ZION CANDLE LIGHT
SERVICE
WEDNESDAY, DEC. 15
8 P.M.

SACRED MUSICALE
St. Paul's Church.
Sunday Evening, Dec. 12th., 1948.
8.30 P. M.
St. Paul's Church Choir
and
St. Paul's Church Junior Girls' Choir
EVERYBODY WELCOME
SILVER COLLECTION
Under Auspices of St. Paul's Church Boy Scouts

CLOVER CLUB
DANCE
EVERY SATURDAY
Al Blanchard and the "Clover Club" Band
Admission—75c Dancing 9:30 to 12:00
For reservations Phone 1222—Between 5 p.m. and 7 p. m.
Phone 478-L
Reservations held until 10:30 p. m.
SATURDAY NIGHT IS YOUR DANCE NIGHT AT THE CLOVER CLUB

NOTICE
All Fox Furs which have been left here by customers, over a period of months and not paid for, or called for, will be sold for balance due, within two weeks.
THIS IS FINAL NOTICE
BETTS FUR SALON

DAILY FREIGHT SERVICE
HALIFAX TO PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
(To and From Any Point)
CHARLOTTETOWN 'PHONE 1722
Rowlings The Mover
FURNITURE MOVING, STORAGE AND CRATING
LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE MOVING
All Loads Insured
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Charlottetown to Sydney — Monday, Wednesday and Friday
Freight service Saint John and Moncton to Prince Edward Island
Tuesdays and Thursdays
Saint John 'Phone No. 3-6052 Moncton 'Phone 9232

ATTENTION
FARMERS NEAR CHARLOTTETOWN
We have found it necessary to put a concrete foundation under the Charlottetown warehouse. This work should be completed by the 14th. Then we will be buying daily all varieties of potatoes at current market prices graded or field run.
FRANK B. CLARKE
President,
Clarke Produce Association Ltd.

ATTENTION
POTATO LOADERS AT ANY STATION IN
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
We have completed our purchases for the boat of seed loading in Saint John December 15th. The next boat will be around the 27th. We should know it's requirements by Thursday at noon, December 9th.
Remember they must be in PIPPIN brand bags supplied by us. I appreciate that the volume went up considerably the last boat. Let us double it the next one.
FRANK B. CLARKE

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

THE TIMID YOUNG MOUSE

To scorn all timid folk be slow;
They may be wiser than you know.
—Old Mother Nature.

Three young Meadow Mice had gone out into the Great World together, two brothers and a sister. When they had left the snug home under some brambles, just inside the dear Old Briar-patch it hadn't entered their small heads that they never would see it again. They had started out adventuring on the Green Meadows, intending to go only a little way. They had found many little paths. Mouse paths, through the grass. These twisted and turned and wound this way and that way. They crossed and recrossed. When the three little wanderers thought about going back home they couldn't agree in which direction home was. So they parted company and started off in three directions and all wrong. They were lost.

They didn't mind much. It was time for them to be looking for homes for themselves. They were about four weeks old. Yes, sir they were about four weeks old and felt quite grown-up. And, strange as it may seem, they were. Mose babies like the babies of the feathered folk, grow fast. A day in their lives may be to them, what the greater part of a year is to us. They had much, very much, still to learn, but it really was time for them to be out on their own dependent on no one but themselves.

Now the three were quite different in character, as brothers and sisters so often are. One was bold. That is, he was bold for a Mouse. He was full of self-confidence. One was careless and heedless. But Little Sister was timid, very, very timid. She was born that way.

"She is afraid of her own shadow," declarer one brother scornfully.

"She'll jump out of her own skin one of these days if she doesn't watch out," squeaked the other as he startled Little Sister by creeping up behind her.

"There is no sense in being afraid all the time," declared the bold one.

"I don't care. If I am afraid all the time I'll always be afraid at the right time, at the time when I should be afraid. I'll live longer," retorted Little Sister.

"Pooh!" said Bold Brother.

"Pooh!" said Careless Brother.

"Anyway I was born that way, and I can't help being timid. Being afraid when there is nothing to be afraid of isn't going to hurt me, but not being afraid when there is danger might be dreadful," said Little Sister and seemed to shiver at the thought.

"Pooh," squeaked Bold Brother

"Pooh squeaked careless Brother.

So it was that when they separated one went his way boldly and one went his way carelessly and Little Sister went her way with fear and trembling as timid a small person as ever ran along a little path through the grass of the Green Meadows.

