

DANCE
SUNNYSIDE BALLROOM
TONIGHT
EASTERN RHYTHM BOYS
 Canten Service Admission 35c

WHITE GABLES RESTAURANT
 MALPEQUE ROAD, R.R. 7
 PHONE 2300-R
 HOME COOKING
 BRIDGE AND PRIVATE PARTIES CATERED FOR BY ARRANGEMENT

OPENING - BAKERY
 FOR THE BEST IN BAKED GOODS
 BE SURE TO SHOP AT THE
BESTOVALL BAKERY
 Located in the Morell Hotel Bldg., Kent St., Ch'town.
 Specializing in only highest quality
 CAKES, PIES, PASTRY and BREAD

NOTICE
 REGULAR MONTHLY MEETING
 OF THE
BENEVOLENT IRISH SOCIETY
 Will Be Held In The
WHELAN BUILDING (Second Floor)
FRIDAY EVENING, SEPT. 9th AT 8 P.M.
 Full Attendance Requested

ANNUAL MEETING NOTICE
 The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders and others of the Morell Hall Company, Limited, will be held at the office of the Company, Morell, on WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14th, at 8 o'clock p.m., for the purpose of receiving the Financial Statement and report of the Officers of this Company, to elect Directors who will hold office until their successors have been duly elected, and for all other general purposes relating to the management of this Company's affairs.
 Transfer books are closed until after the meeting.
 J. B. JAY, President. C. G. McADAM, Sec'y-Treasurer.

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Aerial Scenic Tours
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 Only from the air can you appreciate the True Scenic Beauty of our Island Province
 Experienced Pilots — Charter Flights
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(By Thornton W. Burgess)

Take pride in self, but do not show it. And so let other people know it. —Old Mother Nature.
 Musky the Mountain Beaver was staring wide-eyed and open-mouthed at Bugler the Elk whom he was seeing for the first time. He hadn't dreamed there was any one anywhere so big. It made him feel smaller than he really is. You know he is about the size of Jerry Muskrat. Mrs. Muskrat had come out of their underground home and was sitting beside him with much the same feelings as his.
 Now the Elk folk are, next to the Moose folk, the largest members of the Deer family. Bugler, while not the biggest of his kind in the High Mountains of the Far West, was big and handsome and strong. He knew it. He was proud of his size. He was proud of his great antlers. He was proud of his fine looks. He wanted to be admired. Foolish pride always wants to be admired. He saw the wonder and admiration in the eyes of his two small neighbors and he began showing off. Nothing is more foolish than showing off.
 He blew his bugle. Of course it wasn't a real bugle. It was his voice. But he made it sound like the notes of a bugle. It was clear and loud and far-reaching. It startled his two small neighbors, but it had no meaning to them. However, it had a meaning for any other Elk who might hear it. It was a challenge and a boast. It dared anyone to fight him, or to interfere with him in any way.
 He stood still listening for a reply, his head with its crown of great antlers held high. Perhaps he knew that when standing that way he was handsome, looking his very best. I suspect he did. He bugled again and again listening. There was no reply. He walked over to some bushes and with his antlers beat the bushes that way. He put his head down so that his antlers pointed forward. There were many points and they were smooth and sharp. He pawed the ground with his front feet and pretended that he was about to plunge ahead and drive those sharp points into an enemy. He counted. It was a deep grunt. It had an ugly sound. Yes, air, it did so.
 "I guess he isn't afraid of anyone in all the Great World," said Musky to Mrs. Musky.
 Bugler overhead him. He looked down at them and in his eyes was a glare that gave them a most uncomfortable feeling.
 "That is a very good guess," said he. "I fear no one, but everyone is afraid of me."
 This wasn't quite true, but perhaps he thought it was. Boasters often fool themselves that way. Perhaps they fool themselves more. He had forgotten Grizzly Bear with his great strength and long cruel claws. He had forgotten his big cousin, Flatthorn the Moose. Once more he pretended to charge an enemy, then thrashed a bush with his antlers, breaking it down completely. "That," said he, "is what I will do to anyone who dares to fight with me."
 "Aren't those things on your head heavy?" asked Musky.
 "They would be to any one else, but they are not to me. No air, they are not heavy to me." Bugler tossed his head so how lightly he carried his antlers.
 Mrs. Musky sighed. "It must be wonderful not to be afraid of any one," said she.
 Bugler nodded. "It is," said he. "I suppose everybody gets out of your way when they see you coming." ventured Musky.
 "They do if they know what is best for them," grunted Bugler. "If they are slow about it I have only to put my head down and shake it. When they see all the..."
 Continued on Page 12

