

DANCE
Sunnyside Ballroom
Every Monday, Wednesday,
Friday and Saturday
Eastern Rhythm Days
ADMISSION—35c
Meet your friends there
tonight

STARTS to work
in 2 seconds

EASE neuritic
neuralgic PAIN
ASPIRIN

GENUINE ASPIRIN IS
MARKED THIS WAY

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

Be bold, but do not overdo it. For then you may be forced to rue it.

—Old Mother Nature.

In the soft twilight, the half-light between daylight and dark, a great Moose stood on the shore of Paddy the Beaver's pond. He was young, but not too young to have a set of antlers to be truly proud of. And he was proud of them. He was proud, too, of his size and his strength, so proud that he wanted nothing so much as to prove to all in the Green Forest that he was one of the mightiest of the mighty and feared no one. The way to do that was to fight. That is the usual way in which might is proven. And so there on the shore of Paddy's pond he belowed and grunted a challenge to any within hearing daring them to come fight him.

Watching him from out in the water Paddy the Beaver and Mrs. Paddy admired him and thought of Flatthorns the great Moose who had spent the summer near their pond, and who now had the greatest crown of antlers they could remember ever having seen. They wondered if he was within hearing.



For many minutes he stood without motion but for his big ears.

For many minutes he stood without motion but for his big ears. "He heard something. Did you?" murmured Mrs. Paddy. Paddy shook his head. "His ears are better than ours," said he. Just then the stranger Moose began to tear up the ground with his long, pointed and sharp-edged hoofs, and to beat and break the neighboring bushes and young trees with his antlers. He was showing what he would do to any one who would dare to fight him. He made a lot of noise doing it. After a bit he stopped to listen. The silence that followed was finally broken by the sound of some one in the distance crashing through brush and fallen trees. Even at that distance the listeners knew that only some one very big and heavy could make so much noise.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

CHOOSING THE RIGHT PLAN
It is usually wiser for a declarer to set up a long side suit for discard than to cross-ruff losers—but there are many exceptional hands. Today's was one of these exceptions.

North dealer.
Both sides vulnerable.

J	A	AQ43
A	K	7
10	8	5 4 3
K	9	2
10	3	2
7	10	3 2
6	5	4
3	2	3

The bidding.

North	East	South	West
1♠	Pass	2♠	Pass
2♠	Pass	3♠	Pass
3♠	Pass	4♠	Pass
4♠	Pass	5♠	Pass
6♠	Pass	Pass	Pass

The fact that six clubs was a sound contract was more a matter of good luck than good bidding. North could not know that South was going to "fill" the diamond suit—South might have had the spade king instead of the diamond king, and then there would have been two losers, a spade and a diamond.

West opened the deuce of hearts. The ace won, and South decided to establish the diamond suit for spade discards. To that end, he drew three rounds of trumps, then cashed the diamond king and led the jack.

West's failure to follow the second diamond was a shock to the declarer, who now was in a hopeless position. It would take two ruffs to drive out East's queen and nine of diamonds, and dummy was no longer supplied with the entries to lose all three of his spades!

This, most decidedly, was a hand that called for the ruffing of losers—apades, of course—rather than a suit-establishment plan! Surely, there was only the remotest danger that either defender had started with singleton heart—and, aside from that, success was assured by merely leading the spade jack at the second trick. Suppose East won and returned a trump—as good a defense as any. South would simply win in his own hand, ruff a spade, lead to the diamond king and ruff his last spade, then cash the heart king, ruff a heart high, and draw trumps.

King of the Royal Mounted

GOOD MORNING, KING! BREAKFAST IS READY!

HOW DID YOU SLEEP?

FINE, DOC... BUT I AWOKED ABOUT MIDNIGHT... THOUGHT I HEARD A SCREAM!

IT MUST HAVE BEEN A DREAM!

THAT'S WHAT I FIGURED... OH-OH!

JOE PALOOKA

THERE'S JOE PALOOKA... LET'S GO OVER... TO MEET HIM!

I AIN'T LETTIN' YA GO ALONE!

HOWDY, JOE... I'M FREDDIE RUSSELL... WE WERE GONNA UP TO THE SIGNING... THIS IS MY MANAGER, CHIP OWENS.

WELL, I'M GLAD TO MEET YOU, FREDDIE... AND YOU, CHIP, NICE OF YOU TO COME OVER. MEET KNOBBY WALSH.

WHY DON'T YOU SIT DOWN AND HAVE LUNCH WITH US AND WE'LL GO TO THE SIGNING TOGETHER.

AHH... SORRY... NO THANKS A LOT... WE'VE ALREADY ORDERED. SEE YOU AT THE PROMOTORS' OFFICE.

HENRY

OH BOY! I'M GETTING TO WORK EARLY THIS MORNING!!

HEY, CHUCK! MARK! ADELE! COME AND SEE DRIPPLE!!

IT'S BEEN THERE ALL MORNING!

DOTTY DRIPPLE

OH BOY! I'M GETTING TO WORK EARLY THIS MORNING!!

HEY, CHUCK! MARK! ADELE! COME AND SEE DRIPPLE!!

IT'S BEEN THERE ALL MORNING!

