



George Noel Milford

Son of Mr. and Mrs. George Milford of Liverpool, N. S., who graduated from Dalhousie University this week with his degree of Master of Science. Noel also received his B.Sc. from Mount Allison a few years ago and now leaves for Sydney where he has secured a good position. Congratulations and best wishes.

### BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



(By Thornton W. Burgess)

#### FEET AND WITS WORK TOGETHER

He wins who is not only fleet But quick of wit as well as fast. —Old Mother Nature.

Lightfoot the Deer and Mrs. Lightfoot had seldom seen each other of late. They had been together all through the long winter but with the coming of warm weather of late spring they had parted company. No, they had not separated for good. It was nothing like that. They hadn't quarreled. Each had felt the need of a sort of vacation, and so they had parted for a time, each seeking a quiet retreat.

Lightfoot wanted to be alone where it was quiet and he was not likely to be disturbed. He wasn't feeling good. He was irritable and cross. No one feeling like that wants others around. Moreover,



"I am not going to run any more than I must," thought Lightfoot as he bounded along through the Green Forest.

He didn't like being seen by others not even Mrs. Lightfoot, while his new antlers were growing to replace the beautiful crown he had lost in the winter. The new ones would be beautiful by and by, but they were not beautiful now. They were short, thick, knobby things that didn't look as if they even would become anything at all like the many pointed, polished weapons that he had lost. The truth is, he was ashamed of his looks. That was, as it always is, just foolish pride. So he wanted to be alone.

It was for quite another matter that Mrs. Lightfoot was by herself. She was guarding the most precious of all secrets, helpless babies really alone, for she kept away from those babies except when feeding them, watching over them from a distance. She knew where Lightfoot was, and he knew the neighborhood where she was living, but not just where those pretty spotted little fawns were hidden.

Now on this beautiful May morning Lightfoot was running for his life with two Dogs on his trail seeking to kill him, and all because of his loyalty to Mrs. Lightfoot, whom those outlaws in the Green Forest had driven until she was almost ready to drop. She had tried every trick she could think of to break her train, but without success. Had she purposely run past Lightfoot's retreat, hoping he would help her? He didn't know. He didn't care. He had seen her need and had come to her aid. Now her trouble was his trouble, and there was no one to help him. He knew it. He had known it when he had placed himself between her and the Dogs.

He wasn't much worried at first. To begin with he was fresh, while both Mrs. Lightfoot and the Dogs had run long and hard. So he knew he could keep well ahead of those Dogs for a long time. But he didn't feel like running. It was too warm to run. He had to use care to protect those growing antlers from overhanging branches. To hit them would hurt. Even worse, it might hurt those antlers so that as they grew they would become out of shape.

"I'm not going to run any more than I must," thought Lightfoot as he bounded along through the Green Forest. "I've been chased by one of those Dogs before. He isn't easily fooled. He has a wonderful nose, and he knows how to use it. He knows, too, all the usual tricks. I've got to use my wits to save my legs."

So as he ran he turned over in his mind all the smart tricks he knew of, and he knew a lot. He was one of the smartest of the Deer folk in all the Green Forest. He thought of the Big River. He could swim across that, for he is a good swimmer despite his slender legs and small feet, not at all the right shape for swimming. But it was a long way over to the Big River. And those Dogs might swim across after him if they should reach to shore in time to see him before he got across and out of sight on the other side. He didn't feel like running that far.

### Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

#### A NICE POINT

A very nice point was involved in the proper handling of the trump suit in today's deal.

West dealer. Both sides vulnerable.

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

The bidding: West North East South 1 NT Dbl. 2 ♣ 4 ♠ 3 ♠ 4 Dbl. Pass Pass Pass

West opened the heart king. Dummy's ace was played, and, after studying the situation at some length, declarer ruffed a heart honor, to lead a spade toward dummy. West put in the six, and declarer, figuring that West's trump suit was not so strong as it looked, captured the king with the jack and quickly shifted to clubs. This let West cash two club tricks and the diamond ace, to defeat the contract.

