

Provincial Public Service EXAMINATIONS

Examinations for applicants for positions as Stenographers in the Provincial Public Service will be held in the Prince of Wales College on Wednesday, the 2nd day of June, 1948, at the hour of 9 A.M. Standard Time.

Persons intending to take the above examinations may obtain application forms from the undersigned. These forms must be completed and forwarded to reach Mr. Arthur H. Peake, Chairman, Board of Examiners, 90 Great George Street, Charlottetown, not later than Saturday, May 29th, next.

Dated at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, this 12th day of May, 1948.

J. W. MacKINNON,
Deputy Provincial Secretary.

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.

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



(By Thornton W. Burgess)

THE LOYAL ONE

Loyalty will all things dare
For the loved one in its care.
—Old Mother Nature.

Lightfoot the Deer was feeling out of sorts this May morning. He lay in a quiet retreat deep in the Green Forest where he seldom disturbed, for few ever came that way. Except at night he seldom left there, and then only for food and water. He had two very good reasons for this. Any way he considered them good reasons. One was that he was ashamed to be seen without the crown of antlers of which he had been so proud, and which Old Mother Nature had taken from him in the winter. There was no real reason for him to be ashamed, none at all. It was just his foolish pride. A king who has lost his crown probably feels much as Lightfoot felt.

The other reason for feeling out of sorts on a lovely morning was that new antlers were well started and were growing so fast that they took some of his strength. The top of his head was tender and felt uncomfortable. He had to take constant care not to hit those velvet knobs on his head against anything, for to do so hurt. The weather was getting warm during the days, too warm to move about.

A sound reached him that caused him to lift his head to listen. It was a faint sound, made so by distance. Even so Lightfoot didn't like it. He shook his head angrily.



He stepped out of that retreat of his

By J. R. Williams

"A Dog in the Green Forest," he grumbled. "I hate Dogs. I wonder whom that one is chasing? He stood up and set his ears to catch all the sound. He shook his head again. 'It isn't Reddy Fox,' he grumbled. 'I can tell by the way that Dog is running. He is chasing a Deer or any name isn't Lightfoot. This is no time for a Deer to have to run for life. It is too warm for running. I hope it isn't Mrs. Lightfoot that Dog is chasing.'"

The thought that it might be was disturbing. He began to be anxious. He knew that Mrs. Lightfoot had babies hidden somewhere he didn't know where. That was her business, not his even though they were his babies as well as her's.

There were other Deer in the Green Forest. Perhaps it was one of those that Dog was after. Probably it was. That is what he tried to think, but somehow his feeling of uneasiness grew. From being a little anxious he became really worried. The sound of that Dog's voice steadily grew louder. That had but one meaning, that the chase was coming his way. He wasn't afraid. Even though the Deer being chased should pass close to his retreat he would not be noticed. The Dog, with his nose filled with the warm scent of the one he was following would have neither eyes nor ears nor nose for any one else. All Lightfoot need do was not be noticed to remain perfectly still. He knew it and he intended to do just that. He wasn't afraid, but he was annoyed.

He heard a crashing in the brush. Some one was coming and running hard. A Deer came into view a very tired Deer. It was Mrs. Lightfoot. She was panting. She was very, very tired. In her eyes were terror and despair. Behind her came that barking Dog and a big silent one. They were not yet in sight of Mrs. Lightfoot, but they soon would be.

Lightfoot didn't hesitate. No sir, he didn't hesitate. He stepped out of that retreat of his. In an opening that Mrs. Lightfoot had crossed he waited long enough to be sure those Dogs saw him. Then he bounded off in another direction from that taken by Mrs. Lightfoot. The Dogs having him in sight, followed him as he had been sure they would. Then he ran faster and soon was out of their sight. But he had left a fresh trail easy to follow, and the steady barking behind him told him that those Dogs had been fooled into chasing him. Mrs. Lightfoot was safe.

How he did wish he had those wonderful antlers with many points that had been his in the autumn and early winter. Even that big Dog would have hesitated to face those. When he had worn that fighting crown he had also had strength. A successful fighter must have strength. Now he had neither weapons, save his hoofs, nor fighting strength, for the new antlers now growing made him feel weak, compared with the strength that had been his. But he had courage. To do what he had just done for Mrs. Lightfoot required more real courage than would have been needed to fight those Dogs had he had his antlers and strength. He was a loyal mate.

The next story: "Feet and Wits Work Together."

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

THE WRONG FEAR

South's loss of the grand-slam contract in today's deal was a case of misdirected fear.

