3 ACT PLAY COMEDY

"REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM"

JUNE 3rd & 4th

Directed By

MRS. RUBY HOULE, C.D.A.

Admission 50c

Tickets on Sale at Milton's Old Spain

THE CHARLOTTETOWN FIRE DEPARTMENT

ANNUAL TAG DAY

SATURDAY MAY 29th

Don't forget the local volunteers who are at your service night and day. Meet the Tag Girls with a smile and show your appreciation of a great service.

GIVE GENEROUSLY

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This is to assure the public that the rumors circulating with reference to my premises being raided are untrue and entirely without foundation. This statement can be verified by reference to the R. C. M. P.

DATED this 26th day of May A.D. 1948.

Signed:

A. E. SAUNDERS, F/Lt., D.F.C.

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 Carribou—
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

NOTICE

From Wednesday, May 26, until further notice the M. V. "Fairview" will not be operating on the Charlottetown-Rocky Point service.

During the period the "Fairview" is in Pictou for the annual overhaul, a motor-boat will operate the service for the accommodation of foot passengers.

P. A. MURNAGHAN,
Deputy Minister of Public Works and Highways.

Charlottetown, P.E.I., May 21, 1948.

Napoleon and Uncle Elby — By Clifford MacBride

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

OUT OF TROUBLE AND IN

There's nothing like a little wit,
But better still is much of it.
—Lightfoot the Deer.

Blacky the Crow, flying over the Old Pasture, saw Lightfoot the Deer bound out of the Green Forest where it joins the Old Pasture.

"What brings him out here? And what is he running for on such a warm day as this?" muttered Blacky. Then he added, "Oh! So that's it!" He had caught sight of the two Dogs chasing Lightfoot. None knew better than did Blacky what that could mean, for his keen eyes miss little in the Green Forest and he had seen some very sad and dreadful things happen there when Dogs, who at home were the best of citizens, had slipped away into the Green Forest and there became outlaws.

Blacky flew to the top of a tall tree from which he could see over the Old Pasture and also the Green Meadows. It was toward the latter that Lightfoot was running, and that was no place for a Deer in broad daylight.

"Perhaps he is going to cut across to the Big River, thought Blacky. "I shouldn't think he would do that unless he is so tired he feels that he must, and I don't think he is. He doesn't run that way. I'm glad Dogs can't fly. What a nuisance they would be! They are a nuisance anyway to Green Forest and Green Meadows folk, they and those two - legged folks with whom they live. Ha! Has Lightfoot gone crazy? What is he up to anyway? He is smart that fellow, but what he is doing now doesn't look smart to me. No, sir, it doesn't look smart at all. It is a crazy thing he is doing if ever I have seen one."

Lightfoot was out of the Old Pasture and bounding across the Green Meadows straight toward Farmer Brown's. Behind him ran a small Hound in full cry as his nose picked up the warm scent Lightfoot left every time his feet touched the earth. Behind the Hound ran a big Police Dog. He was silent as he followed the Hound. The latter was barking from sheer pleasure in the chase, the contest between his wonderful nose and the wits of the one he was following. It wouldn't matter to him if he did or didn't catch up with that Deer. He was enjoying the hunt. It would matter to the other Dog. He was doing nothing but follow his companion. He wasn't matching his nose or his wits against the wits of the one they were hunting. His pleasure would come in the kill when they caught up with that Deer. The Hound was running for the fun of hunting. The other was running for the fun of killing. There are two-legged hunters just like those two Dogs. Some get their pleasure from the hunt while others get theirs from the kill.

Farmer Brown's boy was at work in the barn. He heard the Hound and he knew by the sound that he was on the warm trail of some one. There was no doubt about that.

