERRIES LIMITED

(Daily Including Sunday) Standard Time
MAY 1st to JUNE 26th

Leave Wood Islands—
Prince Nova 8 A.M.—1 P.M.
Charles A. Dunning 11 A.M.—5 P.M.
Leave Carriou—
Charles A. Dunning 8 A.M.—1 P.M.
Prince Nova 11 A.M.—5 P.M.

LISTEN IN TO CFCY AT 7:45 A.M. (Standard Time)
FOR LATEST NEWS AND INFORMATION

Uncle Elby

By Clifford MacBride



SEE, UNCLE ELBY, I GOT A CHEMISTRY BOOK FOR BOYS AT THE LIBRARY. I'M GOIN' TO MAKE EVERYTHING IN THE BOOK. GUESS THIS SMELLS KINDA BAD.



THERE OUGHTA BE A LAW!

By Fogaly and Shorten



SO GUESS WHAT ROLE SHE WAS GIVEN? BOY! WAS SHE IN THE LIMELIGHT!

NO NO! CLOSE THAT DOOR MORE! JUST YOUR TOE STICKING OUT—YOU'RE THE CORPSE IN THE CLOSET! SEE THEN THEY CARRY YOU OUT WITH A SHEET OVER YOU!

ONLY TO KEEP A CLOSET WATCH ON THE HOTEL LIPSA. I HAVE A DATE WITH WHAT THE DICTIONARY CALLS MY CONSCIENCE!

ANY ORDERS FOR AN MEN, SIR?

YES, SIR. I CAN BE YOUR TRUBLED. WOULD YOU CARE TO GIVE ME THE WHOLE PICTURE?

YES, SIR. I CAN BE YOUR TRUBLED. WOULD YOU CARE TO GIVE ME THE WHOLE PICTURE?

THIS, SIR, IS THE NOT OVERLOOKED OFFICERS. IF STAIRCASE OFFICERS NEW HEALTH FOR A BABY, WOULD HE NOT OFFER THE GARD TO THE MOTHER? IS IT NOT FOR AIN TO BECOME?

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



(By Thornton W. Burgess)

THE CHAGRIN OF BLACKY

Who at himself can laugh you'll find Is keen of wit and broad of mind. —Old Mother Nature.

"There is something queer about those eggs," said Blacky the Crow, shaking his black head. "What eggs?" asked Mrs. Blacky. "Those eggs that haven't been laid," chuckled Blacky.

"You mean those eggs you haven't found," said Mrs. Blacky. "My dear, I am beginning to suspect that you are right," replied Blacky. "That nest seems to be finished. It has seemed so for several days. Yet there isn't an egg in it and I don't believe there has been. If there has somebody has been there ahead of me, and I doubt that, for I have kept an eye on that nest. I doubt if anyone else with a liking for eggs has found it."

"Have you seen Mrs. Gallinule there lately?" asked Mrs. Blacky. "No," replied Blacky. Then he chuckled. "Cackle and Mrs. Cackle dress so alike I can't tell which is which when I see one alone. But I haven't seen either of them at that nest since it was finished. I can guess why," said Mrs. Blacky.

"Why?" demanded Blacky. "They have seen you watching that nest and Mrs. Cackle is too smart to lay any eggs in it if I wouldn't use a nest that I knew was being watched," replied Mrs. Blacky.

Blacky scratched his black head. "I hadn't thought of that. You may be right, my dear. Do you suppose they are building another nest?" said he.

"How should I know?" retorted Mrs. Blacky.

"If they are I'll find it," declared Blacky. Spreading his wings he headed straight for the marsh where the Gallinules lived.

He flew straight to the nest he knew of. It was just as it had been right along—empty. He made no pretence of not knowing where it was. He even lighted on it and looked it over closely. There was no sign that anyone had been there lately. "They have given it up," thought he. "I wonder why. Of course they are building somewhere else. They won't give up having a family this year. I am sure of that. That is, unless I find their eggs. They might then, for it is getting late in the season."

Blacky has good eyes. There are none better. He also has good ears. He heard a faint, a very faint splash of at one side. Peering between the stems of the reeds and cattails he saw a bird carrying part of a brown stalk. It was a Gallinule. He was sure of that for the bird waded where there was only a very little water, seemed to actually run on the water where plants grew up to the surface and swam across small places of deep water.

"It is Mrs. Cackle," thought Blacky, "and she is building another nest."

Shortly after he took to his wings. He flew over the place he has just seen Mrs. Gallinule as he supposed. Sure enough, there was a nest that looked to be about half built. He hurried home.

"It is just as I thought," Mrs. Cackle is building a new nest and I have found it. We'll have those eggs yet!" he cried.

"I hope so," said Mrs. Blacky.

