

"The flavor lasts"



WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM

Enjoy it today!

Golf Club DANCE

EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT

DON MESSER'S ORCHESTRA

EVERYBODY WELCOME

Dancing 9.30 to 12.30 Admission 75c

NOTICE

ELECTRIC SERVICE INTERRUPTION

Customers served from lines along the Borden Highway via Bonshaw are advised that commencing FRIDAY, JULY 16, AT 9:00 A.M., electrical service will be subject to interruption. Shut-offs will be made as required for work on live lines made necessary by highway construction. Every endeavour will be made to keep interruptions as brief as possible and to restore service by 5:00 p.m. each day, consistent with safety to working crews. Section affected will be from CFCY transmitter west via Bonshaw to Borden and Albany.

Maritime Electric Co. Ltd.

LIVE POULTRY

LOADING LIVE FOWL AND CHICKEN

All Breeds except Leghorns

ON TUESDAY, JULY 20

FOR THE U.S.A. MARKET

HIGHEST PRICES PAID

Contact us and take advantage of this strong market.

Island Chick Hatchery

55 QUEEN ST. CHARLOTTETOWN

Fiery, Itching Toes and Feet

Here is a clean, stainless anti-septic oil that will do more to help you get rid of your trouble than anything you've ever used. Its action is so powerfully penetrating that the itching is quickly stopped; and in a short time you are rid of that bothersome, fiery torture. The same is true of Barber's Itch, Rheum, Eczema—other irritating unsightly skin troubles.

You can obtain Moone's Eucalypt Oil in the original bottle at Hughes Drug Co. Ltd., The Jenkins Pharmacy, or any modern drug store. It is safe to use—and failure in any of these ailments is rare indeed.

By Alex Raymond

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

LIVING HIGH

A Beetle, Worm, or anything That's buggy, crawls, or is a-wing.—Old Mr. Toad

He was thinking of the next meal when he said that. His head was out from beneath the wide old board in a corner of Farmer Brown's garden. Other Toads mostly younger than he, were poking out their heads all along that board. "Toad's Co-operative Home" was what Farmer Brown's boy called it.

The Black Shadows were just creeping into the garden from across the Green Meadows. Old Mr. Toad likes the Black Shadows. He likes them much better than the Jolly little Sunbeams. The latter are much too bright and warm for his comfort. So he keeps hidden out of their reach until the cool, refreshing Black Shadows come out from the Purple Hills behind which jolly round Mr. Sun and all his Sunbeams have gone to bed.

Over in the Old Orchard nobody the Worm Thrush was singing his lovely good-night lullaby. From over in the Green Forest came the even lovelier evening song of Cousin Hermit Thrush. It was the sweet, peaceful quiet hour when many folks were settling themselves to sleep and pleasant dreams, while others were waking up or had just wakened. Old Mr. Toad was one of the latter.

He opened and closed his big mouth and darted out his long tongue once or twice. Perhaps he was testing it to see that it was working well. He hopped out into the garden path. A small Beetle started to cross in front of him. Old Mr. Toad made a short quick hop and leaped forward. Out shot his long tongue and back again as quickly. That Beetle no longer was crossing the path. Old Mr. Toad swallowed.

"I believe I am hungry. There is nothing like a good day's sleep for the appetite," said he as he started towards a row of lettuce. On the first of these he found some tiny green insects called Aphids. Some folks call them Plant-lice. To Old Mr. Toad, one name was as good as another. It was the first, not names, that concerned him, and little as they were these tasted good to him. He ate all he saw within each, then hopped on to the next plant. This had been so badly eaten that it was ruined.

Old Mr. Toad was going past when he saw something moving on that plant. A little Slug, looking something like a Small without a shell, had just begun another meal on that plant, having spent the day hidden under a stone from which it had left a slightly shining silvery trail. Here was a mouthful. Mr. Toad had to use both hands to help get it into his mouth. That Slug would ruin no more plants.

