

### ODD FELLOWS ATTENTION

The Odd Fellows of Charlottetown are holding an Old Members Night, on Monday evening, July 5th, at 8 P.M. in the hall.

All Odd Fellows, visiting or otherwise, are cordially invited to be present.

A good programme is being arranged

J. D. WEBSTER  
Secretary No. 8

G. ARTHUR CUDMORE  
Secretary No. 27

### ATTENTION

P. E. I. TRUCK OWNERS' ASSOCIATION

A meeting will be held in the LABOR PROTECTIVE UNION HALL on TUESDAY, JULY 6 at 8 O'CLOCK.

RATES OF PAY WILL BE DISCUSSED  
All Members are requested to Attend

### LOT 65 PICNIC

TUESDAY, JULY 6th

SUPPER SERVED FROM 4 TO 8

GAMES and REFRESHMENTS

12 Miles From Charlottetown

### OPENING TUESDAY, JULY 6th

THE

### SEA FOOD MARKET

Corner King Square and Weymouth Street  
FRESH COD, HADDOCK, HALIBUT, HAKE and MACKEREL  
LOBSTERS and OYSTERS IN SEASON  
C. O. D. ORDERS ACCEPTED

McASKILL & BENTLEY

Phone 293-J.

### LIVE POULTRY

We are now offering another shipment of Live Poultry for U. S. A. market.

Producers who have Heavy Live Fowl for sale please list same at once.

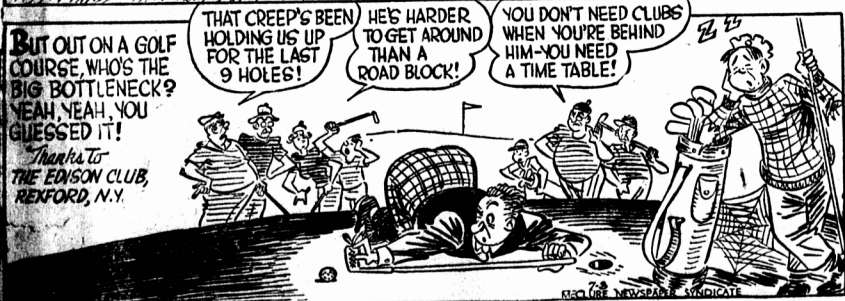
### Island Chick Hatchery

55 QUEEN ST.

CHARLOTTETOWN

### THERE OUGHTA BE A LAW!

By Fagaly and Shorten



### BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



(By Thornton W. Burgess)

### THE SCANDAL GROWS

The worse a scandal is the more does gossip love to talk it over. —Old Mother Nature.

"Have you heard what Sally Sly did?" Kitty the Catbird asked Welcome Robin.

"I don't believe it. She wouldn't dare do that," declared Welcome Robin.

"Tut, tut, tut, tut! Don't you believe me, Welcome Robin. That Cowbird would dare leave one of her eggs in any nest if she thought she could do it without being seen. She's a sneak that Sally Sly, and a sneak dares do anything when sure of not being caught at it. She's smart enough not to be caught. I'll say that for her. But we Wrens fool her. She doesn't leave any of her eggs with us. She can't even get her head through a doorway that we can slip through with ease. That's one reason we like to nest in a house with a small doorway. Don't tell me she wouldn't dare lay an egg in Scrapper's nest if she had the chance. Tut, tut, tut, tut!"

"What did the Scrapers do when they got back and found that eggs with holes?" asked Mrs. Robin, who had been listening.

"As I heard it, Mrs. Scrapper didn't notice that egg at first. It wasn't until she laid another egg herself that she noticed anything wrong," said Kitty the Catbird.

"What did she notice then?" Melody the Wood Thrush wanted to know.

"The nest seemed crowded. At least that is what I hear. She looked at the eggs and there was one more than she recalled having laid. She looked the eggs all over. One seemed a little different from the others. She knew right away that it wasn't hers. Then she remembered having heard that Sally Sly had been seen in the neighborhood, and right away she knew that strange egg was Sally Sly's explained Kitty.

"What did she do then?" piped Redeye the Vireo.

"I know what I would have done!" interrupted Mrs. Robin.

"What would you have done?" This was from Winsome Bluebird.

"I would have thrown that egg right out of the nest. I have done that very thing, and I'll do it again if she ever tries that trick on me again," declared Mrs. Robin with a toss of her black head.



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"How should we know until you

### Wisdom's Gate

By Margaret Ayer Barnes  
CHAPTER III

"Hello, sweet," Albert said. Cicely turned to look at him. He was smiling on the threshold commanding the radiance that he always had for her.

