

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

**GRADUATE PIANOFORTE RECITAL**  
LOUISE COX  
L.Mus. (McGill)  
Assisted by GAELENE CRAIG  
Soprano  
KIRK HALL  
TUES., JUNE 28th—8:15



**BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES**  
(By Thornton W. Burgess)

Beware the uninvited guest! To not be home is sometimes best. —Kit Fox.

There are advantages in being big, but also there are advantages in being small. Kit Fox found this out a long time ago and he isn't too sorry for himself because he is the smallest of the Fox cousins. I suspect that he is glad that he is no bigger than he is. Being small he has less weight to carry when he runs and that is one reason why he can run so fast. And how he can run! With his tall straight out behind him and his slender legs moving so fast. He seems as light on his feet as a feather, and just skims over the ground when he is in a great hurry. He lives on the Great Plains where Digger the Badger lives, and where members of Old Man Coyote's family are at home. Kit had been out hunting. When he returned home he found Mrs. Kit curled up on the doorstep of their home. She had slept most of the time Kit had been gone. She preferred to do her hunting after dark. So did Kit as a rule. This day he had wakened hungry and had decided to do a little daylight hunting.



"I saw Digger the Badger," he announced.

"What was he doing, digging after some one?" asked Mrs. Kit. She yawned.

"No," replied Kit, "he wasn't digging, but I guess he had been. He was sitting in front of a hole that looked as if it had just been dug. I guess he was feeling grumpy and out of sorts, for he was grumbling to himself as he cleaned his soles."

Mrs. Kit looked up quickly. "His what?" she asked.

Kit Fox grinned. "His tools. That was what he called them, but they were just his claws. This was the first time I ever had a good look at them. They are some claws, my dear. They are some claws. With such claws as he has it is no wonder he is the best digger anywhere around. He is busy about those claws. You should see him clean them," said he.

"I wish he hadn't seen you," said Mrs. Kit. She sounded uneasy. "Why?" asked Kit and added, "He isn't likely to bother us. He is living too far away for that. You know how short his legs are. No one with short legs travels any farther than they have to, and I am sure there are enough Gophers and Mice in his neighborhood to be had for the catching to keep him near home."

"Just the same you should have kept away from his home," protested Mrs. Kit.

"I did," retorted Kit. "I didn't go near his home. The hole he came out of isn't his home. I knew where that is and kept away from it. You know how he is about holes. They are scattered all about. He digs a new one every time he goes after a Gopher. I didn't know he was in this hole until he came out. Then it was too late for me to get out of sight. There is no cause to worry, my dear."

"I'm not worrying," snapped Mrs. Kit. "I'm just saying that I'm sorry he saw you. He may not have known that we are anywhere about, but he does now. I would hate to have to move his house and I wouldn't like having to leave it. But we would have to, and you know it, if he should appear in this neighborhood. You could tell me, I would like to know how he was. If he comes we go. You know that as well as I do. And I don't want to go. I wish you had kept out of his sight."

Mrs. Kit got to her feet stretched her front legs, then her hind legs, yawned and went down into their house in the ground. Kit watched her disappear, looked around, hesitated as if uncertain, then followed her down inside.

Meanwhile Digger the Badger was digging out Gophers and Mice at the same time thinking of Kit Fox. "I wonder where that fellow is living," thought he. "The hunting here isn't as good as it was, not as good as I would like. I wouldn't mind moving into a new neighborhood. It is easy to dig a new house. Nothing easier."

That very night he started off in the direction in which he had seen Kit Fox go. Very early two mornings later he came to the entrance to the underground house of Kit and Mrs. Kit. He knew it was theirs the moment he saw it. "Anybody home?" he wondered and prepared to find out.

**Contract Bridge**

By Josephine Culbertson

**A WELL-EARNED "TOP"**

Few top-scores at duplicate are so well earned as East's was in the following case:

South dealer. Both sides vulnerable.

7 5 3 2  
4 3  
9 8 6 5 4  
K 9 8 4  
J 7  
10 8 2  
A 10 7 2

N	E
W	S

Q J 10 8  
A 3 2  
9 6  
K Q J x

South West North East  
2 Pass 1 NT Pass  
3 Pass 3 Pass  
4 Pass 4 Pass  
6 Pass Pass Pass

The bidding at more than one table of this match-point duplicate game was:

The various Souths must have realized that they were taking a chance in going to six with such noncommittal response from partner!

The slam contracts were fulfilled in two cases when South made the correct guess in trumps, leading the ten from his hand and putting up the queen when West played low, but this same guess bore no fruit at one table. For here, when South ruffed the opening lead of the club ace, led the heart ten and, after a long "huddle," put up dummy's queen—East smoothly played the trump deuce.

No declarer who was not also a mind reader could fail to go wrong after this play by East! And this declarer was not a mind reader. He led the heart six from dummy, and when East played the three, finessed in the hope of driving out the blank ace. Certainly, it appeared that this was the one chance to avoid the loss of two heart tricks. The fact that dummy's queen had held the trick clearly marked West with the heart ace, and therefore declarer had to hope that East held the jack.

The beauty of East's play may not be immediately obvious. East knew from South's failure to try for a diamond ruff that the diamonds were solid, and he also knew that South could not have made the bid with a losing spade. The one chance to defeat the contract, therefore, was to let the heart queen hold so as to make it possible for declarer to finesse for the obviously missing jack.

