



**Good Companions**

Men who try Old Chum stay with it for keeps! For Old Chum has character all its own... distinctive aroma... fresh, cool, long-lasting flavour.

Buy a package of Old Chum—today!

**OLD CHUM**  
The Tobacco of Quality

CUT COARSE FOR PIPE CUT FINE FOR ROLLING YOUR OWN

**HEAT ENCOURAGES CURLERS**

RED DEER, Alta. — (CP) — Sizzling temperatures served only to set Red Deer's curling club executive into night sessions to discuss the coming season's activities. They set forth plans on

Improvements to be made to the rink and club facilities.

LONDON—(CP)—Edward Horn, 73, of Putney, claims a record for long distance swimming. He says he has swum 3,600 miles in the last 56 years.

**Golf Club DANCE**

EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT

DON MESSER'S ORCHESTRA

EVERYBODY WELCOME

Dancing 9.30 to 12.30 Admission 75c

1948 SAILING SCHEDULE, SUBJECT TO CHANGE

**NORTHUMBERLAND FERRIES LIMITED**

(Daily Including Sunday) Standard Time

JUNE 27th to SEPT. 26th

Leave Wood Islands—  
Prince Nova ..... 7 A.M., 11 A.M., 3 P.M.  
Charles A. Dunning ..... 9 A.M., 1 P.M., 5 P.M.  
Leave Carribo—  
Charles A. Dunning ..... 7 A.M., 11 A.M., 3 P.M.  
Prince Nova ..... 9 A.M., 1 P.M., 5 P.M.

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

**OUR BOARDING HOUSE**

GRAB CLOUDS, ALL YOU SHEEPHERDERS BEFORE I LET THE WASPS OUT OF THESE!

YOU-YOU MEAN YOU ARE SUGGESTING, THAT IS HANDS UP, I PRESUME?

SO JAKE'S GUN-MAN WASN'T A JUG-DREAM AFTER ALL! AND HE LOOKS MEANER THAN A MOTHER BEAR!

A GOOD TIME TO BE SOMEWHERE SEEING A MOVIE =

Major Hoopie

**RIP KIRBY**

"I'M TURNING IN, MR. BLINK! WHEN THE OLD RETURNS, AWAKEN ME, NO MATTER WHAT THE HOUR!"

"THERE SHE IS... THE 'VICTORY.' HE NAMED HER AFTER NELSON'S FLAGSHIP. THE BOSS IS A BUS ABOUT NELSON..."

"THE RICH WES BANNISTER! THIS 'LL BE A SURPRISE TO THE BOSS!"

"PHOOEY ON YOUR BOSS! MY ANKLE HURTS! I WANT A DOCTOR!"

**BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES**

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

**MRS. DOBSON EXPLAINS**

The things by other folks explained Are knowledge easily attained. —Old Mother Nature.

No one knows this better than does Peter Rabbit. This is why he asks questions. It is a lot quicker and easier to find out things from others than to find them out for oneself. Peter doesn't do things the hard way when there is an easy way. He has what is called a ready tongue.

"I guess you are Mrs. Dobson," said he to the great four-winged Fly he had discovered on the face of a big rock beside Laughing Brook, and she had admitted that he was right.

"You haven't such big, dangerous jaws as Mr. Dobson," said Peter.

"Who says his jaws are dangerous?" asked Mrs. Dobson, opening and closing her own rather short curved jaws with unpleasant-looking sharp points.

"No one," replied Peter hastily, "but they look dangerous."

"Things are not always as they look," replied Mrs. Dobson, still opening and closing her own jaws. Peter changed the subject somewhat hastily. "What are you doing on this rock?" he asked.

"Minding my own business," replied Mrs. Dobson tartly. "It is rather important business," she added.

"I don't see that you are doing anything," said Peter impudently. "I'm not just this minute, but I should think you could see for yourself," retorted Mrs. Dobson. Peter stared, blinked, started again. "I don't see anything you've done," said he bluntly.

