

PROVINCIAL DRAMA FESTIVAL FINALS  
EMPIRE THEATRE  
TUESDAY, JUNE 1-8.15 p.m.

See the Winners of County Play-offs  
Compete for Final Honors.

ADJUDICATION by MR. DONALD WETMORE

Presentation of Prizes

EVERYBODY WELCOME

ADMISSION 50c

PLEASE BE ON TIME  
Late Arrivals Seated Between Acts

3 ACT PLAY COMEDY  
"REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM"

HEARTZ MEMORIAL HALL

JUNE 3rd & 4th

Directed By

MRS. RUBY HOULE, C.D.A.

Admission 50c

Tickets on Sale at Milton's Old Spain

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

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

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

HEAVY WEEK-END TRAVEL  
MONTREAL, May 26 — Air travel in Canada reached a new high last Friday as Canadians took advantage of a long week-end to travel. Anson C. McKim, vice-president of traffic, Trans-Canada Air Lines, announced here today.

With Canadians across the nation making the most of the Victoria Day holiday, extra sections were operated on many T. C. A. routes. The domestic service revenue for last Friday is the highest ever shown by T.C.A. for a similar period.

Napoleon and Uncle Elby By Clifford MacBride



BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



(By Thornton W. Burgess)

BUSTER TAKES A NAP

He is the master of his fate  
Whose self-control can watch and wait.

—Old Mother Nature

There are times when the wisest thing one may do is to do nothing. And there are times when doing that is the hardest thing one can do. Only those with self-control succeed.

Under the Brushy top of a big fallen tree lay two of the prettiest little folks in all the Green Forest. Watching from a thicket a short distance away was their mother, Mrs. Lightfoot the Dear. And sniffing about close to that tree-top was great big Buster Bear. If Buster should find those pretty babies—well, he hadn't found them yet, and unless he went poking about under that tree-top he might not find them for he didn't know they were there and so wasn't looking for them.

Perhaps you can guess how Mrs. Lightfoot felt as she watched Buster Bear prowling about. She wanted to do something to draw Buster away from that tree-top. She felt that she must do something. But she was wise enough to know that there was only one thing she should do, and that was the hardest thing she could do—do nothing. And that is just what she did do. She just stood there without moving, watching and waiting. If she should show herself and try to draw Buster Bear away he would guess at once that she had babies hidden somewhere near and would look for them.

Down inside Mrs. Lightfoot was saying over and over, "Go away. Go away. Go away." Any mother in her place would have been saying that. But Buster didn't go. He is one of the most happy-go-lucky people in all the Great World, is Buster Bear. He seems not to know that he is going to do, nothing that he is going to do, nothing that he must do but find his food. Most of the time that is not difficult for he eats all sorts of things, meat and fish and insects and roots and berries and acorns and beechnuts—whatever happens to be in season or easiest to get. He has no one to think of but himself. He doesn't know his own children when he happens to see them. He is that kind of a father. So he wanders about doing whatever pops into his head to do.

Buster didn't go away. Two or three times it looked as if he was going to, but each time he changed his mind. He returned to that fallen tree-top and sniffed around it and Mother Lightfoot's heart seemed to come right up in her throat as she watched. At long last Buster did make up his mind to do something, but it was the last thing in the world

Mrs. Lightfoot wanted him to do. He decided to take a nap right there by that tree-top. He yawned a couple of times as he looked for the most comfortable spot. When he had found one to suit him he lay down and in a few minutes was asleep. While his eyes were closed his ears were open. Of course, as a rule all the Green Forest and Green Meadow folk sleep that way. It would take only a slight noise to waken Buster Bear.

Poor Mrs. Lightfoot. All she could do was to stand there in her thicket, waiting and watching and hoping and worrying. Those precious fawns were so near Buster Bear that if they made the least sound it would be likely to waken him. She couldn't see them, but she knew just where they were and what they were doing. They were lying with necks and heads pressed close to the ground keeping perfectly still. They must have heard Buster Bear sniffing about and grumbling to himself, and they must have been filled with both wonder and fear. They must have wanted to lift their heads and look to see what was making those strange sounds, but fear kept them still. And they must have wanted their mother. They must want her now.

Supposing that now all was still over there they should move and rustle leaves, or one of them should call! It was a dreadful thought. How mother longed to go to them. And all she could do was watch and wait and hope and worry.

It was Croaker the Raven who finally wakened Buster Bear. Buster got up, yawned, shook himself, looked up and growled at



While his eyes were closed his ears were open

Croaker, who was jeering him from the top of a tree. Then Buster wandered away. Such a long breath as Mrs. Lightfoot drew as he disappeared. She waited until Croaker had taken to his black wings, then slipped over to comfort those precious fawns.

The next story: "Reddy Fox Knows."

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

A BAD PERFORMANCE

East's performance was very poor in today's deal.

East dealer.  
Both sides vulnerable.  
East-West 60 on-score.