By Fogaly and Shorten

WEAK OVERCALLS
It is bad enough that weak overcalls risk crushing penalties, but that is not the only criticism that can be made. They often give the enemy a vital clue to the play of a contract that is reached in contempt of the "interference bid." Observe this typical case:

South dealer.
Both sides vulnerable

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

The bidding:
South West North East
1♦ Pass 1♠ Pass

North-South could have done well at notrump, but it was only natural that North should have considered a five-diamond contract quite safe, with a chance for a slam if South could bid again. As a matter of fact, South did think about going to a slam, but decided to be conservative.

West opened the club ten. Dummy's queen was played; East covered with the king, and South won. A single round of trumps accounted for that suit, and South then took the spade finesse. He cashed the spade ace, ruffed a spade, and led a heart toward the king-jack. West quickly played a low heart, but declarer did not even hesitate in going right up with the king. East had shown the club king and the jack-ten of spades it was therefore inconceivable that West would have made a vulnerable overcall with nothing but six spades headed by king-eight. The ace of hearts was marked in West's hand beyond question or doubt. After the heart king held, of course, South could well afford to concede a club and a heart.

It is entirely possible that declarer would have made the same heart play even if West had not "opened his mouth." Nevertheless, with both defenders staying out of the auction, South would have had an outright guess instead of a virtually sure thing. His only problem in any case was to avoid the loss of two heart tricks, and obviously West's duck with the ace on the first lead toward dummy would reveal nothing—if West had made no bid.

Thus, since the one-spade bid could scarcely find enough support for game, West was risking a great deal for the chance to win very little.

By Alex Raymond

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTFID



By Zane Grey

YOU'RE THE MAN GRAB OIL COMPANY DOCTOR!

YES, SERGEANT? I SUPPOSE I WANT MY REPORT ON JUCK'S DEATH...

HERE'S THE DETAILED MEDICAL REPORT, SIR... AND IT'S MY PERSONAL OPINION THAT JUCK WAS KILLED BY A THROWN KNIFE!

NEEDS TO BE THROWN IN THE SAND HARBOR WHO STRUCK JUCKS PARTNER, MR. HARRIS, A VICIOUS BLOW ON THE BACK OF THE HEAD?

ON... THEY'RE BREATH-TAKING... YOU DAREINGS... OH I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW... HOW GRATEFUL I AM.

THAT'S TABLE SILVER AN LINE... I... HOPE YOU'LL LIKE 'EM

ON I GUESS... WE MIGHTS WELL SHOW YOU... YOU NOSSEY THING... OPEN THE PACKAGE, DAD.

BROUGHT ON SOME THINGS, ONE MONEY. BLESS YOUR SWEET HEART.

NOT A WORD YET!

HIDE THAT PAPER.

DAD... WHY DIDN'T YOU COME IN TO SAY HELLO?

NOT A WORD YET!

IT IS MRS. CACKLE," thought Blacky

but somehow she didn't sound hopeful.

Three days later that nest appeared to be completed and Blacky was sure that now Mrs. Cackle would begin laying eggs in it. He wouldn't take the first one or the second one. He would wait until the nest was full. Anyway he would wait until there were several eggs in it. The next morning he visited the nest fully expecting to find an egg in that nest. He first flew over the first nest. It was empty. So was the second. Then he saw a sight that filled him with chagrin. On a floating mass of stuff stood Mrs. Cackle and running around her were a lot of the cutest babies. And Cackle himself was near by looking on.

"I've been fooled. I've been badly fooled. And I don't yet see how," thought Blacky.

The next story: "Blacky Finds Out."

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

BY GOLLY—THAT GUY LEN MEMORIE HAS OVED ME \$5000 FOR A YEAR—IM GOIN' OVER TO COLLECT IT!

I'LL LAY DOWN THE LAW TO HIM IN NO UNCERTAIN TERMS—

—AND IF YOU DON'T PAY ME THE \$5000 RIGHT NOW, IM GOIN' TO SUE YOU—

WHY—MR. GIBBY YOU KNOW IT WOULD COST YOU MORE THAN THAT TO SUE ME—BUT I'VE GOT MY SOLUTION!

VERY SIMPLE—JUST GO TO THE LAWYER AND MAKE A LAW-SUIT WORTH YOUR WHILE—

AND WHAT IS IT?

HEY KIDS! MINERS' HATS WITH REAL LAMPS!

TOYS

HEAVEN!

HEAVEN!

HEAVEN!

HEAVEN!

HEAVEN!

HEAVEN!

HEAVEN!

HEAVEN!

HEAVEN!

HEAVEN!

HEAVEN!

HEAVEN!

HEAVEN!

HEAVEN!

HEAVEN!