BARN DANCE

EARL CARRIER'S
NORTH RIVER
THURSDAY, AUG. 4, 1949
8:30 P.M.

In appreciation of the assistance given to me by my many neighbours and friends following the fire last year.

Dancing - - - Orchestra
Canteen Services

DANCE

Sunnyside Ballroom
Every Mon., Wed., Sat.
Eastern Rhythm Boys
ADMISSION 35c
Meet your friends there tonight

Refrigeration
SALES and SERVICE
Repairs To All Makes
MOTORS
Rewinding and Repairs
ELECTRICAL
APPLIANCE
Repairs
Palmer Electric
PHONE 1444

In a 30-day trial period, La Rue Smith, Alberta's flying coyote hunter, killed 98 coyotes.

STANLEY BRIDGE W. M. S.

Mrs. Gough entertained the members of Stanley Bridge W.M. at the Manse, Cavendish, on July 26th. Meeting opened with quiet music by Mrs. Lorne MacEwen, followed by call to worship by Mrs. Green. Hymn 234 was sung. Scripture reading by Mrs. Hiscott and Mrs. Bell; prayer by members in unison.

The program "More Missionaries" was then taken up. Hymn 377 closed the devotional period.

Roll call was responded to by 14 members. Minutes and correspondence read. Mrs. Myers invited members for August meeting. Gifts or gift word chosen for roll call. Meeting closed by prayer. Collection $7.15.

• • •

The Ladies Aid held their meeting at the close of the W.M.S. The secretary reported proceeds from pantry sale $36.00, and it was decided to have another in Mr. Myers' store Aug. 27 at 3 o'clock. Also invited Kensington Young People to present their play.

Meeting closed with prayer. Lunch was served by committee and a social half hour enjoyed.

Because their young drop things, mothers of young robins, humming-birds, wrens and canvasback ducks place the food deep down in baby birds' mouths.

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

A RACE TO SEE

Who at his best has lost a race
Should never feel there's loss of face.
—Old Mother Nature.

Young Coyote and Swifty, his newly found mate, had prided themselves on their speed. They were fast, both of them. There was no doubt about that. But Swifty was the fastest. It was because she could run so fast that she was called Swifty. Young Coyote soon found that he couldn't keep up with her when she set out to show how fast she could run, but he didn't mind. He was sure that on all the Great Prairie only some of the Jack Rabbit folk could run faster. This was before they had seen Pronghorn the Antelope ant his band. Neither he nor Swifty had ever before seen an Antelope. There had been none of the Antelop people living near the homes in which they had been born and had lived until they were big enough to go out into the Great World.

"They certainly can run," said Swifty as they watched the startled band dash away.

"Do you think you could catch one?" asked Young Coyote.

"I don't konw, but I am going to find out the first chance I get," replied Swifty. "Of course I can't

They were running just as fast as Pronghorn and Swifty

if I have to start a long way behind. The trouble is going to be to get near enough to one for a fairly even start. Did you ever see such scary folk? Big as they are I believe they will run from their own shadows. I would like to see how fast they can run."

She had a chance the very next day. It was curiosity that gave her the chance. No one, not even Peter Rabbit, has more curiosity than the Antelope folk. Timid as they are, and they are very timid indeed, it seems that when they see something unusual, something they have never seen before and so have no idea what it may be they just have to try to find out.

Swifty was curled up on a low sandy mound enjoying a sun bath and nap. But while her eyes were closed her ears were not. Like the ears of so many others of Mother Nature's children they seem never to sleep, but are always on guard. What the sound that wakened her there had been some sound she was sure. Otherwise she wouldn't have wakened. The instant she opened her eyes she was a wide awake as if she hadn't been asleep. She didn't lift her head quickly for a look around to find out what had wakened her. She lay there without moving, just listening. When she did lift her head for a better look she did it so slowly that it wouldn't be noticed by the sharpest eyes. What she saw made her want to duck down again lest she be recognized. She didn't do it. She didn't move. Pronghorn himself was only a short distance away, his head held high as he stared at her.

