

FOR RHEUMATIC PAIN RUB IN

MINARD'S LINIMENT

Apply freely, and rub. It's all it's good for. Has no strong odor. And it brings quick relief to muscular aches and pains, neuralgia, lumbago.

35¢

LARGE ECONOMICAL SIZE 65¢

NOTICE

Beginning May 16th, the rules for visiting at the Provincial Sanatorium will be as follows:

Afternoon hours 3:30-4:30, Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, Sunday. Evening hours, 7-8 p.m., Monday, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday. Not more than two visitors permitted to each patient at one time. Apart from the above, special permission will be given.

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

When you're happy let folks know it. Do your very best to show it. —Peter Rabbit.



Playing is a most important part of living. All the Green Meadow and the Green Forest folk know that. It is one of Mother Nature's rules for happy living that there shall be a little play time as well as work time.

The Green Forest was wrapped in the soft warm dusk of evening in early summer. Most of the feathered folk had gone to bed. Many of them already had their heads tucked under their wings. The Thrush cousins were still ringing their silver-throated bells, for this is the time of day they love best. There are others who love it, too, and Peter Rabbit is one of them. He was over in the Green Forest sitting very still. To listen well one must sit still, and Peter was listening to the sweetest voice in all the Green Forest, the voice of Hermit the Thrush. In it were peace and contentment and joy and pure happiness.

Swish! Something passed over Peter so close that he ducked his head before he had time to think

"Well, it is as good as flying," said Peter.

what it might be. There was a light, a very light, thud on the trunk of a tree in front of him and a rather squeaky chuckle. "Scared you, didn't I?" asked a somewhat squeaky voice. Peter knew at once who it was, Timmy the Flying Squirrel.

"Yes," admitted Peter. "Anyway you startled me. I was listening to Hermit and had forgotten that some one else might be around. I wish I could fly like you. It must be fun."

"He doesn't fly," cried a voice that was really squeaky. It could hardly have been any squeaker. Flitter the Bat almost brushed Peter's nose. "He just jumps and glides, and he has to climb high to do that," Flitter continued, turning in the air as only a Bat can, and swooping low again. "Well, it is as good as flying," said Peter.

"Oh, no, it isn't. It isn't anything of the kind. He can't twist and turn, go high or low as he pleases, like a bird. All he can do is slide down on the air in one direction," squeaked the lively little Bat.

"Just the same it must be fun," said Peter.

"It" declared the pretty little Squirrel. He ran up the tree almost to the top, made a mighty leap, spread himself flat, sailed swiftly, smoothly down almost to the foot of a distant tree, then glided up enough to land lightly on the trunk a few feet above the ground. He ran up this tree, jumped and glided back to the very place from which he had started. "That is what I call fun," said he.

"Is that what you do it for?" asked Peter.

"Mostly," replied his little friend. "That and to get places. It is easier and safer than running on the ground."

"But flying is better still," squeaked Flitter. He darted close to Peter's long ears, which were held straight up.

"Do you fly just for fun?" asked Peter.

"Of course he doesn't," cried Timmy. "He can't run. He can't walk. He can't really crawl. He can't jump and glide as I do. He flies because he must. He can't do anything else." Timmy sounded a little scornful.

"But how he can do that!" squeaked the little Bat. "And I can do something else, something that you can't do. I can hang by my hind feet, head down, and sleep," he added. He caught hold of a twig above Peter, hung head down, folded his wings and looked down at Peter with eyes so tiny that Peter could hardly see them. "It is true that the only way I can get about is by flying. I have to get all my food in the air, but chasing flying insects on such a night as this is fun. I have to catch a lot of them and that means a lot of fun," said he, then spread his wings and was off again.

Mrs. Timmy joined Timmy. From sheer joy in living they glided this way and that through the soft dusk. Up in a tree their four children, big enough now to begin to learn to use their little gliding wings, were playing happily. Suddenly Peter Rabbit kicked up his long heels. He did it again. "Why did you do that?" asked Timmy.

"For fun," replied Peter, and kicked them up once more. Summer nights can be very happy nights in the Green Forest.

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Zane Grey

THAT'S RIGHT KING! I FOUND THE LOST VAMPIRE GOLD!

SEE, HERE'S SOME OF IT IN THE SERGEANT'S POCKET!

KING! AM I A COUPLE OF MULTIMILLIONAIRES?

MILLIONAIRES... POOF! THIS STUFF WAS PLANTED IN THAT MINE BY A MOVIE COMPANY... IT'S LEAD SMEARED WITH GOLD PAINT!

JOE PALOOKA

By Ham Fish

THE LITTLE SLEAZY, SQUIRRELY PUNK... HE DARES TO THINK HE WOULD PICK HIM FOR BEST MAN... AN HAD ME SORE AT JOE... I BETTER NOT SEE 'EM... I'LL BUST 'EM IN ONE RIGHT IN THE...

KNOSBY! WHAT'S THE MATTER? RECITING POEMS?