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**KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED**



By Zane Grey

**JOE PALOOKA**



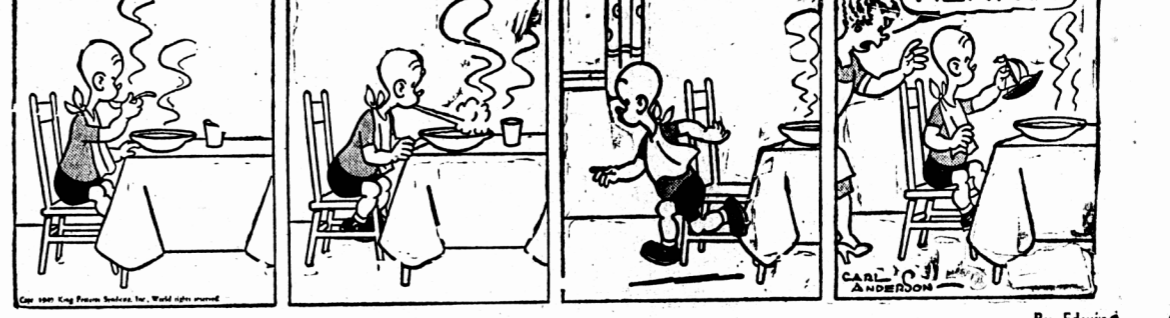
By Ham Fisher

**DOTTY DRIPPLE**



By Buford

**HENRY**



By Carl Anderson

**TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBB**



By George McManis

**BRINGING UP FAHER**



By Westover

**TILLIE THE TOILER**



By Westover

**PENNY**



By Harry Heintzen

**MAMMOTH**  
Charity Dance And Entertainment  
WHELAN MEMORIAL HALL  
THURSDAY NITE, JUNE 23rd  
DANCING 9-1 O'CLOCK  
Modern Music supplied by Alf McKearney's Orchestra  
For Old Time Dancers we Guarantee you Something Special in Old Time Music.  
IT'S THE DANCE OF THE YEAR  
DON'T MISS IT  
Added Attraction—Floor Show  
Admission 50c  
The Proceeds are for a very worthy cause

**ATTENTION**  
POLL CHAIRMEN  
IMPORTANT MEETING TONIGHT  
8:30 P.M.  
Liberal Committee Rooms  
GEORGE R. HOOPER.

**PSYCHIATRIC NURSING**  
(A Growing Field)  
The Board of Commissioners of the Nova Scotia Hospital invites applications from men and women who are interested in becoming nurses and hold a Grade XI Provincial Certificate. Through affiliation all students receive General Training, and in the case of female students training in Obstetrics and Pediatrics. Students are paid an adequate allowance during their entire period of training, in addition to maintenance and uniforms. No tuition fees are required. Graduates are qualified to write their Registered Nurses' Examinations. Please apply to the Secretary, Board of Commissioners, Nova Scotia Hospital, Dartmouth, N. S. June 14, 1949.

**HAVE YOU PAID YOUR ELECTRIC SERVICE BILL**

Disconnection notices are mailed each month to customers whose electric service account is in arrears. These notices state the final date when disconnection will be made unless the account has been paid in full to our office. A reconnection fee of \$1.00 is payable before service will be re-established.

After these notices have been sent, service will definitely be disconnected unless payment is made in full. Please do not ask us to make exceptions.

Please pay your monthly service account promptly. We highly esteem your goodwill and desire to avoid the embarrassment of disconnections if at all possible.

MARITIME ELECTRIC COMPANY, LIMITED

**LIT' ARNER**  
AT LAST—WE'RE ALONE—JUST THE TWO OF US?  
NOT EXACTLY MAM—THERE'S THREE OF US?  
COUNTIN' MAH FISH?  
GASP!  
THAT'S ODD—WHEN SHE FIRST SAW ME, SHE WAS GAMP DANGEROUSLY WIDE-AWAKE—BUT SUDDENLY, FOR NO REASON AT ALL—SHE FALLS ASLEEP?—WELL, WHY AM BETTER BE GETTIN' ALONG.

**RIP KIRK**  
HERE IS AN QUESTION, MADREL... LET'S SAY IT'S ABOUT MY WONDERFUL DOG, BOBO... LET'S SAY HE DID A VERY BAD THING ONCE, A LONG TIME AGO... SO BAD THAT I RAN AWAY WITH HIM...  
WELL...SUPPOSE BOBO NEVER DID A BAD THING AGAIN...SUPPOSE HE STARTED A NEW LIFE, SO TO SPEAK, IN A NEW HONEY, IF YOU FOUND OUT ABOUT BOBO, WOULD YOU TURN HIM OVER TO THE LAW?  
NOT ME, MARY... I'M SURE, EVERY DOG SHOULD HAVE HIS DAY... ESPECIALLY BOBO!

**AL CAPP**  
THE MURDER-CRAZED WILDcat; SEEMS IT'S CHANCE AT LAST—SPRINGS!

**Alex Raymond**  
ANY MAN RATEB A SECOND CHANCE ABOUT BOBO... I'M TALKING ABOUT A MAN... BELIEVE ME, I KNOW!