

**ANNUAL PUBLIC MEETING
BIBLE SOCIETY**
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND AUXILIARY
BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY IN
CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

North Bedeque United Church
BEDEQUE, P.E.I.

TUESDAY EVENING, JUNE 22nd
AT 8 O'CLOCK

Guest Speaker:—
REV. MARVEL D. DUNBAR, B.TH.
Pastor Central Christian Church, Charlottetown
PLAN TO ATTEND

PIANOFORTE RECITALS

By the Pupils of
MISS SUZANNE BRENTON, Lic. Mus.
ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL HALL

Primary Girls Recital—Friday, June 25—7:30
All Boys' Recital—Monday, June 28—7:30
Senior Girls' Recital—Wednesday, June 30—7:30.

G. F. Hutcheson & Son
OPTOMETRISTS

"Specialists in the fitting of glasses for the correction of ocular defects."
58 Grafton Street

PARKDALE PLAYERS
Present
"MAMA'S BABY BOY"
A three-act comedy
AT HARRINGTON HALL
MONDAY, JUNE 21st
at 8:30 P.M.

Quickies By Ken Reynolds

"You should have warned me that you bought a lie detector with a Guardian Want Ad!"

THERE OUGHTA BE A LAW! By Fogaly and Shorten

YUP! GOT MYSELF 10,000 SHARES OF SUDSLESS SOAP! CLEANED UP BIG!

HEAR ABOUT THE KILLING I MADE WITH BANANA OIL? A COOL MILLION!

HOW ABOUT THE TIME I CORNERED THE UNDERWEAR MARKET? SOLD LONGS SHORT!

THE SMALLER THEY TIP! Thanks to cubic BILL SADDON, BROOKLYN, U.S.A.

ONE THIN DIME!

KEEP THE CHANGE!

RIP KIRBY By Alex Raymond

HONEY! YOU'RE LOVELIER THAN EVER!

ARE YOU DREAMING! WHATEVER ARE YOU DOING IN LONDON?

THE LUCKY DOG! WONDER WHO HE IS!

I DON'T KNOW... BUT SHE'S IN CHARGE OF THOSE AMERICAN MODELS... AND SHE'S THE PRETTIEST OF THE LOT!

OH, RIP, I'VE MISSED YOU SO!

IT'S NATURAL... NOW I WANT TO HEAR ALL ABOUT YOU... LET'S HAVE A SPOT OF TEA...

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

JIMMY IS UNASHAMED

Only the foolish do not fear. And thus their foolishness make clear.
—Jimmy Skunk.

Jimmy Skunk, the most independent one in all the Green Forest and on all the Green Meadows, going and coming when and as he pleases, he for whom even great big Buster Bear stands aside, had heard Hooty the Great Horned Owl hoot and had hurried up on the doorstep of Johnny Chuck's underground house, Johnny Chuck had gone inside and Peter Rabbit was at the doorway ready to follow him should Hooty appear. Now Jimmy Skunk was crowding close to that doorway and asking if there was room for three inside. It was unbelievable.

"Are you afraid?" asked Peter Rabbit.

"Of course I'm afraid. Why shouldn't I be?" replied Jimmy, unashamed because he was afraid.

"I didn't know you were afraid of any one," said Peter.

"Probably there are many things you don't know, Peter Rabbit," replied Jimmy a bit testily.

"If I had a scent-gun like yours I wouldn't be afraid of anybody," Peter declared.

"Then you would be just as foolish as you are now," retorted Jimmy.

"It isn't foolish not to be afraid when there is nobody and nothing to be afraid of," declared Peter. "If I was afraid the way you are I would be ashamed to be afraid. Anyway I would be ashamed to admit I was afraid," he added.

"Listen, Peter Rabbit! You're talking a lot of foolishness," declared Jimmy somewhat sharply.

"There is no one, no matter how big and strong he may be, who sooner or later isn't afraid. And when there is cause for fear there is no shame in admitting it. It is only the foolish and the stupid who never are afraid and they seldom live long. I'm not afraid of Buster Bear, or Yowler the Bob Cat, or Reddy Fox, or Bowser the Hound, all of them big enough to kill me without much trouble but all of them afraid of my little scent-gun. It is just so with most other folks, big and little. They all know I am prepared at all times. To be prepared is to command respect from your neighbors. That is the surest way of keeping peace. There can be no other way as long as big folks and little folks, strong folks and weak folks, bold folks and timid folks, are neighbors. To be prepared for the worst is the surest way of avoiding the worst. Preparedness and peace go together. They always have done so and they always will do so. It is too bad so many people seem not to know it."

"That isn't telling me why you are afraid of Hooty the Owl," said Peter.

Jimmy Skunk sighed. "He is the only one I know who has no respect for my scent-gun," confessed Jimmy. "He doesn't seem to mind it. Perhaps he can't smell. Anyway it won't stop him if he is very hungry. He hunts after dark. He strikes from the air without warning. So I am just as much afraid of him as you are. When I suspect he may be around I keep prepared the same way you do."

"How is that?" asked Peter wonderingly.

