

**PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND TUBERCULOSIS LEAGUE**

**Mobile X-ray Unit Schedules**

**TUESDAY, 16 MAY—**  
 Alberton High School ..... 9:30 to noon  
 Alberton Institute Hall ..... 3:00 to 4:00  
 Alberton Institute Hall ..... 7:00 to 9:00

**WEDNESDAY, 17 MAY—**  
 Alberton Institute Hall ..... 11:00 to noon  
 Montrose School ..... 3:00 to 4:00

**THURSDAY, 18 MAY—**  
 Piusville School ..... 3:00 to 4:30  
 Piusville School ..... 7:00 to 9:00

**Wood Islands-Caribou Ferry Service**

The Connecting Link Between  
**PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND & NOVA SCOTIA**

Schedule for May 1st to June 23rd:

"Prince Nova"—Leave Wood Islands	8 A.M.	1 P.M.
"Prince Nova"—Leave Caribou	11 A.M.	5 P.M.
"Charles A. Dunning"—Leave Caribou	8 A.M.	1 P.M.
"Charles A. Dunning"—Leave Wood Islands	11 A.M.	5 P.M.

For Daily Information, Listen to CFCY at  
**9:55 A.M. EACH WEEK DAY—STANDARD TIME**

**Northumberland Ferries Limited**  
 HEAD OFFICE: Charlottetown, P. E. I.

**ANNOUNCING**

the appointment of

**J. E. WRIGHT AGENCIES**

MONCTON, N. B.

AS OUR MARITIME AND NEWFOUNDLAND REPRESENTATIVES

ATLAS STERILIZED WIPING PRODUCTS,  
 Point Viau, Montreal, P.Q.

Wipers - Waste - Chamois - Polishing Cloths - Knitcloth  
 Hand Cleaners - Mechanics Crested Coveralls - Service  
 Coats, etc.

Contacts and inquiries solicited from large buyers.

**BARN DANCE**

AT THE CHARLOTTETOWN ARMOURIES

**TUESDAY, MAY 16**

Modern and Old Time Dancing  
 Dancing 9 to 1 A.M.

Orchestras:  
**AL BLANCHARD and DON MESSER**

Specially Treated Floor

Sponsored by the Junior League, Charlottetown  
 Hospital

Canteen Service Admission 75c

**CLOVER CLUB DANCE**

EVERY SATURDAY

Al Blanchard and the "Clover Club" Band

Admission—75c Dancing 9:30 to 12:00

For reservations Phone 1222  
 Reservations held until 10:30 p.m.

**SATURDAY NIGHT IS YOUR DANCE NIGHT AT THE CLOVER CLUB**

**BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES**

(By Thornton W. Burgess)



**THE ODD ONE**  
 Originality 'tis clear  
 Is but a name for being queer.

The Winsome Bluebirds were troubled. Yes, sir, they were troubled. Something was wrong with one of the babies. No, the baby wasn't sick. It was just different from the others. It didn't look like the others. It was odd. It seems that any one who is different from others is odd.

It was Mother Winsome who first noticed the difference. Mothers are quicker than fathers to see differences in their babies. When the first feathers began to appear, this one's were different from those of the four brothers and sisters. Mother noticed it before the first feather had begun to unroll and open out. While it was tightly rolled it didn't look right. She was troubled but she said nothing. She watched sharply the other little feathers starting. They were all alike and they were like that first one. When they unrolled Winsome noticed them. He could hardly help it. You see that little bird was getting a coat as different from the coats of his brothers and sisters as it very well could be.

"Are you sure that is one of our babies?" asked Winsome.

"Of course I'm sure," retorted Mrs. Winsome. "Do you think I don't know my own babies?" She was indignant.

"I just wondered if some one had slipped an egg in our nest when we were not around and we hadn't noticed it," replied Winsome mildly.

"Don't you suppose I would have noticed a strange egg? It would have been different from ours. And don't you suppose I know how many eggs I laid?" retorted Mrs. Winsome sharply.