OH, LO, DER!... I'VE... UN-YEAH... TRYIN' TO REMEMBER THE WORDS OF A SONG... HOW'S TH' SHERLOCK HOLMES BUSINESS THESE DAYS?

HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE MARVIN'S BOYS TOOK YOU FOR A RIDE AND LEEMY SAVED YOUR LIFE.

COME TO THINK OF IT... MEBBE JERRY'S GOT A RIGHT TO BE THAT'D BE JOE'S BEST MAN... VA CAN'T BLAME THE KID... HE WENT THROUGH THE WAR WITH 'EM... I GUESS TO OF FELT THE SAME... I'M SORRY FER 'EM... HE AIN'T A BAD GUY EVEN IF HE IS SLEAZY.

DOTTY DRIPPLE

By Buford

WHAT'S THE MATTER, HORACE? YOU SEEM SO DOWN-IN-THE-MOUTH!

EVERYTHING WENT WRONG AT THE OFFICE TODAY!

I DON'T THINK THE BOSS FELT I EARNED MY SALARY THIS WEEK...

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK SO?

HE HAD MY CHECK WRAPPED AS A GIFT!

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManis

I JUST HEARD THAT ROWDY FRIEND OF YOURS... MR BLUNTHEAD... STRUCK HIS WIFE... THE BRUTE! HOW CAN YOU ASSOCIATE WITH SUCH A MONSTER?

THAT'S BAD NEWS.

I'M GONNA SEE HIM AN' TELL HIM A FEW THINGS... A FEW OF 'EM LIKE HIM STRIKIN' HIS WIFE!

NO-BLUNTHEAD IS NOT HERE... I HEARD ABOUT HIM STRIKIN' HIS WIFE!

WAIT TILL I SEE HIM... I'LL TELL HIM A FEW THINGS!!

YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT... HIS WIFE SENT HIM TO THE HOSPITAL WITH A BLACK EYE... A BROKEN NOSE... AND TWO BROKEN ARMS!

HENRY

By Carl Anderson

HEARTS OF LETTUCE

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TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBB

By Edwin

WHAT A PRIVILEGE TO HAVE YOU IN OUR MIDST, MR. CHIRPLEBERRY! I HAVE BEEN STARVED FOR INTELLECTUAL UNDERSTANDING...

"YOU KNOW, I LEFT THE THEATER—OH, ONLY TEMPORARILY—TO WRITE MY MEMOIRS, BUT—"

"I TOO AM A DEVOTEE OF THE DRAMATE."

HOW THRILLING! I WILL READ TO YOU—

OH, MR. CHIRPLEBERRY—DON'T FORGET DINNER AT EIGHT—

MR. CHIRPLEBERRY—WAS GOING TO RESIGN, BUT NOW HE'S DECIDED TO STAY—

TILLIE THE TOILER

By Westor

MR. NAYLOR, YOU CAN'T GET A DATE WITH ME BY PULLING A GUN ON ME!

TILLIE, YOU'VE DRIVEN ME DISTRACTED, I'VE GOT TO HAVE A DATE WITH YOU!

OH, ALL RIGHT!

YOU DON'T KNOW HOW GRATEFUL I AM— WHERE'LL WE GO?

RIGHT IN HERE!

DR. SCHNITZEL PSYCHIATRIST

513 RIVER CREST

PENNY

By Harry Neeligen

THAT'S QUEENIE, MOTHER... THE TEACHER SAYS SHE'S JUST A JUVENILE DELINQUENT AND IT'S ALL HER PARENTS' FAULT!

SHE SAYS PARENTS ARE THE CAUSE OF MOST JUVENILE DELINQUENTS... DO YOU THINK THAT'S TRUE, MOTHER?

I THINK PARENTS ARE THE CAUSE OF ALL OF THEM!

DELINQUENTS!

NO, JUVENILES!

ANNIVERSARY DANCE

For Dominion Civil Servants

THE CLOVER CLUB

MONDAY, MAY 16th

Dancing 9:30 to 1:00 Legionaire Band

For Reservations Phone 1995

ANNUAL MEETING

The Annual Meeting of the Prince Edward Island Fur Breeders' Association will be held at Birch Court, Charlottetown, at 1:30 o'clock on Tuesday, May 31st. Full attendance of members is requested. This meeting will recommend the appointment of Directors from this Province to the Canadian National Silver Fox Breeders' Association. J. H. MacPHAIL, President. W. R. SHAW, Secretary.

BUS SCHEDULE

Leave MacDonald's Store, Mayfield, at 9:50 A.M. then to Rusticoville, Rustico and Oyster Bed Bridge, Milton to Charlottetown and arrive about 11:00 A.M. from first of bus season to first of tourist season. Leave Charlottetown 4:00 P.M. and arrive MacDonald's Store, Mayfield, at 5:30 P.M., via the same route.

