

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 Carribo—
 Charles A. Dunning 8 A.M.—1 P.M.
 Prince Nova 11 A.M.—5 P.M.

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

"PLANT" FINGERLINGS
 MONCTON, N.B. — (CP) —
 The Moncton branch of the New Brunswick Fish and Game Assoc. is reporting a total membership, said recently the group had set out 475,000 fingerling trout in the streams of Westmorland and Kent counties.

Wood Island Bus Schedule
 EFFECTIVE MAY 4th, 1948 UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

Charlottetown 9:30 A.M. daily, making connections to Nova Scotia points.
 Wood Islands 2:30 P.M. daily for Charlottetown—connections from Nova Scotia points.
 Wood Island—until road conditions improve—at 8:35 A.M., arriving Charlottetown at 10:05 A.M.
 Ch'town. at 5:00 P.M.—Arrive Wood Island at 6:30 P.M. Daily
 For further information phone 248, Charlottetown.

THE ISLAND MOTOR TRANSPORT LIMITED

ITINERARY
 FOR REV. E. R. MacWILLIAM
 Field Secretary for the
 MARITIME TEMPERANCE FEDERATION
 UP TO MAY 23rd

May 9—Sunday: Albany 11; Borden 3; Summerside 7.
 May 10—Monday: Wellington 8 p.m.
 May 11—Tuesday: Victoria West.
 May 12—Wednesday: Tyne Valley,
 May 13—Thursday: Freeland.
 May 14—Friday: West Point.
 May 16—Sunday: O'Leary, Elmsdale, Alberton.
 May 17—Monday: Kensington.
 May 18—Tuesday: Malpeque.
 May 19—Wednesday: Summerfield.
 May 20—Thursday: Freetown.
 May 21—Friday: Bradalbane.
 May 23—Sunday: Hunter River, Brookfield, Charlottetown.

To be announced widely through Pulpit and Church organizations.

L. O. A. L. O. B. A.

The R. W. Grand Orange Lodge of P. E. I. will meet in annual session in Boyne Lodgeroom, Richmond St., Charlottetown,
 WEDNESDAY, MAY 12th, 1948 at 10:30 A.M.

The R. W. Grand Lodge of the L. O. B. A. of P. E. I. will meet in Sons of England Hall, Richmond St., Charlottetown,
 WEDNESDAY, MAY 12th, 1948 at 10:30 A.M.

J. A. MURRAY,
 Grand Sec'y. L. O. A.
 MRS. ELIZABETH BEST,
 Grand Sec'y. L. O. B. A.

HERE OUGHTA BE A LAW!
 By Fogaly and Shorten

THE WAY MOM TELLS POP JUNIOR'S BEHAVIOR IS A BIG, BIG PROBLEM—
 A HOODLUM! A YOUNG GANGSTER! HE THREW WATER ON THE CAT AND KICKED A PICKET OUT OF THE FENCE! I'LL TEACH HIM HE CAN'T GET AWAY WITH SUCH NAUGHTY TRICKS!

BUT JUST LET A NEIGHBOR MENTION IT—OH, BROTHER! HANG ONTO YOUR HAT!
 AND IF THAT YOUNG INDIAN BREAKS ANY MORE OF MY WINDOWS I'LL TAN HIS HIDE FOR HIM!

YOU BULLY! YOU LAY A FINGER ON MY CHILD AND I'LL SCRATCH YOUR EYES OUT! THE VERY IDEA! THREATENING A POOR, DEFENSELESS LITTLE BOY!

"Thanks 'Casey' Milwaukee, Wisc."

KIRBY
 By Alex Raymond

I'M AFRAID THE CHILD HAS PNEUMONIA, MR. STANLOCK!
 PLEASE KEEP THIS FROM MY WIFE. SHE'S ALREADY FRUSTRATED! GET SPECIALISTS, NURSES, ANYTHING! HE MUST NOT DIE!

THE DETECTIVE I SLUSHED IN TUNIS!

I STOPPED HIM ONCE, SIR! SILENCE! STAY HERE! I'LL HANDLE THIS MYSELF!

No, Mr. Brown
 By Gertrude Knevels

"I thought you understood you were to help Mr. Brown?" Jay resumed his official severity. "Sit down, April. Got your notebook? Note the alterations and additions for this report, and retype the whole thing yourself before you leave tonight. Keep it confidential."

"Yes, Mr. King."

April's glance swept Bill's long, easy figure—the taffy-colored hair that never would be flat, that looked boyishly fair in contrast to the hard line of the lean jaw the brown cheek, the cool grey eyes Bill looked at April as she bent her bright head above her notebook. He guessed the taut line about the pretty mouth spelled resentment. Then he had supposed she was merely annoyed over an extra task. Now he realized this young visitor on Jerome's staff was the rebel whose conduct he had heard authorities deplore. The ignorant, inexperienced young newcomer who dared take the client's side.

