

BINGO
Holy Redeemer Hall
TONIGHT
8.30
The prizes are the same as those prevailing at other Bingos in the city.

STOP PAYING FANCY PRICES
for floor wax!
ONLY 43¢ per gallon
AEROWAX
NO RUBBING WAX
Saves you 16¢ a pint!

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES
(By Thornton W. Burgess)

TWO IMPS IN BLACK
Imps are always full of pep. Harmless mischief in each step. —Old Mother Nature.

There were two of them, and they lived over in the Green Forest. They were imps. Anyway, that is what everybody who saw them called them.

"They are imps and nothing less," declared Old Man Coyote. He sounded as if he meant it. He did.

"They are the worst imps in all the Green Forest," snorted Lightfoot the Deer. He meant it, too.

"I am glad they are not mine," said Mrs. Reddy Fox. "I'm sorry for their mother."

"Huh!" exclaimed Reddy Fox. "She should have brought them up better."

Mrs. Reddy glanced sidewise at him. "Says you! What do you know about being a mother?" she said a bit sharply.

Reddy grinned. "Not a thing," he said and grinned a little more broadly. "Not a thing, and that's all I want to know. Just being a father is enough for me."

"Those imps get into more mischief than all the other children in the Green Forest," said Mrs. Lightfoot, whose own precious twins were model children. Perhaps that is because they did not dare be otherwise. You know there are no more timid folk than the Deer folk, especially mothers and their babies, the little spotted babies called Fawns.

"Never in all my life have I seen such imps as those two," declared Mrs. Paddy the Beaver.

Faddy chuckled. "You better not let their mother hear you say that," he said.

"The poor thing," said Mrs. Paddy. "She looks worn out, and I should think she would be. I would be in her place. Those imps never give her any peace except when they are asleep. I'm glad our children are not like that."

Paddy interrupted. He slapped the water with his tail. He slapped it hard. It sounded almost like the noise of a dreadful gun. Instantly, there were three splashes in the water by the dam that made the little pond. Three little beavers had minded their father's signal and plunged into the water.

Faddy chuckled. "If Mother Bear's imps had been taught to mind like that they wouldn't be imps. No, sir, they wouldn't be imps. And their mother wouldn't look so worried and worn out. But then, it probably is her own fault. She should have brought them up better."

"Caw, caw, caw!" screamed Blacky the Crow, a short distance away. He was excited. "Caw, caw, caw!" he shrieked.

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KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

WHILE HELD AT GUNPOINT BY THE JET LAB MESSENGER, KING TRICKS THE MAN INTO ADMITTING THAT HE IS AN IMPOSTOR. THEN SUDDENLY THEY ARE DELUGED WITH HAY.

WHEN I DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO LOVE OR HATE...

THE CHARACTER THAT DUMPED THE HAYHORN ON US!

HE MAY HAVE MEANT TO PREVENT THE JET LAB MESSENGER FROM KILLING ME...

BUT IT ALSO LET HIM ESCAPE WITHOUT RISKING A STRUGGLE WITH ME... OR THE CHANCE OF BEING TRAILED... OH-OH! A SHOT!

By Ham Fisher

PYTHIAN SISTERS DANCE
TUESDAY, JUNE 5th.
ROLLAWAY BALLROOM
Music by Don Messer and Islanders
Dancing 9:30-2 Admission 75c
For Table Reservations phone The Rollaway—1242

JOE PALOOKA

GAME BACK THAT SAW-BUCK! VER CRAZY! I'M TELLIN' YA THAT'S WHAT GROW ALL MY HAIR BACK, S'LONG!

BOLWAS I TOOK? I TRIED ALL KINDS A SCIENTIFIC HAIR GROWIN' METHODS AN' IT DIDNT GROW NONE AN' THIS PUNK TELLS ME THAT A LAUNDRY SOAP'L... AM I A SAP!!!

HE WAS BALD AS A CUE-BALL LAST TIME I SEEN IM...