Now none really knew much about the dangers of the Great World, of whom to be afraid and of whom there was no need to be afraid. Bold Brother was too bold What became of him Reddy Fox could tell if he would. Careless Brother paid no attention to Butcher the Shriks and so didn't get very far in the Great World. But Little Sister went her timid way. Every step was adventure. Every step was a thrill. Even though she had seen nothing and no one to be afraid of she still was afraid. She was afraid that at any moment she might see them.

So she moved along rather slowly and very carefully. You know it is difficult to be careful in haste. When she heard an unknown sound, even a very small one she stopped and listened her heart going pitapat, pitatapat, as she tried to decide whether or not that sound was a warning of danger, which it seldom was. When the little path she was following branched, or another path crossed it, she was very, very careful to make sure that no one was in sight on one of those other paths. Only when she was sure did she go on her way. When a shadow moved across the path ahead of her she didn't wait to find out who or what made the shadow, but slipped into the grass and kept very still until there was no longer a moving shadow. She was a very very timid small person, was Little Sister but she was still in the Green World when Bold Brother and Careless Brother had left it.

CHIEF CAUSES OF DEATH

Cancer and heart disease are the nation's No. 1 and 2 killers.

Contract Bridge
By Josephine Culbertson

FAVOR FOR FAVOR

The declarer in today's deal was given a chance for his contract by inept defense—but he ended up by losing an extra trick!

North dealer.
North-South vulnerable.

North: ♠ K 7 ♥ A K J 9 6 ♦ Q 9 3 2 ♣ K 3
West: ♠ 10 8 4 ♥ Q 10 5 3 ♦ A 4 ♣ J 9 7 2
East: ♠ 9 ♥ 8 3 ♦ K J 8 7 ♣ A Q 10 5 4
South: ♠ A Q J 6 5 3 2 ♥ 7 4 ♦ 10 5 ♣ 8 6

The bidding:

North	East	South	West
1 ♥	2 ♦	2 ♠	Pass
2 NT	Pass	4 ♠	Pass
Pass	Pass		

North might have made three notrump, but he also might have been badly defeated at that contract. If East opened a diamond and West shifted to a club, the defenders could take the first eight tricks against notrump.

South also should have been defeated at his four-spade contract — and was! — but at least West gave him a chance. He opened the diamond ace and, when East played the six, neglected to observe that the six was the lowest diamond in the deck (after declarer followed suit with the five-spot). So West led another diamond. East was now in with the jack, and the best he could do was return a low diamond in the hope of setting up a trump trick for his partner.

The third diamond lead was ruffed high by South, who probably delighted at being given a chance for his contract through West's failure to shift to clubs, decided to go out for the establishment of the heart suit. He cashed the ace and king of hearts and led a third round. East promptly ruffed in with the nine of trumps, and South unwisely over-ruffed with the spade queen. This meant that he could neither set up a heart nor keep West from winning a trump trick with his 10-8-4 and as a consequence the contract went down two tricks!

After the defenders' failure to collect their club tricks, South's best chance was to take out the trumps and then to risk the heart finesse. This was a better "percentage play," than his actual handling of the heart suit.

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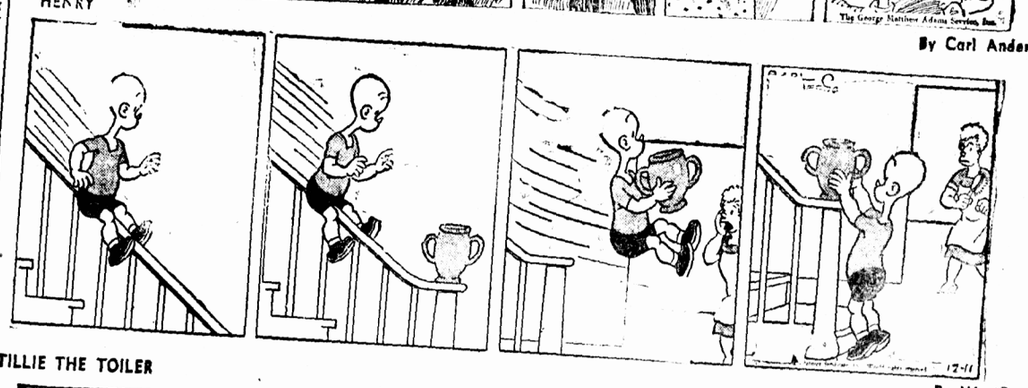
JOE PALOOKA — By Bufford

DOTTY DRIPPLE — By Bufford

BRINGING UP FATHER — By Ham Fisher

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS — By George McManus

HENRY — By Carl Anderson



TILLIE THE TOILER — By Westover

PENNY — By Harry Haenigsen

RIP KIRBY — By Alex Raymond