Late that afternoon they had met on the steps as Brown was leaving and April competing in from a late call. He attempted a half-hearted apology. "I'm afraid you hated that stuff I bogged you with this morning. I hope you don't think I enjoy ferreting out the shortcomings of our clients, Miss Day?"

"No? Then why do it?"

"Well, there are reasons," Brown hesitated. "Somebody's got to tackle this sort of job. Frauds have to be found out—"

"Oh, yes. I know—and punished," April flung it at him bitterly. "I've gathered that you're responsible for initiating our detective service. Isn't that correct, Mr. Brown? You train the chaps who hang round in food shops, getting poor butchers and grocers into trouble because they've let some miserable man buy a packet of candy for his children on his relief allowance. I repeat that I loathe your job, Mr. Brown. You're not a social worker at all, you're just a spy."

"Look here, really—" But she had hopped into her old car and made off. Brown had not seen the youngest visitor again till now.

The Mystery Man, why had he come? April was thinking. How he would rehash her ideas at luncheons and organization meetings, perhaps, to make the High-Ups laugh. By this time stage fright was imminent and, forgetting the outline she had memorized April plunged into the story of her day.

"I was sent out to tell about the cut, they didn't give me a knife but they might as well have. A knife for a mother's heart when I had to tell her that her sick baby must do with less milk. For another woman when I tried to explain how to make a pot of stew allowing one potato for each child. One potato—so that if one member of the family gets two another must go without. All day I have been explaining things like that. I had to take from a blind grandmother the only little bit of sweetness in her life—for of course a sack of peppermints a week is not allowed on food orders."

The youngest visitor talked on, her pale cheeks suddenly scarlet, her blue eyes bright with tears. By this time she sat at the back of the hall had increased to something approaching a riot. Jerome's brown fingers drummed impatiently on his chair. Mr. William Brown, the Mystery Man, did not stir till April finished and the chairman, snapping out of his coma declared the meeting open for speeches from the floor.

Contract Bridge
 By Josephine Colburn

MAKING THE DECLARER GUESS

It is not always possible to find the one opening lead that will defeat a contract, but if the subsequent defense is all that it should be, the defenders may still win out. Observe today's deal:

North, dealer.
 North-South vulnerable.

♠ A K 8 4
 ♥ A Q 7
 ♦ K J 10
 ♣ K J 6

♠ J 10 9 5
 ♥ 4 2
 ♦ 8 6 3
 ♣ Q 7 4 2

♠ Q 7 3 2
 ♥ 5
 ♦ A Q 5
 ♣ 4 2

♠ 4
 ♥ K J 10 8 6 3
 ♦ 9 7
 ♣ A 10 8

The bidding:
 North East South West
 1NT Pass 6♥ Pass

North's two-notrump opening was a little light—if it hadn't been, South would have been able to lay the hand down for six hearts. As a matter of fact, the only objection to South's abrupt leap to the small slam was that he might be missing an easy grand slam!

It is obvious that an opening diamond lead by West would have defeated the contract on the spot, but West was not that lucky—he selected the spade jack. Declarer cashed both of dummy's top spades, discarding a diamond, then ruffed a spade. He went back to the board with a trump, ruffed the last spade, drew West's remaining trump, and then led his now-singleton diamond.

When West perforce followed suit with a low diamond, South "juddled" for a few moments, but finally decided to play dummy's ten in the hope of driving out the ace. This hope was not realized when East took the trick with the queen—but declarer nevertheless would have achieved his objective if East had been a less resourceful player. Most defenders, it is to be noted, would do one of two things in East's position: they would either lay down the diamond ace (letting South run and establish the diamond king for a club discard), or in the wild hope that West had the club ace they would return that suit.

This East did neither of these fatal things. Reading the true situation perfectly and realizing that the only hope was to let South guess wrong in clubs, East imperceptibly returned a low diamond, making South believe that perturbably returned a low diamond ace. South fell for the ruse. He ruffed the trick and then guessed for the club queen. To the defenders' delight, he guessed wrong!

During the chairman's closing speech April slipped away through a side entrance. She wanted to avoid Gilligan and his crowd, wanted even more to escape the comments and the sympathy of her friends, the social workers.

Outside the rain still sloshed in rivulets along the sidewalks, but the air smelled fresh and sweet after the stink of the hall. The youngest visitor drank it in with relief. She had been a fool, she admitted it. She was too soft, too easy to deceive. She would never be wise enough to make a social worker.

As April hesitated at the crossing, she became aware of a large masculine umbrella poised above her head. "Rotten night," said a cheerful voice. "Car's parked just round the corner. I'll bring it."

"Oh, no, Mr. Brown."

"Then I'll take you to it. Come along."

"But I'd expected to take the bus. I'm used to buses, my old car breaks down so often." The dripping little figure stiffened. "It was just standing a moment because—well, the air in there was bad, and I'd had a day."

"So I gathered," Bill took April firmly by the arm, led her to his car and tucked her in. She flopped in her corner, closing her eyes while he threaded Main Street traffic and stopped before the door of a brightly lighted grill. "Coffee," said Mr. Brown. "As indicated."