A little farther on a Grasshopper made the mistake of jumping into the path almost at Old Mr. Toad's feet. It was his last jump. Old Mr. Toad may look slow and awkward when hopping along, but there is nothing slow or awkward about him when a lively morsel is within reach of that handy tongue of his. A few minutes later he found a Cutworm, and then another. He ate both. They would do no more mischief in that garden.

His stomach was about full, so after topping off that meal with a hairy caterpillar he settled himself to rest beneath a broad leaf. He was living high and without much trouble. It was good to be back in that garden and it was good for that garden that he was back.

When he began to feel hungry again, and this was surprisingly soon, he hopped over to where the potatoes were growing. He ate a few of the small striped Beetles he found there, commonly called Potato-bugs. It was a trouble at all to find them, and none was ever to catch them. A clumsy May Beetle that boys and girls would call a June Bug came blundering his way. The big yellowish-white grubs that eat the roots of grass and other plants come from the eggs these Beetles lay in the ground. Before that Beetle knew what had happened she was in Old Mr. Toad's mouth. He shut his eyes hard and swallowed. Somehow shutting his eyes hard that way seems to help him swallow things that go down hard. Because of hard wing covers that Beetle was harder to swallow than the big soft-bodied Slug had been. After that Old Mr. Toad ate two click Beetles. Their young, had they lived to have any would have been Wireworm garden pests that are hard to fight as every farmer knows. Four times that night Old Mr. Toad filled his big stomach.



A little farther on a Grasshopper made the mistake of jumping into the path almost at Old Mr. Toad's feet

If Farmer Brown could see all the garden pests that had gone into it he would have understood why Tommy called him the assistant gardener.

The next story: "A Puppy Learns."

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

ADVICE FOR DEFENDERS

A difficult point of defense cropped up in today's hand.

North dealer.
North-South vulnerable.

♠ 9 4
♥ A 8 8 3
♦ A Q 8
♣ Q J 7 6

♠ K Q 7 5
♥ 7 6 4
♦ 2
♣ 8 3

♠ 10 8 6 3
♥ J 5
♦ 7 6 4 2
♣ A 5 2

The bidding:
North East South West
1♣ Pass 2NT Pass
3NT Pass Pass Pass

Many master players would prefer to "approach" with South's hand by responding to the opening club bid with one diamond, but in this particular South was of the school which believes that such methods give too much information to the enemy. Certainly, the two-notrump response could not be fairly criticized.

West opened his fourth-highest heart, and declarer captured East's jack with the king. Declarer counted tricks and saw that even though he should be able to win three heart tricks, by finessing the ten-spot through West, he would still, almost surely need a club trick to round out his contract. So, hoping that the opponents would not make too embarrassing an attack in spades, South led the diamond nine to the queen and returned a low club.

This was a good technique, as far as it went, because it gave East the chance to make a mistake. If East had failed to go right in with an honor, it would have been West who won the first club trick for his side, and West could not successfully attack in spades.

East rose to the opportunity by putting up the club ace and shifting to spades, but unfortunately for his side, he failed to go all the way through with this defense. On his lead of a low spade, declarer ducked entirely, and West had to play the queen to shut out dummy's nine-spot. After that, successful defense was impossible.

This sort of situation is usually mishandled by defenders. It was vital for East to lead a spade that would force declarer's ducking to the nine! Thus, East should have led the spade ten, and that play alone would have proved extremely embarrassing to the declarer!

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Zane Grey

WHAM! HOW COULD YOUR DAD DIDN'T STOP IN AND SAY HELLO?

HE'S FURIOUS BECAUSE WE'VE HAD ANOTHER ACCIDENT!

OH, CYCLOPS! IF WE DON'T WIN TOMORROW, I KNOW HE'LL TAKE THE CARS AWAY FROM ME!

DON'T WORRY, CAR, DEAR, HE'LL WIN!

JOE PALOOKA

By Ham Fisher

HE WASN'T IN WHEN I CALLED THE BOWLING ALLEY, OUT WITH SOME PROVIDE BLONDE.