In Pronghorn's big, dark eyes was a look of curiosity that told Swifty at once that he didn't recognize her; that he didn't know who or even what she was. Curled up as she was she didn't look like anything alive. She looked something like a big, round, almost flat stone, yet not exactly like a stone either. Pronghorn came a few steps nearer. He did it again. He was she didn't know, but that was quite near now.

Then Swifty saw a sudden change in those big, dark eyes. Suspicion tok the place of curiosity. Perhaps the wind had changed and his nose had done for her. This was her chance. In an instant he would be gone. She was on her feet even as he made his first hound to get away from there. Then began a race that was something to see. Yes, sir, it was a race to see. Those who did see it never forgot it.

Swifty got such a fast start that she was almost at Pronghorn's heels at first. She seemed to skim over the ground. Even so she got no nearer those flying hoofs in front of her. She ran a little faster. So did Pronghorn. She ran faster than ever she had run before. Pronghorn ran faster, too. And a little to one side the others of his band were running, too. They were running just as fast as Pronghorn and Swifty. Not one was falling behind.

That was a race! Yes, sir, that was a race to see! Young Coyote, watching it from a distance, stood up on his hind feet the better to see. If Swifty should win would it mean an Antelope dinner for both of them? If she lost how would she feel?

The next story: "No Way to Get a Dinner."

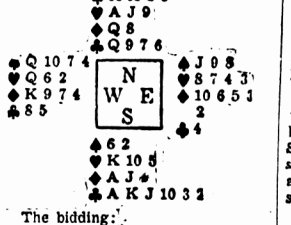
Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

Not Conservative Enough!

North thought he was being conservative when he failed to bid a grand slam in today's deal. As it happened, however, he found that he had gone a little too far in bidding even the small slam!

South dealer
North-South vulnerable



The bidding:

South	West	North	East
1 ♣	Pass	1 ♠	Pass
3 ♣	Pass	4 N T	Pass
5 ♥	Pass	6 ♣	Pass
Pass	Pass		

West opened the four of spades. The king won, and clubs were drawn in two leads, ending in dummy, then South tried the diamond finesse. West won and promptly returned a dimond—and now declarer was reduced to a guess for the heart queen. In a naive gesture to coax a misplay from the enemy, South led the heart ten, but West was not novice enough to cover, and South threeupon put the heart ace and took the finesse against East. When West captured this trick also, South complained loudly that he was the unluckiest of mortals in having lost two finesses out of two taken!

South was his own worst enemy in this deal for having put himself to a guess where none was actually needed! The line of play that was guaranteed to be successful was as follows:

The spade king takes the first trick, the opposing trumps are drawn, then South cashes the spade ace and ruffs a spade. He returns to a trump in dummy and ruffs away the last spade. Now he simply cashes the diamond ace and exits with the diamond jack! It does not matter in the least whether East or West wins this trick; either of those players, after taking the diamond, will have to return a heart, giving South a free finesse for the queen, or a diamond which permits South to discard a heart from either hand while he ruffs in the other hand.

(Distributed by King Features Syndicate)

LIVE STOCK EXHIBITORS

AT THE CHARLOTTETOWN FAIR

must have all show cattle blood tested for Bang's Disease

anytime within 60 days of show.

Wood Islands-Caribou Ferry Service

The Connecting Link Between
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND & NOVA SCOTIA
daily including Sunday—STANDARD TIME
Schedule for June 28 to Sept. 25 inclusive:—
Making 6 Round Trips Daily

Schedule for the present:—

"Prince Nova"—Leave Wood Islands	7 A.M.	11 A.M.	5 P.M.
"Prince Nova"—Leave Caribou	9 A.M.	1 P.M.	5 P.M.
"Charles A. Dunning"—Leave Caribou	7 A.M.	11 A.M.	3 P.M.
"Charles A. Dunning"—Leave Wood Islands	9 A.M.	1 P.M.	5 P.M.

