

1948 SAILING SCHEDULE, SUBJECT TO CHANGE
NORTHUMBERLAND FERRIES LIMITED
 (Daily Including Sunday) Standard Time
 MAY 1st to JUNE 26th

Leave Wood Islands—
 Prince Nova 8 A.M.—1 P.M.
 Charles A. Dunning 11 A.M.—5 P.M.

Leave Carribou—
 Charles A. Dunning 8 A.M.—1 P.M.
 Prince Nova 11 A.M.—5 P.M.

LISTEN IN TO CFCY AT 7:45 A.M. (Standard Time)
 FOR LATEST NEWS and INFORMATION

No, Mr. Brown

By Gertrude Knevels

It was Harding who had introduced Jerome King, head of the Fairmount Relief, as a man who could give practical advice. Only Jay—the old slave driver—Bill smiled, would have conceived the notion of bringing the heir to the Brown estate of Fairmount and putting him actually to work there. It was the quickest way of gaining the practical experience in social work Bill's father wished him to acquire. Jay said. He was also Bill knew, honestly determined not to grab at a good thing. He wanted to give Bill time, also to show an inexperienced, ignorant young philanthropist the sadder side of the picture. Bill must know the local problems and resources. Bill must go on the fraud-checking project—that would show him the danger of giving money too freely. Bill must be placed on the payroll as a junior clerk, though called a special investigator. He must, keep regular hours, have his Cadillac replaced by one of the well-worn country cars. To save him from annoyance and undue influence, Jay suggested that no one in Fairmount, with exception of Harding and, if necessary, the Van Eldens, should know that Bill Brown relief worker, and Mr. William Brown, sportsman, traveler-millinaire, were one and the same man.

To all this the young man agreed willingly enough. Though he scarcely realized it Bill was tired of idleness. He was sick of being run after by a string of avid society women, tainted by a rich man's suspicion for new acquaintances. Bill found himself forgetting sailing yachts and sunny seas, now that he had glimpsed poverty and degradation such as he had not dreamed existed in a town like Fairmount. Already Bill was disheartened. It was only Jay's example, Jay's sporting challenge that held him to his job—the only real job he had ever tackled. Gwenn's Harding's chatter roused Brown from his abstraction. "I know lots about your work. A little bird told me. Did you know April Day had lost her job?"

"Yes?"
 Brown was busy with his cigarette. He had no notion of revealing that he had just come from a session with Jerome King on that subject.
 "Pinky Bliss phoned me from the B.E.A.," Gwenn ran on. "Pinky says they're all quite stink about it over there, but not surprised. Of course the authorities put it nicely. They said April's dismissal had nothing to do with her speaking at the protest meeting. It's just that economy obliges dropping a worker on Mr. King's staff and April is the latest comer. Too bad, but, as Sally Candler says, April should have known better."
 Bill snubbed out his cigarette and rose. "Now may I see Miss Candler, please?"

"You may not. The old cat's home with a cold, or else this little mouse wouldn't be enjoying a nice smoke with you," Gwenn ad-puffed luxuriously. "Be nice to me, Big Boy, and maybe I'll give you a quart of milk or a bag of coal. I might." Gwenn's liquid black eyes were soft and alluring; her sleek black head almost touched Bill's shoulder. "I might even go out to lunch if I were asked."
 "Don't tell me it's lunch time already?" Bill consulted his watch in affected horror. "Take you up on that date another day, Miss Harding—"
 "You might say 'Gwenn.'"
 "All right—Gwenn—but look

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

FAULTY TECHNIQUE

Today's declarer was favored with almost ideal breaks for his slam contract. But he defeated himself.

South deals
 Both sides vulnerable.

♠ AK10874
 ♥ AK
 ♦ 53
 ♣ 542

♠ J952
 ♥ 107432
 ♦ K1
 ♣ Q7

♠ QJ5
 ♥ AQ1084
 ♦ AJ1098

The bidding:
 South West North East
 1 ♠ Pass 3 ♠ Pass
 2 ♠ Pass 4 ♠ Pass
 4 ♠ Pass 6 ♠ Pass

West led his top card in the unbid heart suit. Declarer studied the hand at some length, and concluded that his best chance was to play for the diamond king to be on side (This was a logical conclusion, because dummy's trumps were so low that it would not be safe to ruff a couple of diamonds after cashing the ace.)

So, at the second trick, declarer took the diamond finesse, and he was naturally pleased when his queen held. Perhaps too pleased, since it made him unwary! He cashed the diamond ace, and saw his danger only when East's king fell. It was too late for recovery, however. He went back to dummy with a heart and discarded two diamonds on the top spades, but he was facing a hopeless proposition. If he now cashed the club ace he would lose two club tricks; when he actually played a club to his own jack, West won and returned a diamond, letting East over-ruff the dummy.

