

THE CHARLOTTETOWN MALE CHORUS
 Will Present
A MUSICAL CONCERT
 ON TUESDAY, JUNE 6th AT 8:15 P.M.
 In HEARTZ MEMORIAL HALL
 Guest Artists Admission 50c
 In Aid Of Boys Work
 Tickets on sale now at Henderson & Cutmore; Holman's Music Section; Chorus Members and Howatt's Grocery, Belvedere Corner.

Canadian Legion 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

THE BARN DRIVE IN
 INTRODUCING
SUMMER SPECIALS & AFTERNOON TEAS
 * Fruit Salad with Whipped Cream
 * Strawberry Shortcake and Whipped Cream
 * Fruit Salad Sundae
 * Strawberry Sundae Roll.
 Bran Muffins, English Scones, Hot Biscuits,
 Cinnamon Toast — Hot Chocolate

ATTENTION
LIVESTOCK TRUCKERS AND PRODUCERS
 Since Monday, June 5th, has been declared a civic holiday, our plant will be closed.
 We will not, therefore, be accepting hogs or other livestock on this day.
 We shall be open for business as usual on Tuesday, June 6th.
CANADA PACKERS

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND TUBERCULOSIS LEAGUE
MOBILE X-RAY UNIT SCHEDULE
TUESDAY 6 JUNE—
 Middleton School 8:00 to 4:00
 7:30 to 9:00
WEDNESDAY 7 JUNE—
 Lower Freetown School 3:30 to 4:00
 7:30 to 9:00
THURSDAY 8 JUNE—
 Freetown School 3:30 to 4:30
 7:30 to 9:00
FRIDAY 9 JUNE—
 Kelvin Grove School 1:00 to 2:00
 North Bedeque School 3:30 to 5:00
 As this service is now free all adults are urged to avail themselves of the opportunity at the most convenient centre.

NOTICE
 TO ISLAND BUSINESSMEN
MR. WALTER CAMPBELL is the only authorized agent to solicit and accept advertising in connection with the
LABOR JOURNAL

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)
THE HOME IN THE GROUND
 Busy happiness is best. Those so occupied are blest. —Rattles the Kingfisher.
 Rattles the Kingfisher and Mrs. Rattles were happy for they were busy. They were very busy indeed. They were digging a new home and you know no greater happiness is to be found than in home making. Rattles was especially happy because the new home was being dug where he had wanted it dug, in a steep sand bank by the Big River. Mrs. Rattles had insisted on another place which he had been sure wouldn't do, and so it had proved. There were too many stones in the way. They had been forced to stop trying to dig there. They had gone fishing, then Mrs. Rattles had flown straight to this sand bank by the Big River and started work on the new home as if this place had been her choice all along.
 When they were tired they stopped working and went fishing. The Kingfisher folk long ago discovered for themselves the restfulness of fishing. Everywhere, on the Green Meadows, in the Green Forest, the Old Pasture, the Old Orchard, around the Smiling Pool and along Laughing Brook other feathered folk were happily busy building homes, some on the ground and some above the ground in bushes and trees.
 "Do you know what I think?" said Rattles, shaking his tousled head.
 "What do you think?" asked Mrs. Rattles, whose head was just as tousled.
 "I think there is only one proper place in which to make a home and raise a family," replied Rattles.
 "I suppose you mean this bank. You know there are other sand banks just as good," said Mrs. Rattles.
 "I mean in the ground. Not on the ground or above the ground, but in the ground," declared Rattles. "Sometimes I think we Kingfishers and our neighbors, the Bank Swallows, are the only ones with any sense in making a home. How any folk can for one minute think their babies are safe in nests on the ground is more than I can understand."
 "Or in trees or bushes," said Mrs. Rattles.
 Rattles nodded. "Or in trees and bushes," he agreed. "But in the ground is different. If any babies are safer than ours I don't know whose they are."
 "Time to get back to work," said Mrs. Rattles.
 So back to work they went, taking turns digging. Rattles had let Mrs. Rattles choose the place to start digging but when work was begun he did his share and a little more. When there is work of this kind to be done, he is a hard worker, is Rattles the Kingfisher. When he came out for a rest, Mrs. Rattles went in to work.
 It was easy digging and because this was so they agreed they would dig way, way in before making a bedroom in which the nest was to be.
 "The farther in the safer the nest is, I feel," declared Mrs. Rattles.
 "And the safer you are," said Rattles.
 So they kept on digging until they had a tunnel or hall twelve feet long in that bank. It was almost straight until at the end it was given a short turn. There they dug a snug little room, big enough to be comfortable, yet not too big. Then they rested, sitting on a limb of a dead tree at the edge of the bank a short distance from the doorway of the new home.
 Rattles looked at the hole in the bank approvingly. It was just big enough to go in and out of easily.
 "My dear," said he, "you choose the very best place in the whole bank. It is just far enough down from the top of the bank to be out of reach of any one up there, and too high from the bottom for any one to climb up."
 This was true. The bank there was almost straight up and down. Being of sand, no enemy could climb it for sharp claws dug into it would just pull the sand away. There was nothing to cling to.
 "It is going to be the best home we've ever had," declared Mrs. Rattles.
 Rattles chuckled to himself, careful that she shouldn't hear him. She had said that same thing of every home they ever had had.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson
NO LACK OF OPPORTUNITIES!
 In today's deal East could have defeated the game contract at two separate points, and via two different plays, but he missed out in both opportunities.
 North dealer.
 East-West vulnerable.
 ♠ 7 4
 ♥ A Q 2
 ♦ 6 3 2
 ♣ K Q 10 9 3
 ♠ A K Q 5
 ♥ 6 4 3
 ♦ A K 8
 ♣ 7 5 4
 The bidding:
 North East South West
 1 ♠ Pass 1 ♠ Pass
 2 ♠ Pass 3 NT Pass
 Pass Pass

