

ANNUAL MEETING
 The Annual Meeting of the Queen's County Progressive Conservative Association will be held on
WEDNESDAY EVENING, NOV. 9
 AT 7:45 in the
CLOVER CLUB
 Grafton Street, Charlottetown
REAGH BAGNALL,
 President.
NOTE change of date from Tuesday, Nov. 8 to **WEDNESDAY, Nov. 9.**

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

Hot Chicken Supper
CORRAN BAN HALL
 Wednesday, Nov. 9th
 Supper served from 4 to 9
 Dance After
 "Melody Boys" Orchestra

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND PUBLIC SERVANTS ASSOCIATION
DANCE
V CLUB—TUESDAY, NOV. 8th
 Admission 25c
 Tickets Sold at Door.

THE NORTHERN LUNCH RESTAURANT
 Upper Queen and Chestnut Streets
 in Charlottetown
 is now operated by
A. C. MacGARVILLE
 We serve Hot Sandwiches, Cold Sandwiches, Steaks and Chops.
 Our Specialty: "FISH AND CHIPS"
 Also Fountain Service
 We would appreciate your patronage at all times.
ALSO ORDERS TO TAKE OUT

ISLAND MOTOR TRANSPORT LTD.
FALL SCHEDULE CHANGES
EFFECTIVE MONDAY NOV. 7

8:00 A.M. Trip—L.V. Summerside for Charlottetown Discontinued.
 10:10 A.M. Trip—Leave Charlottetown and 12:01 Leave Summerside for Tignish Discontinued.
 10:10 A.M. Trip will only go to Summerside and Borden.
 Afternoon trip for Souris and Elmira will leave Charlottetown 4:30 P. M.
 1:30 P. M. Trip to Wood Islands and Murray River will operate Sunday only. — Leave Murray River 4:47 P. M. Sunday only; arrive Charlottetown 7:05 P. M.
 Morning Run to remain same.
 8:00 A.M. Trip via Bonshaw for Borden and Summerside Discontinued.
 8:15 P. M. Lv. Charlottetown via Bonshaw will not go into Borden this trip; will go via Scaurietown Corner to Summerside, arrive Summerside 5:15 P. M.
 11:15 A.M. — New Through Trip via Bonshaw will handle local traffic to Borden and Summerside. Ar. S'ide 1:05 P. M.
FOR FURTHER INFORMATION
PHONE 248 CH'TOWN PHONE 560 S'SIDE.

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)
A JOKE ON BLACK PUSSY

Life is ever playing jokes. Now and then one that provokes. —Old Mother Nature. Black Pussy goes hunting for the same reason that most two-legged hunters in the Green Forest and on the Green Meadows must. Black Pussy is another who doesn't have to hunt. He has plenty to eat at Farmer Brown's house. His hunting is done wholly for fun-so-called sport.

This lovely fall day Black Pussy had gone hunting on the Green Meadows. Quite by accident he had found Nimbleheels the Jumping Mouse, on his way to winter home for the long sleep called hibernation. Black Pussy had caught many Mice as he thought he knew all about them. They always ran for a tiny place. He expected this one to run and was ready. Instead of running Nimbleheels jumped. And what a jump! Black Pussy jumped, too, but too late. His jump was short, much too short. Never was there a more

He felt sure Nimbleheels hadn't come out.

surprised Cat. He never before had seen that kind of a Mouse, a Jumping Mouse.

For a few minutes there was a lively scene there on the Green Meadows with some long and fancy jumping on the part of Nimbleheels, and some frantic rushing about by Black Pussy. He could only guess, and always guess wrong, which way that Mouse would jump next. The last Black Pussy saw of Nimbleheels was the end of his long slender tail disappearing in a small hole in the ground, a hole just big enough for a Mouse. Nimbleheels had safely reached his winter home in the ground.