"Probably a Fox!", thought Farmer Brown's boy as he listened. Then he went outside and around the corner of the barn where he could look across the Green Meadows to the Old Pasture. Half way across the Green Meadows Lightfoot was bounding headed straight for that barnyard. A short distance behind him ran two Dogs. The good-natured freckled face of Farmer Brown's boy clouded with anger. He knew those two Dogs and to whom they belonged. He knew they had done this thing before, and therefore should not be allowed to run free by their masters. He blamed the Dogs because he knew that they knew they were doing a thing they shouldn't do, but he blamed their masters more.

Lightfoot came straight on as if he didn't see any one in the barnyard. He jumped the fence only a few feet from where Farmer Brown's boy stood. The latter insists that Lightfoot winked at him, but of course he didn't do anything of the kind. Lightfoot crossed into the Old Orchard and there he stopped to look back.

The Dogs stopped the instant they saw Farmer Brown's boy. They stood looking at him for a moment, then turned and ran for home. He didn't even wave the stick he had picked up. They knew they were doing wrong,

Lightfoot was out of the Old Pasture and bounding across the Green Meadows straight towards Farmer Brown's

Lightfoot reached up and nipped off an apple twig. Then without hurry he moved on through the Old Orchard to the Green Forest. He was out of trouble and he knew it. But the two Dogs were in trouble, for Farmer Brown's boy had gone into the house to telephone their masters. And back in the Green Forest two little fawns and a tired mother were safe and happily together while she fed them.

The next story: "Dreadful Suspense."

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

THE POSITION OF A BID

A player's position in a bidding duel has far greater importance than is generally realized. Observe this case:

West dealer.
East-West vulnerable.

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

The bidding:

West	North	East	South
1 ♠	2 ♥	3 ♠	4 ♥
5 ♥	Pass	6 ♠	7 ♥
Dble.	Pass	Pass	Pass

East opened his singleton diamond against the seven-heart contract, and the result was a four-trick, 700-point penalty.

This would have been an excellent sacrifice if East - West could have made their vulnerable slam, but that was not the fact. West would have had to lose a spade and a club, no matter how he maneuvered. Thus, the "swing" against North-South for taking the unnecessary sacrifice was 800 points. (Six spades scarcely could have been doubled.)

Even this loss could not be fairly assessed against South, for his decision to overbid six spades, if his position at the table had been different. If he had been the last to speak for his side, it would have been quite reasonable for him to feel that the possible loss from letting the six-spade bid stand was far greater than the loss that would be suffered at seven hearts. This, however, was not the issue, as far as South was concerned. The crucial point was that North was still to be heard from! It was by no means inconceivable that one or both of the opponents had overbid (East had!), and besides, South's void in spades suggested that North might turn up with a trick in that suit.

It is true that even if South had properly passed for his partner's decision, North would have been none too sure of defeating the adverse slam; but, in view of his probable spade trick, his diamond queen, and the good chance that South could take a trick North probably would have left the enemy try to make their contract.

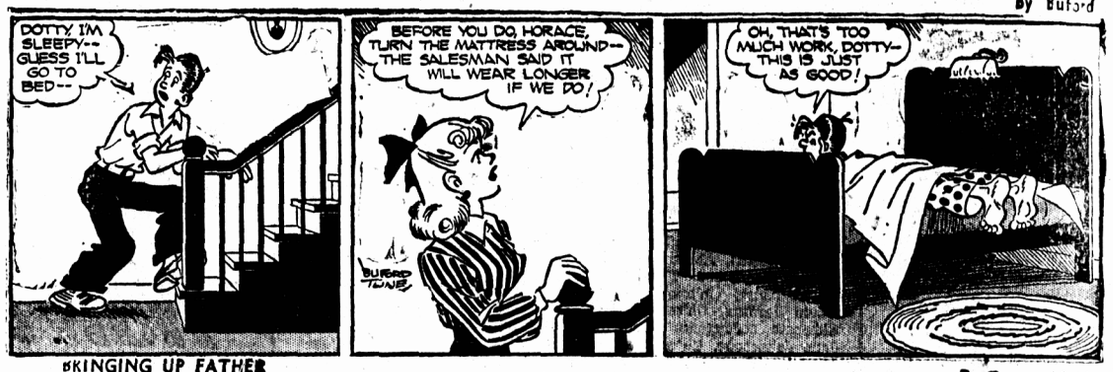
Piles Hurt You?