For daily information, listen to CFCY at
8 A.M. EACH WEEK DAY—STANDARD TIME

Northumberland Ferries Limited
HEAD OFFICE: Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Daily Bus Service To Beaches

DALVAY AND STANHOPE — DAILY INCLUDING SUNDAYS

August all month and to September 11th, inclusive.

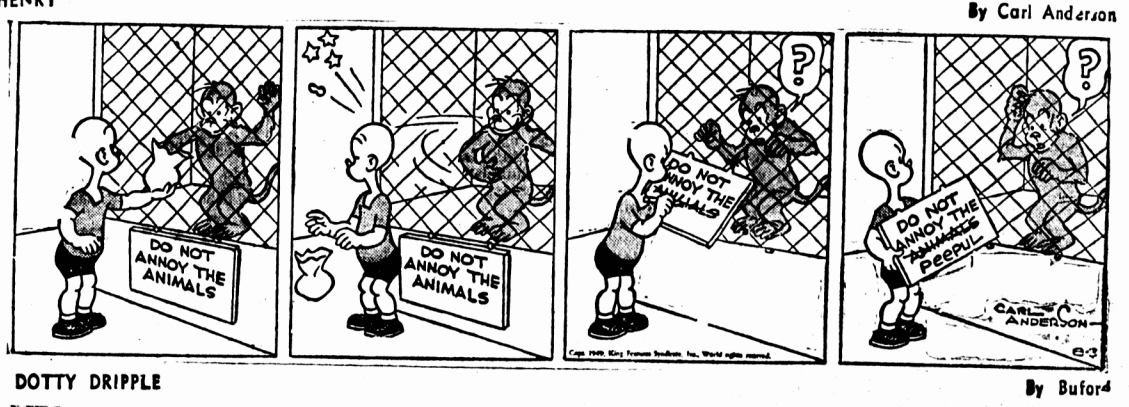
Lv.	Charlottetown, Bus Terminal	1.15 p.m.	daily
Ar.	Dalvay	1.47 p.m.	"
Ar.	Stanhope	1.55 p.m.	"
Lv.	Stanhope	2.00 p.m.	"
Lv.	Dalvay	2.08 p.m.	"
Ar.	Charlottetown	2.40 p.m.	"
Lv.	Charlottetown	6.15 p.m.	"
Ar.	Dalvay	6.47 p.m.	"
Ar.	Stanhope	6.55 p.m.	"
Lv.	Stanhope	7.00 p.m.	"
Ar.	Dalvay	7.08 p.m.	"
Ar.	Charlottetown	7.40 p.m.	"

FARES: Charlottetown to Dalvay one way 50 cents; Return 90 cents
Charlottetown to Stanhope one way 60 cents; Return $1.10
THIS SERVICE HAS BEEN ARRANGED IN CO-OPERATION WITH THE P. E. I. INNKEEPERS ASSOCIATION

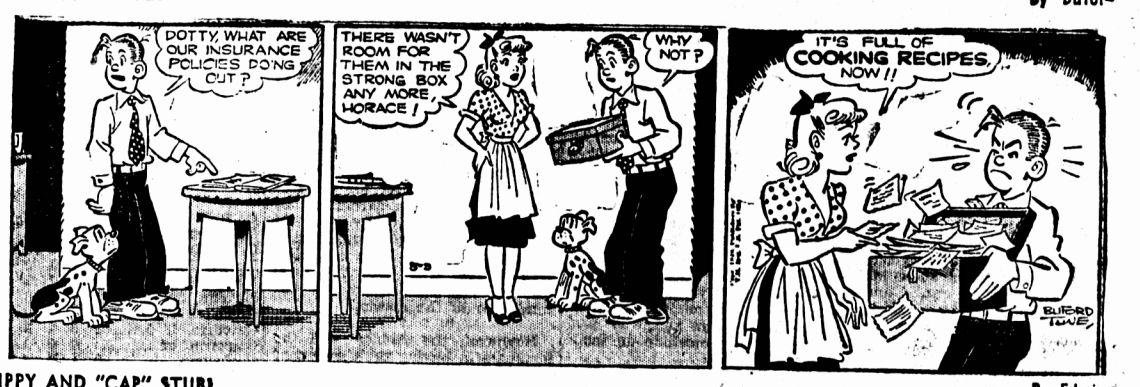
King of The Royal Mounted — by Zane Grey