The immediate diamond finesse was all right, but after it succeeded a relatively safe plan was available. South should not have cashed the diamond ace; he should have returned to dummy with a heart, discarded two diamonds on the spades, and then led a club to the jack. West would win, but could make no damaging return. Suppose he made South ruff a spade. South would then cash the heart queen, discarding dummy's last diamond, then ruff his own remaining low diamond. Since this would be only the second lead of diamonds, it would be safe. Now any other trump lead from dummy would let South draw all the trumps and he would finally cash the diamond ace for the fulfilling trick.

here, who's in authority after Miss Candler?"
 "Sally's just the paid executive Allice Van Elden—Gwenn admitted it unwillingly—"is head of the whole shebang, now her mother has given up coming to the Bureau. Allice is here this morning but she's awfully busy." Allice's somewhat colorless personality had puzzled Bill. To Jerome King, he had blown off steam: "What's the matter with the Van Elden girl? Why does she keep herself in the background, let herself be tyrannized over? That elderly mother of hers with the soulful looks and lavender-and-lace manners and mouth like a steel trap—what if the old lady does run half the charities in town? Does she have to be known to like the goddess of a heaven tribe?"
 "Allice deserves what she gets," Jerome shrugged. "For putting up with that sort of thing."
 Bill dropped the subject. A few days later he blamed himself for tactlessness, hearing the story Miss Candler had to tell. Taking tea with the lady one day in her little flat above the bookshop, the talk strayed from philanthropy to personalities. Bill encouraging Miss Sally's weakness for a gossip, in Fairmount, when one chatted of local families, the Van Eldens invariably came first, on the list, and Allice, only daughter of the house, was both beloved and pitied by Miss Sally.

(To Be Continued)

Taste Van Camp's ...
 you'll want it often!

TENDER SPAGHETTI WITH TANGY CHEESE



By Alex Raymond

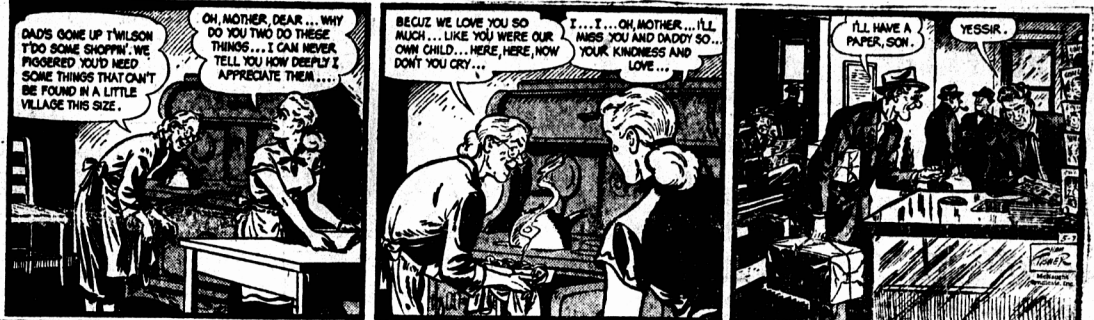
KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Zane Grey



