

**PARKDALE PLAYERS**  
Present  
**"MAMA'S BABY BOY"**  
A three-act comedy  
AT YORK HALL  
FRIDAY, JUNE 4th  
at 8:30 P.M.

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ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL  
HALL  
**THURSDAY, JUNE 3rd**  
8 P.M.  
A.Y.P.A. Drama Festival  
Finals  
Tickets 40 Cents

**ITINERARY**  
REV. E. R. MacWILLIAM  
Field Secretary for the Maritime  
Temperance Federation  
will show moving pictures:  
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2nd—  
Graham's Road  
THURSDAY, JUNE 3rd—  
Vernon  
FRIDAY, JUNE 4th—  
Pownal  
SUNDAY, JUNE 6th—  
Marshfield, Hampton, Bedesque  
SHOW FREE  
Come All and Welcome!

**BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES**

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

**AN APPETITE LOST**  
Who fails to fully count the cost  
May find his appetite is lost.  
—Reddy Fox.

Far away Sammy Jay was screaming as he so delights to scream when he sees a chance to warn his neighbors. The hunters are abroad in the Green Forest. Reddy Fox always tries to keep out of Sammy's sight when out hunting. Mrs. Lightfoot heard Sammy. Somehow he sounded more excited than usual. He had twice as excited as usual. He had spied Reddy Fox and Mrs. Reddy with him.



"When those two hunt together it must be something special they are after," thought Sammy. Then because he wanted to find out at this was so, he kept his tongue still. Keeping the two foxes in sight he silently followed them. He kept to the trees of course, and was very sly and clever about it, taking care that they should not even suspect that they were being followed.

Mrs. Lightfoot knows Sammy well. More than once both she and Lightfoot had been warned in the hunting season of hunters with dreadful guns and just where they were. More than once she had seen Sammy flying silently from tree to tree as he followed some one. She guessed that he was doing this now, and that was why he had stopped screaming.

"Probably he saw Reddy Fox. It is two days since Reddy was here and it is about time for him to pay us another visit. He isn't one to give up trying just because he failed once," thought she.

So Mrs. Lightfoot wasn't at all surprised when she saw Reddy. For a moment or two he stood still looking over to the thicket in which Mrs. Lightfoot was standing, then over at the fallen tree-top beneath which she knew he thought her babies were hidden and then back to her own hiding place. Slowly, with many glances in her direction, he moved toward that fallen tree top. She waited until he was close to it, then dashed out at him just as she had done the other time.

Reddy dodged and ran as he had before, but not just as he had then. That time he had been surprised. This time he wasn't. He was ready and only pretended to be surprised. This time Mrs. Lightfoot didn't chase him for more than a few quick bounds before stopping. Reddy stopped too. He pretended to try to get to that tree-top by making a dash as if to try to pass her. It was a bluff for he knew that he couldn't get past without being hurt. He was only trying to provoke her into chasing him so that she would be led away from that tree-top to give Mrs. Reddy a chance to slip under it unseen. He pretended to be hurt and limped. Mrs. Lightfoot stamped her feet as if about to chase him, but she didn't go more than a jump or two from that tree-top. She was pretending too. She was making Reddy more and more sure that her babies were somewhere under the top of that old tree.

All the time Mrs. Reddy was watching. She was lying flat under some low hemlock branches waiting for a chance to slip under that tree-top to look for the fawns hidden there as was Reddy. Only a mother protecting her babies would act like that. If only she would chase Reddy.

But she didn't chase Reddy. She did no more than stamp threateningly and make a jump or two, then return close to that tree-top. Mrs. Reddy didn't get a chance to slip under it. Reddy became bolder and bolder, more and more daring as he tried to provoke Mrs. Lightfoot to chase him. Then it happened. He ventured a little too bold. He ventured a little too near. Mrs. Lightfoot was a little too quick. One of her sharp-edged hoofs

So Mrs. Lightfoot wasn't at all surprised when she saw Reddy struck him. Fortunately for him it was only a glancing blow. Even so it hurt, and the pain of it made him yelp. This time when he ran he really limped. There was no pretending about it.

Mrs. Lightfoot saw it and chased him. He heard those hoofs thudding at his heels and right then he lost his appetite. Yes sir, he lost his appetite. He wasn't hungry for baby Deer any longer. Despite his hurt leg he ran as he seldom had run before. He was running for his life and he knew it.