On the bidding, declarer admittedly had to fear that West held both missing spade honors, guarded, but correct play was to provide against this possibility and at the same time to insure that East might not gain the lead with the spade jack if he had that card. The proper technique to achieve this dual purpose was to lead the spade seven from dummy and, when East played low, to duck in the closed hand. The king of trumps was well marked; if West could take this present trick with the jack, Declarer would have a virtually established finesse against West's remaining king-small; but if West had to take the seven-spot with the king — the actual case — South would have protected himself against the danger that actually developed, namely that East could get on lead.

Observe that this is the only means by which South can simultaneously provide for two contingencies, both quite possible. He cannot do so by leading a low trump or the queen toward dummy, because he cannot then discover precisely how the trumps are divided.

He wouldn't unless forced to. Then, as he stood listening to the voice of the barking Dog behind, it came to him what to do. He had been sure that there was no one to help him, but now he had thought of some one who could, and he was sure would. He chuckled down inside as he turned and headed for the edge of the Green Forest. He didn't hurry. He wanted those Dogs to be close behind him. Yes, sir, that is where he wanted them to be, and he meant them to be. He was heading for the Old Pasture. He was sure his wits would save his feet.

(By The Canadian Press)

LONDON — (CP) — Twins were born at London Zoo Lil, West African Mollolli Galajo, a small monkey-like animal.

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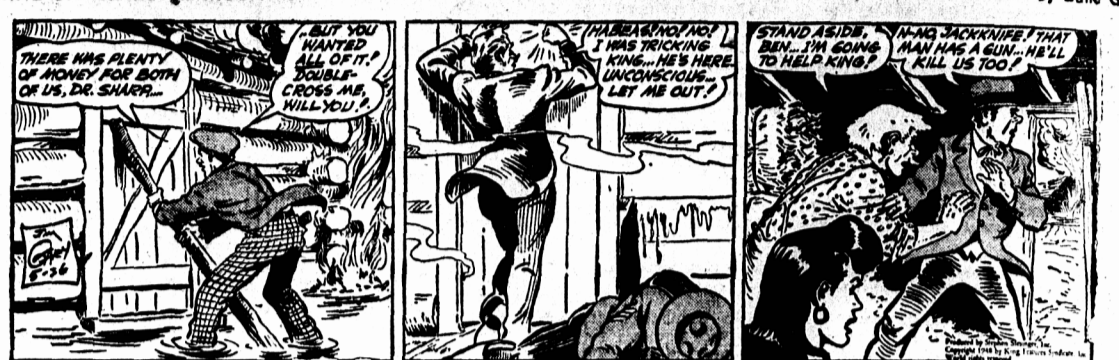


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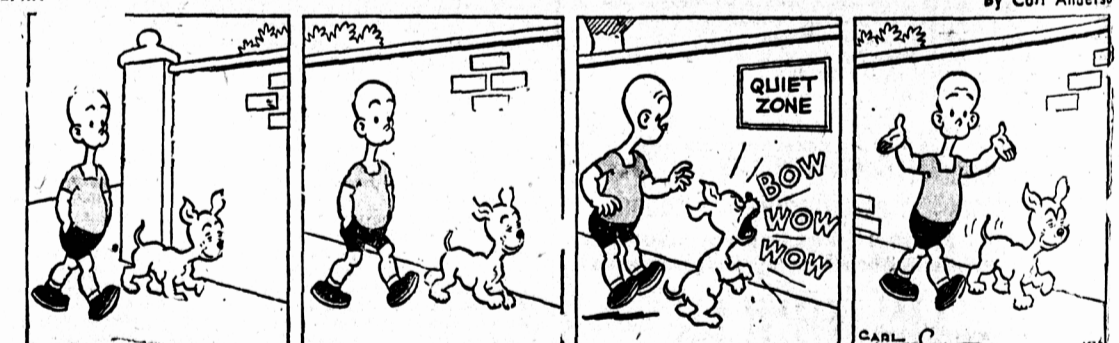
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