So this is where that Mouse lives," thought Black Pussy as he sniffed at the small entrance. His whiskers twitched at the strong Mouse smell. "He'll come out again. I'll just keep quiet close by where he can't see me when he peeps out to see if the way is clear. They all do it sooner or later. All I have to do is to be patient."

So Black Pussy settled himself comfortably in the grass close by the hole, ready to spring on that Mouse when he appeared. More times than he could remember he had watched in just that way beside Mouse holes in Farmer Brown's barn and sooner or later had caught a Mouse. Anyway if this Mouse didn't come out again today there were other days coming.

Now that winter home that Nimbleheels had prepared was near the dear Old Briar-patch although Peter had not known it. It happened that he saw the exciting game of hide-and-seek between Nimbleheels and Black Pussy. Peter is a good jumper himself, but the jumping he saw then made him feel as if he were no jumper at all. He had watched Black Pussy poking about near the place where he had last seen Nimbleheels and finally settle down there to watch.

"That's where his hole is!" thought Peter. "I hope he will have sense enough not to come out again while that Cat is around. It will be just too bad if he does come out."

Then Peter remembered something. Nimbleheels had told him that very day that he was sleepy and was going to bed to sleep all winter. He had yawned when he said it. He had bidden Peter good-by. Could it be that it was his winter home that Nimbleheels had gone into? If so, Black Pussy would have a long, long wait. Peter chuckled at the thought. What a joke that would be!

Peter grew sleepy watching Black Pussy and began to doze. Now and then he would waken long enough to look over to see if Black Pussy was still there. At long last he opened his eyes to find Black Pussy nowhere in sight. Sure the way was clear, Peter went over to look for the entrance to the home of Nimbleheels. Because he knew now just where to look he had no trouble in finding it even though it was partly hidden by overhanging grass. He felt sure Nimbleheels hadn't come out.

The next day Black Pussy was back there watching that hole. He was there for a while the next day and the next. He was nothing if not patient. Every day Peter watched him and chuckled. He was sure now that Nimbleheels was asleep for the winter. That Cat would have a long wait. There was no doubt about that. What a joke!

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Cuberton

REGARDING SLAM INVITATIONS
 There are cases in which a player cannot afford more than a vague slam invitation—something like raising his partner's four-spade bid to five. This, however, should be avoided whenever specific information can be given or a specific "question" can be asked. Let's look at a deal:

South dealer
 Both sides vulnerable.

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

West opened the club ace—not that his selection mattered—and South could slam twelve tricks.

In the discussion that inevitably followed, North expressed surprise (and a little grief) over South's failure to carry the five-heart contract to a slam, arguing that South's excellent distribution fully warranted the final step. South was of a different opinion. He pointed to the fact that he was void in North's first-bid suit, diamonds, and he had had grave doubts about being able to dispose of his four losing spades. He had felt sure (he said) that North could not have the club ace, the heart king, and the spade king, and therefore, with one key card at least, in the hands of the enemy, the slam investment was not looked good. Above everything else, South insisted, he could not safely bid the slam without knowledge that North had some sort of spade fit.

Perhaps, as North felt, South should have bid the slam simply in the light of the information actually received, but there was certainly more than a grain of logic in South's caution! The fact of the matter was that North did not give the proper slam invitation! He had already given his preference for hearts over spades; that being so, if he wanted to carry on beyond four hearts (as his holding fully justified), the logical and constructive method was to bid four spades, instead of five hearts.