During the tourist season this bus leaves Cavendish Corner (near Green Gables) at 8:45 A.M., and travel over same route as above arriving Charlottetown 10:00 A.M. Leave Charlottetown 4:00 P.M., and arriving Cavendish Corner 5:30 P.M., via the same route.

Remainder of bus season leave MacDonald's Store, Mayfield, at 9:50 A.M., same route as first of bus season to Charlottetown, arriving 10:00 A.M. Leave Charlottetown 4:00 P.M., via same route to MacDonald's Store, Mayfield, arriving 5:30 P.M.

Special bus trips every Saturday night throughout the season on above seasonal routes, leaving above originating points 8:45 P.M., arriving Charlottetown 8:00 P.M. Leave Charlottetown 12:00 midnight to Cavendish, arriving 1:30 A.M.

The above bus operates on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday; also Saturday night from points mentioned above.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

CONTROLLING ONE'S LUCK

It was generally agreed that today's declarer ran up against a very unlucky position of cards, and perhaps this was a fair judgment. However, he could and should have overcome all obstacles.

South Dealer.

Both sides vulnerable.

♠ 7 L
K 9 8 3
A K 6 5 2
J 8

♣ A J 4
6 4
10 7
K Q 10
5 3 2

♦ W N E
S

♠ K 8
A Q J 10 8 7 5
4 3
A

The bidding:

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

East considered going to five spades, but was afraid that he might push the enemy to a makeable slam contract. Actually, his restraint "paid off," because South had already been pushed beyond his capacity.

West opened the king of clubs. Winning with the blank ace, declarer drew trumps by cashing the ace and queen, then led a diamond. Dummy's top cards in that suit were cashed and a third round was led. East won and lost no time about shifting to spades. Declarer put up the king and was understandably annoyed to see it smothered by West with the ace. Indeed, South was so annoyed that West had no trouble deciding whether to lay down the club queen or return another spade! He led the spade, and South was down one.

Declarer had no right to assume, from the bidding, that the spade ace was on side. Moreover, if he could play the hand in such fashion as to fulfill the contract almost regardless of the position of cards, it was obviously to his advantage to do so. And he could! He should have led dummy's club jack early in the play and discarded a diamond. It, safely passing the trick to West. If West returned a spade, he would set up the king; if he returned anything else, South could establish the diamond suit by one ruff, and then discard both of his spades, making an extra trick. The sole point of the play was to keep East off the lead.

By AL CAPP

NOTICE

The Motor Boat owned by Mitchell and Alcorn of Rocky Point will operate between Charlottetown and Rocky Point while the Fairview is at Pictou for its annual overhauling. The same number of trips will be made daily.

FOR FIRE OR AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE

Consult

H. L. Sear

88 Gt. George Street Phone 320

or the following agents:

R. G. MUTTART Summerside	MELVILLE BELL Desable
VERNON FRASER Souris	J. B. GALLANT Tignish

KIRBY

THIS MOUNTAIN IS GETTING UNRELIABLE. WIF THEM CITY FOLKS A-SLICKIN' AWAY AT THE BOTTOM OF IT— BUT LIKE THEY TOLD US— IT'S NONE O' OUR BUSINESS UP HERE. WHAT TRICK DOES DOWN THERE?

HOW TRUE!

BOOOOOO!

PASTER

YOU LAY LOW! I DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO WAIT FOREVER FOR THE SUN TO SHINE ON MY EGGS!!

TSK!! THASS!! THE SECOND NEIGHBOR TODAY!!

GOODBYE MISSUS YOKUM! GLOVE ROAD— HERE AH COME!!

LATER!

YOU DEVIL! YOU LYING DEVIL!

I CAN'T HOLD A MAN FOR TWO MURDERS WITHOUT PLENTY OF EVIDENCE!

I'LL GIVE YOU THE EVIDENCE, SHERIFF. LET'S ALL GO TO TOWN.

ALEX RAYMOND

HERE IS YOUR EVIDENCE, SHERIFF— AN AIR-GUN DART TAKEN FROM THE SKELETON OF THE HORSE THAT PLUNGED FROM INDIAN ROCK FOUR YEARS AGO. NEXT AN AIR RIFLE WHICH I KNOCKED FROM DIXON SEALMONT'S HAND ON INDIAN ROCK ONLY YESTERDAY. I BELIEVED HE WAS TRYING TO MURDER ANOTHER GIRL— MISS DORIAN— AS HE DID HIS FIRST VICTIM, BUT ACTUALLY HIS TARGET WAS THE HORSE RIDDEN BY HIS BROTHER STUART. LAST NIGHT DIXON HIMSELF TOOK THE LUGER, TRAIL HIS BROTHER, STUNNED HIM FROM BEHIND WITH A DART FROM ANOTHER GUN, THEN SHOT HIM TO DEATH WITH THE LUGER AND PUT THE PISTOL IN STUART'S HAND. YOUR AUTOPSY WILL REVEAL THE AIR-GUN DART AT THE BASE OF STUART'S SKULL.

PENNY

By Harry Neeligen

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