South, dealer:
Neither side vulnerable.
♠ J 10 6 2
♥ 9 5
♦ K 8 4
♣ A K 2
N W E S
♠ 8 5 3
♥ 7 4
♦ J 9 2
♣ Q J 10
♠ K 7
♥ A K Q J 10 9
♦ A
♣ 7 5 4 3

The bidding:
South West North East
1♥ Pass 1♠ Pass
4♥ Pass 4NT Pass
6♥ Pass 6NT Pass
7♥ Pass Pass

North-South were not using a conventional four-notrump bid, and therefore North's call over four hearts was a very strong hand. South correctly leaped to six hearts at this point, and when North confirmed and compounded his previous show of strength by bidding six notrump, South ventured to the limit, depending on his obviously titling spade king to solidify North's suit.

The final contract was sound enough, but South made a fatal error in the play. West opened the club queen. Dummy's ace won, and without further ado South drew the outstanding trumps. He cashed the diamond ace and the spade king, then, not being able to look at West's hand and see his spade queen, he led to the spade ace and ruffed a third round of the suit in the hope of driving out the queen. Unfortunately for him, however, West still had the spade queen guarded and from that point on declarer was helpless.

It is obvious that South was afraid to lead two rounds of spades before drawing trumps, because of the possibility that the second round would be ruffed. What he overlooked was, however, that he was incurring an even greater danger by failing to use all of dummy's entries for the establishment and reaching of at least one in count on dropping the spade queen in three leads of the suit—provision should be made for one more round. Thus, the right line was to lead no more than one high heart from the South hand, then to cash the king and ace of spades and to ruff a third round high. Then go back to the heart nine and ruff another spade, keeping a club for entry.

SAVING

Some time in the life of a man, an urge comes to him that he must make a big effort to save. He may have been paying house rent for ten, yes twenty years, and it never dawned upon him that he has paid enough in rent to build a splendid house for himself. Did it ever occur to you that \$40.00 a month rent for twenty years amounts to \$96,000. You paid that much and what have you got for it? If you build a house, you have your home, and you can always make improvements, they are yours, but you pay rent indefinitely and what have you. Why not stop this, buy a building lot, that is the first start to make. If you cannot build this year convert your lot into a vegetable garden. It will pay you good dividends. The undersigned has a number of desirable building lots, some situated Upper School Street and Upper Prince St. and Allen Street—Others in the city, and a splendid new street is under construction by the city

VON CLURE GAY
Upper Prince & School St.

BINGO
Holy Redeemer Hall
TONIGHT
8.30
The prizes are the same as those prevailing at other Bingos in the city.
For Charitable Purposes

Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford MacBride

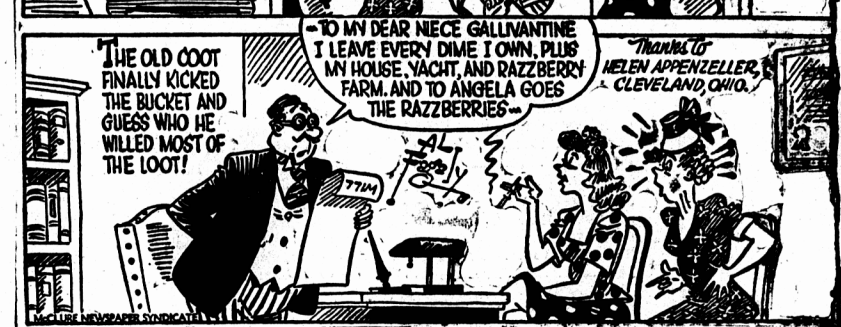
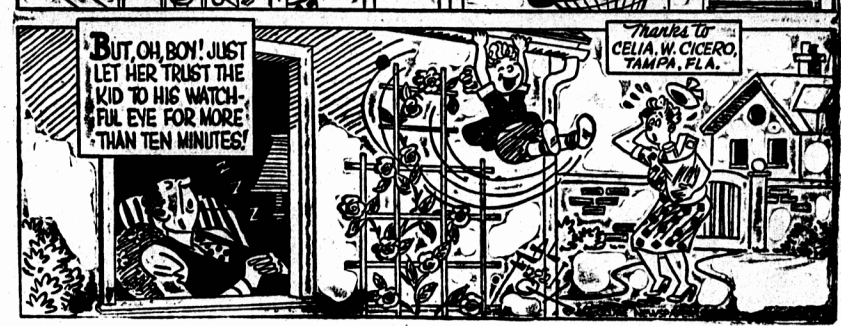


GOLLY, MAYBE THAT'S AN EAGLE'S NEST UP THERE. GUESS I'LL SHAKE THE TREE.

EGAD, MARTHA! WHEN THE GREAT ART CRITIC SIR BASCOM REUBENS, ARRIVES, I'LL TRY TO LURE HIM TO THE HOUSE FOR A MEAL. IF HE APPROVES MY PAINTING, IT'LL BRING A LARGE SUM! COULD WE HAVE SOME DELICACY FOR HIM, SUCH AS JUGGED HARE OR PATE DE FOIE GRAS?

THERE OUGHTA BE A LAW!

By Fagaly and Shorten



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

Major Hoop



OUT OUR WAY



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

MUST ALL GREAT MEN HAVE DRAW-BACKS?