South bid only one spade over one club because, even with four-plus honor-tricks in his hand, a slam seemed remote unless North could show better than a minimum opening. Actually, as will be seen, even the modest three-notrump contract could have been defeated, played as it was from the South position! It would have been a good idea for South to arrange his response in such a way as to make North the declarer at three notrump.
 West opened his top heart, and dummy's queen lost to the king. At this point East could have struck a fatal blow by shifting to diamonds, but, not unnaturally, he preferred to take out dummy's side entry, hence returned his partner's lead. Declarer held up the heart ace, but it was driven out on the next round.
 South led a spade to his hand and returned a club to the queen. East (who perhaps felt secure in his double club stopper) won the trick and shifted to diamonds. South won and led another club, this time putting in dummy's nine. East had to use his club jack—or lose it—and after that, declarer was in complete control. He still had a club for communication to dummy, and so could claim (in all) three spade tricks, one heart, two diamonds and three clubs.
 East's removal of dummy's side entry, the heart ace, though not illogical in itself, was inconsistent with his subsequent handling of the club situation! When he took the first club trick, he made a bad error. In so doing, he left declarer with two communication cards in the club suit—with results that we have seen, whereas if he refused the first club trick South would have been utterly helpless.

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED
 by Zane Grey
 OH! LOOK!
 GOSH ALL HENLOCK! TH' CAR'S ROLLING BACK DOWN THE DRIVEWAY!
 NEY! STOP IT! IT'S GONNA HIT MY NICE NEW CAR!
 OOOH!
 TAPPET, YOU DID THIS ON PURPOSE? YOU-YOU GIRL STEALER--YOU-- I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS!

JOE PALOOKA
 by Flann Fisher
 WIRELESS FROM H. F. TO BRITISH ADMIRALTY AND LONDON DAILY MAIL, LONDON, ENG. "THANKS A MILLION FOR THE OFFER OF ASSISTANCE. YOU CHAPS ARE TOPS. LET ME KNOW IF YOU SIGHT HUMPHREY. H. F."
 IF HE'S WEARING SOME METAL GADGET OUR RADAR OUGHT TO PICK HIM OUT.
 THE ANTI-SUBMARINE DEVICES HAVEN'T INDICATED A LIFTING SOMETHING.
 VOLUNTEERS, SPECIALISTS IN THEIR PARTICULAR FIELD OF SEARCH, ARE OFFERING THEIR SERVICES. NEWSPAPERS AND RADIO ARE ALERTED TO GIVE NEWS TO HIS ARMY OF FRIENDS.
 THIS IS BILL STERN... WE HAVE COUNTLESS PEOPLE WHO WANT TO GO TO ENGLAND TO HELP HUNT HUMPHREY WHO IS LOST IN THE FOG--THERE'S A DESERT PROSPECTOR, A LAWYER WHO HUNTS LOST HEIRS, A RETIRED DETECTIVE, A WELL KNOWN FORTUNE HUNTER, ETC., ETC., ETC.
 WHY DO YOU THINK YOU COULD FIND HIM, MISTER BEEBLY OF CHITLIN SWITCH, ARKANSAS?
 THIS HERE DIVINING ROD KIN FIND AN'YTHING.