Close by her on the face of the rock was a small patch of something white. There were similar little patches scattered about on the face of the rock. Mrs. Dobson examined the one nearest her.

"Do you mean to say you don't see this?" she asked.

"Of course I see that. What of it and what is it?" asked Peter.

"It is a mass of eggs, my eggs, my beautiful teeny weeny eggs, if you must know," replied Mrs. Dobson indignantly.

It was even so. There were more than two thousand tiny white eggs standing on end so tiny and packed so closely together that Peter saw only a white mass. It was hard to believe that one so big could have eggs so small. By some secret means Mrs. Dobson had fastened them to the rock.

"That's no place for eggs," declared Peter, just as if he knew all about eggs and where they should and should not be.

"Why not?" asked Mrs. Dobson sharply, opening and closing her curved jaws.

"Because when the babies hatch out they will fall into the water," said Peter hastily.

"I should hope so," said Mrs. Dobson.

"What?" cried Peter, twitching a long ear. "Did you say you hope so?"

"That's what I said," retorted



"What of it and what is it?" asked Peter.

Mrs. Dobson tartly. "If they shouldn't fall in the water it would be just too bad," she added.

"But—but—but—" began Peter and stopped. On his face was the funniest look.

"But what?" asked Mrs. Dobson sharply.

Peter started to say that the babies would drown, but made a question of it instead and Mrs. Dobson's reply was prompt. "Of course they would drown. What an idea! Dobson babies are water babies. If they didn't fall in the water it would be just too bad. It would so. They wouldn't live long. I'm always careful to lay my eggs where the babies will be sure to drop in the water. Sometimes it is on a rock like this; sometimes it is on a leaf hanging over the water," she explained.

"Oh," said Peter. It was all he could think of at the moment.

The next story: "The Pierce Water Babies."

**Contract Bridge**

By Josephine Culbertson

**A Valiant Effort**

Today's declarer used a guile as well as excellent technique in his play of the slam contract, but he ran up against a defender who refused to be trapped.

South dealer. Both sides vulnerable.

♠ Q 10 9 6  
♥ A 5 3 2  
♦ S 7 J  
♣ Q J

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

N W E S

♠ K J 8 4 3 2  
♥ A K 10  
♦ A 9

The bidding:  
South West North East  
2♠ Pass 3♠ Pass  
4NT Pass 5♠ Pass  
6NT Pass 6♠ Pass

West opened the heart ten. Before playing from either hand, declarer studied the situation carefully and decided on a far-reaching plan—which is always a good idea. It was apparent that the slam would be safe if the club king was on side, but, naturally enough, South did not want to put himself at the mercy of that bit of luck if he could find a surer method.

Winning with the heart ace, he ruffed a heart with a high trump, then went back to dummy with a trump in order to ruff a second heart high. He returned again with a trump to ruff away dummy's last heart, then he carefully and perhaps a bit ostentatiously laid down the diamond king from his own hand. There was cold purpose in this play—South wanted the defenders, especially West, to conclude that he was going to take a diamond finesse and had laid down one heart honor as the normal preliminary to a follow-up lead from dummy to his own A-J, which of course he didn't have.

Now, hoping that he had created the desired impression, South crossed to dummy once more with a trump and led a diamond to his own hand, playing the ace. West, however, was not to be tricked. He calmly unblocked his diamond queen on South's ace, thus neatly avoiding the throw-in play that was so surely coming after that. South was helpless.

Obviously, if West had kept his diamond queen, he would have been thrown in and forced to lead a club.

By Alex Raymond

**KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED**

WHO'D EVER THINK LITTLE DOUG WOULD MURDER ANYONE? HIS INNOCENT APPEARANCE FOOLED ME TOO!

OF COURSE THAT BROWN STAIN IN HIS CAR MAY NOT BE HUMAN BLOOD... I'LL RADIO HEADQUARTERS AND HAVE IT ANALYZED.