By Carl Anderson

CLINIC SCHEDULE

Through the facilities of the Department of Health & Welfare Diagnostic Chest Clinics will be held throughout the Province during the month of June, as follows:

SOURIS HOSPITAL—
Monday, June 11 1:30—4:30 P.M.

MONTAGUE HOSPITAL—
Monday, June 18th 1:30—4:30 P.M.

ALBERTON HOSPITAL—
Monday, June 25th 1:30—4:30 P.M.

SUMMERSIDE—
Tuesday, June 5th 9:30—12:30 P.M.
Tuesday, June 19th 9:30—12:30 P.M.

PROVINCIAL SANATORIUM—
Every Thursday 10:00—12:00 A.M.
Every Thursday 1:30—4:00 P.M.
Every Friday 1:30—4:00 P.M.

Patients for review will receive appointments through the mail. All persons who have not been in contact with an active case of Tuberculosis and have not attended these Clinics before are requested to consult their family doctor or their district Public Health Nurse, either of whom will be pleased to make appointments if indicated.

E. M. FOUND, M.D., C.M.,
Medical Director of Clinics.

Contract Bridge
By Josephine Culbertson

A PSYCHOLOGICAL COUP

South was in a bad spot in the following deal, but shrewd psychology brought him success.

South dealer
North-South vulnerable.

♠ Q 5 3
♥ Q J 10 6 4
♦ 8 5 2
♣ 4 3

♠ A 10 9 7
♥ 8 2
♦ 8 2
♣ K 6

♠ K J 7
♥ A K 3
♦ A 10 8
♣ A 7 6 4

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

Though South's two-trump overall of one spade was of course a strong bid, it is doubtful that North should have raised to three trumps. After all, South did not open the bidding with two trumps! However, at the finish, North had reason to be pleased with his own "vote of confidence."

West, feeling that South had the spade suit under good control, tried a surprise attack by leading his fourth-highest diamond. When East played the king, declarer had a difficult problem. Naturally, he wanted to hold up the diamond ace—but how about a club shift by East? That wasn't very desirable. With that shift, it seem-

HENRY

TEN SONGS

By Ruford

Contract Bridge (Continued)

ed all too likely that South would lose one diamond, three clubs and the ace of spades.

To repeat, it was a nasty problem, but South, after some study, saw a ray of light.

South took the first trick and laid down the ace and king of hearts. Then, exactly as though he had no more hearts and was trying to establish an entry for the rest of dummy's suit, he laid down the king of spades. East actually chuckled as he refused to win the trick—did South think he was a novice, to let the spade queen become an entry? East chuckled again and ducked again with the spade jack. But then it was South's turn to laugh! He coyly produced his little heart, collected dummy's tricks in that suit and then cashed the ace of clubs for his ninth trick.

It is to be feared that South was rather offensively gracious about conceding the rest of the tricks!

DOTTY DIPPLE

MAY I BORROW A CUP OF SUGAR, TWO CUPS OF FLOUR, BAKING POWDER, VANILLA, TWO EGGS, BUTTER--P?

MY MOTHER ISN'T HOME BUT I'LL GET IT FOR YOU!

WE DON'T HAVE EVERYTHING YOU ASKED FOR-- BUT YOU'LL FIND IT IN THIS!

By Edwina

Wood Islands — Caribou Ferry Service
THE CONNECTING LINK BETWEEN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND AND NOVA SCOTIA

The Prince Nova and Charles A. Dunning operate on the following schedule.

(Standard Time)

Leave Wood Islands—
Prince Nova 8 a.m. 1 p.m.
Charles A. Dunning 11 a.m. 5 p.m.

Leave Caribou—
Charles A. Dunning 8 a.m. 1 p.m.
Prince Nova 11 a.m. 5 p.m.

LISTEN IN TO CFXY EACH MORNING AT 6:30

NORTHUMBERLAND FERRIES LTD.
Head Office: CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.
For Particulars Phone 73, Charlottetown.