Meanwhile Mrs. Reddy slipped under that tree top and began a hurried search for those helpless babies. She hadn't lost her appetite.

The next story: "Mrs. Reddy's Good Guess."

**CHARLOTTETOWN FIRE DEPARTMENT**  
Presents  
**HOLY NAME MINSTRELS**  
**EMPIRE THEATRE**  
MONDAY, JUNE 14, 1948  
8:15 P.M.  
Admission 50 Cents  
Tickets on Sale at Reddin's, Old Spain, Ray's  
BUY EARLY - - - - LIMITED CAPACITY

**"REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM"**  
IN  
**HEARTZ MEMORIAL HALL**  
ON  
**JUNE 3rd and 4th**  
**TRINITY Y. P. U.**  
Directed by MRS. RUBY HOULE, C.D.A.  
Admission 50c  
Curtain 8:30 P.M.  
NO TICKET SALE AT DOOR  
Tickets at Milton's Old Spain

**Napoleon and Uncle Elby** By Clifford MacBride

**Contract Bridge**  
By Josephine Culbertson

**TOO EASY TO FOOL!**  
In today's deal, East was almost incredibly glib!

South Dealer.  
Both sides vulnerable.

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

The bidding:  
South West North East  
Pass Pass 1 ♠ Pass  
1 ♠ Pass 4 ♠ Pass

West cashed three heart tricks then shifted to a low club. Needless to say, South was not pleased. With three tricks already lost, and two from that tree-top. She was pretending too. She was making Reddy more and more sure that her babies were somewhere under the top of that old tree.

Poker-faced, declarer proceeded to promote just such a miracle! After winning the fourth trick with the club ace, he purposefully led three top diamonds from dummy, and (as he had hoped) East fell into the net. Convinced that declarer was about to discard one or more losers on the diamond suit, East's bells rang and he trumped the third diamond with the spade five. Declarer overruffed with the spade seven, then laid down the spade king and led to the ace. The queen, jack and fell ingloriously, and the contract that had been so hopeless was now "home!"

East's ruff of the third diamond was (to put it as kindly as possible) rather foolish! A declarer does not lightly permit the defenders to ruff away his tricks; hence the fact that South did lead

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**HARRY MAKES A HIT!**

LOOK! THE SWELL TRANSFER PICTURES!  
OH BOY! THEY'RE KEEN! WHERE'D YOU GET THEM?  
THEY'RE FREE! YOU GET 2 TRANSFERS IN EVERY PACKAGE OF KELLOGG'S PEP! THERE'S 64 DIFFERENT PICTURES!  
OH BOY! SPORTS - DOGS - BUTTERFLIES - PLANES!  
WHY DON'T YOU SAVE PEP TRANSFERS? THEN WE COULD TRADE! IT'S FUN!  
I'M GOING TO ASK MOM TO GET ME PEP. I WANT TRANSFERS TOO, OH BOY!  
FREE! 2 TRANSFERS in every package of Kellogg's Pep!  
Send no money! Send no box tops! The Pep Transfers are ABSOLUTELY FREE! 2 in every package of Kellogg's Pep. Pep tastes so good too! Get Kellogg's Pep now and save the Transfer Pictures. There's 64 in the set. Planes, Butterflies, Dogs and Sports. All in color! Ask mother to order Kellogg's Pep from her grocer.

**JOE PALOOKA** By Ham Fisher

THERE'S THE BELL... WILL YOU WAIT HERE... CONTROL YOURSELF, MR. PALOOKA... PLEASE DON'T SAY A WORD AS SHE ENTERS.  
YES, DOCTOR.  
YES, DOG... OF COURSE.  
TO THE THOUSANDS OF READERS WHO HAVE WRITTEN THEIR OWN FEELINGS ABOUT ANN AND JOE'S SEPARATION, TO OUR NEWSPAPERS FOR THEIR GRAND EDITORIALS, THE RADIO AND HANG, THE COLLEGE AND THOSE CITIES WHICH ACTUALLY HAD CIVIC CELEBRATIONS DECLARED AT THE TIME OF JOE AND ANN'S IMPENDING MARRIAGE... THANK YOU, THANK YOU! THANK YOU!  
HELLO DEAR... ANN!! OH!!  
HELLO, TOMY... YOU SEEM STRANGE... IS ANYTHING WRONG...  
By Ham Fisher