"Of course, of course," replied Winsome hastily. "Did all those eggs look alike? Were any of them blue?"

"You saw them. Did you see any difference in them?" retorted Mrs. Winsome.

Winsome shook his head. "If I had I would have said something about it. They all looked alike to me," said he.

"They were alike," declared Mrs. Winsome. "They were as much alike as any eggs could be."

Winsome poked his head in the doorway for another look at the odd baby. There wasn't much light in that little house but there was enough to see that one of those small birds was different, very different from the others. The latter wore dark coats such as baby Bluebirds were supposed to wear. His new coat wasn't dark at all. It was white!

All five were stretching their necks up and had their mouths wide open. "They are all just alike in one thing," said Winsome as he withdrew his head.

"In what?" asked Mrs. Winsome.

"Appetite!" chuckled Winsome as he spread his blue wings to go in search of something to drop in those hungry mouths.

Only in his coat and his eyes did that one differ from his brothers and sisters. He was just as hungry as any of the others and he grew just as fast. He struggled just as hard to get his share of food. By the time the others were ready to begin to wonder what the Great World outside that snug little house was like he was taking his turn at poking his head outside.

It wasn't until then that father and mother discovered that he was odd in any way but his coat. "Did you see his eyes?" Mrs. Winsome asked in a puffed voice.

"Yes," replied Winsome. "Yes, I saw them. Funniest eyes I ever have seen. What do you suppose is the matter with them?"

Mrs. Winsome shook her head. "I don't know," she confessed. "He seems to see as well as the others."

"I've noticed he grabs his share of food," replied Winsome dryly.

"I wonder what the neighbors will say when they see him," sighed Mrs. Winsome.

The neighbors said plenty. For a while after he first appeared where they could see him they talked of little else. Instead of being a blue bird he was a white bird. Instead of having dark eyes he had pink eyes. Do you wonder that the neighbors talked?

South dealer.  
 North-South vulnerable.

10 6	4 9 1	3 3 2
A 8 4	K 9 8	10 6 2
K 9 8	W E S	10 8 7 5
6 3	N	2
K 9 7 5	A 7	K J 10 8 5 2
A 2	Q 3	J 4

The bidding:  
 South West North East  
 1 ♠ 1 ♣ 2 ♠ Pass  
 2 ♥ Pass 2 ♠ Pass  
 3 ♥ Pass 6 ♠ (Anal bid)

North's spade cue bid was justified even without control of the suit, but having made that bid, he should have said only five hearts at his next turn.

West, realizing that his club ace would be knocked out in the early stages, opened a diamond in hope of establishing the setting trick—he had a strong feeling that he could not count on his spade holding.

Unfortunately for him, South had the diamond queen, and let the lead come around to that card. This, however, did him little good in the end. When he drew trumps and led the club jack, West took his ace and promptly returned a club. South got one discard on the clubs, but he still had to lose a spade.

The right line of play, after the favorable opening lead, was to draw two rounds of trumps, cash the diamond ace and ruff dummy's last diamond, then to lead the club four toward dummy. There was a sound reason for this procedure! West had bid spades, and probably had a five-card suit, at least. He had shown two hearts. His opening lead was from at least three diamonds. Hence he probably had either two or three clubs. After the diamonds were stripped, the lead of South's low club would "fix" West! If he had three clubs, there was nothing South could do about it unless the ten dropped; but with West actually holding only ace-small in clubs, he would be helpless. If he put up the ace on the first lead, South would get two discards; if he ducked, the next club play would put him in with the blank ace and force a return which would let South easily avoid the loss of a spade.

**See the Maritime Life**

Plan TODAY!

T. W. Bentley, C.L.U., Mgr. P.E.I. Branch, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

**KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED**

by Lane Gre

Panel 1: "Ain't there's our car at the heater?"  
 Panel 2: "I'll radio a general alarm for Rinchface!"  
 Panel 3: "Then I'll take you home, merrily!"  
 Panel 4: "That's what you think, mount... at both hands on the wheel and head this bus up the old woods road!"