"Oh, come in, darling. How was Dad at breakfast?"

"He was all right. Very affable, really. Bertie wouldn't eat his applesauce. I think your mother's going to spoil the children."

"She won't, Albert. This is just the first morning."

Her eyes summed him up as he approached the bed. A handsome young man little and slim waisted not very tall, so smartly attired in a well cut, double-breasted, dark brown morning suit that he barely escaped the dapper in appearance.

But he did escape it, by virtue of his grace and his extreme good looks which were of the type that seem "foreign" to an American eye, thus making smart clothes on a young and virile man appear a shade less foppish Mediterranean sunshine, preserved down the ages, warming the Jewish blood of his American-born mother, shone in his smiling eyes.

He sat down on the bed's edge and kissed her on the cheek lightly not importantly. "You spring from a race of Puritans, but you're not one, thank God!"

"Was this, she wondered, a subtle commendation of her prudent taciturnity on the subject of Audrey Diston?"

But he was going on. "Your family point the same moral as undeviatingly as a church steeple. Underneath their civility they're just where they were when we left, them five years ago. They still disapprove of us. Can you explain it? It's so tiresome."

"Well—they cared terribly." For indeed they had.

"Didn't we care terribly?" The words were softly spoken. Cicely basked in their glow. It was like a fire, warming every inch of her.

"We did." He corrected her with the sweetest gravity. From her pillows she stared at him, jealous of his thoughts, proud to remember that she had never come nearer to referring to his deflection than in the silence of that moment. Albert, she hoped, was totally unaware that it had ever troubled her.

### NOTICE

The annual meeting of the Masonic Temple Company will be held in the office of E. R. Brow & Son, 144 Richmond St. on Wednesday the 14th day of July proximo, at 7 o'clock p.m.

J. B. BROW, Secretary.  
Charlottetown, P.E.I., June 29th, 1948.



The morning sunshine. The drive neatly raked and the bright red barberry bushes and the bare-boughed oak trees with a few brown leaves clinging to them. The white clipboard stable beyond. A garage it was now, remodeled with two wide doors, but Cicely had played in its hayloft. As a matter of fact, though not very often, Albert had played there too. He had come out with his parents for an occasional Sunday luncheon—so long ago now, more than twenty-five years—and she and Jenny and Steve had never liked him. They had thought him a sissy; his mother's petted darling, too pretty, too tidy. But his school had changed all that—and then Harvard and the war—and then Belle and Ox-

ford—and after that the embassies. "I hate suburbia," said Albert presently. Then, "The Middle-West's a funny place," as detachably as if he hadn't been born in it. "I'd like to take a train to the world's end, right after Mother's luncheon."

### OUT OUR WAY



"YOU'RE GOING TO IMPROVE IF YOU'RE LIVING UP TO THE DIET AND EXERCISE LIST I GAVE YOU! IF YOU'RE NOT I'LL KNOW BY THIS!"



"GOOD GOSH, MA, HURRY UP! THEY'LL HAVE TH' SKYROCKETS, ROMAN CANDLES AN' PIN WHEELS ALL SHOT OFF—HURRAY UP!"

"I AM HURRYING! DO YOU THINK I WANT A LINE UP HERE?"

### Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson  
WELL BID AND PLAYED

Today's declarer brought home his slam contract by making a nice distinction between the two long suits at his disposal.

North dealer  
Neither side vulnerable.  
Match-point duplicate.

North 106  
East 106  
South 106  
West 106

South made the shrewd selection of six notrump so as to be able to cash in either his own long club suit or North's long diamond suit, as the opportunity developed. Also because this was match-point duplicate there was great advantage in landing in notrump.

West opened the heart nine. Declarer ducked in dummy, thus insuring two heart tricks for himself and captured East's jack with the ace.

Now, since a diamond break would easily give South thirteen tricks, he investigated that break by playing two rounds, but when West showed a stopper, South decided that he would not put his trust in a club break either, and he led the heart queen from dummy, giving up a trick in order to establish his own heart ten.

East, having taken the heart trick, could have put South to a difficult guess by returning a club then and there, but he chose to lead back a spade. South won, cashed the heart ten, discarding a diamond from dummy, then cashed his two other spade tricks, ending in dummy.

South now had an excellent "count on the hand." West had shown six hearts, four diamonds and two spades, hence could have only a singleton club. This meant that East had started with five clubs, and it further meant that there was an overwhelming probability that the missing Jack was among East's five clubs. So, at the end declarer took the club finesse to his own ten-spot, thus fulfilling the contract.

700 LANGUAGES  
Some 700 different languages are spoken by the tribes of Africa.

### RIP KIRBY



By Alex Raymond