PUN-LIESE... I USE A VERY SMALL AMOUNT A PROVIDE MYSELF, AM THE BROWN HAIKS IS SHOWING ON YOUR FOREHEAD DEARE, BETTER TOUCH IT UP!

CON... I DON'T MEAN IT THAT WAY, SHURLEY, BUT HOW D'YA LIKE THAT RAT CON... I CALLED UP AN SWEET ASY IF HE WAS THERE... AN I KNOW HE'D BE OUT WITH SOME...

DEAR, SAY IT WAS YOU? DIDJA LEAVE A MESSAGE?

D'YA THINK I'M QUARRELSOME? I HUNG-SUP I WANT TELL HE HEARS WHO I'M GON' WITH, HELL BURN UP!

SCUSE ME, CAR, I'D LIKE T'BE THE NEW GUY FORA.

DOTTY DRIPPLE

By Buford

NOW, THERE'S AN IDEA—A REAR VIEW DESK MIRROR TO WARN YOU WHEN THE BOSS SNEAKS UP BEHIND YOU!

HENRY

By Carl Anderson

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

WELL, TO PLEASE MAGGIE I'LL BRING THIS SOCIETY NICE OF YOU TO DIM-WIT HOME TO DINNER, I HOPE HE'S AT HOME!!

IT'S REALLY JOLLY NICE OF YOU TO INVITE ME—MR. JIGGS!

I SHOULD SAY IT IS!

OH-BY THE WAY—I PROMISED YOUR WIFE TO SHIP FOR HER THE NEXT TIME I VISITED YOU, YOU WAIT A MOMENT UNTIL I GET MY MUSIC!

STRAANGE—HE'S GONE!!

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS

By Edwin

SEE! JUST THINK OF OWNIN' ALL THIS SOME DAY...

I'LL TAKE TH' HOUSE, AN YOU C'N HAVE TH' BARN!

NO!

NOW, THERE, LONG TH' FENCE—TRIM TH' GRASS NICELY.

YESSIR!

YOU'RE DOIN' REAL WELL!!—AN I KNOW, WHEN I'M GONE—ALL THESE BROAD ACRES 'LL BE IN FINE HANDS, YESSIR—IT'S GRATIFYIN' TO KNOW—

TILLIE THE TOILER

By Webster

THAT WAS AFTER ME!

AND I THOUGHT IT WAS A SHARK!

HA, HA! WHAT A BOOGYARD! DOESN'T EVEN KNOW A CRAB WHEN SHE SEES ONE!

YOU'RE RIGHT, MISTER—I MAY NOT KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A SHARK AND A CRAB—

BUT I SURE KNOW A WOLF WHEN I SEE ONE!

PENNY

By Harry Hoenigsen

WELL, I HAVE TO RUN ALONG NOW, MRS. FRAMMIS—I'M GOING DOWN TO THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

HEAVENS, MRS. FRAMMIS!

HOW NICE, PENNY! SO FEW OF OUR YOUNG PEOPLE APPRECIATE SUCH WORTHY WHILE PLACES THESE DAYS.

OUR SET WOULD BE UTTERLY LOST WITHOUT IT! IT'S SO CENTRALLY LOCATED, THAT FOR—

CHECKING BUNDLES, MEETING DATES OR FRONKING WHEN OTHER PLACES ARE CROWDED, IT'S SIMPLY IDEAL.

RIP KIRBY

THANK HEAVEN YOU'RE IN LONDON, RIP! BETVA BANISTER HAS DISAPPEARED! WHAT SHALL I DO?

THE SIMPLEST THING POSSIBLE... DIAL 999...

AN AMERICAN MODEL MISSING? SCOTLAND YARD WILL SEND A MAN OVER IMMEDIATELY!

OF COURSE WE'LL INVESTIGATE THE LEADS YOU GAVE ME, BUT I'M AFRAID I HAVE BAD NEWS FOR YOU MRS. SHE'S KILLED HERSELF!

THE POOR, WILD LITTLE POOL!