(To Be Continued)

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTFD
 By Zane Grey

BEH! IS RIGHT, JACKKNIFE! AM GIBBS WAS KILLED WITH ONE OF YOUR CIRCUS KNIVES!
 BUT, KING... THOSE KNIVES WERE IN MY CLO-FLOODED CABIN!
 THE KILLER WOULD HAVE TO WADE THROUGH THE STUFF TO GET 'EM!
 YES, AND WE FOUND A PAIR OF DE-COLORED RUBBER BOOTS BEHIND YOUR CABIN! PERHAPS YOU CAN IDENTIFY THEM... THEY'RE RIGHT OVER THERE!

JOE PALOOKA
 By Ham Fisher

W-HY... THATS OLD DOC DANLEFFUTY... WHY I KNOW HIM WELL... HE SAVED MY LIFE.
 WHAT I WELL THATS AMAZING I HEAR YOU WERE GETTING SOMEWHERE!
 DOC... I'M TERRIBLY GLAD TO SEE YOU... I HEAR YOU HAVE WONDERFUL NEWS FOR ME.
 HAOWDY, BUS WANTS OVER FITCHER TOOK T
 NO, DOC... DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME... I'M JOE... YOU PICKED ME UP OUT IN MONTANA... YOU SAVED MY LIFE.
 FERE FELLER, SHORE TETCHED, BETTER BE NICE TO IM.
 SHORE, TH' TIME YEW WAS DROWNING, I REMEMBER I WELL THROWN YEW A ROPE.

DOTTY DRIPPLE
 By Butora

DOTTY, I SEE YOU'VE BEEN AT MY PAPER WITH A RAZOR BLADE AGAIN!!
 I JUST CLIPPED OUT A RECIPE, HORACE!
 BUT, DID YOU HAVE TO CUT SO DEEP P YOUVE CUT THROUGH B PAGES JUST TO CLIP A RECIPE!!
 DEEP P WELL IT'S A RECIPE FOR A DEEP DISH APPLE PIE!

BRINGING UP FATHER
 By George McManus

YES-PLEASE RESERVE A NICE TABLE FOR TWO, MR. JIGGS AND I WILL BE THERE FOR DINNER AT SEVEN.
 SURPRISE-DEAR-WE'RE GOING OUT FOR DINNER TONIGHT-I MADE RESERVATIONS AT A NEW NIGHT CLUB.
 IS THAT SO? WELL-LISTEN TO ME-MAGGIE-I'M NOT GOIN'-I'M SO TIRED I COULD GO TO BED AND STAY THERE FOR A WEEK.
 WELL-IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT-
 THIS IS MRS. JIGGS AGAIN-I'M SO SORRY-I'LL HAVE TO CANCEL THAT RESERVATION-MY HUSBAND JUST MET WITH AN ACCIDENT-HELL BE IN BED FOR A WEEK.

HENRY
 By Carl Anderson

ART MUSEUM
 BOY WANTED
 OKAY - MOP THE FLOORS FIRST!
 (SUNSET)
 (FALLS)

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS
 By Earline

CAP! GET UP!!-ARE YOU GOIN' TO SLEEP ALL DAY??!!
 WELL, I'M CERTAINLY GLAD TH' PARTY'S OVER! I DIDN'T KNOW SO MANY THINGS COULD GO WRONG... OH, THAT THEY'D ALL BE WRITTEN UP IN TH' PAPER!
 NOW, YOU GET UP, CAP STUBBS, AN--
 C'M' AN' EAT YOUR BREAKFAST! WHY HE'S GONE!!

VILLIE THE TOILER
 By V. V. Brown

FUNNY HAIRBUSH!!
 OUCH! LEGGO MY HAIR!
 OH, DON'T BE A SPOILSPORT, MAC.
 I KNOW WHAT! LET'S PLAY SOME GAMES WITH LITTLE JERRY!
 YEAH-- ANYTHING BUT THIS!
 I KNOW A GOOD GAME, JERRY-- HIDE AND SEEK! YOU CAN BE "IT" AND WE'LL ALL HIDE!
 OH, NO, YOU DON'T, WISE GUY, YOU STAY RIGHT HERE WHERE I CAN SEE YOU!

PENNY
 By Harry Haenigsen

SHE'S SIMPLY KHAKI WACKY, A MY BALMY, UNIFORM HAPPY! ANYBODY I KNOW?
 IT'S JINX. SHE WANTS TO BOSS EVERYTHING AND RUN EVERYBODY, I MEAN, I'M SICK OF IT!
 WHAT WERE YOU DURING THE FIRST WORLD WAR, FATHER?
 I WAS A SECOND LIEUTENANT.
 WEEPEES, FATHER, IS A SECOND LIEUTENANT'S DAUGHTER HIGHER THAN A FIRST LIEUTENANT'S NIECE?