Contract Bridge
 By Josephine Culbertson
 AN INDISPENSABLE PLAY

Fortunately for the average player, opportunities for squeezes and other advanced coups are comparatively rare, hence it is possible to play a very acceptable game of bridge without recourse to such devices. The same cannot be said, however, about the throw-in play. Mastery of this type is essential.
 Not every throw-in play assures success to the declarer; sometimes the play merely gives him a chance where none exists through other channels. Today's deal is an excellent example of this category.

Norm dealer.
 Both sides vulnerable.
 ♠ 10 5 4
 ♥ 6
 ♦ 7 5 4 2
 ♣ A 8 4
 ♠ J 2
 ♥ J 10 7
 ♦ N
 ♣ W E S
 ♠ Q J 7 6
 ♥ 3
 ♦ K Q 9 7
 ♣ 5 3 2
 ♦ 10 2
 ♣ K 9 5
 ♠ A 8 6
 ♥ K 8
 ♦ A K Q 10
 ♣ K 9 5

This deal is taken from an excellent article by John C. Stabstein in the current issue of the Bridge World magazine.
 South reaches a contract of five diamonds. (Three notrump would, of course, be a laydown, but North-South were trying for a slam.) West opens the heart queen — and declarer's problem is obvious: What can he do to avoid the loss of two spades and one club?
 In the actual case South drew trumps and ruffed his losing heart in dummy, but after that, simply surrendered.
 As Mr. Stabstein points out, there is precisely one chance for South to salvage one of his spade or club losers, and that is by an elimination-and-throw-in play. He must hope for a favorable break in the black suits, and as it happens, he gets it! The right and winning line of play is to draw trumps, to eliminate the heart suit by cashing the top cards and ruffing the third round, and then to concede a spade trick before cashing the ace. Regardless of the opponents' shift when they win the spade trick, South then cashes the spade ace and his two top clubs. When he next exits with a spade or a club, the defender who takes the trick must lead a card which will let South discard a loser from dummy or his own hand while he ruffs the tricks in the other hand.

King of The Royal Mounted

WELL, HERE'S THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE COMMANDO...
 THE RESULT OF THIS X-RAY WILL SHOW IF YOU'RE BROCKLE-BOULDER...
 DON'T WORRY, KING—THIS LEG IS BROCKLE-BOULDER...
 RIGHT THIS WAY, YOUNG MAUI!
 AM! THE DOC'S BACK WINDOW IS OPEN!

JOE PALOOKA

REALLY? ON THAT MARY-LESS, JOE DARLIN', NOW LET ME TALK TANN...
 YES, MOM...
 THE HOUSE IS FULL OF PRESENTS! THERE'S LETTERS, AN TELEGRAMS OF CONGRATULATIONS FROM THE WHITE HOUSE, AN GEN. OWAR, BRIDEY AN EDGAR HOOVER, AN CHIEF JUSTICE VINSON, AN ANOR WILLIAM OWDER, AN ADMIRAL BLANDY, AN A GORGING ASH TRAY FROM THE FLEET...
 AN GEN. VANDENBERG, HEAD OF THE AIR FORCE AN MARGARET BRUHAN AN THOUSANDS AN THOUSANDS FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTRY AN...
 MOTHER PALOOKA, ITS WONDERFUL! (SHEAL)

HENRY

IS OUR SITTER, CONNIE STILL PLANNING TO GET MARKED, DOTTY?
 YES—AND HER BOY FRIEND VISITS WITH HER EVERY TIME SHE HAS A SITTING JOB...
 GULP! WHAT'S THIS?
 WE'RE JUST RE-ARRANGING THE ROOM TO SEE HOW WE'D LIKE IT IF IT WAS OUR OWN!