**JOE PALOOKA**

by Ham Fisher

Panel 1: "I'm jest gonna try'er an' see. Ain't nobuddy around."  
 Panel 2: "Late at night."  
 Panel 3: "Later on the English shore."  
 Panel 4: "No use hangin' aroun'. Wish I knowed where Joe is. Wull guess I better be gettin' back 'fore daybreak."

**HENRY**

by Carl Anderson

Panel 1: "Woof woof woof."  
 Panel 2: "Quiet! Hospital."  
 Panel 3: "F."  
 Panel 4: "Hospital for cats and dogs."

**DOTTY DIPPLE**

by Bizard

Panel 1: "Who wants to lick the cake pan?"  
 Panel 2: "What's the matter, Horace? You usually rush in like mad at the call of the cake pan!"  
 Panel 3: "No more broken bones for me—I'll just wait for a piece of the cake!"  
 Panel 4: "Clank clank."

**TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS**

by Edwin

Panel 1: "Wouldn't you think people would stay at home when they know you're cleanin' house?"  
 Panel 2: "Sally! We're back!!"  
 Panel 3: "Now, don't let us stop you—oh! we had such a wonderful trip... we won't stay—but we must tell you all about it, and—"  
 Panel 4: "Let's eat at thy restaurant tonight—we can't eat anywhere, till they leave—!"

**BRINGING UP FATHER**

by George Mc

Panel 1: "Rats! I have to go shopping with Maggie. It don't make sense. I won't have a cent when I get back!"  
 Panel 2: "We are not going to walk down that cheap street where a lot of your loafer pals hang out!"  
 Panel 3: "Well—hello—Maggie—I haven't seen you since you worked in Hinnicys wood and coal yard!"  
 Panel 4: "Maggie—I think we'd better go back to my street."  
 Panel 5: "You look the same as when you worked in Hinnicys wood and coal yard."  
 Panel 6: "Easier to carry than that bag without wood in it?"

**TILLIE THE TOILER**

by Westover

Panel 1: "Chief Mac's not the owner this is the late Mac Mactavish's drive-in."  
 Panel 2: "Yeah, Joe Tunkley'n his wife was runnin' it since Mactavish died."  
 Panel 3: "Mac to Mac! Mac Mactavish bequeaths Mac's drive-in to Mac Mactavish."  
 Panel 4: "Suppose you read this."

**PENNY**

by Penny Hodgson

Panel 1: "Oh, des, I just had to see you... I was so unreasonably lonely."  
 Panel 2: "Julie, my love! It is so nice to know you need me as much as I need you!"  
 Panel 3: "Let's sit here and talk, des... about you and me and our little cottage!"  
 Panel 4: "Ah, yes..."  
 Panel 5: "It's real nice to have you drop in, Uncle Mort."  
 Panel 6: "Thank you, Penny."  
 Panel 7: "Well, it's five minutes to four."  
 Panel 8: "Do you mind if I get the symphony concert on the radio?"  
 Panel 9: "Mind, Uncle Mort?"  
 Panel 10: "Heavens, no, I won't even hear it!"

**L'L ABNER**

by Al Cap

Panel 1: "Delilah Dumplin' is Sunshine Lane. Sounds like a sweet L'L gal on a sweet L'L street."  
 Panel 2: "But wait an' see... as per usual, the street will turn out 'be a howlin' horror—and she'll turn out 'be a friend."  
 Panel 3: "It's a nice street."  
 Panel 4: "An' her folks looks like nice folks. Ah is more skeered than ever, now."

**KIRBY**

by Alex Raymond

Panel 1: "Oh, des, I just had to see you... I was so unreasonably lonely."  
 Panel 2: "Julie, my love! It is so nice to know you need me as much as I need you!"  
 Panel 3: "Let's sit here and talk, des... about you and me and our little cottage!"  
 Panel 4: "Ah, yes..."