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

The bidding:

East	South	West	North
1 ♠	2 ♠	2 ♠	Pass
Pass	3 ♠	Pass	Pass
3 ♠	Pass	4 ♠	Pass
Pass	Pass	4 ♠	(Final bid)

In view of South's double of three spades, West might have made a more inspired opening lead than a low spade, but it is only fair to point out that West could not assume that his partner lacked the ace, queen and jack of the suit. Be that as it may, the spade lead, with East unfortunately (but naturally) putting up the king, resulted in three quick spade tricks for declarer, who was not slow to get rid of dummy's heart. Whatever South may have ruffed a heart and returned diamond from dummy, East could have repaired some of the damage by going in with the ace and shifting to his singleton club, but, evidently a slave to the "rule" of "second hand low" East ducked, and that was the end of the defense. Actually, West laid down the club ace and led a second round, but when East ruffed! he was using the diamond ace, which was not a decided advantage!

The first mistake was in the bidding, when East, in over-calling three diamonds, failed to show his distribution. It is true that West had raised spades, but this was no argument whatever against a three-heart bid by East, giving West the choice between the two suits. Had this bid come from East, West would have doubled, four diamonds to begin with, and even if he made that bad decision, he certainly would open hearts, in which he had a high supporting card.

The second error, of course, was in East's failure to put up the diamond ace on the first lead from dummy and shift to the singleton club.

**TIRED FEET**

Soothe them with  
**MINARD'S LINIMENT**

35c

Put on freely and rub quickly. Relieves. No greasy residue. No odor.

By Alex Raymond

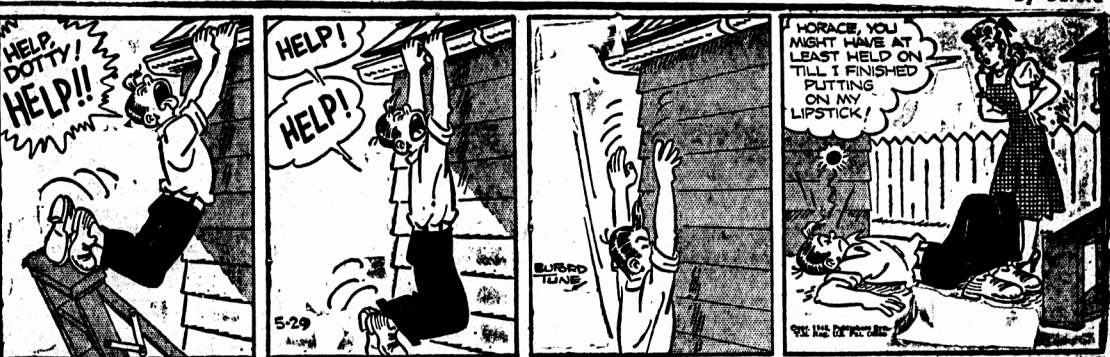
KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



JOE PALOOKA



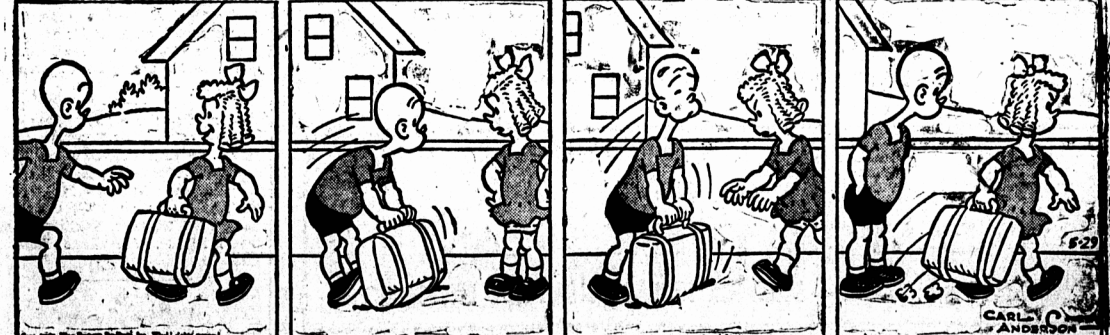
DOTTY DRIPPLE



BRINGING UP FATHER



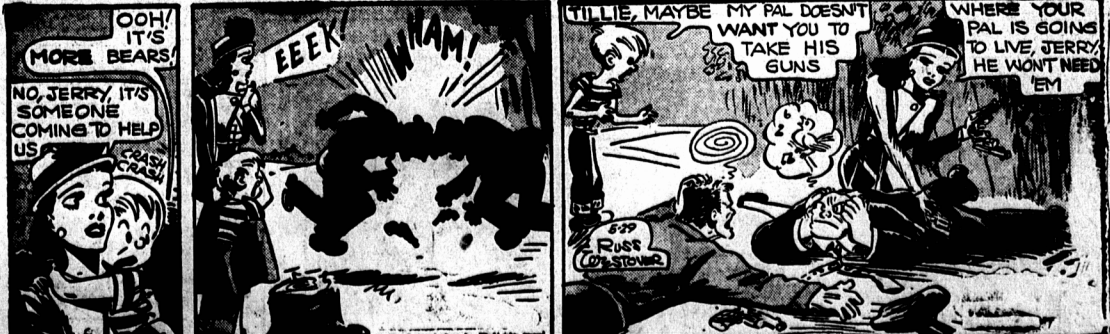
HENRY



TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS



TILLIE THE TOILER



PENNY