HENRY
 by Carl Anderson
 CIRCUUS GROUNDS

DOTTY DIPPLE
 by Buford
 HORACE, YOU TALK TOO MUCH!
 HUH? I DIDN'T SAY A WORD!
 JABBER-JABBER EVERY EVENING-- THAT'S ALL YOU DO!
 I DO NOT! I SELDOM OPEN MY MOUTH!!
 I COME HOME EVERY DAY, EAT MY DINNER AND THEN I SIT AND READ MY PAPER WITHOUT LITTERING A SOUND!
 THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT YOU DO--NOW THAT I GOT YOU INTO CONVERSATION, LET'S KISS IT UP!!

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS
 by Edwin
 OH, CAP ISN'T LISTENING--! WHY WHEN I WAS A BOY WE ALWAYS MADE A RACKET AT WEDDINGS--SO THEY'D COME OUT AND GIVE US ICE CREAM!
 CAP, GO ON TO BED-- YOU'RE SLEEPY!
 -CHIRPLEBERRY AND RUELLA WILL BE LUCKY IF THEY ESCAPE--
 TIPPY, WE CAN WAIT TILL AFTER TH' WEDDING TO BUILD OUR BOAT--!

BRINGING UP FATHER
 by George McH...
 LISTEN--I'M GETTING SICK AND TIRED SEE--YOU MOPING AROUND THE HOUSE--WHY DON'T YOU DO SOMETHING? NOW GET BUSY--
 YES--MAGGIE--DARLIN!
 ANYTHING TO STAY OUT OF A FIGHT--NOW WHAT WILL I DO?
 I PROMISED HER I'D NAIL DOWN THE LOOSE BOARD IN THE KITCHEN--SO HERE SHE GOES--
 WILL YOU STOP THAT CONFOUNDED RACKET? I'M GETTING AN ANVIL HEADACHE FROM IT--
 WHAT'S THE USE?

TILLIE THE TOLLER
 by Westover
 MUMS, THIS IS ELASTIC-FACE. HE'S HELPING ME. HOW DO YOU DO?
 MAYBE I AINT HOMELIER'N A RHINOCEROS BUT I'M DOIN' MY BEST
 TILLIE, I KNOW HOW I CAN MAKE MAC COME HOME
 MR. WADE, WILL YOU PUT IT IN THE "LIVE-WIRE" THAT THERE'S A MAN HERE HOMELIER'N MAC?

PENNY
 by Harry Moonigen
 OH, RIP IT'S SO DESOLATE HERE! I'LL NEVER FIND THE JEFFERS HOUSE IN THIS DARKNESS! LET'S TRY AGAIN IN THE MORNING...
 NO...IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT, TOMORROW MAY BE TOO LATE!
 LOOK! I JUST SAW A FLASH OF LIGHT THROUGH THE TREES!
 THAT'S IT! THAT'S THE HOUSE... AND THERE ARE LIGHTS IN THE WINDOWS-- SOMEBODY'S IN THERE!

RIP KIRBY
 YOU MAY ENTER-- "SHE" IS WAITING FOR YOU.
 HATE TO DISAPPOINT YOU BUT I AM NOT "SHE".
 HOW KIN AH TELL? ONLY THE AM EVAN SEEN HER. SHE WAS WEARIN' A SPOTTED DRESS--ANY HAD A NOOSEPAPER IN FRONT OF HER FACE?

by Alex Raymond
 OH, RIP IT'S SO DESOLATE HERE! I'LL NEVER FIND THE JEFFERS HOUSE IN THIS DARKNESS! LET'S TRY AGAIN IN THE MORNING...
 NO...IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT, TOMORROW MAY BE TOO LATE!
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