If you have itching, bleeding, internal or protruding Piles, don't suffer another day without trying Chinoreid. In 15 minutes, Chinoreid starts fighting your Piles in 3 ways: 1. Soothes pain and itching. 2. Helps shrink sore, swollen tissues. 3. Helps heal irritated membranes. Money back unless Chinoreid satisfies you. Ask your druggist for Chinoreid today.

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED — By Zane Grey

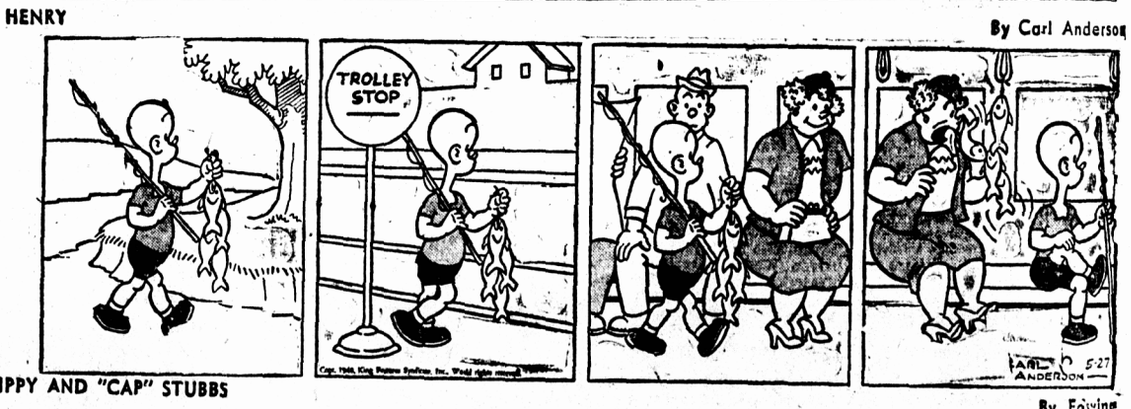
JOE PALOOKA — By Ham

DOTTY DRIPPLE — By Buford

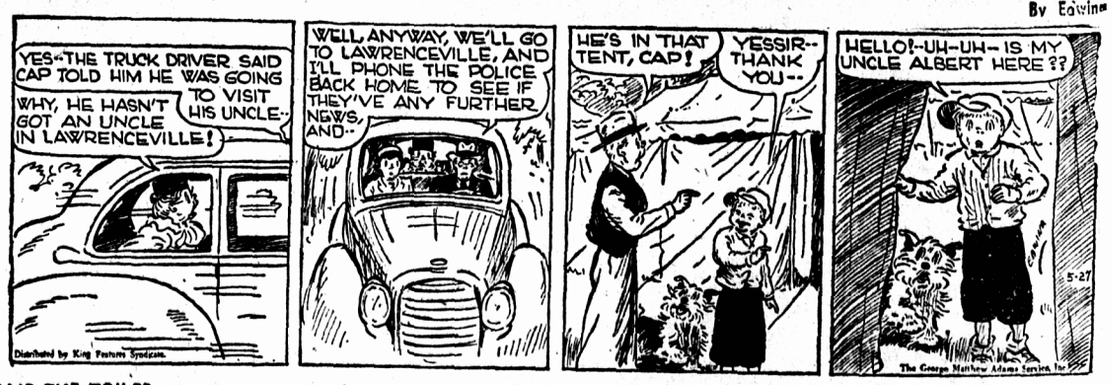


GINGING UP FATHER — By George McManus

HENRY — By Carl Anderson



TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS — By Edwin



TILLIE THE TOILER

RIP KIRBY — By Alex Raymond

PENNY — By Harry Haenigsen