MEANWHILE WE'LL WATCH THE RACE AND PARTICULARLY "DUAL" DOUG!

By Zane Grey

**JOE PALOOKA**

DO YOU MIND IF I USE YOUR PHONE, MR. BERKE? GILDA!! WHY DON'T YOU USE THE PAY STATION, HONEY... HULLO, COME!

I HADTA RESERVE THE BRIDAL SUITE AT TH SURFIDE... AN MY FRIEND MR. KNOBBY WALSH ARE BEING MARRIED, CAN YOU WAGNE THE PUBLICITY?

W-WHAT? W-WHY, YA, YA KIDDIN'!

A INDIVIDUAL DON'T KID ABOUT AN INSTIGATOR AS IMPORTANT AN SACRID AS MARRIAGE, MR. BERKE... DOES THIS RING AN LICENSE LOOK LIKE KIDDIN'!

B-BUT, GILDA... HAVE A COAK.

By Ham Fish

**DOTTY DRIPPLE**

TAFFY! WILBERT! WE'RE BUILDING ANOTHER BATHROOM ONTO THE HOUSE!

THAT'S RIDICULOUS! WE'VE GOT A BATHROOM!

BUT WE HEARD YOU CAN GET AN EXTRA \$1000 FOR A HOUSE WITH TWO BATHROOMS-

BAM-BANG!

YOU'D THINK DADDY COULD USE A THOUSAND DOLLARS!

By Bufa

**BRINGING UP FATHER**

I MUST GET TO GOGAN'S PLACE-HE'S GIVIN' A COME-OUT PARTY-DUGAN JUST GOT CUTTA JAIL!

I'LL BE THERE IN 15 MIN!

NEWS FLASH! GOGAN'S PLACE JUST RAIDED! FIGHTING IS STILL GOIN' ON!

WELL, THE RADIO SURE GIVES YOU SERVICE!

By George McManus

**TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS**

YOU COME HOME TO SUPPER WITH ME, THEN... NO!

KITCHEN PRIVILEGES?? WHAT'RE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT? WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' IN OUR KITCHEN?!

WHAT AM I DOING HERE?? I JUST RENTED A ROOM IN THIS HOUSE FROM THE BOY AND GIRL LEFT IN CHARGE-AND PAID TWO WEEKS IN ADVANCE!!

YOU WHAT???

WELL, I'M NOT HUNGRY-SO I'LL GO HOME WITH YOU ANYHOW!

By Edwin

**HENRY**

GYM MECHANICAL HORSE

By Carl Anderson

**TILLIE THE TOILER**

THOSE MEN ARE LEAVING. NOW I CAN TAKE TILLIE HER CHICKEN!

HERE'S YOUR CHICKEN, TILLIE!

I WAS UNDER THE DOCK, AND MR. TUPPER JUST TALKED FOOD, FOOD, FOOD!

COME OVER HERE WHERE YOU WON'T BE DISTRESSED BY SUCH TALK!

I LOVE YOUR GOWN AND ME LIKE A BEACON!

LET'S GO TO THE STRAIGHT-COMBER! AT THEATER OR WE CAN DANCE!

By Harry Hoenington

**PENNY**

I'M WRITING A NOTE TO GIVE THAT CATHERINE A PIECE OF MY MIND, AUNT ELLEN!

TROUBLE?

ALL SAY SHE'S GOING TO ASK BRUZ TO TAKE HER TO THE DANCE SATURDAY! I'M TELLING HER TO SHOW SOME PRIDE AND NOT TRY TO BOSS BRUZ.

I'M GOING TO TELL HER IT'S ENTIRELY UP TO BRUZ TO CHOOSE BETWEEN US OF HIS OWN FREE WILL.

AND THAT SHE CAN HAVE HIM SOME DANCE IN OCTOBER.

By Harry Hoenington