DOTTY DRIPPLE

COUSIN MILLIE, WHY I ALWAYS SAID MILLIE HAD A KIND HEART...
 THAT IS—UH—SHE HAS GREAT CHARACTER, AN—! MERCY! HURRY, OR YOU'LL BE LATE TO SCHOOL!
 I THINK MILLIE FELT A LITTLE GUILTY—SCARIN' TIPPE AWAY, SAYIN' HE NEEDED A BATH BUT SHE MEANS WELL! WE OUGHTTA BE MORE SYMPATHETIC...
 WHERE'S THE PHONE BOOK? I DIDN'T SLEEP A WINK ALL NIGHT! I DON'T KNOW WHY THEY HAVEN'T SENT MY RUBBER MATTRESS—I'M SENDING A WIRE!!!

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBB

IT'S NICE FOR US ALL TO BE AT HOME FOR A CHANGE—ASK DADDY TO COME DOWNSTAIRS AND COMPLETE OUR FAMILY CIRCLE...
 YOU'RE RIGHT—OH DARLING!!
 DEAREST...
 HM—M—M—
 WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER ME WHEN I CALLED?
 I THOUGHT YOU WUZ CALLIN' TH' DOGS!

BRINGING UP FAHIER

WE ALL HEARD THAT MR. AND MRS. GIMP TAKE RITY ON THE FAN HANT GOT LONG FLIVE, AN HONEYMOON HERE! WE GOTTA KNOW WHAT HIS ONE FAULT IS?
 WE IS MIGHTY SORRY FOR YOU, NO MORE OLD BAT—BUT TH' STAFF OF HONEYMOON HOTEL PROTECTS THAR GUESTS FUM NOSY OLD HAGS?
 HEY! THIS ONE MEMBER OF TH' STAFF WHO IS SPENDING THAR HONEYMOON HERE? AN GOTTA FIND OUT ONE FAULT IS?
 CAUGHT HIM JUST IN TIME? I PROMISE YOU WON'T INTERRUPT AGAIN!
 THAT WILL BE NICE.

TILLIE THE TOILER

YOU'RE YES, NO IT MAKES US NOT WE FEEL INFERIOR LEAVING CAN'T STAND BOYS? GLAMMY'S HEART OF GOLD!
 MISS JONES, YOU SPOKE UNKIND TA ME BUT I FORGIVE YA ON GLAMMY'S HEART OF GOLD!
 YOU'VE GIVEN THEM AN INFERIORITY COMPLEX WITH YOUR HEART OF GOLD... WASN'T THAT AN UNKIND THING TO DO?
 GOSH! I'VE BEEN MEAN BY BEING TOO UNMEAN!

PENNY

LOOK, FATHER, THESE PLANTS HAVEN'T A SINGLE FLOWER!
 TOLD YOU WHEN YOU PLANTED THEM, PRINCESS, THEY ARE THE KIND THAT DON'T BLOOM UNTIL THE SECOND YEAR!
 I KNOW YOU DID AND THEY SHOULD HAVE BLOOMS RIGHT NOW!
 BECAUSE I GOT THE SEEDS FROM LAST YEAR'S CATALOG!

L'L ABNER

WE GOTTA HAVE A FEW FACES ABOUT YOU WHUTY DATE O' BIRTH?
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RIP KIRBY

ALDEN STONE'S PARENTS WANT TO TEXAS. THEY OFFERED TO BRING UP THEIR ONLY SON'S DAUGHTER IN LUXURY IF JEANNIE WOULD GIVE UP THE CHILD.
 "WHAT ELSE COULD SHE DO? JEANNIE WAS PENNILESS... SHE CONSENTED."
 THIS ALL HAPPENED TEN YEARS AGO, HONEY BUT JEANNIE NEVER LOST HER LOVE FOR HER BABY. SHE INBASED ME TO FIND LITTLE VALERIE AND A YEAR AGO I DID...

By Alex Raymond

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By Harry Hoengsen