JOE PALOOKA — By Ham Fisher

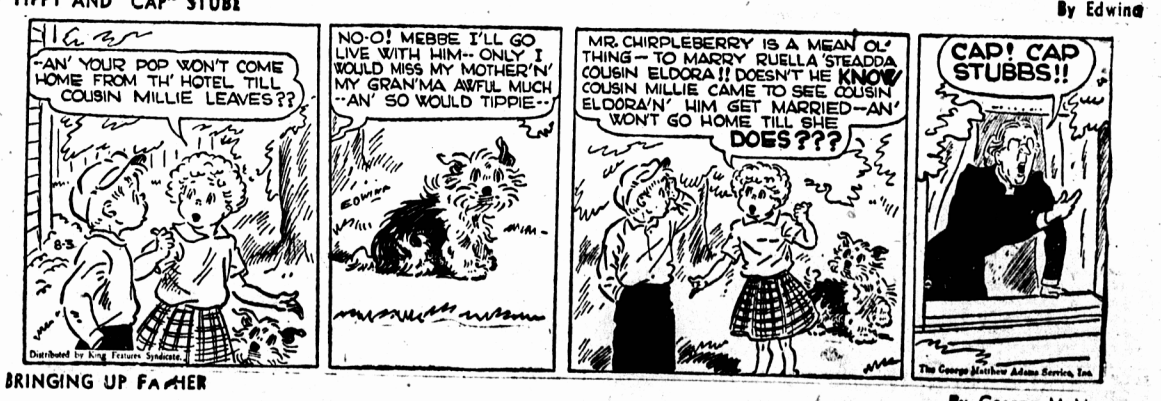
HENRY — By Carl Anderson



DOTTY DRIPPLE — By Buford



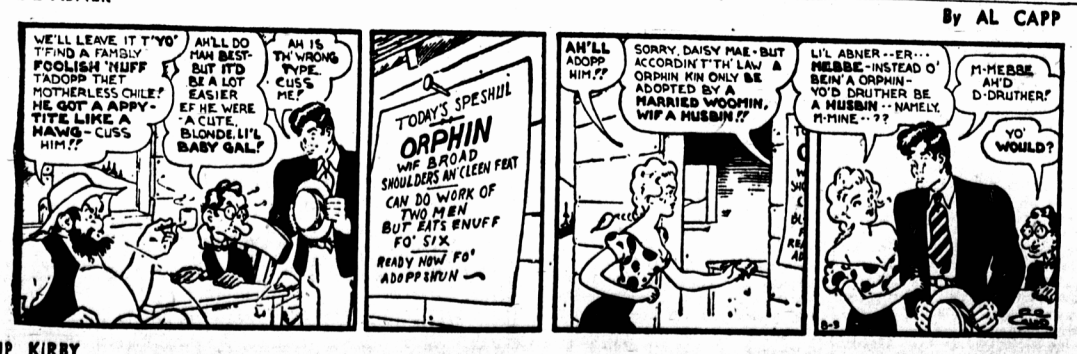
TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS — By Edwina



BRINGING UP FATHER — By George McManus

TILLIE THE TOILER — By Westover

L'IL ABNER — By AL CAPP



RIP KIRBY — By Alex Raymond

PENNY — By Harry Haenigsen