**DOTTY DRIPPLE** By Buford

DADDY WERE YOU REALLY PROUD OF ME WHEN YOU BROUGHT ME HOME FROM THE HOSPITAL... LIKE YOU SAY?  
WHY OF COURSE DOTTY!  
WHY YOU WERE THE PRETTIEST BABY IN THE WHOLE HOSPITAL...  
--AND YOU'VE BEEN A WORLD OF PLEASURE TO YOUR MOTHER AND ME EVER SINCE--  
WELL, DADDY--IS ALL THAT PLEASURE WORTH 32 CENTS FOR A COUPLE OF SODAS?  
By Buford

**BRINGING UP FATHER** By George McManis

ALL RIGHT--MAGGIE--SEND YOUR COUSIN OVER AND I'LL GIVE HIM A JOB--I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE ONE OF YOUR FAMILY WORKING--  
SO YOU'RE MAGGIE'S COUSIN-- ARE YOU A STEADY WORKER?  
SURE AM--I HAVEN'T MISSED A DAY'S WORK IN THE LAST TEN YEARS--  
BY GOLLY--THAT'S A RECORD TO BE PROUD OF! BY THE WAY--WHAT WERE YOU DOING?  
I WAS DOING TEN YEARS--  
By George McManis

**HENRY** By Carl Anderson

SHOE REPAIR

By Carl Anderson

**TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS** By Edwin

SO YOU'VE COME TO JOIN THE SHOW?  
HE SAYS HIS FATHER'S MOTHER DON'T CARE WHAT HE DOES!  
NO--THEY DON'T CARE-- OR THEY WOULDN'T BE SO MAD--  
COUNTA WE DRESSED UP IN MRS. WAXWELL'S NEW COAT AT MOM'S PARTY--BUT WE DIDN'T HURT IT A BIT, AN THEN WE--  
WELL, WE MIGHT USE HIM IN OUR ACT--"SH, AL?  
OH, TIPPY, CAN YOU PERFORM, TOO--  
By Edwin

**RIP KIRBY** By Alex Raymond

OH, CHARLIE! YOU DO REMEMBER, DON'T YOU? YOU REMEMBER OUR GAME!  
OH, CHARLIE! YOU DO REMEMBER, DON'T YOU? YOU REMEMBER OUR GAME!  
KING! HEARTSEASON! TO SEE A MOTHER TRYIN' TO MAKE FRIENDS WITH HER OWN KID, BUT THE LITTLE GUY'S SHININ' UP TO HER, AIN'T HE T?  
WHAT A TRAGIC TRIANGLE WE'RE IN! SOMEBODY'S HEART MUST BREAK!  
HE'S HAD ENOUGH ENTHUSIASM FOR ONE DAY... AND YOU'LL SEE HIM AGAIN TOMORROW... DON'T YOU THINK YOU'D BETTER GO NOW?  
IN JUST A FEW MINUTES WE'RE HAVING SUCH FUN!  
By Alex Raymond

**KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED** By Zeno Gray

GOOH! THE LITTLE VIXEN KNIVED ME...  
MY LEG! GO BACK, HUSBAND, I CAN STILL HELP KINGS-- I-I THINK--  
KING! WHERE ARE YOU?... DOG, THE HAT, IT'S TOO LATE!  
By Zeno Gray

**THE TOILER** By Web:to

OH, THERE'S A HAMBURGER PHONE FROM THERE!  
I DON'T WANTA GO TO THE HAMBURGER JOINT! BAW! BAW!  
NOW PLEASE BE QUIET, JERRY.  
MAGGON IS CAUGHT! YOU SEE THERE WAS A CALF, AND SERRY THOUGHT IT WAS A BEAR... AND--  
BAW! BAW! BAW!  
BAW! BAW! WHAT'S THAT ABOUT A CHERRY AND A PEAR?  
By Web:to

**PENNY** By Harry Moonigan

UGH, MOTHER, THIS IT'S A VERY STUFFY TASTE! EXPENSIVE DEW CACI!  
WELL, I WOULDN'T GIVE A DIME FOR A BARREL OF THIS ICY GOO--  
IT'S NAME IS PATE/DE FOIS GRAS-- PLEASE CALL IT THAT!  
WELL, I WOULDN'T GIVE A DIME FOR A WHOLE BARREL OF...  
WHAT DID YOU SAY THEY CALL THIS ICY GOO?  
By Harry Moonigan