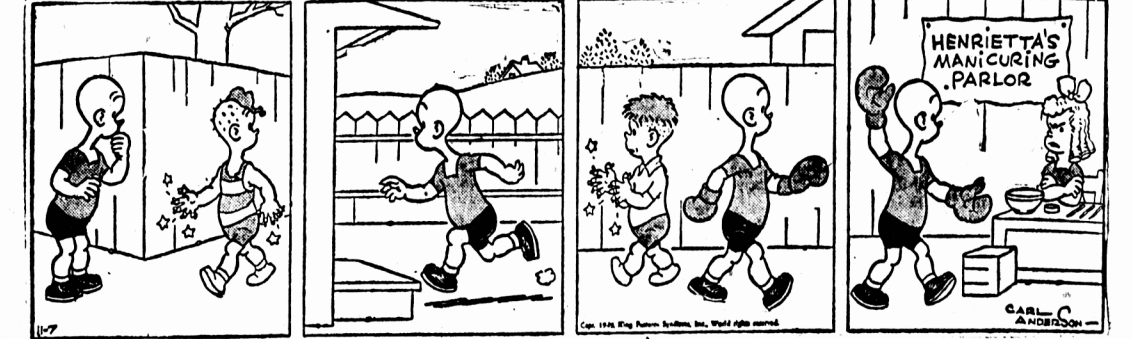
King of The Royal Mounted



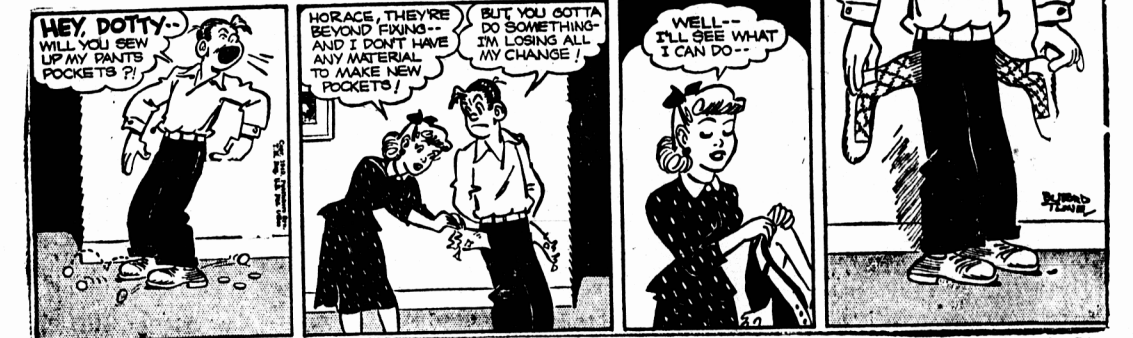
JOE PALOOKA



HENRY



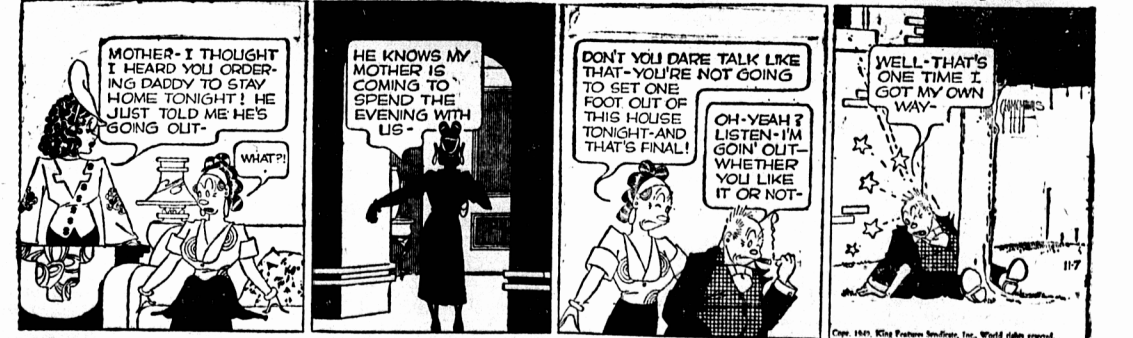
DOTTY DRIPPLE



TIPPY AND 'CAP' STUBB



BRINGING UP FATHER



TILLIE THE TOILER



PENNY



L'I' ADNER



FIFTEEN YEARS LATER--



KIRBY



By Alex Raymond