"By trying to keep out of sight," said Jimmy, and grinned.

This was the actual bidding:

North	East	South	West
1♠	Pass	2♠	Pass
3♠	Pass	6♠	Pass
7♠	Pass	Pass	Pass

Needless to say, the question would not have been put if West had opened anything but the diamond ace, but when he lost no time about laying down that card "the fun began."

South said that North had no right to make such a weak second bid as three spades and then, having lulled South into a false sense of security, to bid the limit after South took a chance and went to the small slam. South said that he realized he had stretched a bit, but at least he had not felt that his own partner would get in his way.

North, for his part, pointed out that he had bid only three spades as a deliberate making-time maneuver, intending to show his real power after he heard South's next bid. The fact that South jumped all the way from three spades to six spades, North argued, amply justified the final grand-slam effort in view of North's high honor-trick holding and his excellent support for spades.

It is not at all difficult to name the culprit in this case. Quite obviously, it was South. In the first place, his relatively low honor-trick holding did not warrant the jump from one diamond to two spades; in the second place, and since he had already indulged in that overbid, he most certainly should not have leaped from three spades to six spades.

South's best first response was one spade! He would have plenty of opportunity to show his great distributional strength later.

GASEOUS MIXTURE

Air is a mixture of gases, and not a chemical compound.

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED By Lane Gre

THE MORNING POST BRINGS KING LETTER THAT IS DESTINED TO INVOLVE HIM IN A HAIR-RAISING DUEL OF THE NIGHTY MIDNIGHTS!

"THIS WILL INTEREST YOU, KID!"

"A LETTER FROM 'CYCLOPS' BILL'S BOSS!"

"OH, BOY! DID THEY SEND US PRIZES FOR THE HUNDREDS-MILE AUTO RACE?"

"THE MOUNT NEEDED PAGES AND... THE LETTER SAYS THAT 'CYCLOPS' HAS RECEIVED SEVERAL THREATENING NOTES... WE'RE GOING IN AN OFFICIAL CAPACITY!"

JOE PALOOKA By Ham Fisher

I LOVE HIM EVERYTHING... HE COULD HAVE KEPT QUIET... AND I NEVER WOULD HAVE KNOWN...

THIS OLD BOKER'LL BLOW UP!

DOC... TONY!

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HOW DEEPLY GRATEFUL I AM, GOOD LUCK.

DOTTY DRIPPLE By Buford

HERE YOU ARE, SIR!

PILLOW SALE

I HATE THESE LUNCH HOUR ERRANDS FOR DOTTY... WUP... THERE GOES THE WRAPPING!

DRIPPLE! WANNY! YOU'D BETTER BE GOING HOME! BEHOLD! HERE'S YOUR BASKET! GOING TOO FAR!!

BRINGING UP FATHER By George McManus

THIS IS A FINE HOUSE—I CAN'T KEEP ANYTHING AROUND HERE!

IT'S NOT UNDER HERE IF I BROUGHT HOME A LOCOMOTIVE—I WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO FIND IT IN HERE!

WHAT ARE YOU CRAWLING AROUND ABOUT? WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? TAKE THAT PIE OUT OF YOUR MOUTH WHEN YOU SPEAK TO ME!

BY GOLLY—THAT'S WHAT I WUZ LOOKIN' FER!

HENRY By Carl Anderson

CARL ANDERSON

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS By Edwin

GEE? THAT MAN WAS MAD WE BUMPED INTO, RUNNING AFTER OUR CIRCUS BALLOON GOT AWAY.

DID YOU FORGET YOU HAD AN APPOINTMENT WITH TH' DENTIST? HUH??

CERTAINLY I NOW RUN UP AN' GET READY... BUT I HAVEN'T GOT TH' TOOTHACHE.

NO—AN' HE'S GOIN' TO SEE YOU DON'T GET IT! I HAVE A NEW DENTIST, AN' WE DON'T WANT TO BE LATE TH' FIRST TIME.

TILLIE THE TOILER By Webster

WITH BERTHA AS HER BODYGUARD, DON'T YOU THINK TILLIE WILL BE SAFE ON DOG-LEG ISLAND?

OH, DEAR, THERE ARE SO MANY THINGS THAT MIGHT HAPPEN! DON'T WORRY, MRS. JONES, NOTHING WILL HAPPEN WHILE I'M AROUND.

THERE NOW, MOTHER, WHAT DID I TELL—

EEEEK!

OH, BERTHA, HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU TO BE MORE CAREFUL WITH YOUR BANANA PEELS?

PENNY By Harry Haenigsen

YES, ELSA, HE'S ACTUALLY UTTERLY WILD ABOUT ME—I DON'T MEAN SIMPLY A SILLY SCHOOLBOY CRUSH....

IT'S A DEEP, TENDER, ENDURING AFFECTION LIKE CARY BOYER HAD FOR LUCY TURNER IN 'SCOLS ADRIPT'

HE'S SO TOUCHING AND FAITHFUL, ELSA—HE TOLD ME LAST NIGHT THAT IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO HIM....

HE HAS WILLED ME HIS TERRY COMO ALBUM!