TIPPY AND "CAP" STURS

SEE! I WONDER WHERE I LEFT MY GEOGRAPHY

NEVER MIND YOUR GEOGRAPHY. I HOPE WE GOIN' TO GET OUT OF HERE 'SH-H!

BLIMPLE'S TAKING A LONG TIME TO FIX THAT FENCE! I'LL GO GET HIM--

WAIT! I'LL GO WITH YOU--

NOW'S OUR CHANCE-- C'M ON!

By George McManus

THE ADVENTURES OF WILDROOT CREAM-OIL CHARLIE... HOW TO CONTROL THE BOUNDING "MANE"

JIM AND I COULD BE SAILING FREELY IF HE'D ONLY DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT HAIR!

SCUTLED/SN SURF KICKED THE WIND OUT OF MY SAILS-- NO DATE!

BROTHER, THERE IS NOTHING LIKE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL FOR GOOD GROOMING

IT'S BEEN SMOOTH SAILING WITH MARY SINCE I SWITCHED TO WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

WILDROOT CREAM OIL HAIR TONIC
GROOMS HAIR
RELIEVES DRYNESS
REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF

By Al Capp

BRINGING UP FATHER

WELL--MAGGIE WENT TO THE STORE--NOW'S MY CHANCE TO COLLECT THE MONEY I WON LAST NIGHT--I'M GLAD I HID IT IN ME SHOES!

OH-OH! HERE COMES ME DAUGHTER NORA--SHE MUSTN'T SEE THIS DOUGH!

WELL--WELL--WHAT A LOT OF MONEY YOU HAVE!

OH--SAY-- BELIEVE ME-- WILL YOU PAY MY WAGES FOR THE LAST TWO WEEKS?

I WILL-- IF YOU'LL PAY MY WAGES FOR THE LAST TWO WEEKS!

By Westover

LIL ABNER

OUR PLANE CRASHED WHILE AN WAS ON MAH WAY T' MARRY HASSAN, TH' UNSPOILED WARRIOR OF HYDUNDERABAD.

IN HYDUNDERABAD, YOU'D BE A QUEEN-- BUT THIS IS RAGGABAD-- WHERE THE LAW AND I HAVE FOUND YOU-- SAMARA SAM-- THE FRIENDLY SLAVE DEALER?!

HAUL 'EM OFF, BOYS!-- WE'LL GIVE 'EM A NEW COAT OF PAINT, SOME CHEAP SEAT COVERS, AND TRY TO UNLOAD 'EM ON SOME DUMB YAK FARMER, WHO LIKES FOREIGN TYPES!

By Alex Raymond

TILLY THE TOILER

SO YOU'RE THE ONE WHO STARTED THE RUMOR THAT TILLIE HIRED A BALLOT-BOX STUFFER TO WIN THE MODEL CONTEST!

LET ME AT 'IM! HE SAID THE SAME THING ABOUT LULU!

MAC'S GETTING AWAY!

WAIT YOUR TURN! I'M GOING TO TAKE THE FIRST SOCK AT HIM!

NO, YOU'RE NOT! I'M GOING TO!

IF YOU DON'T CATCH HIM, NOBODY'S GOING TO SOCK HIM!

By Hoenigson

RIP KIRBY

OVER \$300, FOR ONE THING, HE'S NO TRAMP, HIS DRIVER'S LICENSE SAYS HE'S J. REMINGTON KIRBY.

WHAT'S IN HIS WALLET?

WE READ THAT NAME SOME-- ARE YOU A NEWS-REPORTER?

THAT GUESS IS AS GOOD AS ANY!

REMEMBER! YOU'RE RY THE DETECTIVE!

By Alex Raymond

PENNY

FATHER, HOW DO YOU LIKE MOTHER'S NEW HAT?

FRANKLY I THINK IT'S KIND OF SILLY LOOKING.

FATHER YOU AMAZE ME... THIS IS AN AUTHENTIC COPY OF A FRENCH ORIGINAL.

I GUESS I JUST CAN'T TRANSLATE IT!

By Hoenigson