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUB

BUT, MR. SPIKE...

EXCUSE ME... I-UM...

USED TO HAVE A BUMBLE FURNACE... NEVER GAVE ME A BIT OF TROUBLE.

MR. SPIKE!

SLAM!

WHY, WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, WILLIE??

NO!

MILT TOOK HIM DOWN TO SEE THE FURNACE!

BRINGING UP FATHER

WHAT IN THE WORLD HAS COME OVER DADDY LATELY?

I WISH I KNEW HE IS CRANKY AND MEAN—AND AS STRONG AS AN OX—I'M AFRAID TO SPEAK TO HIM—I'LL LOCK HIM IN HIS ROOM WHILE WE'RE AWAY.

OH! SO MAGGIE HAS LOCKED ME IN—H-H-H!! I'LL ATTEND TO THAT!

WELL—I'M GOING TO DINTY'S—AN THAT LOOKED DOOD RIGHT NOW FOR A SWIG OF THAT "LIPPER-ATOM" MIRACLE MEDICINE!

TILLIE THE TOILER

HOW IS NOISSONNE'S DRESS DESIGN COMING ALONG, MISS JONES?

SLOWLY BUT SURELY.

I DON'T LIKE THE WAY NOISSONNE IS MAKING THAT WAISTLINE.

Neither does Loisone. Perhaps if Madame went on a diet.

PENNY

PENNY, WHY ARE YOU EATING WITH YOUR FINGERS? WHERE ARE YOUR MANNERS?

FINGERS WERE MADE BEFORE FORKS, MOTHER.

YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT, DEAR, AND FORKS WERE MADE BEFORE MOVIES!

DICTATOR! SHE'S NOTHING BUT A DICTATOR!

FARM FOURM MEETINGS

FARM FORUMS AWAY ON MONDAY, OCTOBER 31st

National Program CBA 8:30 to 8:55, Provincial Forum News and Market Report CFCY 8:55-9:20.

These Broadcasts are useful ONLY if followed by Group Discussion and Action.

Sponsored on the Island jointly by your Federation and Department of Agriculture.

Regional Meetings are being held next week to make final arrangements for broadcasts and local discussion groups.

These are "Planning Sessions" for representatives from last year's Forums, Women's Institutes, Co-operatives, Junior Farmers' and other community groups. All interested rural leaders from surrounding areas are cordially invited.

What market information do you prefer? How can these Farm Broadcasts be improved? What help do you need to get a Forum started in your community? Come and let us know.

Mr. Joseph Galway, National Farm Forum Secretary will be present, and the Junior Farmers' in each area will be hosts at those meetings.

EAST ROYALTY HALL, FRIDAY 21st.
ST. PETER'S LEGION HALL, MONDAY 24th.
BLOOMFIELD HALL, TUESDAY 25th.
CENTRAL LOT 16 HALL, WEDNESDAY 26th.
CLYDE RIVER HALL, THURSDAY 27th.
FREETOWN HALL, FRIDAY 28th.
VERNON RIVER HALL, MONDAY 31st.

All Meetings at 7:30 P.M.

P. E. I. FEDERATION OF AGRICULTURE

KEEPS HANDS DRY ENDS STOOPING...

chan SPONGE MOP

MOPS WAXES CLEANS

MADE AND GUARANTEED BY **O-Cedar** OF CANADA LIMITED

Sponge Head comes off in a jiffy

Just spin off 2 little wing nuts and attach refill instantly. So easy a child can do it.

Buy several refills for special-cleaning and waxing jobs.

SPONGE REFILLS \$1.49 each

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR A DEMONSTRATION

LIL' ABNER

OH, YES, I AM! I'LL CATCH ANOTHER RIDE RIGHT NOW!

YOU AIN'T GOIN' NOWHERR! NOT WITHOUT ME, RIB!

WHAT GOES ON HERE, RAC!

AL KIRBY

IT'S SWEEPING THE COUNTRY?—FIVE HUNDRED GAMES MADE THE HIT SIMPLE—WONDER WHO'S KICKING HER NOW—JUST A LITTLE LOVE, A LITTLE KICK—KICK ME, KATE—AND, WILL YOU KICK ME IN DECEMBER AS YOU DID IN MAY?

TH' TELLY PHONE COUSERS ARE APPROPRIATE IN HER'S ONE, FLY HERE'S OFFICIAL?—HE WANTS SIX DRESSED LIKE WEST BUCK, PERLER!

HERE THEY COME!

AL CAPP

CRAZY KID! SHE'S RUN AWAY AGAIN! HERE'S YER DOUGH... I GOTTA GET HER BACK TO HER FOLKS!

BY AL CAPP

AN HERE'S ONE FIM WERTSROCK PERLER, HE WANTS SIX DRESSED LIKE WEST BUCK, PERLER!

WALE WANTS FIFTY FIFTY, DRESSED LIKE HARVARD HEAP!

HARVARD WANTS FIFTY FIFTY, DRESSED LIKE WALE PERNER!

WE PUTS 'EM ALL IN APPROPRIATE COSTUME ACCORDIN' TO THE ORDER!

HERE THEY COME!