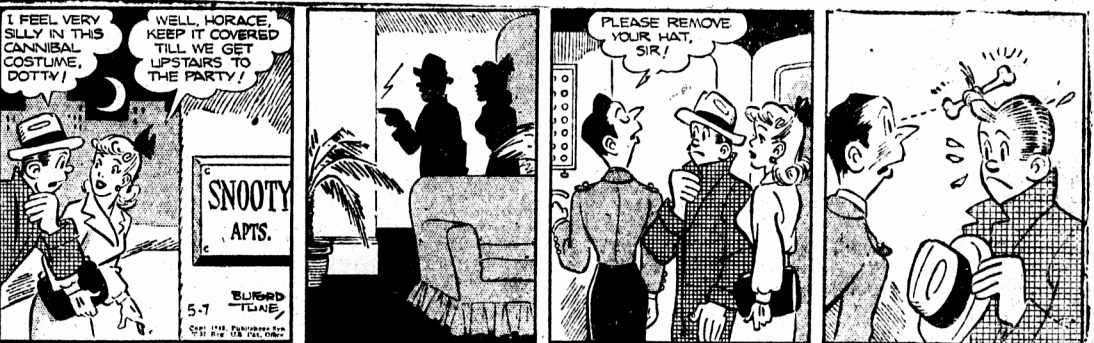
JOE PALOOKA

By Ham Fisher



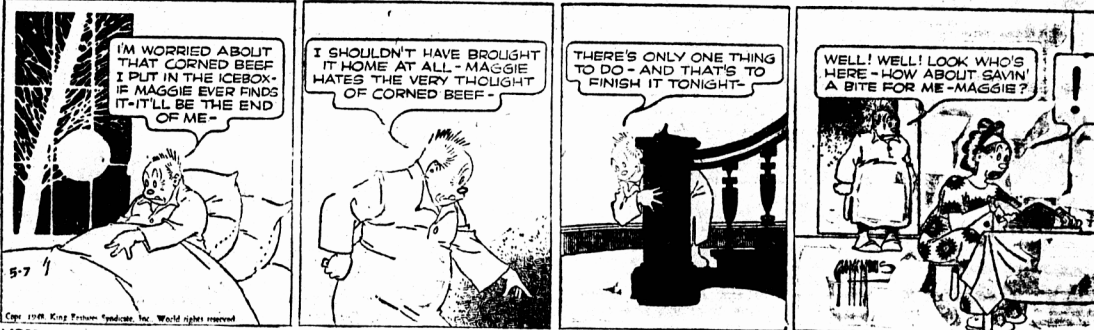
JOTTY DRIPPLE

By Buford



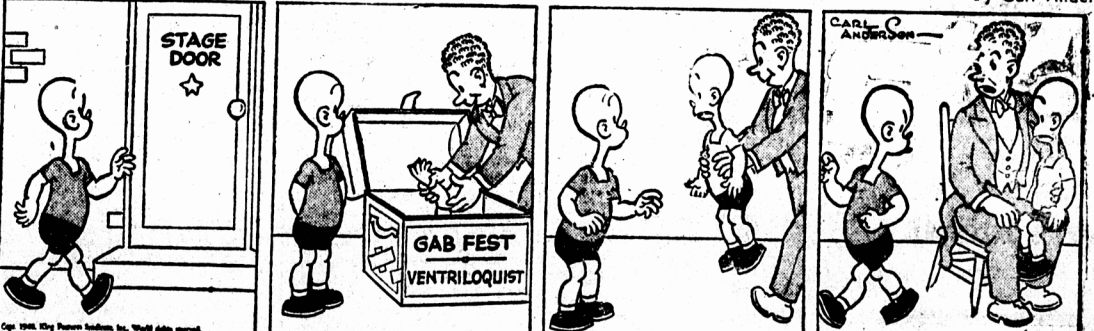
BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



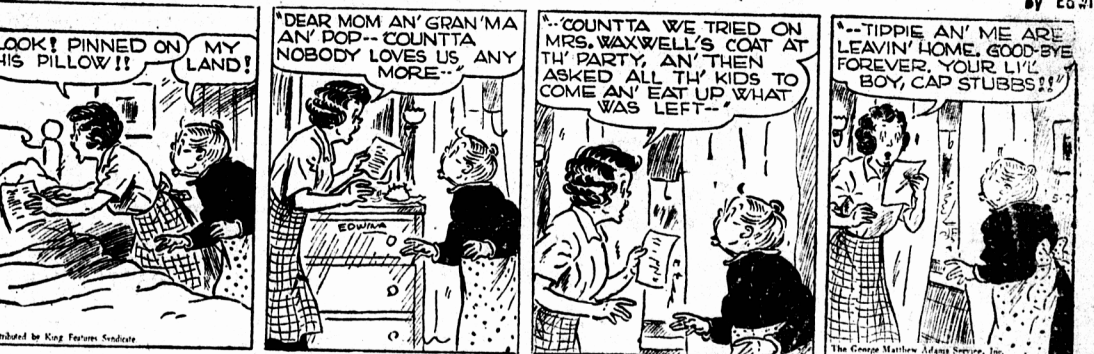
HENRY

By Carl Anderson



TIPPY AND 'CAP' STUBBS

By Egan



TILLIE THE TOLER

By Webster



PENNY

By Harry Haeggen



ATTENTION P. E. I. Truckmen's Association

A meeting will be held at the L. P. U. Hall Friday, May 7, at 8.00 p.m. All members and those wishing to join are urgently requested to attend. A matter of extreme importance before work starts will be discussed.

E. J. MacDOUGALL
 President.

L.O.A. L.O.B.A.

The R. W. Grand Orange Lodge of P. E. I. will meet in annual session in Boyne Lodgeroom, Richmond St., Charlottetown,

WEDNESDAY, MAY 12th, 1948 at 10:30 A.M.

The R. W. Grand Lodge of the L. O. B. A. of P. E. I. will meet in Sons of England Hall, Richmond St., Charlottetown,

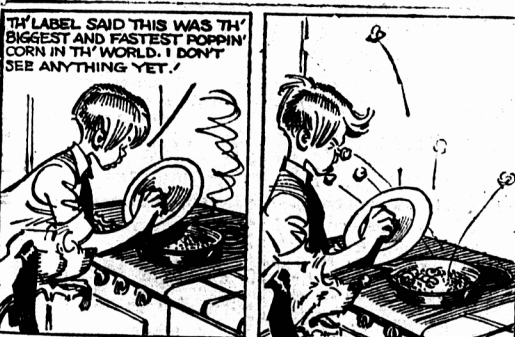
WEDNESDAY, MAY 12th, 1948 at 10:30 A.M.

J. A. MURRAY, Grand Sec'y. L.O.A.

MRS. ELIZABETH BEST, Grand Sec'y. L. O. B. A.

Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford MacBride



THERE OUGHTA BE A LAW!

By Fagaly and Shorten



KIRBY

